

The following lines were written Centennial year. Canton is a town full of historical incidents, reaching back to 1650 or 1657, in which latter year the Punkapog Indians were located here, as wards of the State. Blue Hill, 712 feet above tide water, is its most distinguishing physical feature. Some of the old Indian chiefs had their headquarters near it—*on it*, says Shaw's History of Boston. From the Indian name of the hill the name Massachusetts is derived. The lines hit on many of the historical points, and all are authentic, uttered a little elevated and loud, as they needed to be, the hill is so high. Seven generations of the stock whose record this book gives, have gazed upon it and ascended it, if the youngest have been old enough to do so.

T. D. J., grandson of the Colonel who was born in the now-standing Col. Doty Inn, and who, remembered by the writer, died about 1825, in early middle age, was the hero of the rock exploit. He was about six feet and a half high, and relatively large and broad-shouldered. He used to amaze the crowd with feats of strength, and had done this in the streets of Boston. My aged informant remembered the rock affair and also the wood-chute. The writer remembers "Doty-des," and has been with boys who tried the same play in a necessarily small way.

This hill was illuminated on the repeal of the Stamp Act by the British Parliament; on the promulgation of the Declaration of Independence, and on the surrenders of Burgoyne and Cornwallis. The sentinels were there all during the British occupation of Boston, with torch ready to light signal fires at any moment. So spake William Dunbar, Esq., in an oration delivered from the highest platform of its Observatory, July 4, 1826, saying also: "This mountain is therefore consecrate and hallowed ground. *dedicated to Liberty and Independence.*"

## CENTENNIAL WORDS WITH BLUE HILL.

Mound first to greet the inbound sailor's eye  
 Of all the Bay State raises to the sky,  
 Blue Hill! the chief of Granite Quarry Range  
 Whence builders hewed for Boston her Exchange,  
 A solid seat of Customs pillared strange,  
 And Shaft,—The rocks shall raise their head  
 Of his deeds to tell—so WARREN said;  
 Thy front close viewed through all my youthful days  
 From window pane, from school, from works and plays,  
 'Tis Eighteen Seventy-six! I give to thee salute,  
 Centennial year! O Hill of wide repute.

Solid and massive, thy stern and craggy form  
 Defies the fierceness of the raging storm;  
 Feels not within a stroke or piercing bore  
 By dynamite for iron track or ore;