

WALKS AND RIDES

IN THE COUNTRY
ROUND ABOUT BOSTON

*COVERING THIRTY-SIX CITIES
AND TOWNS, PARKS AND PUBLIC
RESERVATIONS, WITHIN A RADIUS
OF TWELVE MILES FROM THE
STATE HOUSE*

BY

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Medford.

Boston to Medford Square by electric car, from Scollay Square, by way of Charlestown and Winter Hill (Somerville), 5½ miles. By steam car [B. & M., Med. Br.], 5 miles. Fare, electric car, 5 cents; steam car, 10 cents. Boston to West Medford, by steam car [B. & M., S. Div.], 5 miles; fare, 10 cents.

Walk a [No. 14]. On the way by electric car: embraces Ten-Hills on Mystic side, and other historic points; in Medford, beginning at the Old Royall mansion-house, follows Main Street, skirts the Mystic, covers High Street, Pasture Hill, Forest Street, pleasant ways centring in the Square, the old burying-ground with the Governor Brooks monument, the river road over to the ancient Cradock house, East Medford, and beyond to Wellington. Return from Wellington by steam car (fare 8 cents).

Walk b [No. 15]. In West Medford. From the station along Harvard Avenue to the river: follows the river side back in the direction of old Medford; continues along Prescott Street and the lane to Hastings's bluff; cuts across to High Street; follows High Street toward West Medford centre again, passing numerous old estates; crosses over to Mystic Mount; takes cross streets to the railroad track, re-enters High Street on the farther side of the railroad; passes by the Brooks estate, embracing the arch over the old canal bed, and the Indian monument, to the Weirs. Return by steam car, West Medford station.

Medford dates from 1630, when, in June, a number of colonists sent out from England by Matthew Cradock, merchant (the first governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, who remained in England), came from Salem, where they had arrived with Governor Winthrop's company, and began a settlement on the northwest side of the Mystic River. They were artisans, "selected for their fitness to engage in the business of the fisheries and ship-building," and several of them being "coopers and cleaners of timber." Under the contract made in England, they were to work one third for Mr. Cradock, and two thirds for the Bay Company; and Winthrop doubtless interested himself in their settlement. They built their first log house on a promontory nearly opposite his Ten-Hills Farm on the other side of the river, and at this point "at once addressed themselves to the work which they had in hand." In 1632 they built their first ship, a craft of one hundred tons (the second built on the Mystic, Winthrop's "Blessing of the Bay" being the first), and in 1634 erected the "Cradock House" still standing. From that early time until the opening of the Civil War ship-building was the leading industry of Medford. Between 1850-60 some of the finest of the clipper-ships of that period were built in Medford yards. From 1800 to 1873, when the last vessel was launched, 567 ships of various kinds, with an aggregate of 272,124 tons, were built here at a total cost of upward of twelve and a quarter million dollars. The greatest number constructed in any one yard was 185, and in any single year 30 (1848). In place of ships the river craft are now pleasure-boats and canoes. The making of "Medford rum," for which the town was long widely known, was begun about the year 1735. The name of Medford, or "Meadford," as it was first written, was possibly chosen from the resemblance of the broad rich river-marshes of the region to sweeps of English meads. Medford lies along the valley of the Mystic and on the rising ground above, between College Hill on the north and the highlands of the Middlesex Fells on the south. It became a city in 1892. It is sub-divided into Old Medford, West Medford, Medford Hillside, and East Medford, the latter including Glenwood and Wellington.

The electric car line to Medford proper, or Old Medford, is by way of Main Street, Charlestown, to the "Neck;" Broadway, Winter Hill; and Main Street from the summit of the hill, direct

to Medford Square. The ride becomes most interesting after Charlestown Neck is passed and the ascent of Winter Hill begun. The jagged mounds on the right as Broadway is fairly entered are relics of Ploughed Hill, afterward Mount Benedict, once a bold eminence, where, in 1775, during the Siege of Boston, the Americans took an advanced post, bringing them in range of the enemy's guns on Bunker Hill; and where later, in 1826, the Jesuits established the Ursuline Convent, which was burned by a mob in 1834, its picturesque ruin remaining a striking landmark for nearly half a century after.

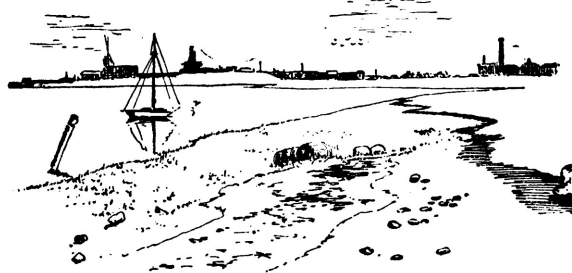
The fortification of Ploughed Hill was directed by General Sullivan under a severe cannonade, and his picket line was pushed out "till it confronted the enemy within ear-shot." "The place became the scene of much sharpshooting, chiefly conducted by Morgan's Virginia riflemen." [Winsor.] This post was the extreme left of the American advanced line which continued back to Cobble Hill in Somerville (afterward occupied by the McLean Insane Asylum, now in Waverly), and thence to Phips's farm at Lechmere's Point, in East Cambridge, where the County Court-House now stands.

The Convent of St. Ursula, which gave the name of Mt. Benedict to the hill, was first established in 1820 in Boston, occupying a building adjoining the old Cathedral, which stood where the Cathedral building now stands, on the corner of Franklin Street and Winthrop Square. Thence it was removed to this eminence. The convent house, an extensive structure of brick and stone, stood on the summit of the hill surrounded by cultivated grounds, laid in terraces from the highway, with fine orchards, groves, and gardens. The mob who fired it (on the night of August 11, 1834), was composed mostly of men from Boston, who had been stirred by idle tales of ill treatment of inmates, notably one Rebecca Reed, a pupil, and Sister Mary John. The act was generally deplored by orderly citizens. In Charlestown (within the limits of which the hill was at that time), a meeting was held at which condemnatory resolutions, drawn up by a committee headed by Edward Everett, were adopted, and a vigilance committee was appointed. In Boston similar action was taken in Faneuil Hall, Harrison Gray Otis, Josiah Quincy, Jr., and others speaking, and such men as Charles G. Loring, Charles P. Curtis, Henry Lee, Horace Mann, Robert C. Winthrop, and Thomas Motley, being named as a committee of investigation. Thirteen of the attacking party were arrested and tried, but only one was convicted, and this one being the least guilty was subsequently pardoned. The affair was the subject of numerous pamphlets and books. After the burning of their house, the Ursulines were for a while established in Roxbury, and early in the forties they moved to Canada.

On the river side a short distance above the remnants of Mount Benedict is "Ten-Hills," which Governor Winthrop selected for his farm when he "went up to Massachusetts to find a place for our sitting down," as he chronicles in his Journal, and made his first exploration of the "Mystick." On one of these hillocks he built his farm house and then wrote to his wife, yet in England, "My dear wife, we are here in a paradise." In front of him was the winding river narrowing from the little bay below where the Malden River joins it; round about him, a cluster of hills of varying sizes, and wide meadows; behind him a dense forest stretching back to the Winter Hill top in which he once lost his way and spent an anxious night. Now this is a region far from fair. The

river still winds picturesquely, and something yet remains of the hills which gave the farm its name ; but it is for the most part a barren waste, a place of hacked mounds, of clay-pits, and brick-yards. It has an interest, however, from its historic associations, and for the good river and marsh views its few remaining elevations afford. To reach it we should leave our car on Broadway by Broadway Park, near the spared elm in the grassy parkway through which the tracks here pass. A short and dusty walk through Chauncy Street, at the right, across Mystic Avenue (the old Medford turnpike), and along the road through the brick-yard, which extends to the hill beyond, brings us to Middlesex Avenue. Taking the left turn into the avenue, and following its curve to the right, in a moment we are at the bridge crossing the river. In the little group of rugged and ragged trees on the low bank sloping toward the water, at the right of the roadway, we discern a rude board sign which suggests a roadside advertisement, and approaching read this inscription upon it : —

Ancient Wharf
 Here Governor Winthrop launched
 The Blessing of the Bay
 The first ship built in Massachusetts
 July 4, 1631.
 The British landed here in the raid
 on the Powder House, Sept. 1774.



Ancient Wharf.

This now dilapidated sign was placed some years ago, and if it accurately marks the spot of the launching, and of the British landing a hundred and forty odd years later (which is to be doubted, the true site probably being further up stream), it should be replaced by an enduring stone tablet. So the courteous and communicative occupant of the little house across the way, who

takes an honest pride in showing off his neighboring landmarks, also thinks. Embedded in the shore he will show us pieces of long-seasoned lumber, which are said to be remnants of the "ancient wharf," probably, however, the leavings of an old but not the most ancient one. On the bank the grass-grown hollow, close to an aged arbor-vitæ tree, suggesting an ancient cellar, is pointed out as the site of the governor's house; it is more likely that of a structure which was here some years ago, and known to the neighborhood as the "wharf house." Winthrop's house was further on, occupying probably one of the hills now partly cut away near the point where we are to turn back to Winter Hill. Let us now retrace our steps a stone's-throw from the bridge (which carries Middlesex Avenue over to Wellington, whence it goes on to Malden), and take the cart-road, from the avenue, which cuts through and up the hill. Mounting in the direction of the two solitary trees which occupy the otherwise bare top and sides of the hill, we may enjoy one of the pleasantest of the river views of this region. This was the promontory which Sullivan fortified in the summer of 1775 to protect his position at Ploughed Hill from attack on the river side. The line of the projected Middlesex Fells parkway (The Fellsway), which is to cross the river parallel with the present bridge, passes over this hill, and when the boulevard is finished these now dreary parts will become more cheerful.

From the hill top our course is to Temple Street, which we see beyond the clay-pits opening from Mystic Avenue toward Winter Hill; and we may make it by rough cross lots, or more comfortably by footpaths around the pits to the avenue. Temple Street was once a narrow lane thick with trees leading down from Winter Hill to the mansion-house of the Temples, who occupied Ten-Hills between 1740 and the Revolutionary period, which is supposed to have stood, if not exactly upon, very near to the site of Winthrop's farm-house. It occupied a slightly point on the hill now largely dug away, back from Mystic Avenue at the foot of Temple Street, and was one of the finest of country-seats in the neighborhood of Boston.

The house was of generous proportions, with a spacious hall, numerous large square rooms, and a snug little apartment at the back of the first landing of the stairs overlooking the river. [Drake.] The Temple living here at the opening of the Revolution — Robert Temple, formerly of Noddie's Island [East Boston], elder brother of Sir John Temple, Bart. [see Walk No. 3], — was a royalist, and in May, 1775, set sail for England. But the ship being obliged to put into Plymouth, he was taken off and brought to Cambridge Camp. His family, however, continued to reside in the Ten-Hills house under the protection of General Artemas Ward.

A later owner of Ten-Hills, Colonel Samuel Jaques (born 1776, died 1859), occupied the house, — in his time described as a square, two-storied wooden house shaded by a few elms, — for twenty-eight years, and the family main-

tained the place some time after his death. "He was in his habits and manners the type of an English country gentleman," says Drake, and, Hunnewell adds, dressed somewhat in the quaint fashion of the English squire of his period. He impaled a deer-park and kept his hounds, "and often awakened the echoes of the neighboring hills with the note of his bugle or the cry of his pack." He raised fine stock of horses, cows, and sheep, the fame of which was wide-spread. Henry Clay was once an interested visitor of the place, and Daniel Webster was not an infrequent guest. At an earlier period, about the opening of this century, Elias Hasket Derby occupied the farm and stocked it with fine breeds of sheep. He is said to have been the first to import merino sheep into this country. The old manor-house stood until 1877, but some time before it disappeared it had fallen from its high estate to a tenement for the families of laborers in the neighboring brick-yards.

Winthrop's domain at Ten-Hills embraced 600 acres granted to him by the Court of Assistants in September, 1631, after he had built his house here and had launched the "Blessing of the Bay." The farm remained in the Winthrop family till 1677, when it was sold to the widow of Peter Lidgett, merchant of Boston. Her daughter married Lieut.-Governor Usher of New Hampshire, to whom the farm seems to have passed after his wife's death in 1698. At his death it was estimated at 500 acres worth £10,000. From the Usher heirs it passed in 1740 to Robert Temple, and from him to his son, Robert. The latter mortgaged it in 1764-65 as 251½ acres. In 1780 Nathaniel Tracy, merchant of Cambridge and Newburyport (who fitted out the first privateer in the Revolutionary War), acquired the estate from the Temple family, and in 1785 he mortgaged it as 300 acres with buildings. It came into the possession of Colonel Samuel Jaques and others, in 1830. In 1852-58, when the heirs of Col. Jaques mortgaged it, its dimensions had dwindled to 80 acres, 25 rods, all between the river and Medford turnpike. [Hunnewell.]

Again on Broadway at the head of Temple Street we take another Medford car—they run at frequent intervals—and continue our ride. On the summit of the hill our road—the old Medford road, now Main Street—diverges to the right. At this point, on the right side, a stone tablet set against the picket fence on the sidewalk line bears this inscription:—

Paul Revere
Rode over this road in his
Midnight ride
to Lexington and Concord
April 18, 1775.

Site of the "Winter Hill Fort,"
A stronghold built by
the American forces
while besieging Boston
1775-6.

The fortification here was directly across Broadway, inclosed on all sides except at the entrance from the Medford road.

As described by Drake, this fort was in form an irregular pentagon, with bastions and deep fosse. A breastwork conforming with the present direction of Central Street beyond (from Broadway), joined the southwest angle. A hundred yards in advance of the fort were outworks in which guards were nightly posted. The works marked the extreme left of the American interior line of defense. They were erected immediately after the Battle of Bunker Hill, and were garrisoned mainly by New Hampshire men. After the surrender of Burgoyne in 1777, the Hessians of his troops were cantoned here, while the English were quartered on Prospect Hill. [See Walk No. 13.]

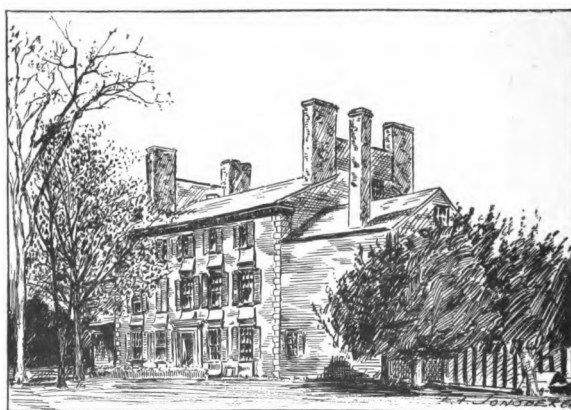
The square flat-roofed house occupying the exceptionally fine situation at the junction of Broadway and Main Street dates from 1805, and was long known as the *Odin house*. Edward Everett lived here in 1826-30, while he was a member of Congress. One of the later owners was John S. Edgerly, in his day a prominent citizen of Somerville.

From the summit Main Street makes a rapid descent, and at the right a fine view of the Mystic and its meadows is soon disclosed. After passing Tufts Square, at the foot of the hill, we may catch a glimpse, on the left, of the Old Powder House, upon which Gage's soldiers, whose supposed landing-place we have seen, made their raid, and a full view of the Tufts College buildings spreading over College Hill. [See Walk No. 13.] On the right again, we pass the *Mystic Park* racing track, and the Mystic House, with its whitewashed tree-trunks; and, ascending a slight elevation, enter a region of pleasant houses marking the outskirts of the thickly settled portions of the suburban city. Stearns Street, opening by the side of the old, well-conditioned brick house on the left, leads into a willow-lane crossing over to College Hill. This way was named for the late George L. Stearns, a leading Free-soiler and anti-slavery advocate, and helpful during the Civil War in enlisting negroes in the United States army. He was a steadfast friend of John Brown, who more than once was secreted in his house. The Stearns estate, back from Main Street, on the left, was for many years one of the pleasantest in Medford.

We should leave the car at the George Street corner, next beyond Stearns Street, on the left side, and begin our Old Medford walk at the ancient *Royall mansion-house*, which, though shorn of its grandeur, still stands a rare relic of Provincial days. Approaching from the main street we pass through the avenue with only a remnant now of the beautiful trees which once-lined it, and over the narrowed grounds which originally spread in ample proportions to the present front.

In plan and finish the house is one of the best examples of pure colonial architecture in the country. It is of three stories, the upper line of windows smaller than those below; with brick walls rising at either end above the pitched roof; three sides sheathed with wood, the west side, facing the old-fashioned paved courtyard, being the most highly ornamented. The brick structure near the porch on the south side, and fronting upon the courtyard, was originally the quarters of Colonel Royall's "parcel of slaves," twenty-five or more, which he brought with his family in 1737 from Antigua, where he had made a fortune as a merchant. Until comparatively recent years these quarters remained un-

changed, "with the deep fireplace where the blacks prepared their food, the last visible relics of slavery in New England." [Drake.] The interior of the mansion-house still preserves much of its original arrangement and ornamentation. The lower story is finished in the Doric order, the parlor paneled from floor to ceiling, with pilasters and wooden cornice; and the parlor cham-



The Royall House.

ber in the second story is in the Corinthian order, with paneled dado. The rooms are generally large, and the detail throughout is carefully elaborated. The leather hangings which enriched the walls of the grander rooms remained till about twenty-five years ago. On one of the embossed fire-backs was a representation of an ape with an inscription in Latin, which, translated, completely refutes Darwin — "An ape can never be a man." The staircase, rising from the broad hall extending through the house from the eastern to the western side, is with twisted newel-post, a fine example of this style. Wide paneling ornaments the side of the staircase, and the woodwork of the hall is embellished with fine carvings.

The grounds about the house in the Royall days, when the estate comprised several hundred acres, were ambitiously adorned. There was a large inclosed garden, with pleasant walks, shrubbery, and fruit orchards. The chief feature was the summer-house on a terraced elevation approached from the courtyard on the west side, through a formal garden path, bordered with box.

There is yet here an outline of the path which we may follow to the elevation still left with remnants of the terrace. Three short flights of brownstone steps, on the east and west sides, led to the summer-house. This was a building in the form of an octagonal temple, with pilasters and all the other features, thoroughly constructed, every joint carefully protected with lead; and surmounted by a wooden image of Winged Mercury. The important detail of the structure is said to have been ordered in England, and every nail used in its construction, from spike to shingle nail,



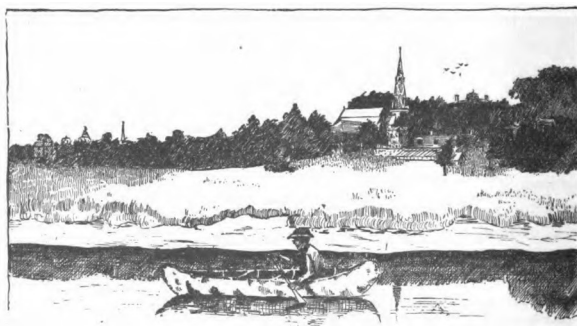
Interior of the Royall House.

was wrought by hand. This unique affair was demolished only about ten years ago—given away for taking down; and the person executing this commission took five hundred pounds of lead from the roof and protected joints. The locality suffered a great loss in its removal, for it was treasured as one of the widest known and most curious of Medford landmarks. The original approach to the courtyard from the highway was by a broad sweeping avenue between rows of great elms, and this was the formal entrance to the estate, the west front of the house being the main one.

The Royall house dates from 1738. A house, built by Lieut.-Governor John Usher, which had long stood on the site, was utilized by Colonel Royall in its construction. Colonel Royall purchased the estate in 1732, and its original dimensions exceeded five hundred acres. He did not long enjoy his country-seat, for he died in June, 1739, and was buried in his marble tomb in the old burying-ground in Dorchester. [See Dorchester walk.] His son Isaac Royall, 2d, succeeded him, and lived here till the outbreak of the Revolution, when he fled the country. The women of his family remained a short time in the mansion after his departure, and when the New Hampshire men pitched their tents in Medford, Colonel John Stark was asked to make it his headquarters, "as a safeguard against insult or any invasion of the estate the soldiery might attempt. A few rooms were set apart for the use of the bluff old ranger, and he, on his part, treated the family with considerate respect." [Drake.] Subsequently the house was occupied as headquarters by General Lee, who called it "Hobgoblin Hall" from its echoing corridors; and later by General Sullivan. At length it was taken under the confiscation act, and put in care of the Medford Committee of Inspection. For the next 27 years all rents and incomes from it went into the treasury of the Commonwealth. Early in the present century the house was used as a seminary for women. About the year 1808 a claim to the estate was presented by Royall's granddaughter, and allowed. In 1810 the place was purchased by Jacob Tidd, whose family held it for about half a century. In later years it has had different owners.

Isaac Royall, 2d, was an amiable person, a generous host, — "no gentleman gave better dinners or drank costlier wines," — a leading citizen, and a large-hearted benefactor. He was long a member of the General Court, for twenty-two years in the Governor's Council, and was appointed a councillor by mandamus in 1774, but declined to serve, — from timidity, Gage wrote. He was the founder of the Royall Professorship of Law, in Harvard College, the foundation of the present Law School, giving over two thousand acres of land in Granby, Mass., for this purpose. One hundred acres in the same town were also given by him to the town of Medford, "for the use and better purpose" of the common schools. The town of Royalston was named in his honor. One of his daughters married George Erving, a merchant of Boston, and another married Sir William Pepperell; and his sister, Penelope Royall, became the wife of Colonel Henry Vassal of Cambridge. He died of small-pox in England in 1781.

From the Royall house to Medford Square is a short walk of six or eight minutes. Instead, however, of going direct by Main



The Mystic Marshes, looking from South Street

Street and the Cradock bridge spanning the river, let us make a *détour* through South Street, at the left, by the old Medford House (an old-time tavern), passing along the river side to Winthrop Street, thence, at the right, over Winthrop bridge, — or the long bridge, as the natives call it, — to Winthrop Square, and again at the right into High Street. Thus one of the pleasantest views of the serpentine stream coursing through the outspreading marshes, with the town rising on the banks above them, is had, and the square approached on the other side through a fine old-fashioned thoroughfare rich in stately elms. South Street was originally Fish Lane, one of the early roads, and High Street was the third high road laid out by the town, connecting it with Menotomy, now Arlington. It yet retains something of the colonial look, a few of the old mansion-houses of the style of that period being preserved ; while its beautiful trees are its glory.

A few hundred feet east of the turn from Winthrop Street, or Square, into High Street, we come to the Episcopal Church, on the south side, designed by the late H. H. Richardson, one of the early efforts of this master architect : a building of rubble-stone, with Medford granite trimmings, in the style of the conventional English church, pleasing in effect and finish. It occupies the site of the old Bigelow mansion-house, from which, for nearly a dozen years early in this century, Timothy Bigelow, speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives (1805-6, 1808-10, 1812-20), drove to the Boston State House to preside over the deliberations of this branch of the General Court. Next of note on this side of the street is the older Thatcher Magoun house, built by the pioneer of the Mystic ship-builders who made Medford famous. Adjoining this estate is the unfinished St. Joseph's Catholic Church. On the northerly side of the street, at the junction with Winthrop Street, formerly stood one of the most picturesque houses in the vicinity — that of Parson Ebenezer Turell, for fifty-four years (1724-78) minister of the First Parish. It was removed within the past ten years, to the keen regret of many old citizens. The square, old-fashioned house, with ornamental railing over the gutters, is known as the Train house, from the family long occupying it. It now contains the valuable Masonic library of its present owner, General Samuel C. Lawrence, which is said to be the most complete collection of its kind in the country. The next house is distinguished as that in which General Brooks, afterward Governor Brooks, entertained Washington upon the occasion of his last visit to New England. The church next beyond is the Unitarian Church (successor of the First Parish), replacing in a style far less happy the old meeting-house, a noble feature in the

landscape, which was destroyed by fire about three years ago. Adjoining the church edifice, across Highland Avenue, is the present parsonage, also an old house which was long occupied by Dr. David Osgood, the third minister of Medford.

The second Thatcher Magoun mansion-house, next east, which was long distinguished as the finest place on High Street, has been the home of the Public Library since 1875. It was given to the town by Thatcher Magoun, 2d, for a library building, together with a generous plot of land and five thousand dollars in money. In remodeling the structure for library purposes care has been taken to preserve its general outlines and interior arrangement, and its appearance to-day is but slightly changed from that which it bore in the days of its prime as the hospitable dwelling of one of the worthies of the town. Within, with an excellent collection of books, and a cabinet of minerals, fossils, relics, especially rich in Indian curiosities, are several interesting portraits and pictures, — portraits of the two Thatcher Magouns, of Governor John Brooks, of William H. Burbank, and Samuel M. Stevens, the last two Medford men who fell in the Civil War; a painting of the old Cradock house (which we shall see in East Medford), by George S. Wasson; a crayon head of Whittier, by a local artist, and a large painting of Chocorua.

The Medford library originated in the Medford Social Library founded in 1825. It became the Town Library in 1856. Its name was then changed to the "Medford Tufts Library," in honor of Turell Tufts, who left by his will the sum of \$5000 for its benefit, the income to be expended annually for valuable books only. In 1866, the town voted to call it "The Medford Public Library," and so it has since been known. It contains about 12,000 volumes. It has received numerous gifts in books as well as in bequests. The portraits, with the exception of that of Thatcher Magoun, 2d, were also gifts from individuals: the Thatcher Magoun, the elder, made from an old painting, coming from his son; the Governor Brooks (dating from 1818, by Frothingham of Charlestown), coming from Mrs. Dudley Hale in 1868; the Burbank and the Stevens from General Samuel C. Lawrence. The Thatcher Magoun, 2d, was ordered by the town and painted by Harvey Young of Boston. The crayon of Whittier was by William A. Thompson. Wasson's "Cradock House" was given by Colonel Norwood P. Hallowell, and the Chocorua by John E. Richards.

The Savings Bank at the approach to the Square occupies the site of the house of Governor John Brooks, where he lived for many years, and died in 1825. Medford Square was originally the market-place, the centre of the town. It is yet the centre where the early public roads, the great highways to the surrounding country, unite, and where the municipal offices are established; but no longer the common centre for all Medford. Nearly all of its long-cherished landmarks have disappeared. There are still standing, however, one or two interesting structures of the Provincial period, and within its immediate neighborhood is an an-

cient garrison house dating from the earliest days of the Colony. The old brick mansion-house on the north side of the Square, with side walls rising above the roof after the fashion of colonial times, dates from the middle of the eighteenth century. This was originally the dwelling of Thomas Secomb, who is memorable as the founder of the first fund for the benefit of the poor and needy of the town, which became the basis of the substantial "Secomb Charities," now administered by the city authorities. In after years the house was transformed into a tavern, long known as "Simpson's;" and it suffered varying fortunes until the town became a city, when it was restored and taken for city uses. The



Old Garrison House.

old Garrison house in Pasture Hill lane, near by, was the third house in the plantation, built before 1640 by Major Jonathan Wade, and was first called a fort. It was originally but half its present size, the addition having been made in the latter part of the last century. The brick walls of the older part, exceptionally thick and stout, are pierced with "port-holes;" and it is strongly built throughout to resist attack. Fortunate in its owners, it is well preserved, and is yet a comfortable dwelling. The interior is most interesting, and its occupants courteously open it to appreciative visitors.

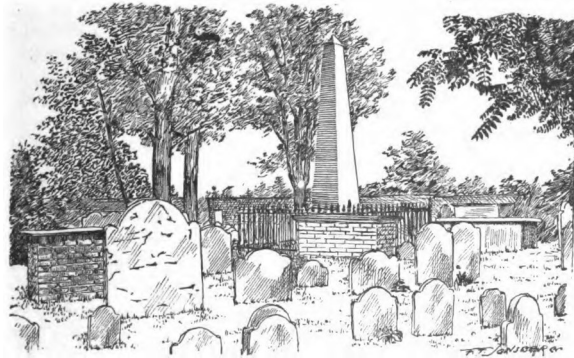
The Main Street approach to the Square from South Street,

where we turned to walk around the river and enter by High Street, is the old business thoroughfare upon which are the principal shops, mostly in quaint old buildings. Main Street was the first public road laid out in the settlement, and at first led from "The Ford" to Boston. The present Cradock Bridge, which carries over the river an arch of stone, bearing the dates 1638-1880, is near, though not directly on the site of the first bridge built by the settlers and the only bridge in the place over the Mystic for public travel until 1754. The view up and down the river from its side walls is pleasing. Salem Street, starting from the northeast side of the Square, and leading to Malden, was the second highway laid out by the town; High Street to Arlington, as already stated, was the third; and Forest Street, opening from the north side, leading to Stoneham "through the woods," the fourth. Forest Street, with its long lines of majestic elms and border of attractive estates, the stateliest of these old roads, is the Medford entrance to the Middlesex Fells by way of Pine Hill. [See Walk No. 9.] This hill is the highest elevation in the range known as "the Rocks," about a mile from the Square, and marks the northern boundary of the city.

Leaving the Square by Forest Street we soon get a good view, across the fields on the left, of Pasture Hill, the sightliest point of which, overlooking the lovely valley of the Mystic, is occupied by the picturesque club-house of the Medford Club. Continuing along Forest Street until Water Street, at the right, is reached, we may turn here, take Ashland Street at the right, follow this street back toward the Square, and come out on Salem Street, a stone's throw above the Square. By this course one of the fairest of the older residential sections of the place is traversed, and an excellent idea obtained of what Medford was in the old days of town-life, for here, notably on Ashland Street, is a delightful mixture of ancient and modern in the style of the houses and of their grounds. Beyond Water Street the way along Forest Street soon becomes more rural, the roadway presently narrowing and making picturesque turns, and the walk may be extended, if we prefer, to Pine Hill on the one side, and Wright's Pond on the other. There is no more inviting region in these parts, but it should be reserved for the outing in the Fells, to which a full day may with profit be devoted.

On Salem Street just below Ashland Street, on the opposite side, is the ancient burying-ground, the earliest known in the town, a picturesque though neglected spot, inclosed by a low stone wall under which the tombs extend. It contains the graves of a number of the early settlers and of old Medford families. Here are

entombed Governor John Brooks, distinguished as soldier and civilian; the Rev. Aaron Porter, the first settled minister of Medford; Deacon John Whitmore, one of the earliest settlers, and other members of the Whitmore family; Simon Tufts, the first physician of the town, and numerous members of the Tufts, the Willis, and the Wade families. The oldest gravestone bears date of 1684. One ancient stone, six inches thick, records the death of George Willis, aged ninety, in 1690. He was one of the early settlers near Cambridge, where he lived for sixty years. One stone in the Whitmore group is dated 1685, — that by the grave of Francis Whitmore, who died at the age of sixty-two. Deacon John Whitmore reached eighty-seven years of age. There are few epitaphs in this graveyard, and but a single monument, — the granite shaft over the tomb of Governor Brooks. Its modest inscription



The Governor Brooks Monument.

recounts in the simplest form his military and civic services and his distinguished virtues : —

Sacred to the memory of John Brooks, who was born in Medford in the month of May, 1752, and educated at the town school. He took up arms for his country on the 19th of April, 1775. He commanded the regiment which first entered the enemies' lines at Saratoga, and served with honour to the end of the war. He was appointed marshal of the district of Massachusetts by President Washington, and after filling several important civic and military offices, he was, in the year 1816, chosen Governor of the Commonwealth, and discharged the duties of that station for seven successive years to general acceptance. He was a kind and skillful physician; a brave and prudent officer; a wise, firm, and impartial magistrate; a true patriot, a good citizen, and a faithful friend. In his manners he was a gentleman; in morals, pure; and in profession and practice, a consistent Christian. He departed this life in peace, on the 1st of March, 1825, aged seventy-three. This monument to

his honoured memory was erected by several of his fellow-citizens and friends in the year 1838.

In addition to the public service recorded in this inscription Dr. Brooks was an influential delegate in the State Convention for the adoption of the Federal Constitution; after his term as marshal, he was inspector of the revenue, also by Washington's appointment; he served in both branches of the General Court and in the Executive Council of the State; and during the war of 1812 he was Governor Strong's adjutant-general. He was the second president of the Society of Cincinnati, president of the Washington Monument Association, and a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Of Medford, he was esteemed the foremost citizen and was idolized by the inhabitants. "They referred to him all their disputes; and so judicious were his decisions, that he had the rare felicity to satisfy all parties, and to reconcile them to bonds of amity. It was observed by an eminent lawyer who resided there that he had no professional business in Medford; for Governor Brooks prevented all contentions in the law." [Drake.]

The oldest of the tombs along the front of the enclosure were built in 1767, long after it had come to be called the "old burying-ground." In the southwest corner was the slaves' quarter, in which a number of bondmen were buried in unmarked graves.

From Salem Street, near the burying-ground, we may proceed by way of Riverside Avenue to the ancient Cradock house in East Medford. The walk is about three quarters of a mile in length, and is uninteresting except on the river side of the avenue, where the marshes spread out magnificently. On Salem Street, just above Cross Street, at the corner of Fountain Street, is the site of the old Fountain Tavern, dating from 1725, long a familiar landmark. This was a famous inn in its day, and the most ambitious in the town. It was first called the "Palaver Tavern," from the picture on its great sign which represented two men who were called "palaverers" shaking hands; and it became the "Fountain House," when a new sign was swung out displaying a rude painting of a fountain pouring punch into a large bowl. Two great elms stood in front of the house, and in their branches were platforms, connected with each other and the house by wooden bridges, which were used in summer as places of resort for drinking punch and cordials. [Brooks.] Tea-parties were also sometimes gathered there. On Cross Street is another interesting old house, on the left, beyond the railroad bridge, in which Lydia Maria Child, the famous anti-slavery writer, attended school when a girl. She was a native of Medford, born in 1802. The house in which she was born is the Francis house, on the corner of Salem and Ashland streets, now occupied by the Medford Historical Society. Riverside Avenue was formerly Ship Street, so called from the shipyards here in the flourishing ship-building times. At one period, within a short walk along the river there were ten large yards in active operation. Here also, in the near neighborhood of

the Cradock house, were the first brickyards, the earliest opened in 1630, the first year of the settlement. The ship-building industry ceased in 1873 with the launching of the last Medford-built ship, from Foster's yard, near the point where the first ships built by Cradock's men took the water in 1632; but brick-making still continues.

The Cradock house stands on the left side of the avenue in an open field by the corner of Spring Street, just beyond two old-fashioned estates — that on the waterside the Foster homestead, — and a refreshing line of shade trees along the roadway. It is



The Ancient Cradock House.

believed to be the oldest house in the country now standing which retains its original form. The supposition is that its building was begun in the spring of 1634, immediately after the grant of land by the General Court to Cradock, which was subsequently defined as extending "one mile into the country from the riverside in all places." It was designed for a house of refuge and defense as well as for a dwelling, and long went by the name of "The Fort." Its walls of large-sized brick, Medford made, with a band of masonry projecting for ornament between the first and second stories, are eighteen inches thick, and the massive beams are of rough-hewn oak. The large arched windows in the back side, near the ground, were originally protected by heavy iron bars. It

had close window shutters, port-holes, and a lookout in the back wall of the western chimney commanding the shore approach, while the main door was incased in iron. The roof is double pitch, the top, six feet on each side of the ridge-pole, nearly flat. The interior was divided into large apartments, the walls lined with wainscot or hung with arras; and we are told that at one time an "elegant staircase, with rails and posts richly carved," ascended to the garret floor, which was one large apartment nearly sixteen feet high. In the brick-work are cupboards for the safe deposit of valuables, and elsewhere are several strong fireproof closets. There are three great fireplaces; one with heavy crane, in the back room on the west side, being quite deep. The house as it now stands is forty feet in front by thirty-two feet deep. But at first, it is conjectured, there was a large wing on the east side, where early in the present century the partly decayed wall was taken down and rebuilt. It was doubtless also surrounded by groups of outbuildings for farm and domestic purposes and by other structures; for the heirs of Cradock (who died about the year 1641), in a deed of this property given in 1652, mentioned houses, barns, and numerous other buildings. The field which the house occupies, slightly elevated above the marshes, was inclosed by palisades, and its only approach was by a private road through gates. It was included in the park impaled by the order of Cradock, to which Wood refers in the "New England Prospect," written in 1634, — "where he keeps his cattle till he can store it with deer." From time to time during its long life the venerable structure suffered numerous changes through the action of the elements and of man, and in 1882 its complete demolition was threatened. But at this juncture, happily, a number of gentlemen started a movement for its preservation, which resulted in its purchase by a public-spirited citizen, General Samuel C. Lawrence, and in its restoration by him to very nearly its original appearance. Ultimately it is General Lawrence's purpose to place this veritable treasure in the hands of the local historical society, to be maintained, under proper restrictions, as a public cabinet for historical relics.

Spring Street leads to the Glenwood section of East Medford, and Riverside Avenue continues to Wellington, the easternmost part of Medford city, about a quarter of a mile beyond. Following the avenue, which now onward winds as the river courses, the old Wellington farm on the waterside is reached; and about sixty rods southeast of the ancient farm-house on the promontory here, we come to the site of the first house built by Cradock's men, and the first one in Medford. This was set up in July, 1630, on the

highest point of the promontory, directly opposite Governor Winthrop's Ten-Hills farm on the north side of the river. It is supposed to have been a large log house, with a small deep cellar walled with stone, and a chimney of bricks laid in clay. It had attained a venerable age before it disappeared, and the cellar remained undisturbed until the third quarter of the present century. So late as 1855 some of the bricks of the old chimney were collected as souvenirs and are now preserved by Medford antiquarians. The discomforts of the walk from the Cradock house to this point will be forgotten in the enjoyment of the extensive view of river and marshes which it affords, and of the picturesque remnant of the ancient farm with its modern surroundings.

Wellington, the suburb which lies between the farm and the Maine Railroad on the east, is one of the most attractive of the newer quarters of the city in situation and finish, with pleasant roadways and suburban homes of modern type. From the station here we can make the return to Boston by steam cars (a short ride), or taking Middlesex Avenue we may cross the river and return by way of Ten-Hills, and the electric car lines down Winter Hill. An electric line along Middlesex Avenue is contemplated, and the Fens Parkway when finished will afford a choice of ways to Boston.

Walk b. Our West Medford walk will be a short one. The quarter lies somewhat removed from Old Medford, with which it is connected by an electric line along High Street, and is directly approached from Boston by the main line of the Boston and Maine Railroad, Southern Division.

Upon our arrival by the steam cars, we should pause at the station a moment and examine this structure. It is something unique in railway stations; not in respect to its architecture, which is conventional, but on account of the peculiar material entering into its composition. In the outside walls, the foundation of which is local stone, are imbedded a great variety of minerals, some jewels, many rare and numerous oddly shaped stones, shells, horns, billiard balls, polished marbles, coral, and other curious things, contributed by townspeople at the time of its erection, in 1885. In the interesting mixture are several specimens of tourmalines, agates, onyx, amethysts, garnets, jasper, pyrite, geodes, slag, syenites, basalts; quartz crystals from Hot Springs, Arkansas; rose quartz from the Bad Lands of Dakota; Amazon stone from Pike's Peak; a section of the mouth of a geyser, from Washington (State); malachite from Siberia; agalmatolite from Japan; an Indian pestle; a whale's tooth; a column of basalt from Giant's Causeway, Ireland; a stone profile of a woman's bust; and a

curious natural bust of Washington: a water-worn drift-rock found in Medford. A catalogue of the minerals in this novel public cabinet has been prepared by a mineralogist resident in the town and issued in a little "Souvenir" of the station.

Let us first strike for the riverside, taking Harvard Avenue, which leaves the square back of the station at the left. Following this way for a third of a mile or so, under the refreshing shade of its trees, and by pleasant suburban houses, — rather too thickly set, however, — we reach Arlington Street as the river is approached. Turning into the latter street, taking the left turn, we now follow the curving lines of the river back in the direction of Old Medford. Arlington Street is itself far from picturesque; but if we keep our eyes turned toward the waterside, we may, occasionally, in spite of the forbidding structures which man has raised, get pretty glimpses and sometimes open views of the river country. At the first sharp turn in the road we may look across to the pumping-station of the Mystic Water Works, with the grove about it, and College Hill rising beyond. Here is an inviting footpath leading down to the marshes, which we may take for a closer view. On the road again, we shortly reach Boston Avenue, which leads to Boston by way of College Hill, and, taking a turn down this way to the bridge, we have here agreeable views both up and down the river, notably up, taking in the arch of the railway bridge and the pleasant country rising beyond to the left. Back to Arlington Street we continue to its end at a junction of streets. Taking the left turn and crossing the railway track, we come to Prescott Street, the first on the right. Turning here we enter at once a neighborhood of fine roadside trees, which grows pleasanter as we proceed. On the right we pass the house in which the Rev. David A. Wasson, — the essayist and sometime minister, settled for a few years over the society formed by Theodore Parker in Boston, — lived during the latter part of his life, and where he wrote the most important of his works; and beyond, on the other side, we get glimpses of the fine estates of the brothers Hallowell, — Colonel Richard P. and Frank W. Hallowell. Through the side streets at the left we have pleasing vistas; while on the right, now and again, the river and its marshes display their charms.

Prescott Street formally ends where Mystic Street, one of Medford's fairest tree-lined thoroughfares, makes off at the left, over the high ground toward Winchester, but it drifts into a grassy lane with regular lines of trees on either side as if it were intended to continue the road when somebody's mind changed. It is a lane which we cannot resist, although its finish is indefinite.

The most traveled footpath is the well-beaten one down at the right toward the water's edge starting out along a slight mound. This continues onward around the base of the height which our lane approaches and crosses the marshes beyond to Winthrop Street leading to Old Medford. [See Walk *a.*] Keeping to our lane we stroll on toward the wooded hill ahead; and at its finish, either clambering over the stone wall at the left, or passing through the wires of the slender fence in front of us, we take footpaths to *Hastings's Bluff*, the rocky promontory, with fringe of trees on the waterside, which overlooks the marshes and Old Medford toward the left. The way from the wall or fence at the lane-bound is over private ground; but if we avoid the cultivated parts we may pass peacefully, for the estate owners here are generous-minded folk. Still, if we wish strictly to observe the rules against trespassing, — as every good citizen, we must admit, should, — we may approach this sightly bluff by the footpath below, and mount it on the further side. All along our lane and the hillside beyond, is to be found in its season a variety of spring flora. From the promontory, we go back to the footpath on the marshes, and turning to the left take the path across the field and down the slope to *Hastings's Lane*, leading over to the main roadway or High Street, by the eastern end of which we entered Old Medford on Walk *a.* This lane is also a private way, but we have the permission of the estate owners to cross it if we do so directly, and refrain from trespassing on either side. The place on the right, with mansion-house of smooth finish in the style of 1840, and yellow in color, is the homestead estate of the late Edmund T. Hastings, Sr. Standing back two hundred and fifty feet from High Street, on a knoll overlooking a broad view of river and valley, shaded by noble elms, with an old orchard near by, the house of comfortable proportions occupies one of the most charming natural situations in the county, and with its surroundings makes a pleasant picture.

Hastings's Lane meets *High Street* opposite the opening of *Woburn Street*, the old highway to Woburn, by way of *Winchester*. We are here to take the left turn and proceed through *High Street*, back in the direction in which we came on the other side. But first let us take a look at the quaint old houses on either corner, westerly. That on the south side was built long prior to the Revolution, and in 1775 was owned by John Bishop, in his day a leading townsman. The yellow gambrel-roofed house opposite, facing *Woburn Street*, is an excellent representative of late eighteenth-century architecture, known as the old Jonathan Brooks house. Jonathan Brooks was a tanner, and a second cousin of

Peter C. Brooks (the eminent Boston merchant of his time whose country-seat, now occupied by descendants, we shall later reach on this walk). The old style house next west is said to have been built by Peter C. Brooks for Jonathan, and the latter moved into it in 1837. Accordingly this is locally known as the second Jonathan Brooks house. Continuing along High Street west, the second house on the right, by Mystic Street, of brick covered with mastic, was built in 1851, by the Rev. John Pierpont, the distinguished Unitarian clergyman, reformer, and writer, for a brief period pastor of the First Parish of Medford, and later for twenty-four years minister of the Hollis Street Church in Boston. He died here at an advanced age in 1866. This house was unroofed in a remarkable tornado of the summer of 1851, the roof being carried into the front end of the house on the southeast corner of High and Mystic streets. The gambrel-roofed house on the corner of High and Brooks Streets is the old Teel house, somewhat remodeled. If we choose, we may take the electric car passing through this tree-embowered thoroughfare, but by so doing we would miss the heights at the right, finishing in old Mystic Mount, long a favorite outlook with old Medfordians, which, as Brooks wrote, was regarded by them somewhat as an "ancient member of a family." This is now a little public park, bearing the name of "Hastings's Heights." We may reach it through side streets at the right, — directly by the street next below Mystic Street. Its narrow rocky summit affords a pleasant view, but not so extensive and satisfactory as it would be were the near-by houses less obtrusive. From this park we should strike for the valley by way of Vernon Street on the further side, bearing to the left and crossing by a footpath over the fields below, to the roadway close up to the station. For the beautiful trees adorning the older West Medford streets east of the railroad track, the inhabitants are indebted to the late Edmund T. Hastings, formerly of Cambridge, who personally superintended the setting out of them.

Crossing the track and again in the park back of the station, let us now take the main highway, at the right, which is yet High Street, the thoroughfare having made a circuit across the railway track and around the park. As we enter the highway, note, at the right, the fine English-like field of the old Peter C. Brooks estate, which extends onward and around the high ground, bordering the Mystic Ponds for a mile or so, — one of the most extensive and beautiful estates round about Boston. The highway continues by well-favored suburban homes, and under the shade of fine trees, which we have observed are features of West Medford roads. The little park at the right, at the opening of Grove Street, is called the

"Delta," and the handsome trees which it incloses were planted in the '50's by Peter C. Brooks, then the head of the Brooks



Piece of Wall, along Grove Street, built by Slaves.

manor, who set out numerous other roadside trees and much embellished his ancestral seat. Grove Street, in early days the



Arch Bridge over old Canal Bed.

"Road to the Woods," is delightful through its entire length — passing in picturesque curves over high ground, alongside of the Brooks estate, by "Baconville," to Symmes's corner in Winchester, making there connection with other highways. [See Walk No. 18.] Continuing on High Street below the Delta, we observe on the left side of the way a clump of willows at the lower corner of Boston Avenue. These are close to the site of a canal-house of the old Middlesex canal; and opposite, from the right side of the roadway, we catch, through a lovely vista, a view of the old solid stone arch bridge spanning the bed of the canal, which passed through the Brooks estate. In the foreground this side of the arch, almost hidden in a nest of spruce trees, is an interesting Indian monument, which we may visit by permission of the farmer of



Monument to Mystic Indians.

the estate, whose house is on the street line. The monument is a shaft of rough granite bearing this inscription: —

To
Sagamore John.
And to those
Mystic Indians
Whose bodies lie here.
1630-1884.

Here are buried parts of several skeletons of Indians exhumed near by in 1882 during the work of grading for a new building; and the monument was erected by Francis Brooks, whose children are the present owners of the estate. Twenty years before, very near this spot, the remnants of five Indian skeletons were found, together with the iron head of a fish-spear, a stone skin-dresser or knife, parts of a tobacco pouch, and a stone pipe with stem of rolled sheet-copper. One of these skeletons was perfect, and was sent by the late Edward Brooks, at that time the owner of the estate, to

Professor Agassiz, by whom it was put together and set up in the Museum at Cambridge.

Sagamore John, chief of the Mystic tribe, died in 1633 of smallpox, at his dwelling-place on the point afterward known as Beacham's and later as the Van Vorhees farm, at the junction of the Mystic and Island End Rivers; and was buried, with many of his people, by Samuel Maverick, whose house was at that time on the other side of Island End River, on the present Naval Hospital grounds. [See Walk No. 4.] He was friendly to the English settlers and apprised them of threatened attacks of unfriendly Indians. [Brooks.]

It is but a few steps beyond the farmer's house to the finish of the **Mystic Valley Parkway** and the bridge at the Weirs below. Before the establishment of the Parkway, there was here a lovely field, entered from the roadway by a turnstile, over which a foot-path led to the banks of Mystic Lower Pond, and to one of the most charming rural walks in the neighborhood. It is now all changed, and in place of the pastoral Mystic Banks is the broad, modern "boulevard" extending across to Winchester. [See Walk No. 18.] From the bridge at the Weirs, where the pond enters the river, the view over the pond, with the gently rising, partly wooded, lands on the Arlington side, makes a pretty picture.

If we desire to extend our walk further we may continue along High Street toward Arlington, taking the footpaths, on the pond side, at the right from High Street, and shortly bearing toward the left, crossing to Mystic Street; or keeping to High Street, coming out in each case in Arlington Centre. The Arlington pond-side walk is full of charm. If we take either of these ways we should return to Boston from Arlington Centre by either electric or steam cars. Otherwise, we should retrace our steps and return from the West Medford station by which we came.