

The Proceedings of the Cambridge Historical Society, Volume 35, 1953-1954

TABLE OF CONTENTS

OFFICERS.....5

OFFICERS, 1905-1955.....7

PAPERS

EARLY HISTORY OF CAMBRIDGE ORNITHOLOGY.....11
BY LUDLOW GRISCOM

THE CAMBRIDGE PLANT CLUB.....17
BY LOIS LILLEY HOWE, MARION JESSIE DUNHAM,
MRS. ROBERT GOODALE, MARY B. SMITH, AND
EDITH SLOAN GRISCOM

THE AGASSIZ SCHOOL.....35
BY EDWARD WALDO FORBES

FORTY YEARS IN THE FOGG MUSEUM.....57
BY LAURA DUDLEY SAUNDERSON

CAMBRIDGEPORT, A BRIEF HISTORY.....79
BY JOHN W. WOOD

PAGES FROM THE HISTORY OF THE
CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL.....91
BY CECIL THAYER DERRY

I, TOO, IN ARCADIA.....111
BY DAVID T. POTTINGER

ANNUAL REPORTS.....125

MEMBERS.....133

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY PROCEEDINGS FOR THE YEARS 1953-54

LIST OF OFFICERS FOR THESE TWO YEARS

President: Hon. Robert Walcott

Vice Presidents: Miss Lois Lilley Howe

Mr. John W. Wood

Mr. David T. Pottinger

Treasurer: Mr. John T. G. Nichols

Curator: Mrs Laura Dudley Saunderson

Secretary: Mrs Rosamond Coolidge Howe

Editor: Mr. John R. Walden

MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL

The foregoing and the following:

Miss Penelope B. Noyes

Mr. Dudley Clapp

Miss Katherine F. Crothers

Mr. Conrad Wright

Mrs. Anna Davenport Holland

5

OFFICERS, 1905-1955

All dates are inclusive. From 1905 through 1922 the election of officers took place at the October meeting of the Corporation. There was no election in the calendar year 1923. Beginning in 1924 the election has been held at the January meeting. Many of the following names appear in more than one of the lists, according to changes in designated offices.

HONORARY PRESIDENT

Robert Walcott 1955-

PRESIDENT

Richard Henry Dana 1905-1914

Robert Walcott 1928-1954

William Roscoe Thayer 1915-1920

David Thomas Pottinger 1955-

Ephraim Emerton 1921-1927

VICE-PRESIDENT

Thomas Wentworth Higginson 1905-

William Coolidge Lane 1922-1931 1911

Robert Walcott 1925-1927

Alexander McKenzie 1905-1908

Stoughton Bell 1928-1933

Archibald Murray Howe 1905-1916

Joseph Henry Beale 1932-1942

Andrew McFarland Davis 1908-1920

Frank Gaylord Cook 1934-1943

Edward Henry Hall 1911-1912

Lois Lilley Howe 1936-

William Roscoe Thayer 1912-1915

Samuel Atkins Eliot 1943-1950

Worthington Chauncey Ford 1915-

Leslie Talbot Pennington 1944

1924

Edward Ingraham 1945

Hollis Russell Bailey 1916-1919

Bremer Whidden Pond 1951-1952

Henry Herbert Edes 1919-1922

John William Wood 1951-

Mary Isabella Gozzaldi 1920-1935

David Thomas Pottinger 1953-1954

Penelope Barker Noyes 1955-

7

SECRETARY

Frank Gaylord Cook 1905-1909

Walter Benjamin Briggs 1928-1930

Francis Hill Bigelow 1909-1910

Bertram Kimball Little 1931

Clarence Walter Ayer 1910-1911

Eldon Revare James 1932-1942

Arthur Drinkwater 1911-19

David Thomas Pottinger 1942- 1943; 1948-1952

Albert Harrison Hall 1912-1916

Samuel Francis Batchelder 1916-1927

Bremmer Whidden Pond 1944-1947

Rosamond Coolidge Howe 1953-

TREASURER

Oscar Fayette Allen 1905-1907

George Grier Wright 1922-1928

Henry Herbert Edes 1907-1919

Willard Hatch Sprague 1929-1937

Francis Webber Sever 1919-1922

George Arthur Macomber 1938-1940

John Taylor Gilman Nichols 1941-

EDITOR

David Thomas Pottinger 1929-1940

Charles Lane Hanson 1941-1951

John Reed Walden 1952-

CURATOR

William Roscoe Thayer 1905-1907

Edward Locke Gookin 1916-1918;1919-1922

Clarence Walter Ayer 1907-1913

Albert Harrison Hall 1913-1916

William Coolidge Lane 1918-1919

Walter Benjamin Briggs 1922-1943

Laura Dudley Saunderson 1944-

MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL

All the preceding officers were also, concurrently, members of the Council.

Edward John Brandon 1905-1908

Henry Herbert Edes 1905-1907

Mary Isabella Gozzaldi 1905-1920

Albert Bushnell Hart 1905-1908

William Coolidge Lane 1905-1917; 1920-1922

Alice Mary Longfellow 1905-1924

William Roscoe Thayer 1907-1912

Hollis Russell Bailey 1908-1916

Edward Henry Hall 1908-1911

Francis Hill Bigelow 1910-1911

Frank Gaylord Cook 1911-1933

Samuel Francis Batchelder 1912-1916

Richard Henry Dana 1915-1922

George Hodges 1916-1919

Fred Norris Robinson 1916-1924

Stoughton Bell 1920-1927

Joseph Henry Beale 1922-1931

<i>Robert Walcott 1922-1925</i>	<i>Edward Waldo Forbes 1925-1926</i>
<i>Clarence Henry Poor 1925</i>	<i>John William Wood 1925</i>
<i>Lillian Far low 1926</i>	<i>James Leonard Paine 1926-1936</i>
<i>Prescott Evarts 1927-1929</i>	<i>John Taylor Gilman Nichols 1927-1934</i>
<i>Carolyn Huntington Saunders 1928-1933</i>	<i>Philip Greenleaf Carleton 1932-1933</i>
<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana 1934-1935</i>	<i>Samuel Atkins Eliot 1934-1942</i>
<i>Roger Gilman 1934-1951</i>	<i>Charles Leslie Glenn 1934-1940</i>
<i>Maude Batchelder Vosburgh 1936-1949</i>	<i>Elizabeth Bridge Piper 1937-1942;</i>
	<i>1944-1946</i>
<i>Leslie Talbot Pennington 1941-1943</i>	<i>Allyn Bailey Forbes 1943-1946</i>
<i>Laura Dudley Saunderson 1943</i>	<i>Penelope Barker Noyes 1944-1954</i>
<i>Edward Ingraham 1946-1949</i>	<i>Katherine Foster Crothers 1947-</i>
<i>Rosamond Coolidge Howe 1950-1952</i>	<i>Brenter Whidden Pond 1950</i>
<i>Mildred Hunter Brown 1951</i>	<i>Charles Conrad Wright 1952-</i>
<i>Dudley Clapp 1952-</i>	<i>Anna Coolidge Davenport Holland 1953-</i>
	<i>Elinor Gregory Metcalf 1955-</i>

PAPERS READ DURING THE YEARS 1953-54

EARLY HISTORY OF CAMBRIDGE ORNITHOLOGY

BY LUDLOW GRISCOM

Read January 27, 1953

I*n addressing the Cambridge Historical Society on "The Birds of Cambridge," I wish to be as historical and as little ornithological as possible. It is a task I approach with some trepidation, since neither in age nor background am I even remotely a Cantabrigian. While it is possible, therefore, that I know more about birds than some of you, the room is full of people who know more about Cambridge history than I do.*

Nevertheless, it is an historic fact that Cambridge has made a definite contribution to the development of ornithology in the eastern United States. Numerous notable ornithologists have been either born in Cambridge or educated and trained at Harvard College, and while there are colleagues of mine outside of New England who have felt for years that provincial pride has tended to "blow it up" a bit, and make out lesser individuals to be of more

importance than they actually were, nevertheless it is my best judgment that a veritable and tangible contribution remains. Unhappily this statement involves in some instances judgments on the lives and careers of people long since dead, whom I did not know personally, and of whom I lack firsthand knowledge; in other instances my firsthand knowledge of the personalities is remarkably complete.

To give this audience a proper background I must begin pretty far back and give some facts and mention some people who do not belong in the Cambridge scene. I choose to begin with the period of about

11

1850-1860, when the great Audubon, blind and with decayed mental faculties, had ended his fabulous career, and when Nuttall, the greatest botanical collector in American history, had completed his popular manual of ornithology (1832-1834) and had abandoned his unhappy curatorship at Harvard College never to return. I ask the rhetorical question: assuming the existence of someone born about 1850-1860, interested in birds, and bound to make it his life work, what resources, what information did he have available as a start and as a basis for further work?

Actually he had amazingly little. There were virtually no named collections; there was virtually no literature to go upon. The actual species of eastern American birds remained to be worked out. Their breeding and wintering grounds, their nests and eggs and immature plumage, remained to be discovered and described. Audubon made many mistakes, based on preserving his drawings and not the specimens. His books are full of apocryphal or imaginary species, and he remained totally unaware of the existence of some of our most abundant small and inconspicuous songbirds such as the small flycatchers and certain warblers. Moreover, he did not live to see the full development of the so-called scientific method of exact — and ill-mannered — scepticism, and most of his mistakes were based on accepting the secondhand statements of his friends, Mr. A. B. Smith, Esq., and others, whose erroneous opinions he published! It took decades of study and research to put these "mistakes" to sleep. The subject deserves a little more elaboration here.

At this period (1850) the leading ornithologist of New England was Dr. Thomas M. Brewer of Boston (1814-1880). He had actually known Audubon and Nuttall and had attracted attention by publishing, first, a popular and inexpensive edition of Wilson, second, a noteworthy paper on "Additions to the Catalogue of Massachusetts Birds in Hitchcock's Report (1833)," and third, a report on North American Oölogy, Volume IX of the Smithsonian Institution contributions to knowledge. This attracted the attention of the great S. F. Baird, the first Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and he and Ridgway selected Brewer as coauthor of the life histories of the land birds of North and Middle America (1874). Formally and systematically, Dr. Brewer was careless, slipshod, and inaccurate, as was later exposed by William Brewster and his friends. Dr. Brewer was also conceited, pompous, patronizing, and

12

argumentative, and engaged in futile controversy. Finally he was so stupid as to tangle with the brilliant and polemical Elliott Coues of Washington, who chewed him up and spat him out in small pieces in 1878, which ended Dr. Brewer's ornithological career.

I have recently amused myself by checking Dr. Brewer in rereading a revised history of Massachusetts Birds by the Reverend William B. O. Peabody (1839), appointed by Governor Everett's Commission. Goodness knows how he got the job and why, as I cannot find that he was ever heard of ornithologically before or since! However, the text teems with facts and opinions kindly communicated by Dr. T. M. Brewer in which the gentleman was wrong in every case!

As a further illustration of the changes in scientific method and approach, we can next profitably discuss the local list of birds. It was a commonplace in early American ornithology that a local list consisted of (1) the birds actually proved to have occurred, based on specimens in collections, and (2) the kinds assumed in all probability to occur, based on specimens captured just to the south, west, or north of the area concerned. On "common sense" grounds the latter would sooner or later occur in the area. Dr. Brewer's list included a high percentage of item 2, and thus gave rise to argument and endless discussion. On what grounds was the "common sense" inclusion to be justified? As there was no answer, the new school threw all such guesses out and deeply insulted the guessers! The pages of the Nuttall Club Bulletin are full of unfavorable reviews of Brewer's paper, of angry rejoinders and "defenses" on his part, all leading exactly nowhere! Actually the system fell into disrepute because of the incompetent guesses of ignorant authors. Nova Scotia has never yet recovered from Down's history of 1888. He "guessed" that every bird ever recorded in New England would some day be found in Nova Scotia, and in seven decades he was 90 per cent wrong!

We next reach the names of three men where Cambridge ornithological history really began.

(1)Goel Asaph Allen (1838-1921), a poor boy of Springfield, Massachusetts, struggled hard to get an education, came to Harvard to study under Agassiz, and got a position as a curator in the then new Museum of Comparative Zoology. He published a history of Massachusetts birds (1878) enumerating 316 authenticated species plus 24 of probable occurrence. A second list of 1886 gave 340 authenticated species plus 19

probable. It is of interest to note than in sixty-five years Dr. Allen's judgment proved correct in twenty cases out of twenty-five. Actually, Allen's greatest contribution was coming to the rescue of the Nuttall Club in 1876, and editing its successful Bulletin until the American Ornithological Union was founded in 1883, when the Bulletin was superseded by the Auk. Allen mastered both mammals and birds and a notably philosophical bent of mind gave him a very distinguished scientific career. Financial depression caused him to leave Cambridge for the American Museum of Natural History in New York City. The late Dr. Thomas Barbour always used to say that letting Allen go to New York was one of the worst breaks Harvard University ever made. Allen helped found the A.O.U. and edited the Auk for over twenty-five years.

(2) Henry W. Henshaw, born in Cambridgeport (1850-1930), an intimate friend and schoolmate of William Brewster, helped him found the Nuttall Club. An ardent, energetic ornithologist and collector, he soon left Cambridge for Washington, where he took part in the United States Government Wheeler Survey and made various trips for the Bureau of Ethnology and the Bureau of Biological Survey. He returned occasionally to Cambridge to visit, and wrote a superlatively good biographical memoir of his friend Brewster in the Auk. Field work made it impossible for him to be a founder of the A.O.U.

(3) William Brewster, born in Cambridge (1859-1919), was the greatest and most gifted field ornithologist New England ever produced. His contribution in helping fill up all the gaps in ornithological knowledge left by Audubon was almost fabulous. He founded the Nuttall Ornithological Club in 1873, the first bird club in America, of which he was President almost continuously until his death. In 1883 he founded the A.O.U. I have elsewhere (Birds of Concord, 1949) written at length of my wholehearted admiration for this man, his works, his journals and records, etc. These must have been the golden days of the Nuttall Club; its activities made an unforgettable impression on younger men privileged to attend the meetings. Brewster's knowledge and experience, his library and collections, were generously available. He had the genius and the personality to enforce scientific accuracy and to inspire interest and enthusiasm in his own projects and interests. He forced himself very painfully to learn how to write and succeeded so well that his journal extracts are now in the forefront of American nature writing.

I wish to go outside of New England for another appraisal. It so happens that my first job in ornithology was in the Bird Department of the American Museum of Natural History. Here I was under Dr. Allen and Dr. F. M. Chapman. Both men were of an intellectual stature greatly superior to Mr. Brewster, who never attained the scientific fame and prestige both of them won. Chapman in particular was able, hard working, ambitious, ruthless, and critical of his colleagues' defects and shortcomings. Dr. Allen, on principle, simply could not be drawn to say anything about anybody. Brewster was the only American ornithologist whom Chapman held in the highest esteem and reverence in the whole world. I was in the Bird Department when Brewster died on July 7, 1919. Chapman was advised by long distance phone and he was absolutely grief-stricken. I recall his bursting in my office and saying, "There goes the finest gentleman I have ever known!" — a magnificent epitaph from a great and worldly scientist. He dashed off a beautiful appreciation in Bird-lore.

Some time after 1906 I secured a copy of Brewster's Birds of the Cambridge Region. Seeing that I was interested in local faunistics, Chapman told me, "Study it, ponder on it, it is the best thing of its kind ever written." I did. I still think so. Fortunately it contains an early history, an appraisal of Nuttall, and an account of early collecting localities now obliterated by building and civilization. I was sunk when I came up here in 1927 and saw the wreck of Fresh Pond and the Fresh Pond marshes!

We are also greatly indebted to Mr. Charles Foster Batchelder of Cambridge (1877 to date), an early member of the Nuttall Club, the only surviving founder of the A.O.U., for a superb history of the Nuttall Club from 1873 to 1919, one of the Club's Memoirs (1937).

Cambridge ornithological history continued to be made by certain younger men, all of whom I knew very well indeed, so much so that any selection of mine borders on the invidious.

(1) John Hopkinson Baker of Cambridge (b. 1894), Secretary of the Nuttall Club, 1912-1914, moved to New York, entered into business, revived the flagging National Audubon Society, and has fully revived its activity and usefulness as Executive Director and President. An intimate lifelong friend.

(2) Outram Bangs (1863-1932), born in Watertown, in later years lived in Cambridge and had a fabulous and spectacular career. Fortu-

15

nately I knew and loved him well. Rarely have I known a man so cruelly disciplined by life, who took it so magnificently. He and his brother Edward were very rich and lived fast lives in Boston, where their house at one time adjoined that of Thomas M. Brewer. They were everlastingly hunting, shooting, fishing, and collecting to very good purpose indeed. Outram branched out early into tropical American birds, thus early acquiring an international reputation. His money was lost in the early IQOO'S. He then became curator of mammals at the Museum of Comparative Zoology and later, at Brewster's death, of birds. Calm, serene, pleasant, and steady, he quickly dug in, became friends with everybody, made advantageous exchanges, and lived to see the Museum collections rank sixth in the world. At his death he was recognized as the greatest museum curator of birds in America, and he was the first American to acquire a world-wide knowledge of birds and break away from the provinciality forced on earlier American ornithologists by the necessity of exploring their own continent first. It is a moot point whether he or his assistant, James Lee Peters (1889-1952), will go down in history as the greatest systematic ornithologist New England has produced. I lack time to gain a proper perspective.

[Following this paper, Mr. Griscom discussed various species of birds common to Cambridge.]

16

THE CAMBRIDGE PLANT CLUB

Read May 28, 1953

HISTORY OF THE PLANT CLUB

By Lois Lilley Howe

I*T was a passion flower that began it — a passion flower which blossomed in the winter in the house of the Honorable John Lord Hayes on what is now called Coolidge Hill but was at that time numbered on Mount Auburn Street. There must have been many blossoms and they caused much interest on the part of all garden lovers. Many of the Hayes's friends came to see the wonderful plant, and naturally branched off into conversations about their own house plants.*

At last, one afternoon, Miss Carrie Hayes, the youngest of the three Hayes sisters, suggested that it would be a good plan to form a club to study plants and flowers. The idea was eagerly taken up by Miss Need-ham and Miss Katherine Howe, who were calling at the time. They immediately began to interest other friends, and on January 28, 1889, twenty ladies met at Havenhurst to start the new club.

And how did they reach Havenhurst on Coolidge Hill that January afternoon of 1889? Very few people kept carriages in those days; to take a cab, or hack, except in bad weather or at night was unthinkable. They walked! They could come part way in the horse cars which still ran from Harvard Square to Mount Auburn and Watertown. One line ran up Brattle Street, the other up Garden Street, Concord Avenue, and Craigie Street to join the Brattle Street line at Sparks Street at what was called by the irreverent Wash Tub Square, on account of the drinking trough built there by Miss Mary Blatchford in memory of her friend Miss Abigail May. Brattle Street had a wonderful wide boardwalk on the north side. The present paved sidewalk was not put down until a few years later. Elsewhere the sidewalks were unpaved and muddy.

So they walked, in high buttoned boots, probably with arctics over them, in long dresses which trailed or touched the ground and had to be held up — dresses with bustles and draperies, but with pockets so they did not have to carry bags. And probably all had muffs.

17

At any rate they would have to have left the horse cars at Elmwood Avenue, which was scarcely more than a lane then. Elmwood was the only house on it. On the other side was an open field with a picket fence around it, a lilac hedge behind the fence, and a seat at the corner of Brattle Street where one could wait for a horse car.

As they came up the lane they would have seen the pretty Colonial house on the ridge — a big barn on the east and a sloping lawn below. There was also another house to the west with a special driveway, which still exists and forms Coolidge Hill Road. In the angle of Elmwood Avenue and Mount Auburn Street was a stonecutter's yard with a big tent over it. This was a picturesque feature but not pleasing to the Hayeses.

These were the names of the ladies who came that afternoon:

Mrs. George Abbott

Miss Amy Goodwin

Mrs. John Bartlett Miss

Katherine McPherson Howe

Mrs. Bigelow

Miss Elvira Needham

Miss Elizabeth L. Bond

Miss Jane Newell

Mrs. Ole Bull

Mrs. Nathaniel Shaler

Miss Fanny Elizabeth Corne

Mrs. Sarah H. Swan

Miss Caroline Farley

Mrs. Chauncy Smith

Miss Elizabeth L. Green

Mrs. Henry N. Tilton

Miss Emma Forbes Harris

Miss Mabel Williston

Waiting for them were Miss Susan Lord Hayes and Miss Carrie Hayes.

They proceeded at once to organize the club. Miss Needham was chosen director (afterwards president), Miss Katherine Howe secretary, and Miss Farley treasurer. They decided to meet every alternate Monday at 3 o'clock at the house of one of the members and to close at 4:30, and to have an annual assessment of \$1.00, the money to be spent for periodicals, seeds, postal cards, etc. It was agreed to take The English Garden, The American Garden, and Forest and Garden.

There was much discussion about the name of the club, and it was finally voted to call it the Floricultural Club. The director gave out a list of seeds for early planting in order to have blooming plants the following winter, and a list of seeds for hardy perennials.

Two weeks later, at the second meeting, it was voted to change the

18

name, and after some consideration the Plant Club was decided on. We must remember it was winter and all had house plants. Miss Corne in her reminiscences says that it was also decided that each hostess should hang on her door a sign "Plant Club please walk in"! They began at once to elect new members, so that the membership of forty was soon filled.

Miss Needham was a mine of knowledge of plants and flowers. Perhaps it would be better to call her a reservoir from which most interesting information gushed forth at the turning of a tap. She had a beautiful garden at the corner of Garden Street and Shepard Street, and her house was filled all winter with blossoming plants.

The meetings were continual exchanges of experiences between the members. In the summer — for the meetings went on all summer — members walked in their hostesses' gardens, still exchanging experiences, and more than experiences. Scarcely a meeting occurred when someone did not bring seeds or flowers or plants to pass around. In addition the members clubbed together to buy seeds, bulbs, and plants. At one of the early meetings the members spent three hours in sorting thirty-five varieties of seeds, each member receiving nineteen packages.

They took themselves and the club very seriously, and on October 4th it was voted that during the first half-hour of the meeting there should be no general conversation and all remarks should be addressed to the chair.

Miss Needham died in 1891 — a great loss to the club, for her intense interest and her knowledge and zeal had helped to launch it on its career. She was not, however, the only erudite member. Miss Jane Newell, afterward Mrs. J. Lowell Moore, was a botanist of distinction and had already published a book on the subject. Miss Elizabeth Bond was a teacher of botany, and Miss Corne was an authority on ferns and had published articles on

the subject. Later there came in other knowledgeable members. And the Hayes sisters were gardeners with the greenest of thumbs.

The fame of the club was growing. There was an article on it in the Boston Advertiser, then the most prominent daily paper. Soon a similar club was founded in Germantown, Philadelphia, and one in South Berwick, Maine, patterned on the Cambridge club.

By way of entertainment the members seem generally to have read information about the treatment of plants, indoors and out, ornamental

and vegetable — articles from newspapers, articles from books, extracts of every kind referring to plants. In 1890 Mr. Walter Deane, a distinguished botanist, gave a talk on native ferns. This was the beginning of a series of lectures continuing to the present day, given by many eminent authorities. One of the first was by Dr. George Lincoln Goodale, the head of the Botanical Garden. He came several times, as did Mr. Deane. The members themselves wrote papers on weighty subjects and the meetings were very educational.

After Miss Needham's death Mrs. Nathaniel Southgate Shaler became president and served for three years. Her successor, however, does not seem to have acted or taken any interest, and the club nearly came to an end in 1896. The attendance was very small and in spite of some good lectures, interest in the club seemed to be dying out. Mrs. Shaler came to the rescue and managed to stir up the members so that the club rose like a phoenix. Tradition says that part of the revival was caused by the cup that cheers but does not inebriate, although no statement of a vote is made in the records. Mrs. Ole Bull had once served tea at a meeting in the first year, but since then the meetings had been very dry. Now we read always "discussion was continued over the teacups."

Mrs. Henry N. Tilton, who lived where the Alexander Bills now live on Highland Street, was elected president and for six years she was an admirable head. It was during her leadership that the club first began to feel itself a member of a community. Its first outside effort was helping a crippled Southern boy by sending him money for pressed specimens and books on botany.

Then the club began to talk about the preservation of wild flowers, and all members enrolled their names as members of a Society for Preservation of Our Native Plants. The New England Society for Preservation of Wild Flowers as we know it was not started for nearly twenty years.

At the annual meeting, January 4, 1899, the executive committee was requested to look out for three kinds of members: first, the young and serious party who wants to be improved even to the extent of listening to cuttings from newspapers; then the gray-headed or frivolous set, who want to be amused; and finally the rank and file, who submit to being improved if they are also amused. Nothing seems to be said about interest in gardens.

But experience meetings went right on. One lady reported that she saw a magnificent geranium that had been fed on hot red pepper tea. One of the members tried this with fatal effect. But another member sprayed an abutilon with sulpho-naphthol with great success.

In the spring of 1903 the club gave seeds to the children of the East End Union, who did so well with their gardens that in the fall the club sent twenty-six geranium plants to them as prizes.

It was the next year that Mrs. Gozzaldi became president. She served for three years and later for five years. It is not possible in such a resume as this to say much about individual presidents, but the standard set by Mrs. Tilton and Mrs. Gozzaldi was very high.

And all the time the public was becoming more garden conscious, and the word social was more and more meaning "serving others." It was in Mrs. Gozzaldi's first year that the subject of discussion at a meeting February 9, 1904, was "How can the club be made more practical, first for others, second for ourselves, or do we exist only for pleasure?" No definite answer to these questions was given, but the club continued to develop its social service side.

In April, 1909, a fair was held at Miss Houghton's for the sale of seeds and plants, jellies, etc., for the benefit of the Cambridge Hospital, now called the Mount Auburn Hospital. It netted \$73.60, and Mr. Walter Deane added the fee of \$10 just given him, making \$83.60. In 1911 the club began to help the Margaret Fuller House and the Neighborhood House.

Then came the First World War, and there was much talk about knitting at meetings, which was finally allowed. There does not seem to have been as much active war work as during the last war, but there was talk of canning and conservation, and undoubtedly many of the members folded bandages. At this time "on account of strain" they gave up fortnightly meetings and met only once a month, as has been true ever since.

But all the time the lectures went on. The old records have extremely interesting reports of these lectures and of experience and advice of members. Miss Hayes tells us that anyone can make good fertilizer at home — tea is an excellent stimulant and the contents of the vacuum cleaner very valuable.

So the club developed from a small-town club to a community asset.

We note the interest in the Farm and Garden Association. Mrs. King is made a member of the executive committee of the New England Wild Flower Preservation Society.

But the real awakening and blooming of the club comes with the foundation of the Garden Federation during the presidency of Mrs. I. Eugene Emerson. All the interest in the other affairs had prepared it for this. So, although the club had been cautious and rather slow about accepting the new idea — started by Mr. Farrington, the editor of Horticulture — the name of The Cambridge Plant Club is first on the list of member clubs in the final organization of 1927, and since then the club has been represented in some way at every meeting.

A special meeting of the club was held in the campaign for the Bill Board Law in 1928, and \$100 was raised. The club gave \$25 to the Botanic Garden. It made a model backyard in connection with Better Homes at the Children's Museum in 1930. That was the year that as a result of a report of the Massachusetts Forestry Association it was voted to plant three elm trees on the common. This led to the appointment of a Conservation Committee in 1932. Mrs. Penman was chairman. This committee met at her house on February 16, with Mr. Warren Manning, a Cambridge landscape architect, and Mr. Donnelly, Superintendent of Parks. Mr. Manning recommended a planting of trees and shrubs along the fence back of the gate facing Harvard Square. This led to the club's great project of planting around the common.

From the beginning the club sent flower arrangements to the annual meetings of the Garden Clubs Federation. Then in 1929 the club entered the annual flower show of the Horticultural Society and did a plant window, receiving a first prize, a silver medal.

In the Second World War almost every member had special war work to do. Not only was there Red Cross work — sewing, making surgical dressings and "kits" — but some worked at the hospitals as Gray Ladies or in charge of blood banks. One member worked four hours a day in a Raytheon factory. One member gave up all the first story of her house to the Red Cross. Some sold war saving stamps and bonds. The whole club helped the Garden Clubs Service financially. There were regular days for work at certain hospitals arranging flowers. Christmas decorations were made. One member was the head of Garden Clubs Service at the Murphy General Hospital.

22

In 1938, a group of younger women started the Cambridge Garden Club. This the Cambridge Plant Club always considers its daughter. Some members belong to both clubs, and cordial combined meetings are often held.

THE OLD BURYING GROUND IN CAMBRIDGE

By Marion Jessie Dunham

T*HE history of the old burying ground that lies between Christ Church and the First Church Unitarian near Cambridge Common is so well known to members of the Cambridge Historical Society that it would seem difficult to add anything new, yet it may not be without interest to tell what has been done by this generation to keep it in repair.*

*It will be remembered that the first effort made by the town of Cambridge to take care of the burying ground was its enclosure in 1735 by a stone wall, for which Harvard paid its share. In 1845, however, we find Mr. William Thaddeus Harris, writing in the preface to his book *Epitaphs from the Old Burying Ground in Cambridge*, "It is rather surprising that, in this age of improvement, Cambridge should fall behind her neighbors and suffer her ancient graveyard to be neglected."*

In the late 1920's the rector of Christ Church, the Reverend C. Leslie Glenn, had the same thought, and in 1931 he was able to get together a committee of prominent Cantabrigians who felt as he did and were determined to restore the cemetery to its old beauty. Judge Robert Walcott, President of the Cambridge Historical Society, was the chairman. Other members were President James B. Conant, representing Harvard, Mayor Russell, Mr. Charles Almy for the First Church, Mrs. Henry Tudor for the Plant Club of Cambridge, Miss Dora Stewart, also a Plant Club member, who had charge of the adjoining grounds of Christ Church, Professor Samuel Morison, Professor Joseph Beale, and Professor Morley J. Williams. Mr. Samuel Appleton represented the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities. The remaining members were Mrs. Thomas J. Cavanagh, Mr. Allyn B. Forbes, and Mr. Glenn, Secretary.

After many meetings Mayor Russell's representatives gave an estimate of \$4000, and an appeal was sent to any persons likely to be in-

terested. The response, however, was very disappointing, and it was not until the Economic Recovery Administration offered to cooperate that the work of restoration really began in 1934.

The Boston Evening Transcript of Saturday, June 2nd, under the heading "The shovels of E.R.A. rediscover God's Acre in Harvard Square," showed pictures of Professor Williams and Mr. Pinkney at the Holyoke tomb and men uncovering the brick paths.

Professor Williams had drawn up plans for the restoration as nearly as possible identical with the original one on the old maps, and so accurate were these that the old bricks forming the paths were found under the sods. These paths were relaid, four inches of loam was spread all around, and grass was sown. The headstones were straightened and suitable trees were planted. Mrs. Tudor gave the maples now flourishing along Garden Street and Massachusetts Avenue, as well as shrubs for the northwest corner.

A most important work was done by Miss Elizabeth Farnum for the E.R.A. in listing all the graves. Giving as far as possible the full names of all those buried there, she also gave their family connections and in some cases notes on their lives. A copy of this record is kept at Christ Church with photographs of the more interesting headstones. Some thirty of these are worthy of study, being the work of the Boston stonecutter Joseph Lamson and of his sons John and Nathaniel.

During the summer Miss Stewart, a member of the Plant Club, in addition to her care of the Christ Church grounds supervised the old man paid by Mr. Glenn to scythe the grass. The care of the cemetery rested on the committee.

In 1936, for its Tercentenary, Harvard College put in order the corner which it owns and where seven of its Presidents are buried. Mrs. Emerson, on behalf of the Plant Club, gave asters, but the general idea was to keep the grounds as much as possible as they had originally been. One trouble was that grass fires were sometimes started by cigarettes thrown over the wall, making it necessary to keep the grass short, and arrangements were therefore made with the city to do this.

During the spring of 1952, at a joint meeting of the Plant and Garden Clubs of Cambridge, the attention of members was called to the neglected state of the burying ground. Shades of William Thaddeus Harris! The presidents were asked to send a joint letter to Mr. Atkinson, the City

24

Manager, calling for his help. However, before the letter could have been received a miracle happened. Men were seen clearing up the broken branches and bottles, mowing and reseeding the grass, and uncovering the brick paths. Rumor said that Mr. Robert Taft was to speak on the Common on April 19th, but the Plant Club did not care what the reason was, for since then "God's Acre" has looked tidier and neater than for many years, and we no longer hear the reproaches of visitors chiding us for our neglect and lack of appreciation for what to many of them is a place of pilgrimage.

CHRIST CHURCH PLANTING

By Mrs. Robert Goodale

SURELY *Christ Church is one of the most interesting old buildings in Cambridge. As anyone who has read Mr. Day's "Biography of a Church" will know, its history is a fascinating chronicle.*

Starting in 1759 as a place of worship for a few wealthy Cambridge Tories, the church has been "modernized" by succeeding generations to fit the needs of their times. At one point it was used as a barracks for the Continental Army; at another it was lengthened by being cut in two and having a piece inserted in the middle; in the 1880's it was "Victorian-ized." By about 1920, however, a plan was started to restore the buildings to their original Colonial style. Gray and white paint was used within, and small grass plots and narrow brick walks were laid outside. To accommodate the rectory children, a play-yard was fenced in under the linden trees.

For many years Miss Dora Stewart of the Cambridge Plant Club planned and tended the Church grounds with loving care and great feeling for what was both appropriate in sentiment and practical. There were bright flower-beds by the rectory door. In front of the church were lilac bushes — beloved of all early settlers — and a carpet of English ivy. By the vestry door were old-fashioned rose bushes. The parish house opened on the end of Farwell Place; and here was a perennial garden with a rose-arbored path which was a delight to old residents of the street. Miss Stewart believes — and taught us to believe — that a church should be a thing of beauty and inspiration from all points of view.

25

Times still change; cities grow; and churches grow too. Through the depression and war years the parish house was bursting at the seams, and the drive and pathways were too

narrow for the crowds that came to the Sunday services. A new parish house was started in 1950; then, through the generous legacy of Miss Mary Deane Dexter, money became available to finish the parish house, and to undertake a new job of landscaping the grounds.

This is what has actually been done. At the front of the church, the right-hand driveway has been straightened and widened, the old fence around the rectory yard renewed and pushed back against the linden trees. This gives a clear view of the Doric portico from Garden Street. To the left of the portico is the silhouette of a Chinese dogwood tree. A narrow ribbon of vinca edges both sides of the drive.

The rectory flower-beds have been changed to year-round beds. For demonstrating the advantages of this type of planting we are indebted to members of the Cambridge Garden Club, who presented us with many expertly detailed plans. We reserve the right to continue to use these ideas (!) and have made a start as follows. Hatfield yews are in the centers of the beds, low yews by the doors, andromeda in between. There is a tall English hawthorn at the street end of the rectory, and a Japanese quince at the other. The ground cover is polemonium and creeping phlox. For spring color a band of yellow crocus is followed by yellow pansies, then sweet alyssum. In the fall there are clumps of tawny-to-red chrysanthemums.

In front of the church the old brick walks were widened (using matching water-struck brick) to make places where one could stand and chat without tripping over wire-enclosed grass plots. New clumps of double white lilacs were planted, carpeted again with English ivy.

Along the side of the church opposite the Burying Ground, the ribbon of vinca is being continued. By the vestry roses will be restored. There will be Hugonis, Harrison's yellow, and Spinosissima altaica by the door; a silver moon will climb up over it, and onto the roof; carpet-of-gold will cover the picket fence and area way.

The path that leads to Farwell Place ends in a hedge of purple lilacs. Passing through this, if you look very closely, you may see the new tool-shed concealed under the Ailanthus tree at the end of Farwell Place. In building the new parish house, No. 19, Miss Stewart's little garden

was sacrificed, all but a very small plot of grass behind the hydrant. The brick walls which surround it are uncompromising. It has been planted with white-flowering shrubs to bloom in different months: white violets and deutzia gracilis beneath the low windows, syringa, white althea, a tall silverbell tree to cast light shade, and a Washington thorn to break a hard corner.

As Farwell Place has the flavor of a quaint village street, lilacs have been planted in many yards on both sides. A Marie Lafraye lilac was put at the south corner of No. 19, and a formal spacing of ilex crenata convexa and yews flanks its main doorway.

Ivy, both English and Boston, has been started on the walls of the building.

No. 17 Farwell Place is the home of the Assistant Rector, and also of the organist. It is set sideways to the street. Behind it is a dark alley under a fire-escape, which has been blocked at one end by a fence and at the other by barberry bushes. Vinca, violets, and a few bushes of leucothoe are beginning to improve the view from the windows that look out on this alley. In front of this house runs a right-of-way to Radcliffe. Flowerbeds have been planted along both sides of this path.

The parish house now runs almost to the wire fence separating the properties of the church and Radcliffe. On this fence is planted honeysuckle, and inside it runs a new black-top path for the benefit of choirboys et al. Grass grows feebly in the shade here, so beds of lily-of-the-valley and violets have been started in the hope of finding a successful ground-cover. Funkia has been used for bordering the garage, and a compost-pit has been started behind the garage.

Plants have been donated by many kind friends — ideas by many more. The actual plant material bought was from Weston, Cherry Hill, and Kelsey Nurseries, and was picked out personally by members of the committee:

Mrs. R. A. Cutter	Mrs. C. S. Gardner
Mrs. J. B. Munn	Mrs. E. Greene
Mrs. L. Griscom	Mrs. Sutherland
Mrs. C. Smith	Mrs. Goodale

The actual cost of this project — not counting tool-shed or compost-heap— was about \$2300.

To contractor for widening drive and putting in new black-top paths.....	\$763
For work on brick paths and labor of planting and re-doing lawns	900
Seed and fertilizer (we bought no loam).....	25
New fence.....	185
Plant material.....	315
Consultation: S. Shurcliffe (to O.K. plan).....	20
4 bump-stones (still to come).....	100

The committee has had great fun, and learned a lot. We think the nicest comment we have heard was from someone who said: "I can't see that you have done anything new! It just looks as if it always had been!"

THE CAMBRIDGE COMMUNITY CENTER

By Mary B. Smith

IN the fall of 1948 the Cambridge Community Center completed its new building on Harvard Street. Many members of the Cambridge Plant Club were interested in the Center, and as several members were also on the board, it was natural that the Plant Club should take on the project of planting the grounds.

During the winter of 1948-49 the Harvard Botanical Garden was given up and much of the plant material was removed to make way for the building project, so we were fortunate in starting off with two ten-foot elm trees and one good-sized flowering crab tree from there. These trees were transplanted for us by Frost and Higgins at a handsome price, which the Cambridge Garden Club was good enough to share with us. At the same time, however, the contractor gave us a sixteen-ton load of topsoil free. These trees are doing well.

From then on various shrubs, annuals, and perennials have been very generously contributed by members of both the Plant Club and the Garden Club. The committee, with the help of the boys at the Center, has done the planting. The first year that meant wielding the pickaxe, as the area we wanted to plant was filled land, made up chiefly of stones, tar, and rubble.

We cannot say we have achieved any effect of great beauty. The grounds still remain for the most part barren dirt playground areas. It is thus all the more surprising to see some things well established, such as the crab tree to the right of the front door and a large honeysuckle bush to

28

the left, both of which are blossoming well. The spring bulbs, several altheas, a sturdy floribunda rose, and some fall asters and chrysanthemums are also blossoming well and giving a very satisfactory touch of color to a very drab neighborhood.

We hope that from now on the Center will take over the responsibility of the upkeep of the planting, with an occasional helping hand, if desired, from the Plant Club. The project this spring is to make one area sufficiently attractive for outdoor cookouts, and we would like to help by contributing some of the equipment. We have confidence that the present director, Mr. Robert March, a man of very high standards, is interested in keeping the grounds presentable, and that he feels the importance of setting an example of orderliness and respect for property in a neighborhood which needs a great deal of help in that direction. We feel it has been a worthwhile project for the Cambridge Plant Club.

THE PLANTING ON THE CAMBRIDGE COMMON

By Edith Sloan Griscom

FROM the earliest of colonial times the Cambridge Common has played a prominent and important part in the life of Massachusetts. It was a reserved tract of land, in the original plans, that reached to Linnaean Street from the "Village," now Harvard Square, and was divided for two uses. One use was purely local and not unlike sections in the heart of Boston — it was set apart for the keeping of cows at night and there were strict rules to protect these cows from Indians and wolves.

Cambridge in that period had three famous trees on its Common. In 1630 the seat of government of the Massachusetts Bay Colony was established in Cambridge, then called Newtowne, and the elections for governor and for magistrates were held annually on the Common under a certain oak. In times of stress people from other parts of the county came to air their grievances there. During the election for the office of chief magistrate in 1637 a near riot broke out. At the height of the tumult Reverend John Wilson, pastor of the Boston church, "in spite of his 49 years and his great bulk" struggled up into the tree and addressed the people in such forceful language that quiet was restored. This tree stood on the east side of the Common, and on the site of the old oak the Park

Commission has planted an elm that was grown from a seed of the old Washington Elm. This sturdy youngster planted sixty years ago is now about thirty feet high and very healthy.

The second tree of interest was the "Whitefield Elm," which stood near the old Washington Elm on the northwest side of the Common. The evangelist, Reverend George Whitefield, had been refused the pulpit of the Cambridge church, but under this old elm he preached to open-air audiences, claiming that the New England clergy lacked piety and that Harvard College had low standards of morals.

The most famous tree, however, was the Washington Elm. The Common had always been a training ground for militia. In 1775 Colonel Prescott and his band of a thousand men received their marching orders here and marched on to Bunker Hill and that famous conflict. When Washington arrived in Cambridge, nine thousand men were encamped on the Common, and under the famous elm he is said to have taken charge of the American Army on July 3rd, 1775. He was quartered first in the College yard, as the College had been moved to Andover. The old elm, which stood next to the Common on Garden Street, was destroyed in 1924, but I believe it has offspring in other parts of the country, as well as the previously mentioned one which stands in the Common opposite the Hemenway Gymnasium. There are two other scions also in the Common, one not marked, in case of vandalism, to insure the certainty of a descendant.

In 1830, with much opposition, the present Common received its surrounding fence, and walks were laid out and trees planted at the private expense of Judge Fay. Here on the Common, Harvard Commencement Day for many years was a scene of gaiety and excitement. In 1870 was dedicated the Soldiers' Monument to the men who had fought in the Civil War, and five years later the old cannon were brought from the arsenal and placed by the monument.

One hundred years has not changed the Common very much. The venerable trees are gone, but others have taken their places, though with no historic interest. The automobiles are now rushing by and the cars from the Cambridge subway pass the young descendant of the Washington Elm, but Christ Church still wears its coat of gray paint with great dignity. Boston is now eight minutes instead of eight miles from Cambridge.

In 1933 cars were parked solidly beside the fence around the Common, giving an unattractive and commercial look to the historic spot. Although a Common is not supposed to have a shrubbery border, the idea came to Mrs. John S. Penman and Mrs. L. Eugene Emerson of the Cambridge Plant Club that something should be done to hide these parked cars.

A border of shrubs inside the fence seemed a very expensive proposition, but it was decided to start in a very simple way and cover only a little ground every year. A committee was formed and went to work. Mrs. Penman asked me to join them in 1935 and put me in charge when she went to New York in 1938. Even from New York she wrote me about it and sent generous checks. Her own planting is now firmly established, stretching either side of the gate and toward Christ Church. Her contagious enthusiasm broke down any barrier of age and made an adventure of the spring planting.

The species chosen were those that grow in Cambridge like weeds. These have produced a barrier against the automobile and have proved most effective. Various deutzia, forsythia, spirea, weigelia, privet, viburnum, barberry, etc., have proved that nothing can discourage them. Realizing that shrubs with earth balled around their roots was out of the question, we purchased dormant shrubs, not very tall, with good roots. It is amazing how many healthy shrubs, if you pick your nursery carefully, you can get for an average of \$75 a year. Our 1942 bill was typical, though prices are now higher:

<i>30 Forsythia</i>	<i>\$15.00</i>
<i>150 Barberry</i>	<i>36.00</i>
<i>30 Philadelphus Coronarius</i>	<i>13.50</i>
<i>30 Deutzia, Pride of Rochester</i>	<i>18.00</i>
<i>30 Spirea Van Houti</i>	<i>15.00</i>
<i>Total</i>	<i>\$97.50</i>
<i>Less 20%</i>	<i>19.50</i>
	<i>\$78.00</i>

Two hundred and seventy shrubs for \$78. Except for the barberry everything was three to four feet high, and the nursery always gave us 20 per cent discount for a good deed.

In the past twenty years we have planted over 3,500 shrubs. The border now extends all around the Common except on Waterhouse Street. There the trees are thick, the parked automobiles few, and the old houses a charming background.

After we had chosen these shrubs, the city fathers, who are very cooperative, sent the city truck out to the nursery on a stated date. About five members of the Plant Club met the truck on the Common to oversee the work. The workmen and the man in charge of the Common were there to help. With much good cheer, and after the desired planning was pointed out to her, each lady took two men, seized her stated shrubs, and supervised the planting, being sure that the roots had plenty of room and that the ground was firm. There was always three hours of animation and speed, as the men were not gardeners and wished to dig small holes, jam in the roots, and stamp them down. But they were most obliging and amused by us and did what they were told, digging the proper size holes. When this gay party was over, we presented them all around with cigarettes and said farewell. Several times the Park Commissioner himself dropped in.

The city fathers have treated us very well and are most appreciative. Twice a year they fertilize our border for nothing, and the pruning is done by the man in care of the Common, who is proud of his charge and most genial. Also they have planted many trees in the Common and take very good care of them, although we have no part in that.

The major difficulty with our border — and a very real one — is the lack of water in the Common. So far as I know, the drinking fountain at one end and one hydrant are all that is there. So we often plant our dormant shrubs in dust, with no water whatsoever, and we pray. One year for seventeen days after our spring planting there was a drought, but when the rain came, it did a good job. This was followed by a dry summer, but we lost only three quinces, seven other shrubs and twenty barberries, a financial loss of only \$9.00, all from this new planting, and, considering the trying conditions, not very serious. Perhaps that is one excellent reason for taking dormant shrubs. In 1942 we had twenty days of drought; then we planted in our dust bowl and the next day the heavens opened for fifteen hours and the bushes rooted.

All summer the shrubs receive no water except from the sky. In the earliest Colonial days the settlers claimed that this was a site where no

town could ever be, as there was no wind in summer to turn the windmills to draw water. Sometimes in August, when I look at our dusty shrubbery, I feel perhaps it is true and that the water still remains deep in the wells.

Trespassers are another problem. Certain definite spots turn into informal shortcuts. Harvard is on one side, Radcliffe on the other, and there is a public ballfield, which turns into a hockey field in winter, near Waterhouse Street. Barberry bushes were put along the border to scratch ankles and to further discourage trespassers — the shrubs are put rather close to each other. Wherever the barberry has taken root, it is most successful and thrives, but it is difficult to get started.

The hurricane in 1938 uprooted two or three trees with resulting damage to the shrubbery. Curiously enough, fire has twice done serious havoc. One time some dry leaves had been raked into our oldest planting and a fire started by a careless cigarette burned about twenty-five feet to the ground. Over eight years these shrubs have entirely come up from the roots. Once started you can not kill these shrubs.

The planting at the entrances seems to suffer the most — possibly because of the nearness of the concrete paths and the tree roots. Sometimes earth has been laid over concrete foundations, making a very real problem.

Despite tragic moments, the bushes defiantly bloom in May, June, and July and give color and life to an otherwise monotonous landscape of asphalt paths and automobiles.

In the early 1940's history repeated itself. Once more on the Common the soldiers were drilling and daily you could see the men of various Army and Navy units training.

The historic trees are gone, the Common is fenced in, but we hope the flowering shrubs, the deutzia, spirea, lilacs, and forsythia will compensate in part for the things that are past.

33

THE AGASSIZ SCHOOL

BY EDWARD WALDO FORBES

Read October 27, 1953

IN 1941 I read a paper to the Cambridge Historical Society on the beginnings of the Art Department and of the Fogg Museum of Art at Harvard. In that talk I said something about the Agassiz School, because the present Fogg Museum stands where the Agassiz house used to stand on the corner of Quincy Street and Broadway. I was particularly interested in the school because my mother and her older sister, my aunt Ellen Emerson, were students there. Later, when Professor Rusk of Columbia University was writing a life of Emerson, I went through the letters of my mother and my aunt and found a certain amount of material about the school which I hope will be of some interest to you.

Of course, we are all familiar with the name Agassiz and know that he was a great man, but perhaps a few words about him may be appropriate before we start to speak about the Agassiz School.

Jean Louis Rodolphe Agassiz was a native of Switzerland who came to America in 1846. Through Humboldt's influence he had received a subsidy from the Prussian government. Soon after his arrival, through Sir Charles Lyell's recommendation, he gave a course at the Lowell Institute. His success was immediate, and Harvard College appointed him professor in the following year.

His influence was enormous. Harvard had been a small college for training clergymen. Agassiz brought in new life and felt that the undergraduate college should be a preparation for the graduate schools. This development came under the powerful and skillful President Eliot within twenty years and Harvard became a university.

Before Agassiz came to America he had married and he had three children. He brought his son Alexander with him to America. At first he lived in a house on Oxford Street. His wife, an invalid in Switzerland, died not long after his arrival in America.

In 1850 he married Elizabeth Gary, and the two young daughters

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were brought from Switzerland to Cambridge. In the neighborhood of 1855 Agassiz and his wife established a private school for girls in Cambridge in his new house on Quincy Street to help in the raising of funds which he needed to build up his collections for his museum.

Professor James H. Hosmer described Agassiz in these words:

He had come a few years before from Europe, a man in his prime of fame. He was strikingly handsome with a domelike head under flowing black locks, large dark mobile eyes set in features strong and comely, and with a well-proportioned stalwart frame. At the moment his prestige was greater, perhaps, than that of any other Harvard professor. His knowledge seemed almost boundless. . . . He always kindled as he spoke, and with a marvellous magnetism communicated his glow to those who listened.

George Agassiz, in speaking of his grandfather and father, says:

The elder Agassiz, buoyant and robust, loved appreciation, was fond of teaching, and had a genius for stimulating his students. More especially after his coming to America he was preeminent as a great teacher. Few people can now realize how intense an interest he kindled in science wherever he went in the New World, or how eagerly people of all kinds thronged to his lectures in communities not easily roused to abstract enthusiasms or given to scientific excitement. Alexander, retiring and reserved, had no gift or desire to excite popular interest . . . while his activities extended over many fields, his intellectual life was devoted to research. . . .

The upper story of the house was converted into schoolrooms, the recitations were to overflow into the other stories. The unrivaled reputation of Louis Agassiz as a great and inspiring teacher immediately made the school unique and gave it an unqualified success. It became the girls' school of its day; special omnibuses brought the pupils out from Boston; while parents in other parts of the country made arrangements for their daughters to live in the neighborhood, that they might enjoy its special advantages.

Cambridge was then the centre for a small group of very distinguished men. Louis Agassiz's brother-in-law Felton; Pierce, the eminent mathematician; Child, the English scholar; Asa Gray and Jeffries Wyman, the naturalists; Longfellow and Lowell, were at home in the Agassiz house, and the talk that flew about was a liberal education.

Bliss Perry says, "But the Agassiz house continued to be for many a year the center of a truly cosmopolitan culture — musical, artistic, and literary, as well as scientific. No other house in Cambridge, except Longfellow's and Charles Eliot Norton's, welcomed so many distin-

guished foreign guests or was warmed by the fires of a more friendly hospitality."

President Eliot wrote a charming article in the Harvard Alumni Bulletin of March 29, 1917, after the Agassiz house had been ruined by fire. He says:

Between 1855 and 1863 hundreds of young women received in that house the best part of their education from Professor Agassiz assisted by Mrs. Agassiz and his daughter Ida and for part of the time by his son, a very winning but rather bashful young man. It was a novel kind of school as regards both discipline and subjects of instruction, but it was very stimulating, enlarging, and enjoyable. . . .

One great charm of the school was that Mrs. Agassiz, although never a teacher, was really the presiding officer, the intimate friend of the pupils, and the real manager of both pupils and teachers. Her gentle but commanding personality provided all the discipline the school needed. . . .

The unique feature of the school was the daily lecture given by Professor Agassiz during the last hour of the morning. The topics in these lectures were varied including geology, history, and zoology; but they gave the girls a strong impression as to the real nature of scientific observation, imagination, and reasoning. Parents or relatives of the pupils were made welcome at this lecture, and their attendance deepened the impression which the lecture made on the young pupils. . . .

The school did not long survive the outbreak of the Civil War. It ceased in 1862.

Bliss Perry points out that:

Mrs. Louis Agassiz's name led the list of Cambridge ladies who, in 1879, organized that "Private Collegiate Instruction for Women" which marked the first definite step toward the founding of Radcliffe College. This undertaking may fairly be considered an outgrowth of the Agassiz School on Quincy Street. "But for the school," wrote Mrs. Agassiz late in life, "the college (so far as I am concerned) would never have existed."

The Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women was formed in May, 1882. Radcliffe College was finally incorporated in 1894, and she was the first president. There were many meetings in the house on Quincy Street while Mrs. Agassiz was developing the plan for Radcliffe. Nowadays many Radcliffe girls flock to the parent place on Quincy Street, the present Fogg Museum of Art.

George Agassiz continues:

In speaking of the scope of the school the elder Agassiz said, "We will teach the girls everything but mathematics, and the poor things can learn that almost everywhere else. [A remark hardly just to the son, who unlike the father was an excellent mathematician.]

Those were busy days for Alexander Agassiz, who, while pursuing his studies at the Scientific School and the chemical laboratory, prepared the tabular view of the studies of the school, kept the books, and paid the teachers, besides teaching the girls mathematics, chemistry, physics, French, and Latin.

It was a trying experience for a young man of twenty, to teach with dignity and success a school full of girls, some older than himself. Many of his sisters' friends were pupils in the school, and it must often have been difficult for him to forget that the night before he had danced with them in Boston or Cambridge. . . .

In 1857 there was a celebrated race between the Volante, a crew composed of well-known young men about town, and the university crew of which Agassiz was still bow. His pupils and two thirds of Boston lined the "Back Bay," and watched the defeat of the Harvard boat after an exciting struggle. The next morning at school many of the girls appeared wearing black ribbons on their arms, and for once, as he walked to his desk, the young master gave them a smile.

Alexander was active in the Hasty Pudding theatricals and also in the German plays on Quincy Street. He studied chemistry and engineering, and after preliminary experience in some coal mines in Pennsylvania, through his brother-in-law Quincy Shaw he came to know the Calumet and Hecla mines in Michigan. Before long he became the superintendent of these mines. His ability in this work caused the mines to prosper and he and many others were made rich. So he was able to return to Harvard and built up the great Agassiz Museum.

This glimpse will perhaps be more intelligible if I tell here who some of the people referred to were and what relation they bore to each other. Professor Agassiz's three children by his first wife, who were born in Europe, were: Alexander Agassiz, Harvard, 1855, who married Anna Russell, who appears later in the story; Ida Agassiz, who later married Henry Lee Higginson, who started in the class of 1855 but had to leave in December of his freshman year on account of his eyes and who traveled and studied music in Vienna; and Pauline, who was a fellow pupil of my mother in some of the classes. Later she married Quincy A. Shaw, who was Francis Parkman's companion on the Oregon Trail and who later became rich on account of Alexander Agassiz's success in managing the Calumet and Hecla copper mines. On the advice of William Morris Hunt, Shaw bought many works of art by Jean Francois Millet

before he was recognized in France. These paintings may be seen in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts today.

Pauline Agassiz Shaw, following the Agassiz example, created a boys' school in Boston. Robert Bellows tells me that he went to it. Then she also created the North Bennet Street Industrial School for the underprivileged in the North End in 1881.

Bliss Perry, in his Life of Henry Lee Higginson, gives a picture of the life in Cambridge in the 1850's. He quotes Mrs. Higginson, who speaks of her husband in 1854 on his return from Europe:

He continued friendly relations with his classmates, passing much of his time at Mrs. Lowell's, the mother of Charles Lowell, and joining all the sociable life of the young people in Cambridge,

which centered in Mrs. Lowell's house. There were private theatricals, sometimes in German, there was a delightful German class, and there were readings which finished with a delightful social gathering in the evening. He belonged to a singing society, "The Orpheus," and also to a private singing club in Boston, and often went to James Savage's room in Holworthy, where there was much informal singing and music.

This is the end of Mrs. Higginson's quotation. She fails to recognize why the German class was delightful. It was because she was the teacher, adored by her students.

Some of the girls most mentioned by my Aunt Ellen in her letters may be mentioned here.

Judge Hoar of Concord, who was famous in those decades, was the brother of Mrs. Storer. Two of the elder Storer daughters went to the Agassiz School. A still younger daughter was the grandmother of Lang-don Warner.

My grandfather Emerson knew two charming Sturgis sisters. One married Mr. Tappan and lived at Tanglewood in Lenox, made famous by Hawthorne's Tanglewood Tales, and now the summer home of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; and the other sister married Dr. Hooper. This Mrs. Hooper is mentioned, and her three daughters were pupils at the school: Anna (later Mrs. Lothrop); Ellen (later Mrs. Gurney); and Marian, who was called "Clover" (later Mrs. Henry Adams). Their brother was Edward Hooper, later the Treasurer of Harvard. Alice Hooper was a cousin of these girls. Others were mentioned also, as you will hear.

Samuel Ward was a highly cultivated gentleman, a banker by profes-

sion and a connoisseur of art, literature, and music. Two of his daughters, Anna and Lily, figure in this story. Some of you perhaps have known three of his grandchildren — Mrs. William C. Endicott, Mrs. Charles B. Perkins, and Ward Thoron.

My aunt Ellen Emerson was a student at the Agassiz School in 1855-57, age sixteen to eighteen. My mother was there in the winter of 1858-59, age sixteen to seventeen. My aunt was a shy, awkward, country girl at that time, intelligent but green in the ways of society. My mother was very different — more socially inclined, a dynamic personality with a strong will. She once quoted to me someone as saying of her sister Ellen that she had no common sense, but had uncommon sense. There are three kinds of sense — common sense, uncommon sense, and horse sense. You have perhaps heard the definition that someone made of horse sense: "it is that quality which horses have which prevents them from betting on the affairs of men!"

Ellen Tucker Emerson to her cousin, Haven Emerson; Concord, October 2, 1855:

I am going now every day to the Agassiz School. I have a season ticket and go up and down in the cars, which I like very much. Birdy Cheney goes to the Agassiz School too and having somebody with me makes it pleasant. The teachers are very much afraid of our studying too much and I have nothing to bring home. Isn't that good? I like the whole family very much indeed.

After commuting from Concord for a while, she boarded in Boston.

E. T. E. to Edith Emerson; Boston, Saturday, November 3, 1855:

After school we made haste to the omnibus and it happened that I sat next to Alice Hooper. Then it was funnier than ever, how awkward we were, and she was obliged to look the other way all the way to Boston. We got out at the same time with the Wards. They live close to us. ... Then at last Alice Hooper and I did break the ice. I sat beside her and fortunately we were both disposed to talk and did talk a good deal, and I was so glad.

E. T. E. to E. E.; Boston, Thursday, November 8, 1855:

Alice Hooper and I no longer avoid each other, but we have very little to do with each other. We speak once in a while if we are beside each other in the omnibus, but generally Alice rides with her back to one of her neighbours, facing the way we are going, leaning out of the window a little, without seeming to know there is anybody else in the world. . . .

40

I always sit with Anna [Ward] in French on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and oh dear you should see how often she wanted to know how many minutes there were, before Miss Ida was coming, and such a punch as I received when we heard her cry "Second French!" as she came through the entry. But that was nothing to the joyful pinching I had to undergo while Miss Ida walked up the room to her seat and at every interval in the recitation we had a little conversation about her.

E. T. E. to E. E.; November 9, 1855:

The other day Mr. Alex in the French class said we must speak French. Presently I spoke in English, so I was made to talk French instead. Mrs. Agassiz was there, and after the class she came and said, "Why won't you always speak French, you have a very good accent and a little practice would enable you to talk very well." I was very glad to hear that I had a decent accent but for all that I dare not speak French because all the girls talk English altogether, and I am afraid to speak French. ... It sounds sort of proud.

E. T. E. to E. E.; December, 1855:

In the omnibus Lizzy Clark and I talk German sometimes and as we speak slowly we have to make violent gestures which create a little sensation in our end of the omnibus. Alice Hooper has gone back to her old way only sometimes she varies it by getting ugly and tormenting her neighbors for room, on which occasions she and they begin to fight and roar, and all around her are stirred up and enjoy it immensely. But the girl who makes the greatest time is Anna Russell. She is a handsome girl with a sort of proud way, and very nice and funny. She comes in only two or three times a week. When she gets in she wants someone to put on her extra shawl for her. Then when that is on she prefers the best side of the omnibus and generally sits there. If it's already full, no matter, she is going to sit there and if others find themselves crowded they may move.

If she likes to sit on the other side, she also likes to put her feet up on the good side and makes the girls give her room. She never makes anybody mad, indeed she amuses them all very much but she is always sure to have things exactly as she chooses. Being seated, she wants to start immediately and not wait for anybody but she doesn't say we shall start till it's time. Then she becomes very decided and the omnibus starts. When we get going she begins. She plagues the girls around her till they are in a roar; then she throws her muff into everybody's face. Then she snatches somebody's else muff and sends it to the other end of the omnibus, gets people's

luncheons and pretends to throw them out of the window. Then she grows funny and talks and laughs. But in all this she never does a single thing that isn't just so ladylike. Then she is so handsome!

E. T. E. to Addy; Boston, December 14, 1855:

What do you think my friends condemn me to? A Dancing School! A

41

dancing school where boys go too oh horror! I have been once and Monday night must go again. The first time was not so bad as I expected, for Lizzy Clark who goes to the Agassiz School, whom I like very much, goes there, and she introduced me to Lizzy Washburn who is her friend and goes to the dancing school who danced with me and taught me, and these two were a very effectual help and solace.

I think that this was Papanti's School, recently started in Boston. I remember in my freshman year at Harvard, 1891-92, the school was still going.

On the same day, December 14, she wrote to "Dear Emma." At the end of a long letter she says:

I go to a dancing school! Isn't that pleasant? And there are more boys than girls and I only know three girls. Isn't that pleasant? And I have forgotten all about dancing and experience very much the same sensations, I think, that a clotheshorse would if it were being taught to dance. Isn't that pleasant?

From your German frantic

&

Dancing hating Freund

Ellen

At the end of a letter to Lidian Emerson on January 30, 1856, she says, speaking of an evening gathering at a Mr. MacGregor's house, "Mr. MacGregor sent his kind regards to Father. ... I was introduced to several people. I talked wonderfully. I danced without mistakes! ! I had a good time! ! !"

E. T. E. to Addy; Boston, January 22-25, 1856 (referring to the girls who were her fellow boarders in Boston):

I never shall get very well acquainted with them I suppose for their interests and conversation is apt to be gentlemen and of course I cannot join, so I am considered "a great stick that never says anything," or a very proud creature considering myself above all the follies and frailties of my race. Several times they have said to me, on finding out that I thought a ribbon was pretty or liked some kind of play, "Why, I never imagined you had any such weakness." But lately matters have mended a little and I feel more at home.

On one occasion Ellen Emerson thought she ought to pay for a cab. Her hostess would not allow it. She says (E. T. E. to Lidian Emerson; Wednesday, January 30, 1856):

42

I was resisted, I stood my ground desperately, but on being told that Mrs. Storer had a bill at the stable and Fanny had no idea how much we ought to pay, I retreated exactly in the state of the little dog who went elephant hunting, as related in my favorite verse.

I am not familiar with this poem which she calls her "favorite verse," but it seems fair to assume that when his master invited him to hunt elephants the dog remembered an important engagement in the next county.

E. T. E. to Fans; Boston, February 15, 1856:

Mrs. Ward asked me where Father was, and that reminded me to tell them, as it now reminds me to tell you that yesterday noon I had a letter from him to tell me that after he was here Sunday night he went to see Mrs. Ward and she had persuaded him that I had better stay another year at school, so I need not tell Mr. Agassiz no.

E. T. E. to E. E.; April 1, 1856:

Tell Father Mr. Agassiz has frightened the girls already with the Arctic Regions. The English language was given in to-day. I had a very bad composition indeed, for it was nothing spread over two pages.

E. T. E. to Emma; Cambridge, May 8, 1856:

I go up and down every day in the cars now, as I used to last Autumn and like it even better, it is very pleasant to be waked by a clamour of birds, and I have to depend on that for nobody in the house is an early waker. I have to get up at five now.

E. T. E. to Ralph Waldo Emerson; Concord, Saturday, January 17, 1857:

At the party at Mrs. Longfellow's I had a very [nice] fine time (I scratched out nice because I wanted you to understand that I meant something very good indeed) for I was with Miss Ida or Hatty Lowell almost all the evening. Mrs. Longfellow took me into the study and showed me a picture of you connected by a long wreath of evergreen with a picture of Mr. Sumner.

Today Sophy Ripley [later Mrs. James B. Thayer] came with her sewing machine and sewed for mother all the morning. She has just got acquainted with it and said she wanted to show off, and we are all delighted with its works. . . .

Mr. Thoreau has been here twice this week, once to dinner and once to tea. He went to have his Ambrotype taken today, and such a shocking, spectral, black and white picture as Eddy brought home in triumph was never seen. I am to

43

carry it back, and poor Mr. Thoreau has got to go again. I would write some more, only Edie wants me to go out to walk right now, and Edie's wrath is terrible so I dare not delay any more.

E. T. E. to Cousin Charlotte; March 3, 1857:

Who told you I was a zealous disciple of Mr. Agassiz? I don't think I am. I hear his lectures and am interested in ever so many of them and think he knows exactly how to tell what he knows, so as to make it plain and delightful. I like him as I see him and yet I don't know him, and as to believing his theories, though it seems as if everything he says was true I remember I haven't heard the other side. Mrs. Agassiz is lovely.

Professor Agassiz did not believe in Darwin's theories. Speaking of Alexander Agassiz, she continues:

The son is handsome and I believe a fine young man, but he doesn't love teaching much and so is not very popular at school. For Miss Ida, you can guess how she is held when I tell you that there are not a dozen out of the eighty who do not consider her as I do, and some hardly think of her as a human being and are shocked at anybody's daring to speak of her in any other way than with all deference. I have never seen any of these girls to talk to but I hear from their friends what they say about her. Pauline Agassiz is a beautiful girl with the most gracious and pleasing manners but I do not know her at all though I see her constantly.

This picture of the sixteen-year-old country girl does not coincide with my memories of her. She was not, so far as I saw her, either shy or awkward. She was very intelligent and even-tempered and had a radiant personality. My grandfather Forbes once said to me that she had more of her father in her than any other member of the family.

You have heard what she thought of Miss Ida Agassiz. I quote from a letter from my mother to her sister Ellen of November 29, 1858.

[Miss Ida] began to talk to me. She asked for you and said, "I miss her dreadfully. I hate to go into school now, it seems so strange without her."

Here are some more scraps from some of the youthful letters of my aunt.

E. T. E. to R. W. E.; Concord, January 19, 1857:

When I went to the early train this morning, I was surprised to see that the engine wasn't out yet and presently Mr. Skinner told me that the morning was so bad they dared not start and that the nine o'clock train wouldn't come till

early noon, so I might have a holiday. I was a little sorry for I wanted to try how it felt to go to school through the worst storm of the season, and to be the wonder of the school all day and hear the groans and exclamations and enjoy the small number of scholars and the special story-lecture which Mr. Agassiz always gives those few courageous girls who come through stormy days, like me! So I came home and the children rode, at least Edie did, but Eddy showed the proper spirit and walked to school.

One year after my aunt left the school, the younger sister, my mother, went there also. Her parents arranged to have her live at the house of Dr. Charles Lowell, the older brother of

James Russell Lowell. The doctor lived on Quincy Street in the wooden house which still stands between the Faculty Club and the Fogg Museum. Dr. Charles Lowell's daughter Harriet, called by my mother in her letters "Hattie," married George Putnam. I remember when I was in college going into that house as a guest of the Putnams about 1892. Later Professor Farlow, the famous botanist, occupied the house.

Two of Dr. and Mrs. Lowell's children were then living in the house — Harriet and James Jackson Lowell [Harvard, 1858], the first scholar in his class. My mother, who was four years younger than he, spoke frequently of him in her letters, and always spoke of him as "Mr. James." The older brother, Charles Russell Lowell, Jr., was not in Cambridge at the time.

Mr. Greenslet, in his book on the Lowell family, calls Charles Lowell the "Beau Sabreur." He was a man of outstanding capacity and later played an important part in the Battle of Cedar Creek. As Sheridan galloped from Winchester, bringing back with him his routed and fleeing army, he found that Col. Lowell, in charge of a brigade, was holding the left wing. Sheridan asked him if he could hold on a little longer while he re-formed the army. Lowell said he could. In the victorious charge that followed, Lowell was killed. His younger brother James had been killed before that. James Russell Lowell, in the Biglow Papers, does honor to his two gallant nephews. After Col. Lowell's death, my father rose to the rank of lieutenant colonel of his regiment.

To return to Quincy Street: once my mother told me that occasionally early in the morning from her chamber window on Quincy Street she saw my father, then a Harvard undergraduate, on his way to chapel. Whether he thought that Quincy Street was included in the straight line

from Holworthy Hall to the recently built Appleton Chapel does not appear. She tells of her first day at school and mentions various girls to her sister.

Edith Emerson to E. T. E.; Cambridge, November 1, 1858:

When I got to school I saw Lizzy Storer in the entry, and Harriet Jackson was sitting in the omnibus. . . . Mrs. Agassiz (who looked particularly lovely) came. ... I studied Ovid for a time.

Then after school she went to Mrs. Lowell's, met the family — that is, Miss Harriet and James Lowell — and was shown her room.

E. E. to E. T. E.; Cambridge, November 4, 1858:

After tea I was reading in the parlor, and Willy Forbes came in, and brought me a box of beautiful flowers from Ellen and a note inviting me to spend Sunday in Milton. ... I forgot to say that Mrs. Lowell, Miss Anna and Mr. James had gone to a concert, and Miss Hatty and I were sitting together. While Willy was here, Mr. Higginson came in to see Mr. Lowell, and Mr. J. R. Lowell came and stood in the entry a minute or two. Willy only stayed a little while . . . but while I was collecting my things to go up stairs, Wendell Holmes and "Johnny Morse" (a young gentleman whom I once snubbed in Milton) came in. Wendell Holmes began to talk to me and the other to Miss Hatty so I began to sew. They went away at half past nine.

E. E. to E. T. E.; Cambridge, November 8, 1858:

This afternoon I am going with Julia Felton to explore Mt. Auburn. . . On Monday, Julia and I took a Mt. Auburn guide book and got into the cars . . . and spent the afternoon in exploring Mt. A. We did not have very much time and I shall have to go again.

E. E. to E. T. E.; November 29, 1858:

In the middle of the lecture today Mr. Agassiz said that there must be no laughing and talking; a few minutes after he stopped and said that inattention was a great fault and he was happy to say that all his pupils were free from that fault with the exception of two. Then he made quite a speech about the necessity of attention before he went on with the lecture. After the lecture as Mrs. Hooper went down stairs she said to Mr. Agassiz "You gave us a very good lecture!" And he said, "I shall have to give a lecture to two of my pupils! They kept on playing the whole way through!"

E. E. to E. T. E.; Cambridge, Saturday, February 5, 1859:

I met Miss Le Clere who asked me to turn and walk with her, which I did

46

joyfully. We came into Quincy St., and Miss Le C. began to rave about it, she never knew such a delightful street, — a street where there were so many remarkable people, and the greatest charm was that they were all so friendly to each other. Then she caught sight of the moon and stopped. It was very small and beautiful. "Oh let me see the moon! the lovely young moon!" What a pity that I cant give you her voice, and I have forgotten the rest of that little episode.

After it she went on. "Yes there is a great deal of mind in New England. If they were only not so cold! Oh they are like icicles." She asked if I liked their coldness. I said I did not see it perhaps I was cold myself. "Oh try to warm yourself up," and she went on with a long speech about courteous and warm manners like Mrs. Agassiz for instance. "I should be frozen up entirely stiff in this school if it was not for Mrs. Agassiz! One look at her in the morning when she says good morning sets me all aglow. It warms me up for the day." I don't understand who is cold if Mrs. Agassiz is her ideal, for I do not think she is warmer than most people, she has more grace though. I should like to know who she was thinking of as cold. . . . Next she complained of the rudeness of the girls and groaned over their voices.

Professor Felton,¹ who became President of Harvard in 1860, married the sister of Agassiz and settled in Quincy Street and was a great friend of Longfellow. He was one of the teachers in the Agassiz School. He loved Europe and particularly Greece. My mother wanted to study Greek with him but for some reason this did not prove possible at the time.

E. E. to E. T. E.; Cambridge, December 1, 1858:

Isn't it abominable? Mr. Felton says he can't teach Greek this year, except in

¹ Van Wyck Brooks says of him in *The Flowering of New England*, p. 447, ". . . Felton, the great professor of Greek, Longfellow's closest friend and the friend of Dickens, the huge, hearty, old-fashioned scholar who liked to apply the epithet forcible-feeble to those who simulated his own robustness, and who often reminded his hearers that Agamemnon had honoured Ajax with a whole sirloin after his fight with Hector, — for he shared

*the Homeric enjoyment of eating and drinking,—was lecturing at the Lowell Institute. In Zurich, on his way to Greece, he had put on a suit of armour at the Zeughaus, to the delight of the keeper, and laid about him with a battle-axe, for he wished to know how the crusaders had felt, as well as the heroes of Homer. He had made his own collection of Swiss folk-poems and had visited Jacques Jasmin, the barber-poet, who lived at Agen in Provence and whose *Blind Girl* Longfellow translated; and in Greece he had made friends with farmers and sailors, travelled through the mountains in search of ballads and met all the living Greek writers, whom he brought out in a book of selections. He took the modern world-historical view in his great courses of lectures, which later appeared as *Ancient and Modern Greece*, a delightfully readable work. At Harvard, everything was 'comparative' now; the studies overlapped one another. With the humorous, copious Felton, all fire and energy and poetic feeling, with Asa Gray, the botanist, with Peirce and mathematician and Jeffries Wyman, with Agassiz in the chair of natural history, the lines and angles of the checker-board had gradually faded out." (Reprinted by permission of E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., and Everyman's Library. Published 1936.)*

47

the college vacation, and that's only six weeks! Think how ignorant I shall be! I shall have to begin again next year.

A few months later, however, the lessons in Greek seem to have begun and to be progressing satisfactorily.

E. E. to Edward Waldo Emerson; Cambridge, March n, 1859:

You know I am reading the piece of Orestes in the reader. The other day I read the line about Menelaus in which Orestes says something like this. "And he comes having the graces of my father" I read it. Mr. Felton did not notice it, but afterwards he was reading it himself he said, "having the graces of a father." I remarked that I thought it meant that as he was his father's brother he would resemble him. Mr. Felton said, "Yes you are right that is better. I did not think of it." So in the next edition the notes will have to be corrected for he has put it his way, and it ought to be mine.

E. E. to Edward Waldo Emerson; Cambridge, March 11, 1859:

When Mr. Felton was in Greece he saw the veritable "Maid of Athens," to whom Byron wrote the poem. I believe he dined with her, at any rate he ate some pickles which she had made. Mr. Felton thought them very nice, and when he was coming home he said to her, "Maid of Athens ere we part, Give oh give me some of your pickles." She gave him a bottle of pickled olives, which he has brought home and keeps on his parlor table as an ornament. I don't know whether it is true that he said this but I have seen the pickles and Molly said, "Those are the Maid of Athens' pickles."

The "Maid of Athens" was popular as a song. Even in the eighties we used to like to sing it.

George Agassiz says, "The winters were full of gayety and merriment ... in the daytime an hour or two could always be found for skating on Fresh Pond." On February 15, 1859, my mother speaks of skating on Fresh Pond with James Lowell. She says (E. E. to E. T. E.; Cambridge, Tuesday, February 15, 1859):

*In the afternoon right after dinner I went upstairs to get ready to go out skating with Mr. James.
...*

Pauline was on the ice with her brother. You ought to see her skate! There was a gentleman there who was a very good judge — impartial and had seen a great deal of skating,

and he said there is no skater on Jamaica who can come up to Pauline, and she is therefore the best in Massachusetts at least. Mr. James was in raptures about it.

48

E. E. to E. T. E.; Cambridge, Friday, February 18, 1859:

Today we began our new French book. Miss Le Clere was very charming and made it very nice. She told us a good deal of French history and said some very good things. I am going to carry a book to class to write down her sayings. She said today "You have some very good words in English, which we cannot translate — the word earnestness is not in French, because there is no such thing in the French character." Think what a confession! "Then there is another fine word in English, — awe — we cannot say that, — we have etonnement and admiration and all such things." And she said it as if she was entirely conscious how absurd and weak they were.

In a long letter she tells of going to hear her father lecture in Boston. Then she, her father, and her mother went to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the wedding of her Uncle Charles and Aunt Susan Jackson. Her father cut the wedding cake for the company.

E. E. to E. T. E.; Cambridge, Saturday, February 26, 1859:

After tea Alice took Mr. Sanborn down to see the minerals and pretty things in the laboratory. And asked me to come too. Then Uncle Charles showed us the stone growing in flowers and Father came down to see. When we went up Alice brought out Uncle Charles's honors from the different kings to show to Mr. Sanborn.

The reference is to the medals given by some of the crowned heads of Europe to her uncle Charles for his discovery of the use of sulphuric ether as an anesthetic.

E. E. to E. T. E.; March 1, 1859:

Nothing happened that was pleasant on Saturday morning. And my rage was kindled against that model of French politeness. The day before she had seen me writing on my letter to you in school. It was only a little while and I learned my lessons just the same. Well when we were reading our French, Lily Ward said she had not got it. I came next and Miss Le Clere passed by me, and then straight on to the next while she said "And she had not learned her lesson. She wrote a letter yesterday. LaVas!" I said "I have learned it Miss Le Clere." "Well then read quick! quick!" I never had a teacher before who if she had said such a thing would not beg pardon for it.

In this long March 1 letter, she says, "I am so anxious to hear Mr. Thoreau's lecture — and — I never shall." Perhaps she had a presentiment. He died three years later.

E. E. to E. T. E.; Cambridge, March 24, 1859:

49

In the morning when I came upstairs at school Lily Ward gave me a package, wrapped in a white paper and sealed with her father's seal, and said, "Father sent you this with his love." I opened it

and found a little E. Indian box covered with red and yellow silk, and inside was the most beautiful, carved ivory fan. The ivory is fossil too and came from Siberia. It is beautiful.

(Saturday) But I must tell you about the lecture, for it was one of those little coincidences, which are mentioned in the March "Professor."

Mr. Agassiz was telling us about the fossilized elephants of Siberia. He says that there are so many that the Siberians think that they live now, and that they live under ground, and are so sensitive to light and air that they die if they come out. While the truth is that they lived in the Pliocene period, and have been so well preserved by the cold, that when freshets uncover them, they are found with flesh, hair and skin, all as if they had just died and wolves come out and eat the flesh of animals that died ages before man was created; and Mr. Agassiz said all or almost all the ornaments which came from China and India are carved from the ivory of these elephants. Lily and I looked at each other then.

One day I found among my mother's possessions an ivory fan; and here it is [here the author held up the fan]. If is a formidable word. If this is the fan that Mr. Ward gave to my Mother, and if Professor Agassiz was correct in his statement, and if antiquity is more important than beauty — then this fan has the glass flowers beaten to a frazzle!

I hope that you will forgive me again for wandering from my schoolroom subject. I suppose that you all have your favorite spots in Cambridge. It happens that my personal great interest in Cambridge has centered, more or less, in two places — one, Quincy Street, where the Fogg Museum has displaced the Agassiz School, and the Harvard Yard; and, secondly, the region of Elmwood and Gerry's Landing, which belonged to the Elbridge Gerry estate that was sold to the Lowells.

My grandfather Emerson, when he was a student, used to roam in the woods of Sweet Auburn and here is a little story of my mother in her turn doing the same. A long letter of Wednesday, March 30, 1859, tells of going with James Lowell along the river "to a place near the Cambridge cemetery which had little hills and swampy places..... As we came to the part where hepaticas grew we saw Mabel Lowell picking up acorns and her father [James Russell Lowell] walking about while he waited for her. [This place may have been Gerry's Landing.]"

The two Mr. Lowells begged my mother to come to Elmwood for supper. The poet's father was living there then; but as the young girl

felt that she was not dressed suitably to go, they parted. Not long after they met the poet and his daughter again and

walked so slowly. . . . that when we all reached Dr. Lowell's gate both Mr. James Lowells said I must come in then right off, so I did. . . . and Mr. James said he would show me the garden before we went in. He seems to love it so much and it is so neglected and delightful. Mr. J.R.L. and Mabel went in but presently came out with Miss Georgina Putnam to welcome us, and then went on again and we walked through the garden. Presently we came to a green terrace with some English violet leaves, and then I saw some buds and then about a dozen single violets in bloom. Just as we were picking Mabel came running out saying "Tea is ready" and we went in.

I stood in the entry taking off my things and trying to make myself respectable while Mr. James waited for me and we heard all the family come down and go into the dining room. When I was ready we went in. Dr. Lowell sat at the head of a long table, — Mr. James went to him and kissed him and said "I've brought Miss Emerson." Shouted I should have said but it had no effect and Dr. L. pointed to his other ear. Mr. James went round to the other ear and so showed me as I had stood behind him. Dr. L. gave me his hand and turned back to hear who I was. Four times Mr. James shouted "Miss Emerson" and four times the answer was "Who." Its no use said Mr. J.R.L. Say Ralph Waldo Emerson's daughter. Mr. James did and this time he heard, and seemed very much pleased, said he was glad to see me, shook my hand a long time, asked me to kiss him and said "I knew your father, your grandfather and your great grandfather" (meaning Dr. Ripley as he afterwards said). Then I had to go and speak to every one and at last gained a seat by Mabel.

Mr. Agassiz lived until 1873. In 1861 he went on an exploring expedition into South America at the head of a large party. William James and Tom Ward, the son of Samuel Ward and roommate of Edward Emerson, were two members of the expedition. Agassiz's friend Oliver Wendell Holmes, who used to see him so much at the Saturday Club, wrote a long poem in connection with Agassiz's journey to South America which is a good example of Holmes's clever rhyming. President Eliot tells this story:

At this time [about 1863] Alexander, his wife and their little boy, the Higgin-sons — and Mr. Burchhardt — artist for Professor Agassiz — were all living there in addition to Professor and Mrs. Agassiz. As was common then there was only one bathtub in the house; and the tub was not infrequently occupied by turtles or other aquatic or amphibious animals.

One morning Mrs. Agassiz was just finishing dressing and was putting on one of her boots when she became aware that there was something wriggling inside

51

the boot. She called to her husband who was still asleep in the adjoining room "Oh Agassiz come here there's a snake in my boot." To which he sleepily replied "My dear where can the other five be!"

A school was started on the Island of Penekese, one of the Elizabeth Islands. Agassiz taught there in the summer of 1873. A story was told of him. His students, it is said, constructed a creature using perhaps the wings of a bee, the head of a wasp, and the legs and bodies from other insects, all carefully welded together. They asked Professor Agassiz what this strange creature was. He looked at it and said, "It is a humbug."

Mrs. Agassiz lived in the house until her death in 1907. Professor Alexander Agassiz continued to live in it until his death in 1910.

To go back to the former days in 1857 Longfellow wrote a poem to Agassiz on his fiftieth birthday.

It was fifty years ago

In the pleasant month of May,

*In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,
A child in its cradle lay.
And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: "Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee."
"Come, wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."
And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.
And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvellous tale.
So she keeps him still a child,
And will not let him go,
Though at times his heart beats wild
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud;*

52

*Though at times he hears in his dreams
The Ranz des Vaches of old,
And the rush of mountain streams
From glaciers clear and cold;*

And the mother at home says, "Hark!

For his voice I listen and yearn;

It is growing late and dark,

And my boy does not return!"

*A few days after the meeting at which the preceding paper was read, President Walcott called my attention to the following letter which appears in the first four pages of Aladame de Hegermann-Lindenchrone's ² volume *In the Courts of Memory, 1858-1875*, published by Harper & Brothers in 1912:*

Cambridge, 1856

Dear M., — You say in your last letter, "Do tell me something about your school." If I only had the time, I could write volumes about my school, and especially about my teachers.

To begin with, Professor Agassiz gives us lectures on zoology, geology, and all other ologies, and draws pictures on the blackboard of trilobites and different fossils, which is very amusing. We call him "Father Nature," and we all adore him and try to imitate his funny Swiss accent.

Professor Pierce, who is, you know, the greatest mathematician in the world, teaches us mathematics and has an awful time of it; we must be very stupid, for the more he explains, the less we seem to understand, and when he gets on the rule of three we almost faint from dizziness. If he would only explain the rule of one! The Harvard students say that his book on mathematics is so intricate that not one of them can solve the problems

We learn history and mythology from Professor Felton, who is very nearsighted, wears broad-brimmed spectacles, and shakes his curly locks at us when he thinks we are frivolous. He was rather nonplussed the other day, when Louise Child read out loud in the mythology lesson something about "Jupiter and ten." "What," cried Mr. Felton, "what are you reading? You mean 'Jupiter and Io,' don't you?" "It says ten here," she answered.

*Young Mr. Agassiz teaches us German and French; we read Balzac's *Les Chouans* and Schiller's *Wallenstein*.*

² *Madame de Hegermann-Lindenchrone, the writer of these letters, which give so vivid a picture of the brilliant court of the last Napoleon, is wife of the present Danish Minister to Germany. She was formerly Miss Lillie Greenough, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, where she lived with her grandfather, Judge Fay, in the fine old Fay mansion, now the property of Radcliffe College.*

*Our Italian teacher, Luigi Monti, is a refugee from Italy, and has a sad and mysterious look in his black eyes; he can hardly speak English, so we have things pretty much our own way during the lessons, for he cannot correct us. One of the girls, translating *capelli neri*, said "black hats," and he never saw the mistake, though we were all dying of laughter.*

No one takes lessons in Greek from long-bearded, fierce-eyed Professor Evangelinus Apostolides Sophocles, so he is left in peace. He does not come more than once a week anyway, and then only to say it is no use his coming at all.

Cousin James Lowell replaces Mr. Longfellow the days he can't come. He reads selections of "literary treasures," as he calls them, and on which he discourses at length. He seems very dull and solemn when he is in school; not at all as he is at home. When he comes in of an afternoon and reads his poems to aunty and to an admiring circle of cousins and sisters-in-law, they all roar with laughter, particularly when he reads them with a Yankee accent. He has such a rippling little giggle while reading, that it is impossible not to laugh.

The other day he said to me, "Cousin Lillie, I will take you out for a walk in recess." I said, "Nothing I should like better, but I can't go." "Why not?" said he. "Because I must go and be a beggar." "What do you mean?" he asked. "I mean that there is a duet that Mrs. Agassiz favors just now, from Meyerbeer's 'Le Prophete,' where she is beggar number one and I am beggar number two." He laughed. "You are a lucky little beggar, anyway. I envy you." "Envy me? I thought you would pity me," I said. "No, I do not pity you, I envy you being a beggar with a voice!"

I consider myself a victim. In recess, when the other girls walk in Quincy Street and eat their apples, Mrs. Agassiz lures me into the parlor and makes me sing duets with her and her sister, Miss Gary. I hear the girls filing out of the door, while I am caged behind the piano, singing, "Hear Me, Norma," wishing Norma and her twins in Jericho.

There are about fourteen pupils now; we go every morning at nine o'clock and stay till two o'clock. We climb up the three stories in the Agassiz house and wait for our teachers, who never are on time. Sometimes school does not begin for half an hour.

Mrs. Agassiz comes in, and we all get up to say good morning to her. As there is nothing else left for her to teach, she teaches us manners. She looks us over, and holds up a warning finger smilingly. She is so sweet and gentle.

I don't wonder that you think it extraordinary that all these fine teachers, who are the best in Harvard College, should teach us; but the reason is, that the Agassiz's have built a new house and find it difficult to pay for it, so their friends have promised to help them to start this school, and by lending their names they have put it on its legs, so to speak.

The other day I was awfully mortified. Mr. Longfellow, who teaches us literature, explained all about rhythm, measures, and the feet used in poetry. The idea of poetry having feet seemed so ridiculous that I thought out a beautiful

joke, which I expected would amuse the school immensely; so when he said to me in the lesson, "Miss Greenough, can you tell me what blank verse is?" I answered promptly and boldly, "Blank verse is like a blank-book; there is nothing in it, not even feet," and looked around for admiration, but only saw disapproval written everywhere, and Mr. Longfellow, looking very grave, passed on to the next girl. I never felt so ashamed in my life.

Mr. Longfellow, on passing our house, told aunty that he was coming in the afternoon, to speak to me; aunty was worried and so was I, but when he came I happened to be singing

Schubert's "Dein ist mein Herz," one of aunty's songs, and he said, "Go on. Please don't stop." When I had finished he said:

"I came to scold you for your flippancy this morning, but you have only to sing to take the words out of my mouth, and to be forgiven."

"And I hope you will forget," I said, penitently.

"I have already forgotten," he answered, affectionately. "How can one be angry with a dear little bird? But don't try again to be so witty."

"Never again, I promise you."

55

FORTY YEARS IN THE FOGG MUSEUM

BY LAURA DUDLEY SAUNDERSON

Read January 19, 1954

UNFORTUNATELY I, alone, remain to tell of the early days of the Fogg Museum. That is one reason why I stress those years. The other is that Edward Forbes has consented to tell you, in the not too distant future, the story of its flowering. He was so intimately connected with all its activities, and personally responsible for so many, that he can give you a much better picture than I of those later years.

On a summer day in 1895 I entered the Fogg Museum for the first time. There was nobody in the building but Charles Eveleth, who sat at the front door on guard. The building was not to be opened to the public until September first, but casts and photographs were being delivered, and Charles Eveleth was there to receive them. He was a childhood friend of mine. He knew my interest in the fine arts and had suggested that I go in and see the building. The rooms were empty except for packing-cases.

It must have been more than two years before I entered the building again — then in response to a note I had received from Professor Charles Herbert Moore, Director of the Museum. He had written me that the Gray Collection of Engravings, which had been lent by the University to the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, had been brought to the Fogg Museum and installed there. He wanted somebody who cared for such things to catalogue that collection and administer it. I had been a student in his fine arts courses in Radcliffe College and he knew my work and interests. He offered the position to me. I decided to accept it and began my duties in November, 1897.

The Fogg Museum was then what is now Hunt Hall, so named because it was designed by the architect, Richard Morris Hunt of New York. It was the bequest of Mrs. William Hayes Fogg in memory of her husband, who died in 1884. It is said that the bequest was made at

the suggestion of William M. Prichard of the Class of 1833. It was he who gave to the University the Prichard fund, the very first money

57

ever given to the University exclusively for the purchase of works of art.

Mr. Fogg was born on a farm in Berwick, Maine, December 27, 1817. He lost his father when he was only eight years old and his mother fourteen years later, so that the boy was largely dependent upon himself. His schooling was limited, and at fourteen he went into a country store as clerk. In 1847, after an unsuccessful business venture, he became a partner in the firm of Fogg Brothers. After the death of his brother, James, in 1855, the firm name was changed to William H. Fogg and Company and was very successful, devoted entirely to the Chinese trade. In 1880, the firm was dissolved, but the business was carried on under the name of the China and Japan Trading Company, of which Mr. Fogg was president until his death.

The Fogg Museum, in the early days, was devoted chiefly to reproductions of works of art — casts, photographs, and lantern slides. The only originals were Greek vases and other classical objects, a few water-colors, and prints.

The main entrance hall on the ground floor was devoted to plaster casts of the finest examples of Greek sculpture, with a portion of the Parthenon frieze as a frieze around the hall. The great statue of Apollo from the temple of Zeus at Olympia guarded the impressive stairway leading to the second floor. A visitor to the Museum in those early days asked Professor Moore if that was a statue of Edward Everett Hale. The rooms on the east side of the sculpture hall, a large front room, and a smaller one in the rear, were devoted to Greek vases and other classical objects. Corresponding rooms on the west side held objects from the Fogg Collection — furniture, including a huge, elaborately carved bed. The smaller room contained oriental objects, declared by Mr. Francis S. Kershaw, of the Museum of Fine Arts, when he came to look at them, "made for the American trade." On the walls hung the best of the Fogg paintings, but these were of little or no value. During the year '97-'98, the Corporation decided that all objects in the Fogg Collection that might be classed as furniture could be turned over to the residuary legatees, according to Mrs. Fogg's will. That relieved the Museum of some large pieces that occupied much-needed space — including the bed. Later, that bed played an important part in the household of a member of the Fogg family, and occupancy of the bed was offered as an inducement to prospective visitors.

58

The walls of the hallway of the second floor were hung with reproductions of Italian drawings. A picture gallery occupied the middle part of that floor. It was top-lighted in the center of a flat roof, so that there was a glare of light on the floor in the center of the gallery, but the walls were in shadow. In the summer, when the sun was high, the light was blinding, and in the winter, when several inches of snow covered the glass, one scarcely knew it was daytime. Carbon photographs of great works of art, measuring about 22 by 28

inches, in plain oak frames, were exhibited in the gallery. These frames had removable backs to permit the exhibition to be changed.

The east end of that floor was devoted to the Print Department, the larger space to the storage and exhibition of prints, with a small lecture room opening from it on the south. The equipment for the Print Room had been made by Davenport of Boston at great expense. Exhibition cases covered the walls, below which were cupboards for small prints. Larger prints were stored on sliding shelves in large dust-proof cases, on top of which were slanting exhibition cases. A large table, for use in the study and handling of prints, occupied the middle of that room.

At the west end of the second floor was the Photograph Room, connected with the picture gallery by double doors, and south of it the director's office. The walls of three sides of the Photograph Room were lined with cases in which the photographs were filed, and in the center of the room were tables used in connection with the photographs. At the end adjoining the director's office, the work of both the Photograph Department and the Print Department was done. All callers to the director's office passed through the door connecting that office with the Photograph Room, so that we usually knew who the callers were and on what errand they came. For some time, one revolving bookcase held our entire reference library, with the exception of the books belonging to the Print Collection, which were stored in the Print Room. As time went on, shelves were built at one end of the Photograph Room to accommodate our growing library. Obviously only one arrangement was possible — by size, regardless of content. It was amazing how a little rearrangement made a few inches of space available. Books were being added constantly so that it became necessary to arrange them more scientifically, and to have a catalogue of them. There was no librarian to perform that task and it fell to my lot. That work was begun in 1914-15.

I sought advice of T. Franklin Currier, librarian in charge of cataloguing in the Harvard College Library, with the result that the Harvard system of classification was adopted. By using shelves built in the director's office the book problem was simplified for a few years. Then the time came when I was so crowded that it was necessary to move a scrap-basket to open the drawers on one side of my desk, and a chair to open those on the other.

All the windows, with the exception of a tiny one in the director's office and a corresponding one in the small lecture room connected with the Print Room, were so high that all one could see of the outside world was the tops of the trees, but the lover of birds could sometimes recognize a familiar figure in a tree-top.

One day, before the day of the silent alarm, I heard the Cambridge fire alarm. The fire was in Thayer Hall, and I looked out of that little window. In the meantime the college fire apparatus was put into action. Very dramatically the students unrolled the hose and played the part of firemen. Students whose rooms were in that dormitory were busy salvaging their belongings. Breakable objects were thrown out the windows, unbreakables were lowered carefully on ropes, and friends of the victims gathered together in piles the owners' possessions, standing guard over them. Finally the fire department arrived and took over the job, and a cheer such as only a student body can give rose from the crowd that had assembled. Little damage was done but the scare caused great excitement.

At the rear of the building was the large lecture hall with raised platform and raised seats, and a row of pillars a few feet from the outside wall. One day, when Dr. Edmund von Mach was lecturing to a class on the glories of Greek art, he stepped off the platform in his enthusiasm, landed on his feet, and continued as if nothing had happened. The acoustic properties of the hall were very bad, and on the recommendation of Professor Wallace C. Sabine, a specialist in acoustics, draperies were hung over the walls at one time to absorb the sound, giving the room a most extraordinary appearance. It was regularly said that the room was too large for small classes and too small for large ones. The lecture room was entered either from the Sculpture Hall of the Museum or from the College Yard through a small vestibule at the west. Into this same vestibule works of art were received, after having been

60

carried up a flight of steps, and there unpacked, unless they were small enough to be taken down a flight of stairs into the dark basement to be unpacked, only to be carried up again. Mr. Forbes described the building as follows: "A building with a lecture hall where you could not hear, a gallery in which you could not see, working-rooms where you could not work, and a roof that leaked like a sieve."

When I took up my work in the Fogg Museum in November, 1897, there were, in addition to the director, Professor Moore, an assistant in charge of photographs, a janitor, and an errand-boy, whose duty it was to take out and put away slides and photographs, to run the lantern, guard the door when the janitor was busy elsewhere, and go on errands — to the library, post office, stores in Harvard Square, or to Boston. The problem of the errand-boy was a very real one, for the boy who was good enough for us was too ambitious to remain in the kind of work that offered no advancement. The result was we had a long list of boys, changing frequently. The boys left to pursue various walks in life. One studied for the priesthood, one went to dental school. I saw one driving a mail truck. One of the quickest, most faithful boys we ever had came to us with this recommendation from the master of the school he attended: "He is not a successful student of books and he is sometimes playful in school." When Professor Moore passed me the letter to read, I said, "That doesn't unfit him for us." The boy came and was a great success. He was always not only willing, but eager to do anything helpful. In the course of time he left us to take a position in a bank. Later, he took over an established business and carried it to great success.

The building was intended for reproductions of art only and was designed and built without consulting the members of the Fine Arts Department, the very ones who were to use it and knew its needs. Professor Charles Eliot Norton's displeasure was well known. On March 16, 1896, it was labelled on the south in crimson paint, "Norton's pride." Suspicion pointed to a Med Fac initiation, but I believe the culprit was never discovered.

The Gray Collection, of which I had charge, had been given by Francis Galley Gray, Harvard 1809, who died in 1856, to his nephew, William Gray, with instructions to give it to Harvard College or some such institution. For some years it had been housed in an alcove of the College Library, old Gore Hall, but as the number of books increased,

61

the space occupied by the Gray Collection was needed for books. During those years there were several curators, George Herbert Palmer, Louis Thies, and E. H. Greenleaf, in succession. About this time the Museum of Fine Arts was built in Copley Square. It has been said that some people contributed to the building of that museum with the expectation that the Gray Collection would be housed there. Paintings were borrowed from the Boston Athenaeum, and in 1876, the Gray Collection was lent to the Museum for a term of seven years. Twice that loan was renewed, so that the Gray Collection spent twenty-one years in Boston.

Later Miss Belinda L. Randall gave to the College the prints collected by her brother, Dr. John Witt Randall, Harvard 1834, who died in 1892. This collection, numbering about twenty thousand prints, was also lent to the Museum of Fine Arts, and both collections were under the curatorship of Sylvester Rosa Koehler.

The first report on the Fogg Museum, signed by Martin Brimmer and Edward W. Hooper, and reprinted from the Harvard Graduates' Magazine of March, 1895, makes this statement about the print collections belonging to the College:

This College has now on deposit there [The Museum of Fine Arts] its "Gray Collection" and its "John Witt Randall Collection" of engravings, and from the income of its Gray and Randall funds it pays a large part of the salary of Mr. Koehler as curator of engravings. These collections, in accordance with an agreement made five years ago, are to remain in Boston for two years more, and it is doubtful if it will ever be advantageous to transfer them to the Fogg Museum, because for teaching about art and artists, engravings are of much less use than they formerly were. Except in the case of original work of great artists like the engravings of Diirer and the etchings of Rembrandt, photographs have almost wholly superseded engravings as secondary evidence about great works of art. For teaching about the art of engraving and the history of its processes, the Gray and Randall collections are very valuable, but that teaching is more needed in Boston than in Cambridge. The original work of Diirer, of Rembrandt, and a few other artists in the Gray Collection is of great interest, but it can easily be seen in Boston, or even be taken to Cambridge for special exhibitions from time to time.

William Gray, in a letter to the President and Fellows of Harvard College, dated January 26, 1857, made this stipulation concerning the Gray Collection: "That the College within a reasonable time prepare

and fit up suitable rooms in which the collection shall be securely kept, and properly arranged for inspection and exhibition."

"Suitable rooms" were now available and it was at last possible for the College to fulfill the agreement it virtually made in accepting the gift from Mr. Gray. In spite of that fact, it was only in the face of bitter opposition that Professor Moore succeeded in persuading the Corporation to bring the Gray Collection back to Cambridge. This was accomplished in 1897. After that was done, Professor Moore said it was logical now to bring back the Randall Collection, which was done in 1898.

Preliminary work had been done on both collections while under the curatorship of Mr. Koehler, but the task of having the prints properly mounted, arranged systematically, and catalogued, was mine. It was my aim to make the Print Collection — Gray, Randall, and Museum, the latter consisting of those prints given to the Museum, a total of roughly thirty thousand — as useful as possible in every way to all departments of the University and to all students of any subject which could be illustrated with prints.

Exhibitions were often arranged with that purpose in view. For example, an exhibition of prints illustrating decorative arts was put up at the time a course in decorative arts was given. For a course given in the English Department, "London in the Time of Dry den" was illustrated with prints.

There were not many visitors to the Print Collection in those early years. A very gracious, elderly gentleman, the father of Professor Sabine, was a frequent visitor, and if I remember correctly, looked through the whole Gray Collection in one winter. Professor Charles Eliot Norton dropped in occasionally to look about the gallery and to see the prints on exhibition. His remarks were always illuminating. One day, looking at a picture in the gallery and the label which read, "Loaned by" so and so, he said, "You loan money, but you lend works of art."

When Professor Moore gave a course in the history of engraving, the students in his course were frequent visitors to the Print Department. One tangible result of that course was a book by one of his students, T. H. Thomas, French Portrait Engraving, one of the best books on engraving, for it describes, as few books do, the technique of the engravers.

There must have been a discussion in class one morning about the

way Mantegna manipulated his tool to produce the kind of lines which are characteristic of his work. Apparently no conclusion was reached, for at the close of the hour, a group of students came to me, expecting me to solve their problem. When I confessed I didn't know, I felt that they thought if I didn't know that I knew nothing whatever about prints. The following summer I was in London, and put that question to Sir Sidney Colvin, then Keeper of Prints in the British Museum, and at that time the world's greatest authority on early Italian engraving. His answer was, "I don't know. Nobody knows. If you should ask two practical engravers, they would probably give you two different answers." That was the best lesson I ever had not to be afraid to say, "I don't know."

One of the students to take that course of Professor Moore's the first year it was given was Arthur Pope. Calling my attention to him one day, Professor Moore said, "There is a young man who will be outstanding." His prophecy proved correct, for Mr. Pope rose to a full professorship, and after the retirement of Mr. Forbes and Mr. Sachs, was acting director of the Fogg Museum, then director, until the appointment of John Coolidge. His unerring taste and sound judgment made him invaluable to all departments of the Museum. His feeling for line, form, and color, and his thorough knowledge of the principles of design, together with his fine taste, fitted him perfectly to be of the greatest assistance in the arranging of exhibitions which drew enthusiastic praise from distinguished visitors. His courses in drawing and painting and principles of design, together with Mr. Forbes' course in the

processes of painting, gave students a very rare and most valuable foundation for the understanding of great works of art.

I remember, in the early days, seeing him make a copy of Turner's watercolor of Tintagel Castle, lent to the Museum by Francis Bullard. It was a very meticulous piece of work, for Turner had painted it as a guide to the engraver. Later, Mr. Pope's style became more free. We had an exhibition of his work some years later. I was looking at his paintings with an artist, who was a teacher of drawing and painting. She said that when she saw him making such careful copies of Turner, she had no idea he would ever produce such paintings as those on exhibition. When I repeated her remark to Mr. Pope, he said, "If I hadn't done that then, I couldn't do this now."

The original works of art acquired by loan or by purchase in the

earliest years consisted of Greek vases and other classical objects, water-colors, and prints. The Fine Arts Department deposited permanently in the Museum such photographs, watercolors, and prints as it had in the drawing room in Sever Hall (Sever 37) which were not needed for use there. Purchases of prints were made from the Gray and Randall funds, of watercolors and prints from the Fine Arts appropriation. It was not until Edward Waldo Forbes, Harvard 1895, took an active interest in the art museum of his alma mater that important original paintings and pieces of sculpture were acquired, and in his report on the Museum for 1903-04, Professor Moore named him as the "first and most constant benefactor."

One morning, about 1900, Professor Moore told me, with much enthusiasm, that he was to have lunch with "a rich young man." I learned later that Edward Forbes had been his host. Mr. Forbes had spent much time in Europe after graduating from college, had visited galleries and museums, and studied the works of the great masters. He had purchased works of art, then to be had at a mere fraction of their present value. He realized the need of just such works of art in the Fogg Museum and offered to help supply that need with gifts and indefinite loans. He interested members of his family, his friends, and his Harvard class to do the same. That offer dates the beginning of the acquisition of important original paintings, sculpture, and all kinds of art objects which have made the Fogg Museum one of the greatest art museums in the country, and for the student, one of the best in the world.

In his report for the year 1899-1900, Professor Moore wrote, "The University owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Forbes, not only for the initiative which he has so generously taken in providing our Museum with original works of art of the great historic schools, but also for the high standard which he has set in the works already secured." Mr. Forbes was a frequent visitor to the Museum from that time, not only to look at the paintings for which he was responsible, but to make a copy of at least one of them.

One morning in the spring of 1909, Professor Moore stopped at my desk on his way to his office, and said, "Miss Dudley, next year you will have a new director. Edward Forbes will be your director." I was stunned. As I told a friend later, I felt that the bottom had dropped out of my pail. It had never occurred to me that the Museum would have

any other director than Professor Moore, and I couldn't imagine going on without him. He had always been so considerate, so thoughtful, and so very kind, I couldn't believe that another could equal him. Professor Moore sailed for England early in the summer, never to return. He built a house in Hartley-Wintney, where I visited him, and where he died February 15, 1930.

Charles Herbert Moore, a pupil and friend of John Ruskin, had been appointed instructor in free-hand drawing in 1871, in 1879 instructor in drawing and principles of design, in 1891 assistant professor of design in the fine arts, and professor of art in 1896. At the suggestion of Richard Norton, son of Professor Charles Eliot Norton, to Mr. Forbes, friends and former pupils of Professor Moore gave to the Museum two very fine watercolors by John Ruskin, in recognition of his devoted service to the Museum and to the University.

Mr. Forbes began his duties officially in September, 1909, but he made frequent visits to the Museum during the preceding summer, and I soon found that my new director was no less thoughtful and kind than Professor Moore had been. Members of the Fine Arts Department and many outside visitors came to consult him on all kinds of subjects, often I thought, out of curiosity to see what kind of a person this young new director was. Then, and in all the years that followed, I marvelled at his patience. No problem was too trivial to demand his attention, and no task too menial to claim his help. Many a time I have seen him play the part of laborer in helping the yard men move heavy objects. For more than thirty-five years he gave unstintedly of his time, his strength, his money, and his interest to the Fogg Museum. When Harvard conferred on him an honorary A.M. in 1921, I was present, and I heard President Lowell use this citation: "Edward Waldo Forbes, Director of the Fogg Art Museum, whose tenacity of purpose in acquiring for the University the Riverside land, and works of art for its Museum, has achieved the incredible." No truer words were ever spoken and I joined with greatest enthusiasm in the applause which followed this well-deserved and wisely-bestowed honor.

Professor Moore had been both chairman of the Fine Arts Departmen[sic.] and Director of the Fogg Museum. Now Professor George H. Chase was appointed chairman of the department. A distinguished scholar, a most able executive, whose important duties filled a busy day,

he could always find time to help anyone who asked him for assistance. He gave invaluable help on innumerable occasions. Students often asked my advice about choice of courses, and I always told them that if they ever expected to teach or present a subject to an audience to take some course with Professor Chase and study the way he arranged his material and presented it.

Up to the time Mr. Forbes became director, a record of a sort had been kept of every work of art either permanently acquired or lent to the Museum. Now, Mr. Forbes introduced the system used at that time by the Museum of Fine Arts, and every uncatalogued work of art,

except Japanese and Chinese art, was registered and numbered as a possession or loan, and receipts were sent to all donors and lenders. Inasmuch as there was no registrar, that task fell to me until we moved into the present building, when, with greatly increased number of gifts and loans, a registrar was appointed who could devote full time to this important task.

The need of funds was pressing. Works of art were coming into the market and there was no money to purchase objects which would add greatly to the usefulness of the Museum. Mr. Forbes started the "Friends of the Fogg Museum" in 1912-13. People known to be interested in the fine arts and in the Fogg Museum were asked to contribute money to a fund to be used for the purchase of works of art. That Society has grown, and from that fund some notable acquisitions have been made, for example: The Annunciation by Andrea Vanni (the first acquisition), and twelve of the 12th century Romanesque capitals.

Years later, after we had moved into the present building, I was settled for a quiet reading one Sunday afternoon when my telephone rang. It was the superintendent of the Fogg Museum to tell me that a gentleman from New York was there to see the print exhibition. The cubicles used for the exhibition of prints were monopolized by something else and the only prints on exhibition were in the Print Room, which was closed on Sundays. I agreed to go to the Museum and open the Print Room, but, I said, "We have only a few Rembrandts on exhibition." I sat at my desk while the man looked about the room. Then he came, sat down, and said, "You said there were only a few Rembrandts on exhibition. There are two or three of these that are worth a trip from New York to see." After a pleasant conversation, he asked, "What is meant by 'Friends of the Fogg'?" I explained. He said he couldn't give much but would make a

small contribution. A few days later someone came down from the office to know about my "friend" who had sent a check for fifty dollars. This was in November, for his errand at that time was to attend the Harvard-Yale football game. In January another check for fifty dollars came. I felt that a portion of my Sunday afternoon had been well spent.

The first loan exhibition ever held in the Fogg and the first exhibition of oriental art, was arranged by Walter M. Cabot, Harvard 1894, in 1907-08 and consisted of Japanese objects — paintings, drawings, and ornamental carvings from his own collection. In the following year, while the Museum of Fine Arts was moving from the old building in Copley Square to the new museum on Huntington Avenue, some of its most important treasures (nineteen paintings and sixteen pieces of sculpture) were shown at the Fogg Museum and Boston Museum's June Bulletin was devoted to the Fogg Museum.

After Mr. Forbes became director, every year saw one or more special loan exhibitions, sometimes of one artist or one school, also loans of single paintings. These exhibitions were often opened with private views and accompanied by lectures, open not only to students in the Fine Arts Department and the University, but to the general public. Gallery conferences were often held.

One of the most important of the early exhibitions was of the paintings by Degas, the principal exhibition of the year 1910-11, and the first exhibition of his paintings ever held in Boston. The exhibition lasted ten days. There were 64 visitors the first day and 533 the last

day. Owing to insufficient space, it was necessary for the 19th century French paintings to share the gallery with our Italian primitives. One visitor, pointing to one of the primitives, said to me, "That is by Degas, isn't it?"

During the years that followed, in the new museum as in the old, students in the Fine Arts Department and the general public had an unprecedented opportunity to see exhibitions of such different subjects as the works of the English painter Turner, early manuscripts, Italian primitives, early Italian engravings in memory of Francis Bullard, drawings by old masters, French art from the 9th century to the present day, works of Rembrandt, works of William Blake: paintings, watercolors, sketches, engravings, and books. Twenty-five years ago there was an exhibition of French paintings, prints, and drawings of the 19th and 20th centuries. One critic called it "one of the most comprehensive and

68

notable exhibitions of modern French art ever held in this country." It attracted over fifteen thousand visitors, exclusive of students, in four weeks. Italian sculpture from the Dreyfus Collection was an exhibition of great importance. Then there were exhibitions of Graeco-Buddhist art, Russian and Byzantine paintings of the 18th to the 20th centuries, contemporary American watercolors, and Gauguin. Sometimes the students arranged exhibitions of works of art which they owned, and in later years, students in Professor Sachs' course in museum problems arranged special exhibitions, doing all of the work themselves.

Year after year, in his annual report, Professor Moore stressed the need of additional space, especially an adequately lighted picture gallery, also a suitable space for receiving and unpacking works of art. His recommendation was the addition of a wing, also additional endowment for administration and purchases. The time was not ripe to make a drastic change, but money was given to improve the old building. In 1912, Alfred Atmore Pope, of Farmington, Connecticut, gave money to improve the ground floor, especially by reducing the size of the lecture room. Money was given the following year by a group of friends, notably Mrs. Edward M. Gary, to remodel the second story by raising the roof, making the ceiling all of glass, and utilizing waste space, thus making the building much more useful and infinitely more comfortable.

The improved building was opened with a special loan exhibition of manuscripts and Persian miniatures, February 3, 1914.

Paul Joseph Sachs, Harvard 1900, came to the Museum as assistant director September 1, 1915. Later he was made full professor and associate director. He had visited the Museum in his student days, for he had taken courses in the fine arts and had collected prints and drawings. Immediately his enthusiastic interest was a stimulus to all. The courses which he gave at Harvard and Radcliffe brought to the Museum a large group of serious students. His course in museum problems prepared his students for positions in colleges and museums. Many of them have already made their mark as teachers, curators, or museum directors, and are to be found from coast to coast.

He was in Europe in 1920-21, and when he returned, he threw on my desk a collection of printed pictures, which, to the uninitiated, might have been taken for a mass of newspaper

clippings. He said, "There, Miss Dudley, is your life work." There were roughly about a thousand pieces

69

of paper. I recognized at once illustrations from early printed books, and I knew that an exciting time lay ahead. This was a collection of woodcuts, cut from early printed books and used as working material by one who had written about book-illustration. When he had finished with this collection, he had sold it to Mr. Sachs, who presented it to the Museum.

From about 1460, many of the early woodcuts were made as illustrations for printed books. I had been making a special study of early book-illustrations with a view to gathering together material offered not only by the Museum, but also the Harvard College Library, for the benefit of students interested in the history of woodcutting. It is amazing how many of those cuts I succeeded in identifying. In many cases I could find out not only the work which the woodcut illustrated but the particular edition from which the picture was cut.

*Professor Sachs had previously (1914-15) presented also an original wood-block which I recognized as Florentine. I spent many hours unsuccessfully trying to identify the subject and the book for which the block was cut as an illustration. It happened that the Harvard College Library had acquired a collection of books containing the sermons of Savonarola, among which were some printed in Florence. Later, a collection of *Sacre Rappresentazioni* had been purchased for the Library. I borrowed some of these books and I arranged an exhibition of illustrated books in the Print Room and included in the exhibition the Florentine wood-block. Dr. George Parker Winship, then in charge of rare books in the Harvard College Library, came into the Museum one morning, drew from his green bag two little books, remarking, "Perhaps you will like to see these, I don't know why they were not sent to us with the others." I picked up one, opened it, and there was the very subject of our wood-block but in an earlier edition of the work. Excitedly, I called to Professor Sachs to "come quick." He said he thought that nothing less than a fire could cause me so much excitement.*

When Professor Sachs gave a course in the history of engraving he asked me to deliver some of the lectures, and most generously allowed me to make my choice. This I did, but I refrained from taking the giants like Durer and Rembrandt, my real favorites, for I felt that the course was his and he ought to have the pleasure of presenting the masters.

About ten o'clock one morning his secretary came to me and said

70

that Professor Sachs was ill and would be unable to meet the students in his print course the following day, and asked if I would take the class. I said I would do so and asked what point they had reached in the history of engraving. She said they had just finished Durer, and asked if I had something I could use. I replied that I had a lecture on Altdorfer but it was of one hour in length, but if I could have some slides made I could expand it to two hours, for at this time Professor Sachs met his class for a two-hour session once a week. She said I might do anything I pleased. I went at once and inquired about having slides

made so that I could take them home with me and have them to work on during the evening. I learned I could have them if I could furnish the material for them by twelve o'clock. Then followed a very busy two hours, for, since we had no original prints of the subjects I wished, the problem was to find reproductions good enough to make satisfactory slides. I had wanted more Altdorfer slides, and this gave me a good excuse to have them made. I had no time to think of anything else. I did notice, however, that the students who took the course were all busy studying. There was absolute silence. My assistant came and told me the reason for this sudden and extraordinary interest in prints. It seems that in a recent examination they had all fallen down very badly and Professor Sachs had threatened to give them another examination without warning. They knew he was ill, and they thought, quite naturally, that this was the psychological moment for him to spring that surprise "test," as they called it. They saw me going back and forth with slides in my hands and were perfectly certain that forebode the threatened examination. I charged my assistant not to reveal the true situation. I said they needed to work and we would let them work. My material was ready at noon and I took the slides home with me that night. When I met the class the next day, I said, "I understand you expect a test. You are going to have a test, but it is not the kind of a test you expect. The test is whether you can stand it to listen to me while I talk to you for two hours about Albrecht Altdorfer." I was greeted with the heartiest applause I ever received.

Miss Margaret E. Oilman, A.M., Radcliffe 1916, came to the Fogg as secretary in the year 1916-17, and for more than thirty years was a valuable member of the staff. For ten years she edited the Fogg Museum Notes, replaced by the Bulletin in 1931-32. She did other editorial work and rendered invaluable service in research for the catalogue, entitled

Collection of Mediaeval and Renaissance Paintings published in 1919, which she and Mr. Forbes prepared. Other publications of the Museum include Art Studies in 1923-24, a series of thirty reproductions of water-colors by William Blake, Illustrations to Young's Night Thoughts, Technical Studies, and many catalogues of special exhibitions.

In the early 1920's, Alan Burroughs, Harvard 1920, of the Minneapolis Institute of Arts came to the Museum to interest Mr. Forbes in the examination of paintings with the x-ray to determine their condition, for the shadowgraphs show the layers of paint on the panel or canvas, and reveal repainting, and betray the work of the restorer. Mr. Forbes was definitely interested, and Mr. Burroughs soon began his work at the Museum. George Leslie Stout, University of Iowa 1921, Rutherford J. Gettens, a chemist, and others joined him and they built up the Department of Conservation and Restoration in which many young men and young women were trained in the examination and restoration of works of art. They went still further and studied the means of preventing deterioration before it occurs. Members of the Department have been lent to other museums, even those in Europe, and students trained at the Fogg have gone forth now to establish just such departments in other museums, carrying on, all over the country, the important work initiated at the Fogg. Mr. Forbes once said to me, "We are but custodians here and it is our duty to preserve works of art for future generations." His wisdom and courage will be the means of preserving for generations to come the many wonderful works of art which have already come to this country and will continue to come.

In his report for the year 1922-23, Mr. Forbes wrote, "The need for a new building has become so pressing, owing to the increasing growth of the collection and use of the building by the students, that this year the staff of the Museum, headed by the Visiting Committee, are undertaking to raise the money with which to build and endow a new building." The Graduate School of Business Administration, the Department of Chemistry, and the Department of Fine Arts joined in a campaign to raise \$10,000,000 to carry on their work, \$2,000,000 of which was to be used for the building of a new art museum to replace the one so long outgrown, and to provide an endowment, the income of which was to be spent for the maintenance of the new building, for furthering original research, and for enlarging the activities of the Mu-

72

seum. Of the committee appointed to raise this money, Bishop Lawrence represented the Corporation, Dean Wallace C. Donham of the Business School was the head man, and Mr. Forbes, Professor Sachs, and Professor Pope represented the Museum. Due to the tremendous energy and hard work of the committee, the fund was completed within two years, plans for the new museum were made, and the contract was let. Four houses on Quincy Street were torn down to make way for the new Museum, which was designed by the architects, Coolidge, Shepley, Bulfinch, and Abbott. Meyric R. Rogers, a graduate of the Harvard School of Architecture, had made a special study of the Museum and acted as liaison officer between the architects and the officers of the Museum.

During the months when Professor Sachs spent practically every week-end in New York to raise money for the new Museum, I conducted his class in the history of engraving. He had assigned definite subjects to some of his students to present to the class. One of the artists chosen was Charles Meryon, an important French etcher of the nineteenth century. This was shortly after the Museum had received by bequest of Joseph Benson Marvin, Jr., nineteen superb etchings by Meryon which none of the students had seen. These prints were a most welcome acquisition, because up to that time Meryon was very inadequately represented at the Fogg. A special messenger had been sent to New York state to receive the prints, and he brought by hand that small package insured for many thousands of dollars. It was characteristic of Mr. Forbes that he saved that package for me to open to have the great pleasure and excitement of being the first to see those wonderful prints. When the student had finished his lecture, I told the class about our newly acquired treasures and added, "Now we have all the large Paris etchings except one, La Pompe Notre Dame, and I hope we may sometime have that to complete the series." A snicker went round the class. I was decidedly uncomfortable, for it was evident I had said something to cause the merriment. I learned later that one of the students owned that print. The members of the class knew it and I did not. Unwittingly, I had applied for his print, and soon afterwards he presented it to the Museum.

By the middle of September, 1926, the new building was so nearly completed that the moving in was begun, but work of the staff continued

73

in the old building. On June 20, 1927, the new Museum (this one we are in¹) was dedicated. There was a ceremony which included an address by President Lowell, in which he referred to the directors, Mr. Forbes and Professor Sachs, as the "Heavenly Twins," the handing over of the golden keys by the architect, Mr. Charles A. Coolidge, prayer by Bishop Lawrence, a poem written for the occasion by Professor Charles H. Grandgent, and singing by the Harvard Glee Club. During the afternoon there was music by an 18th century ensemble. Fifteen hundred people visited the Museum on the opening day. A special loan exhibition had been arranged for the opening: illuminated manuscripts, paintings, drawings, tapestries, furniture, ivories, enamels, silver, etc. Special gifts were received, including money for special purposes.

Felix M. Warburg was the first subscriber to the new building and was always a very devoted friend and generous contributor. He served on the Visiting Committee from 1913 until his death October 20, 1937, with the exception of one year (1923-24), and with the exception of that year he was chairman from 1921 to 1931. It was most appropriate to change the name "Great Hall" to "Warburg Hall" in his honor.

With the opening of the new building, activities increased. The Department of Conservation was enlarged, and the examination and restoration of works of art was done for other departments of the University and for private collectors. Now there was a real Oriental Department under the curatorship of Langdon Warner, Harvard 1903, with adequate exhibition rooms and proper working quarters. It was at last possible, as never before, to display our works of art satisfactorily, in good light, and it was a surprise to us all to find how much we had, and how fine it was. At last we had necessary space in which to work, and all the work of the Department of Fine Arts could be carried on under one roof. The directors had proper offices, commodious and pleasant. There was a real library with adequate shelf-room for our books and room for expansion, and a librarian, Miss E. Louise Lucas, Radcliffe 1921, to preside over it. She has done splendid work in developing the library and enlarging its usefulness. There was wall space where our pictures could be hung in good light so that they could be seen. Works of art could be received from the level of the street, carried directly into

¹ This meeting of the Cambridge Historical Society was held in the new Fogg Art Museum on Quincy Street.

the building and unpacked, without the burden of carrying them up, then down, then up again. Every department had its own quarters and we became a real institution. As time went on, our staff increased from the five I knew first to ten times that number necessitated by the increase in the number of courses given, the number of students, and the greatly increased number of acquisitions. The work of every department was so engrossing that we knew less and less of what was going on elsewhere.

We had been a very happy family in the old building in spite of discomfort and inconvenience. We had worked together as one to further the usefulness of the Museum, and there was a feeling of homesickness on the part of some at leaving our old home for finer and more convenient quarters.

The Naumburg wing, built primarily to house the collection and rooms bequeathed to the Museum in 1930 by Mrs. Aaron Naumburg, was dedicated November 9, 1932. The Naumburg rooms furnish a charming setting for social functions, and the other parts of that wing have allowed expansion where it was greatly needed.

The interests of the Museum are not confined to the four walls of the building. Among its outside activities may be mentioned the expeditions under the leadership of Langdon Warner that made explorations in China and were rewarded by valuable finds which added interest and distinction to the Oriental Collection, already enriched by gifts of Dr. Denman W. Ross, Harvard 1875, and the bequest of Hervey E. Wetzel, Harvard 1911. The Harvard-Yenching Institute for Chinese Studies was established; at Kirkuk excavations were carried on by the Semitic Museum and the Fogg, together with the American School of Oriental Research, and Hetty Goldman, Ph.D., Radcliffe 1916, was excavator for the Fogg Museum in Greek lands. The Fogg Museum cooperated with the Museum of Fine Arts and the Germanic Museum in forming the Boston Chapter of the Museum of Modern Art.

*The Museum, with its lecture rooms, large and small, offers a convenient and attractive meeting-place for various groups, other departments of the University, and different societies. The concerts given by the Stradivarius Quartet, the music played on instruments made by Stradivarius and bought by Felix Warburg for use of the Quartet, have filled the court and adjoining hallways to capacity. Other concerts were given there, also the play *Murder in the Cathedral* by T. S. Eliot.*

Under the auspices of the Fogg Museum and the Fine Arts Department, a long list of distinguished scholars from abroad as well as from this country have delivered lectures which were open not only to members of the Fine Arts Department and the University, but also to the general public. Among them may be mentioned at random Arthur M. Hind,² Osvald Siren,³ Gustav Pauli,⁴ Laurence Binyon,⁵ Chauncey Brewster Tinker,⁶ Eric R. D. Maclagan,⁷ Marcel Aubert,⁸ Allan Marquand,⁹ and Frank Jewett Mather,¹⁰.

The directors, on their part, have delivered courses of lectures as visiting professors in other institutions at home and abroad, and have been in demand as speakers on many occasions. Members of the staff, also, have been called upon to speak on their specialties.

Loans have been made to other museums for special exhibitions, to other buildings in the University, and reproductions to students to hang in their rooms.

Important anniversaries have been featured. On November 16, 1927, the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Charles Eliot Norton was celebrated, and gifts were made to the Museum in his memory and in memory of his son, Richard Norton, also in memory of his sister, Miss Grace Norton.

I had many funny experiences in my long years at the Fogg. Perhaps none amused me more than something which occurred in my early years there. One day Morris Hickey Morgan, professor of Greek and Latin, came in with a print about which he wished information, and he was referred to me. If I remember correctly, it was engraved in the Netherlands in the 17th century, a time when names of designer, engraver, and publisher often appeared on

the plate. Pointing to a name followed by the abbreviation "ex," he said, "That is the engraver, isn't it?" As a sophomore at Radcliffe, I had taken a Greek course under him. Any

² *Arthur Mayger Hind. Keeper of Prints and Drawings, British Museum; Slade Professor, Oxford.*

³ *Osvold Siren. University of Stockholm. Art critic.*

⁴ *Gustav Pauli. Director of Kunsthalle, Hamburg.*

⁵ *Laurence Binyon. Lately Keeper of Prints and Drawings, British Museum.*

⁶ *Chauncey Brewster Tinker. Sterling Professor of English Literature, Yale University.*

⁷ *Eric R. D. Maclagan. Director and Secretary of Victoria and Albert Museum.*

⁸ *Marcel Aubert. Conservateur-Adjoint, Musee du Louvre, La Cathedrale de Chartres, les Sculpteurs et les Vitraux.*

⁹ *Allan Marquand. Professor of Art and Archaeology, Princeton University.*

¹⁰ *Frank Jewett Mather. Marquand Professor of Art and Archaeology, Princeton University.*

who have had the experience of studying under him will remember him as a not particularly easy taskmaster. I had the supreme satisfaction of informing my former professor that "ex" was the abbreviation of the Latin word "excudit" and was used by the publisher of the plate, not the engraver, while the engraver used "sc." or "sculp." for "sculpsit," or "inc." for "incisit." I am sure he didn't recognize me as a former student of his and I hope my voice didn't betray my amusement and feeling of triumph.

I wish there were time to speak of the many young men and women, and some not so young, who have given of their best to further the work of the Museum, but I cannot omit Miss Mary Ward who came to us as a young girl and has proved invaluable to all who have had occasion to use the library. I am sure that in years to come, men and women, when they look back upon their student days and think of the Fogg, will remember her with gratitude and affection.

I retired July 1, 1939. As that day approached, my chief concern was who would carry on the work which had been so close to my heart for so many years. When I learned that my good friend Dr. Jakob Rosenberg was to be my successor, I was happy indeed. A distinguished scholar, a well-known expert in prints and drawings — no wiser choice could have been made and there was nobody I would have been so happy to see take over my responsibilities. I rejoice with him and feel proud of all the recognition that has come to him.

I had long planned to do some research and some writing and looked forward to the time when it would be possible. The war came, and work in Europe was out of the question, and there would not be years enough left after conditions were settled to carry out my plan. So I like to think that the sum total of all the little things I may have been able to do for the boys and girls over a long period of time may be worth more in the work of the world than

the dry-as-dust books I might have written. As I have visited museums from coast to coast, and seen directors and curators of museums, and teachers of art, felt the warmth of their welcome, and heard their testimonies of appreciation, my heart has been warmed.

One of the most touching and gratifying tributes was from a former Radcliffe student. She had a difficult time in college and was discouraged. I have no idea what I did, though I do remember that, wholly unknown to her, I went over to Radcliffe to see if I could find out where her

77

trouble lay, but was not successful. After graduation, she went to her home in another state. Every time she came to Boston she came to the Museum to see me and I always received a greeting from her at Christmas. I heard, and I have completely forgotten how, that she had remarkable success in the work she was doing with children who were victims of polio, in bringing them back to health. The next time I saw her, which was incidentally the last, for she died some years ago, I congratulated her, and told her how proud I was of her. She said, "Any success I have I owe to you because it was you who taught me how to work."

78

CAMBRIDGEPORT, A BRIEF HISTORY

BY JOHN W. WOOD

Read April 27, 1954

Early Days

WHEN the subject of Cambridgeport history was first suggested I had, of course, various recollections of people and events connected with the area, but had no conception of the varied and fascinating angles which revealed themselves in a study of these events of a crowded century and a half of growth and development and of the extraordinary number of memorable people who lived here during that time. To crowd the story thus revealed into working proportions of a short paper has meant a difficult selection of material and the omission of many things that should be recalled.

First, let us examine our territory. Where is Cambridgeport? I have assumed it to be the area below Dana Street, bordered on the north by the Somerville line and on the south and east by the Charles River.

Some time ago Warren Raisley called my attention to a small book written by Mrs. S. S. Simpson, entitled Two Hundred Years Ago, or a Brief History of Cambridgeport and East Cambridge. This book came into his hands in an unusual way, which is a story in itself. It contains gossip comment on Cambridgeport people much as the author would have told or written it to her dearest friend. She comments on the Phipps family, which owned most of the eastern part of Cambridge. "In the year 1660, on the 30th of September, James Phipps

left Bristol, England, and in due time arrived at Pemaquid with his wife and 26 children, twenty-one sons and five daughters, of which Sir William Phipps was one. We hear very little relating to Mr. James Phipps; probably his time was occupied in looking after his little family. If Sir William was a fair specimen he must have had enough to do."

Sir William gained considerable wealth by discovering in the West Indies a sunken Spanish treasure ship from which he recovered gold and

79

silver to the value of 300,000 pounds sterling. He married a Boston woman and began acquiring land in Cambridge until he had control of most of the eastern part of the town. After a time he quarreled with his friends and retired in high dudgeon to England, where he died. Most of his land was left to an adopted son, who was very prominent in our early history. Upon the latter's death the land was inherited by his several children.

After the Revolutionary War much of this land was expropriated from its Tory owners, who fled for sanctuary to English territory. Fortunately much of the land became the property of men of courage and vision, who began to consider its development.

In 1792 Judge Dana, and sundry associates, were incorporated as the Proprietors of West Boston Bridge with authority to build a toll bridge from the westerly part of Boston to Pelham's Island in the town of Cambridge. They asked for subscriptions to finance the project and these shares when issued were quickly taken up. The bridge was successfully completed and opened in 1793, together with a causeway through the marshes which extended to Pelham's Island, in La Fayette Square, where it joined the main road to Harvard Square.

At this time, and for some time thereafter, Cambridgeport consisted of this single road, with some buildings on each side of the road. This road, or Main Street, as it came to be called, was important to the development of the town. It extended beyond Cambridge to the north even to New Hampshire and Vermont, so that the products of the outlying country could be brought to the river for shipment by boat to the Atlantic sea-board. Lowell gives a picture of the road as he saw it: "Great white-topped wagons, each drawn by double files of six or eight horses, with its grim bull dog trotting underneath in the dust, brought the wares and products of the country to their mart and sea-port." Several large taverns were built to entertain the teamsters. These were large square buildings with vast barns and court yards. Apparently plenty of entertainment was furnished, and Cambridgeport was a lively place after nightfall.

Three large farms occupied most of the area, owned by the Sodens, the Inmans, and the Boardmans. Life on these farms must have had its attractions. There were oyster beds in the river, ducks in the marshes, and berries to be picked in the woodlands. There was a mystery, too.

80

Mike Martin is said to have buried treasure in the woods near what is now Prospect Street.

The natural result of the commerce along Main Street was a great development of the water front. Canals were dug to accommodate more wharfage, and as time went on piers were built capable of handling a considerable tonnage. Indeed, in 1805 an act was passed by Congress making Cambridge a port of entry. Engineers were employed to plan an elaborate system of canals to extend well up to Haymarket Square (now Central Square), but the war of 1812 intervened to upset the whole project and it was never again revived.

Another result was an increase in the development of the land in the area. It was largely in the hands of Judge Dana and Leonard Jarvis. These men built a somewhat elaborate dike and drainage system to make the marsh land available for building. Unfortunately however, Jarvis got into financial difficulties and his lands were forfeited to the government. After a period of years these lands were liquidated, cut up into a number of smaller parcels, and sold at auction. The new owners then became active in developing their land and building began, with the settlement clustering around the port end of the area.

The presence of the bridge brought about the building of through roads: Hampshire Street, which connected with the Middlesex Turnpike, and Harvard Street and Broadway, which served the convenience of the towns to the north in establishing access to the new bridge. Until as late as 1835 Cambridgeport was separated from Old Cambridge by an unoccupied belt of woodland. East of Judge Dana's house on the crest of the hill there was only the Inman House, near the present City Hall.

Thus isolated, the relations of the new settlement with the people of the older part of the town were interesting. While they were quite ready to profit from the enterprise of the Port, apparently many of the people of Old Cambridge would have been perfectly happy if Cambridgeport had never happened. Relations became more frigid when the Port became the site of the City Hall. Indeed, in 1842, a petition was presented to the Massachusetts Legislature praying that Cambridgeport and East Cambridge be set off as separate towns, with Old Cambridge retaining the original name. However, opposition to this move arose in all sections and the petitioners were given leave to withdraw. As years

went on and communication became easier, this feeling gradually faded away.

The Flowering of Cambridgeport

As a matter of fairness it should be said that Cambridgeport was not the sad orphan its low-lying marsh lands might suggest.

About 1820 James Russell Lowell and Oliver Wendell Holmes attended a school on Austin Street located between Temple and Prospect Streets. They both seemed impressed by the bleakness of the neighborhood through which they passed to get to school. But later Lowell wrote, "The greater part of what is now Cambridgeport was then, in the native dialect, a

huckleberry pasture. Woods were not wanting on its outskirts. Its veins did not draw their blood from the old heart of the village, but it had a distinct being of its own."

Margaret Bell, in her biography of Margaret Fuller says of Cambridgeport: "It was a straggling village of no particular pretension, its cellars were often flooded by the tide-water which broke through the dikes. But its orchards bore fruit and its gardens bloomed; it had pleasantly wooded spaces which ran back as far as the buildings of Harvard College and it had its own meeting-house, and two schools, its music club for 'cultivating sacred music' and its little coteries of friendly citizens."

Dr. Holmes commented that Cambridgeport must have had its attractions because so many wonderful people lived there.

Some of these "wonderful people" were world famous. On Auburn Street, between Pearl and Magazine, lived Washington Allston. Strangely enough, he seems to have had no connection with Allston Street which bears his name. Born in the South, of a distinguished family, he gained his training in art in Italy, where he and S. F. B. Morse studied at the same time. His residence in Cambridge represented a hard struggle for recognition, with its ultimate triumph. During his lifetime he was easily the most admired of all American artists. His pictures were eagerly sought for and adorned many American homes. His greatest effort, "The Feast of Belshazzar," is now in the Boston Athenaeum.

Again, Margaret Fuller, an equally romantic figure, lived at the corner of Cherry and Eaton Streets not far from the present-day community center, the Margaret Fuller House. This woman was certainly endowed with genius. As a child she was precocious, and growing up

was difficult. With maturity, however, her natural gifts gained her recognition from the intellectuals of her time. She was an associate of the Brook Farm group, though never a member. Her writing and lectures gained for her nation-wide recognition as the outstanding woman of her time. Her marriage to Count Ossoli, and their tragic death at sea, added to the romance of her career.

Another and somewhat different Cambridgeport story is that of Alvan Clark and his family. Clark was an established portrait painter at the age of forty, when his attention was drawn in another direction by his son, who was carrying on his studies in astronomy at college. In order to build a telescope for his son, Clark read up on the art of lens grinding, and succeeded in producing a successful instrument. This led the elder Clark to establish the world-famous telescope business, where he produced the most powerful refracting telescopes of his time. The younger Clark had a distinguished career as an astronomer, and is credited with the discovery of the companion of Sirius. The Clarks lived in a large house on the corner of Magazine and Henry Streets, which was surrounded by ample grounds where a shop was built to carry on the lens business. At that time this neighborhood was one of the most attractive in the city. On ground sloping up from the river near Cottage Farm Bridge were three large estates, one owned by Edmund Reardon, who lived to be 105, one by the Eastmans, and the third by the Clarks. The Clark and the Eastman families were closely associated by marriage, and it was into this seemingly ideal situation that the

famous Eastman-Grogan murder trial intruded. Now all traces of the three estates have disappeared with the encroachment of industrial buildings.

Another famous Cambridgeport character, who lived at the corner of Norfolk and Austin Streets, was Elias Howe, the inventor of the sewing machine. The story of his struggle to produce a workable machine, and later to obtain a patent, is a fascinating one, resulting in final triumph and financial independence, with Howe's machines finding their way into every corner of the globe.

*Also in this same neighborhood was the birthplace of Richard Henry Dana, author of *Two Years before the Mast*. The Dana family name is prominent throughout the history of Cambridgeport. A large part of the land which made up the town was originally owned by Judge Dana, and it is a fair guess that the house on Clark Street where Richard Henry*

was born may have been included among the original family buildings. It is unnecessary here to follow the annals of the famous Dana family.

An interesting anecdote which perhaps belongs here relates to the first successful telephone call. On October 9, 1876, Thomas A. Watson, who was an assistant to Alexander Graham Bell, was stationed in a building at the corner of Maine and Osborn Streets for the purpose of testing Bell's invention. Bell, of course, lived in Cambridge. It must have been a great thrill for both men when Bell called Watson from Boston and carried on a conversation with him — the first successful telephone call. Thomas Watson was a remarkable character. He not only had a successful career as an electrical engineer, but he branched out into the business of building war vessels for the government in 1896, and finally incorporated this business as the Fore River Ship and Engine Company of Quincy, which has since become one of the great shipbuilding companies of the country.

Nor was this the only contribution of Cambridgeport to the development of the telephone. General John Carty, famous telephone engineer, was born on Willow Street and educated at the Cambridge Latin School. He was to develop into a genius in the telephone field both from the scientific and the practical sides. Much of the early effort to make telephone use universal came as a result of his many inventions. He became chief engineer and vice-president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. General Carty was perhaps better known outside his native city than in it, as is attested by the many medals and honors conferred upon him. His title of General was awarded for his service to the army during the First World War.

Still another famous family in this great era of Cambridgeport was that of Otis Skinner. His father, the Reverend Charles A Skinner, was minister of the First Universalist Church on Inman Street, opposite the City Hall. This church, originally built near Lafayette Square, was moved to its present site when the land it occupied was required for other uses. The church has now been sold by the Universalists to the Syrian Orthodox Catholic Church. Otis Skinner was one of the great actors of the American stage, utterly without the usual temperamental eccentricities of some stage favorites. His public watched for his coming to town and attended his plays time after time whenever he appeared. His daughter, Cornelia Otis Skinner, is still one of the ornaments of our theatre.

Great Causes

In the 70's and 80's the people of Cambridgeport were interested in many causes, among them temperance, coeducation, and the securing of a hospital for Cambridge.

It is hard to realize now how earnest temperance people were in driving the saloon out of Cambridge. They put into their effort all the fervor of a religious crusade. The pages of the Cambridge Chronicle were filled with stories of the dire effects of alcohol, physical and moral. Spirited campaigns were carried on at election time to induce everyone to vote "No." At the head of these temperance campaigns were two picturesque figures, the Reverend Father Scully of St. Mary's Church, and the Reverend David N. Beach of the Prospect Congregational Church. Both men were eloquent speakers and attractive figures, and under their leadership Cambridge went for "no license" year after year. This whole question has now faded into obscurity, and with it the opportunity to take part in a burning community cause.

In writing of the results of these campaigns, Dr. Beach relates several benefits which came to the City. He says: "In the second place, previously existing lines of division have been wiped out. Catholics have come to love Protestants, and Protestants to love Catholics." On his part, Father Scully went even further when he said: "The saloon seems to have been among us to keep us by the ears one against another. We Catholics did not like you Protestants and you Protestants did not like us Catholics. But now that the saloon is gone, we love one another, and are nobly helpful one toward another."

It seems almost unbelievable that as recently as 1867 there was no organized hospital in Cambridge. In 1867, Miss Emily E. Parsons, who had been an army nurse for two years during the Civil War, tried to interest her friends in correcting this situation. By the most persistent efforts she was able to start a small hospital for women and children, but at the end of a year she had to give up for lack of funds. However, her efforts were not wasted, as interest in the hospital project for which she had worked did not die. Indeed, in 1871 the Cambridge Hospital was incorporated by a group of men, including Isaac Livermore, Sumner R.

Mason, W. W. Wellington, Benjamin Tilton, the Reverend Alexander McKenzie, and Dr. Henry P. Walcott.

Judge Walcott has called my attention to the fact that of this group, only Dr. McKenzie and Dr. Walcott lived west of Harvard Square. Later, when the hospital was opened, the first Board of Trustees bears the names of prominent Cambridgeport people — Robert O. Fuller, Asa P. Morse, Charles L. Harding, and William A. Bullard.

The hospital continued for only one year. It was quite evident that more money would have to be raised.

In 1873 Isaac Fay left \$10,000 for the hospital, and this was invested as a nest egg. There was no possibility at that time of a rich Federal Government's furnishing abundant funds, as would be expected today. It was necessary to secure funds from the public. The Cambridge Hospital Sales of those days were an interesting result of these efforts. These sales were not only amazingly successful financially, but were equally successful social events. By 1886 sufficient funds had been gathered so that it was possible to build a well-planned substantial brick building on the historic site near Mt. Auburn. It is interesting to note that the location of the hospital had the most careful consideration. A location on the shores of Fresh Pond and also on Captain's Island in the Charles River were studied, but for various reasons were rejected. It is clear now that no better location could have been found. From that day the hospital has gone forward under the careful fostering of its friends until today it is a completely coordinated modern institution serving a large 'number of patients.

I am interested in the men from Cambridgeport who were members of the first hospital board, as they are typical of the solid, successful, public-spirited men who developed and were developed by Cambridge-port.

The first of these men, Robert O. Fuller, was born in Cambridge. He was poor and at fourteen he went to work at a salary of \$50.00 a year. Each morning he walked across the West Boston Bridge to get to his job in Boston, having to pay a one cent toll for the privilege. By intense application he became a partner in the firm of Fuller, Dana and Fitz, iron and steel merchants. He purchased the large brown-stone house situated next to the Prospect Street Church, with land extending along

86

Harvard Street to Inman Street. He was active in the First Baptist Church and in many civic activities. He was elected to the Governor's Council from his district and served with distinction during the terms of Governors Ames and Bracket.

Asa P. Morse, second cousin of Daniel Webster, made a great success in the importing" business, was interested in building and real estate, and held many public offices.

Dr. W. W. Wellington is said to have been a member of the Cambridge School Committee for forty years — an all-time record.

Joseph A. Holmes, as a boy of seventeen went to work in the West Indies Goods & Country Produce Store on Main Street, and soon became a partner. This was distinctly a large enterprise of its kind. His public career began in 1846 with his election to the Common Council. In due course he moved on to the Board of Aldermen, having in the mean time acted as City Treasurer. He was for years a deacon of the First Baptist Society. He was also elected President of the Cambridgeport Savings Bank. An eminently useful citizen.

Of course, no story of the Cambridge Hospital could be complete without mention of the great contributions of Dr. Morrill Wyman and Dr. Henry P. Walcott. Dr. Walcott was chairman of the Massachusetts Board of Health. There is an interesting collection of Dr. Wyman's papers in the Cambridge Public Library.

Modern Times

A great change in Cambridgeport came with the opening of the subway in 1895 and the building of the Charles River dam. The effect of the subway was, of course, to bring about a great increase in population, accompanied by the migration of the old families to the northern part of the city and to Belmont and Arlington. Houses were tucked into backyards and wherever else space could be found. From a town of spacious homes, Cambridgeport became an overcrowded city with all of the complex problems that accompany such growth.

The building of the sea wall along the river, and the building of the Charles River Dam transformed the river basin into an attractive body of fresh water. The mud flats which had been a great nuisance were now

87

covered at all times and it was possible to beautify the whole river front. Of course, at this time Cambridgeport ceased to be a port of entry. A large tract of land was reclaimed by filling back of the sea wall, and this land was eminently suited for residence or industrial purposes. The most important result of the development, perhaps, was the decision of the Institute of Technology to locate on these reclaimed lands. The coming of Tech, however, came too late to affect social conditions in Cambridge-port residential areas. The whole area was already densely populated and had lost its appeal as a possible college community. But in another sense the location of Tech in Cambridge was of the utmost importance.

With the scientific and technological knowledge available at Harvard and Technology, the river front between these two colleges was ideally situated for the new type of industrial enterprise founded on research, and the application of new discoveries. So that now the former mud flats and salt marshes have been supplanted by the fabulous "research row."

This rapid review of an epoch of local history is in its essence a typical example of the American way of life — the taming of a difficult wilderness area by sturdy, far-seeing men whose efforts transformed their surroundings and who made their contribution to the strength of the nation. It has seemed wise to base our story largely on the lives and characters of the men and women of Cambridgeport, but there are many interesting stories left untold for future Historical Society papers.

In conclusion, you will notice many omissions in these pages. Such characters as William F. Bradbury — Old Brad — William J. Rolfe, Captain James P. Richardson, who organized the first company to enlist in the Civil War, prominent merchants like John H. Corcoran, Dana W. Hyde, James A. Holmes, and countless others should surely have been mentioned. But time and space did not permit. I sincerely hope that someone will be interested to pick up some of these interesting threads in the future.

A letter from Judge Robert Walcott, received some time after this paper was written, throws an interesting sidelight on early times in Cambridgeport:

88

May 14, 1954

John W. Wood, Esq.,

43 Linnaean Street,

Cambridge, Mass.

My dear John:

I think you spoke of the fact that a large part of the area of Cambridgeport back of the oyster beds was covered with woods. Here is contemporary evidence which may amuse you, from the diary of Rev. William Emerson or Concord, grandfather of Ralph Waldo Emerson, which appears in the contribution to the proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society for October 1921, entitled, "A Chaplain of the Revolution," by Dr. Edward W. Emerson.

Sincerely yours,

ROBERT WALCOTT

"Last Saturday, visited ye camp, or rather wigwams of ye Indians who are under ye care and Government of Colonel Patterson, who informed me to my great satisfaction yt yy were wholly under his control. They are permitted to live by themselves in a very thick wood that belongs to Inman's Farm. . . . They have some of them bro't their squaws and papooses with them. I had the pleasure of sitting down with 'em at a fine mess of clams, cooked and eat in ye true genuine Indian taste. I wish you had been there to see how generously they put their fingers into ye dish and pic't out some of ye largest clams to give me, and with what a fine Gust I eat them."

89

*PAGES FROM THE HISTORY OF THE
CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL
BY CECIL THAYER DERRY*

Read June 8, 1954

T*HE two men most competent to write such a paper as this, Mr. Harold C. Durrell and Mr. Leslie L. Cleveland, are unfortunately no longer with us. Mr. Durrell, who graduated from the Cambridge Latin School in 1901, amassed a great quantity of memorabilia about the school and its alumni, including an almost complete file of the school magazine, and he also did a great deal to foster such school activities as debating and hockey. I fear that at his death in 1943 his collection of material was dispersed or destroyed.*

When Mr. Cleveland was about to retire in 1941 from the head-mastership of the school, I urged him to write a history of our school, and I renewed the request several times after he retired. So far as I know, he did not even begin to write such a work, and now he has left

us. So the task of writing this paper has fallen into less competent hands, but it is a task which the Cambridge Historical Society does well to commission someone to undertake.

*When we delve into the beginnings of secondary education in Cambridge, we immediately encounter the name of Elijah Corlett, teacher of the college preparatory school which was housed in a building on the west side of what is now Holyoke Street. Though we cannot be sure in what year he began to teach, he was well and widely known by the year 1643. In *New England's First Fruits* we read of him as the teacher of "a fair Grammar Schoole [in the old sense of Latin grammar School] for the training up of young Schollars, and fitting of them for Academicall Learning, that still as they are judged ripe, they may be received into the Colledge." Of Corlett the writer says that "he has very well approved himself for his abilities, dexterity and painfulness in teaching and education of the youth under him." Master Corlett appears to have con-*

91

tinued his teaching career for more than forty years, until his death in February, 1686-87, at the age of 78. Cotton Mather wrote of him:

'Tis Corlett's pains, and Cheever's, we must own,

That them, New England, art not Scythia grown.

*Elsewhere, in his *Magnalia*, Mather described Corlett as "Mr. Elijah Corlet, that memorable old schoolmaster in Cambridge, from whose education our colledge and country have received so many of its worthy men, that he is himself worthy to have his name celebrated in ... our church history."*

If we compare this school with other contemporary schools, such as the Hopkins Grammar School in New Haven, we discover several similarities, but also two particulars in which our school was unique.

(1) Like other secondary schools, this was a college preparatory school. Not until the rise of academies about 1750 and of the Boston English High School in 1821 was full provision made for secondary schooling for pupils not aiming at college. Perhaps Professor Samuel Eliot Morison is right in calling Corlett's school the first Cambridge Latin School.

(2) It was a private school, supported by the fees which the parents paid. This proved, however, to be so meager a financial support that the town, proud of its school and its teacher, found it sometimes necessary to supplement his small income. In 1648 it was voted in town meeting "that there should be land sold of the common, for the gratifying of Mr. Corlett for his pains in keeping a school in the town, the sum of ten pounds, if it can be attained; provided it shall not prejudice the cow-common." Half a dozen years later there was a levy of twenty pounds for Master Corlett, "for his present encouragement to continue with us." Again in 1662 there was paid to him out of the public stock of the town the sum of ten pounds, "especially considering his present necessity by reason of the fewness of his scholars." In 1659 he even appealed to the colony for relief, and was granted 200 acres of land, presumably that he might profit by selling this real estate. Once more, in 1668, the colony granted him land, 500 acres this time, "where he can find it, according to law." His expression of humble thankfulness to the magistrates for these benefactions and his prayer

for God's blessing on them are still extant. The insufficient recompense of the capable teacher, which

creates critical situations in this year 1954, was already a serious problem in the seventeenth century.

(3) The enrolment in the secondary schools of that time was surprisingly small. In 1680 the town reported to the County Court that Master Corlett had only nine pupils. Doubtless the number fluctuated from year to year.

In two respects our school in Cambridge was unusual. In 1659, in addition to the English pupils (all boys, of course), Master Corlett was teaching five Indian youths in "the lattan Schoole," and in the course of some years he seems to have had a dozen Indian lads. When the "Commissioners of the United Colonies" and the president of the college made a visit of inspection, they reported that these Indian boys gave evidence of diligence, proficiency in Latin, and good manners. It was hoped, of course, that these Indian pupils would attend the Indian College at Harvard and would thereafter strive to convert the indigenous population to Christianity. Unhappily, only one of these Indian pupils, Caleb Cheeshah-teaumuck from Martha's Vineyard, actually attained a Harvard degree. That was in 1665, and in 1666 he died of tuberculosis. Another member of the same class, Joel lacoomes, also from Martha's Vineyard, was murdered on Nantucket shortly before commencement.

The other point of uniqueness in Cambridge was that Corlett taught for more than forty years. The typical teacher of those days, in Cambridge and elsewhere, was on his way to a life in the ministry or in law or less often in medicine, and his teaching for one or two or at most three years was simply a means of earning money for his further education. Rare indeed was the man who spent a lifetime in teaching. Corlett may be called one of the earliest of professional teachers in the secondary field.

Of the period which followed Corlett we need speak only briefly, for we may suppose that for many decades the pattern already described was followed, in the main. Yet, since Dr. Lucius R. Paige in his History of Cambridge tells us that between 1643 and 1783 there were only nineteen grammar masters, some of these young men, mostly recent graduates of Harvard, must have given several years to teaching. In fact, we hear that Nicholas Fessenden, Jr., Harvard 1701, taught for eighteen years, and died of apoplexy while still in service. His nephew, William Fessenden, Jr., Harvard 1737, taught the school for eleven years. Another teacher, Samuel Danforth, after eleven years in the school, was for many

years Judge of Probate, Judge of Common Pleas, and member of the Council. But most teachers still adopted the teaching profession only as a temporary expedient.

After an occasional gift from the town to supplement the teacher's insufficient income from fees, the town eventually assumed some responsibility for a regular stipend. In 1691 it was

voted to pay the master twelve pounds annually, and in 1692 the sum was increased to twenty pounds. The curriculum became more extensive, for the incumbent was now expected to teach Latin, English, writing and "cyphering."

When in 1737 the school became free, and tuition fees came to an end, the salary went up to forty pounds a year. Though there were no more tuition fees, every schoolboy was taxed not more than six shillings for the purchase of wood for the school. The salary seems to have been unchanged for forty years; and when it was advanced to sixty pounds in 1777, it was stipulated that the teacher should no longer receive any money from the Hopkins Fund. During the Revolutionary War all financial values were naturally much disturbed.

In 1744 the town appointed a committee to inspect the grammar school and to inquire about the proficiency of the pupils. In 1770 a committee of nine, including such notable men as Judge Sewall, Major Vassall, and Mr. Professor Winthrop, was empowered to choose a grammar master and to inspect and regulate the school. Generally, however, the selectmen had charge of the schools until 1795, when a committee of seven was elected to superintend the schools of the town. When the town was divided into five school districts, it was ordered, in 1802, that in District 1, Old Cambridge, there should be a grammar school the whole year. But when a new system was introduced in 1834, with three wards, instead of five districts, each of the three wards was to have a grammar school. Since we hear in 1838 of a high school for the whole town, we suspect that the term "grammar school" was undergoing some modification of its meaning. From 1713 until 1838 that part of the legacy of Edward Hopkins which had been assigned to Cambridge seems to have been used in support of the original Grammar School. But now, in 1838, when the great growth of the population of Cambridgeport and East Cambridge caused the new Classical or High School to be established at the corner of Winsor Street and Broadway, President Josiah Quincy of Harvard petitioned the legislature for permission to

withdraw the income of the Hopkins Fund from the public school and to use the money to establish a private school, the Hopkins Classical School, in which, however, nine Cambridge pupils should always be entitled to free instruction. There was so much dissatisfaction with the location of the new high school that for a time classical teaching was given not only in the high school, but also in two grade schools, as we should call them.

Not long after Cambridge received in 1846 its charter as a city, secondary education in the city was reorganized, and the Cambridge High School is reckoned as dating from October, 1847, even though secondary instruction in Cambridge had actually begun fully two centuries earlier. Already the newly constituted city council had decided on a new school building at the corner of Amory and Summer Streets in Cambridgeport, with first floor rooms for lower grades, and with high school accommodations above. Though the school committee thought that sixty seats would be sufficient for the high school, the council generously provided 108 seats. Local asperities about the site for the school persisted to such an extent that council members from Old Cambridge said to those from East Cambridge and Cambridgeport: "Place your high school house where you please; we shall make no use of it." When the school opened in October, 1847, the only pupil from Old Cambridge was the Mayor's daughter. The others were all from Wards II and III. Even so, more than 108 boys and girls appeared. When the unpleasantness eventually died away,

many persons asserted that it was the high school which produced harmony among the three wards.

Mr. Elbridge Smith was master of the School, and he had one assistant, Miss N. W. Manning, who resigned one year later and became Mrs. H. O. Houghton. The dedication of the building on Amory Street did not take place until June, 1848, at which time the principal address was delivered by Edward Everett, President of Harvard College. In that year a sub-master was appointed, Thomas Chase, an excellent scholar, who later became President of Haverford College. The city council gave to the school in 1850 books to the value of \$800, and according to a law then in force this was augmented from the state treasury. Further, the proceeds of four lectures delivered at City Hall by Professor Louis Agassiz also went to the increasing of this school library. Professor Agassiz generously gave to the pupils of the school without compensation

a series of lectures for a whole year. His son, Alexander, who was to become both a great scientist and a copper magnate, graduated from the school in 1851.

The proceeds of the Hopkins Fund, which had for some years supported a private school, came back to our school in 1854. For some decades thereafter one teacher always bore the title of Hopkins Classical Teacher, but this practice has long been abandoned.

Professor Cornelius C. Felton of Harvard, when he was a member of the school committee, caused the formal study of English literature to be introduced, to replace the earlier use of mere extracts from the authors. It is believed that this innovation in Cambridge was the beginning of the earnest study of English literature in American schools.

When Elbridge Smith resigned in 1856, there were two hundred pupils and six teachers, three men and three women. In that year began the long association of William F. Bradbury with our school. He had just graduated from Amherst College at the head of his class, and he became our submaster, and teacher of physics and mathematics. When the new master, Osgood Johnson, died in 1857 at the age of twenty-six, Mr. Bradbury was in charge for the rest of the term.

Lyman R. Williston, another Amherst man, was headmaster from 1857 to 1862, and again from 1870 to 1881. William J. Rolfe, well known for his editing of Shakespeare, was head of the school from 1862 until 1868. Mr. Bradbury, temporary head for four months in 1857, again from 1868 until 1870, and for a third time in 1878-79, had been Hopkins Classical Teacher since 1865. It was not strange that, immediately after the retirement of Mr. Williston in 1881, Mr. Bradbury was appointed headmaster. Since 1864 the school had occupied a larger building at the corner of Broadway and Fayette Street, where now the Longfellow School stands. By 1876 there were four hundred pupils and twelve teachers.

In 1886 came a very important change. The school was divided into two institutions, the Cambridge English High School and the Cambridge Latin School, the latter being intended primarily as a college preparatory school. The English High School continued at the corner of Broadway and Fayette Street, and the Latin School took possession of a reconditioned

church on Lee Street. Though Mr. Bradbury for a time directed both schools, Mr. Frank A. Hill soon came to be head-

96

master of the English High School. His regime was short, and before long he became Secretary of the State Board of Education of our Commonwealth. Then came the long and fruitful term of Mr. Ray Greene Huling, who was called from New Bedford to guide for some fifteen years the fortunes of the English High School. Mr. Huling was an honor graduate of Brown University, an experienced educational administrator, and active in educational organizations. His years in Cambridge were the most flourishing period of the English High School. Unfortunately, after long and valiant struggle to carry on his work under conditions of deepening ill health, he was forced to relinquish the task.

Shortly before the arrival of Mr. Huling, the pupils of the English High School had marched from Fayette Street up Broadway to the stately new building which awaited them between Trowbridge and Ellery Streets, facing Broadway. This removal left the building at the corner of Broadway and Fayette Street free for the Latin School. As the membership grew, however, a colony had to be sent at times to the old church on Lee Street. Eventually the Latin School also acquired, in the spring of 1899, a fine new home on Trowbridge Street, close to the English High School. With only a few more than five hundred pupils then, the school looked very spacious, and Mr. William A. Munroe of the school committee was criticised by some because he had caused the corridors to be rather wide. That width has proved to be a real boon as the number of pupils has increased and as both sides of the corridors have been lined with lockers.

*The Cambridge Latin School won fame as one of the best preparatory schools in the country. In fact, President Eliot once said that it was the best fitting school for Harvard. Mr. Bradbury was in some respects an old-fashioned schoolmaster, and no one doubted that he was the master of the Cambridge Latin School. It was still possible for him personally to select new teachers, subject to the approval of the school committee, and in other respects he controlled the situation. A versatile teacher, he enjoyed visiting classes and often took over the teaching for a few minutes. Some of us can remember stumbling over a synopsis of the Greek verb *baino* in the second aorist and hearing him burst out: "Eben, bo, baien, bethi, benai, bas. Why don't you say it?" He sometimes reduced a timid pupil to tears, and some decried his insistence on exact knowledge. He did demand honest and steady work, and the hymn which he most often*

97

chose for singing at the daily morning assembly was "Work, for the night is coming." It is reported that when the late Miss Blanche McIntire recited one day in the Greek class of Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler at Cornell University, Professor Wheeler said: "I know where you must have been prepared for college. You went, I am sure, to the Cambridge Latin School and were taught by William F. Bradbury." And it was so.

Mr. Bradbury was active for years in the New England Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. He was known for a series of textbooks in mathematics which he wrote, sometimes with collaborators. His discipline was firm and sometimes severe, and actual expulsion of a recalcitrant or lazy or incompetent pupil was not unknown. One father is said to have brought his son to Mr. Bradbury with the statement: "My boy is a peculiar child and has to be treated just so." To which Mr. Bradbury is said to have replied: "I am a peculiar man. I have to be treated just so." To one of his reprimands to a boy prominent in the school the boy was heard to reply: "I know, Mr. Bradbury, that an exalted ego has always been my trouble." And those who knew the boy recognized the truth of the self-diagnosis. Mr. Bradbury was a teller of truth and did not shrink from telling unpalatable truth; and he was an inspirer of truth-telling in others. He rejoiced in the excellent records of his pupils in college entrance examinations and in college courses, and he had little liking for anything which distracted students from their academic work. Probably this was the reason for his lack of enthusiasm for athletics. Sports did flourish to a certain extent, but that was not because of any ardor of the headmaster. His chief care about athletics was to see to it that no boy failing in his studies should have a chance to play on a team.

Though there were a few who disliked Mr. Bradbury, most pupils and parents had great respect for his work as the effective head of a successful school. The teachers became profoundly loyal to him, and they knew that he would loyally support them in any controversy. At the end of a half-century in the school, he was honored at a great meeting in the hall of the Latin School at the beginning of 1907, and a portrait of him was presented to the school. Mayor Thurston and others spoke words of high praise, and LeBaron Russell Briggs, Dean of Harvard College, of the Class of 1871 of the Cambridge High School, who in his high official post had observed through many years the students who had come from Mr. Bradbury's training, said at that meeting that he and many others had

learned from Mr. Bradbury to put heart and soul into one's daily work. Another remark of Dean Briggs on that occasion reminds us that the common nickname of Mr. Bradbury among the boys and girls was "Brad" or "Old Brad." Said Dean Briggs: "I hardly know William Froth-ingham Bradbury. When I was in the high school, there was no Froth-ingham, there was rarely any William, and sometimes there was not even the whole of Bradbury."

When Mr. Bradbury retired at the end of January, 1910, he was still in his usual vigorous health; but he was eighty years old, and he had been continuously connected with the school for fifty-four years and some months. When he came back a few months later from a visit to his sister and her husband in Washington, and was asked whether he had enjoyed himself there, his answer was revealing. "Yes, I had a fine time," said he; "my sister and her husband are old people and go to bed early. So I had three good hours of work every night after they had gone to bed." Probably the work on which he was occupied was his history of the Handel and Haydn Society, of which he was for a great many years a member, then Secretary, and finally President. He had a strong and melodious voice, and he loved music. He fostered a school orchestra.

The saying that "an institution is the lengthened shadow of a man" is admirably illustrated in the history of the Cambridge Latin School. Throughout the twenty-four years of its existence William F. Bradbury was its indefatigable and dominating head.

After Mr. Huling had retired from the English High School and Mr. Bradbury from the Latin School, the school committee carried out its purpose of recombining the two schools under one head. Protests from the alumni of both schools were unavailing. The name proposed was the Cambridge High School, but graduates of the Latin School demanded that the name of Latin School should not perish. So the name of the Cambridge High and Latin School was adopted and still remains.

The responsibility of succeeding two outstanding men, Mr. Bradbury and Mr. Huling, and of making the extensive reorganization required fell upon Mr. Leslie L. Cleveland, who was summoned from the headmaster-ship of the Quincy High School. He was just under forty, and in the seventeen years since his graduation from Williams as an honor student and an athlete he had had wide experience in teaching and administration in both private and public schools.

It is apt to be characteristic of a successful institution that it chooses a capable head and then retains him in his post long enough to allow him to develop vigorous and long-range policies. Many institutions fail of their finest possibilities through too rapid changes of administration. Our school, like our neighbor, the Rindge School under its able and beloved headmaster, Mr. John W. Wood, has had the benefit of longevity of regimes. The two men whose portraits hang in the assembly hall of the Latin School building, Mr. Bradbury and Mr. Cleveland, represent in their successive eras in the school a period of no less than eighty-five years. Mr. Cleveland was the headmaster of the Cambridge High and Latin School from February, 1910, until his retirement at the age of seventy in June, 1941.

A noticeable trend in the educational history of our country is the great increase in high school attendance in the first half of the twentieth century. Cambridge shared in this tendency. Early in Mr. Cleveland's time the two buildings became so crowded that a sort of addition, known as the Annex, was constructed to connect the two adjacent buildings and to supply extra classrooms. As the architecture and even the floor levels were different, this was an unsatisfactory makeshift. For some years there was a further makeshift, the sending of a colony to the old Harvard School at Inman Street and Broadway, so far from headquarters that administrative difficulties were frequent. Radical improvement was long in coming. In the meantime, various conditions led to abnormally large enrolments. For instance, in the early years of the great depression many young people, unable to find jobs, came back for a postgraduate year. At one time we had more than two hundred postgraduates. It was a good way for them to spend their time, but it did create problems for the headmaster. After the Second World War we had a considerable influx of young veterans who wished to complete their high school education. Now they were men, coming back from a man's world and the maturing experiences of war, and naturally impatient at having to subject themselves to regulations which were fitting for children in their early teens, such as the prohibition of smoking in and near the school. Fortunately, the ingenuity and tact of the headmasters and their associates did much to ease such tensions.

When more space became imperatively necessary, the English High School building, erected in 1892, was demolished in 1939, to make way

100

for a larger structure to function in connection with the Latin School building. Those who taught through the years when pneumatic drills and other highly efficient noise-producers or our industrial era were constantly at work still wonder how they were able to make themselves heard through the raucous din, and even how they were able to survive the long-continued assaults on their ear-drums and their nerves. To make opportunity for teaching the pupils displaced from the old building it was necessary for a year or more to have a morning session for one set of pupils, and an afternoon session for the rest. It was a great pleasure for us all that Mr. Cleveland was able to preside over the new and enlarged school for a whole year before he retired. It was a further happiness, and a well-deserved honor for him, that the new auditorium was named the Leslie L. Cleveland Auditorium.

Mr. Cleveland was interested in all the phases of a modern high school. Without making sudden or radical changes, he gradually introduced many of the tested newer results of educational thinking. He strove always to maintain the high standards which the school had habitually cherished. He sought, too, to do the best that could be done for the individual student. At his retirement there was a great outpouring of appreciation and affection for him.

The entrance of the United States into the First World War while Mr. Cleveland was in office brought new problems and opportunities. It was not the first time that members of the school family fought in their country's cause. In the transept of Memorial Hall at Harvard we read the name of John Henry Tucker of the Class of 1858 of the Cambridge High School, and of the Harvard Class of 1862. He enlisted soon after his graduation from college, and was killed in battle at Port Hudson, Louisiana, in May, 1863. A year later his body was disinterred from its southern resting place and brought to Cambridge for a double funeral for him and an older brother, who had also lost his life in the Civil War.

Some of our faculty and many of our graduates and even a few undergraduates were in World War I. Timothy F. Downey, then a teacher, and much later headmaster, was an officer in chemical warfare. John J. Sheehan, then a very young man, but now headmaster, served for many months in France in that war, and two of his sons were in World War II. A few of our graduates even served in both World War I and World War II.

101

At home the stress of the war in 1917 and 1918 elicited energetic efforts in the school to support in every possible way the national cause. Mr. Cleveland and many others cheered our boys with numerous letters, and our Junior Red Cross unit prepared innumerable remembrances and comforts for our boys overseas and in camps.

World War II called into the armed services a much larger number of our faculty, alumni, and undergraduates, including a number of our young women. Miss Alice Ward, one of our teachers, was the efficient head of our very active and useful Junior Red Cross. Mr. Downey

endeavored through many letters and in every possible way to assure our friends in service of the continuing interest of the school in them. One of our graduates became one of the youngest majors in the army. Another was the hero of an epic flight of more than 30,000 miles to save a huge airplane from capture by the enemy. There were the inevitable casualties, and more than forty of our young men lost their lives in this war. One family lost two sons who had graduated from our school. The navy named a small ship for Robert Payne, killed in the Solomon Islands.

The school has three war memorials. To remind us of the meaning of World War I, Mr. Cyrus E. Dallin was commissioned to create a bronze statue. This small bronze, representing a Crusader on horseback, stands near the headmaster's office. In the main office hangs a portrait of Lieutenant Charles Conlan, a graduate of the school who had begun to teach there before the military service in World War II, which proved fatal for him. The third memorial recalls to mind Victor F. Blakeslee, 1916, a wonderful boy, handsome, friendly, merry, popular not only for his varied athletic prowess, but also for his noble nature. It did not surprise us that he went to Annapolis, that he rose to be a Captain in the navy, and that his record was distinguished. He married a Russian noblewoman of striking personality. After he had retired from the navy, he went again into service when World War II broke out, and was in command of an important station at Exeter, England. He died not long after the war. At our Memorial Day exercises in 1948, perhaps the most memorable such observance in the history of the school, his widow made a deeply moving address about him and his war experiences, and presented to the school a large portrait of her late husband, also his swords, his Legion of Merit citations, his medals, and other memorabilia. These are now on display, a permanent inspiration.

102

Mr. Cleveland was followed in the headmastership by Mr. Timothy F. Downey, who was in charge from the autumn of 1941 until his untimely and lamented death in January, 1952. I think he was the only Harvard graduate to become head of our school. He had had long experience with us, as teacher of chemistry, as head of the science department, and for years as master in charge of freshman boys. He believed strongly in the value of discipline, and he was determined to hold high the academic standards of the school. Though his major interests were in science and in the general field of education, he cherished a deep love for the classical authors in Latin, Greek, and English, and quoted freely from them. Such writing as he did for various occasions was marked by the richness of a cultivated mind.

For a year after Mr. Downey died the school was administered by Mr. Thomas L. Bramhall, who had come to us in the fall of 1910 to be submaster, and who in all the years since then, and even until the present day, has been a tower of strength in the affairs of the school.

In January, 1953, Mr. John J. Sheehan became headmaster. He is the only alumnus of the school to reach that post. He had been with us for many years in teaching and in administrative responsibilities, and his five children had all graduated from the school. He knows the fine traditions of our past and is trying to keep the school true to them.

Many topics must be passed over in silence or with inadequate reference. The curriculum has been greatly expanded. There are four major programs of study, the college

preparatory, the commercial, the general, and practical arts. Some subjects which are barely mentioned here, though they deserve extended treatment, are the Parents' Association, the Hopkins Classical Library, our chapter of the National Honor Society, physical education, the school nurse, the psychologist, instruction in home nursing and in first aid, a lip-reading class, remedial reading, visual and auditory education, classes for the driving of automobiles, educational guidance, placement, home teaching of ill and incapacitated children, oral English, a series of admirable dramatic presentations during many years under the direction of the talented and indispensable Miss Lillian Hartigan, work in art, in music (with chorus, orchestra, band), occupational conferences, the organization of instruction in ten departments, the enlarged administrative and secretarial staff, our numerous clubs, such as the Girls' Athletic Association, the K.B. social club for girls, the Durrell

103

Debating Club, the Junior Red Cross, clubs concerned with chess, French, Spanish, Italian, German, Latin, art, music appreciation, literature, a projection club, and at one time even a philosophy club.

*There is no attempt to deal here with statistics, financial or other. Athletics would surprise Mr. Bradbury by the wide range of sports now cultivated. Among the new ones are golf and horseback riding. Yet we have no crew now, though rowing played an important role some decades ago. Our school magazine, *The Cambridge Review*, founded in 1886, has won many awards in competition with publications of many schools. The seniors put much intelligent effort into the production of their yearbook. Truly a modern high school is far more complicated than the first Cambridge Latin School of 1643, or even than the comparatively simple school of 1900.*

The number of prizes and scholarships for talented pupils who have worked effectively increases constantly. On the annual Prize Day recognition is given to outstanding scholars. No longer do those graduates who go to college confine their outlook to Harvard, Radcliffe, and M.I.T. Our boys and girls have gone to more than thirty colleges scattered all over the country, from Maine to California; and one or two academic individualists have even insisted on going to Yale University.

When our school celebrated in 1947 the hundredth anniversary of its beginning, and at the same time held the 1947 graduation, the Harvard authorities graciously permitted us to use their own commencement theater between the Widener Library and the Memorial Church. At that time there were two distinguished speakers, Bishop Norman B. Nash of the Episcopal Diocese of Massachusetts, of the Class of 1905, and Senator Joseph O'Mahoney of Wyoming, who attended our school, but not long enough to graduate. The school graduations have been held in a variety of places, such as the hall of the Latin School, Sanders Theatre, Tremont Temple, and the Cleveland Auditorium. In recent years, however, the lawn in front of the Cambridge Public Library has served the purpose well.

It would be wrong to close this paper without referring to a few of the outstanding teachers who have built the school and to a few of the outstanding graduates who have glorified it by their achievements.

Among the teachers Mr. Theodore P. Adams, notable as a Latin teacher from 1869 until 1906, will also be remembered for having lived

104

to the age of 103. For a considerable period he was the oldest living graduate of Harvard. Not only headmasters, but also many teachers worked in our school for several decades. Miss Emma A. Scudder was one of these, and she made an impression on me by her curious principle of marking. She would never give a pupil 100% on an examination, for that, she thought, would imply that he knew all there was to know about the subject. Miss Caroline Close, the first Head of the English Department when the departmental organization began, was so beloved and effective a teacher that the Caroline Close Prize Essays are still a path to high esteem. Miss Jennie S. Spring, brilliant graduate of Smith College, teacher in the Latin Department from 1886 until her death in 1923, was one of the most vivacious and inspiring of teachers, with a fast tempo in her classes and a never-failing twinkle in her eye. Her famous "pop questions" usually kept the most lethargic pupil alert in her class. When she was made Dean of Girls, her teaching almost came to an end. As often happens, a highly superior teacher was rewarded by being withdrawn from exercising her rare and special skill to become an administrator. In her memory we have the Jennie S. Spring Scholarship, awarded to a girl graduate for her Freshman year in college. Miss Martha R. Smith, long a teacher of mathematics, inevitably acquired the nickname of "Martha-matics." Miss Constance G. Alexander was a cultivated gentlewoman whose lovely voice, large and expressive eyes, and winsome personality made many a little Freshman girl and boy fall in love with her. She taught Macbeth so skillfully that to many of her pupils that was ever afterwards the favorite Shakespeare play. Mr. Max Benshimol taught Greek and geometry with exceptional energy and success. He supplemented his work in school with enormous amounts of private tutoring, and eventually left the school to give his whole time to his New Preparatory School. From Northern Ireland came many years ago Miss Kilpatrick to teach French in Cambridge. The anecdote about her which is hard to forget concerns a clownish boy who played to the gallery. "Jones," she said one day, "stand up." Jones arose. "Jones, make a joke." That was evidently impossible at such short notice. "Jones, you think you are a comedian. You are a fake. Sit down." Jones was thereafter less obnoxious. Recently there was in this school for a year as an exchange teacher a delightful young woman from France. Miss Mary C. Hardy was a stalwart New Englander, whose assiduity, versatility and strength

105

of character made her a potent factor in the school for several decades. Miss Gertrude B. Duffy was our school psychologist, a woman of large professional equipment, strong human sympathy, especially for handicapped children, and extensive serviceability. Time fails to tell of many, many more.

And what shall we say of the graduates of the school? A very restricted number must be arbitrarily chosen for brief mention.

In education we mention LeBaron Russell Briggs, beloved Dean of Harvard College and, later, President of Radcliffe. The Ivy Orator of the Harvard Class of 1903 said sadly, "The

Amazons have got him now." His daughter, Miss Lucia Briggs, followed in her father's footsteps by being for many years President of Milwaukee-Downer College. The Vice-President of Middlebury College in Vermont, Stephen Albert Freeman, who has large responsibility for the development and maintenance of the successful modern language schools at Middlebury and of their branches in France and Spain, graduated from our school, as did his wife. At least four of our graduates have become professors in Boston University in Romance languages, in law, and in psychology. Harvard faculties have included a larger number of our men, notably in mathematics, Sanskrit, and medicine. College professors innumerable and still more headmasters and teachers belong to us. For a long time the University of Pennsylvania had in its Latin Department two distinguished professors who were both graduates of the Cambridge Latin School, the late Professor John C. Rolfe and Professor Walton Brooks McDaniel, now living in retirement. Two successive rectors of the famous private school in Concord, New Hampshire, St. Paul's School, graduated from our school, Dr. Norman B. Nash, 1905, now Bishop of Massachusetts, and Henry C. Kittredge, son of Professor George L. Kittredge. Not long ago honor was paid in Cambridge to a notable Negro educator, Dr. Charlotte Hawkins Brown, of the Class of 1900 of the Cambridge English High School, who for fifty years or more was President of Palmer Memorial Institute at Sedalia, North Carolina. She was a speaker at our graduation exercises in 1950, fifty years after she received her diploma from our school.

To represent the Latin School Class of 1900 at that same graduation in 1950 the speaker was Honorable Edward A. Counihan, Jr., Associate Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of our Commonwealth. Other alumni in public life have been William E. Russell, 1873, Mayor of Cam-

bridge and later Governor of Massachusetts; Frederick W. Dallinger, long a Congressman, and then a Federal judge; and W. Randolph Burgess, 1908, one of the chief advisers of the Secretary of the Treasury in the present administration in Washington.

In the world of affairs we are very proud of the achievements of the late Clifford M. Holland, 1902, chief engineer and eponymous hero of the Holland Tunnel; of the late Francis A. Hubbard of the International Telephone and Telegraph Company; of J. Spencer Love, very successful industrialist in North Carolina; and of Frederic B. Whitman, President of the Western Pacific Railroad.

Among doctors we find William S. Thayer, 1881, one of the distinguished medical faculty of Johns Hopkins University; two present members of the faculty of the Harvard Medical School; and an esteemed radiologist at the Massachusetts General Hospital.

We are well represented in the field of religion, for Jewish, Catholic, and many kinds of Protestant churches have been served by our graduates. One of our best scholars is now the eloquent and honored rabbi of a large temple in Roxbury, and he is still an ardent student. The head of the Catholic Boys' Guidance Center in Boston, a very useful man, was in the Class of 1916. Another priest belongs to the Josephite Order and works among Negroes. A woman minister of two churches in South Dakota, whose pastoral duties compel her to drive long distances, even in the severest weather, and who has made a home for a series of orphaned children, has written gratefully of help received from some of our

teachers during her difficult high school days. Perhaps the most unusual of these religious workers is a woman missionary in the South Pacific, who has had to learn to sail her ship over the wide areas included in her parish.

Of our authors we may mention E. E. Cummings, who in his recent "non-lectures" at Harvard referred to his life in our school; and Miss May Sarton, poet, novelist, and college teacher. One of our men has been president of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, and another has edited a genealogical magazine. One of our former students, a successful lawyer, kept up for many years the admirable habit of reading each week for at least half an hour in each of the four foreign languages which he had studied in our school and in college. In music we have Leroy Anderson. Who of us has not enjoyed Arthur Fiedler's renditions of medleys and original compositions by our Leroy Anderson? In the field of sports we

107

claim Robert D. Wrenn, who in the decade before 1900 was for five successive years national tennis champion; and Eddie Waitkus, now active as a professional baseball player with the Baltimore Orioles.

What about the quality of our most recent graduates? A girl in the Class of 1950 is receiving this month her bachelor's degree at Smith College, summa cum laude; she is a member of Phi Beta Kappa, and has been awarded a fellowship for graduate study at Radcliffe. A boy who is graduating from the school this month took the difficult competitive examinations set by the National Honor Society for thousands of ranking students all over the country. His percentile is about 99.46, which means that he did better on these examinations than 99.45 % of the contestants.

Let us give a final moment to the cosmopolitan nature of our school membership. Not only have we many pupils with Italian, Polish, Greek, and other foreign ancestry, but a considerable number have themselves come very recently from various foreign lands. During the tyranny of Hitler, when one day in Latin class I contrasted the comparatively enlightened rule of the Romans over other peoples during the era of the good emperors with the detestable actions of Hitler towards the nations which he had subdued, a very quiet, courteous boy, who had migrated from Germany only a few months before, stopped at my desk on the way out and said for my ear alone: "Mr. Derry, in Germany everyone loves Mr. Hitler." Years ago some of our prizes were won by a fine Jewish boy who had escaped from Russia a surprisingly short time before. He has repeatedly expressed gratitude for what America has given him. Two Chinese sisters, who had not been long in this country, won some of our prizes not many years ago, then went on to Radcliffe. One more foreign pupil must be mentioned, a brilliant and versatile boy from Cuba. Though he was brilliant, we soon found evidence of superficiality and faulty logic. One of our finest teachers of English, Miss Elizabeth B. Flanders, took him in hand and insisted on making him discipline his mind and his reasoning power. Though he sometimes chafed at the process, he finally realized how much he owed to Miss Flanders. Returning to Cuba, after his years at Harvard, he edited a newspaper, and I think he was Minister of Education in one of the shortlived administrations of his island.

A great public high school like ours is a tremendous enterprise, amaz-

ingly varied in its impact on the lives of boys and girls. The responsibilities resting on the headmaster and all his staff are so heavy that the sympathetic and intelligent interest of the public is essential to the success of the institution. There are glorious pages in the past of our school, and we hope that the future will write even brighter pages.

I, TOO, IN ARCADIA

BY DAVID T. POTTINGER

Read October 26, 1954

P*ERHAPS no one is more surprised at my position this evening than I am myself. Many years ago, it is true, my old high school teacher, Miss Kate Wendell Gushing, who was Professor Grandgent's sister-in-law, told my mother that she expected to see me some day as an old man walking around Harvard Square. She missed that experience, however, for she died some forty years ago; but here I am standing, if not walking, right on the edge of Harvard Square. I am not sure whether she would think today that the other part of her prophecy was fulfilled or whether she would think it best to wait for me to get a little older. For the trouble about growing old is that you do not know just when it happens. A few years ago when I asked a new temporary clerk at the Coop to charge my purchase, he turned nervously to the experienced young lady who was coaching him in the use of the sales book. "What do I do now?" he said to her. "Do I ask them to show their charge card?" The other clerk took a swift look at me and said — a little too loudly — "Oh, he's all right. You see, if they are old and look as though they had been around here a long time, we take a chance on them!" I got the opposite retort on a recent Sunday when I talked to a new comer at the coffee hour at the First Parish Church. He asked me how long I had attended the church. When I said that the first service I had gone to was fifty-two years ago, he shot back, "That was when you were christened; I didn't mean just that."*

Although you are at liberty to take your choice of these alternatives, I know I would never satisfy Mrs. Gozzaldi's standards. Some years ago a Council meeting at her house was discussing the possibilities for papers to be read to this Society. After a long pause someone remarked that he understood Mr. X was writing a history of Brattle Street and might be willing to read us one of his chapters. Our honored founder and vice-president closed her eyes either in pain or in thought and said, "Why, his family has lived on Brattle Street only a little over a hundred years; he couldn't tell us anything we don't know already."

I don't live on Brattle Street, I never have lived on Brattle Street — only just "off" it as my next-door neighbor Bliss Perry used to say — and I probably have nothing new to tell you.

But Rollo Brown has written an entertaining book on this same period when I was in college; and my contemporary, Van Wyck Brooks, has devoted several chapters to it in his recent autobiography. And if you do find my paper merely a mirror in which your own experiences are reflected, I don't see why you should on that account have any fear of narcissism.

In an attempt, however, to cover myself with a little authority I have made a calculation which may carry some weight with you. When I came to Cambridge from the East Boston High School to take my final entrance examinations one hot day in June 1902, I looked through the temporary picket fence at the Commencement Day crowd. Not far away I spotted the great guest of the occasion, President Theodore Roosevelt, in vigorous conversation. And somewhere in the throng, so the Harvard Graduates' Magazine says, I might have seen the oldest graduate who had returned for the day, Francis Boott of the class of 1831. This simple fact means that I have looked upon the faces of the Harvard men spanning an interval of more than a century and a quarter. And since Francis Boott entered college in 1827 and some of today's freshmen will certainly live to the year 2015, I may perhaps claim to have seen two hundred years of Harvard.

Harvard and other college associations were by no means rare in the predominantly Anglo-American community that East Boston was seventy-five years ago. Its golden age was past when Donald McKay had built his magnificent clipper ships in its busy shipyards, and the community had settled down into the comfortable sedateness of a favored residential section of the city. Colby Rood had gained a momentary fame by smashing with ease all of Dr. Dudley Sargent's strength test records. James Everett Frame, of the class of 1891, was already well along on his career as one of the leading theologians of our time. Vannevar Bush's father and mother were other neighbors. If one had had second sight, he would have recognized a future Ambassador to the Court of Saint James's in little Joe Kennedy (Harvard 1912) toddling along beside his benign, white-haired grandfather. Our tiny high school of about a hundred and twenty pupils was in charge of a Bowdoin man, John F. Eliot, whose son was in my college class. We had two Harvard and two Radcliffe grad-

uates among our teachers, Kate W. Gushing, Alma F. Silsby, George D. Bussey, and Charles W. Gerould. And of course almost every physician and every lawyer — a goodly multitude — was a Harvard man.

Nevertheless Cambridge was an almost unprecedented experience to me. It seemed much more like the country than the city. One could walk among the aged elms in the Yard out through the Common to the junction of Garden Street and Concord Avenue and look up in either direction through a green tunnel of magnificent elms toward the observatory. One autumn afternoon when the late sun shed a golden haze through the heavy trees, I came through the 1886-87 gate and looked down the grassy sidewalks and along the dusty roadway. The only person to be seen in all this glory was a boy leisurely driving a cow ahead of him up Broadway. And how is it possible to convey an idea of the suburban magnificence of Massachusetts Avenue with its stately mansard houses sitting well back

from the street line and its shady unencumbered road up which a crowd of us used to run in the late afternoon from the Hemenway Gymnasium to Porter's Station?

The buildings, too, were from a different world. I still warm, as I did then, with unabated admiration before the reticence of Massachusetts and Hollis and Stoughton and Holworthy. I am, frankly, still awed by the nobility of Memorial Hall, and I unashamedly catch my breath when I look upon its gorgeous stained glass and upon the marble tablets bearing the names of the Harvard men who died in the Civil War. I can never forget the sense of spaciousness conveyed by the great living room of the Harvard Union, then recently opened, and its heady odor made up of new varnish and wax and the pungent smoke of Turkish cigarettes.

In these surroundings I instinctively felt at home, and here I have remained centered even though for a few years I was not actually on the list of registered voters. The changes wrought by the gypsy moths, four hurricanes, the unfortunate crowding of the Yard with new buildings, the freakish Teutonic character of recent structures — all these things have made no difference. I am not at all like the Proper Boston lady at whose house in Louisburg Square my wife and I were dinner guests a few years ago along with a Law School professor and his young wife. The talk at the table was about philosophical theory, psychology, and similar topics, as you might expect. Finally the professor's wife turned to our hostess with the impulsive remark, "I don't understand much about

these things and I rather avoid them because I find they disturb me. Don't you find, Mrs. X, that they influence your mind?" Whereupon our hostess drew herself up in superb dignity and replied, "No, my dear! Nothing ever influences my mind." I admit, without shame or regret, that Harvard and Cambridge have influenced my mind all my life.

My high school teachers and a great many neighbors, I have said, gave me a preliminary contact with Cambridge, but I had a still earlier one. In the middle nineties the Boston School Committee decided to try the experiment of introducing the study of French into the two upper classes of certain grammar schools, and they appointed a young Franco-American, Charles Hall Grandgent, to supervise the course. The teacher in our school, Miss Cordelia Lothrop, pointed me out to Mr. Grandgent on one of his visits as a pretty good pupil. He called me to the desk after class, took me on his knee (I was really very small), and gave me a most interesting lesson in oral French. He came again and again, gave me copies of his newly published lesson books, and stimulated my interest no end. When I got into high school, I found that his wife was the sister of my German teacher, Miss Kate W. Gushing. For one reason or another, or perhaps only because of the carelessness of youth, I did not recall myself to Mr. Grandgent's attention when I got to Cambridge, but I did know him well in later years when we published some of his books at the Harvard University Press. He was a rather short, rotund man with florid face and snapping black eyes and a most engaging smile. His essays are full of good anecdotes; in fact, he and Professor E. K. Rand were eager rivals for a reputation as the best storyteller on the Faculty. No one ever could decide between them. Both were great scholars, however, equally versed in a knowledge of medieval Latin among other recondite subjects.

Mr. Grandgent's next-door neighbor on Walker Street was Hans Carl Günther von Jagemann, with whom I took a course on Goethe in my Freshman year. He looked like one's idea of a German professor — thick glasses, the scar of a deep sabre slash down his left cheek, a rather solemn air. He could be dour and forbidding in expression; but he did know how to interpret Goethe and on me he beamed with friendliness and kindness. He and Grandgent were great friends and played chess every Saturday evening, alternating at one another's house. When the first world war broke out and incredible bitterness swept away friendships of many years in the Faculty, the two men went right on with their

chess program for the next four years and neither one, it is said, ever mentioned the conflict. Such conduct says much for the innate character of each man.

Like practically all undergraduates of the time, I had no relations whatever with the President, Charles William Eliot. If we were abroad early enough, we saw Mrs. Eliot and him returning from their before-breakfast bicycle ride; and if we went to morning prayers, we saw him sitting in his third row pew in the old Appleton Chapel. It seems incredible that so few people today in the college or in Cambridge ever saw him. As Charles Townsend Copeland once said of him, he was more than a man, he was an institution! But there was a very human side to him. In my senior year the father of a friend of mine died and Mr. Eliot automatically became the boy's guardian. He took a vast deal of personal effort in managing details of the estate and in the boy's daily progress.

Years afterward, when the Press published his Harvard Memories, I also saw a good deal of this friendly side. At one time when I sent him a catalogue of our publications, I immediately had a note from him asking about a book called A Study of the Self. I replied that it was out of print and that we did not intend to bring out a new edition because the first had sold only very slowly. He answered that he was glad to know this because he did not approve of such books, he considered that introspection was harmful and that only a vigorous, happy outlook onto life should be cultivated.

Eliot was probably the greatest man I have ever known, and yet he was almost equalled by another official of the college, a totally different type of man, LeBaron Russell Briggs. He looked like a farmer, he was incredibly awkward, but he was a superb gentleman and scholar. Along in the twenties, when David Bailey and I published two of his collections of charades in verse, I got to know him pretty well. He had a human warmth and a keenness of personal insight that made him known to everyone as "the beloved dean." His unique charm was never better caught than by Henry Ware Eliot in his book Harvard Celebrities. Eliot wrote,

Of all the sprightly figures that adorn the college scene,

The most supremely genial is our own beloved Dean.

He'll kick you out of college, and he'll never shed a tear,

But he does it so politely that it's music to the ear.

He meets you in the ante-room, he grasps you by the hand,

He offers you the easy-chair, and begs you not to stand.

"Good morning, Mr. Sporticus! How is your uncle Jim?

I used to know him well at school — you look so much like him!

And you're enjoying college? Yes? Indeed I am so glad!

Let's see — six E's? Impossible! How very, very sad!"

These lines remind us of one of the Dean's outstanding traits — his phenomenal memory for names and faces. One Saturday afternoon about ten years after I had graduated I was going down the aisle of a crowded train running from Braintree to Plymouth. Suddenly I was stopped by a hand that shot out and grasped mine. It was Dean Briggs, whom I had not seen for all those years but who had me completely identified at once.

There were two other Harvard teachers of the time whom I would put among the supremely great — Francis Greenwood Peabody and William Wallace Fenn, both of them Deans of the Harvard Divinity School. In a world already rumbling with threats of disaster they were serene and poised. They did not stand aside in righteous indifference; indeed, Dr. Peabody's pioneer work in social ethics and settlement house activity is still bearing rich results. But both these men saw life steadily and saw it whole. I set them beside Eliot and Briggs because the four of them seem to me the finest products of nineteenth century liberal thought, the sort of men one would expect to find in Oxford or Cambridge rather than in the regimented German universities that were so much praised fifty years ago. They were in the Anglo-American tradition, and they helped to mould our side of it to the needs of a new day.

Mr. Eliot once said half jokingly that he thought Harvard College reached its lowest point in the nineteenth century about the year 1851. (He himself was in the class of 1853.) In similar vein I have heard it said that another nadir was reached from 1902 to 1909. Like so many other statements this may be important if true. But is it true?

My answer to that rhetorical question is to present to your mental eye three pictures. The first, which you all probably know, is a photograph taken about 1860. Seated in a semicircle are five men, five living Presidents of the college — Josiah Quincy, Edward Everett, Jared Sparks, James Walker, and Cornelius Conway Felton. Was Harvard at low ebb when those five men were alive? The second picture is a portrait group hanging in Emerson Hall. It was painted about 1903 and shows three men in deep discussion — William James, George Herbert

*Palmer, and Josiah Royce. Was Harvard at low ebb in 1903? The third picture is a photograph given me by Henry Osborn Taylor, the author of *The Medieval Mind* and a long row of other important historical works. Here there are four men in animated talk, sitting in*

Taylor's garden at Cobalt, Connecticut. They are Taylor himself, Lawrence J. Henderson, Alfred North Whitehead, and William Morton Wheeler. Was Harvard at low ebb in 1930 when that photograph was taken?

Of course one has regrets for having missed one or another great man. I wish I had known "Stubby" Child; but, on the other hand, I have had the warm friendship of William Allan Neilson and Fred N. Robinson. I wish I had known that genius of literary criticism, Lewis E. Gates, whom I just barely missed. I wish I had known that amazing scholar and poet, Trumbull Stickney, who after taking his A.B. in 1895 went on to Paris for his doctorate and astounded the teachers at the Sorbonne by his skill in conversing in Attic Greek. I did not have Barrett Wendell because he was abroad for two years, nor George Santayana for the same reason. But I scarcely regret either one. In English I had two excellent men in Howard Maynadier and Kenneth Webster. In philosophy I had a course given by Josiah Royce in the first half-year and by Hugo Miin-sterberg in the second half. Royce was almost beyond my grasp; but I do recall with pleasure how he came into the Summer School office one blazing hot July afternoon a few weeks before his death and asked for help in getting a foreign student taken care of until the regular college offices were opened. As for Miinsterberg, Van Wyck Brooks reminds us of his affectedly great difficulty with the mysteries of English phonetics, his continual use of the phrase "wiz ozzter worts." He could be philologically exact, however, as when, at his opening lecture in the new Emerson Hall, he said to the class, "Bleaze, gentlemen, try to geep zeese nize new floors glean; bleaze do not on zem ejaculate ink from your fountain bens."

I might no doubt have enjoyed Charles Eliot Norton, but there was no question of the values I got from Charles Herbert Moore, who succeeded Mr. Norton in the Fine Arts Department. Once in my Senior year he came to my top-floor room in Stoughton and gave a small group of us a delightful evening of intimate talk about his friendship with William Morris, John Ruskin, and others of the pre-Raphaelite artists and

poets. In the classroom his lectures on the Gothic architecture of France were a continual delight.

The mention of one Moore leads to that of another and far different one — George Foot Moore. He and George Lyman Kittredge were an unrivaled pair of scholars. Moore was a huge, heavy man with a tremendous range of knowledge. "His scholarship," says Dr. Levering Reynolds, "seemed as massive as his frame. He had throughout the University an almost legendary reputation for learning, even in the most out-of-the-way fields. . . . Because of his gigantesque learning, his occasional disclosures of gentleness or personal piety came as something of a surprise to his students." Whether he had a greater store of information than Kittredge or vice versa is still a moot point. But Kittredge, unlike Moore, could ask questions — even if, as you might suspect, he knew the answers already.

Once a friend of mine asked me to look up a point in the Widener Library regarding a medieval English romance. His careful directions as to the location of the material were useless. The next day when I was talking with Kittredge I mentioned the matter to him. He listened attentively and said, "I know the book you want, but this whole point is something I never considered before. Give me your friend's letter and let me think about it a day or

two." Within the week he brought me four sheets written in his clear but minute hand which discussed the difficulty and gave a mass of references to authorities he knew could be found in libraries to which my friend had access. And in leaving these pages with me he thanked me for giving him the opportunity to look into an important problem.

At another time I went to his house on a matter of business and after it was finished he asked me to stay for a chat about things in general. I asked him whether he had ever known a victim of murder or a suspected murderer. This drew him at once, for he was a tireless reader of detective fiction. He then listened with absorbed interest to what I could tell him of a brutal crime that had just been committed involving a Stanford University official and his wife whom I knew; and I think Kittredge almost envied me for what I suppose we would now call "guilt by association."

All this, of course, happened long after my undergraduate days and in the time while I was working at the Press, a period when I saw the Faculty not as teachers behind a desk but from the far different point of

view of an administrative officer. In this capacity I had occasional interviews with President Lowell, especially when we were publishing a book for him. I have the very highest regard for him both as a scholar and an administrator, but I like to recall certain incidents that reveal his quite human side. One day there came a call from his secretary, Miss Nora Dwyer, "The President wants to see you at once!" My appearance at 5 University Hall brought instant admittance behind the closed door. Mr. Lowell was about to sign a paper. "Sit down," he waved me to a chair on the opposite side of the desk. He wrote, looked up, and began to talk. After a moment he pushed his chair back, dived for the fireplace, and seized the tongs. Waving this lethal weapon round and round, he circled through the room. Unexpectedly the tongs crashed on the hearth, and the shovel took their place. Please do not imagine that I was being reprimanded; we were merely discussing in the most friendly fashion a matter that absorbed us both. I don't think he would have objected to my getting up and circling the room after him; he would not have noticed.

Mr. Lowell had a tremendous interest in seeing how things worked. One morning Miss Dwyer's voice came over the telephone, "The President will be at your office in five minutes with Lord Charnwood." For some unknown reason Mr. Lowell wanted Charnwood, who was here on a short visit, to see the operation of a monotype machine. So I took them down to the keyboard room where the girls were setting copy and then into the cellar where the casters were making an infernal din. Mr. Lowell, shouting above the noise an explanation of how the plunger forced a stream of molten metal up into the matrix box, pointed with his forefinger at the melting pot. Nearer and nearer crept the finger toward that pool of metal in which the thermometer was registering over seven hundred degrees Fahrenheit. When it got within a couple of inches, I could stand the strain no longer and pulled his arm away.

From those days at the Press I must not neglect to pay tribute to another intellectual giant who was also of human kindness most compact, Charles Rockwell Lanman, Wales Professor of Sanskrit and Editor of the Harvard Oriental Series. If his learning was prodigious, his sympathy and understanding were even more. To this day I treasure certain letters from him that reveal a truly great soul. His deafness was a barrier that many people found hard

to overcome, but those who did so were richly rewarded. He was a veteran oarsman, rowing on the river every

119

day it was free from ice. There is a story that one spring he was very kind to two freshmen who were in difficulties on the water and the three of them struck up so much of a friendship that the boys decided to take Lanman's course the next year. So one morning in September they presented themselves at the room in Sever which was scheduled for Sanskrit i. As the lecture went on, they looked more and more bewildered. When it was over and they were outside, one looked at the other and exploded, "My God! It's a language!"

During my years in the Graduate School I first met Ephraim Emerton. Thirty years before, he had been among the earliest Harvard graduates to get their professional training in Germany, obtaining his Ph.D. from Leipzig in 1876. I took a seminar with him on the saints' lives of the sixth century, a subject that might seem dull enough in all conscience but that he filled with light and excitement. It was a real adventure to attempt unraveling the intricacies of an almost illiterate monk's Latin. Emerton himself often gave it up, with the remark that the author evidently intended to say thus and so but that no one could possibly fit the words to the thought. Later, of course, I knew him as President and ex-President of this Society and we met on the more immediate ground of our interest in Cambridge history.

From this vantage point he once gave me an indelible lesson in tolerance. We were talking one day about the new Houses along the river and I said it was a pity we could not tear down Weld and Matthews and put in their place some buildings that would be a sort of connecting link between Hollis and Stoughton on the one hand and the architecture of Leverett and Lowell Houses. Mr. Emerton looked at me in amazement. "Why," he said, "what is wrong with Weld and Matthews? I remember that when the generously large funds were given for those dormitories, Mr. Eliot took every pain to select the best architects and to see that every detail of their plans was suitable. In fact, those two buildings were so much admired that a movement was started to tear down Holworthy and Stoughton and Hollis and erect more fashionable structures in their place. Lack of money was all that hindered the project." This was an entirely new point of view to me; I always remember it when I look upon the new Graduate Center and other examples of modernistic architecture in our midst. But — lest I go too far even in tolerance — I also recall that

120

Mr. Emerton never had to submit to that strain. He didn't know Walter Gropius!

I must, however, get away from these almost contemporary matters and back to the days of a half century ago. Mr. Emerton, as it happened, represented two things that distinguished Harvard's intellectual interests at that time and which held my own attention both as an undergraduate and as a graduate student. The first was an unbounded respect for German culture and learning, and the second was an even greater preoccupation with medieval history, art, and life.

Coming to college with good preparation in German, I took a number of courses in that department. It was among the strongest ones, with Von Jagemann to represent the philological side, followed by Walz, who was just starting his career, with Kuno Francke representing the more aesthetic and cultural aspects, Horatio Stevens White bringing out a different and perhaps more universal interpretation, and Heinrich Conrad Bierwirth and William G. Howard taking care of contemporary literature. The three German courses I most enjoyed were, first, the one by Professor White on Goethe's Italian journey, which proved to have almost nothing to do with German, only a little more with Goethe, and was mainly a revelation of Mr. White's astounding knowledge of Italy and its history, culture, and art. Some of you will remember Professor White and his wife, who were members of this Society. He had been captain of the baseball team in 1873 and, probably for that reason, was chairman of the committee on athletics for years and years. A second course was Will Howard's on nineteenth century literature, ending with a fine introduction to Sudermann and Hauptmann, whose dramas were stirring the world of that day along with Ibsen's and the young Bernard Shaw's. A third course was Walz's in Middle High German — the Nibelungenlied, Parzival, and so on.

This and Professor Moore's on medieval art in my Senior year were evidences of the emphasis on the Middle Ages that Van Wyck Brooks points out, and so too were the courses I took later in the Graduate School. There is no doubt that at the turn of the century and for long afterward Harvard was a world center for the study of the Middle Ages. In addition to Kittredge, Charles H. Moore, and Walz, whom I have just mentioned, there were a number of other scholars preeminent in this field. Sheldon was giving courses in Old French. Schofield's new Department

of Comparative Literature was largely devoted to the medieval field. Ford and Grandgent offered similar work in early Italian and Provençal, E. K. Rand in the classical culture of the Middle Ages, Robinson in Old and Middle Irish and Welsh. Haskins, Emerton, and Gross, the three great giants of the History Department, made a further contribution. Here was a group of scholars working in a field of knowledge from diverse points of view but integrated by membership in a common learned corporation. The situation might well be compared to that of the College de France in sixteenth century Paris when the group of Royal Professors brought again to light the long-buried treasures of Latin and Greek literature. This was the magnificent foundation for Harvard's leadership in the world of learning. At this moment Harvard became a true university.

No one of us in 1902 imagined or could have imagined how close we were to the end of an era. Even when the fatal shots rang out in Sarajevo on June 28, 1914, no one could foresee the beginning of a half century of conflict and the complete change we have experienced from the nineteenth century point of view.

All that, however, is scarcely a topic for the kind of reminiscence with which this paper should be concerned. I shall close, therefore, with another picture from the world's "age of innocence." Although I have long been reconciled to silence at the mention of many names from fifty years ago, I cannot help being surprised that the youngest generation seems to know nothing about one of the most colorful personalities of my time — Charles Townsend Copeland, popularly known as Copey. He was a little man, not insignificant but certainly not

imposing. By 1902 he had developed a wide reputation as a reader, and he read frequently to college audiences in Sever 11. Most of his selections, as I recall them, were from the Bible and from current writers such as Kipling; he was the only English teacher who ever seemed to realize that anything had been written since the death of Tennyson. He also gave voluntary classes in reading, which I attended. To his wonderful skill in reading he added an uncanny ability to make appropriate and often sarcastic comment that gave him considerable reputation as a wit.

Every Friday evening at ten o'clock he was ready to receive any who cared to call at his room on the top floor of Hollis Hall. Sometimes he might have invited a distinguished visitor — Henry Van Dyke or Horace Traubel or, once, Minne Maddern Fiske — but most often Copey him-

122

self was master of conversation. One evening varied from another, of course, but on the whole there was lively talk and easy friendliness, and you felt well repaid for going. Again I take the liberty of reading to you an item from Henry Ware Eliot's Harvard Celebrities, this time his verses on Mr. Copeland.

If wit and madness be as like, as Pope and others tell,

Then Copey by the merest squeak escapes the padded cell.

Those merry quips, those airy jests he springs in English 8

Mean spinal meningitis at no very distant date.

And is it all spontaneous, or is it (hush!) a bluff?

And does he make them up o' nights, and crib them on his cuff?

Oh, wicked, clever cynic! How dare you be so sly?

How dare you read "Peg Woffington" and make the Freshmen cry?

You bold, delicious joker! You know it, yes, you do!

There's but one clever, clever Copey — and that one is you!

In 1905 Copey was moved up from Freshman composition to English 12, the highest level of instruction in composition normally open to undergraduates. There were so many applicants for the course that he was forced to weed them out by requiring the submission of a sample theme. I could not hand one in because I was suddenly laid low with a heavy cold. When Copey learned of this, he said he would let me in for the second half-year and would ask the Dean to let me count it for a half course. That was a favor and a compliment that I did not deserve, for many of the other men — as they proved in later life — were really top-notch. I could mention ten or a dozen members of the class who in after years attained eminence in law, journalism, or teaching; but quite apart from these were at least eight others who have reached national and perhaps international fame. There was Max Perkins, who became the great editor-in-chief of Scribner's; Earl Derr Biggers, the

well-known novelist; Richard J. Walsh, former editor of Collier's Magazine and now the head of the John Day publishing house; Maurice Wertheim, the founder of the Theater Guild; Van Wyck Brooks, who has written many brilliant works besides his great Flowering of New England; H. V. Kaltenborn, the radio commentator; Henry Goddard Leach, for many years the head of the American-Scandinavian Foundation; and William Leavitt Stoddard, the publicist and author. That is a remarkable proportion of high ability in any group of twenty-five young men.

123

Copey was not a great scholar and did not pretend to be; but he was a surpassingly great teacher in a field where one has to call forth and develop all the latent personality in a student. To do so is the work of a moment that is all too quickly forgotten, but Copey's success in striking the divine fire in his pupils is a permanent element in American literature.

124

ANNUAL REPORTS

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL AND THE SECRETARY FOR THE YEAR 1952

I AM HAPPY to report that our Society has had a prosperous and successful year during 1952. We have proceeded according to the plan proposed a year ago by the Council, that is, that the Society should assume the whole cost of each meeting, with a hospitality committee to perform the functions of hosts and hostesses. The arrangement seems to have worked satisfactorily. By accident rather than by much forethought we were able to secure complete variety in our meeting places: in January, the Commander Hotel; in April, the Harvard Faculty Club; in May, Mr. and Mrs. Forbes's home at Gerry's Landing; and in October, the Technology Faculty Club. In spite of poor weather in January and October, the attendance averaged about ninety for each meeting. The papers were all on what one might call the modern side, with attention to the nineteenth and twentieth centuries and never a word about the seventeenth and eighteenth. In January Miss Howe performed another of her miracles in transporting us to the Cambridge of her childhood; in April Mr. Oakes Ames drew upon his unrivaled stores of varied information for a sketch of the development of Mt. Auburn cemetery; in May our Vice-president, Mr. John Wood, recounted the bizarre story of the Rindge family, the great benefactors of our city; and in October Dr. Harold B. Richmond, of the General Radio Company, revealed unsuspected activities of Cambridge citizens in the development of wireless communication. To all these speakers we are most grateful. We are grateful also to those members who have so graciously served

on the hospitality committees, and especially to Mr. and Mrs. Forbes for their kindness in opening their home to us for the garden party in May.

The Council has accepted with regret the resignations of Mrs. Maurice W. Mather, Dr. and Mrs. H. P. Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Macomber, Mrs. Gardiner M. Day, Mr. and Mrs. William Bond Wheelwright, Mr. Hugh Montgomery, Mrs. J. Clarke Bennett, Mr. Benjamin P. Ellis, and Mr. Thacher P. Luquer.

We note with sorrow the death of Mrs. Roger Gilman, Mrs. Louis C. Graton, Mrs. Frank B. Hawley, Mrs. Albert G. Keith, Professor Robert K. Lamb, and Mr. Carroll L. Chase.

We have added ten new members: Mrs. L. Eugene Emerson, Mr. and Mrs. James Barr Ames, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin T. Hammond, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Truman D. Hayes, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Saunders Clapp, and Miss Dorothy Manks.

Miss Mabel Colgate and Mrs. Paul Gring have transferred from regular membership to life membership.

On December 31, 1952 we had 241 active members, 8 associate members, and 6 life members, a total of 255.

Respectfully submitted,

DAVID T. POTTINGER

Secretary

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL AND THE SECRETARY FOR THE YEAR 1953

THE MEETINGS during the past year have been varied and extremely interesting. It is in large part due to the thoughtful and imaginative planning of our former secretary, Mr. Pottinger, that so many valuable papers have been prepared for our meetings.

At the annual meeting in January 1953 Mr. Ludlow Griscom read a paper on "The Birds of Cambridge."

In April Mr. Lea Luquer of the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities spoke on the subject "Sturdy Rooftrees," describing many of the properties in the care of his society.

In May we were guests of Mrs. Henry D. Tudor, and a memorable afternoon meeting was held in her house where the garden made a beautiful setting for the tea party which followed. The papers most appropriately told "The Story of the Oldest Garden Club in the United States and Its Service to Cambridge." Four members of the Cambridge Plant Club described the activities of this pioneer organization bringing the story up to the present day: Miss Lois Howe, Mrs. Dows Dunham, Mrs. Robert Goodale, and Mrs. Ludlow Griscom.

In October Mr. Edward W. Forbes read a paper on "Glimpses into the life of Mrs. Agassiz's School for Girls." Mr. Forbes's mother was a pupil in the school and his delightful story reminded several members of anecdotes from the days of their mothers' attendance in the school.

We are much indebted to our speakers. We are grateful also to the members who have served on the hospitality committees and especially to Mrs. Tudor for opening her house to us for the garden party in May.

We have received with sorrow announcement of the death of these members during the past year: Mr. Arthur Fletcher, Mr. Nathan Heard, Mrs. James Paine, Mrs. Robert Walcott.

We have added three new members: Mrs. Stephen A. Breed, Professor and Mrs. William C. Greene.

Respectfully submitted,

ROSAMOND C. HOWE

Secretary

REPORT OF THE TREASURER FOR THE YEAR 1952

<i>Cash on hand January 1, 1952</i>	<i>\$1,007.66</i>
<i>Dues</i>	<i>1,294.00</i>
<i>Guest Fees</i>	<i>23.93</i>
	<i>\$2,325.59</i>
<i>Printing and Stationery</i>	<i>\$99.00</i>
<i>Clerical Services and Postage</i>	<i>143.14</i>

Cost of Meetings	317.79
Refund of Dues	5.00
Bay State Historical League	4.00
Vault Rental	9.00
Life Membership Fund	100.00
Trucking books to Widener Library from Book Binding Company	4.72
Bank Service Charge36
	683.01
Cash on hand December 31, 1952	\$1,642.58

<i>Marie Bowen Fund</i>				
<i>Investments</i>	<i>Book Value 1/1/52</i>	<i>Cash Income Received 1952</i>	<i>Book Value 12/31/52</i>	<i>Account to which Income was Credited</i>
88 shs. 1st Nat'l Bank (Boston)	\$ 3,718.88	\$198.00	\$ 3,718.88	Camb. Sav. Bank
50 shs. State St. Tr. Co. (Boston)	2,920.00	125.00	2,920.00	Camb. Sav. Bank
10 shs. Merchants Nat'l Bank (Boston)	3,290.00	140.00	3,290.00	Camb. Sav. Bank
25 shs. 2nd Nat'l Bank (Boston)	3,125.00	125.00	3,125.00	Camb. Sav. Bank
Camb. Sav. Bank	6,220.14	206.80	7,014.94	Camb. Sav. Bank
Camb'p't Sav. Bank	1,990.54	60.15	2,050.69	Camb'p't Sav. Bank
E. Camb. Sav. Bank	1,092.26	55.15	2,047.41	E. Camb. Sav. Bank
	<u>\$23,256.82</u>	<u>\$910.10</u>	<u>\$24,166.92</u>	
<i>Life Membership Fund</i>				
	<i>Bal. 1/1/52</i>	<i>Int. Rec.</i>	<i>New Members</i>	<i>Bal. 12/31/52</i>
Cambridge Savings Bank	\$1,128.58	\$ 37.71	\$100.00	\$1,266.29
<i>Historic Houses</i>				
Cambridge Savings Bank	\$3,487.89	\$114.24		\$3,602.13
<i>Elizabeth E. Dana Bequest</i>				
Cambridge Trust Company	\$ 230.70	\$ 2.31		\$ 233.01
<i>Frank Gaylord Cook Bequest</i>				
Cambridge Savings Bank	\$1,065.38	\$ 34.90		\$1,100.28
	<u>\$5,912.55</u>	<u>\$189.16</u>	<u>\$100.00</u>	<u>\$6,201.71</u>
Book Value of All Funds 12/31/52 — \$30,368.63				
Total Income — \$1,099.26				
JOHN T. G. NICHOLS, Treasurer.				

REPORT OF THE TREASURER FOR THE YEAR 1952

129

REPORT OF THE TREASURER FOR THE YEAR 1953

<i>Cash on hand January 1, 1953</i>	<i>\$1,642.58</i>
<i>Dues.....</i>	<i>1, 135.00</i>
<i>Guest Fees</i>	<i>36.97</i>
<i>Sale of Proceedings</i>	<i>7.50</i>
<i>Bowen Fund.....</i>	<i>13.50</i>
	<i>\$2,835.55</i>
<i>Printing and Stationery</i>	<i>\$ 95.63</i>
<i>Clerical Services and Postage</i>	<i>150.48</i>
<i>Cost of Meetings</i>	<i>355.22</i>
<i>Bay State Historical League</i>	<i>4.00</i>
<i>Vault Rental</i>	<i>9.00</i>
<i>Life Membership Fund</i>	<i>25.00</i>
<i>Bowen Fund</i>	<i>13.50</i>
	<i>652.83</i>
<i>Cash on hand December 31, 1953</i>	<i>\$2,182.72</i>

<i>Maria Bowen Fund</i>					
<i>Investments</i>	<i>Book Value</i> <i>1/1/53</i>	<i>Cash Income</i>	<i>Purchases and</i> <i>Withdrawals</i>	<i>Book Value</i> <i>12/31/53</i>	<i>Account to which</i> <i>Income was Credited</i>
95 shs. 1st Nat'l Bank (Boston)*	\$ 3,718.88	\$255.20	\$11.91*	\$ 3,730.79	Camb. Sav. Bank
50 shs. State St. Tr. Co. (Boston)	2,920.00	125.00		2,920.00	Camb. Sav. Bank
10 shs. Merchants Nat'l Bank (Boston)	3,290.00	140.00		3,290.00	Camb. Sav. Bank
25 shs. 2nd Nat'l Bank (Boston)	3,125.00	125.00		3,125.00	Camb. Sav. Bank
Camb. Sav. Bank	7,014.94	213.83	(11.91)*	7,862.06	Camb. Sav. Bank
Camb'p't Sav. Bank	2,050.69	61.97		2,112.66	Camb'p't Sav. Bank
E. Camb. Sav. Bank	2,047.41	56.69		2,104.09	E. Camb. Sav. Bank
	<u>\$24,166.92</u>	<u>\$977.68</u>		<u>\$25,144.60</u>	
<i>Life Membership Fund</i>					
	<i>Bal. 1/1/53</i>	<i>Int. Rec.</i>	<i>New Members</i>	<i>Bal. 12/31/52</i>	
Cambridge Savings Bank	\$1,266.29	\$ 38.45	\$25.00	\$1,329.74	
<i>Historic Houses</i>					
Cambridge Savings Bank	\$3,602.13	\$108.87		\$3,711.00	
<i>Elizabeth E. Dana Bequest</i>					
Cambridge Trust Company	\$ 233.01	\$ 2.34		\$ 235.35	
<i>Frank Gaylord Cook Bequest</i>					
Cambridge Savings Bank	\$1,190.28	\$ 33.24		\$1,133.52	
	<u>\$6,206.71</u>	<u>\$182.90</u>	<u>\$25.00</u>	<u>\$6,409.11</u>	
				Book Value of All Funds 12/31/53 — \$31,554.21	
				Total Income — \$1,160.58	
				JOHN T. G. NICHOLS, <i>Treasurer.</i>	

REPORT OF THE TREASURER FOR THE YEAR 1953 131

* Stock dividend of 6-10/13¹⁸ shares. Bought 3/13¹⁸ shares from Bowen Savings Bank account.

LIST OF MEMBERS, 1953-1954

Marion Stanley Abbot

Lillian Abbott

****Sarah Cushing (Mrs. G. M.) Allen**

Margaret Wilder (Mrs. P. F.) Alles

Paul Frost Alles

*** Charles Almy**

Elizabeth Gardner (Mrs. C.) Almy

Mary Almy

Harriet Hastings (Mrs. O. /.) Ames

James Barr Ames

Mary Ogden (Mrs. J. B.) Ames

Oakes Ingalls Ames

John Bradshaw Atkinson

Louise Marie (Mrs. J. B.) Atkinson

Ellen Nealley (Mrs. G.) Bailey

Gage Bailey

Helen Diman (Mrs. I. W.) Bailey

**** Elizabeth Balch**

Alethea Pew (Mrs. E. J) Barnard

Edmund Johnson Barnard

(L) Mary Emory Batchelder

(L) Ruth Richards (Mrs. A.) Beane

Florence Barrett (Mrs. R.) Beatley

Ralph Beatley

Pierre Belliveau

****Annie Whitney (Mrs. J. C.) Bennett**

***Beatrice (Mrs. A. H.) Blevins**

Frank Aloysius Kenney Boland

Velma Louise Gibson (Mrs. F. A. K.) Boland

Charles Stephen Bolster

Elizabeth Winthrop (Mrs. C. S.) Bolster

(A) Sylvia Church (Mrs. /.) Bowditch

Laura Post (Mrs. S. A.) Breed

Jessie Waterman (Mrs. Wm. F.) Brooks

Martha Thacher Brown

****Mildred Hunter (Mrs. G. E.) Brown**

Mary MacArthur (Mrs. K.) Bryan

Eleanor Sheridan (Mrs. D. E.) Burr

Douglas Bush

Hazel Cleaver (Mrs. D.) Bush

****Chilton Richardson Cabot**

****Miriam Shepard (Mrs. C. R.) Cabot**

Bernice Cannon

Paul DeWitt Caskey

Ruth Blackman (Mrs. P. D.) Caskey

Louise Fletcher (Mrs. C. L.) Chase

****Edith Hemenway Eustis (Mrs. W. H.)**

Churchill

**** Winthrop Hallowell Churchill**

Dudley Clapp

Elizabeth Neill (Mrs. D.) Clapp

Roger Saunders Clapp

Winifred Irwin (Mrs. R. S.) Clapp

<i>Marion Gordon (Mrs. M. B.) Sever</i>	<i>Arthur Harrison Cole</i>
<i>Michael Berliner Bever</i>	<i>Anna Steckel (Mrs. A. H.) Cole</i>
<i>* Alexander Harvey Bill</i>	<i>(L) Mabel Hall Colgate</i>
<i>**Marion Edgerley (Mrs. A. H.) Bill</i>	<i>**Kenneth John Conant</i>
<i>Helen Thomas (Mrs. H. L.) Blackwell</i>	
<i>Howard Lane Blackwell</i>	

** Died (A) Associate member*

***Resigned (L) Life Member*

(A) Marie Schneider Conant

***Julian Lowell Coolidge**

****Theresa Reynolds (Mrs. J. L.) Coolidge**

**** Gardner Cox**

Phyllis Byrne (Mrs. G.) Cox

Abby Chandler (Mrs. J. F.) Crocker

John Franklin Crocker

***Gerda Richards (Mrs. I. B.) Crosby**

Katharine Foster Crothers

Esther Lanman (Mrs. R. A.) Cushman

Robert Adams Cushman

Sally Adams (Mrs. C. F.) Cushman

Helen Winthrop Daugherty

Gardiner Mumford Day

Katherine Monroe Day

Thomas Henri DeValcourt

Cecil Thayer Derry

Frank Currier Doble

Helen Dadmun (Mrs. F. C.) Doble

****Mabel Higgins (Mrs. W. B.) Donham**

**** Wallace Brett Donham**

Elizabeth Flagg (Mrs. S.) Dow

George Lincoln Dow

Arthur Drinkwater

Dows Dunham

Marion Jessie (Mrs. D.) Dunham

*** Arthur Warren Fletcher**

Eleanor Tyson Cope (Mrs. H. W.) Foote

Henry Wilder Foote

Edward Waldo Forbes

Lois Whitney (Mrs. A. B.) Forbes

Alden Simonds Foss

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Source book of the history of education for the Greek and Roman period, (New York, London, The Macmillan co., 1901), by Paul Monroe (page images at HathiTrust; US access only). J.B. Grasers "Divinital^{ts}prinzip" und dessen Stellung in der Geschichte der Pa^ldagogik (Celle, Buchdruckerei von Schweiger & Pick, 1903), by Gustav Hermann Theodor Brinkama Schla^lger (page images at HathiTrust; US access only).^Â (London : Published for the proprietor by the Co-operative Printing Society, 1904), by Mosely Educational Commission to the United States of America (page images at HathiTrust). An introduction to American education, (New York, The Ronald Press Company, [1947]), by John Thomas Wahlquist (page images at HathiTrust). Aristotelian Society, Proceedings, supplementary vol. 27 (1953) 83-96. Aune, B. A., 'Is There an Analytic A Priori?', J. ofPhilosophy 60 (1963) 281-91.^Â Bartley III, W. W., 'Achilles, the Tortoise, and Explanation in Science and History', British Journal for the Philosophy of Science 13 (1962-1963) 15-33. Basilius, H., 'Neo-Humboldtian Ethnolinguistics', Word 8 (1952) 95-105. Basson, A. H., 'The Existence of Material Objects', Mind 55 (1946) 308-18. Basson, A. H., 'Logic and Fact', Analysis 8 (1947-1948) 81-7. Basson, A. H., 'The Logical Status of Supposition', Aristotelian Society, Proceedings, supplementary vol. 25 (1951) 99-110. Basson, A. H., 'Unsolvable Problems', Aristotelian So... This historic book may have numerous typos and missing text. Purchasers can download a free scanned copy of the original book (without typos) from the publisher. Not indexed. Not illustrated.^Â 3 The annual subscription of each member of the Society is one guinea, due on the first of January in each year. A member elected in the Michaelmas Term shall, however, on signifying his wish to the Treasurer, be permitted to pay no subscription for the current year, but in that case, he shall not be entitled to receive any of the Society's publications for that year. 4 Any member may compound for all future subscriptions by one payment of ten guineas, or after ten years' subscriptions have been paid by one payment of five guineas.