

## ***Dedham Historical Society March 2005 Newsletter***

### ***WILLARD CLOCKS TO BE MARCH 8 LECTURE SUBJECT***

John R. Stephens, Director of the Willard House and Clock Museum, will be discussing Willard Clocks at the Dedham Historical Society Museum on Tuesday, March 8, at 7:30 PM. Of special interest will be a discussion on the Society's extremely rare Simon Willard Astronomical Shelf Timekeeper, with face by Paul Revere, and the First Church, Unitarian's Simon Willard Steeple Clock.

Stephens is a Texas native and a graduate of Austin College in Sherman, Texas, South Methodist University School of Law in Dallas, Texas, and of the Preservation Studies Program at Boston University. He was named Director of Willard House and Clock Museum in Grafton, Massachusetts in 2001 after serving as Curator from 1993 to 2001. He serves as the chairman of the Grafton Historical Commission, treasurer of the Grafton Historical Society, and is a member of the Grafton Historic District Commission and the Community Preservation Committee.

The Willard family made their first clocks in central Massachusetts before the end of the Revolutionary War. Benjamin Willard began making clocks in his small Grafton workshop in 1766. Within a few short years, his three younger brothers—Simon, Ephraim and Aaron—would follow in his footsteps and become America's premiere 18<sup>th</sup> century clockmakers. In 1802, Simon Willard obtained a patent for his Improved Timepiece, or "banjo" clock; today it is considered to be one of the most significant styles of American timepieces.

Founded in 1971, the Willard House and Clock museum's collection includes over 80 Willard clocks and is the largest of its kind in the world. The collection is displayed in period room settings in the 1718 Joseph Willard homestead, the 1766 Benjamin Willard Clock Manufactory and three modern galleries.

The program will trace the history of the Willard clockmakers, from their first shop in Grafton, to the later workshops in Roxbury and Boston. The presentation will include images of clocks from the museum's collection, and will include a brief discussion on the restoration of the Simon Willard tower clock in the First Parish Church of Dedham. The lecture is free to members. There is a \$5

### ***2005 DEDHAM POTTERY PLATE IS THE DUCK***

The 2005 Museum Reproduction plate from the Dedham Historical Society is the Duck.

According to the Society's Dedham Pottery Curator, Jim Kaufman, the Dedham Pottery's whimsical Duck border pattern originated during the early 1890's prior to the pottery's move to Dedham from Chelsea, MA. This well-balanced design employs the Japanesque imagery of flowing water to enhance its appeal. The duck design was quite popular with the Dedham (and Chelsea)

Potters' customers from the beginning and that remained so for nearly half a century.

Unlike previous years when delivery of the plates was expected by December, the first 200 plates have already been delivered and are at the Society.

The plates are still numbered and limited to 300 per year, after which no others will be made.

Cost for the plates is \$98 plus applicable tax and shipping if desired. Members purchasing before March 15, need only pay \$80, and after March 15, \$89.50. Before March 15, non-members may purchase the Duck for \$88.00.

A limited supply of previous year plates are also available, at \$96 each, with a 10% discount to members.

### ***THE INN THING: TAVERNS OF DEDHAM***

[In November, Bob Hanson, former Society president and director, presented a lecture titled *The Inn Thing: Taverns of Dedham*. As always, Bob's talk was most interesting and many people asked if we could print the talk. We have therefore transcribed it and, because of its length, will print it in serial format in the next few issues of the *Newsletter*. Here is Part One.]

When asked to talk about taverns, I thought the subject had some definite possibilities. On the spur of the moment, with no greater idea occurring, I said, "How about the 'Inn Thing'?" Subsequently, it occurred to me that a much better title might have been, "Bar-hopping Through History," and, in that context, I attempted to put myself into the proper frame of reference as I put my speech together.

The history of taverns in Dedham is a much-cluttered historical field, and being in a less than totally sober fashion does not help in sorting out the details. Accordingly, what I am going to give you tonight is pretty much train of consciousness. If you're looking for structure, don't bother. I am going to make it somewhat chronological but with no guarantees. It is also my desire that this be an open forum, so if you have any questions, comments, corrections or whatever, please feel free to wave or just yell at me, as the whim may seize you.

#### ***The First Tavern in Dedham***

A fellow named Michael Powell who had come to town in 1640 established the first tavern in the town of Dedham, and in 1646 he petitioned the General Court to be relieved from the duty on wine and beer. You have to understand about Puritan taverns because the Puritan society was such, and the nutritional aspect of Puritan food was such, that in that period beer was one of the five basic food groups – a circumstance which many of my friends in college desperately attempted to recreate, but failed miserably for the most part, except for the one who developed gout and the doctor told him he had to lay off beer, so he switched to vodka.

Anyway, Michael Powell, having opened his ordinary in Dedham, then moved to Boston in 1649. He had every intention of becoming the first pastor of Boston's North Church, which had just been formed. The North Church was also known as the Second Church. The society, however, was sufficiently structured that the other ministers told him, no, he couldn't be a minister because he didn't have a college degree. Yes, he was literate; yes, he could read; yes, he had some great ideas; yes, he understood his philosophy; yes, he was a good preacher; but no, he couldn't be a minister. So he had to settle for being Ruling Elder of the North Church of Boston for the rest of his life.

#### ***Fisher's Involvement***

His departure from Dedham left a certain vacancy to be filled. The beer pitchers were empty (which was not a good thing), and the mantle was picked up by one Lieutenant Joshua Fisher. Joshua Fisher was a prominent individual as well as being a militia

officer. He was also frequently selectman, town clerk, representative to the General Court, and he filled various other positions within the town government.

He was followed by his son, Captain Joshua Fisher. You have to remember the sequence: Lieutenant comes first and then Captain. The Captain picked up the reins, took over the family tavern which was located right up here exactly where Ames Street is, and continued that business until he died in 1730. At that point, he left the tavern to his wife Hannah, or left her a life estate in the tavern, I should say, with residual rights in his four daughters, two of who were not married and were eligible.

### ***Nathaniel Ames Sees the Light***

In 1732, Nathaniel Ames appeared as a boarder at the tavern and immediately attempted to woo daughter Rebecca, but failed miserably. He then set his sights on daughter Mary, whom he married in 1735. The two of them moved into the tavern and, in conjunction with the aging widow Hannah, continued to keep the place going. In 1737, Mary Fisher blessed her husband Nathaniel Ames with a son whom, in honor of her family, they named Fisher. Mary died a month later and the child followed suit a year after that. At that point, the rest of the Fisher relatives swooped in en masse and decided that the tavern was a very lucrative operation and they deserved to have their fair share of the profits of the tavern and, in fact, full ownership of the tavern. Nathaniel Ames said no, no, no. That might be an argument under common law, but under province law – specifically a law passed in 1692 – inheritance can actually ascend in Massachusetts, unlike common law where it can only descend. So he suggested that the ownership of the tavern had passed from Lieutenant Joshua (deceased) to Captain Joshua (deceased) to the widow Hannah (who had only a life interest in it) to the daughter Mary (deceased) to the son Fisher (deceased) and then backs up to him as the next of kin.

The Fisher relatives had a collective fit over this, and there were several years of lawsuits in which the Fishers won at every turn until finally in August of 1749, Nathaniel Ames, on his fourth trip to the Superior Court of Judicature, won the case and the tavern – which created an interesting situation because one of his former wife's brothers-in-law had during this period seized the tavern physically, had possession of it, and refused to give it up. After an altercation involving a confrontation in the fields with yet another brother-in-law of his deceased wife (in which he had to sue the offending party for tearing off his wig and stomping on it), Nathaniel declared himself the victor and took over the tavern.

### ***The Courts Get Involved***

However, there were seven judges of the Superior Court of Judicature, and two of them had voted against him. Even though he won the case, he was not happy that the court had not universally absolved him. Accordingly, he had a new signboard made for his tavern, which depicted the entire court, all seven justices grouped around a large table on which was an even larger book clearly labeled Province Laws, and the two offending judges were pictured with their backs turned toward the book. Well, word of this filtered back to Boston and the judges of the Superior Court of Judicature (anticipating Queen Victoria) were “not amused,” and they dispatched the sheriff to bring in the offending item for their personal inspection. However, someone managed to get word to Nathaniel Ames that the sheriff was on his way, and when the sheriff arrived in Dedham, all he found hanging on the pole at the tavern was a plain white board bearing the message “Matthew 12:27.” Finally locating a bible, the sheriff looked up the verse in question which said, “A wicked and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign but there shall be no sign given unto it.”

### ***Richard Woodward Appears***

Nathaniel Ames died in 1764, and his wife attempted to keep the tavern running with the assistance of at least some of her sons. Her oldest son, Nathaniel, also a doctor, concentrated on putting out the almanac that his father had begun thirty years earlier and was sort of shut out of the tavern operation, which was fine by him. It wasn't really his cup of tea, anyway. Then, in 1775, the widow married one Richard Woodward, who came from an old Dedham family. Mr. Woodward had three children by a deceased first wife, and had an absolutely rapacious appetite for everything that he could squeeze out of the estate. Nathaniel claimed that he pruned the value of the estate right down to the wood fallen from dead trees. Finally, in a very unusual event for that time and place, a divorce was arranged. Richard Woodward affected a settlement with the widow and picked up his marbles and went off to Connecticut. The widow lived to age 93, finally dying in 1817, at which point the tavern was torn down. So much for the earliest tavern in the town of Dedham.

### ***Benjamin Gay Seeks Revenge***

I mentioned a minute ago one Benjamin Gay, one of the brothers-in-law of Nathaniel Ames' deceased first wife. Benjamin Gay was the member of the family who went back and seized possession of the tavern, and once the court case was straightened out and Nathaniel Ames was in possession, Benjamin Gay sought his revenge by opening a tavern of his own on Court Street in the big yellow house next to St. Paul's Church. Mr. Gay apparently took it upon himself to make as much public spectacle of saying nasty things about Nathaniel Ames as was humanly possible, to the point that in 1752, Nathaniel had to put out an advertisement which said:

*The affairs of my house are of a public nature and, therefore, I hope may be mentioned here without offense to my reader. The sign I advertised last year, by reason of little disappointments, has not been put up, but the thing intended to be signified by it is to be had according to said advertisement. And I beg leave further to add that if any with a view of gain to themselves or advantage to their friends have reported things of my house in contradiction to the aforesaid advertisement, I would only have those whom they would influence consider that where the narrator is not honest, is not an eye or ear witness, can't trace the story to the original, has it only by hearsay, a thousand such witnesses are not sufficient to hang a dog, and I hope no gentleman that travels the road will have his mind biased against my house by such idle reports.*

From Nathaniel's perspective, Benjamin Gay met a proper end. They found him dead in the river in 1761, following which his wife took over the tavern and ran it until her death in 1774, whereupon it passed to a nephew named Joshua Gay, who passed it to a cousin named Timothy Gay, who passed it to yet an even more distant relation named Steven Fuller, who owned it in 1804, which is the last record that we can find that there was, in fact, any kind of a tavern in operation on the premises.

Then came the big change in Dedham. The Norfolk and Bristol Turnpike was chartered in 1802 to run from Boston through Dedham down to Providence. "Why," I hear you cry, "is it important to get to Providence?" Well, the importance was that Providence was where the ships loaded to sail to New York, so people could avoid having to do the overland journey beyond Providence and get a more civilized form of transportation by sea travel, assuming the weather was cooperating.

Washington Street did not exist in the town of Dedham between Dedham Square and Boston prior to 1802. Washington Street from Dedham Square toward Norwood did not exist until 1854. There was a house located about where Washington Street now enters

Dedham Square, which had originally been built by Samuel Colburn in the 1650s. There was a tavern operating in this house in approximately 1792, run by a fellow named Jesse Clapp. When the turnpike road was built, the house was in the way, so it was moved sideways onto the lot where the Knights of Columbus Building now stands, and was bought and taken over by a fellow named Timothy Gay – also related to the Gays of Court Street previously mentioned. This establishment is believed to have actually been the house from the 1650s moved, upgraded and improved. It continued in operation in one form or another until 1880.

### ***The Gay Tavern***

When the stagecoaches began using the turnpike, that tavern became the headquarters for the so-called Citizen Stagecoach Line. The Tremont Stagecoach Line, a competing operation, took up a connection with the Norfolk House up on Court Street (which we will come to in a minute), and the competition was nasty to say the least. As many as seven coaches every morning and every evening passed through Dedham to or from Boston, and did their first change of horses here in Dedham on their way to Providence and their last change of horses going into Boston if they were headed in the opposite direction.

### ***The Stable on Washington Street***

There was a stable on Washington Street behind the hotel, which contained on average more than a hundred horses at any given time. Eight-horse teams could be switched over and new horses provided in a two-minute time frame. Fifty people could be fed breakfast in seven-and-a-half minutes ... don't ask! Dedham Square became a hotbed of activity all day long. Those not actually riding on the stagecoaches were involved in dealing with the stagecoaches and the passengers and the horses. The activity was frenetic.

### ***The Railroad Comes to Dedham***

This was the state of affairs, which would continue until the railroad came in 1836, and by 1842 put the stagecoaches entirely out of business. Interestingly, the railroad when it first came was considered dangerous. It was new fangled. People didn't trust it, so they wouldn't ride it. Only a very few brave souls in those opening years decided to give it a whirl. Ironically, one of the last stagecoaches in Dedham pulled into the square and up in front of the tavern, and the driver dismounted to go inside the building and see about a package. The horses unilaterally decided that they would turn and go back down to the stable, and in doing so they got tangled in the traces and upset the coach, killed three people, and injured everybody else on the stagecoach. So suddenly the railroad looked like a better idea than most people had originally conceived.

### ***Bride's Tavern***

In 1832, the proprietor of this establishment was a fellow named James Bride and, not surprisingly, it was at that point known as Bride's Tavern. This is Bride's Tavern in the picture to my left. A fellow named Benjamin Woods who was an apprentice carriage painter who worked in the carriage manufactory further down Washington Street by the rotary did this painting. In fact, all of the Citizen Lines' coaches were made in Dedham, in the mechanics building so-called, down toward the rotary. Nobody knew that Benjamin Woods had any particular talent as a painter, and he did this secretly behind the scenes and presented it to Bride, the proprietor of the tavern, as a gift. Everyone marveled at what a great piece of artwork it was.

For many years, this painting hung in the back corner of the room here directly over the radiator, and the painting was so dirty and so alligatored and so troubled that it was

almost impossible to figure out just exactly what was in it. It was one of those wonderful paintings where anybody can see anything they want in it because nobody could tell what's really there. About 25 years ago, we arranged to have it cleaned and restored. A lady named Loretta (I've forgotten her last name) came and gravely studied it, and said that she wasn't sure what she could do but she would do her best. So she disappeared with it and a few days later the phone rang and I answered it and she said "Bob?" I said, "Yes." She said, "This is Loretta." I said, "Hey there." She said, "There are people." I said, "What?" She said, "People! In the picture, people. There are people in the road. There are people hanging out of windows. I didn't know they were there."

This is the only known contemporary picture of a stagecoach in the town of Dedham. There is a story, not a story but an article written and in the files here – I couldn't find it when I was looking for it earlier today – which identifies the people in the picture. This gentleman walking across the road here is Timothy Gay going over to pick up the mail, and the driver of the stagecoach is named, and various other people in the picture and whose businesses were in the adjoining buildings and so forth.

### ***The Tavern and Stable Burn to the Ground***

So this is a truly remarkable piece of art, which has an even more intriguing story about it, because in 1832, Bride's Tavern burned to the ground. The fire started in the stable, where it killed 67 horses. It was surmised at the time that the fire had started from the pipe of an aged veteran of the Revolution, who was on his way to Washington to beg for a pension and had been granted permission to sleep in the stable overnight. In the conflagration, the only thing that was saved from the fire was this picture. It happened that it was hanging right inside the front door where someone who was brave enough to approach the building without going inside could reach inside and grab it and rescue it. The stables were leveled, the tavern was leveled, and for two years there was no operation of the tavern on that location, until rebuilding was complete in 1834, and Mr. Bride came back and reopened the tavern – which, perhaps inevitably, became known as the Phoenix House, having risen from the ashes.

### ***The Phoenix House and the Stable***

Things went well for two years until 1836, when the stables burned to the ground a second time, and at that point there was some speculation that maybe there was more to this than strictly an accident. The tavern itself had been saved the second time because when they rebuilt, someone had had the supreme good sense to build a massive brick wall between the stables and the tavern itself. That brick wall saved the primary building, but not the 70 odd horses that died in the second fire. Finally, up in the Norfolk House Bar (I told you we were coming to the Norfolk House and we will be back to it), a local ne'er-do-well named John Wade, who had had several too many, started mumbling about "knowing something" about the fire, and that he could tell, if he wanted to, "more than anybody knew." He promptly got arrested, and they held him prisoner, alternately liquoring him up and drying him out, until he finally talked. He allowed as how he had set the first fire but not the second, and he named the man who had put him up to it: a director of the Citizen's Stagecoach Line (the one up at the Norfolk House). And he let drop enough information that suspicion began to focus on a second fellow named George Walton – or at least that was the name he went by, for he had seven or eight names.

George Walton was the contemporary version of Jesse James or Robin Hood. He was heavily into robbing people on the road at gunpoint and then dispersing the money to needy people – or so he claimed. George Walton eventually was arrested and was held on a charge of having been the highwayman who had assaulted one Deacon Jabez

Boyden from the Second Parish. He was convicted of that crime, but he never came to trial on the arson fire because he died in prison of consumption within a year of his incarceration. John Wade died after four years in prison, and Homer, the director of the Citizen's Stagecoach Line, killed himself. So the Phoenix House continued in its new incarnation, minus the threats.

The Phoenix House went through an interesting series of landlords. There was a poor devil named Adam White who ran the place in 1836 and 37. Mr. White was a well-intentioned individual, and he got favorably mentioned in the local newspaper in 1838:

The publick house in this village known as the Phoenix Hotel was opened by its present landlord, Mr. White, by a liberal and gratuitous entertainment of a numerous party of friends on the 6<sup>th</sup> of October 1836. A few mornings since the elegant sign suspended in front of the house as an invitation for travelers to stop and refresh was suddenly missing from its accustomed elevation. The decanters, wine glasses and all the usual paraphernalia of the barroom had also mysteriously disappeared.

On inquiring the meaning of all of this, I was informed that the landlord, after being approbated by the Selectmen of the town, had inadvertently neglected going through the ceremony of renewing his license from the County Commissioners and was, therefore, according to the strict letter of the law, liable to certain fines and penalties established by statute.

Certain members of the temperance inquisition in this town to whom our well regulated publick house is an abomination, happening to get wind of this matter, had the landlord brought before their tribunal, and the facts not being desired, he was sentenced to pay a heavy fine or give bond for his appearance at the September Court to which he had appealed. Not having any friends at hand to be sureties to the acceptance of the tribunal, he was immediately taken to prison and kept in durance vile for a couple of days until released by the interference of such persons as could not be refused as bail, when he was restored to liberty and suffered to return to his family.

Reader, the crime for which this young fellow was subjected to a heavy fine, afterwards deprived of his liberty and incarcerated within the gloomy walls of a prison should be fully known as it may operate as a warning. It was this: a suspicion that he was endeavoring to obtain an honest livelihood for himself and his family by keeping an excellent house of entertainment for travelers in the village of Dedham. To those who value liberty, the punishment for such an offense is severe. The case should serve as a caution to all, to see to it that they infringe not upon the majesty of the law in the least degree, as they may unconsciously find themselves subject to the petty tyranny of someone of our moral reformers who, under cover of law, will not hesitate to drag a man from his wife and children and confine him in a jail should be as unfortunate from any cause to encourage his displeasure.

### ***The Temperance Movement Comes to Dedham***

Temperance was a hot issue in Dedham. Mr. White decided, following this event, that he was not interested in being a landlord anymore, so he gave up and was replaced by one James Clark. Mr. Clark, being no fool, immediately announced that he was going to run a strict temperance hotel, that there would be no liquor whatsoever on the premises. The local temperance society said that was wonderful and refused to patronize him. After two years, he packed it in and said that he simply could not financially continue because he did not have enough business to stay open. So he was replaced by a fellow named John Tilton, and Mr. Tilton decided that if he couldn't make it as a temperance house, then he

should go in the opposite direction, and Mr. Tilton ran a rather wild operation until he was driven out of town after a particular party, the details of which we won't go into.

### ***Josiah Howe Takes Over Phoenix House***

Finally, in 1848, a fellow named Josiah Howe, who came from very high in the Massachusetts circles of society, came from Lexington and took over the Phoenix House and ran it for almost 30 years with immense success, a very much appreciated and very welcomed member of the Dedham community, who ran a class operation. When he died in 1867, his wife took over and continued the operation until 1879 when she died, and it was taken over by a fellow named James Eaton who lasted perhaps six months until Christmas Eve of 1880, when the Phoenix House, doing what it apparently intended to do all along, burned to the ground. The Phoenix House had 60 rooms. It had a 58' x 38' ballroom on the third floor. It had four large parlors. It had the capacity to feed a couple of hundred people at a sitting and it had no running water. But in those days, this was considered class.

### ***The Norfolk House***

I have repeatedly mentioned the Norfolk House up on Court Street, the big brick house at #19, which formerly had a porch out front with big huge columns full of bees. The Norfolk house started out as a private dwelling built in 1802, by a fellow named Martin Marsh who was a mason by trade (which is why it is a brick building). Mr. Marsh completed his house, moved in, sat out in the front and watched the traffic going by on the new turnpike, and thought that there must be a way to make money out of this. So he converted the operation into a tavern.

Politics entered into tavern play in Dedham, as it did into everything else. Dedham has always been a very political town, and the Norfolk House was the Republican stronghold and the Phoenix House was the Democratic stronghold. And they competed hammer and tongs. Certain groups would patronize one but not the other because of their political philosophies. The management of the two over time tried to keep at arms length and not say too much that was negative about the other, but every once in a while they slipped and then there would be a short burst of newspaper venom as they called each other names.

Martin Marsh lasted as an innkeeper until 1818. He was followed by the partnership of Moses Gray and Francis Alden who took over up there and, among other things, played host to Andrew Jackson and his entourage when they came through town in 1832. I've forgotten where they were on their way to, but they stopped for lunch. This tavern attracted some of the higher quality people who came to town.

You have to understand about the court system as well, relative to taverns. Norfolk County was created in 1793, and Dedham became the county seat. The courts were located here, but they didn't run the way they do now, with year-round activity. There were periods of time announced annually in which the court sat, and if you had business at the court, you had to come and stay until the court got around to dealing with your issue. All of the judges, all of the jurors, all of the lawyers, all of the hangers-on, all of the witnesses, all of the people who had any business whatsoever to do with the court, would come to Dedham, fill up these taverns, and just stay until the court reached a point that they were able to deal with the particular cases these people represented. So there was a constant flood – or intermittent floods – of people patronizing the taverns, mixed with the standard stagecoach trade, mixed with locals who viewed the tavern in the same way the English view a pub as a place to go when there is no other place to go except stay

home. So it was a traffic generator and a traffic reliever as well as a place of entertainment and public joy.

In 1840, Martin Bates took over the Norfolk House. Mr. Bates was not of a very nice disposition. He had lost an eye when he was pecked by a blue heron that he had tried to snatch out of a swamp, but which took offense at being snatched. Mr. Bates from that time forward had a fairly negative outlook. He also was a somewhat scheming individual. He at one point had a moose, and he kept the moose at his tavern as an attraction to the lower class that would pay money to come and see a moose. (There's an old Down East joke about the guy who had a moose in his barn, but I'll spare you.) Martin Bates sold the moose to another Dedham resident but neglected to tell the buyer that moose would only eat certain things. So the buyer, watching his moose shrink to skin and bones, brought him back to Martin Bates and said, "Buy him back." Martin Bates said, "I won't buy him back. Look what you've done to him." And the guy said to him, "At least take him back." So Bates took the moose back, fattened him up, and sold him to somebody else. There are rumors that that happened more than twice but....

In 1866, Martin Bates got it into his head that the tavern had become an albatross around his neck. This, in part, represented the fallout from an event which was recorded in the local newspaper as the Irish of Dedham and Roxbury who got together over a barrel of whiskey, and four people were stabbed in the ensuing melee. Mr. Bates decided it was time to move on. He wanted the town to buy the building, and he maneuvered desperately to get the town to do so. The town refused, and Mr. Bates, in spite, sold it to the Sisters of St. Paul who opened a Catholic orphanage and girls' school on the premises. The school continued until about 1878 or 1879, and then the place became a sort of a flop house, a warehouse and a third rate office building. At one point, one of the offices in the Norfolk House was rented by someone who billed himself as an "independent clairvoyant and medical reformer." I always thought that had definite possibilities.

In 1902, the place was bought by a gentleman with lots of money, Walter Austin, who was connected to the pineapple plantations in Hawaii, and he used his family money to upgrade the place and turn it into a private residence which, for reasons never clear to me, was done in a southern style. The portico was added in 1902 – it was not original to the building. In fact, the building in 1840 had a very low portico under the second story windows with probably a dozen columns along the front, a sort of verandah setup, and that porch was also the first recorded site of a traffic accident in the town of Dedham when a runaway carriage sideswiped the corner post and took it out. It last sold for \$500,000, and is now (amazingly) on the market for about \$2 million.

### ***Other Inns in Dedham***

There was a little known establishment on Eastern Avenue. A fellow named Frederick D. Clem came to Dedham in 1862 in flight from student riots at Heidelberg where he had become a marked man. He fled to America and bought a place on Eastern Avenue which he called the Reunion Hotel, the idea being that the Civil War was then in progress, and he hoped that both sides would ultimately come to a happy reunion. He taught fencing on the side, and he had a fairly good food trade coming from the train depot directly across the street. He could attract a lot of people who weren't borders to his food service, but he also had 27 rooms inside the building where he did maintain regular room-and-board arrangements with people from the neighborhood or from the court trade.

Lastly, up on Court Street on the corner of Church Street across from the red brick chapel, the big white house was originally built as a tavern in 1797 by one William Howe who, not surprisingly, called it Howe's Tavern. In 1818, he sold it to one Mace Smith,

who called it the Punchbowl Tavern and sold out to one Lemuel Shepard who called it Shepard's Tavern. Shepard attempted to run the place as a temperance house but couldn't get the business, so he gave it up. It was taken over by a William Smith who called it the Washingtonian House, also a temperance house, and when he gave up in 1845, it was taken over by a Jonathan Bowditch, who called it the Columbian House and essentially treated it as a boarding house as opposed to a tavern.

That is the rough outline of the tavern structure surrounding Dedham Square. I have purposely not wandered too far afield. I have not wandered beyond 1880. I decided that Tony Staula making bathtub gin at his house in 1930 was probably not appropriate. You know that one, Ginny, huh?

The tavern is a dead institution in America, as it formerly existed. Mobility, liquor laws, and changing public mores have all done away with the concept of the tavern, as our ancestors knew it. The English pub was, I guess, the closest context that we might come to in a modern sense, but the English pub never caught on in America. The day of the tavern has come and gone, and while I would like to invite you all out for a drink, there's no tavern to take you to so I will be quiet. Thank you for listening.

[Bob responded to questions from the audience.]