DOVER'S FIRST OLD HOME DAY

AUGUST 19, 1903

OLD HOME DAY

IN THE

TOWN OF DOVER

Dover Hist. and natural Hist. Soc.

AUGUST 19th, 1903

NATICK, MASS.,
PRESS OF NATICK BULLETIN,
1903.

PREFACE

Though the Wise Man has said "of making books there is no end and much study is a weariness to the flesh" yet we think that it is not useless to print for future reference, the many good things that were said at the gathering on our own Old Home Day; that we may have a Souvenir of the occasion, to send to the many who were not able to be with us on account of the infirmities of age, business engagements, and distance from the old home, but who can, by reading these pages, get all but the near presence and enthusiasm of the occasion. We are indebted to our Heavenly Father for one of the best days that could be conceived for such a gathering; also to our committees who did all in their power in the departments to which they were assigned, to those who wrote yearning letters expressing a desire to be with us but were not able, and we are doubly indebted to those who did come, and by their presence and their greetings touched tender chords in our hearts.

Words fail to express our appreciation to those who assisted in entertaining our guests by their music, recitations, essays and remarks, all so appropriate to the occasion, and which contributed so much toward making it a success.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

In the Year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Two.

AN ACT

To establish Old Home Week and to authorize its observance by cities and towns.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:

SECTION 1. The calendar week beginning with the last Sunday of July in each year is hereby designated as "Old Home Week" and is set apart as a season during which cities and towns may conduct appropriate celebrations in honor of returning sons and daughters of the Commonwealth and other invited guests, and may hold exercises of historical interest.

SECTION 2. Cities by their city councils, and towns at legal town meetings, may appropriate money for the observance of Old Home Week.

SECTION 3. This act shall take effect upon its passage.

Approved Feb. 25, 1902.

Office of the Secretary, Boston, March 14, 1902.

A true copy:

WM. M. OLIN,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

DOVER CITIZENS ORGANIZE

In accordance with the foregoing act, a resolution was offered at a meeting of the Dover Historical and Natural History Society, for the observance of "Old Home Day" in Dover, and asking the two churches, the Dover Temperance Union, The Improvement Society and the Grange to each appoint a committee to act with a committee of the Historical Society to arrange a program for the public observance of "Old Home Day." After some discussion it was decided that a public meeting be called of the citizens to take action as to the observance of "Old Home Day" by the town, which meeting was duly called. Charles C. J. Spear was elected Chairman, and Mrs. A. L. Johnson, Secretary. It was voted that the day be celebrated, and Aug. 19, 1903, was decided upon as the day. The following committees were appointed:

GENERAL COMMITTEE

Charles C. J. Spear, Chairman
Mrs. A. L. Johnson, Secretary
Ansel K. Tisdale, Registrar.

Honorary Committee—Asa Talbot, George D. Everett, Josiah Whiting, A. F. Dodge, F. H. Wight, Josiah D. Hammond, William Whiting, John McKenzie, Mrs. Caleb Kenrick, Mrs. Ephraim Wilson, Mrs. F. H. Wight, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Draper, Mrs. Mary Anderson, Francis Bacon.

Invitation Committee—Eben Higgins (Chairman), Mrs. M. A. Everett, George L. Howe, Benjamin N. Sawin, Mrs. Phebe Chickering, George E. Chickering, James B. Coughlin.

Reception Committee—George L. Howe (Chairman), J. W. Higgins, George C. Taylor, Mrs. Inez Packard, Mrs. Etta L. Hall, Mrs. Emma Colburn, Elbridge L. Mann, James McGill, George E. Post, M. W. Comiskey, Mrs. J. L. Woodward, Charles S. Bean, Mrs. Emma E. Spear, Mrs. Caroline Hodgson, Frederick H. Wight, Mrs. Maria G. Paine, Miss Martha Howe, Mrs. L. A. Talbot, Walter M. Wotton, Mrs. Evora Wotton, Mrs. Sarah A. Higgins.

Committee on Sports—Frank Bean (Chairman), Chester Hall, Albert Hall, James H. Chickering, Charles S. Bean, Richard H. Bond.

Literary Committee—Allen F. Smith (Chairman), J. W. Higgins, Rev. A. H. Johnson, Mrs. Inez Packard, Mrs. A. L. Johnson, Mrs. E. D. Smith.

Committee on Decorations—Mrs. Joshua L. Woodward (Chairman), Miss Grace Stowell, Chester Hall, Alma Chickering, Frank Bean, George C. Taylor, A. F. Smith, E. F. Hodgson, James H. Chickering.

Financial Committee—Charles H. Bean (Chairman), Joseph Ziolkowski, Mrs. George D. Everett, Miss Lillian J. Mann. Treasurer, Judson S. Battelle.

Committee on Badges—Mrs. Emma E. Spear (Chairman), Allen F. Smith, Mrs. Eben Higgins.

Committee on Refreshments—Joseph Ziolkowski (Chairman), Charles S. Bean, Richard H. Bond, Miss Annie Ziolkowski, Miss Edith Hall, Mrs. Evora Wotton.

The following invitation, program and historical facts were printed and sent to upward of five hundred persons:

THE INVITATION

CONGRATULATING the absent sons and daughters of Dover upon their lives of usefulness and honor in the world, and desiring to strengthen the ties that bind them to one another and our beautiful town, with the co-operation of the citizens in public meeting assembled, and in the name of the Town of Dover, we invite all former residents, her absent sons and daughters and descendants of the same, who may have pleasant recollections of a residence here in other years, to visit the town during our "OLD HOME DAY" celebration, August 19, 1903, reviving memories of other days and together visiting the churches on the hill, where we were taught the truth; the old cemetery where our ancestors lie; the school houses where our ideas were enlarged, all somewhat changed and perhaps improved; also the brooks where we fished, the river Charles and the ponds where we gathered lilies and learned to swim, the pastures where we drove the cows to feed, and where in the summer we picked berries, and in the autumn went nut gathering; all will interest us, inspiring us with noble thoughts and recalling the days of yore.

We will welcome you with outstretched hands in a cordial greeting, and have provided for your entertainment an interesting program, consisting of sports, literary exercises, singing, etc., commencing at 9 o'clock a. m., and continuing through the day, a full list of which appears on the inside pages.

In anticipation of a large number and our limited means for entertaining all who may be present, the committee have decided upon a basket lunch (visitors bringing their own), and will furnish coffee and lemonade free to all from 12 m. to 1 p. m. A caterer will be at the Town House to provide lunches for all who desire, at reasonable rates.

Anyone receiving an invitation, and knowing of a person who has been omitted, is hereby requested to give such a one a cordial invitation on behalf of the committee, or send the person's name to the chairman of Committee on Invitations, who will immediately forward an invitation.

PROGRAMME, A. M.

7 a. m.—Ringing of bell.

9 a. m.—Sports. Confined to residents of the town. Suitable prizes awarded to winners of each event.

1st.—Two Mile Bicycle Race, for boys under 16 years of age.

2d.—100 Yard Dash. Open to all.

3rd.—Running High Jump.

4th.—Potato Race, for boys.

5th.—80 Yard Run, for boys under 14 years of age.

6th.—120 Yard Low Hurdles.

7th.—100 Yard Dash, for men over 35 years of age.

8th.—Running Broad Jump. Open.

9th.—220 Yard Dash. Open.

10th.—Potato Race, for girls.

11th.—Tug of War.

10.30 a. m.—Exercises in Town Hall.

Call to order, by James McGill, Chairman Board of Selectmen.

Singing. "Italian Hymn."

Devotional Exercises.

Address of Welcome. George L. Howe, President of the Day.

Historical Address. Frank Smith, Dedham.

Remarks by Invited Guests.

Singing. "Auld Lang Syne."

12 m.—Basket Lunch. Coffee and lemonade free to all from 12 m. to 1 o'clock. Lunch provided by the caterer at reasonable rates.

PROGRAMME, P. M.

Exercises in Town Hall, consisting of music, recitations and remarks on points of historic interest.

1.30 p. m.—Singing. "Home, Sweet Home."

The Old Powder House and Town Pound
George L. Howe
Violin Solo - - - . - - Idalian Howard
The Old Parsonage . - - Mrs. Lizzie Chickering
Recitation. "New England." - - Edith McClure
The Toll Gate - - - - - Ansel Tisdale
The Wilson Homestead - - Ephraim H. Wilson
Violin Solo, - - - - - Idalian Howard
Recitation. "Old Farmers' Almanac"
Thomas Jefferson Tobey
Singing - - - - - - - Quartette
The Flag - - - - - Mrs. M. A. Everett
Singing. "America." All requested to join.

3 p. m.—Base Ball Game. Married Men vs. Single Men.

Exhibition of historical relics, in charge of Reception Committee, who will be on duty at the Town Hall during the day.

HISTORICAL

Dover was originally a part of Dedham, and without doubt performed its full duty to its parent without stint or measure, bearing its full share of the burdens.

In 1729, on petition to the General Court, what is now Dover was freed from paying their minister rates in Dedham, and ordered to pay their ministerial taxes to the several ministers of other towns, where they attended on public worship.

In 1748, on petition to the General Court, the inhabitants were vested with parish privileges, and made a district precinct, with bounds, and called the fourth precinct of Dedham, or Springfield Parish.

First meeting-house built and dedicated December, 1754.

In 1784 the precinct was incorporated into a district by the name of Dover, and, with the exception of not having a representative, exercised all the functions of a town, with a full

board of officers, maintained highways, took care of the poor, and supported schools.

In 1836 Dover was incorporated as a town.

Benjamin Caryl was the first minister, and accepted the call of the parish, Sept. 5, 1762. The house in which he lived is still standing and in a good state of preservation.

In the battle of Lexington, April 19, 1775, one Dover soldier, Elias Haven, was killed.

The oldest houses now standing are the John Glassett house, on Haven street, 1748; the Arnold Wight house, Strawberry hill, 1775; the George E. Chickering house, Haven street, 1768.

OLD HOME DAY

AUGUST 19, 1903

The sun rose clear, and the day was bright and beautiful. At seven o'clock the festivities began with the ringing of the old church bell for half an hour.

At nine o'clock the sports for which our young people had been practicing began and were well contested. The following is the list of the contestants with names of the winners and prizes received.

SPORTS

TWO MILE BICYCLE RACE FOR BOYS UNDER 16

ENTRIES:

Clarence Taylor, James Harty, Edward Sawyer, Clarence Hall, Fred Neal, Frank Spear.

WINNERS:

Clarence Hall, 1st Prize — Fishing Rod.
Fred Neal, 2nd Prize — Sprint Pants.

100 YARD DASH

ENTRIES:

Henry Cowles, James Harty, Clarence Hall, Chas. Dickens, Weyland Minot, M. Comiskey, James Chickering, Frank Bean, A. Edward Hall.

WINNERS:

James Chickering, 1st Prize — Silver Loving Cup.

RUNNING HIGH JUMP

ENTRIES:

James Harty, Lester Bennett, Edward Sawyer, Clarence

Hall, Frank Bean, James Chickering, A. Edward Hall M. Comiskey.

WINNERS:

Frank Bean, 1st Prize — Silver Cup.

M. Comiskey, 2nd Prize — Wallet.

POTATO RACE FOR BOYS

ENTRIES:

Frank Spear, Lester Bennett, Richard Breagy, Clarence Hall, Edward Sawyer, James Harty, Weyland Minot, Loring Woodward, Leon Bean, Lawrence Welch, H. A. Welch, Harry Minot.

WINNERS:

Richard Breagy, 1st Prize — Silver Watch.

Clarence Hall, 2nd Prize — Baseball Glove.

80 YARD RUN FOR BOYS UNDER 14

ENTRIES:

Clifford Nelson, H. A. Welch, E. Taylor, Loring Woodward, Leon Bean, Richard Breagy, Clarence Hall, Henry Nolan, William Yankee, Harry Minot, Weyland Minot.

WINNERS:

Clarence Hall, 1st Prize — Camera.

Weyland Minot, 2nd Prize — Baseball.

RUNNING BROAD JUMP

ENTRIES:

Henry Cowles, James Harty, Loring Woodward, Chester Hall, Clarence Hall, Weyland Minot, Frank Bean, James Chickering, A. Edward Hall.

WINNERS:

Frank Bean, 1st Prize — Large German Stein.

James Chickering, 2nd Prize — Gold Necktie Pin.

A. Edward Hall, 3d Prize — Silver Top Water Pitcher.

220 YARD RUN

ENTRIES:

James Harty, Harold McKenzie, Frank Bean, James Chickering, Frederic French, A. Edward Hall (withdrew).

WINNERS:

James Chickering, 1st Prize — Silver Loving Cup.
Frank Bean, 2nd Prize — Watch Fob.
Frederic French, 3d Prize.

POTATO RACE FOR GIRLS

ENTRIES:

Evelyn Bean, Una Bean, Florence Clancy, Emma Lovely, May McClure.

WINNERS:

Evelyn Bean, 1st Prize — Fan.
Florence Clancy, 2d Prize — Silver Bracelet.

EXERCISES IN THE HALL

At 10.30 o'clock the exercises in the Town Hall commenced, James McGill, Chairman of the Board of Selectmen, calling the meeting to order and inviting the audience to join in singing the following hymn:

Come, thou Almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father! all glorious,
O'er all victorious;
Come, and reign over us
Ancient of days!

Come, Thou Incarnate Word!
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend:
Come, and thy people bless,
And give Thy word success,—
Spirit of Holiness!
On us descend.

Come, Holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou, Who Almightly art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of Power!

Rev. A. H. Johnson offered prayer.

The Chairman introduced Geo. L. Howe as the President of the day, who took charge of the exercises and gave the following address of welcome:

Sons and Daughters, Former Residents and Friends: —

It certainly is a very pleasant duty that is assigned me to welcome you to this Home gathering and let me assure you if you receive as much pleasure in coming as we do in receiving, we shall feel fully repaid for the effort made to observe this day. Our forefathers established a home-gathering day — a day of thanksgiving. What preparation was made for that day? The choicest fruit from the orchard was saved, the nuts from the pasture and hilltop, the ripest and yellowest pumpkin for the pumpkin-pies, the busy housewife preparing the choicest viands, nothing was too good for that day. For why? There was to be home-gathering of kindred and friends around the family hearth-stone. This is our Thanksgiving day, our home-gathering day. We feel an honest pride in those who have gone out from us, as they have been called to fill places of trust and responsibility. Of such there have been of men and women not a few.

How many from every walk in life have stepped into this little hamlet and chosen our daughters to be their companions, ministers, lawyers, doctors, sturdy farmers, skilled mechanics; we pronounce these men as farsighted, men of good common sense, of good sound judgment, as it has invariably proved. In fact, so often has this been done that some of us are left alone.

We would not forget those who have lived among us and have passed over the river. We feel their lives have been a blessing, the influence of which is felt here today, for nothing good is lost.

Now, my friends, with out-stretched hands and open hearts I bid you a most hearty welcome, and may the influence of this day be the means of strengthening the ties that bind us together.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS BY MR. FRANK SMITH OF DEDHAM

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

There is great satisfaction in taking part in this first "Old Home Day" celebration. There is real pleasure in looking into the faces of former neighbors and friends; in going back to the old home, with all its tender memories and associations, in treading again the paths where our mothers led our baby feet; in resting beneath familiar trees and plucking fruit from their branches as of old; and above all in cherishing the traditions of the devoted lives of those who have made the dear old town what she is today, for these traditions bind us to her with every fibre of our hearts. I should like to speak to you along these lines, but on an occasion like this, I believe we should, as far as possible, recreate the past, and picture to ourselves the life of the early settlers who experienced in the clearing of these farms a condition of life which long since has passed away.

What can more profitably engage our attention than a consideration of the life and the habits of those settlers who first developed the territory on which so many of us were born, or now live?

Let us for a few moments imagine the dangers, the privations, the difficulties and the perplexities of their daily life. Henry Wilson, in 1640, left his neighbors and friends in Dedham town and commenced a settlement on the path leading to Powisset, now called Wilsondale street, where his lineal descendants have continued to live, and are still carrying on his vocation.

James Draper, the Puritan, from whom so many proudly trace their lineage today, left his home in West Roxbury as early as 1656, and for more than twenty years lived, no small part of the time, in the west part of Dover, on a farm which extended from the Natick to the Medfield line, a part of which farm is still occupied by a lineal descendant, George Draper Everett, on Farm street. In these years, Mr. Draper had children born to him in both Dedham and Roxbury, but he did not

become a freeman in Roxbury until 1690, two years after selling his Dover farm to his son John, a fact which indicates that he spent much of his time here.

Andrew Dewing, who later lived in Needham, and built, as it is believed, a garrison house in the west part of that town, now Wellesley, was living on the Clay Brook Road in 1669. This place was later occupied, as we believe, by Thomas Battelle, the progenitor of the Battelle family, which for two hundred years has been so numerous in this town. The ruins of the old cellar can still be seen near the picnic grounds of Benjamin N. Sawin, just west of Trout Brook. Mr. Battelle came here at an uncertain date, probably just after King Philip's war, or possibly before, as the attitude of the Praying Indians at Natick was most friendly.

Nathaniel Chickering, whose descendants are still numerously represented here, after a lapse of more than two centuries, commenced his settlement at the centre of the town, previous to 1690, on a farm which is still occupied by a lineal descendant, George Ellis Chickering, on Haven street.

Eleazer Ellis came here as early as 1690, and perhaps his farm was occupied still earlier, as in the division of his estate in 1755 his house is spoken of as *very old.* He lived on the farm now occupied by Capt. Wotton on Haven street. His house stood on the knoll east of Mr. Chickering's house.

With the exception of Mr. Ellis, all of the above settlers were Puritans, whose feet had trodden, before coming to this wilderness, the ways and the by-ways of old England, and who carried with them wherever they went the Puritan spirit, which not only has made New England what she is, but also has been a moulding influence in the development of the nation. We have, in the words of one of the early settlers of Dedham, Michael Metcalf, whose descendant, Samuel Metcalf, headed the petition for the organization of the Springfield Parish in 1748, an account which gives a realistic picture of the persecution of the Puritans in England before coming to New England. He says, "I was persecuted in the land of my father's sepulchre for not observing ceremonies in religion forced upon me.

I was obliged, for the sake of the liberty of my conscience, to flee from my wife and children, to go into New England, taking ship for the voyage at London, the 17th of September, 1636, being by tempests tossed up and down the seas till Christmas following, then veering round about to Plymouth in Old England, in which time I met with many severe afflictions. Leaving the ship I went down to Yarmouth, where I shipped myself and family to come to New England, sailed 15th of April, 1637, and arrived three days before mid-summer with my wife, nine children and a servant." In the postscript to the above he says, "My enemies conspired against me to take away my life, and sometimes, to avoid their hands, my wife did hide me in the roof of the house, covering me with straw."

Of these early settlers Henry Wilson was probably the only one to build a log house; transfers of real estate and other facts, make it clear that the other settlers built frame houses. It is a tradition in the family that Henry Wilson awoke in his new house, the first time he slept there, to see a wildcat, the most dreaded of all beasts, looking in at the window. Wolves were common and were destructive to property.

The story is still told by the descendants of Hezekiah Allen, who lived on Pegan Hill, that the wolves came one Sunday afternoon, while the family was attending church at Natick, and killed the sheep which had been left in the pasture.

The deer, of which the Indians had been indefatigable hunters, still sported in the forest. The black bear roamed at will, and was not regarded as dangerous, as at most seasons of the year he would flee from man or dog, but when the strawberries were ripe on Strawberry Hill, on which he liked to feed, it was not best to molest bruin. How my father used to appeal to my imagination, by pointing out to me the spot where the last bear was killed, in the west part of the town.

Fur bearing animals were numerous, of which the otter was common, and a source of revenue, as well as the mink, which was found long after the otter had disappeared from the brook which bears its name, in the west part of the town.

Through transfers of real estate, and references therein

made to Beaver Dam, we are enabled to establish the fact that this curious and ingenious animal once lived here, and built the dam across Mill Brook, which has been so long pointed out in the east part of the town.

Rattlesnakes were very common in the rocky woods west of Hartford street, in fact they were very plentiful in the whole region. The house of Samuel Chickering, who was the first white settler at Powisset, is spoken of in a transfer of real estate as being near "Rattlesnake Rock." For many years a bounty on rattlesnakes was given by the town of Dedham, as well as by the adjoining town of Medfield. The story is told of Capt. Walter Stowe, who lived on Hartford street, that he found on his farm one day a rattlesnake, which he drove with his whip across the line into Medfield, where he killed it, and claimed the bounty from that town, as no bounty was then given by Dover.

When the darkness of night settled around these early homes, the light of the big fire-place was supplemented by the burning of pine knots, which had been gathered in the fall for a winter's supply. This *candle wood*, as it was sometimes called, made a bright light and much work was done by it in the humble homes of the early settlers, yet it was not a satisfactory light, so the "Betty lamp," now seldom seen except in historical collections, was early introduced. This lamp was hung from a hook or nail, and the bowl was filled with grease in which a lighted cotton rag was placed. Later, candles were dipped in every home, followed by the candle mold, of which some fine specimens are still found in town.

Tallow was in such demand that it was worth three times as much a pound as either beef, mutton or veal, in 1797, as shown by the account book of Amos Wight, who lived on Farm street, where his great grandson, George Battelle, now lives. This book is still in existence and shows the low prices of commodities at that time, beef, pork and veal being worth only two pence per pound.

The candle in time gave place to the whale oil lamp, which was followed in the early fifties by the fluid lamp, which proved

exceedingly dangerous. There are those still living who bear the scar of burns inflicted by this lamp. Happily it was soon followed by the kerosene lamp which has proved, up to the present time, so economical, serviceable and convenient.

It is believed that Thomas Smith, who lived on County street, was the first person in town to use a kerosene lamp. He was so much pleased with it that he invited his friends and neighbors from near and far to come in. He explained to them the value of this improvement, not only in the quality of the light, which never has been improved upon, but in the method of controlling the same. The fact that the wick immediately ignited, and could be raised or lowered by simply turning a thumb screw was considered wonderful, and greatly appreciated by those who had lighted tallow candles or lard oil lamps on cold winter mornings.

We may remember that this territory was once really inhabited by Indians. We read in the records of the town of Dedham of their wigwams being near the village of Dedham in the early settlement of the town. Farther west on the plain of Powisset, on the banks of Charles River, on the gentle slope of Pegan Hill, and near the fertile meadows of Noanet Brook, they lived and led the peculiar life of the red men.

As we today make pilgrimages to other places, so the Indians long ago made pilgrimages to this territory, which the Apostle Eliot tells us, was a peculiar hunting ground of the Indians. Years afterwards when the Indians were brought together on the Indian farm at South Natick, they often wandered from town to town, selling baskets and begging of the farmers wherever they went a drink of cider. Their request for food and lodging was never denied. The Rev. Joseph Allen of Northboro, who was born in Medfield, not far from the Dover line, said he remembered seeing seventeen Indians come out of the barn one morning, where they had been lodged by his father's permission, and go to the house to receive a breakfast from his mother.

Riding over our winding streets in summer, especially the

Clay Brook road,* as it has been called from time immemorial, a name which should be restored to this street, which is still shaded as it has been for two centuries and a half, its stillness broken only by the twitter of birds among the branches, one is reminded of the "age of wood," when almost every article used by our ancestors was made of this material.

Before the invention of pins, our grandmothers used the thorn of the buck thorn, which grows wild in our pastures today, for all purposes for which pins were used. In the construction of their dwelling houses wooden pins often took the place of nails and doors were hung on wooden hinges.

It is said on good authority that Jesse Fisher, who once lived on the abandoned farm near the New Mill, and who sold it in 1792 and moved to Brewer, Maine, built there a house into which no article of iron or metal entered, it being constructed entirely of wood. In these old homes the wooden door lock fastened the door, and while the latch string was out, it was an invitation to all to enter. Within the house wooden plates and bowls and spoons were daily used. Wooden clocks told the passing hours, and Indian brooms made entirely of wood were used to sweep the floor, while the besom did service in the barn.

Spinning wheels and flax brakes were made of wood, and wooden vats were used in dyeing woolen clothes. In making butter and cheese wooden articles alone were used. Wooden casks of one, two and four quarts, called runlets, of which some good specimens still remain, were generally used at the time of the revolution and for many years afterwards in place of jugs. Wooden tubs, firkins, barrels and casks which were made in town were used to hold all articles of dry or liquid measure.

Out of doors the furrows were turned by the wooden plow, and grain was thrashed with the wooden flail. Wooden carts and sleds and drays did service in their turn. During the period from 1700 to 1800 there were four †coopers in town who followed their trade.

**Now named Charles River street.*

†*Asa Mason, Samuel Allen, Ebenezer Newell and Asa Richards.*

The wood age has long since passed away but the associations still remain and mark the progress which has been made.

While all the early settlers cultivated the soil, they were only farmers in a small way. This industry has had an evolution as well as all others. At first only a few acres were cultivated, what was necessary to yield a sufficient supply of cereals and vegetables for the family. This was before the introduction of potatoes when turnips were used. Little hay was grown, as the farmer often made no milk in the winter season; horn cattle were turned to browse. One farmer on Strawberry Hill is said to have kept his cow all winter on two baskets of hay.

Oxen were fed on meadow hay, which in quality was much better than at present. Before the building of dams on Charles River, the meadows yielded a fine crop of what was called fowl meadow grass, which was highly prized by the farmers, and the worthless meadows of today were then assessed as much per acre as any land in town.

With the beginning of ship building in Boston, which was introduced at an early time, ship timber was in great demand and for many years the settlers were kept busy in cutting off the forests.

The trees were straight and tall and the ground free from underbrush, as the settlers continued the Indian practice of burning the woods annually, and Henry Wilson and others were often appointed by the town of Dedham to burn the woods at Powisset and other places in the vicinity. Later much wood was burned into charcoal, for which there was a steady demand. As the forests were cut off, more and more land was cleared for pasture or tillage, and in this way, in the course of a hundred years, our largest farms were made.

In those days the spinning wheel hummed busily in every household, and on some farms there was a weaving shop where the more elaborate things for the well-to-do were made. Such shops existed on the farms of Jesse Newell* on Centre street and Josiah Richards on Strawberry Hill. The latter shop

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**John Griggs and Thomas Burrage were also weavers.*

became the first school house in the east district. It stood in the house yard of the farm owned by the late Miss Mary Bullard. Farmers at this time had but little money. Some of them gathered, perhaps, less than a hundred dollars a year. "These were the times of independence, poverty and simplicity." The wife was expected to sell butter, eggs and poultry enough to clothe herself and the children. Women went regularly to the Boston market, with the pillion thrown across the horse's back. Such was the practice for many years of Mrs. Seth Mason, who lived on Benjamin Kenrick's place on Farm street.

After the first planting, all the work in the garden was done by the women folks who looked out to give the flax an early start. They also milked the cows and made butter and cheese. The farmer often raised his own meat and cured it himself. A smoke house was not uncommon on a farm. A supply of fresh meat was had in summer through a system of exchange. When a farmer killed a sheep, a calf, or a pig, he exchanged a portion with his neighbor, to be paid back when he in turn slaughtered.

An amusing story is told of a farmer who kept only one cow, and yet to his great dismay, found that he had exchanged for five quarters of veal; this, however, was made right when his cow gave birth to twins, which enabled him to return the five quarters and still have three quarters left.

Fish abounded in Charles River before the introduction of dams, and salmon and elwive were plentiful in the spring of the year. These fish were taken in large quantities at fording places on the river. Such a place existed in the west part of the town near where Mr. Minot has built his boat house.

This spot was also designated as the flax place, for here the flax was rotted, a process necessary to the separation of the fibre. Here the sheep were also washed at that season when the Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. On many farms there was a blacksmith's shop where the farmer did his own work, and this saved the expense of horse and ox shoeing. The location of fourteen shops can be given.

Springs of water are always formed near the homes of early

settlers, where a never-failing supply of water was had for the household and the stock. Before wells were dug women often brought all the water used in the household, even on washing days, from the springs. The men were away on the road, and the women looked after the farm and the household. With the building of wells came the picturesque well sweep and later the windlass. The introduction of the wooden pump was more serviceable in summer than in winter. On a cold winter morning, a kettle of hot water was always in order with which to thaw the pump. William Pitt Allen and John Brown were the first to introduce running water into their houses. In 1797 they purchased the right for ten dollars to take water from a spring on Pegan Hill, and their farms (the Proctor and Colcord places) are still supplied from the same source. We must bear in mind that nearly all which now makes for the luxury and convenience of home life has been introduced within the memory of living men. The last fifty years has witnessed more progress than the preceding two thousand years in these matters.

Without such things as matches as a means of producing fire in the cold and inclement climate of New England, our fathers lived with the open fireplace and no means of heating hall or sleeping room. The introduction of the furnace, storm doors and windows, together with weather strips, said to have been invented by Charles Marden of Dover, has brought health and comfort to many homes.

Farming as shown in the illustration of farm tools in the Narrative History of Dover, was of the most primitive kind. Grain was harvested as it had been for thousands of years by means of the sickle and thrashed by the hand flail.

What was the life of the children in those early days?

Boys staid at home and assisted in the farm work until they were one and twenty, while the girls worked out or remained with their mothers until they married and had homes of their own.

It has been said that the life and character of a country is determined in a large degree by the sports of the boys. The

Duke of Wellington remarked that the victory at Waterloo was won on the playfield at Eton. The American forces were successful in the Revolution because they had learned to handle the fowling piece in their sports. They had become a sure shot in bringing down wild game for the table.

What effect the introduction of the bicycle, automobile, polo, and golf will have on the future character of the American people remains to be seen.

The boys forty years ago found sport in a Cornwallis, which was held on the anniversary of the capture of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

Such a celebration is recalled which took place at Natick. There were organized companies in uniform representing the British Army, and an equally large number of volunteers, in old-fashioned dress and with such muskets as they could pick up, who represented the American Army, and there was a parade and a sham fight which ended in victory for the Americans over the British. After the engagement, Cornwallis and his troops were paraded as captives.

I am glad that the old training field, which meant so much to the colonial life of the people, has been marked with an appropriate bowlder.

> "On the village green falls the elm trees' shade,
> Where the minute men mustered in days gone by."

And I wish you would emulate the example of the sister town of Norwood, which was once with Dover a parish in Dedham, by placing field bowlders, suitably inscribed, upon historic spots, thus stimulating the patriotism and reverence of your citizens for heroic deeds and noble sacrifice

> "where great deeds were done,
> A power abides transferred from sire to son."

I have noted a recent tendency to call the land which Henry Tisdale and his wife deeded to the town of Dover in 1793 "for the common use and benefit of the inhabitants forever," by the name of Central Park. In accordance with ancient usage, which originated with our ancestors across the waters, all such lands were called commons, a word which signifies the common or general fields set apart for the inhabitants, of which no one

has the right to demand a division. In England this epithet was applied to common lands during the semi-feudal period, and has been used for generations in France and Spain.

The mother town of Dedham had its common as early as 1641, and when, in 1637, the inhabitants wanted to confine their swine, it was voted to erect a "hog park," but the land set apart for the use of all has always been called a common. This word had a special significance among the early settlers. All early colonial laws were called common laws, and were the unwritten laws of England. Much of the arable land was called cow and sheep commons. When schools were established they were called, as you know, common schools, without reference to the studies pursued, but meaning that they were for the common use of the children. While all other public areas in town may appropriately be called parks, I hope that Dover Common will ever retain the name given it by our fathers as representing a custom which has come down from the past, and by which this piece of land has been known for a century.

On the training field the townspeople assembled for the May training when the respective companies of the state paraded in their own towns. None enjoyed this occasion more than the boys who feasted on gingerbread and assembled at an early hour on the green to see the company form in line and go through their military drill.

The old tavern across the way was never quite so full of patrons as on these days when the whole community turned out for the muster. The street parade was made with the captain at the head of the company, fife and drum next, and then the rank and file keeping step, proud of their uniforms and guns. The fife and drum were the same, perchance, which in years gone by had inspired the minute-men and cheered the old continentals on many a battlefield of the Revolution, when the fate, not merely of the colonies but of a great nation yet to be, depended upon the men of New England.

But the old training field so zealously guarded from encroachment by our ancestors, no longer receives the tread of martial feet. The echo of the fife and drum, which awakened

such thrills of excitement and enthusiasm in our fathers, has faded away and the soldiers have broken ranks and the muster is ended.

Truly the boys on those old farms led a hard life. Often at four or five years of age they rode the horse in hoeing time for weary hours back and forth between the rows of growing corn, and at ten many drove oxen for heavy plowing.

In summer they were up by times to drive the cows to pasture; and in haying time they turned the grindstone before breakfast to sharpen the scythe.

Farm boys had a rest in winter as there was little to be done, except to care for the stock and work up a year's supply of wood. At this time boys and girls took advantage of the district schools and often attended until they were eighteen or twenty years of age.

Meagre though the education was, we should never forget the labors and the sacrifice of our fathers in gaining educational facilities for their children.

Individuals at first built a schoolhouse on Haven street to accommodate the moving school which existed for a time in Dedham. But soon after the organization of the Parish in 1748 the residents were so anxious to have a parish school that they petitioned the General Court for permission to build a schoolhouse, which, after much labor, was completed in 1763.

A little later steps were taken to build schoolhouses in the East and West parts of the town, but the lowering clouds of the Revolution forbade such an expenditure; however, after the separation from Dedham in 1784, schoolhouses were immediately built in these districts.

Whoever studies the evolution of our schools will find through what a slow and laborious process they have been evolved, and what a sacrifice has been made to bring them up to their present efficiency. Remembering the work of the fathers I trust it will be the purpose of this town in the future, as in the past, to educate its children as far as possible at home.

Education is something more than going to school a certain number of weeks each year, something more than knowing

how to read and to write, as illustrated in the lives of the people of this Parish from the start. Take the hill town academy of fifty years ago. Its curriculum was so narrow that the average teacher of today would utterly condemn it; its instruction was often poor and the studies were pursued in ways utterly foreign to present methods, and its standards were so low that it would not now be tolerated, yet it produced a class of men and women who have largely made the New England of today, and whose influence is still felt in the remotest parts of our country. As the life is more than meat, and the body more than raiment, so education is something more than courses of study and percentages.

The people of this town have always had the character to do something for themselves and humanity, the industry to achieve results in life, and the patriotism to defend their country with their means and lives when the occasion demanded.

From the reader, arithmetic and spelling book they got their education, meagre at best, but not altogether inadequate, as subsequent events have shown,

In the development of educational advantages it was the boy who first gained a college education. Later his sister had the advantage of the New England Academy and the State Normal School. The first man to graduate from college in this town was Nathaniel Battelle, who graduated from Harvard in 1765; the first woman was Annie M. McGill (Mrs. Albert P. Morse), who graduated from Ripon College in 1884, more than a century later.

It is well for us to consider "the intellectual bondage of colonial and revolutionary days." The years previous to the Revolution were dreary and barren, especially in books for the young. The men "who crossed the sea in quest of civil and religious liberty came not to write, but to do" For the first one hundred and sixty years of New England life nearly all books were brought from England, although some reprints were early produced here. There were few, if any, books for children. The first book read by the children of this Parish was the New England Primer which appeared near the close of the

17th century. There are some excellent specimens of this marvelous book still in existence which were used here at an early time. All the youth knew of reading was gained from its pages. Later, school text books were used and the children had Webster's Speller, The Young Ladies' Accidence, Murry's English Reader and Morse's Geography.

Children's books were small in size and bound with covers which were made of bits of wood and held by a coarse leather back Over the wood was often placed blue paper or some hideous wall paper.

After the Revolution this poverty of literature was gradually enriched by the pen of New England writers, until its wealth can be realized only through the inspection of a great library. Some who have been connected with this town have been prolific writers of children's books, namely, Horatio Alger, who was for a time minister of the First church, the Rev. P. C. Headley, for several years pastor of the Evangelical Congregational church and Miss A. G. Plimpton, still a resident of Dover.

There was early established here a Proprietors' or Subscription Library. These libraries orginated in the fertile mind of Benjamin Franklin.

The first Proprietors' Library in New England is said to have been established in Pomfret, Conn., in 1738. In Massachusetts, these libraries became common about a half century later.

There was a library here of several hundred volumes in 1812, which had been organized some years earlier. This library was fostered by the town minister, the Rev. Dr. Ralph Sanger, and it became a power in the community.

I have learned in many ways of the cultivated social life of the people of this town seventy-five years ago, when they found their social life among themselves, working together to build up the primary conditions of civilization.

We must not think of the social life of our fathers as rude, uncouth and monotonous, hard though it was, for with it all, there was often a dignified courtesy that is wanting today.

This library was patronized by people from out of town,

especially the residents of South Natick, and its great power for good has been ackowledged by residents of that place, especially the Rev. Dr. Newell, the Rev. Dr. Calvin E. Stowe, and the Hon. Ames Perry, the late librarian of the Rhode Island Historical Society.

I love to think that Dr. Stowe's reading of these books in his youth had much to do with creating his literary taste, and in cutivating that love for historical lore which he so abundantly possessed.

The Oldtown Fireside Stories of his are not only a part of Natick history, but a part of Dover history as well. They give a true picture drawn from life of the social, moral, religious and economic condition of New England life as Dr. Stowe saw it in his boyhood.

Residents of this town were familiar with many of these stories long before they appeared from the pen of Harriet Beecher Stowe. These are the stories that Dr. Stowe told his children for many years, written out in almost the exact words in which he told them.

Dr. Caryl's old saddle bag, in your historical collection, which contains some of the remedies used in his time, reminds us of the great progress that has been made in the practice of medicine. Cupping and bleeding were universally practiced in Dr. Caryl's day. In many families there was a bowl which was kept in the cupboard and used again and again in bleeding the sick. Blistering was common, and caster oil, calomel, ipecac, salts, and senna, sulphur and molasses were the remedies most used. What a wonderful advance has also been made in the care of the injured and insane during the last century.

Houses are still standing with staples in their walls, which were driven to confine insane persons, as there were no asylums in those days, and here through long years they were confined by being tied, until death gave them a release. I myself have seen staples which were driven into oak beams to support those, who before the discovery of anæsthetics had to submit to surgical operations and whose shrieks were heard a half mile away. How these rude appliances appeal to our imagination and mark

the progress that was made under 19th century civilization.

Martin Cheney who was born in 1792 on Mr. Coughlan's farm, on Walpole street, and who came very near losing his life when eleven years of age, gave the following account of a surgical operation at that time :

"The doctor* retired to the fields, where he remained nearly an hour. When he returned he called for pen and ink, and made a mark on the thigh where he was going to cut. My mother and sisters left the room, all the family I think except my father. The assistant surgeon said I must be held. To my surprise and that of all present, the doctor said, 'No he will bear it, I know he will,' and such was the confidence and courage he inspired in me that I did endure it without a groan."

The last hundred years has witnessed more progress in agriculture, that occupation which antidates every other industry of the race, than the preceding three thousand years. In no one thing has there been greater progress than in cattle food, the ensilage of forage, to which a resident of this town, the late Samuel M. Colcord, made no mean contribution in his silo governer. In the feeding of farm stock the last century opened with dry herds during the winter season, and closed with the problem solved of winter feeding.

It is said that among the town records of Hadley, Mass., is an entry to the effect that the cows gave so little milk through the winter, that the babies had to take cider as a substitute; now the winter has been made the principal dairy season in that, as well as other towns. Contrast the butter making of our mothers, the tedious setting of milk in shallow pans for twenty-four hours, and the removing of the cream with a perforated tin, the churning with a dash churn, and the kneading of the butter by hand, with the new process of converting fresh milk into butter in one and a half minutes, and the separation of cream of any desired thickness without waiting for the milk to cool.

**Dr. Miller of Franklin.*

A great change has come over the industrial organizations in this rural town; the little manufacturing plants, mills and workshops which once offered employment and diversity in country occupations, have one by one disappeared until the Portable House Factory, which certainly is a modern invention, is the only one that remains.

The Noanet Mills on Charles River were the successors of a long line of mill enterprises, the first of which it has been said was established at Charles River Village soon after King Philip's War. The earliest mill of which we have any record at that place, was situated on the Dover side of the river, and was in operation in 1733. A fulling mill was soon added to meet the demand of the times for the fulling of woolen cloth. This was followed a century ago by the rolling mill, nail factory, paper mills, etc., which in the past have employed so many persons.

A saw mill, which was used for the squaring of two sides of pieces of ship timber, was established on Mill Brook on Wilsondale street, previous to 1690. Weaving shops, coopers' shops, blacksmith shops, cabinet makers shops, a brush factory, whip factory and innumerable cider mills, added a little employment and variety to labor; while a tannery, currying shop, saw mills, a shingle mill, wheelwright's shop, shoe factory, keg mill, glue works and shoe filling factories, broke the monotony of farm life.

Little shoeshops abounded in the sixties, which gave employment to many young men; the women in many homes closed the seams of shoes by hand, which occupation was followed by the braiding of straw, the making of palm leaf hats and the sewing of straw bonnets. All this has passed away to the advantage of the home and woman-kind. We may still rejoice that this is a rural community and one not effected by the decadence which has visited so many New England towns, a community which still bears to a remarkable degree the respect which it bore at the time of the Revolutionary War. The population is scarcely greater today than in 1776. There are but a few more houses in the center of the town than at that

time. The waters of our brooks still run unhampered to the ocean, with fording places as of old, where beasts of burden still quench their thirst. The view from the crest of Pegan Hill is still unbroken and still unsurpassed. The meeting house with its heaven pointing spire, still crowns meeting house hill as of yore. The old tavern with all its suggestions of past hospitality still occupies its ancient site. The old training-field is unencroached upon, and the ancient burying ground which contains the precious dust of our ancestors, suggests the peace and repose which has come to those who rest from their labors.

The last one of the old horse blocks has been removed, but the pound still remains and is a centre of interest, as an institution of the fathers, which was transplanted to this country and has come down through a thousand years of the past.

Many of our roads still wind as of old, under bending branches, and the charm of Powisset plain and Noanet Brook, with their associations of Indian life, still remain. Civilization is always marked by the progress which a people make in the means of communication, the building of roads. Bushnell says: "the road is that physical sign or symbol by which you will best understand any age or people. If they have no roads they are savages, for the road is the creation of man and a type of civilized society.

The Dedham settlers paid careful attention to highways from the start. In 1638 it was ordered "that diligent and careful respect should be had to the laying out of all highways, that they may be well marked and dooled and the breaths recorded." Nevertheless it is impossible to determine when many of our roads were laid out and built.

They were at first but Indian paths or cartways, which were later developed into roads. The town of Dedham in laying out a tract of land for divison among the proprietors in 1660, voted that it should begin at the end of the plain next to Strawberry Hill **** at the south end of the next hill, and so proceed according as the several plots are marked. As this land was early improved, there was at least a cartway from Dedham to

Strawberry Hill at an early time, which was later extended in several directions.

In 1700-1 fence viewers were chosen for "Edward Richards' farm, (now the Burgess place in Dedham) Ralph Days' ground, and "the other fields Natick ward." Ralph Day's "field" as it was sometimes called, was at the foot of Strawberry Hill street, and was long known as the Day homestead. A committee of the town of Dedham appointed "to lay out a road over Great Brook, near Natick, toward Pegan Hill," reported in 1687 that they had laid it out from Ralph Day's land, where it is now drawn to their own land *** and so by Thomas Battelle's land, over the brook to hard land where it was later connected with Main street, which was a part of the road extending from Medfield to South Natick. This lay out was evidently Haven street, with that part of Dedham street, which extends east from Haven street to the foot of Strawberry Hill.

In 1668 in granting land to Eleazer Lusher, which lay between the land of Thomas Battelle and Charles River in part, and the great Brook, a long ridge or piece of high land, was reserved for a cartway to the bridge over the brook. On the 23rd of September, 1695, a committee laid out a way from Noanet Brook where the way was then drawn, to a run of water, and so over Clay Brook and the bridge, through the land granted to Major Lusher, to the ridge of high land, as it was marked on the south side of the way to the high bank near the river. This layout was doubtless Cross and Charles River streets. This street was later extended to Natick.

While we are unable to positively assert which one of the above roads was first traveled, yet the fact that the Clay Brook road, led by the bank of the river,—the streams being usually followed in early settlements,—and had at least one little farm that of Andrew Dewin, which was occupied in 1669, coupled with the record that provision was made for this road in early grants of land, strongly points to the Clay Brook road, as the older of the two.

Daniel Morse of Medfield bought about 1656, eight hundred acres of land in Sherborn, adjoining Charles River where he

soon settled. February 12, 1658, the town of Dedham granted to Daniel Morse "so much timber near Charles River as might be fit to build a bridge over the said river over against his farm near Natick" because "timber is very scarce in his farm." This timber was for Farm Bridge. The Dedham settlers were doubtless willing to make this grant, because they had three thousand four hundred acres of land in the east part of Sherborn on Charles River. As Mr. Morse continued, for many years, to attend church at Medfield, he needed this bridge, which he doubtless built soon after receiving his grant of timber.

County street, as a part of the road running from Dedham to Medfield, was early used; while Walpole street was in existence on the 19th of April, 1775, when the Walpole Minute Men marched over this road on their way to meet the retreating British troops.

Attention was called at the outset to the five oldest farms in town, (naming them in the order of their settlement) that we might in imagination picture to ourselves the life there led by those early settlers.

I want now to call your attention to the five oldest houses in Dover. Having made this subject a careful study, I believe I am correct in my estimate. The oldest house standing today is the one on Smith street now owned by Robert S. Minot, where the speaker was born. This house first stood in Medfield, on the farm of David Morse, and was occupied by his son, Seth Morse, who was drowned, with two sons in Charles River in 1753. William S. Tilden, the historian of Medfield, gives it as his opinion, derived from history and tradition, that this house was built perhaps in 1730 but not later than 1741. It was afterwards occupied by Daniel Perry who married in 1758, Thankful, sister of Seth Morse. As there were other buildings on the original farm, this house was sold about 1790 to Amos Wight, who moved it, together with a barn, to the west part of Dover. Daniel Perry, who occupied this old house for many years, was Medfied's most prominent citizen during the period of the Revolutionary War. He was for eight years a representative to the General Court, also judge of the Court

of Common Pleas. He was a member of the committee appointed in 1776 to instruct their Representative to favor measures to resist taxation without representation, also one of the Committee of Correspondence in 1774, and a delegate to the Provincial Congress held at Watertown in 1775. He was a lieutenant in the Revolutionary Army.

These old floors have resounded to the tread of many a patriot of the Revolution, and these old rafters have echoed a voice which was raised for constitutional rights. Memories and associations of a remote time still haunt the old house, and long may it stand as a shrine where our children's children may gather.

The next oldest house is that of John Glassett on Haven street, which was built in 1747 by Joseph Chickering. The third is that of John A. Sullivan on Strawberry Hill, which was built by David Fuller in 1755. The old tavern, in the centre of the town, stands fourth in the list, having been built by Daniel Whiting in 1761. Mr. Whiting rendered the most distinguished service of any citizen of Dedham in the war of the Revolution, attaining to the rank of a lieutenant-colonel. The house of George Ellis Chickering on Haven street, which was built in 1767, and remodelled just a hundred years afterwards, completes the list. Here can be seen the picturesque well sweep, and one may drink from a well which for more than two centuries has quenched the thirst of man and beast. It is a remarkable fact that all of these old houses were once owned and occupied by Revolutionary soldiers.

Have you a picture of the house where you were born? If not, get one if you can, as it will be of priceless value to you, ever helping you and your children, through the imagination, to realize something of the heroic sacrifices that were made for you on that spot, ever reminding you of a father's watchful care, a mother's tender love, a sister's affection, or a brother's companionship.

I have now gathered up, in a brief way, some of the events of earlier years, that future generations may learn the story of the past, as it has been told here for many years, by those who

were to the manor born. We need often in our imagination to return to the house of our fathers, the home of our childhood and there renew the associations of those tender years.

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

The President called upon one of the invited guests, the Rev. Calvin S. Locke of Westwood, acting pastor of the First Parish Church in the years 1869 to 1880, who gave reminiscences of his experiences while he was here. We are sorry that we cannot give in full his very interesting remarks which being impromptu cannot now be gathered up. The same with the remarks of the next speaker from our invited guests, Rev. Edwin Leonard of Melrose, who was pastor of the Evangelical Congregational Church during the years 1892 to 1898.

In closing the morning exercises, the President invited the audience to join in singing "Old Lang Syne."

An intermission followed, giving the guests an opportunity to renew old acquaintances. The informality of the basket lunch added to the sociability of the hour. The Heinlein Cadet Band of South Natick gave an open air concert during the intermission. The exercises of the afternoon were opened by the singing of "Home Sweet Home." The President then gave an interesting account of the Old Pound and Powder House.

THE POUND

The pound is situated just back of the railroad station, near the Unitarian church. It was built of large stone and had a heavy oak gate with a large, strong lock. It was built for the purpose of confining stray cattle that might be found on the highway or had broken into a neighboring field and destroyed growing crops. This happening much oftener in years past than now, as barbed and other wire were not in use, the fences being less secure. Cattle driven to the pound were locked in by the pound keeper and a fee of fifty cents required of the owner

before they were liberated. When there was a large herd the expense amounted to quite a sum.

It sometimes happened that a person had a feud against another, if he could find his enemy's cattle on the highway and drive them to the pound, the expense was a good way of settling the affair. It was the custom to choose a pound keeper every year. The victim for this office was always the last married man before the annual March meeting, no matter if he were a minister, he had to stand for a year, as there was no resigning.

A few years since the pound was partially demolished. By the vote of the town it has since been rebuilt and is now in good condition and will, we hope, always be preserved for its historical value.

THE POWDER HOUSE

The powder house was situated a short distance from here on Walpole street, on a ledge, on land now owned by Mrs. Patrick McNamara. It was built of brick with a roof of wood, and was for the storage of powder. There was no door on it or powder in it as I remember. When a small boy I used to go inside, but quickly ran out for fear it would blow up, although there was no powder in it, but the name powder house gave me that impression.

Many years since, by vote of the town, it was sold at auction for a small amount, much to the regret of us all today, but there was not as much interest taken at that time in those things, or historic value placed upon them as at the present time.

A violin solo, First Part to Concerto, Ch. de Beriot, was given by Miss Idalian Howard of Natick, followed by a paper upon the Old Parsonage by Mrs. Lizzie Chickering.

THE OLD PARSONAGE.

The house which we know as the old parsonage was built by the Rev. Benjamin Caryl, the first minister settled in what

was the fourth precinct of Dedham and known as Springfield parish. He was the son of Benjamin and grandson of Benjamin and Mary "Carril," and was born in Hopkinton in 1732. He studied theology with Rev. Henry Messenger at Wrentham and graduated from Harvard in the class of 1761.

He was well known to the people here, having preached as one of the "supplies," on which they had depended while building their "meeting-house"—a period of ten years. Having finally succeeded in finishing it in the spring of 1762 they decided to ask him to settle among them as their pastor.

In those days choosing a minister was a serious undertaking. Candidates often preached for months before they received a call, and if, after due consideration they decided to accept, their acceptance meant being willing to settle for life. Mr. Caryl's letter of acceptance is dated September fifth, 1762. He was ordained on the tenth of the following month, people coming from far and near to attend the ordination.

On the ninth of December, the same year, he married Mrs. Sarah (Messenger) Kollock, of Wrentham, a daughter of his former tutor, the Rev. Henry Messenger, and widow of Dr. Cornelius Kollock. She was eight years older than Mr. Caryl and had one son fifteen years of age.

For a time they lived in Wrentham (on the farm purchased by Dr. Kollock in 1745, while he was still a student), Mr. Caryl travelling on horseback over the roads between his farm and his pulpit.

According to the deed dated July nineteen, 1764 he "purchased of John Griggs, weaver, for the sum of 220£, lawful money, his homestead and about forty acres of land, being part upland and part meadow." Later, in 1772, he added twenty-three and one-half acres, and in 1788 fourteen acres adjoining the land first purchased.

In the old house which was on the farm when purchased their two children were born:—Benjamin, born December sixth, 1764, died September twelfth, 1775, eleven years of age. The stone which marks his grave is close by those of his father and mother in the old burying-ground. George, born April first,

1769, died August ninth, 1829. The old house was fast falling to decay but they continued to occupy it till the present one was built in 1777.

The farm, principally the additional acres purchased in 1772, furnished all the lumber for the new house: oak for frame and covering boards and pine for floors, interior finish and other wood work.

Building a house was a much more tedious process then than now. All shingles were shaved by hand and laths split from boards. Clapboards, doors, frames, window sashes, pannelling and moulding must all be worked out by hand by the "carpenter and joiner," who was always his own lather and often brick layer and plasterer.

This house contained all the conveniences of those days and even what were considered luxuries. All the front rooms were plastered. The beaufet with its glass doors was built in the corner of the "best room," and cnpboards, also, with glass doors, beside the chimney and over the fireplaces where the ink bottle must be kept and anything else they wished to keep from freezing. An extra fireplace was built in one bedroom so that the minister's wife could have a warm sleeping room, the flue being carried diagonally across the attic and entering the chimney just beneath the roof. But when they put only three windows into the south side of the house and gave the north, facing the street, the full complement, they showed less regard for comfort than appearances. Evidently the predjudice against everything English was not universal as one of the chambers was papered with English wall paper.

In the "best room" was the high-posted bedstead with its canopy and curtains filling one corner, the high-backed rush-bottomed chairs standing in a stiff row against the wall; the light stand in the chimney corner supporting the mahogany "waiter" with its tea set, decanter and glasses where the minister's wife entertained her "company," or the minister discussed theology with visiting ministers.

Most of the furnishings have disappeared. A portion of the bed curtain is with the collection belonging to the Historical Society. It is of homespun linen with crude embroidery of

thistles in natural colors. The minister's wife brought the curtains, which were her own handiwork, from her home in Wrentham when they came here in 1764. The Society also has a pewter platter, the old family Bible with autograph and sermons and a book containing two sermons which belonged to the minister's wife. It has in it her name and the date, 1787. The binding was evidently done at home—the paper used being a Thanksgiving Proclamation dated 1777.

The bracket shaving glass the minister always used, the old cradle with carved head, the mirror in its mahogany frame, which hung in the best room and the mahogany "waiter" are still in good preservation.

The wife died in 1807, eighty-two years of age.

The good old minister lived to hold in his arms the youngest of his nine grandchildren. He went to his long home November fourteen, 1811, being nearly eighty years of age, having been in the ministry fifty years, and having written and delivered more than a thousand sermons.

The second son, George, born April first, 1769, graduated at Harvard in 1788. He married Pamela Martin, and bringing his young wife to live in a part of his father's house, commenced the practice of medicine. He is the only resident physician this town has ever had. Nine children were born to them, five of whom died in childhood.

The doctor died in 1829, sixty years of age. His wife lived to the age of eighty-five years, being cared for by a son and daughter who had remained in the old home. Two daughters had married and gone to homes of their own. One was wedded to the man whose brain thought out what is today known as the "Goodyear process" for hardening rubber. He held patents for some of his inventions, among them one for castors for trunks, without which, the trunk of today would be incomplete. And still, "he was to fortune and to fame unknown."

In the business depression about the time of the Civil War, broken in health and discouraged, the sisters (the elder one being widowed years before) returned with their families to the shelter of the old home. And there they waited weary years till

one by one they were called "into the great beyond." Now the last one has gone and the old homestead has passed into other hands.

But the march of improvement has passed it by. Its frame of solid oak is as sound as ever, and much of the original outer covering is still to be seen. Some of the windows are the same that admitted light a century ago and the bird-house for the martins is yet under the eaves.

The wide front door with its old fashioned latch and bolt still swings on the massive iron hinges. The big chimney with yawning fireplaces still fills the centre of the house. In the best room are the heavy corner posts, the pannelling by the chimney and tiny cupboards with glazed doors and quaint latches. The old kitchen with rafters showing overhead ceiled up with pine; the dresser shelves where once the well scoured pewter shone; the high mantle over the big fireplace with its swinging crane and handy niche where the good man kept his pipe; the big brick oven and wide hearth; the quaint old doors opening into bedrooms at either end, in one of which is the tiny fireplace with its little cupboard above; the wooden latches with their latch strings; the wide floor boards and unpainted woodwork darkened by age: all belong to the days of long ago.

Many forest fires have threatened to destroy it. These and the ravages of time made repairing it a necessity. This has been done in such a way that it still appears to be what in reality it is—the old parsonage built by the first minister of this place in 1777.

Miss Edith McClure then gave the following recitation:

NEW ENGLAND

This is our own, our native home,
Though poor and rough she be;
The home of many a noble soul,
The birthplace of the free.
We'll love her rocks and rivers
Till death our quick blood chills:

Hurrah for old New England!
And her cloud-capped granite hills!
They tell us of our freezing clime,
Our hard and rugged soil;
Which hardly half repays us for
Our springtime care and toil;
Yet gaily sings the merry boy
As his homestead farm he tills:
Hurrah for old New England!
And her cloud-capped granite hills!
Others may seek the Western clime—
They say 'tis passing fair;
That sunny are its laughing skies
And soft its balmy air.
We'll linger 'round our childhood home,
Till age our warm blood chills;
Till we die in old New England,
And sleep beneath her hills.

—Y. Y.

The President then called upon Mr. Ansel K. Tisdale, who spoke upon the historic features of the

"OLD TOLL HOUSE."

MR. PRESIDENT AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—It gives me great pleasure to bring to you the greetings of the Dover Historical and Natural History Society and to express the hope that all of you may live to visit us on the occasion of the next celebration of "Old Home Day" in this town.

We are neither an old or a large organization but the members are active, earnest, and painstaking in their work, and already they have accumulated a goodly sized collection of relics and articles of historic value, both local and general.

At present the society has forty-one active members and quite a list of honorary members. The regular business meetings of the society are held on the first Saturdays of January, April, July and October.

The society was organized in 1895, with a list of twenty seven charter members, but in 1900 it was deemed advisable to incorporate it, and the original society was merged in the new one accordingly, and has continued under fairly prosperous conditions until the present time.

It is the aim of the officers and members to make the society one of use in this community and to preserve intact many articles which will be of great interest to future generations. We are pleased to show you some of these articles today. Our latch string is always on the outside and we should be pleased to have you visit us at any time.

I have been asked to say a few words about the "Old Toll House" which stood on the old Dedham and Hartford Turnpike in the south part of the town.

It is perhaps valuable as a "relic," not because of excessive age, but because it now stands as it was when built, (although not in the same place) and because its use and purpose marks the decay of a system of highway travel then quite popular but now obsolete in this part of the country.

The Dedham and Hartford Turnpike, so called, passes through the south part of the town for a distance of perhaps one and one-fourth miles, from east to west, and this house stood about half-way from these two outside points.

I hold in my left hand a picture of the Tisdale house, now owned by Mr. J. V. Schaffner, and it was to the ell attached to this house that the toll house and a part of the sleeping room were taken when the Turnpike Corporation before alluded to was dissolved and it was no longer needed. In my right hand I hold a picture of the Toll House as it stood then and stands now. The office, as the picture shows, is a little building about twelve feet square with its large panel door, old-fashioned, large sized windows and wooden shutters, the overhanging eaves, all of which show the style of buildings of those days. Connected with the office was a sleeping room. My grandfather was the official keeper, but placed his sister-in-law, Mrs. Rebecca Hastings, in charge. Mrs. Hastings was the mother of Capt. Charles W. Hastings, the present popular Massachusetts Com-

missioner of State Aid for Soldiers, and his two elder brothers Oscar and Henry, were born in this sleeping room.

In this picture of the house (in which by the way my grandfather, father, myself and my son were born,) the white line at the bottom shows the outline of the turnpike (now called Hartford street) and the broader white line represents Walpole street, which two streets cross each other directly in front of the house.

Directly opposite the front door of the house and on the northerly side of the turnpike about 150 feet from said door, stood the toll gate buildings. In our modern way of looking at convenience and comfort, we should hardly think of placing a gate designed to stop vehicles while the drivers might transact business with the keeper, in the middle of a hill of at least a half-mile ascent, but such was the fact in this case.

Concerning the methods of transacting the toll business, I believe that the Historical Society has a book (written) which shows perhaps what classes of vehicles were allowed to pass without having to be paid for on the spot, but of which account was kept and the bills paid at stated intervals. Notably in this class were stages and mail-bearing vehicles.

I will not longer trespass on your time, and ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for your very kind attention.

Mr. Richard Bond read a paper upon

THE WILSON HOMESTEAD.

The Wilson family is, undoubtedly, one of the oldest families in the state and was the first family to settle within the limits of Dover.

Henry Wilson came from Kent, England, in 1637, with Mary Metcalf, his future wife, and settled on what is now called Wilsondale Farm. He built his house of one room on the south side of the path from Dedham to the Common pasture ground, which included the Strawberry Hill District. On awakening the first morning he was greeted by a wild cat looking in upon him.

The original house, which from time to time was enlarged, stood back of where the barn now stands and was taken down about thirty-five years ago. The house now standing at the corner of Dedham and Chestnut Streets, near Day's bridge, contains many of the boards and timbers of the first house. The old barn stood in the road as it is now located, nearly in front of the new barn.

The original farm consisted of about two hundred and sixty acres, divided as follows: The home place of about one hundred and fifteen acres, and joining it, fifty acres of woodland which is now in Westwood, six acres in the Broad Meadows of Needham, eight acres of tillage on the west bank of the Charles River, also in Westwood, and eighty-five acres or more in other parts of Dover. At that time almost every farmer in the vicinity of Dedham owned at least a few acres in the Broad meadows of Needham.

The original road, now called Wilsondale Street, which extends over Strawberry Hill, was straightened and greatly improved by Ephraim Wilson at his own expense in 1799. An elm tree, planted by him about one hundred and fifty years ago, still stands on the side of this old road, offering its great leafy branches for shade to the passersby.

At least two hundred years ago there was a saw mill built by the side of the road on what was called the Mill Brook. The water which furnished the power for the running of this mill was held back on the land which now comprises most of the mowing and tillage of the farm by a dam, the remains of which can yet be seen.

Every descendant of Henry Wilson who has since occupied the farm has been an Ephraim Wilson until now.

The early Wilsons derived their income from the sale of ship timber, elm logs for wheel hubs and ox bows, burning and selling charcoal and also from a cider mill, which was run for one hundred and fifty years or more.

Ephraim Wilson, grandfather of the present generation, was employed by the United States government during the War of 1812 in carting supplies between Boston and Philadel-

phia. This was done with an ox team, and a large chain used by him at that time is still on the place.

From this farm many Indians have gathered material for basket making, and on coming to the house were given food with the assurance of friendly feelings, but for over fifty years few if any Indians have been seen on the place.

The Wilsons have always been prominent in church and civil life. Ephraim Wilson was a member of the first school committee and deacon of the first Unitarian Church of Dover. This same deacon had a black horse that would start for church from wherever he happened to be when he heard the church bell ring, his favorite route being through his neighbor's strawberry piece. There is still in the possession of Mrs. Ephraim Wilson a deed of pew number eight in this same church, dated November 4, 1839, and deeded to Deacon Ephraim Wilson.

Miss Howard again favored the audience with violin solos, "Valse Gracieuse" by Sam Franko and "Berceuse" from "Jocelyn" by B. Godard. She was accompanied by Miss Ella Hanchett of South Natick.

Master Thomas Jefferson Tobey, nine years of age, dressed in costume, gave the following recitation:

THE FARMER'S ALMANAC.

Go, git the Farmer's Almanac an' bring it hum ter me;
Be sure an' git the latest one, marked "nineteen hundred three."
I've read the old one through an' through, I've got it most by heart,
It's jest chock full o' good advice in every single part.
We can't keep house without it, 'n' each twelve-month without fail,
There's got ter be a new one thar', a-hanging on the nail;
So mind, yer don't forgit it, naow, an' when yer come from taown,
We'll hang up this year's almanac an' take the ole one daown.

The gals they read them story books — can't seem ter git enough
Of readin' 'bout the Jacks and Jills—a silly mess o' stuff;
They say that it's historical, but hist'ry don't tell when
It's time ter cut the fodder corn or haow ter set a hen;
In all them gilt-edged books o' their'n, I'll bet they never saw
No readin' thet would tell 'em when they might expect a thaw.
I like ter read good common sense, an' though it ain't in rhyme,
The good old farmer's almanac jest gits thar' every time.

The boys they nagged me ter subscribe (well, what a fool I wuz!)
To the Jayville Weekly Rumor, 'n' I did; but, dear me, suz,
Jest tells abaout the neighb'ring folks, an' every kind o' yarn,
But nary word yer'll see 'baout haow ter ventilate the barn.
Naow, take it when the winter's gone, them poets hev their fling,
An' act so awful tickled, jest because it's comin' spring;
They prate abaout the balmy air, the shootin' of the trees,
But the almanac don't waste no words—jest tells us, "Naow plant peas."

O, there's comfort these long evenin's when all in my working togs
I read thet little book beside the blazin' hickory logs,
An' ma she sets, a-knittin'—my! but haow them needles fly!
A-flashin' in the firelight, like ez though they'd blind yer eye,
An' she listens while I read out loud like this: "Now kill yer hog,"
An' then ag'in: "Baout this time put a muzzle on ther dog."
It's mighty interestin', an' es fur es I can see,
The yearly farmers' almanac jest fills the bill fer me.

A quartette consisting of Mrs. H. C. Packard, Mrs. Etta Hall, Mr. Allen Smith and Mr. Joseph Ziolkowski, then rendered "Home Again."

Mrs. M. A. Everett followed with some interesting facts concerning "The Flag," which was made by ladies of Dover at the time of the Civil war.

THE FLAG.

In this delightful home coming of the sons and daughters of Dover, when it has been such a pleasure to grasp the hand in friendship, and look in the faces of friends long absent, you will pardon, I am sure, if I ask your attention for a few moments to a memory dear to us all.

Forty-two years ago our gatherings in town were far different from this today. Those who were not in the midst of it can hardly realize or imagine the excitement that prevailed when the news came that Fort Sumter had been attacked.

Although it had been known for a long time that there was a division of feeling between the North and the South, few really believed that there was to be serious fighting; but when President Lincoln called for 75,000 volunteers, then the truth flashed upon us that war was here—had already begun.

How quickly the young men of this town who had been quietly working in shops, or on farms, responded to the call. They were not only ready, but anxious to don the coat of blue, shoulder their rifle and march to the front. How well we recall them as they said their good byes, strong, noble young men, giving themselves for their country's protection. Many homes were saddened and hearts made heavy as the boy who had been cradled in his mother's arms went forth, mayhap for the first time from his childhood home. The anxiety with which the one daily mail was watched for can hardly be described, as we clustered around the venerable postmaster, Mr. Isaac Howe, for our share in its contents.

My sister, Miss Plummer, whom many will remember was teaching in New York at the time, said the excitement there was intense. Coming home for a vacation, she urged that we have a flag raised in town to show our interest and sympathy in this great struggle.

Bunting could not be had in Boston, the demand so much exceeded the supply. We sisters, with our father's help, bought the cloth of which this flag was made, cotton cloth then being fifty cents a yard. We cut out our flag, the stars, stripes and eagle, with the mottoes, "The Constitution" on one side

and "Liberty and Union" on the other. The stars and states then numbered thirty-four.

Then we invited our nearest neighbors, Mrs. John Kenrick, Mrs. Asa Talbot, Mrs. Alexander Soule and Mrs. Aaron Bacon to help set the many stitches. My father's home was then at what is now known as the Minot cottage. When it was finished we invited the men of the neighborhood to erect a staff for the flag, which should announce to all beholders every Union victory during the war. My father (Mr. Plummer), Mr. Asa Talbot and Mr. Everett went into the woods and cut a fine tree and made the staff, which was erected just inside the gate, in the field opposite where we now live, there being no trees growing on the roadside then.

At the raising a goodly number of people assembled, and Mr. Theodore Dunn, mounted upon a temporary platform of two barrels and a board, made a stirring speech. So, amid cheers and hand-clapping, our flag was made ready for duty. At the conclusion of the exercises, I was requested to take charge of the flag. The ropes, with pulleys attached, extended from our attic window to the top of the staff, and the flag hung at full length over the road.

The year of '61 gave few Union victories, and the flag could not float. But with '62 came the victories of Shiloh, Yorktown, South Mountain and others, with the surrender of New Orleans; '63 brought the memorable battles of Gettysburg, Vicksburg, and Gen. Hooker's scaling the heights of Lookout Mountain.

How proudly I climbed the attic stairs and swung out the flag for these, and the battles of '64—the battle of the Wilderness, the capture of Savannah, Sherman's march to the sea, and lastly, in '65, for the surrender of Lee and Johnson. The flag told to all who passed under its folds that it was proclaiming the success of our armies, and that our boys in blue were working, fighting, suffering, and dying for liberty and the Union. Some few of the boys are here today with hair grown gray and step less elastic, but with hearts as brave and love of country as strong as when they said their fond adieus in '61. Others whom we dearly loved never returned, but laid down

their lives for their country and the flag so dear to us all. Then let this be our motto, "In God is our trust," and

"The star spangled banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

The President then introduced Mr. Elbridge G. P. Guy of Worcester, one of our invited guests and a former resident of the town, who gave the following reminiscences:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

I did not come here to make an address, but rather in response to your kind invitation to come back home to this old town after an absence of over thirty years to grasp the hand of some of those whom I knew in my boyhood days.

My early home was in the southern part of Dover about a half mile from the old toll gate, which has been so well described here today. We had quite a fair-sized village all in two houses, being one of twelve children. If we had all remained there we might have come over to your annual town meeting and voted for this beautiful town hall, the library, and the other improvements to that section of the town.

The memory of those early days comes to me very clearly and I notice before me two young men—young men they are, because I am—and they were boys with me. Well do I remember who was the owner of the fastest sled. I was interested in the recitation, "The Farmer's Almanac," for I started in business peddling from house to house in Medfield, Robert Thom's Almanac, which was the most important book, next to the Bible, owned by the farmers.

Perhaps I can reveal a secret to you. White huckleberries grew in this town and we picked them every year and sent them to market, getting a good price for them. When ripe they are white on one side and spotted red on the other, and the place where they grew we kept a secret.

The good old Parson Sanger has been spoken of here today. Well do I remember a little story told by mother of Mr. Sanger calling on one of the dear old ladies of his people, who brought him a cup of tea and persisted in pouring in the

molasses, saying, "All molasses is none too good for our dear pastor."

My father and grandfather were born in this town and the early home was in a little red house owned and occupied by the father of your historian and was, I believe, torn down by him. I have heard my father say that in those early and troublesome days they placed a cheese in the attic window and the Indians, supposing it to be a face, wasted their ammunition filling it full of holes.

Mr. President, I was interested in your description of the old pound and I wondered whether or not it was your custom at your annual town meeting to elect a pound keeper. In the town of Auburn I visited the pound, accompanied by one of the town officers, and found it kept in excellent condition. At the entrance, filling nearly the entire space, stands a large oak making it impossible to enter, and still at every town meeting they elect a pound keeper. He is always the last man who was married, even though it happened to be the young pastor, if he had been in town long enough to be a voter.

Now with a few words of counsel I am through. To the many here today who have been absent for years, where can you find a better place to return and invest your money, where you may buy land and houses in a town where taxes are less than eight dollars on a thousand. Is there another place in the state to compare with it?

And now to the people who occupy the hill farms and own their broad acres. Make an effort to bring to your town the farmers of the new school. We have farms in the towns adjoining the city where I live and the buildings are of the latest design, their horses are of the finest, their herds of cattle are all registered stock. They send their milk to Worcester and receive thirty cents per can, which cost them twenty-five cents per quart. Then also potatoes cost them one dollar each but they are good.

These are the sort of families you want to build up your town. They will spend their money here and you will be benefited by it.

J. W. Higgins, President of the Dover Temperance Union, being called upon said in part as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN AND FRIENDS:—

Several days ago the general secretary for Old Home Day informed me that I was to be on the Reception Committee for today. Upon inquiry as to my duties, I was told that I was to shake hands and smile. I congratulated myself upon the easy task assigned me. At a much later date I was told that I was to speak for the Dover Temperance Union. I am always glad to speak a word for that grand organization, that has done so much in moulding the character of the boys and girls of Dover for the past thirty years or more. Many of them have gone out from the old home, but they have carried with them the temperance sentiment taught in our union meetings.

The Dover Temperance Union is the oldest organization in town, excepting the churches. It was organized October 4, 1872, Rev. T. S. Norton, president, and G. L. Howe, secretary.

During its exisience it has had but five presidents. First, Rev. T. S. Norton, a noble Christian man, a consistent worker. Though long since gone to his reward he still lives, and will ever live, in the memory of those who knew him. His portrait graces the walls of this hall, as you see at my right. The second president was Rev. A. M. Rice, who occupied the chair one year. The third was Hon. Frank Smith, our orator of today. The fourth, Ansel K. Tisdale, now president of the Dover Historical Society. The fifth, your humble servant.

The society stands today, as it always has, for good citizenship, for all that is grand and noble. all that tends to pure manhood and womanhood. It is non-sectarian and non-political. We welcome all who will pledge themselves to abstain from the use of intoxicant liquors as a beverage. During these years three hundred and sixty-one have signed the pledge and become members of our society. The time of meeting has always been the third Sunday evening of each month. For many years the meetings were held in the different churches, alternating between the Congregational, Unitarian, Baptist and the Mission at Charles River. Of late years the meetings

have been held in this hall. It is here the fire has been kept burning, and we trust it ever will be kept burning, till King Alcohol is dethroned and our people are freed from the curse.

Joseph Ziolkowski, Worthy Master of Dover Grange No. 117, being called upon spoke as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—

As the hour is getting late I will not take up much time. The Dover Grange was the second order that was started in this town, and it has been doing the good work for which it was founded.

Dover Grange has brought the people together and has made them better men and women. It is always ready to welcome those who are willing to join us.

We extend a welcome to all good citizens.

The afternoon session was closed by singing "America." The guests adjourned to the base ball grounds, where the Heinlein Cadet Band gave selections throughout the game.

BASE BALL GAME, 3 P. M.

MARRIED VS. SINGLE MEN

MARRIED.	SINGLE.
James Glassett, 1st b.	James Chickering, r.f.
Irving Stowell, l.f.	Frank Bean, c.
R. S. Minot, c.f.	A. Edward Hall, Captain, 1st b.
M. Comiskey, Captain, c.	Chester D. Hall, c.f.
Charles Dandrow, r.f.	Charles Durocher, 2d b.
Chas. Meyers, 2d b.	Dennis Glassett, 3d b.
Max Ziolkowski, p.	Weyland Minot, s.s,
William T. Tisdale, 3d b.	Frederic French, p.
Nicolas McNamara, s.s.	William McNamara, l.f.

Score 10 to 5 in favor of married men at end of fifth inning. Game called on account of darkness. Umpire, Clarence Thompson, South Natick.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER OF DOVER'S FIRST OLD HOME DAY

DR.

Amount received from Financial Committee	$160 43	
" " " sale of badges .	30 00	
		$190 43

CR.

Amount paid for sports	$20 00	
" " " refreshments . . .	23 65	
" " " printing, etc. . .	20 25	
" " " band	35 00	
" " " postage	5 14	
" " " badges	32 05	
" " " decorations . . .	50 00	
Balance paid to Treasurer Dover Historical and Natural History Society . .	4 34	
		$190 43

Respectfully submitted,

J. S. BATTELLE,
Treasurer.

It was voted by the Old Home Day organization that the balance of cash on hand, the unsold badges, and the manuscript in the hands of the committee on publication be given to the Dover Historical and Natural History Society of Dover and vicinity, for publication by them and sold for the benefit of said society.

The Historical Society accepted the gift and acknowledged the receipt of $4.34 in cash, sixty-seven Old Home Day badges, and appointed the following committee to arrange and publish

a Souvenir Volume of The First Old Home Day of Dover, Mass.: Eben Higgins, Mrs. A. L. Johnson and Allen F. Smith, who present the foregoing arrangement of the manuscript placed in their hands, and in closing desire to mention that the Town House and Sanger School building were finely decorated with flags and bunting, as were also all the houses in sight. A large flag was suspended over the street in front of the Town House with the inscription "Welcome Home" printed in large letters on the bottom. An arch was built on the top of the rise on the Common, between the depot and the Town House twelve feet high and twelve feet wide with "Welcome" on the top, a greeting which could be seen as the guests stepped from the cars.

There were between 1200 and 1500 present during the day and our Registrar succeeded in getting over 600 names signed in his register for guests.

Our townspeople and our various committees are to be congratulated on the great success of our first Old Home Day.

EBEN HIGGINS,
MRS. A. L. JOHNSON,
ALLEN F. SMITH,
Committee on Publication.

NOTICE

There are a few copies of the Narrative History of Dover, by Frank Smith, published in 1897, which can be purchased if applied for soon. The price is $1.50 for the History and eighteen cents for postage. The Town Clerk has them for sale.