BENEATH OLD ROOF TREES

BY

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"GLIMPSES OF OLD NEW ENGLAND LIFE"
AND "FLAG OF THE MINUTE-MEN"

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TO

THE SOCIETIES ORGANIZED TO PERPETUATE THE

HONOR OF THE BRAVE MEN AND WOMEN,

THROUGH WHOSE SACRIFICES

THE AMERICAN COLONIES OBTAINED THEIR FREEDOM,

This Volume

IS GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED

"TELL IT AGAIN, GRANDPA!" *Frontispiece*

Figure 1: Tell It Again Grandpa!

PREFATORY NOTES

"WHAT DID THEY HAVE TO DO WITH IT?"

WHILE speaking on the battlefield at Lexington with tourists from the city of Philadelphia, allusion was incidentally made to other towns than those usually mentioned in this connection; whereupon I was at once politely met with the honest inquiry, "What did they have to do with it?"

My object in this volume is to answer that question, showing in a story-like manner the part taken by many towns in the opening events of the Revolution.

In offering this work to the public, I desire to acknowledge gratefully the sources from which aid has been obtained ; but they have been so numerous that I refrain from mentioning any published works, lest I may inadvertently omit some.

Manuscript records of towns and churches have been freely consulted through the courtesy of their custodians to whom I am indebted. The many interviews with venerable men and women herein recorded have been to me occasions of great pleasure, and I trust will result in lasting benefit to all who peruse these pages.

This volume being one of a prospective series, "Footprints of the Patriots," treats of only a small portion of the towns identified with the opening Revolution.

It is my purpose to consider the other towns as they appear in the widening circle from which came the ready response to the memorable alarm.

If the reader shall be aroused to a keener appreciation of the cost of our national heritage, and to a higher standard of citizenship beneath its star-spangled emblem, the work will not have been in vain.

With that hope for an impelling motive in the future as it has been in the past, I remain the friend of the reader.

"'Tis like a dream when one awakes,

This vision of the scenes of old;

'Tis like the moon when morning breaks;

'Tis like a tale round watchfires told."

"Surely that people is happy to whom the noblest story in history has come down through father and mother, and by the unbroken traditions of their own firesides." --SENATOR GEORGE F. HOAR, Oration at Plymouth, December, 1895

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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY.- SOME OF THE GENERAL FACTS OF THE OPENING REVOLUTION

THE revival of interest in Napoleon Bonaparte inclines many to long to visit the scene of his fatal conflict. But Waterloo, described and painted by pen and pencil over and over again, when viewed in connection with its results to the, world, is not comparable to the battlefield of Middlesex.

Good citizenship is patriotism in action. It is not necessary that one should face the bullets of he enemy on the field of battle in order to evince true patriotism. He who loves his home, his native town, and his country, and is ready to make sacrifice for their honor and welfare, is the good citizen. In him the germ of patriotism is well developed.

This is seen in the great company of intelligent people who make pilgrimages every year to Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill, and other places of historic interest. Each recurring anniversary emphasizes the fact. No true citizen can cross the green sward of Lexington Common, gaze upon the bronze "Minute-man" at Concord, or press the turf of Bunker's height, without feeling the blood course more rapidly in his veins as he makes new resolutions of better citizenship.

We find nothing of a sanguinary character of the scenes that were enacted on the memorable 19th of April, 1775; for the war-drums throb no longer, and the battle-flags are furled. The bayonets of the red-coated soldiers glisten no more ominously in the gray dawn of the breaking day, and the musket of the yeoman hangs useless among the reminders of the past. But within easy access of New England's metropolis are many existing reminders of that most significant uprising, and the person for whom a recital of the "oft-told tale" of the battlefield would prove tedious will find enough of interest in the story of things and places that existed when the wild crash of musketry broke the stillness of that April dawn.

While the scene of carnage was at Lexington and Concord, and on the entire line of retreat, it was from all Middlesex that the yeoman soldiery came; and the entire Province was in arms before nightfall, and all New England was astir before another sunset. I would not abate one "jot or tittle" from the accumulated honor justly due Lexington or Concord, but I would remind all young people that the only limit to the response was the primitive means of spreading the alarm. A preconcerted signal was so general that it required but "a hurry of hoofs in a village street," or the crack of a musket from a chamber-loft, to carry on the alarm from town to town. When the immortal scroll of that day was made up, there appeared upon it forty-nine names. These were from seventeen different towns, ten of which were in Middlesex, four in Essex, and three in Norfolk Counties. But more than twice this number of towns responded to the alarm before the enemy were back within protection of their ships of war.

It is natural that the tourist should find his interest centre at Lexington and Concord; but if he would trace the footprints of the patriots, he must follow them in the dew of that early morning from their remote homes to the scene of conflict, and in the evening by the blood of the martyrs, who, early slain, were borne lifeless to their homes.

The general uprising of the colonies on the 19th of April, 1775, was the natural outcome of the treatment to which they had been subjected. They had always claimed the liberties of Englishmen, acting upon the principle that the people are the fountain of political power, an that there can be no just taxation without representation. Every act of the British ministry tending to undermine these principles served but to whet the blade of righteous indignation. The acts of Parliament "for the better regulating the government of the Province of Massachusetts Bay," and "for the more impartial administration of justice," were regarded as blows aimed at the liberties of the people, and, when undertaken to be carried into effect by the local authorities at Boston, created a commotion throughout the colonies. The positive dealing with the small tax on tea was but the outcome of a failure to maintain their rights by strong reasoning, firm resolves, and eloquent appeal for a series of years. It was the boldest stroke of the people up to that time, and, although struck in Boston, received a hearty approval from the remotest hamlet, through the ringing of bells and other signs of joy. The punishment intended for Boston by the Port Bill, which took effect June 1, 1774, was a blow felt and resented at the remotest border. Its execution devolving upon Thomas Gage brought general contempt upon one who had so recently been proclaimed the governor with great applause, and Fanueil Hall had been the scene of animating festivity in his honor. From 1767, when the first addition was made to the troops which commonly formed the garrison of Castle William, there had been a growing unrest among the Provincials, strengthened by each new arrival quartered within the town, and becoming unbearable at the massacre in King Street, on March 5, 1770. Each anniversary of this event served as another occasion for declaring the charter rights of the Province, and, although calling forth the expression of different sentiments, was continued until the Declaration of Independence cleared the way for a new anniversary, and the 4th of July, instead of the 5th of March, became the day of America's patriotic expression.

One needs but refer to the manuscript records of the small towns of the colonies to be duly impressed with the approval of each act of the leaders in Boston. The record of sympathy expressed for Boston and Charlestown when the Port Bill went into effect, the memoranda of provisions forwarded for the relief of the distressed, together with the solemn league and covenant against the use of British goods into which they entered and boldly spread upon their records, attest the intensity of feeling which cemented the people more closely together as the months of trial succeeded one another, all of which found civil expression in the acts of the Committee of Correspondence, and also in the convention of Aug. 30, 1774, at Concord, when one hundred and fifty delegates from the towns of Middlesex County placed upon record, "No danger shall affright, no difficulty shall

intimidate us; and if, in support of our rights, we are called to encounter even death, we are yet undaunted, sensible that he can never die too soon who lays down his life in support of the laws and liberties of his country."

Following close upon the memorable convention of Middlesex came the Provincial Congress, which assembled in the meeting-house of Concord, the hostile preparations, the clash of arms, and the general uprising of the people.

One hundred and twenty years have passed since the embattled farmers struck the first blow for liberty, but many reminders of that day are yet to be seen. Hills over which Revere galloped on his midnight ride have been carried into the valleys through which he made rapid pace; but many a hearthstone that glowed with the embers of patriotism is still the pride of a thrifty owner, who rejoices that the same roof which protects him sheltered his grandfather, who at the same door gave a parting blessing to wife and children as he hastened to the scene of conflict. Such homes, possessed and cared for by those who have there received the story of personal experience from honored sires, are monuments to which all would gladly revert. These, and the many other reminders of the footprints of the patriots, have their lessons of good citizenship for all.

I have spent much time, during a score of years devoted to historical writing, in visiting such homes throughout New England, and in conversation with the widows of those who had personal experience in the army, also with the children who have had the story of sacrifice from fathers who suffered in the field, camp, or hospital, and from mothers whose sufferings were beneath their own roofs. The widows and children of soldiers of the Revolution had become very scarce when I began my research; but grandchildren have been often met who received indelible impressions of the struggle of the colonists, while fondled in the arms of those who were actors in the Revolution.

The result of my research has from time to time been given to the public in story through the daily press. Realizing that such a medium, in the main, is as fleeting as the day, I have been prompted to gather my stories into a more enduring form for the benefit of the many whom I now ask to visit the scenes. Familiarity entitles me to invite the company of all who have entered into the labors of the patriots of '75.

CHAPTER II

A GLANCE AT THE ENEMY'S ROUTE. -- SOME LEADING STEPS. -- MARSHFIELD TORIES. -- SALEM MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE CONCORD OF HISTORY. -- A BILLERICA TEAMSTER.-ACTIVITY OF FRIEND AND FOE

BOSTON is our starting-point. We make but a short journey into Middlesex County, having the restless army of Gage in view as they start on their "holiday excursion," before we are in the midst of the scenes that witnessed the flight of the redcoats, and their steady pursuit by the rough-clad yeomen. The very ground has tongues to tell the story of that heroic clay. The memorials that patriotic hands have set to mark the deeds that were done recount anew the romantic valor, the courage that could not tire, and the resolution that knew no compromise.

As we go over that ground we will listen again to the words of the great patriot Samuel Adams, spoken as the sun was rising over the hills of Lexington: "What a glorious morning for America is this!" It matters not whether this morning's exclamation was the evidence of prophetic wisdom; certain is it that Samuel Adams[1]was the great seer of his time, and, having the sight, he spared nothing to hasten the dawn of a better era for America. Tardy, indeed, is the gratitude of a great nation shown by the failure to appropriately mark his resting-place in Granary Burial Ground in Boston, where in like obscurity rests his honored associate, John Hancock[2]. In passing we will not fail to commend the people of Lexington, who have provided the horizontal slab, in the form of a shield, which tells us where Hancock and Adams were when the attack was made upon the Lexington company. Every child is familiar with the story of Lexington and Concord. He knows --

"How the British regulars fired and fled;

How the farmers gave them ball for ball

From behind each fence and farmyard wall,

Chasing the redcoats down the lane,

Then crossing the fields to emerge again

Under the trees at the turn of the road,

And only pausing to fire and load."

---

1 One wrote of Samuel Adams in 1773, "All good men should erect a statue to him in their hearts."

2 Since writing the above, the foundation has been laid for State monument over the tomb of Hancock.

It is not my purpose to recount the events of the opening Revolution familiar to the most careless student of history; but I deem it advisable to give a brief outline of facts, in order to show their bearing upon the acts of other towns than those commonly mentioned.

The uprising, so general throughout the Province of Massachusetts Bay and in the adjoining country, was the result of months of agitation. During this time the best preparations possible were made, although a hostile army was in possession of the leading seaport, and Tories on either hand were using every possible means to inform the king's agent of the movements of his "rebellious subjects." Their own domestic cares were greatly increased by the support of the poor of Boston, who were forced to leave their homes, and flee to the country. Meetings for consultation were frequently held, although forbidden by the waning power of the governor. They withdrew their stock of powder, etc., from the Quarry Hill Magazine at Charlestown; put in trim their old muskets with which they served the king before Louisburg; whetted the bayonets that had pierced the hearts of French and Indians; moulded their tableware into bullets; and listened at their rude altars for the God-given message delivered to them by patriotic pastors.

Each and all of these movements were quickly communicated to General Gage by their enemies at their own doors. The general stock of powder for the use of the Province was left in the powder-house; and this was removed by order of. General Gage, at the instigation of William Brattle of Cambridge, and lodged at Castle William.

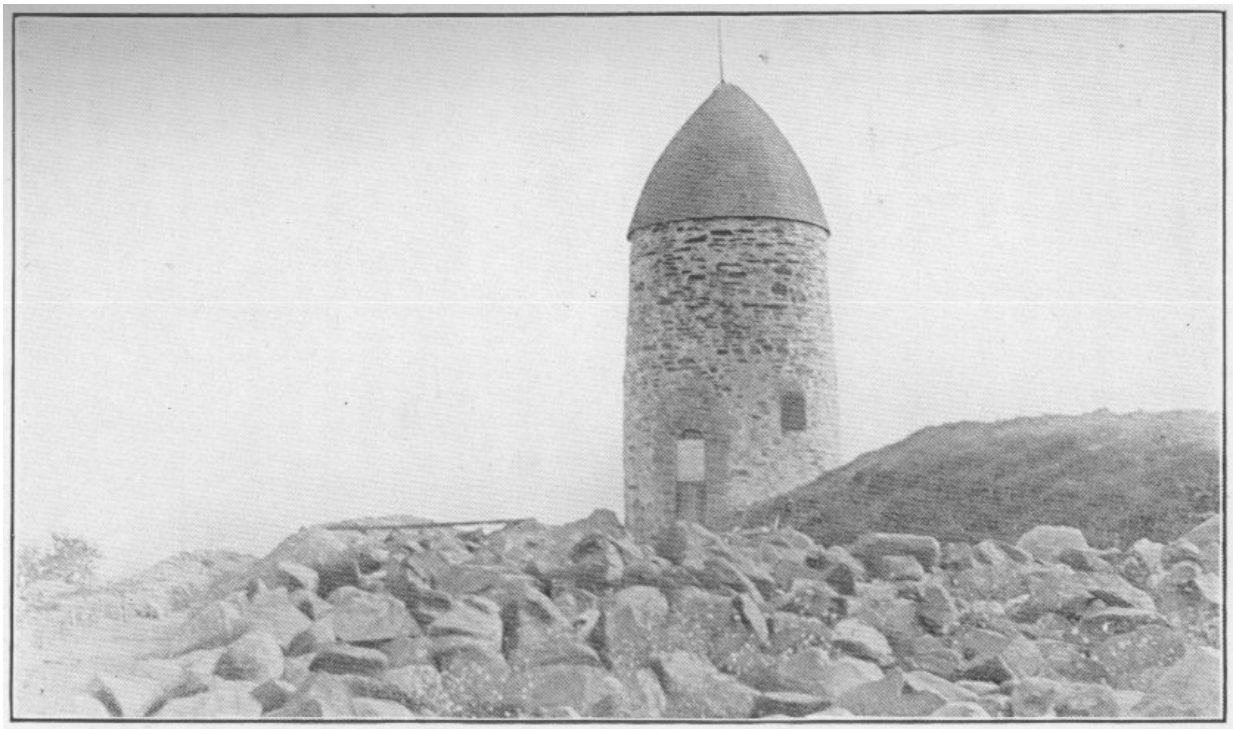


Figure 2: Old Powder House, Somerville

Believing that the guns which they had manned for the king were liable to be turned on them, they did not hesitate to appropriate them to their protection. The old battery at Charlestown, where the Navy Yard now is, was dismantled in sight of the ships of war which lay opposite; and the guns were removed by the patriots, and carried into the country, despite the vigilance of the British officers. But the object of the patriots was not to overturn, but to preserve. They claimed their ancient rights and liberties, regarding ease, luxury, and competency as nothing, so long as the rights enjoyed by their ancestors were denied to them.

Each town had its militia, an organization of long standing, and its minute-men, organized by order of the Provincial Congress on Oct. 26, 1774, which was an outcome of the General Court ordered to convene at Salem by Governor Gage. They cheerfully paid their taxes over to one of their own number, who had been made Province treasurer, -- Henry Gardner of Stow. Each town voted money freely to arm, equip, and discipline "Alarm Lists Companies." The leading citizens were made the officers of the companies; and military drill on the towns' common or training-field as frequently supplemented by adjournment to the meeting-house, where religious services were held. They were exhorted by their ministers to prepare to fight bravely for God and their country.

The patriots were aware of the injury to their cause by the Loyalists, but they saw them make no successful attempt at organization until General Timothy Ruggles of Marshfield headed one. He was a great leader of the Loyalists, or Tories as they were derisively called. Their requirements were that all who joined it should at the risk of their lives oppose all acts of constitutional assemblies, such as committees and congresses. This Marshfield association had the protection of the king's troops under Captain Balfour.

An exultant Tory letter of the time says of them: "The king's troops are very comfortably accommodated, and preserve the most exact discipline; and now every faithful subject to his king dares freely utter his thoughts, drink his tea, and kill his sheep as profusely as he pleases."

It was during these midwinter days of anxiety and expectancy throughout the towns that Salem just escaped the beginning of hostilities, and the honor of being the Lexington of the Revolution. Some brass cannon and gun-carriages were deposited there, and Colonel Leslie made a Sabbathday excursion to seize them. Knowing the habits of the New England people for church attendance, he landed at Marblehead, and in the afternoon of Feb. 26, while the people were at meeting, started for Salem. His object was suspected, and a messenger despatched to the neighboring town. The desired materials were on the north side of Old North Bridge. This was built with a draw for the passing of vessels; and before Colonel Leslie reached there, the people had it raised. His order to lower it was refused, and their action sustained by the statement, "It is a private way, and you have no authority to demand a passage this way." The officer then made preparations to cross the river in two large gondolas that lay near. But their owners made good their objections by scuttling them. A few of the soldiers tried to prevent this; and in the scuffle which attended it bayonets were used, and it is recorded that blood

was spilt. At this juncture a clergyman of Salem, Rev. Mr. Barnard, interfered; and a compromise was effected, whereby the troops retired without having accomplished their purpose. In fact, they had injured their general cause; for the movement had aroused the people to the point of action not before reached. The alarm got to Danvers in time for the minute-men of that town to rally and march to Salem, arriving just as the British were leaving town.

The rhymester of the day noticed this expedition. After the description of the arrival at Marblehead is the following: --

"Through Salem straight, without delay,

The bold battalion took its way;

Marched o'er a bridge, in open sight

Of several Yankees armed for fight;

Then, without loss of time or men,

Veered round for Boston back again,

And found so well their projects thrive,

That every soul got home alive."

The people of the country were in sympathy with those in the larger towns. Boston was their guide. They watched the movements of the patriots there with great interest. The sentiments of the Massacre anniversary orators were freely indorsed in all the towns where patriotism prevailed. When one of their own number suffered violence they were ready to demand redress.

Early in March of 1774, Thomas Ditson, Jr., a citizen of Billerica, of thirty-four years of age, being in Boston, was seized by the British troops on the pretence that he was urging a soldier to desert; without any examination kept a prisoner until the following day, when he was stripped, tarred and feathered, and dragged through the principal streets on a truck, attended by soldiers of the Forty-seventh Regiment, under command of Colonel Nesbit, to the music of "Yankee Doodle," the original words of which, it is said, were then first used. This outrage produced great indignation; and the selectmen of Boston communicated by letter the case to the selectmen of Billerica, who presented a remonstrance to General Gage, and submitted the case to a town meeting. The town thanked the Boston authorities "for the wise and prudent measures" they had taken, expressed its dissatisfaction with the reply of General Gage, and instructed them to carry the case to the Provincial Congress. The man lived, and by his presence in Billerica and neighboring towns did more to the injury of the cause of the king than he could have done by inducing a whole company to desert. The indignation of the voters of Billerica is doubtless implied in an order "to look up the old Bayonets," which

was passed at a town meeting held soon after Mr. Ditson's abuse.

To prevent the troops in Boston from being supplied with materials for hostile operations, the town also voted not to permit any team "to Load in, or after loaded, to pass through, the Town, with Timber, Boards, Spars, Pickets, Tent-poles, Canvas, Brick, Iron, Waggons, Carts, Carriages, Intrenching Tools, Oats," etc., without satisfactory certificate from the Committee of Correspondence.

General Gage knew that despite all his vigilance the patriots were gathering military stores, and their repositories were the objects of his jealous eye. A rumor was abroad that he had determined to destroy them; this led the Committee of Safety to establish a guard, and to arrange for teams to remove the stores to places of greater safety, in case of alarm. To make the arrangements more perfect and effective, couriers were engaged in Charlestown, Cambridge, and Roxbury to alarm the people. What better plans could have been made for each town to have some part in the decisive action, let it come in the full light of day, or under cover of the darkest shadow of night?

Officers of the king's army were sent out to Concord and elsewhere to spy out the situation, make plans of the roads, etc. They were well disguised, but detected and watched, and the people made doubly vigilant[3]. On the 30th of March, eleven hundred men were sent out through Jamaica Plain with an eye to intimidate the citizens; but they saw an uprising people well armed, and returned without important incident, only such acts of damage as any company long pent up in a town would naturally commit when passing through an enemy's territory.

The month of April opened with intelligence that re-enforcements for the king's army were on the way to Boston. Together with this news came that of the declaration of Parliament to the king, that the opposition to legislative authority in Massachusetts constituted rebellion, and also the answer of his Majesty to Parliament, that "the most speedy and effective means" should be taken to put the rebellion down.

Not only did the king's messenger require haste, but that of the Provincial Congress as well.

On the 5th the Congress adopted rules and regulations for the establishment of an army; on the 7th it sent a circular to the Committee of Correspondence, "most earnestly recommending" to see to it that "the militia and minute-men" be found in the best condition for defence whenever any exigency might require their aid, but, at whatever expense of patience and forbearance, to act only on the defensive; on the 8th it took effectual measures to raise an army, and to send delegates to Rhode Island, New Hampshire, and Connecticut to request their co-operation; on the 13th it voted to raise six companies of artillery, pay them, and keep them constantly in exercise; on the 14th it advised the removal of the citizens of Boston into the country; on the 15th it appointed a day of fasting and prayer. Having done all in their power, they seemed anxious to again commit their cause to the Almighty.

3 The account of the detection of the British spy, John Howe, together with his journal, will be found in the second volume of this series.

The days which intervened between the adjournment of Congress and the beginning of hostilities were spent in busy preparations for the inevitable. The Committees of Safety and Supplies usually met together, and were in session at Concord on the 17th, when they adjourned to meet at Menotomy.

While the Provincials were thus active, General Gage was making exertion to secure supplies for camp service; but the patriots made every possible exertion to prevent it, both in Massachusetts and New York.

Worried by the importunities of the Tories, and distressed by the energetic measures of the Whigs, who "unknown to the Constitution were wresting from him the public monies, and collecting war-like stores," it is not strange that he decided upon the action of the night of April 18.

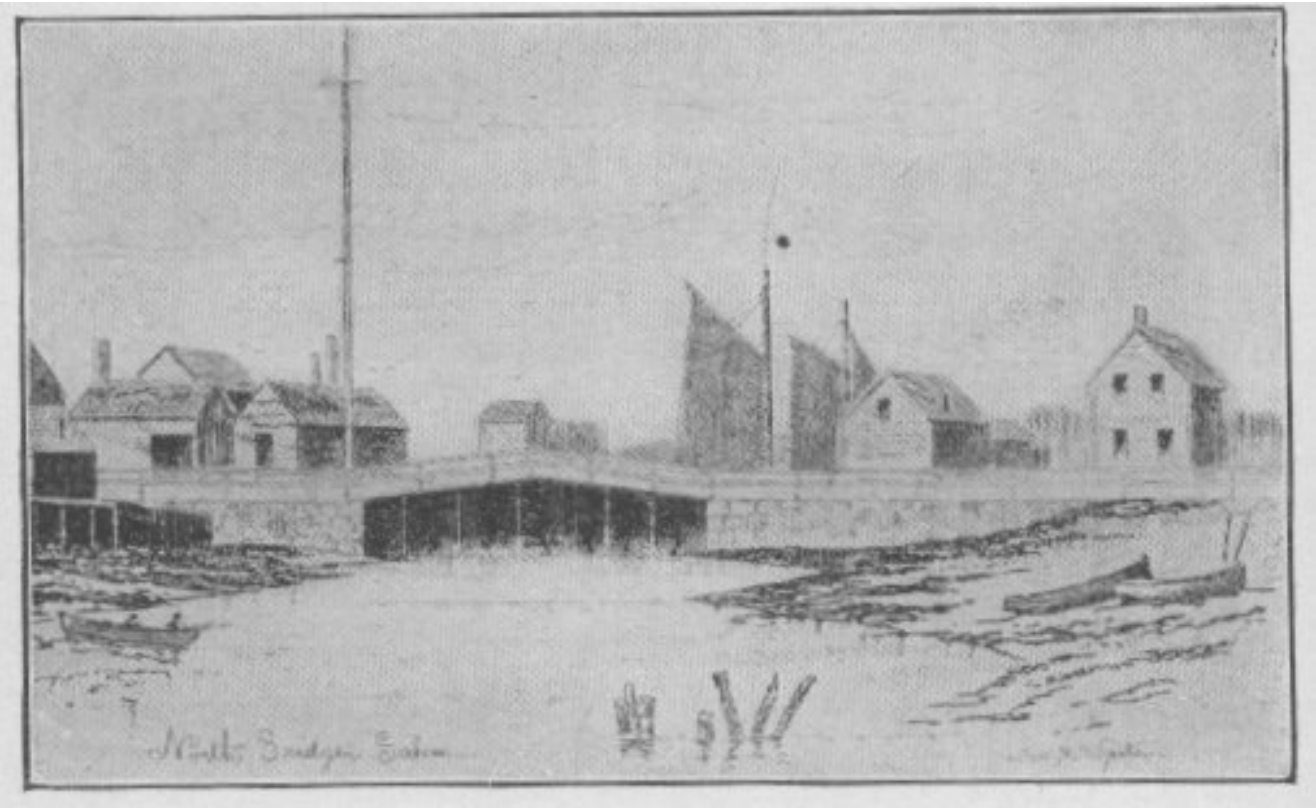


Figure 3: A painting

CHAPTER III

IMPORTANT MESSAGES. -- PARSONAGE GUESTS. -- MIDNIGHT MESSENGERS. -- ECHOES OF THE LEXINGTON BELFRY

A MOVEMENT of Gage's on the 15th looked suspicious to Dr. Warren, who sent out a messenger to Hancock and Adams, then at Lexington. It was this intelligence that prompted the Committee of Safety, of which John Hancock was chairman, to take additional measures for the security of the stores at Concord, and to order, on the 17th, cannon to be secreted, and a part of the stores to be removed to Sudbury and Groton. On the 18th (Tuesday) Gage's officers were stationed on the roads leading out of Boston, to prevent intelligence of his intended expedition that night. These officers dined at Cambridge. The patriot committees also met that day in Menotomy--West Cambridge (Arlington). Some of the Committee remained to pass the night at Wetherby's Tavern. Devens and Weston started in a chaise towards Charlestown, but soon meeting a number of British officers on horseback, returned to warn their friends at the tavern.

They waited there till the officers passed, and then rode to Charlestown[4].

LEXINGTON PARSONAGE. *Page 20*

Figure 4: Lexington Parsonage

Mr. Gerry of the Committee of Supplies, anxious as were they all for the safety of

4 Jeremiah Lee, Elbridge Gerry, and Azor Orne, members of the Committee of Safety and Supplies, were Marblehead men. Their footprints will be more thoroughly traced in the story of that shore town. For Paul Revere's first ride, see Chapter XX

Hancock and Adams, sent an express to them that "eight or nine officers were out, suspected of some evil design." This caused the precautionary measures so wisely adopted by the minute-men of Lexington, and prepared them for other messages that followed during the night.

Mr. Gerry's letter was delivered by a messenger who took a by-path to the Lexington parsonage. The reply is worthy of notice.

> "LEXINGTON, April 18, 1775.
>
> DEAR SIR, --I am obliged for your notice. It is said the officers are gone to Concord, and I will send word thither. I am full with you that we ought to be serious, and I hope your decision will be effectual. I intend doing myself the pleasure of being with you to-morrow. My respects to the Committee. I am your real friend,
>
> JOHN HANCOCK."

The politeness, culture, and despatch of the opulent young merchant and patriot are apparent in this hastily penned reply. One need not draw much upon his imagination to see the beautiful Dorothy Quincy sitting by in the quiet solicitude of her high-bred dignity.

The master of the house and entertainer of these noted guests, Rev. Jonas Clark, alludes to three different messages received at Lexington that evening; viz., a verbal one, a written one from the Committee of Safety in the evening, and between twelve and one an express from Dr. Warren.

It is the last message that the poet has made familiar to all. One of the messages we must believe was brought by William Dawes, who went out from Boston, through Roxbury, at about the same time that Revere left by the way of Charlestown.

The intelligence thus brought to the guests at the Lexington parsonage was not only for them, but for the whole country, and no delay was made in spreading the alarm.

The presence of British officers scouting about the country that spring was a very common thing; but the large number on the 18th, and the lateness of the hour, led to the conclusion that their purpose was to return, under cover of the night, and capture Hancock and Adams, whose offences, it was said by Gage in his proclamation of June 12, "are of too flagitious a nature to admit of any other consideration than that of condign punishment."

> "As for their king, that John Hancock
>
> And Adams, if they're taken,
>
> Their heads for signs shall hang up high,

Upon the hill called Beacon."

This apprehension of the Lexington people had brought together a company of men well armed, who made up the guard around Rev. Mr. Clark's house, in command of Sergeant Munroe. Three of their number, Sanderson, Brown, and Loring, went on towards Concord to ascertain and give information of the British officers; but while in the town of Lincoln, between Lexington and Concord, they were captured. Revere and Dawes, after refreshment, started on towards Concord, not knowing the fate of those who had preceded them. They were soon joined by Dr. Prescott of Concord, who was returning to his home after spending the evening with Miss Mullikin, at her home in Lexington. He was an earnest patriot, and entered heartily into the plans of his chance friends. Before coming to Concord line they were met by the same British officers, armed and equipped, who demanded their surrender. Prescott, being familiar with the roads, leaped a stone wall, escaped, and carried on the alarm to his townsmen. The prisoners were taken back towards Lexington, threatened and questioned, but given their freedom when the alarm bells of the country towns so frightened the British officers that they made haste for their escape.

With these general facts plainly in mind, the reader must be prepared to consider the approach of the invading army, their reception at Lexington and Concord, and see what the other towns had to do about it.

The soil of Lexington drank up the first blood shed in the cause of freedom on that April morning; and Concord was the point on which the forces of the colonists and of the king were focussed -- the former bent on protection, and the latter on destruction. It was there that the first forcible resistance to British aggression was made.

By reason of the events of that morning these towns became famous throughout the world, and pilgrims have journeyed thither for more than a century.

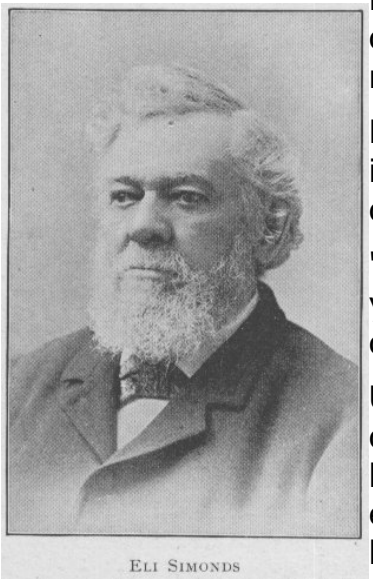


Figure 5: Eli Simonds

Historians have vied with one another in telling the story of Lexington and Concord, but I prefer to give it to my readers as I received it from the Old Belfry.

Facts of civil history and domestic life, having been introduced incidentally, will not detract from the interest of the story.

"Come up into the old belfry," said my friend of fourscore years, as we strolled across the beautiful green in the centre of Lexington.

Uncle Eli Simonds is well fitted to act as guide in this part of historic Middlesex. He is among the last of the native born of Lexington who have heard the narratives of the early days from the lips of those who participated. He has been to the place of sacrifice, hand in hand with those who were actors in the opening scene of the Revolution.

Eli Simonds has not only the advantage of a birthright in the town of Lexington, but he came of a long line of ancestry who made a settlement there when the territory was known as Cambridge Farms.

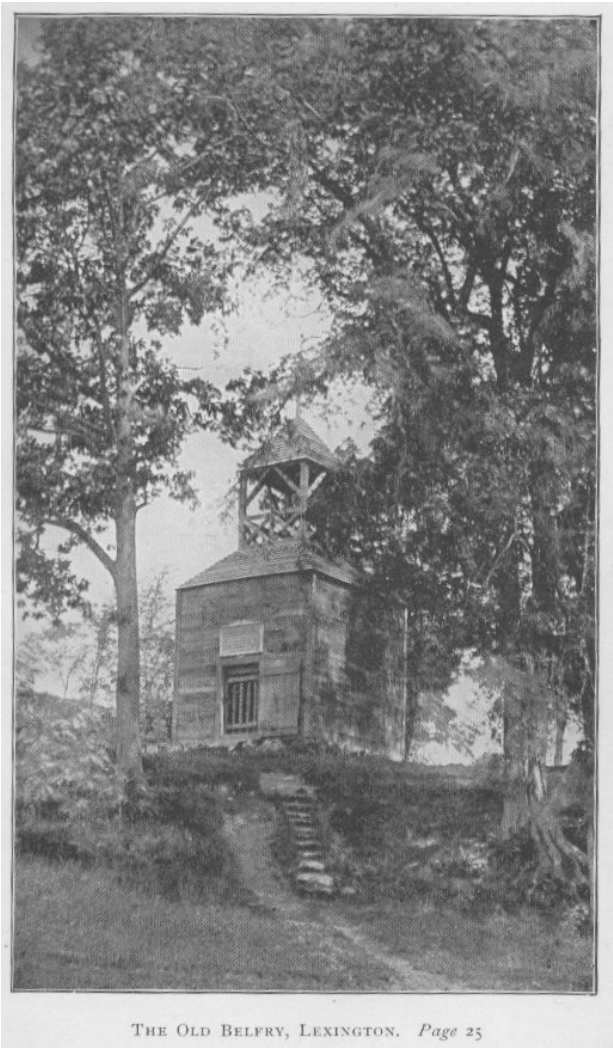

THE OLD BELFRY, LEXINGTON. *Page 25*

Figure 6: The Old Belfry, Lexington

The house to which he directed his steps, and to which every tourist to that town makes his way, was the one from which Uncle Eli took his earliest observations, -- the Lexington belfry.

To those accustomed to the lofty belfry of the present time, the rude structure at Lexington, somewhat back from the village street, seems diminutive, and of itself presenting but little attraction. While climbing to its present situation Uncle Eli said, "This was erected on this hill in 1761, removed to the common in 1767, and was known to our ancestors as the 'bell free.' In it was hung the bell provided through the generosity of Mr. Isaac Stone.

"It sounded the alarm over the hills and through the vales on the memorable morning of April 19, 1775; and it served the people in joy and sorrow in that position until 1794, when the new meeting-house put forth a steeple of its own, and the bell was raised to its loft. Then the belfry was sold. It was so soon after the battle waged about its walls that no one had aroused sentiment enough to suggest its preservation. In fact, the time had not yet come for the erection of a memorial, upon the spot where fell 'the first victims to the sword of British Tyranny and Oppression.'

The martyrs were sleeping in the rude graves where they were placed by the stricken town, before it was known 'whether their blood would fertilize the land of freedom or of bondage.' But the fates had decreed that the old belfry should be preserved, which was accomplished through the purchase of the tottering house by John Parker, son of the gallant captain of the Lexington minute-men.

"It was removed to the Parker farm, some two and a half miles away, and there used as a mechanics' workshop. It was there that I became familiar with its stout frame, cut doubtless from the primeval forest, and made from trees that may have had the blazes of the pioneer's axe. Neither the house nor barn on the Parker estate afforded such general attractions as the old, belfry offered to young and old."

It was the workshop of a mechanic, John Parker, whose age exactly corresponded with that of the shop in which he plied his craft. In it the old soldiers and townsmen gathered to while away the hours of their infirmity; and in some retired nook, perhaps perched upon the huge timber in the loft where once hung the bell, were the boys of the farm, Parkers and Simondses, and their youthful associates, who there gave heed to the stories related in their hearing.

Not the least thoughtful of the bystanders in the belfry workshop was Eli Simonds, who has long been "Uncle Eli" of the neighborhood, an honored official of the town. To this mechanic, John Parker, who was well on in his teens when his father was called to arms, the reveille of that April morning never got out of those rafters. He heard the clanging of the bell, saw his father grab his musket, and hastily leave the home and family in answer to the midnight alarm. The whole town afforded no more appropriate place for the soldiers to test their memories.

Captain John Parker died, Sept. 17, 1775. He was in feeble health when at the head of the Lexington minute-men. He faced the British regulars, eight hundred strong, commanded by the impetuous Pitcairn. He also marched with a portion of his company to Cambridge on the 6th of May, and with a still larger detachment of them on the 17th of June.

After the death of the captain, the relations of the two families, Parker and Simonds, were more intimate; for Eli's grandfather became a joint owner, and the two families of children mingled by a common right at the farm.

CHAPTER IV

BELFRY ECHOES CONTINUED. -- JOHN PARKER'S STORY, JOSHUA SIMONDS'S STORY

NOT only were the old belfry's rude walls scarred by the bullets of the enemy, but its owner of later years was active on that eventful morning, and there rehearsed what he experienced, and what his brave father suffered, in all the trying scenes of the "bloody butchery."

Here Eli learned his own grandfather's story of the capture of the first prisoner of war, and of the first trophy of that day's victory.

To him and to others of the belfry's listeners, it mattered not how much great men contended for the honor of April 19, 1775, they were contented with the narratives told, without thought of preservation, and from lips that paled before the carnage about the very house in which they loved to linger, and which the sentiments of their later descendants have prompted them to return to its proper place.

JOHN PARKER'S STORY.

At two o'clock, my father (Captain John Parker) ordered the roll of his company to be called, and gave orders for each man to load his gun with powder and ball.

Figure 7: Buckman Tavern, Lexington

After being some time on parade, one of the messengers, who had been sent towards Boston, returned, reporting no evidence of the approach of the regulars. This led to the conclusion that the whole movement was another scheme of Gage's to alarm the people; and, the evening being cool, the company was dismissed, with orders to report again at the beat of the arum. Some went to their homes near by, but more gathered in Buckman's Tavern.

Messengers were frequently sent in order to prevent a surprise. It was Thaddeus Bowman, the last one sent out, who returned with the certain intelligence of the approach of the king's troops; others, who preceded him as detectives, had been

captured, and he had a narrow escape. It was about half-past four o'clock when my father ordered the alarm-gun to be fired, and the drum to beat to arms[5].

Sergeant William Munroe formed the company in two ranks, a few rods north of the meetinghouse. Father ordered the men not to fire unless fired upon. The minute-men's drum was the first heard that morning by the British soldiers ; for they had made a silent march, in hopes to catch the people napping. It was evidently taken by the British officers as a challenge. They halted, primed, and loaded, and then moved forward in double-quick time upon our men as they were forming. Some began to falter, when father commanded every man to stand his ground till he should order him to leave it, saying he would have the first man shot down who should attempt to leave his place. Then came the rush, and the shout of Major Pitcairn, "Disperse, ye rebels; lay down your arms and disperse!" Our men did not obey; and Gage repeated his order with an oath, rushed forward, discharged his pistol, and gave orders to his men to fire. A few guns were discharged; but no injury being done, our men supposed the enemy were firing only powder, and they did not return the fire. The next volley fired by the British took effect, and our men returned it. When father saw his men fall, and the rush of the enemy from both sides of the meetinghouse, as if to capture them all, he gave the order to disperse.

Figure 8: Jonathan Harrington House, Lexington

The British continued firing, and our men returned the fire after leaving the field. Ebenezer Munroe first discovered that balls had been fired by the enemy, for he received a wound in his arm. In return for this he discharged his gun, and

5 The drum is said to have been a gift from John Hancock. A portion of the head is now seen in the Lexington historical collection; on it is to be seen a representation of a portion of the Hancock arms.

received two balls from the British, one grazed his cheek, and the other just marked his clothing.

John Munroe did well, but loading with two balls, lost a part of the muzzle of his gun. William Tidd, first lieutenant in our company, did well. When pursued by an officer, thought to have been Pitcairn himself, who cried out to him, "Stop, or you are a dead man," he sprang over a pair of bars, made a stand and fired, and thus escaped. John Tidd fared hard. He stayed too long on the Common, and was struck down with a cutlass by a British officer on horseback. He was robbed of all his belongings and left for dead; but John lived a good many years after that day. Poor Jonas Parker! how my father mourned over him! He had always said he'd never run from an enemy. He kept his word. Having loaded his musket, he put his hat, in which was his ammunition, on the ground between his feet, ready to load again. He was wounded at the enemy's second fire, and sank upon his knees; he then discharged his gun, and while loading again was run through by a bayonet thrust which finished him. My father could hardly keep back the tears when telling of Isaac Muzzy, Robert Munroe, and Jonathan Harrington, who were killed on the Common when the company was paraded. 'Twas strange that Ensign Robert should have served in the French war, been standard-bearer at the capture of Louisburg, and then been of the first to fall by the bullets of the king's army. Poor Harrington fell in front of his own house. His wife at the window saw him fall, and then start up, the blood gushing from his wounds. He stretched out his arms, as for aid, and after another effort fell dead at his own threshold. Samuel Hadley and John Brown were killed after leaving the Common. Asahel Porter was a Woburn man; but falling here, we felt as though he was one of our own men. He was not armed, having been captured in the morning by the British on their approach to Lexington, and in trying to make his escape was shot down near the Common. Jedediah Munroe received a double share. He was not only wounded in the morning, but was killed in the afternoon. Others who were wounded were John Robbins, Solomon Pierce, Thomas Winship, Nathaniel Farmer, and Francis Brown.

"That's well done, John," cried a chorus of attentive listeners; "you had your eyes and ears open as well in your boyhood."

"You've missed those men who were in the meeting-house after powder," said Mr. Simonds.

"Sure enough," replied the mechanic, giving his workbench a thump with his huge mallet. "It's your turn now, Simonds; 'twas your father that dealt out the powder, and you may finish the story."

JOSHUA SIMONDS'S STORY.

THE FIRST PRISONER, AND FIRST TROPHY OF THE WAR.

I was in charge of the town's stock of ammunition on the eventful morning. The magazine was the upper gallery of the meeting-house, and in the discharge of my

duties I was there filling the powder-horns of my comrades when the regulars came into the town.

As fast as the horns were filled, their owners made haste down the stairs, and out to the line of the company for action. Of the last two who left the house, one, Caleb Harrington, was detected and killed, while the other, Joseph Comee, running in the midst of a shower of bullets, was struck in the arm, but reached a dwelling-house, and passing through it made a safe retreat.

I was left in the meeting-house with one associate, when, as it appeared, the truth flashed upon the British commander, and he determined to see what was in the house.

We heard the order, "Clear that house!" My associate glancing out saw the situation, and said, "We are all surrounded!" He then hid in the opposite gallery.

We heard the order, "Right about face!" I then determined to blow up the house and go with it rather than fall into the hands of the enemy. I cocked my gun already loaded, placed the muzzle upon the open cask of powder, and waited for their course to determine their fate and mine as well. With my heart throbbing to bursting, I heard the tramp, tramp, tramp, as the soldiers came up the steps, and the words of the commander, as his head rose above the casement, "Are there any more rebels in this house?" Tramp, tramp--they came nearer and nearer, then the word, "Halt," brought all to a stand. After an instant's pause, when the regulars, the meeting-house, myself, and comrade, were within a hair's breadth of destruction, the order was given, "Right about, march!" and they left the house.

I looked from the window, and saw the enemy form in line, and start on towards Concord; while there lay on the Common my dead neighbors, but no sign of a living comrade outside.

As soon as practicable we left the house, and in consternation went out upon the field. I soon espied a straggler from the regular army, who seemed to be somewhat indifferent to the whole situation.

He made no attempt to escape, and I took him into my custody. He was an Irishman, fully six feet in height, and manifested but little interest in the morning excursion. To my inquiry as to his delay, I found he had been overcome with liquor, lingered behind, and lost his companions. I took him to a place of safe keeping, away from the possible line of march of the army when they should return. He was thus the first prisoner captured on that day.

His musket, a good specimen of the king's arms, I also took, appropriated to my own use, and at the close of that day turned it over to Captain Parker as public property. I was not able to ascertain the remainder of the man's experience, but the gun is of interest to all.

The first trophy of the war was held by Captain Parker until his death in the autumn of that year, when it became the property of his son John, the mechanic; and it occupied a position over the door of the dwelling-house of the Parker

homestead.

The gun now became in a peculiar manner a piece of common property with the Parker and Simonds families.

At the settlement of the estate of Captain Parker I bought a portion of the homestead, and my family occupied a part of the house. Large families of children had some things in common, one being the old musket[6].

The story of Joshua Simonds's experience told by his son William met with the approval of the belfry listeners, inasmuch as it accounted for the men omitted by John Parker, and made clear some things about which there was a little disagreement.

Figure 9: Battle Monument, Lexington

In resuming, Mr. Eli Simonds said, "When bent on a squirrel-hunt I went to the belfry shop and asked permission of John Parker to take the old musket. Realizing that it was my grandfather who captured it, and his grandfather who held it, he would playfully say when handing it down to me, 'You may take our gun.'

6 Mr. Sylvanus Wood of Woburn claimed the honor of capturing the first prisoner. The discrepancy may be accounted for by the two incidents occurring at different places. Some twenty years after the death of Mr. Simonds, a claim was made for a pension by Mr. Wood, and obtained by aid of Hon. Edward Everett, then representative in Congress for the district of Middlesex.

"Among my associates and playfellows was Theodore Parker, son of the mechanic of the belfry. To his possession in later years the musket came; and through a, provision of his last will, that musket of history found its way to the Senate Chamber of the State of Massachusetts."

INSCRIPTION ON LEXINGTON MONUMENT

SACRED TO LIBERTY AND THE RIGHTS OF MANKIND!!!

THE FREEDOM AND INDEPENDENCE OF AMERICA,

SEALED AND DEFENDED WITH THE BLOOD OF HER SONS.

THIS MONUMENT IS ERECTED

By THE INHABITANTS OF LEXINGTON,

UNDER THE PATRONAGE AND AT THE EXPENSE OF

THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,

To THE MEMORY OF THEIR FELLOW CITIZENS,

ENSIGN ROBERT MUNROE, AND MESSRS. JONAS PARKER,

SAMUEL HADLEY, JONATHAN HARRINGTON, JR.,

ISAAC MUZZY, CALEB HARRINGTON AND JOHN BROWN,

OF LEXINGTON AND ASAHEL PORTER, OF WOBURN,

WHO FELL ON THIS FIELD, THE FIRST VICTIMS TO THE

SWORD OF BRITISH TYRANNY AND OPPRESSION

ON THE MORNING OF THE EVER MEMORABLE

NINETEENTH OF APRIL, AN. DOM. 1775,

THE DIE WAS CAST!!!

THE BLOOD OF THESE MARTYRS

IN THE CAUSE OF GOD AND THEIR COUNTRY

WAS THE CEMENT OF THE UNION OF THESE STATES, THEN

COLONIES, AND GAVE THE SPRING TO THE SPIRIT, FIRMNESS,

AND RESOLUTION OF THEIR FELLOW CITIZENS.

THEY ROSE AS ONE MAN TO REVENGE THEIR BRETHREN'S

BLOOD, AND AT THE POINT OF THE SWORD, TO ASSERT AND

DEFEND THEIR NATIVE RIGHTS.

THEY NOBLY DAR'D TO BE FREE!!

THE CONTEST WAS LONG, BLOODY AND AFFECTING.

RIGHTEOUS HEAVEN APPROVED THE SOLEMN APPEAL,

VICTORY CROWNED THEIR ARMS; AND

THE PEACE, LIBERTY, AND INDEPENDENCE OF THE UNITED

STATES OF AMERICA WAS THEIR GLORIOUS REWARD.

CHAPTER V

MORE BELFRY ECHOES.- BOSTON POOR

"IT was some days after the rehearsal of my grandfather's experience by my father," said Uncle Eli, "before the weather favored another gathering of the same company. Farmers were obliged to spend all the time in fair weather on their land, and, in fact, there were duties enough for foul weather; but there was an advantage in the interchange of ideas for the older people, and the boys, such as Sydney Lawrence, Theodore Parker, and myself, improved those opportunities.

The Parker and Simonds stories had revived an old theme; and the older belfry speakers, when at their homes, refreshed their memories by the aid of wives and parents.

John Parker himself was not averse to taking a part in the ordinary belfry gossip; and when conversation turned, as it often did, upon the subject of the Revolution, especially when others of his age were in the company, he was sure to drop his auger or mallet, push up his spectacles, and join. Being in his fifteenth year when Major Pitcairn, backed by eight hundred regulars, ordered his father with his company to disperse, John Parker was admitted to be good authority, and even Jonathan Harrington (the last survivor) would give a listening ear.

It was a catching day in haying season, dog-days are usually uncertain," said Uncle Eli, "when the belfry was filled with young and old, and conversation was at its height, a discussion of the two stories was in order, and Mr. Parker interrupted the speculation by saying, 'We had become so alarmed by the reports from the army in Boston that we hourly expected to see them rush in upon us, and rob and butcher young and old; of course, much of this was the result of exaggerated stories, yet it took but the slightest alarm to set all in motion. Why, I stood there by that wall' (pointing to the fence near by) 'on the 19th, and listened to the old bell as it clanged and clanged in this old belfry up there on the Common, and I longed to be there with father and the rest; but mother needed me, and I well remember her anxious face as she came running out of the house, with her silver spoons and other valuables, which she intrusted to my care. Now, if you will just come with me, I will show you where I secreted them.' To this call and lead of the speaker, we all responded, regardless of the falling rain, and followed down to where a decayed stump of an apple-tree was yet visible," said Uncle Eli.

"'Here is where I put it,' said Mr. Parker; there was much more of the tree here at that time, but it was hollow; and thinking of the successful hiding of the charter of the Connecticut Colony from Sir Edmund Andros, by Willian Wadsworth, I determined in my haste to intrust the household valuables to a hollow tree. I dug into the decayed heart, and pushed down my treasures, with as stealthy motion as though the whole army of the king was near at hand. So anxious were we about father's safety (for he was ill when he left the house) that I was kept a good part of the time stationed down near the highway so as to catch the

slightest intimation of tiding from any one passing.' Upon returning to our belfry shelter, a hitherto earnest listener was seer to take a fresh pinch of snuff, strike a positive attitude, and take his turn in the conversation.

"Said the new speaker, 'That didn't begin with the Cutlers over to the west side. Thomas, you know, was a minute-man, and was off to answer the call, and all of the men of the family were gone. The womenfolks were so frightened that they all fled to the woods, and left the babe in the cradle.' -- 'Do tell!' cried out a half-score of voices, 'What became of it?' -- 'Oh, it lived to tell its own story,' resumed the speaker. 'I guess it was much more comfortable than were those who forgot it, sleeping away as though the redcoats were cracking jokes down in Boston camp.

"'But some of the folks at the Centre hid their silver under a heap of stones, thinking it would never be discovered there; but in the afternoon, when the regulars came back from Concord, the owner looked out from her hiding-place, and saw an officer standing directly on top of the stones. But he had little thought of what was under him, being too much absorbed in that which was about him.'

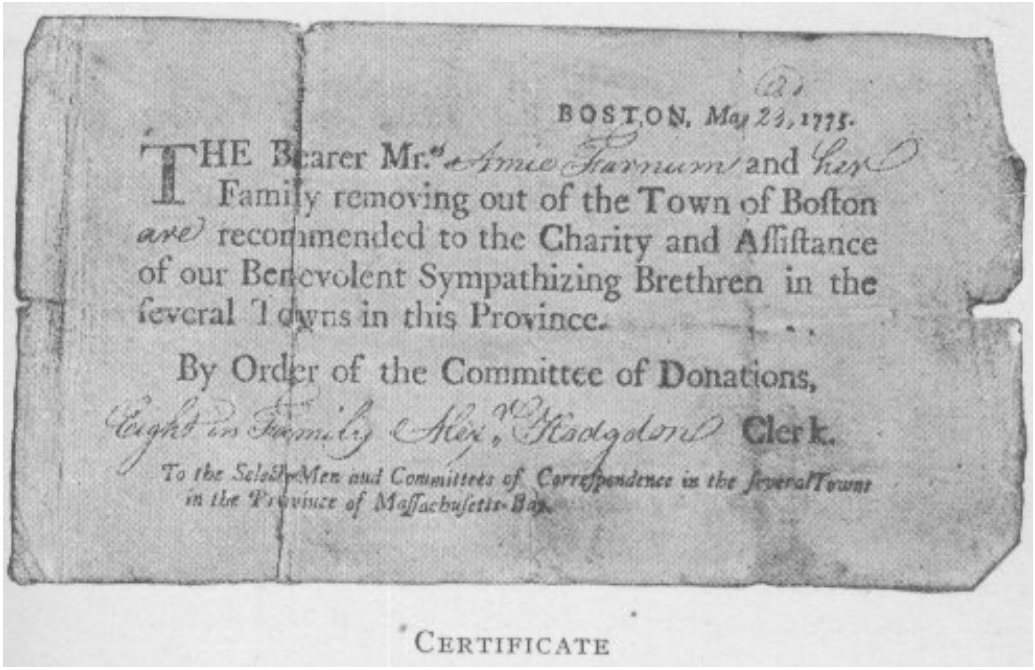
"' I declare,' said Uncle Caleb, that reminds me of the folks down to the east side, when the regulars went into the house and ransacked everything. No one dared resist, although some were where they saw all that was done, until one red-coated fellow began to tear the leaves out of the old Bible; then a boy pushed his head out from under the table, and exclaimed, "My dad 'ill give it to you, if you spoil our best Bible!" They did not meddle with the boy, thought it not worth the while, I suppose.'

"'No more than our folks did the little fifer,' said Lieutenant Munroe. 'He was a bright little fellow, and had piped away for Pitcairn as well as he could, in coming down from Concord, until an old fellow had let fly at him from his musket loaded with shot for wild geese, and had broken one of his wings; at least, there he sat, with his fife stuck into the breast of his jacket, begging for help.' -- 'We gave it to him too,' cried a voice from the perch above; `although they abused our folks, young and old.' -- 'If they hadn't thought any of us worth killing,' said Mr. Blodgett, 'more than they did Black Prince, why they would have gone right on, and we should have been as free to go to dinner as we are to-day.' With this closing remark the company decided to disperse at the ringing of the noon bell, cheered by the promise of haying weather for the rest of the day."

Weeks passed before the same company assembled again under the roof of the old belfry. But they had casually met in twos or threes in their daily walks, and some plans for the presentation of incidents in the military history had been the result.

Jonathan Harrington was the leading speaker at the next meeting. He was about one year older than John Parker, and was a fifer in "that phalanx of freemen" on the 19th of April, 1775. He said, "I was aroused early that morning by a cry from my mother, 'Jonathan, get up, the regulars are coming, and something must be done.'" Mr. Harrington said, "But fighting was not the whole of it; our people had burdens to bear that are not suggested by the experiences in the field. The loss of

ten of our citizens carried mourning into many families, and sorrow rested upon the hearts of a broad circle at the close of that eventful day. But that was not all. There had been a wanton destruction of property on the route of the enemy's march, and the pecuniary sacrifice had scarcely begun. Each town was called upon to share in it. With the operation of the Port Bill came grim want. Business was suspended in Boston, and sources of supply were cut off. The Whigs refused to furnish their produce to the Tories and British officers; Tories were severely dealt with when attempting to secrete supplies into Boston. Many who had been in comfortable circumstances were brought to the level of others who had been previously dependent. Many of the poor of Boston made an early removal into the country to the homes of friends, but there were others who were forced to remain and suffer. So great was their want that relief was sent from other colonies. Colonel Israel Putnam came with a drove of sheep from Connecticut to succor the inhabitants of the besieged town. Sickness naturally followed the scarcity of provision, and the condition was distressing to the extreme. The towns did all in their power for the relief of the sufferers, taking them into their own homes, and sharing their reduced income with those more needy. The extremity was so great that on May 1, 1775, the Provincial Congress ordered that they should be supported by the country towns, and the expense of removal of thousands unable to be met by themselves should also be borne by the towns. Lexington, with the others, had its share sent out. They were sent to the selectmen, and by them distributed around among the families. Each family was provided with a certificate from the committee of donations. This, which I have in my hand, was brought to my neighborhood with a family who found a good home there." The speaker paused to give each of the belfry company opportunity to examine the original from which the cut was made:


BOSTON, May 24, 1775.

THE Bearer Mr. Amie Farnum and her Family removing out of the Town of Boston are recommended to the Charity and Assistance of our Benevolent Sympathizing Brethren in the several Towns in this Province.

By Order of the Committee of Donations,

Eight in Family Alex. Hodgdon Clerk.

To the Selectmen and Committees of Correspondence in the several Towns in the Province of Massachusetts-Bay.

CERTIFICATE

Figure 10: Certificate

He continued by saying, "After the camp was established at Cambridge, there came the demand for supplies of food and clothing, and above all there was a continual demand for necessaries for the hospitals. As each colony was at first managing its own army, it also made provision for them. But up to the time of the coming of General Washington, and the organization of the Continental army, a good deal was supplied gratuitously and voluntarily. Brave young men, unused to hardship, who were in service on April 19, and went immediately to Cambridge, were soon stricken down with disease, and either went home to die, or perished there in the illy fitted hospitals." So great was the want of the British army at one time in 1775, it is said that the town bull, aged twenty years, was slaughtered in order that the officers might have a change of diet from the salt meat to which they were reduced. The price per pound was eighteen pence sterling. We can imagine that a steak from this patriarch had staying qualities, at least.

Each town within the distance of twenty miles was called upon to furnish its quota of wood, hay, and beef for the army at Cambridge. During the entire war there were continual calls upon the towns for shirts, shoes, stockings, and blankets, and other necessaries. While the men were striving to meet the oft-repeated calls of the tax-collector, the women were busy at the spinning-wheel and loom, and there was no one exempt from duty."

CHAPTER VI

THEODORE PARKER. -- A BELFRY LISTENER

"THE rehearsal of these trying experiences through which our ancestors passed was of great interest, and subdued us all to a condition of seriousness," said Uncle Eli. "But John Parker broke the spell when he said, 'The British got the worst of it. They came out here to capture Hancock and Adams, as well as to destroy the stores at Concord; but they missed their aim here, and fared hard indeed in their entire enterprise. Pitcairn probably thought he had so used our company that we would not rally again; but he got some shots from us as he came down through Lincoln, and not a few farewells were hurled at him as he left town.'"

Among the attentive listeners of the belfry workshop none attained greater eminence than Theodore Parker. Endowed with an enviable inheritance on both sides of his family, he went forth, overcoming all obstacles, as an example of Christian heroism; standing out against opposing forces as distinctly and grandly as did his honored grandsire on the field of Lexington, April 19, 1775.

It is fitting to make a digression at this point from the main line of my subject, and consider a brief sketch of the life of Theodore Parker, as given by his old belfry companion, Eli Simonds.

MUNROE HOUSE, LEXINGTON. *Page* 46

Figure 11: Munroe House, Lexington

Theodore was the youngest of eleven children of John Parker and Hannah Stearns. He was born in 1810. Eli Simonds was the tenth of a full dozen of children of William Simonds and Susan Pierce. He was born in 1817. Although seven years the junior of Theodore, the two boys had much in common. While Eli was too young to be profitably employed about the farm, he found a nook in the belfry workshop, where Theodore was trying to aid his father in the struggle for the maintenance of the family.

The humdrum of the workshop was irksome indeed to the boy Theodore, whose tastes for literary pursuits began to develop very early; but constrained by a sense of duty, he was faithful at his post, whatever it might be.

The manufacture of wood pumps was carried on by John Parker, much of the work being done in the belfry shop. The logs, cut thereabouts, were trimmed and bored by hand; the great auger used in making the circular hole in the green pine log was turned by hand. This work required a good deal of force; and Theodore detested it, and assumed very early the duties of the farm in place of that of the workshop.

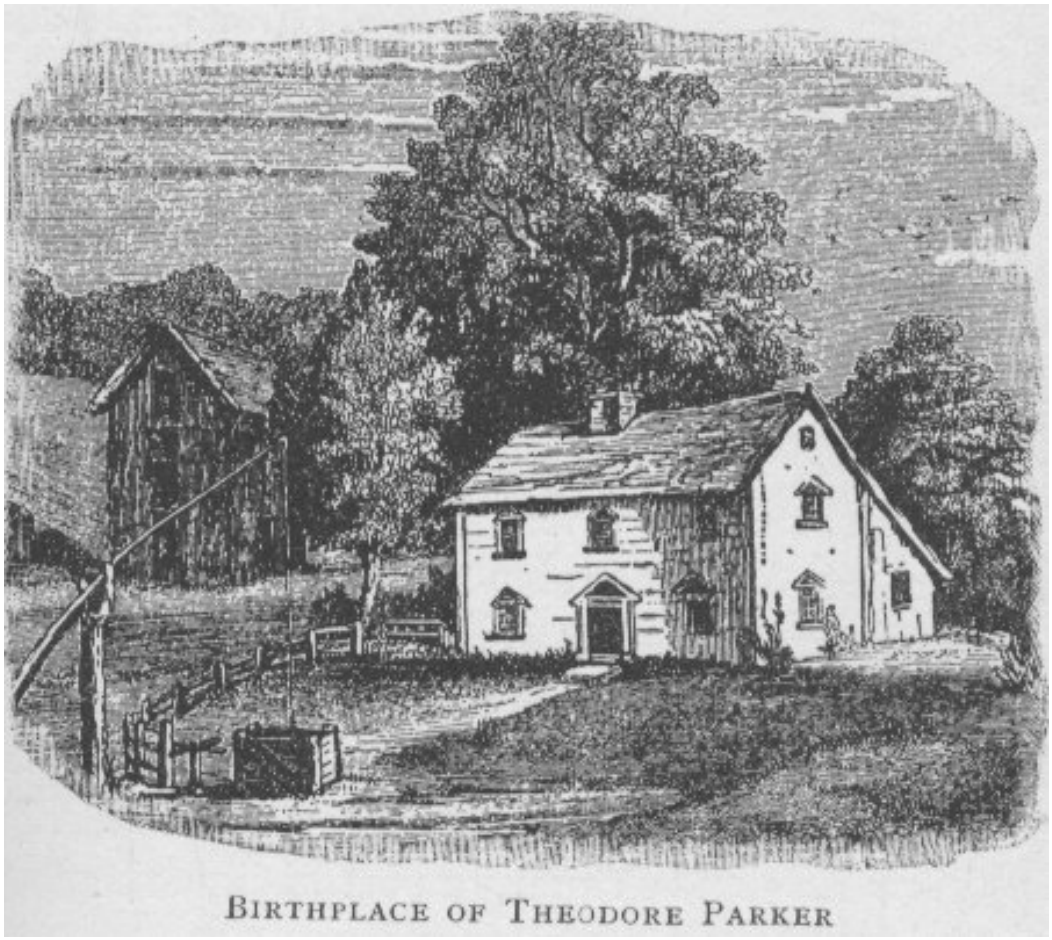


Figure 12: Birthplace of Theodore Parker

Although located on a farm which might have given good returns for faithful cultivation, John Parker had but little taste or inclination in that direction,

preferring the work of a mechanic Hence, both father and son pursued the line of choice, as far as circumstance admitted. "When the school was kept at the little brown schoolhouse at 'Kite End,' " said Uncle Eli, "we were always in attendance.

The schoolhouse was rude and the room unattractive; although the old fire place had been superseded by a large square stove, around which we gathered to warm our bare feet in the late autumn days, and to thaw our fingers and lunch in the winter. Theodore took but little interest in our games, but spent his odd moments over some book; but they were scarce indeed, yet such as could be obtained never escaped his faithful attention.

"We went together to the village to attend service at the meeting-house on Sundays. It was there that he had access to an old association library, from which he drew books to use at home. I have seen him open a book, when starting homeward after service, and become oblivious to all else. He would become so absorbed as to lose his bearings, and occasionally come in contact with a tree or stone wall; but tacking about, he would start on again, still engrossed with some deep study, that offered no attraction to me or other boys who were in our company.

"I well remember when, in about the year 1820, the subject of a Sunday-school was advanced. Parents as well as children were full of wonderment as to what would be studied. We had studied the Westminster Catechism at the little brown schoolhouse. The younger of us having the 'New England Primer,' a sort of juvenile catechism, in which we had learned, --

'In Adam's fall, we sinned all,'

'An idle fool is whip't at school,'

'My book and heart shall never part.'

"We also had learned the story of John Rogers, 'Agur's Prayer,' and the 'Dialogue between Youth, Christ, and the Devil.' But what could be studied at a Sunday-school was the subject for general speculation until the time set for the opening of a school. We were all there, excepting those whose parents were jealous of the school being a desecration of the Lord's day. In the great square pews we were classified, and Deacon Mullikin was our teacher. Theodore hailed the Sunday-school with delight, because it suggested study, and of course books were provided. He improved every opportunity for study, and did succeed in getting away a few weeks during the winter to a school where there were better appliances for school work. We had not ceased regarding him as 'one of the boys,' when it was whispered among the families that Theodore Parker was going to 'keep school.'

"I had begun to look upon him as a superior being, even when we were the most intimately associated, particularly when going in his company to Boston to market the peaches and other produce of the Parker-Simonds farm. We rode to market in the night, and Theodore would talk about the stars, and upon things of which I

had failed to get any information. But when he began the life of a schoolmaster, I felt that I was left entirely in the rear.

"After the close of his Waltham school, it was rumored that he was not very successful; and when inquiry was made, we learned that Parson Ripley, the minister of the place, had told the secret in his prayer at the close of school. The burden of his petition was that the young man might learn to so govern himself as to be able to teach a school equal to his ability. Theodore frankly acknowledged that his greatest struggle had been in trying to govern himself.

"When Theodore Parker was pursuing a course of study in college, he spent a portion of two of his summer vacations at work on my father's farm, receiving seventy-five cents per day for his labor. It was a pleasure to be with him in the field, so interesting and elevating was his conversation.

"In after years," said Uncle Eli, "I heard that Theodore Parker was to preach at Waltham in Dr. Ripley's pulpit. I made it in my way to attend the service, which was most uplifting to me. I lingered at the close, and succeeded in getting the attention of the young preacher, my former companion, who came to me, and while our hands were clasped in the interchange of silent joy, I whispered to him, 'Do you suppose Dr. Ripley has found that you have learned to govern yourself so as to preach equal to your ability?' To this the ready wit of my old friend led him to reply, 'That was the best thing he could have done for me; for it cost me more exertion to learn to control myself than all else.'"

Mr. Simonds was in a most thoughtful mood when he closed his story of Theodore Parker by saying, "Our united homestead has passed into the possession of other families. The old squirrel musket has become the property of the State. The little brown schoolhouse has disappeared; and of all the voices echoed by the old belfry workshop, mine is almost left alone. Even the old belfry itself has gone back to serve as a monument of its April alarm in '75. Yet I have never lost my interest in my early companion. Although his voice long since was hushed, his influence will be felt long after the old belfry ceases to gratify the eye of the tourist, or its oaken frame to echo the voices of the patriots who climb to the rustic retreat of Belfry Hill."

CHAPTER VII

THE PARSON AND PARSONAGE. -- BURLINGTON OR PRECINCT PARSONAGE. -- GUESTS OF APRIL 19, 1775. -- REED HOME

THE word parson from its derivation - French personae, Latin persona-suggests the attitude of that official in New England. He was the person of the town. He furnished, hot merely spiritual food, but much of the intellectual and social stimulus, for the entire people.

The voice of the preacher was regarded as the voice of God. The words spoken from the pulpit passed from lip to lip as the sacred oracles of the olden times.

In many of the colonies the clergy were the only learned class, and in some instances even schooled in the medical profession, serving their people as healers of both body and soul.

The parsonage was the centre of influence, and to it resorted many people. When journeying they did not hesitate to halt at the hospitable door, and were never refused the best the house afforded. The stated salary of the minister was meagre indeed, but it represented only a part of the amount annually bestowed upon him and his family. There were many in the parish who felt it incumbent upon them to leave at the parsonage a tithing of all their produce, thereby making it possible for the good wife to respond to oft-repeated calls upon her bounty.

The clergy as a class were conservative, and inclined to favor existing institutions; but when the difficulties with the mother country assumed form, when it was necessary for action to be taken, the pastors of the so-called Puritan Congregational Churches favored the Colonial cause In some instances they joined the ranks of the minute-men and shouldered a musket, and many more served as chaplains in camp and hospital.

The parson in many country towns was an ardent Whig, notably so in Lexington and Concord. Rev. Jonas Clark of the former, and Rev. William Emerson of the latter, were so outspoken as to be known as "Patriot Priests," or "High Sons of Liberty." Much of the spirit of resistance to British oppression in those towns was attributable to their utterances.

A Tory writer says in a letter dated Sept. 2, 1774: "Some of the ministers are continually stirring up the people to resistance. It was urged that salvation depended upon signing certain inflammatory papers, when the people flew to their pens with an eagerness that sufficiently attested their belief in their pastors."

The person who could make the most lawless village ruffian cower and slink away by a look, who presided over a community of church-goers, and who had a paternal care for everything and every one in it, has passed away. So has the New England parsonage in its realistic sense been relegated to the bygones. But

the house, the parsonage, in many instances yet remains, occupied in some cases by descendants in the third or fourth generation from the patriot priest of 1775. To these homes in their present well-kept condition I now invite my readers, while we there consider the footsteps of the patriots.

The Lexington parsonage has passed out of the family possession; but to its well-kept grounds all may go, and there in a well directed fancy may see the guard of minute-men in command of Sergeant Munroe as they keep their all-night vigil. Within, the rooms are reanimated by the voices of the noted patriots, Hancock and Adams; the graceful figure of Dorothy Quincy and the matronly form of Madam Hancock add dignity to the hour and occasion.

It was perfectly natural that those notable patriots should have turned their footsteps to the Lexington parsonage. They were just from a meeting of the Committee of Correspondence and Safety, and were fully aware of the precarious situation of the avowed friends of the Colonial cause in Boston, and that for them the British halter was already threatened.

It was not merely the sympathy for one cause that attracted them to that home, but kinship had allured them as well. Mrs. Clark, wife of the patriot priest, was cousin to the opulent young merchant, John Hancock. The proud step and richly embroidered costume of this guest were not strange to that home. It had been the abode of his paternal ancestry for many years. There he had spent much of his boyhood with his grandfather, Rev. John Hancock, the pastor of Lexington. Where he was, his elder friend and adviser, Samuel Adams, well might be.

Tender relations and fondest hopes account for the presence of the others in the group that night. The subject of conversation that evening can easily be imagined. "John Hancock, being in England, was present at the funeral of George II., and also at the coronation of George III., pageants congenial to his taste." He stood almost at the head of the merchants of Boston, had been an object of flattery, and strongly urged to join the royal party; but thanks to Samuel Adams, the young merchant was so decided in his course that he could say, while thinking of that princely residence and all else: " Burn Boston, and make John Hancock a beggar, if the public good requires it!" Had there been a word of doubt or any hesitancy expressed as to the righteousness of the cause in which the noted guests were champions, it would have been dissipated by the firm convictions of Rev. Jonas Clark.

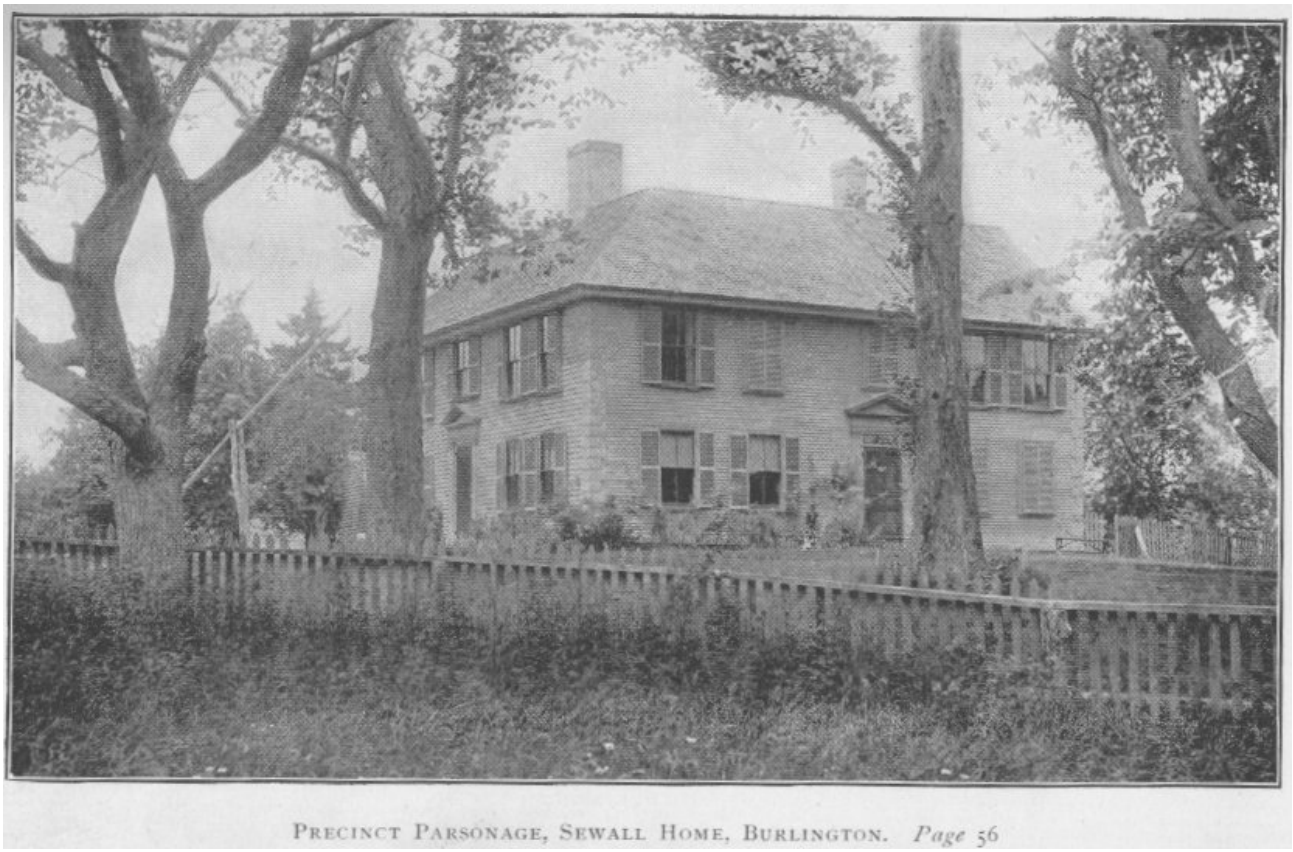
The messengers from Boston were not only to warn --

> "The country folk to be up and to arm,"

but to look out for the safety of Hancock and Adams. Those proud spirits could not easily be persuaded to flee from any power. But the appeal in behalf of the future welfare of the Colonies inclined them to consent; and having heard the first shots, and uttered memorable words, these noted men were conducted from one parsonage to another.

Over in Woburn Precinct, Burlington, was another parsonage. It was but a few

miles away. The minister, Rev. Thomas Jones, had recently died; but his widow, well known to Rev. Jonas Clark, was an ardent Whig. There was a young minister, Rev. John Marrett, at this home, who was destined to be the successor of the deceased pastor in both pastoral and family relations. The Lexington pastor and his guests had confidence in all the occupants of the Precinct parsonage, and made haste in that direction. They made a halt at the home of James Reed, a well-known patriot, but soon pushed on; and as the gilded coach rolled up to the door of the parsonage, open arms and hearts were in anxious waiting. The patriots, with Miss Quincy, were soon comfortably ensconced in Madam Jones's best room.



PRECINCT PARSONAGE, SEWALL HOME, BURLINGTON. *Page* 56

Figure 13: Precinct Parsonage, Sewall Home, Burlington

It may be of interest to the reader to know something of the history of the Precinct parsonage before following this morning's guests any farther. Leaving them seated before the crackling fire, the freshly scoured brass of the hand-irons reflecting their brilliant costumes in most pleasing pictures, we take the hand of the present owner, 1895, Samuel Sewall, of the fourth generation, and hear from him the story of the --

PRECINCT PARSONAGE.

It was purchased by Rev. Thomas Jones, my great-grandfather, in 1751. He was the second minister of the town, filling that position in the broadest sense of the term until his death in 1774. He lived to see the beginning of the Revolutionary

troubles, and to make an impression as an avowed patriot, but, like Moses of old, died without entering the promised land of freedom. He was succeeded by Rev. John Marrett, who married his daughter, and hence the pastoral association continued with this house. This young minister, my grandfather, proved to be a most worthy associate of the ministers of Lexington and Concord. Besides his regular duties, he gave much attention to the poor of Boston, who were sent out to the town, sheltering some in this house. He also made frequent visits to the camp at Cambridge, and there administered to the wants of the needy. He kept a daily record of the vicissitudes of the times, and this record is one of the precious relics of our family.

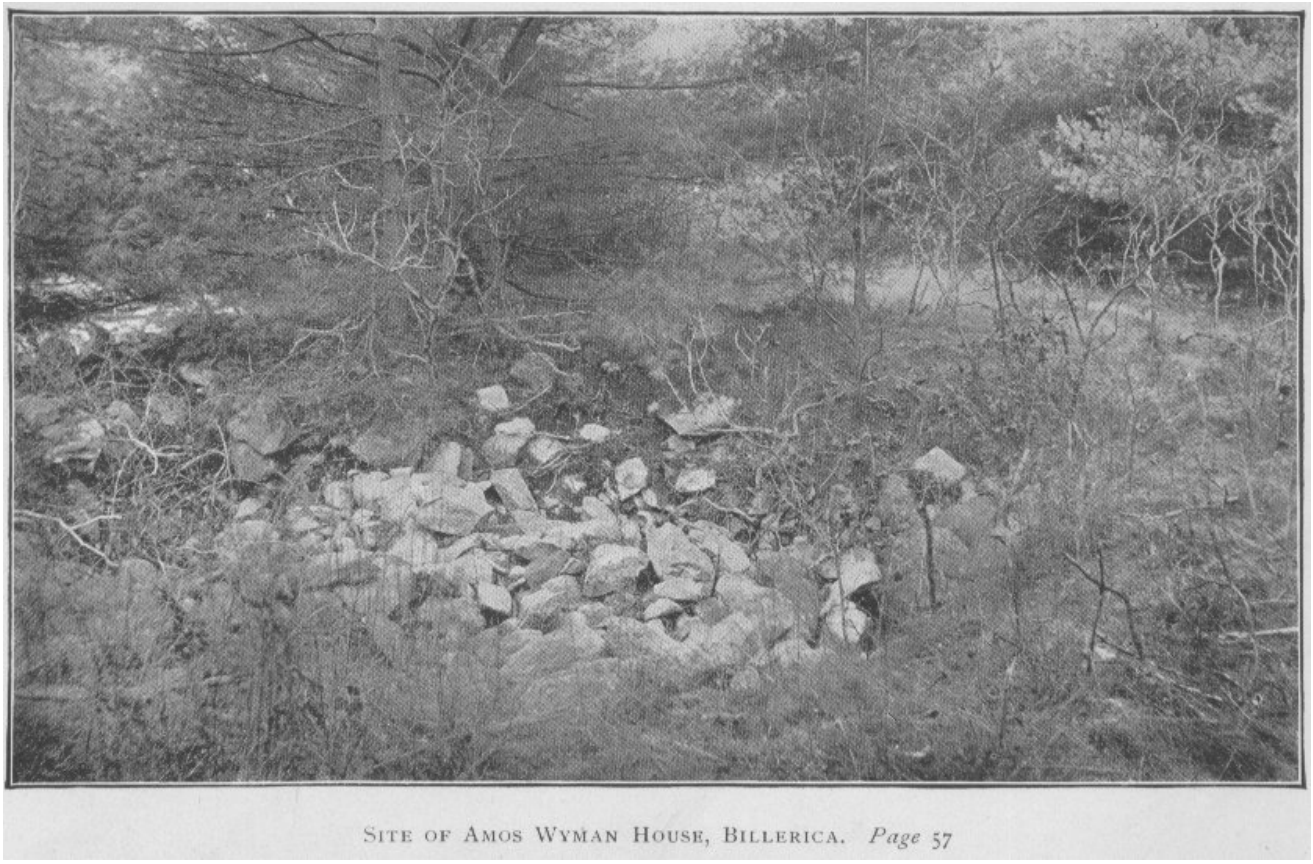


Figure 14: Site of Amos Wyman House, Billerica

Strangely enough Rev. Mr. Marrett's successor, Rev. Samuel Sewall, married the daughter of his predecessor, and the charm still remained. I was the only son of Rev. Samuel Sewall and Mary Marrett; with two sisters I occupy the ancestral home. Here my children and grandchildren have been born, and are enjoying the same privilege. Hence, six generations have already occupied the parsonage, and many reminders of the first are constantly before the sixth generation." This well-kept home presents much of the same appearance that cheered the eyes of the noted guests of April 19, 1775, when Hancock's gilded coach rolled up to the door.

Old-fashioned hospitality found expression in an early spread of the best the

house afforded. Madam Jones made haste to prepare a meal worthy of her guests; she was aided by Cuff, the faithful negro slave of the parsonage. A spring salmon had been passed in to the door of the Lexington parsonage in honor of the guests. This was sent on by a messenger to the Precinct, and was prepared by Madam Jones. All being ready, the guests were seated about the best table, with Rev. John Marrett as the host.

Figure 15: Parsonage Table

Grace had been duly said, and they were just to begin the welcome meal, when a hurried messenger entered the house announcing that the British were coming in hot pursuit, and entreating them to flee for their lives. Some made haste to secrete the telltale coach under cover of Path Woods, while Rev. Mr. Marrett conducted the patriots by a devious way through the woods to the obscure home of Amos Wyman, in a distant corner of the town, where it borders on the towns of Billerica and Bedford.

As soon as the immediate fright was over, Messrs. Hancock and Adams, with appetites whetted to a keen edge by the morning ride and the savory smell of the feast left so suddenly, were glad to eat cold boiled salt pork and potatoes, with rye bread from a wooden tray taken down by Mrs. Wyman from a shelf above the fireplace. Strange diet indeed for these people accustomed to the best the market afforded. It was all the variety Mrs. Wyman had, and was given cheerfully to guests whose like she had never entertained before. Her act was not forgotten. Like the widow of Zarephath, who fed the prophet Elijah, she had her reward. It is said that John Hancock presented her with a cow, when the affairs of the colony were so far adjusted as to admit of outside attention.

The alarm that drove the patriots from the Precinct parsonage proved to be false, and no unwelcome guest came to that door that day.

FLIGHT OF HANCOCK AND ADAMS FROM THE PRECINCT PARSONAGE.
(Present Appearance of the Path.) *Page* 59

Figure 16: Flight of Hancock and Adams from the Precinct Parsonage

It was one of the youthful pleasures of Mr. Sewall of the present day, to accompany his honored father, Rev. Samuel Sewall, in his old age, to the Hancock mansion on Beacon Hill, Boston, and there listen to the conversation with Madam Scott, the "Dorothy Q." of 1775. An allusion to the experience related alway brought a smile to her aged face, and recalled her aunt whose name she bore, and of whom Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote:

"Grandmother's mother! Her age, I guess,

Thirteen summers, or something less;

Girlish bust, but womanly air;

Smooth, square forehead, with uprolled hair;

Lips that lover has never kissed;

Taper fingers, and slender waist,

Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade--

So they painted the little maid.

. . . . . .

What if a hundred years ago

Those close-shut lips had answered no,

When forth the tremulous question came

That cost the maiden her Norman name;

And under the folds that look so still

The bodice swelled with the bosom's thrill?

Should I be I, or would it be

One-tenth another to nine-tenths me?"

There is another house in Burlington where the scenes of April 19, 1775, have left a lasting interest. It is the --

REED HOME.

Here Hancock's coach halted when on that memorable trip from Lexington, but soon hastened on with its company, making way for the British prisoners to be lodged here. At this home is met Mr. Edward Reed, the present owner and occupant. He was preceded in the possession by his father and grandfather, both named James Reed. "In this room," said Mr. Reed to the writer, "the prisoners captured at Lexington were held in custody. My grandfather said, 'I was making ready to go over to Lexington when I saw some of the minute-men coming with a squad of the redcoats. They brought them here to my house, and gave them up to me, informing me of the affairs at Lexington. I could not then go on in the pursuit, as I was given the custody of those prisoners. I did my duty faithfully, treated them well, as they would say to-day if they could come around; but I guess they would not want to run the gantlet of the Yankees again.'"

CHAPTER VIII

DIARY OF REV. JOHN MARRETT. -- DESCRIPTION OF CAMP BY REV. WILLIAM EMERSON. -- ORIGIN OF CONTINENTAL ARMY. -- JOURNAL OF JABEZ FITCH

THROUGH the courtesy of Samuel Sewall, Esq., the present owner of the Precinct parsonage, the following extracts are made from the interleaved almanacs of his grandfather, Rev. John Marrett.

Some notes are quoted that do not tend to show the movements of the patriots altogether, but give light on the customs of the time.

> January 13, 1775. Moved to Woburn. Board at Madam Jones' for 40 s. per week, and keep my horse myself.
>
> February 8. Rode to Lexington. Lodged at my brother's last night, attended lecture at Lexington; a lecture on the times. I began with prayer. Mr. Cushing preached from Psalm 22: "He is the Governor among the Nations." Mr. Clark concluded with prayer.
>
> March 6. Prayed at March meeting. Rode to Lexington.
>
> March 7. Lodged last night at Brother's. Spent day at Lexington. Attended training there. At night rode home,
>
> March 21. Training. Viewed arms.
>
> March 27. Bottled cider; 11 dozen and one bottle.
>
> April 4. (Tuesday.) Rode to Wilmington and Reading. P.M. Heard Mr. Stone (of Reading) preach a sermon to the minute-men. Returned to Wilmington; lodged at Mr. Morrill's, (the minister).
>
> April 8. People moving out of Boston on account of the troops.
>
> April 9. (Sunday.) Mr. Marston came up from Boston to get a place here for his wife and children.
>
> April 19. Fair, windy & cold. A Distressing day. About 800 Regulars marched from Boston to Concord. As they went up, they killed 8 men at Lexington meeting-house; they huzza'd and then fired, as our men had turned their backs (who in number were about one hundred); and then they proceeded to Concord. The adjacent country was alarmed the latter part of the night preceding.

The action at Lexington was just before sunrise [showing that the paster kept an eye on all military preparations]. Our men pursued them to and from Concord on their retreat back; and several killed on both sides, but much the least on our side, as we pickt them off on their retreat. The regulars were reinforced at Lexington to aid their retreat by 800 with two field pieces. They burnt 3 houses in Lexington, and one barn, and did other mischief to buildings. They were pursued to Charlestown, where they entrenched on a hill just over the Neck. Thus commences an important period.

April 20. Rode to Lexington and saw the mischief the Regulars did, and returned home.

April 21. Rode to Concord. The country coming in fast to our help.

April 22. All quiet here. Our forces gathered at Cambridge and towns about Boston. The Regulars removed from Charlestown to Boston day before yesterday.

April 23. (Sunday.) Preached at home. Soldiers traveling down and returning; brought their arms with them to meeting, with warlike accoutrements. A dark day. In the afternoon service, just as service was ended, Doctor Blodget came in for the people to go with their teams to bring provisions from Marblehead out of the way of the Men of war. Considerable number at meeting.

April 24. Packing up my most valuable effects to be ready to move on any sudden occasion.

April 25. Rode to Cambridge. Our forces very numerous there. Lodged at Richard Clark's, Watertown.

April 26. Returned home via Lexington. Many houses on the road pillaged by the Regulars between Lexington and Charlestown.

April 27. Josiah Quincy arrived this week from England and died at Cape Ann.

May 11. Fast day. Preached at Reading in exchange for Mr. Haven. Rode to Medford.

May 12. Lodged last night at Captain Brooks, Medford. Rode through Cambridge to Dorchester. Surveyed the situation of our forces.

May 17. Saw about 9 o'clock P.M. a great fire towards Boston. Went up a hill and saw the blaze. Just before the fire heard a great noise,

May 18. The fire last night was in Boston. Burnt a number of stores. It began in one of the barracks.

May 23. Last Sabbath our people destroyed a quantity of hay at Weymouth which the Regulars attempted to get to Boston. Some firing on both sides, but have not heard that any were killed.

May 27. (Sunday.) All day and in the night heard the cannon at Boston. A skirmish, I suppose, between the troops under General Gage and our forces. Heard the cannon in time of service A.M., and hear our forces have burnt a tender to a man of war, this morning, at the mouth of the Mistick River, and that they from yesterday, P.M. to to-day, were firing at each other.

May 31. Rode to Watertown. Dr. Langdon preached to the Congress from Is. 1: 28, (and the destruction of the transgressors and of the sinners shall be together, and they that forsake the Lord shall be consumed).

June 1. Rode to Watertown. Heard Mr. Stevens preach Convention sermon. Rode to Cambridge and home.

June 10. Mr. Marston and wife and children moved from Boston here.

June 16. Mr. Marston, of Boston, arrived here. He escaped in a fishing boat.

June 17. fair and very warm and Dry, at home.

June 18. S [Sunday] fair and very warm at noon a little Sprinkl'g of rain and P.M. Sun clouded, preached at home very thin meet'g ye men gone down to ye army on ye alarm yesterday, last night 3000 of our army went to Charlestown and entrenched on a Hill. But before yy had prepared yir cann ye Shipp'g and ye regulars by land attacked yur and after much fight'g we were obliged to quite ye Entrenchment and ye town, many killed and wounded, on both sides, ye Shipp'g annoied us much; the town laid in Ashes; ye adjacent Country gone down. Abt 1000 of ye regulars killed and wounded not more yan 200 killed of ours, abt 50 of our men killed and 29 taken prisoners and 70 or 80 wounded, a 1000 of our Enemies killed and wounded among wch are many officers 84.

June 20. Rode to Watertown and Cambridge and viewed the intrenchments of our army between Cambridge and Charlestown and returned home.

June 24. P.M. Just heard that our army had entrenched last night nearer the enemy on Bunker's Hill, and that the enemy this morning appeared with their horse in battle array and in readiness at the bottom of the hill by Charlestown Neck to drive our forces away; but after a while they withdrew. The heavy cannon are now playing, the firing is smart and very plainly heard.

July 1. Heard the firing of some cannon which were at Roxbury neck.

July 2. (Sunday.) A great deal of firing below. It began about daybreak and continued till 7 o'clock. Heard it was at Roxbury neck.

July 13. Last night lodged at Watertown, and rode to Roxbury, Cambridge, and to Prospect and Winter Hills, viewed the forts and entrenchments, well executed and strong. Prayed in evening with Colonel Gerrish's regiment and returned home.

July 20. A general fast appointed through British America by the Continental Congress at Philadelphia.

July 22. At Cambridge. At evening prayed in the army. Attended the funeral of Jesse Wyman aged 21, living in the old parish, mortally wounded in the battle of Charlestown.

July 23. Sunday. Last night lodged at Mr. Tappan's. A.M. Preached in the army. P.M. Some rain which prevented preaching.

July 26. Attended the funeral of George Reed, jun., who died of a fever, which was occasioned by a surfeit of heat he got in Charlestown fight the 17th inst.

August 4. Rode to Bedford and returned. On return called and prayed with Bacon's family, very sick, and also visited and prayed with Capt. Walker's son.

August 28. Master Hutchinson of Boston lodged here. To-day I rode to Lexington, dined at brother's and returned.

September 12. Rode to Cambridge, and viewed the camps and forts, and returned at night. Boston is hedged in on every side but the water.

September 24. (Sunday.) Put on coarse, linen shirt.

October 2. Visited the sick and catechised the children present, 24.

October 18. Messrs. Wigglesworth and Gannett dined here.

October 22. Attended the funeral of Capt. Marstons's child[7].

October 24. Rode from Watertown to Cambridge, viewed the camps and returned home.

November 1. Rode to Concord. Attended the Dudleian Lecture. Dr. Langdon (President of Harvard College) preached from Micah 4: 5. Subject natural religion[8].

November 9. Cannon fired much from 12 to 3 o'clock; about 400 or 500 Regulars landed on Lechmere's Point and carried off 1 cow. They were soon drove off by a party of our soldiers. We lost 1 man killed, and 1 mortally wounded. What they lost, cannot tell.

November 21. President Langdon came here.

November 30. Attended three funerals in my Parish, viz., Widow Speer; a child of Abraham Alexander's; and a child of Mr. Peters's of Wilmington, which died here; and married a couple.

December 5. Rode to Cambridge and back. Hear Quebec is taken by the Provincials.

December 17. (Sunday). Heard several cannon fired. Our people a raising a covert way from Prospect to Cobble Hill, and the enemy endeavoring to prevent them.

December 18. The firing yesterday was at Lechmere's Point, our people entrenching there. A ship that had lain up the River all summer moved off this morning.

December 20. Fair, and the coldest day this season. At home. Heard several cannon fired.

December 23, P.M. Attended the funeral of Mr. Gardner, leather dresser, formerly of Charlestown; he died in the other parish.

December 27. Attended the funeral of Madam Temple, late of Charlestown, who died at Captain Johnson's; and married Josiah Locke to Elizabeth Richardson, both of Woburn Old Parish[9].

---

7 Belonged to a Boston family, probably related to Mrs. Jones. They had sought refuge in Burlington during the siege. A little gravestone in old burial-ground says, "While British forces held his native town."

8 The American army occupied for barracks the buildings of Harvard College at Cambridge, and the institution removed to Concord, remaining there nearly a year. It held its exercises in the Court-House, its students and professors living in various families of the town. The Commencement exercises of 1776 were held in the old meeting-house of Concord.

9 These deaths of Charlestown people suggest how they were scattered about, after the burning of the town by the British.

December 29. Rode to Cambridge and returned, and lodged at Jonathan Carter's. Last night our forces arranged to attack Bunker Hill over the ice on the mill pond, but the ice was not strong enough, and therefore they desisted.

December 30. Many cannon fired. Returned home A.M.

January 10, 1776. Called about break of day to visit Capt. Wood's wife, being sick.

January 18. Cannon fired much. Heard our army is defeated at Quebec.

January 22. Evening. Singing meeting here.

January 23. Rode to Cambridge, and viewed the lines, and returned home. Deacon Johnson and wife went with me.

January 31. Eight men enlisted out of this parish for two months.

February 2. Heard several cannon.

February 12. Heard many cannon. Supposed to be below Boston at sea.

February 14. Last night the enemy burned some houses and barns on Dorchester neck.

February 28. Mr. Stone, of Reading, and Mr. Jacob Gould, of Weymouth, dined with me. Sent my watch by Mr. Gould to Braintree, to Mr. Cranch's to be mended.

March 3. (Sunday P.M.) Master Coggin preached from 2 Cor 5:10. People in great anxiety about some important transactions speedily to take place between our army and the enemy's forces.

March 4. Last night, from eight in the evening till the morning, the cannon and mortars between our army and the enemy fired more or less; and to-day were firing more or less, till between 12 o'clock and one, a general battle or a very smart skirmish, ensued, as I judge, from the report of small arms and cannon. The Regulars had a mock fight in Boston. Visited Lieut. Tidd's sick children. My people collecting rags, etc., for the use of the army.

March 5. Last night the mortars and cannon played very fast most all night from both sides, and our army entrenched on Dorchester Hill without any molestation. Rode to Cambridge.

March 6. Lodged at Cambridge. Returned home.

March 10. (Sunday.) Last night our forces intrenched on another hill on Dorchester Point, nearer to Boston; a smart firing ensued on both sides. We lost about 12 men. At first we were drove off, but by a reinforcement carried on and completed the work. [Not true.]

March 11. Visited Mr. Spear, being sick, and prayed at parish meeting. Hear the small-pox is at Welch's.

March 18. Yesterday morning, about break of day, the British troops evacuated Bunker Hill and Boston, and all shipping moved off and lay windbound below the Castle, whither bound, know not, -- but it is conjectured to Halifax to wait on orders from Great Britain. Our forces have taken possession of all the places they have left. The Lord be praised! Last night we intrenched on Dorchester Point.

March 19. Dined at Timothy Winn's. P.M. Rode to Old Parish and attended Mr. Pool's funeral. Mr. Morrill and I prayed with the sick woman, Mrs. Pool. Hear that below the Castle the ships are arrived to the fleet of the enemy which lies below.

March 20. Rode to Charlestown Ferry, and viewed Bunker Hill, the works of the enemy, and the ruins of the town. The fleet lays below the Castle. Returned home via Cambridge.

March 21. A great fire last evening at the Castle, the enemy demolishing it. Rode to Old Parish to see Mrs. Pool, sick.

April 2. Attended funeral of Nathaniel Wyman.

April 5. Attended funeral of Daniel Simonds and his wife, two aged persons in Lexington.

April 19. Rode to Lexington; dined at Brother's. P.M. Attended a lecture in commemoration of Lexington Battle. Mr. Clark performed the whole exercise; preached from Joel, 3d chapter, the last verses; a very crowded audience; the militia companies in Lexington mustered. Returned home.

April 23. Rode to Boston and returned home. First time I have been to Boston since the enemy evacuated it.

May 3. Mr. Thurston, a preacher in the other Parish, visited me.

May 5. (Sunday.) Rode to Concord and preached on an exchange with

Mr. Emerson.

May 6. Lodged last night at Doctor Minot's.

May 16. Attended the funeral of George Reed's negro woman.

May 17. A Continental Fast; preached at home, a full meeting.

May 20. Hear a large brig loaded with warlike stores was taken by us from the enemy, as she was coming into Boston Harbor.

June 1. Hear our forces at Quebec have been driven from their intrenchments, and renewed the attack afterwards, being reinforced, and recovered their lost ground.

June 3. Went to the Castle with Woburn militia to intrench.

June 4. Lodged last night at Roxbury. This morning sailed from Boston to the Castle; intrenched all day. P.M. Returned home with the militia.

June 15. Night before last, 5,000 of our people went down and intrencled on an island and another place in Boston Harbor, and yesterday morning drove all the enemy's ships down below the lighthouse. A 50-gun ship was obliged to cut her cable, and be towed down by boats, etc.

June 17. Visited Amos Wyman, being sick. (The husband of her who entertained 'Hancock and Adams.)

June 18. Attended training[10].

June 25. Exceeding hot; the hottest -- very dry and melancholy time.

June 29. Exceeding hot and scorching, and burning sun. The land mourning by reason of the dearth.

July 2, 1776. Independency.

July 3. Lecture on account of the drought and war; Mr. Penniman (of Bedford) preached from Psalm 39:9.

July 4. Attend Lecture at Bedford; Mr. Emerson (of Concord) prayed and preached. I made last prayer.

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10 The acquaintance of the president of Harvard College with the Precinct clergyman doubtless accounts for the removal of college property to his parish, as an old paper bears evidence. Deacon Joseph Johnson was intrusted with two hogsheads of books, one large box containing glass, two boxes containing a pair of globes, one large pack of carpets.

July 6. Small-pox in Boston, inoculating there. Ten men, of the fifteen, enlisted out of this parish for the expedition to Canada; 5,000 to be raised from this province for New York and Canada.

July 14. (Sunday.) Preached at Bedford. Mr. Sprague preached for me, and Mr. Penniman for him, at Carlisle. Five o'clock P.M. Preached at lecture, at home, to a party of soldiers going on the Canada expedition.

July 15. Visited Amos Wyman, sick in deep consumption.

July 18. P.m. Rode to Lexington and back; my brother and two of his sons and eighteen others inoculated last week in his own house for the small-pox.

July 24. Hear the enemy's ships are destroyed by a tempest at South Carolina; two 40-gun ships, one 50-gun ship, and a tender and a transport lost; and all the men perished.

July 25. Woburn company of soldiers for the Canada expedition marched for Crown Point. Prayed with them at Deacon Blanchard's.

July 29. Visited young Mr. Nevers and Mr. Amos Wyman, being sick.

August 1. Provincial Fast. Exchanged with Mr. Morrill.

August 23. The enemy landed on Long Island, New York.

August 24 and 25. Fight at New York, Long Island.

September 7. Hear our forces are beat off from Long Island, at New York, and that four boats full of men in coming away were taken prisoners.

September 15. (Sunday). Read the Declaration for Independency.

September 25. Attended Dudleian Lecture at Cambridge. Mr. Morrill, of Wilmington, preached. Subject, Revealed religion, from 1 Peter 3:15. (Harvard College back in its old quarters.)

October 6. (Sunday.) Uncle Dunster and his wife kept Sabbath here.

October 13. (Sunday.) Preached at Old Parish on exchange with Mr. Jones. Mr. Emerson, of Concord, died at Otter Creek.

October 26. Rode to Stow.

October 27. (Sunday.) Preached at Stow on an exchange.

October 28. Rode to Lancaster and returned to Stow; lodged at Deacon Gates'.

October 29. Returned home. Heard (that) Mr. Emerson, of Concord, died at Otter Creek (the) 13th inst.

November 16. Fort Washington taken.

November 21. Lodged last night at College. Rode to Boston and returned home.

December 9. Hear a fleet of the enemy's ships are seen off Rhode Island.

December 12. Thanksgiving. First snow, 2 inches.

December 13. Dined at Samuel Reed's Jr.'s; General Lee taken prisoner by treachery.

December 18. General Howe marching towards Philadelphia. General Washington before, and General Lee behind.

The condition of the patriots' camp at Cambridge, visited by Rev. John Marrett, is best described by the Concord minister, Rev. William Emerson, in a letter written by him when serving as a chaplain. It was a few days after the arrival of Washington as commander-in-chief.

"New lords, new laws. The generals, Washington and Lee, are upon the lines every day. New orders from his excellency are read to the respective regiments every morning after prayers. The strictest government is taking place, and great distinction is made between officers and soldiers. Every one is made to know his place, and keep in it, or to be tied up and receive thirty or forty lashes, according to his crime. Thousands are at work every day from four till eleven o'clock in the morning. It is surprising how much work has been done. The lines are extended almost from Cambridge to the Mystic River; so that very soon it will be morally impossible for the enemy to get between the works except in one place, which is supposed to be left purposely unfortified, to entice the enemy out of their fortress. Who would have thought, twelve months past, that all Cambridge and Charlestown would be covered over with American camps, and cut up into forts and intrenchments; and all the lands, fields, and orchards laid common; horses and cattle feeding in the choicest mowing land; whole fields of corn eaten down to the ground; and large parks of well-regulated locusts cut down for firewood and other public uses? This, I must say, looks a little melancholy. My quarters are at the foot of the famous Prospect Hill, where such preparations are made for the reception of the enemy. It is very diverting to walk among the camps, they are as

different in their forms as the owners are in their dress, and every tent is a portraiture of the temper and taste of the persons who encamp in it. Some are made of boards, and some of sailcloth; some partly of one and partly of the other; again, others are made of stone or turf, brick or brush. Some are thrown up in a hurry; others are curiously wrought with doors and windows, done with wreaths and withes, in the manner of a basket. Some are your proper tents and marquees, looking like the regular camp of the enemy. In these are the Rhode Islanders, who are furnished with tent equipage and everything in the most exact English style. However, I think this great variety rather a beauty than a blemish in the army."

Fearing that some of my readers may be doubtful in regard to the correct distinction between the Provincial troops and the Continental army, and in regard to the time when the former were merged into the latter, I insert the following general order issued on the 4th of July, 1775, the day after Washington took command of the army.

"The Continental Congress having now taken all the troops of the several colonies, which have been raised, or which may be hereafter raised for the support and defence of the liberties of America, into their pay and service, they are now the troops of the United Provinces of North America; and it is hoped that all distinction of colonies will be laid aside, so that one and the same spirit may animate the whole, and the only contest be, who shall render, on this great and trying occasion, the most essential service to the great and common cause in which we are all engaged. It is required and expected that exact discipline be observed, and due subordination prevail through the whole army, as a failure in these most essential points must necessarily produce extreme hazard, disorder, and confusion, and end in shameful disappointment and disgrace.

"The general most earnestly requires and expects a due observance of those articles of war, established for the government of the army, which forbid profane cursing, swearing, and drunkenness; and in like manner, he requires and expects of all officers and soldiers, not engaged on actual duty, a punctual attendance on divine service, to implore the blessings of Heaven upon the means used for our safety and defence."

A vivid picture of the movements of the patriots, while encamped at Cambridge and Roxbury, is seen in a journal from Aug. 5 to Dec. 13, 1775.

It was kept by Jabez Fitch, Jun., of Norwich, of the Eighth Company (Captain Joseph Jewett's), in the Eighth Connecticut Regiment (Colonel Jedidiah Huntington's), at the siege of Boston. He first describes the journey to join the Provincial army.

> Saturday, Augt. 5, 1775. Came from (home) a little after sunrise. Joined the company at Tyler's in Preston, from whence we marched; about 8 o'clock made a little halt at Deacn. Belcher's where we were handsomely treated, and after resting a little we march'd, and at the same time Mr. Edwards and my boys went back.

7th. After breakfast we march'd into town (Providence) where we made a small halt, got shav'd, and did some other errands, and march'd forward to Attleborough, where we now are at Dagget's, the tavern (they say he's a Tory), but, however, we have got a dinner a-cooking, and intend to eat it. I was afterwards disappointed, there not being enough for the whole. . . . Parson's reg't overtook us, and after drinking some punch we march'd on, and at about sunset arriv'd at Man's in Wrentham, where we met with much difficulty to procure a supper, after which I went to bed with my son, and slept very well.

August 8th, 1775. In the morning we ate breakfast at Man's, after which we march'd forward to Head's in Walpole, where we drank some punch and marched forward to Cheney's in Walpole, where our men are now cooking a dinner. . . . After dinner we marched forward to Gay's where we made a little stop and Capt. Wheat overtook us from Norwich; then we marched on so far as Ames' in Dedham, where we lodged in a very good bed and paid well for it.

9th. In the morning I walked down to the burying place below the meeting-house. I also see about 300 riflemen pass by Ames' -- we also went by them at Whiting's, and marched into Roxbury before them. We arrived at the sign of the sun about 11 o'clock, where the company staid till next day.

This night was the first of Cordilla and I lodging like soldiers, we having hitherto on our march lodged in good beds, tho' it cost us dear, but now we are come where money will not readily command all the conveniences of life. Yet through the clemency of a Divine Providence every one in health may be in some measure comfortable.

The l0th. Sometime before noon we marched on to the ground assigned us for incampment. Capt. Riley's Company was the only one incamped before us. The rest of this day taken up in pitching our tents, etc. The night following was very stormy; it thundered, lightened and rained all night, and was very tedious for the first of the campaign.

The 11th. In the morning Lt. Jona. Brewster and Jo. Williams came to our tent. I was with 'em over to Parsons' reg't, where we lit of Capt. Wheat, and went up to the meeting-house and see the guard relieved, then went with them, Sergt. Haskel and Corpl. Brewster, down to Dorchester, and after obtaining liberty of Col. Fellows went over on to the Neck and down on to the Lower Point near Castle Wm. While on Dorchester Neck we had a very fine prospect of the town of Boston and also of the ships in the harbor, which make an appearance like a dry cedar swamp.

The 12th. In the morning I went down to see the guards relieved, and then went out on the left hand of the neck down on to the marsh where I had a fine prospect of the Common in Boston, where the regulars are incamped. About one o'clock Asa Chapman came here for some things I bro't him from his grandfather. Cordilla and I went with him up to Brookline Fort and on our way lit of one Lt. Sprague of the Rhode Islanders with whom we crossed the ferry and went up to Prospect Hill. . . . Cordilla and I then came back to Cambridge, went into one of the colleges up to the 3d loft, and after viewing that a little came down street a little where we see the greatest curiosity of the whole day (viz.) an old gent with a very gray beard 14 inches long handsomely comb'd down under his chin. . . . After crossing the ferry came home to our camp where we arrived about daylight in. The old Tory dog had got away the door I stole to lodge on.

14. At prayer time in the morning the regulars in Boston and also the ships in the harbor began a mighty firing which lasted most of the forenoon.

16th. After breakfast I took a walk up to Brookline cedar swamp, where I found me a very pretty cedar staff. I came back through an orchard back of Genl. Ward's quarters, where the inhabitants were gathering pears, and while I was talking with the people the regulars fired two shot on our new intrenchment, on which I hurried a little toward home, but the fire not continuing I made a little stop at an intrenchment just above a grist mill. I then went up toward the Grand Parade, where I lit of Rant Rose, and went with him to see the Indians shoot arrows at coppers.

The 18th. In the morning early I went up to Governor Bernard's house with Corp. Spears and Cordilla to get some timber for repairing our tent, and it was with some difficulty that I obtained it.

Sunday, Augt. 20, 1775. . .. I went up to the old meeting-house, where I wrote several of the foregoing pages, and am now writing on the breast of the front gallery, which is a very convenient place for writing. It is a very large house with a high steeple. It stands on an eminence in fair view of the regulars' lines, and has had many balls thrown at it. The bell is taken down, the windows all taken out and boarded up except the pulpit window, the pews all torn down, and great destruction made inside of the house.

CHAPTER IX

OLD MANSE OF CONCORD AND ITS MINISTERIAL OCCUPANTS. -- CUPID IN THE REVOLUTION

Figure 17: Old Manse, Concord

THE foregoing extracts from the parsonage diary, yet extant, afford the reader, not only a glimpse into the busy life of the minister, but also present a realistic view of the burdens and anxieties of the patriots during the time that the seat of war was confined to Massachusetts. He has seen the intimacy between neighboring ministers, and noted the hospitality of the parsonage. He has become particularly interested in the minister of Concord, Rev. William Emerson, and is prepared to turn to another parsonage, and there consider the footsteps of the patriots as they centre about the --

OLD MANSE.

Here, as at the Burlington parsonage, a digression is made to consider the history of the place.

Probably no other homestead of New England supplies the warp and woof of such a brilliant fabric of history as the old manse of Concord.

The green lawn that extends in front and on either side of the manse was once

the site of an Indian village, evidence of which, in the line of arrows and spear-heads, the searching ploughshare has often brought to light.

The village was abandoned, and the scattered remnant of the tribe had built their wigwams elsewhere, before the sale of the "six miles square" by Squaw Sachem and others to the "English undertakers."

The site of the old Indian village was included within the twelve lots of six hundred and sixty acres recorded as belonging to James Blood, Sen. and Jun., in 1665.

The Bloods are said to have come to Concord in 1639. James Sen. died in 1683, and his wife Ellen nine years earlier. James Blood, Jun., married Hannah, daughter of Oliver Purchiss of Lynn, in 1657. They lived in a primitive dwelling on these acres, and had four children, only one of whom, Sarah, survived her parents.

James Blood, Jun., was the fourth deacon in the Concord church; he died Nov. 26, 1692, having outlived his wife fifteen years.

Sarah Blood, who was born March 5, 1659, married William Willson of Concord in 1686, and at the death of her father succeeded to the ownership of the estate. He was town clerk from 1710 to 1718; was chosen one of the selectmen in 1700, and held the office eighteen years; was representative to the General Court in 1702, and in seven subsequent years. His wife Sarah died in 1717, and he in 1745, leaving a second wife, Hannah Price.

The property remained in the family until about the time of the death of Rev. Daniel Bliss, the associate of Whitefield and other ardent preachers, which occurred in May, 1764. It was then purchased by the Bliss family.

The solemn pomp and funereal splendor attendant upon the burial of Rev. Daniel Bliss was still a theme for conversation, and the people were enjoying a sort of mournful satisfaction because they had maintained their dignity among the towns and churches by furnishing rings and gloves at the funeral of their deceased minister, and the town had assumed the burial charges of □66 13s. 4d., when steps were taken to secure a pastor to fill the vacancy.

Rev. William Emerson was called to the position. He married Phebe Bliss, the daughter of his predecessor in the ministry of the town, in August, 1766, and established a home in the house so well known as the Old Manse. It was erected for Rev. Mr. Emerson and his bride, and here they lived in the full enjoyment of a Colonial parsonage during his ministry of ten years. Theirs was the peace and comfort of the beautiful home, which stood in the midst of the town, --his parish, --being cheered and encouraged by the love and esteem of his people.

Oliver Wendell Holmes says of him, "The Rev. William Emerson, grandfather of Ralph Waldo, was an excellent and popular preacher, and an ardent and devoted patriot. He preached resistance to tyrants from the pulpit; he encouraged his townsmen and their allies to make a stand against the soldiers who had marched upon their peaceful village; and would have taken a part in the fight at the

bridge, which he saw from his own house, had not the friends around him prevented his quitting his doorstep."

He took this stand in the face of the opposition of his brother-in-law, Daniel Bliss, who was an avowed Tory, and still living in the village.

On Aug. 16, 1776, Rev. Mr. Emerson left his family, this beautiful home, his church and people, by their consent, to join the army at Ticonderoga as chaplain. He was discharged by General Gates after about two months of service, because of declining health, and died at Rutland, Vt., en route for his home, at the age of thirty-three years, where he was buried with military honors. His people described his virtues at length on a memorial stone set upon Burial Hill in 1826. It concludes thus:

ENTHUSIASTIC, ELOQUENT, AFFECTIONATE,

AND PIOUS;

HE LOVED HIS FAMILY, HIS PEOPLE, HIS GOD,

AND HIS COUNTRY.

AND TO THIS LAST HE YIELDED

THE CHEERFUL SACRIFICE OF HIS LIFE.

There were left at the Manse, besides the widow of the patriot, their four children. William, their only son, born in 1769, and Mary Moody Emerson, a daughter, and namesake of her grandmother, became well known in the world, the latter through the portrayal made by her nephew, Ralph Waldo Emerson.

William, the son and namesake of the "patriot priest" and "high son of liberty" of Concord, was graduated at Harvard College in 1789, settled as minister in Harvard in 1792, and in 1799 as minister of the First Church in Boston. In 1796 he married Ruth Haskins of Boston. He died in 1811, leaving five sons, of whom Ralph Waldo was the second.

In November, 1778, Rev. Ezra Ripley was ordained as minister at Concord; and two years later he married the widow of his predecessor, Phebe Bliss Emerson, and took up his abode at the Manse, where he continued to live during his ministry of more than sixty years.

Hence appears the proof of the accuracy of Hawthorne's statement in "Mosses from an Old Manse:" "A priest had built it; a priest had succeeded to it; other priestly men from time to time dwelt in it; and children born in its chambers had grown up to assume the priestly character."

While pursuing his studies at Harvard College, Ezra Ripley was styled, "Holy Ripley," because of his superior moral and religious character. These traits, most commendable, especially for one of his profession, dominated his entire life. He

received the honorary degree of doctor of divinity from Harvard College some years before his death. The excellent judgment of Dr. Ripley, with other rare qualities, led many pastors and churches to call him to sit in councils. He was called upon in the latter part of his life to take part in a council called at Bedford; it was when the conflict between the liberal and old faith broke out in that town as it did throughout New England. The session was delayed till late into the night, and then adjourned to the following day. Not expecting to be delayed so long, the reverend doctor, who wore a wig by day, was without a necessary reclining garment, -- a night-cap, --hence he awaited the dawn while sitting in his chair. Dr. Ripley died about 1840; and the estate, although having come by his wife, descended to the Ripley heirs. Dr. Ripley gave the battle-ground to the town some years before his death, and before patriotic sentiment had aroused the interest of later years. But his prophetic wisdom foresaw the day that has already dawned.

During an interim of the occupancy of the Ripley family was that brief, interesting, and well-known experience of Nathaniel Hawthorne, which alone would have given the estate unending notoriety. In July, 1842, Nathaniel Hawthorne and Sophia Peabody were married at the home of Dr. Peabody in Boston, and sought the seclusion of the vacant parsonage at Concord as a desirable place for the full enjoyment of each other. They occupied the Manse four years, during which time their daughter Una was born. They then left it for Salem, Mass., where Mr. Hawthorne entered upon a position at the Custom House. The owners now took possession of the Old Manse. Rev. Samuel Ripley, son of the Concord minister, resigned a long pastorate at Waltham, and settled here with his family.

Mr. Hawthorne describes the preparations for the retiring minister thus: "Carpenters next appeared, making a tremendous racket among the out-buildings, strewing the green grass with pine shavings and chips of chestnut joist, and vexing the whole antiquity of the place with their discordant renovations. Soon, moreover, they divested our abode of the veil of woodbine which had crept over a large portion of its southern face.

"All the original mosses were cleared unsparingly away; and there were horrible whispers about brushing up the external walls with a coat of paint, --a purpose as little to my taste as might be that of rouging the venerable cheeks of one's grandmother." With the exception of that "vexing of antiquity," a bay-window on the east end of the house (which the writer watched in formation), the present external appearance of the Old Manse and its surroundings is not unlike that so vividly described by the "first lay occupant." "Between two tall gate-posts of rough-hewn stone we beheld the old parsonage, terminating the vista of an avenue of black ash-trees."

Some of the ash-trees have been replaced by other varieties, but the lines bordering the avenue are well kept.

A scattering remnant of the orchard, planted by Dr. Ripley in his old age, still remains. Although discouraged by his neighbors in the planting of the orchard,

Dr. Ripley lived to enjoy its fruits; and Hawthorne reluctantly feasted upon its luscious apples and pears, sharing the bounty with Ellery Channing, Henry Thoreau, and others of kindred tastes.

In the rear of the Manse is seen the place where, according to tradition, a boy was chopping wood for the clergyman on the morning of April 19, 1775, and after the battle went with his axe in hand to the field of carnage, and finding a wounded British soldier, used his blade in finishing his misery.

Near this place the river winds along as sluggishly as when Hawthorne and his odd visitors pushed out in their boat upon its smooth surface. The interior of the Manse presents very much of the appearance of the old parsonage.

The study of the Rev. Ezra Ripley is a small, square room, with elaborate wainscoting, and beams of oak crossing the ceiling.

The huge fireplace is still there, before which more than three thousand sermons were probably penned by Dr. Ripley; but the chair in which the minister sat and wrote has found a place in the collection of the Concord Antiquarian Society.

It was in this room that the ghost used to appear, according to Hawthorne; but as no perturbed spirit has been reported as lifting the latch since his stay at the Manse, it is reasonable to explain that apparition as the vivid imagination of the author.

Opposite the study is a large room containing many modern adornments, and used by the present occupant (1891), a representative of the third generation of Ripleys, as a parlor.

A door from the parlor leads to the ancient dining-room, where old-time feasts were spread according to the most approved plan of the parsonage. Very many of the old-time ministers of New England have feasted and chatted in this room, as may be inferred from the diary of Rev. Mr. Marrett already quoted.

The big kitchen, where the oaken beams show no sign of attempted disguise, and the modern cooking-range stands as an apology for the once spacious fireplace, had a peculiar charm for me when in boyhood I made my regular entrance to the Old Manse by the kitchen-door, but in later life received a cordial welcome from the same lady at the front entrance.

The Old Manse, with its gambrel roof, is thought to have been the first house in the village built with two stories, making the old Colonial parsonage suggestive of the standing of its honored occupant.

In the apartment over the dining-room, Ralph Waldo Emerson, grandson of the first minister in possession, wrote "Nature" and many of his best poems, during a sojourn at the ancestral dwelling with his grandmother's family. In the same room Hawthorne wrote "Mosses from an Old Manse," in the first chapter of which he gives a vivid description of it.

"The study had three windows, set with little old-fashioned panes of glass, each with a crack across it. The two on the western side looked, or rather peeped,

between the willow branches down into the orchard, with glimpses of the river through the trees. The third, facing northward, commanded a broader view of the river, at a spot where its hitherto obscure waters gleam forth with the light of history. It was at this window that the clergyman who then dwelt in the Manse stood watching the outbreak of a long and deadly struggle between two nations. He saw the irregular array of his parishioners on the farther side of the river; he awaited in an agony of suspense the rattle of the musketry. It came, and it needed but a gentle wind to sweep the battle smoke around his quiet house."

The first Sunday-school of Concord had its beginning in the very room made famous by so many great minds. While in the preparation of "The Rise and Progress of the Sunday-school in America," I was cordially received at the Manse by a granddaughter of Rev. Ezra Ripley, who communicated the facts.

Miss Sarah Ripley, daughter of the minister, conducted a school in this house. She had day pupils from various families of the village, and others from different towns, who boarded in the family. Rev. Mr. Ripley conducted the instruction in the Latin language and higher branches.

Miss Ripley was an energetic, persevering woman, and besides caring for an invalid mother, conducted the day-school, giving added instruction in moral and religious truth. She thus laid the foundation for the Sunday-school of the town.

"The room," said Miss Ripley, "in which the school had its sessions, and which Ralph Waldo Emerson later occupied, has ever since been known in the family as the schoolroom."

It is more than two centuries since the name of Emerson was first connected with the history of Concord. Rev. Joseph Emerson, son-in-law of Concord's early minister, fled from Mendon to this town when that village was destroyed by the Indians during Philip's war.

It is one hundred and thirty years since Rev. William Emerson, great-grandson of Rev. Joseph, took up his abode in this house, and became the pastor of the twelfth church formed in the colony.

The name has received added lustre with each succeeding generation, and the voice of Rev. William's grandson has been heard as far as the shot fired --

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood."

CUPID IN THE REVOLUTION.

In the Tenth Regiment of the royal army that constituted a part of the participants in the April raid of 1775 was a sturdy young native of London. Having attained the age of thirty years, he was too thoughtful to regard the acts of General Gage as did many of his associates; but he was in the service of the king, and must do his duty. He met with Provincials, both Tories and patriots, during his stay in Boston, and enjoyed their society. In fact, the dull routine of camp-life would have been much more monotonous had it not been for the New England people whom he frequently met. He noticed the struggles of many families to

exist during the severe weather of the winter of 1775, and frequently expressed sympathy for them in their deprivations. The tears of a faithful mother mourning over her situation did not call from this thoughtful young man, as from many, the harsh words, "Give up your rebellious ideas, and swear allegiance to our king; "but the careworn expression of this woman reminded the soldier of his mother across the Atlantic, as she bade her son farewell when he set out for America, and he could but give expression to his sympathy for the sufferer. The bright eyes of a young lady of the family riveted his attention; he detected the youthful bloom of her cheeks growing pale through the weeks of anxiety, and did not fail to cheer her by his smile. He accompanied this young lady to the Old South Meeting-house on the last anniversary of the Massacre before the beginning of hostilities. They both noticed the thoughtfulness of Samuel Adams in giving the best seats to the officials known to be his enemies. They listened to every word uttered by the fearless Warren; and when the speaker dropped his silk handkerchief over the uplifted hand, in which were the bullets intended to frighten him, the eyes of these young people met in an expression of sympathetic admiration for the graceful act of the orator.

Had these young people given expression to their sentiments when leaving the meeting-house that night, they would have found that they were not at variance. Despite all his efforts to conceal his feelings, the young soldier's comrades detected them, and were soon aware of the real situation. They took pleasure in hurling at him their sharpest taunts, and placarded his barrack as "The lodgings of the besieged heart," "Caught in Provincial meshes," and annoyed the young man in many ways, while he vainly tried to present a cheerful appearance. After being detained some days by extra duties in the camp, the anxious soldier stole out from his quarters, and made haste to the street and door where he had last seen the object of his growing affections. To his surprise all evidence of life had departed, the shutters were closed, the doors barred, and no light flickered from any window. His shrill whistle only brought an answering echo from the shed in the rear. He turned sorrowfully away, revolving in his mind the thought, could it be that this family had been driven to such a state of desperation as to leave their home and go into a country town, as so many had done? He then wished he had made bold to tell her his inmost feelings, but believed that his silence had led her to the conclusion that he was in full sympathy with the movements of the officials, and was only waiting for an opportunity to kill her people. He would not go back to camp without using every possible means for ascertaining where the family had gone. He inquired of every one whom he met in the neighborhood, first for the name of the young lady who had lived there; even this he had failed to learn, she was so reticent and distrustful of the soldier. "Mary?" was the prompt reply of one, given in an interrogative manner. "Yes, Mary. Where is she?" said the young soldier, not knowing that he had then received a correct answer, for evasive means were so often resorted to in order to prevent gratifying the enemy in the town. "Gone to Concord," was the honest reply of one who knew all about the hardships of that family; but the readiness of the answer led the inquirer to doubt the truthfulness of it, and he went back to his quarters with a sorrowful heart. Those bright eyes were before him wherever he went.

When on the duty of a guard at night, he fancied their tearful presence; and when trying to while away an hour in his berth, he fancied the same company. When sitting on his couch, with his face buried in his hands, this soldier was found by a comrade who had no sympathy for him, but thrust darts into his troubled soul by crying out, "Here he is. Sam has surrendered, captured by a Boston maiden." With a show of bravado the soldier rushed out, and tried to shake off the spell that was upon him. The absence of one whom he longed to have love him served to recall one in his distant home whose love he knew was sure. It was his sister, and Mary was her name. She had pressed a parting kiss upon his lips when he left the old home. It was the remembrance of her, and of his faithful mother, that first prompted him to turn an interested glance towards the home of sorrow in Boston, into the secrets of which he now so much wished he had penetrated.

As the spring days brought out the buds of the trees on the Common, and recalled the birds from their winter quarters, this soldier longed to return to his home, where he knew there were anxious hearts waiting for him; he regretfully thought of his indifference toward those who had so often manifested affection at the old hearthstone, and made many silent resolves to be more dutiful in the future, should he ever return to his native shore. He recalled the sternness of his father, who in the midst of his tears at parting had bidden him not return to his door until he had either subdued or killed the rebels in America.

Various were the emotions that filled the hearts of the British soldiers when the order was given for a march into the country under cover of the night. The confinement and dull routine of camp-life had become irksome in the extreme, and all were glad to have a change. Many, in fact, longed to have a skirmish with the Yankees, wanted to show them how to fight, believing that it would require but the slightest effort to subdue the whole. At first they were as antic and frisky as a farmer's cattle when let loose in spring after the winter's confinement in and about the barns; but they soon began to feel the burden of the march, and derived their impetus from anticipated success at the end of the route. They had not gone far before it was generally understood that they were bound for a town called Concord. "We'll show them it's 'Conquered' they are before we leave them," and kindred sentiments, were whispered from man to man as they passed silently along. Marching without music was no pleasure to the British regulars; but the novelty of it, and the anticipation of surprise, cheered them on, until they began to hear from every side the sound of bells and an occasional discharge of a musket. These caused the officers to shake their heads with an expression of unpleasant apprehensions, and set peculiar emotions astir in the minds of all. Coming into the village of Menotomy, they saw occasional lights flitting about in houses; and at one they made bold to knock in a most imperative manner. Their inquiry as to why they were up so early was quickly met by a woman, who said, "Making herb drink for my sick husband." They passed on without pausing to learn that it was bullets that she was making, and possibly herb drinks as well. Foreign tea was not in order in the homes of the patriots.

One there was in the ranks whose greatest ambition was to reach Concord. He was ready to respond to an order for a "double-quick," thinking not of military

stores, but of another and to him more precious object.

As they approached Lexington village, they heard the beat of a drum in the distance, the first indication of martial music of that morning. The careless words, "We'll soon silence that," passing down the ranks, met with no approval from one of the number; his only hope was that he might peacefully gratify his own personal ambition. There was no joy in the heart of the young soldier when the order came to fire upon the Provincials at Lexington. His musket was discharged into the air, if at all, where it could do no damage to any one, lest it might carry sorrow to a heart which he believed throbbed in sympathy with his.

Fall in and march on "were welcome orders to the soldier whom we have kept in mind. Over the hills they go as if nothing had happened. What's a little Yankee blood? enough rebels left," were thoughts that found expression with many a thoughtless servant of the king. Tramp, tramp, on they go, meeting with no resistance; the only semblance of mockery came from the gobble of the turkey-cocks, roused to spread their wings in strutting indignation by the bright coats of the soldiers. With the sun upon their backs already removing the chill of the midnight fog, they march into the village of Concord, but no longer to make their undisturbed progress. There was confusion on every side, while the sound of the fife and drum in the distance bespoke the hastening march of the yeomen.

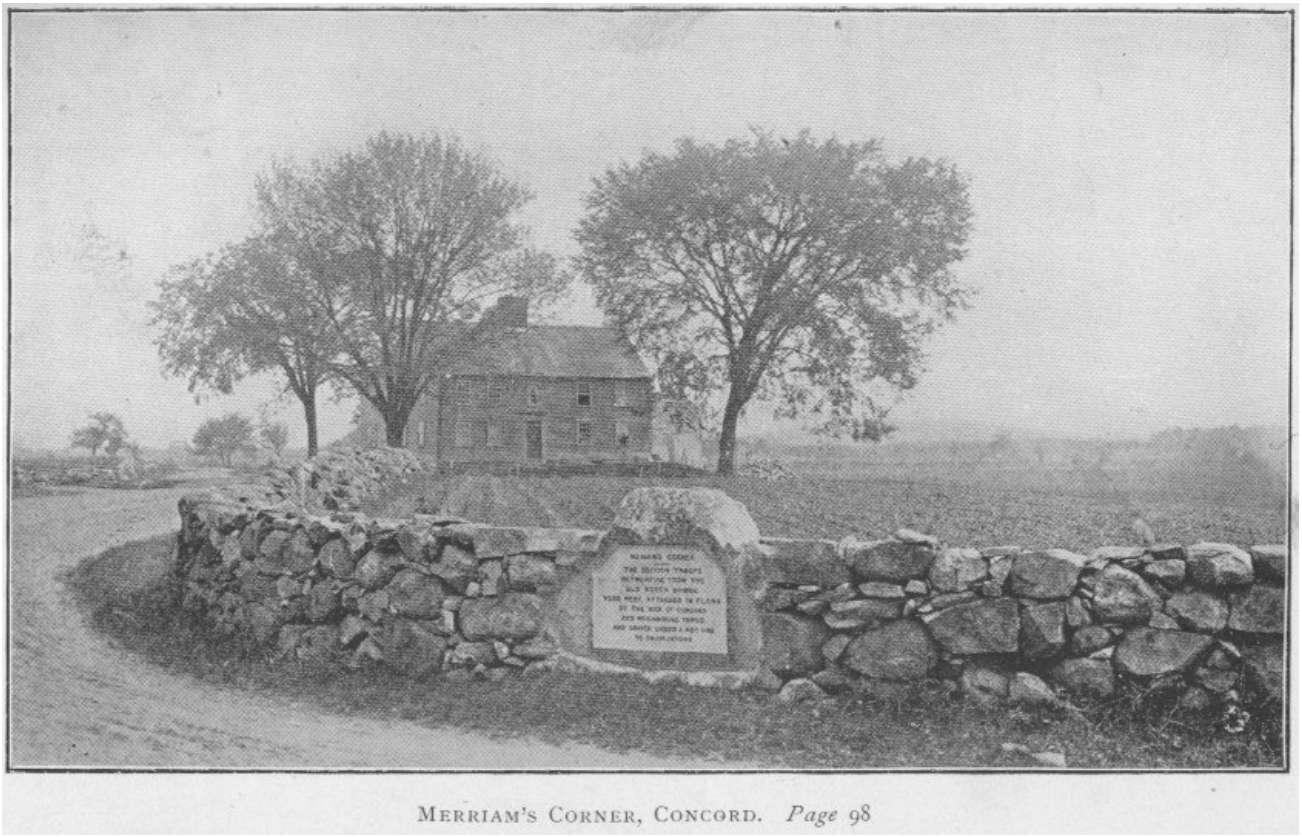
While breaking open the barrels of flour, and committing other depredations, the privates were acting out the feelings expressed by an officer when stirring his brandy at the town bar. But they little realized that they were thus adding fuel to the flame that was heating the Yankees' blood to that degree that would tell upon the army of the king.

"There's no life in you, Sam," said more than one comrade to the young man, who had no apparent interest in the work of destruction enjoyed by some to the fullest extent. He had no death-dealing shot for the yeomen, either at the bridge or in the return to the village; but ere he had passed the meeting-house, a yeoman's bullet struck him down. Weary, discouraged, and thinking of home, possibly of the frowning face of his father and the careworn countenances of mother and sister, he made no effort to rise and reassert himself.

"Too far gone to take back with us" was the decision of the hastily impanelled jury.

With no show of vindictiveness, the wounded and abandoned soldier was taken up by those who had already suffered at the hands of the enemy, and carried into the dwelling of the village surgeon, Dr. Minot. He was not alone in his misery; others were there, who in turn were being served by the good doctor and his assistants. One high in rank had just been taken away with a horse and chaise which the enemy had appropriated to their use. These had been left by a farmer, who had galloped into town, and dismounted for more effective service upon his feet. In their haste the soldiers had only time to say "Poor Sam," as they left the doctor's house, and started towards Boston. While the doctor had been devoting himself to the more hopeful cases, the one supposed to be mortally wounded was revived by the faithful care of the young lady in the home; and when the skilful

hands of Dr. Minot were at liberty to serve the last patient, he was in a more hopeful condition than when he was brought into the house. When giving directions to his assistant, the doctor addressed her as Mary; this brought open the eyes of the wounded soldier, and he fixed them upon her who was so quietly standing at his side.



MERRIAM'S CORNER, CONCORD. *Page* 98

Figure 18: Merriam's Corner, Concord

It was not many days before the faithful doctor, in dressing the wounds of his patient, confidently said, "You'll live; you are in a fair way to recover." To this the encouraged soldier replied, "But not to go back to the army to fight against such friends." It was some weeks before Dr. Minot discovered the remedy that was working so effectually. No patient of his had ever made such rapid strides in convalescence. To the doctor's words of cheer, "You must have been in a perfectly healthy condition when the Yankee bullet struck you," the soldier replied, "That's true, doctor; and my mind has been more fully at rest since I opened my eyes and saw Mary here, than for many weeks before we were ordered to march out of Boston."

Another mind was at rest; and the bloom of health returned to those pallid cheeks, while the former sparkle of the eyes was detected by the soldier, as Mary Piper glided about the room on her errands of love and mercy.

Samuel Lee soon began to inquire after the condition of affairs in the country, and expressed a desire only that the Colonists might be victorious. When an opportunity came for an exchange of prisoners, he was able to go if he was so

inclined; but love and devotion had conquered him, and he refused to return to the army. Before the besieged town of Boston was rid of the obnoxious army there was a marriage in Concord, -- Samuel Lee of London and Mary Piper of Concord were made one under the laws of the Province of Massachusetts Bay.

In the records of that town is the following: --

> "Polly Lee D. of Samuel Lee and Mary his wife born January 10th, 1777.
>
> Saml. Lee son of Saml. Lee and Mary his wife was born December 14th, 1779."

And other records show that to this couple, made wretched and also happy by the war, there were born other children. Before the infuriated father across the Atlantic was willing to forgive his son for turning his back on the king, there was made a record in Concord thus: --

"Mr. Samuel Lee died August 6, 1790, aged 45."

The mother and sister in that distant home of luxury were not permitted to welcome back the object of their affection, neither was the son permitted to feel the touch of their devoted hands; but the few years of his life in Concord were made happy by her who silently loved him when sitting by his side in Old South Meeting-house in March, 1775, and whose affection went out to him when a bleeding soldier of the king he was brought into the home of Concord's good physician and surgeon, Dr. Minot.

Neither the widow nor children of Samuel Lee were benefited by the great estate across the ocean, but they made a prosperous record in Concord and elsewhere. On May 25, 1794, Mary Lee became the wife of Joseph Hoar, married by Rev. Ezra Ripley. The children of Samuel Lee and Mary Piper may be traced to honorable positions in the country. Rufus, born in 1788, married Mary Hallowell of Southborough, who was two years younger. Of their children, Charles, who was born in Watertown in 1826, and his sister Mrs. Anna L. Goodnow are both now living in Waltham. From these grandchildren of the couple who were brought together by sorrow, I have gathered the more substantial facts of this story, supplying some missing links from the general history of the times in which they lived together in America.

Says Mrs. Goodnow, "It is one of the ungratified longings of my life to penetrate the hidden secrets of the Lee family in the ancestral home in England, where wealth and luxury abounded. We have but few reminders of our grandfather; his silver knee-buckles worn into battle were treasured by us for many years, but have now disappeared. His sword, which he laid down in peace at Concord, is treasured there with many other reminders of those soldiers who went out of Boston to Concord with no desire to kill, but were in the obedience of the government.

Other children of Samuel Lee made homes elsewhere. Samuel, the namesake of the soldier and father, was lost with his only son on the St. Lawrence River during

the 1812 war.

For more than a century the unwilling subject of King George III. has slept in an unmarked grave in old Concord, perchance by the side of the very yeoman whose well-directed shot laid him low, and became the circumstance of his life which brought him the greatest joy.

CHAPTER X

TOLD AND RETOLD. -- INCIDENTS OF CONCORD FIGHT

SOME familiar facts are repeated because of their bearing upon the movements of the patriots in other towns.

Leaving Lexington, the British troops proceeded along the six or seven miles of road towards Concord unmolested, disturbed only by the ominous sound of church-bells and signalguns that fell upon their cars from the surrounding towns.

The gallant Prescott, with the imprint of his sweetheart's lips still fresh upon his ruddy cheek, had given the alarm; Amos Melvin, the guard on duty at the Court House, had discharged his gun and rung out the town bell "with the earnestness of speech." It was between one and two o'clock in the morning. The committee of vigilance, the guard, the militia, the minute-men, and citizens generally, rushed from their beds, and were early seen in the village.

OLD PARISH MEETING-HOUSE AND WRIGHT TAVERN, CONCORD. *Page* 104

Figure 19: Old Parish Meeting-house and Wright Tavern, Concord

One of the first to appear was the Rev. William Emerson, armed with his gun. He had preached resistance, and stood ready to practise it. This act of the faithful pastor, together with his death while in the service of his country the following year, led the faithful sentinel of that April morning to name his two sons born after that event, Emerson and William Melvin.

Major John Buttrick, across the river, nearly a mile away, had been aroused by the signals, and called his son John, a lad of sixteen years, and a fifer in the company of minute-men. "Load your pistols; take your fife, and we'll start for the village," were the prompt orders from patriot father to patriot son.

It was a bright moonlight night, which enabled every one to hasten in his movements.

Messengers were off in all directions, among them one towards Watertown, and another towards Lexington, to get any tidings of the movements of the enemy. Reuben Brown reached Lexington in time to catch a glimpse of the army, and left just before the outrage. Major Buttrick's first inquiry of the excited messenger, "Did they fire bullets?" revealed his anxiety in regard to the nature of the charge for the muskets of his men.

Colonel James Barrett, a member of the Provincial Congress and Superintendent of the Public Stores, was directing the removal of ammunition, etc., to places of safety, a portion of which had been taken to other towns the previous day.

Minute-men were stationed as guards at the North and South Bridges, on the Lincoln road, and in the centre of the town. In case of alarm they were to meet at the tavern kept by Amos Wright, where later in the day Major Pitcairn, stirring his brandy, said, "I mean to stir the d_____ Yankee blood as I stir this, before night." This he did, to his and Old England's sorrow.

Captain Brown, with his minute-men, paraded on the Common. Ammunition was dealt out to them and other companies from the Court House magazine. Then they marched out from the village a short distance, towards Boston, were joined by the minute-men from Lincoln commanded by William Smith, captain, Samuel Farrar and Samuel Hoar, lieutenants. The Bedford men, two companies, seventy-seven men, were early on the ground; and other towns were as prompt in their response, notably so Acton, with its brave men.

It was just before seven o'clock when the British were seen marching towards Concord village.

A band of Concord, Acton, and Lincoln men under Captain George Minot took a stand on the hill near the liberty-pole; but being met by the company that went to spy out the enemy, who reported that the British were in sight, they joined them and fell back, taking another stand. There the men "formed into two battalions." When scarcely located in their new position they saw "the British troops at the distance of a quarter of a mile advancing with the greatest celerity."

This was the time for the most judicious action. The beloved pastor, Rev. William Emerson, said, "Let us stand our ground. If we die, let us die here." It was Colonel Eleazer Brooks of Lincoln who said in reply, "No! It will not do for us to begin the war."

There was yet no organization of any sort with the Americans. There were scarcely men enough to organize; but Major Buttrick saw the necessity of this as the numbers increased, and he went to Lieutenant Joseph Hosmer, then in

command of one of the companies, and requested him to act as adjutant. "My company will be left alone if I do," he said. "It must be so, then," replied Buttrick; "you must go." Hosmer became adjutant, and an organization was commenced.

Colonel Barrett, returning from the removal of the stores, and hearing various conflicting reports of the doings at Lexington, addressed a few firm and impressive words to the men. He charged them not to fire a shot unless the British fired first. Seeing that the British had entered the village a few rods away, Colonel Barrett ordered the Americans to take a new stand, and await re-enforcements. They were coming from various directions. Minute-men and militia from Chelmsford, Carlisle, Littleton, Westford, Billerica, Stow, and other towns, were early in the ranks. While on Punkatasset Hill, about a mile north of the meeting-house, they saw the smoke rising from the centre of the town. Major Buttrick said to them, "Men, if you will follow me, we will go now and see what they are about." But they did not move until their numbers were very much increased; and then they went down to the high land in front of Major Buttrick's house, where they could see the British guards at North Bridge and in the village. They were met at the crossroads by the Acton minute-men in command of Captain Isaac Davis, who said in leaving his home, "I have a right to go to Concord on the king's highway, and I intend to go if I have to meet all the British troops in Boston." Upon arriving with his forty men, he proceeded at once to Adjutant Hosmer, and "with the fire of battle in his eye, and big drops of perspiration rolling down his manly face from his hurried march, reported his company ready for duty." He was given a position to the right of the other minute- men, and to the left of the Concord companies.

The British were in the town. Six companies entered on the ridge of the hill to drive away the minute-men. The grenadiers and marines came by the main road, and halted on the Common.

They made their post of observation on Old Burial Hill. From this place they saw the rapidly increasing army, and their need of haste if they expected to accomplish the object of their morning march.

The North and South Bridges must be seized if possible, to prevent other companies of the Provincials from entering the town. This they endeavored to do. Colonel Smith remained in the centre of the village. Captain Lawrence Parsons was sent with six companies of light infantry, comprising about three hundred men, to take possession of North Bridge, and thence to the place where military stores were secreted. Ensign D'Bernicre, the spy, was given him as a guide. Three of these companies, under command of Captain Lawrie, were placed on guard, one at the Bridge, and the other two on the hill in front of the Old Manse. While here they called at houses for food and drink, which were not refused them by the families of the patriots.

The other three companies, under the command of Captain Parsons, proceeded to Colonel Barrett's house to destroy the stores. While there two companies arrived from Sudbury, under command of Captains Aaron Haynes and John Nixon. The latter was subsequently a general in the Continental army. Lieutenant-colonel

Ezekiel Howe was with the Sudbury men. They were directed to the North Bridge, to reach which they must pass Colonel Barrett's house. Upon noticing the British about there, Colonel Howe exclaimed, "If any blood has been shed, not one of the rascals shall escape." The Sudbury men followed in the pursuit of the British to Charlestown.

While Captain Parsons was out on his expedition, another detachment of one hundred men, under Captain Munday Pole, was ordered to take possession of the South Bridge, and destroy such property as he could find secreted in that locality. He stationed a guard at the bridge, and another at Lee's Hill, while the others visited the homes, meeting with women whose management will be described in another volume. Captain Pole's detachment was startled by the guns at the North Bridge, and they hastened back to the centre of the town.

HUNT HOUSE, CONCORD. *Page* 108

Figure 20: Hunt House, Concord

While the British forces were thus divided and engaged, the Americans held a council of war on the highest point of land where they were assembled. There were in the number consulting, Colonels Barrett, Robinson, Pierce and Brooks; Major Buttrick; Captains Davis, Brown, Miles, Barrett, and Smith, with prominent citizens. While their deliberations were going on, they could see the smoke and flames of destruction rising at the centre, and they thought the whole village was on fire. It was with that sight in view, the energetic Hosmer exclaimed, "They have set the village on fire! Will you let them burn it down?"

They resolved to march to the middle of the town to defend their homes, or die in the attempt. To do this they must cross the bridge. There was a guard of about two hundred men under Captain Lawrie, about a mile away was Captain Pole with one hundred more, and Captain Parsons liable to return at any moment with three companies from Colonel Barrett's. The British could concentrate over eight hundred thoroughly drilled men in a very short time; while the Americans numbered about five hundred, who in a military estimate could not be called much other than an "armed mob."

In the excitement of the hour, Captain Smith of Lincoln volunteered to dislodge the enemy at the bridge with his single company. Captain Davis of Acton at the same time uttered the memorable words, "I haven't a man that's afraid to go."

The minute-men having bayonets were given the advance position; and the Acton men, under Captain Davis, were given the right in the march to the bridge. Colonel Barrett gave the order to march to "the bridge, and pass the same, but not to fire on the king's troops unless they were fired upon." They wheeled from the right, Luther Blanchard and John Buttrick, the young fifers, playing the "White Cockade," advanced to the scene of action, and placed themselves in an exposed position on the rough, narrow highway. The Acton minute-men, true to their captain's word, passed in front, and marched toward the bridge. In files of two abreast the Concord minute-men, under Captain Brown, pushed forward, coming next into position. These companies were followed by those of Captain Miles and Barrett; the former marched to the battlefield with the same seriousness and acknowledgment of God which he always felt on going to church. Then came the Acton militia under Lieutenant Simon Hunt. Those from Lincoln and Bedford fell in under the direction of Colonel Barrett, who continued on horseback, giving orders to volunteers as they came in from other towns.

The road being narrow and somewhat obstructed by large stones, etc., it was impossible to form many men in battle array, even if they had been drilled soldiers.

Major Buttrick took command of the Americans in the forward movement. He was accompanied by Lieutenant-colonel Robinson: thus they marched to the scene of conflict.

The British, scattered about in groups on the west bank of the river, formed and recrossed, and were joined by the men who were on the hill near by. The attempt of the British to destroy the, bridge called from Major Buttrick the order to march in a quick step. This caused the enemy to cease the destruction which might be the means of injury to Captain Parsons's detachment when returning to the centre.

The British fired two or three guns, probably a signal for the distant detachments to return.

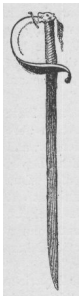
When the Americans were within a few rods of the bridge, one of the regulars, a sharpshooter, stepped from the ranks and fired, evidently at Major Buttrick or Colonel Robinson. The ball slightly wounded Luther Blanchard, the fifer of the

Acton company, and Jonas Brown, a Concord minute-man.

Then followed a volley, by which Captain Isaac Davis and Private Abner Hosmer of Acton were killed, a ball piercing the heart of the former, and another the head of the latter. Ezekiel Davis, brother of Isaac, was slightly wounded. Joshua Brooks of Lincoln was struck by a ball that cut through his hat and drew blood on his forehead. The appearance was like that of a cut from a knife, and "I concluded," said Private Baker, "that the British were firing jackknives."

It was at this juncture that Major Buttrick, jumping from the ground, exclaimed, "Fire, fellow-soldiers! For God's sake, fire!" dischargings his own gun at the same moment.

"Fire! fire! " was heard down the line, the caution against being the beginners of the war was now without force. The privilege to finish it was for the Americans.



The order was readily obeyed. In a few moments the British broke and fled in great confusion. Two British soldiers were killed, and a full dozen were wounded.

The black-handled and brass-hilted sword of one of the British officers was captured among other things. It bears this inscription: "Xo. RGt. C0 VI. No. 10."

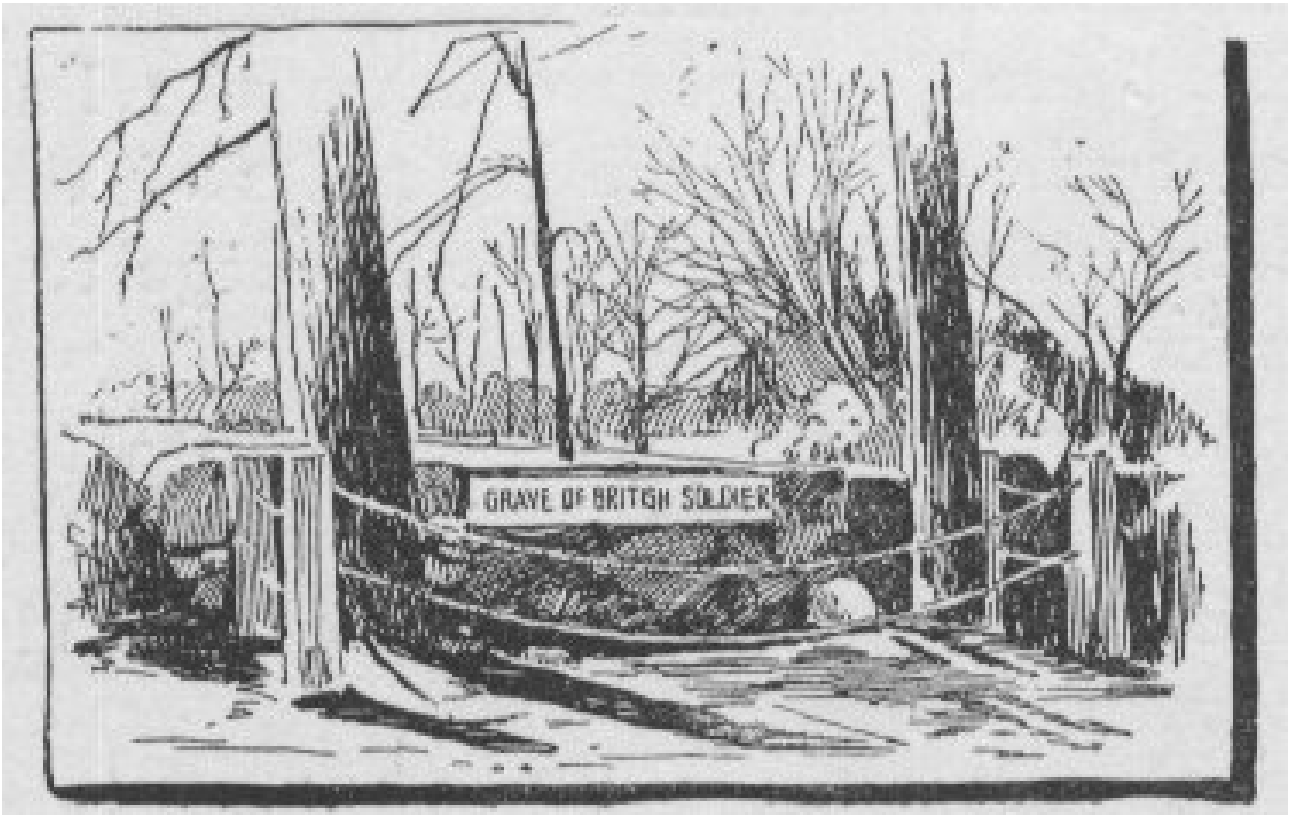


Figure 21: British Soilder's Grave

The two British soldiers killed at the bridge were buried where they fell, by the

Americans. The spot was for a long time marked by two rude stones only, but later received a more fitting recognition.

ELISHA JONES HOUSE. (Residence of Hon. John S. Keyes.) *Page* 112

Figure 22: Elisha Jones House

One hundred and twenty years have served to efface almost all traces of the struggle. A bullet-hole made in Elisha Jones's house, now the residence of Hon. John S. Keyes, is still visible, and attracts the eye of the tourist.

Other incidents will be noticed under other subjects, or in connection with the story of other homes where important events occurred.

CHAPTER XI

CONCORD HOMES OF HISTORY IN 1775

THE names of Barrett and Buttrick are confusing to the student of history not familiar with the town of Concord. Both homesteads are now in possession of the descendants of the heroes of the Revolution, and are here described.

The Barrett homestead is about two miles from Old North Bridge, and having a mill in connection with it, and being the home of Colonel James Barrett, was one of the objective points of the British visitation.

The name of Barrett has been prominent in the history of Concord for two hundred and fifty-five years.

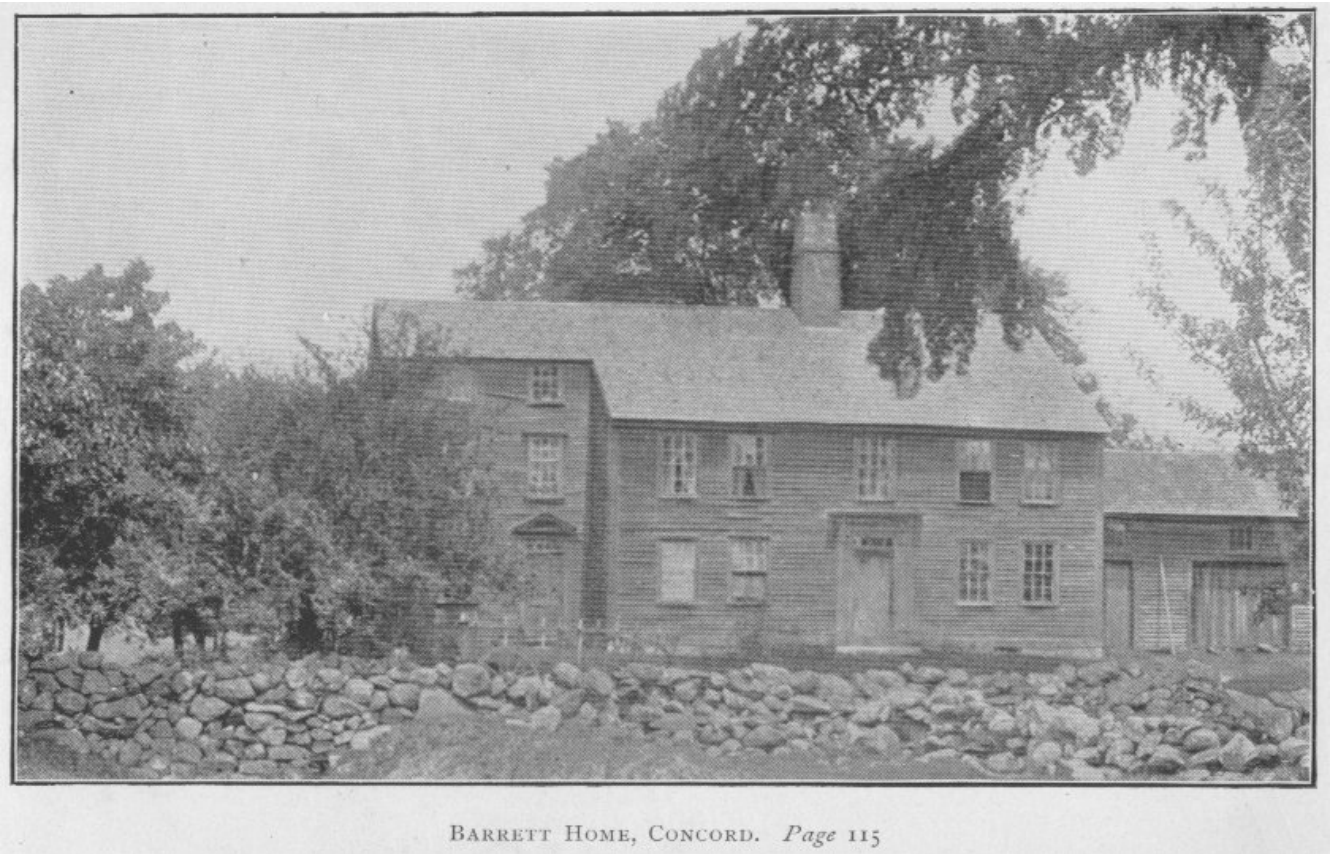


Figure 23: Barrett House, Concord

Humphrey Barrett came to Concord from England about 1640, and was the head of the large and influential family. He died in 1662, and his wife died one year later.

In the record of divisions, a sort of proving of claims, etc., made in 1663, there are eleven lots, containing 316 acres, credited to Humphrey Barrett. This owner was doubtless Humphrey 2d, who had succeeded to the grant, which passed to his son Joseph (captain), and then to his son Humphrey, and to Humphrey of the fifth generation, and then to Abel B. Haywood. A legacy of five hundred dollars to

the ministerial fund of the town of Concord keeps the name of Humphrey of the fifth generation before the people of the present time.

Positive proof of the exact date of the first appearance of the family at the Barrett estate of Revolutionary fame is not at hand. The above-named registry gives it as property of Richard Temple in 1663 (5 lots, or 291 acres). It is apparent that Benjamin, son, of Humphrey 2d, born in 1681, located here, with his wife Lydia Minot, to whom he was married in January, 1704, and that their eight children were born here. Benjamin died in 1728; and the farm was later divided into three, each of which was occupied by Barretts.

Colonel James, the third son of Benjamin, born in 1710, inherited the homestead, and built the house of Revolutionary interest. He married Rebecca Hubbard in 1732, and their nine children were born at this house.

At the opening of the Revolution, their son James was established, with a large family, in one of the three homes; and his older brother, Deacon Thomas, born 1707, was occupying the other home with his large family.

These, with the mill, made up a Barrett settlement, of much importance at that time, and remained in the family many years; but at present only the original homestead remains in the name.

Colonel James Barrett was a leading figure during the opening year of the struggle for liberty. In 1768 he was chosen a representative from Concord, and honored by a re-election on each succeeding year until 1777. He was a prominent member of many of the conventions, and also of the Provincial Congress. He was placed in charge of the military stores deposited at Concord, and was active in gathering and manufacturing army supplies. He was made colonel of the regiment of militia organized in March, 1775, and was in command on April 19.

When the alarm of the march of the British reached Colonel Barrett's home, the family made haste to secure the stores that were on the estate. Cannon were dismounted, placed in the field near the house, and covered by turning furrows over them; while the new gun-carriages were taken to a place of safety in the rear of the home, known to this day as Spruce Gutter.

Colonel Barrett's duties were twofold on that eventful morning. He not only had to look after the stores, which he well knew to be the main object of the morning excursion, but he had to see to the gathering of his regiment. It was while he was engaged with the latter that the regulars, under Captain Parsons, marched to the Barrett farm, directed, doubtless, by Daniel Bliss, the Tory of the town. They committed many depredations, and were foiled in many attempts by the shrewdness of a woman. They pulled Deacon Thomas Barrett, brother of Colonel James, from his house by the hair of his head, but gave him up upon his own plea of old age and inability to do harm.

These brothers died within three months of each other in 1779, without fully realizing the importance of their proceedings on April 19, 1775.

The old house still stands, and serves the descendants of the hero of that day;

and the mill grinds for other purposes than the preparation of food for the army.

The Barrett house of to-day is very much the same as in 1775. The end door through which the soldiers of the king passed still swings on the time-honored hinges, and the doorstone is the same as when pressed by the feet of the enemy. In the flooring of one room may be seen a place where a board has been inserted to fill a hole said to have been made by the fall of a cannon-ball during the haste of that morning. It was in this room that Colonel James Barrett mustered in the soldiers after his appointment to office.

One of the British soldiers, named Thorpe, who aided in searching the house on that memorable morning, deserted from the king's army, visited the Barrett home, and was later employed on the farm, where he fully appreciated that food which he so hastily sampled in the absence of the master of the house.

After the death of Colonel James Barrett, this farm went to his son Peter, who was twenty years of age at the time of the invasion. He married Mary Prescott of Danvers, and had seven children. During the years of Peter's possession, the farm was mortgaged; and had it not been for another famous patriot the estate would have been lost to the Barrett family. Roger Sherman, the patriot of Connecticut, whose name appears upon the Declaration of Independence, having married a sister of Peter's wife, came to the rescue, and saved the historic estate.

After the death of Peter, in 1808, his son Prescott came into possession. He was born in 1788, married twice, and had ten children, of whom George is the present owner. He represents the seventh generation of the family. The spinning-wheel and flax-wheel which were kept humming in busy preparations for the soldiers are still in the family possession; the pewter tableware from which the soldiers lunched is scattered throughout the families; while Peter's clock, exchanged for neighbor Joseph Clark's cow, is now owned in that family by Mr. Tower.

BUTTRICK HOMESTEAD.

This is of interest from the fact that the Buttrick family dates back to the beginning of civilized life in Concord.

William, the head of the family, was born in England about 1617. He was a co-worker with Rev. Peter Bulkeley, Hon. Thomas Flint, and others of that little company who pushed out from tide-water, and began that settlement at Musketaquid (Concord) in 1635.

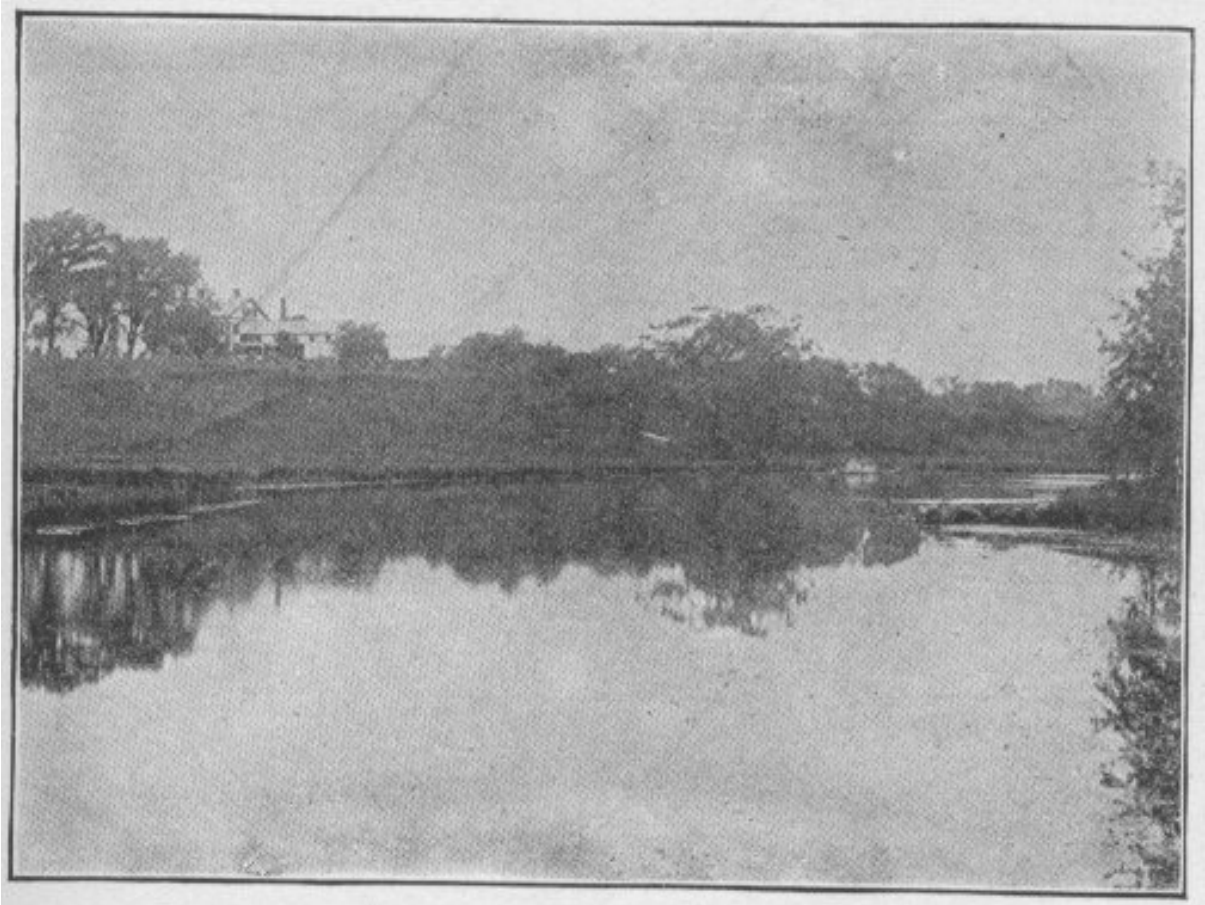
In the record of 1635, twelve lots of 215 acres are credited to William Buttrick. The homestead of the present comprises a portion of that territory, and is one of the very few estates that have never been sold out of the family name in the historic town.

William Buttrick had a share of the "Commons" in the first allotment, where he established his home on the southerly slope of the hill, beyond the river, to which his meadows extended. Here his descendants of the seventh generation enjoy a prosperous home, and cherish the acres of their illustrious ancestors.

In the course of family descent and settlement of estates, divisions of the original

territory have necessarily been made; but a good portion remains, and every visitor to the Old Battleground treads upon a portion of the Buttrick farm, which was given by Stedman Buttrick, and on which the Minute-Man stands.

It was Deacon Jonathan Buttrick, of the third generation, whose memory is perpetuated by the epitaph upon his gravestone. He died March 23, 1767, aged 77, and "was followed to the grave by his widow and thirteen well-instructed children." Four of these sons and several grandsons were in arms on the morning of April 19, 1775, for the Colonial cause.



BUTTRICK HOMESTEAD

Figure 24: Buttrick Homestead

The sixth son of Deacon Jonathan Buttrick was John, who was in command at the battle of Concord, and was the "hero of the fight." He led the gallant band to meet the invading enemy at North Bridge.

His words of command, uttered within sight of his own hearthstone and in the presence of his anxious family, are too familiar to need repetition here. Major John's son and namesake, then nineteen years of age, was a fifer in the battle of Concord; and Jonas, too young to enter the ranks, viewed the memorable scene from behind a buttonwood-tree that stood near the present dwelling.

Major John Buttrick divided his estate between his sons John and Jonas. The latter occupied the site of the present dwelling, where his son Stedman

maintained the family integrity, and transmitted estate and good name to the present owners, who occupy the old homestead, and continue the enviable reputation of the fathers.

In the last will of Major John Buttrick is a good example of the manner in which the head of the family, one hundred years ago, provided for his wife in her years of widowhood. Besides giving her the use of his dwelling, he provided that his sons should "bring into my wife and their mother, 100 pounds of beef, well fatted; six bushels of Indian corn; six bushels of rye, ground into meal if she desires it; one bushel of malt; one bushel of salt; one barrel of cider; one barrel of good winter apples; two pounds of tea; 14 pounds of sugar; six pounds of candles; together with two silver dollars yearly, and a sufficiency of sauce of every kind at all seasons of the year; and firewood cut fit for the fire sufficient for one good fire, and carried into the house.

"In case of sickness or indisposition of body, to provide for her necessaries in such case, also keep one cow summer and winter for my wife, and drive and fetch said cow from pasture in the summer; and she shall have a horse with suitable tackling to ride when and where she pleases."

No costly monument marks the resting-place of him who led the Provincials at Old North Bridge, but thousands of patriotic tourists annually seek out the humble grave, and read: --

IN MEMORY OF

COLONEL JOHN BUTTRICK,

WHO COMMANDED THE MILITIA COMPANIES WHICH MADE

THE FIRST ATTACK UPON THE BRITISH TROOPS, AT CONCORD

NORTH BRIDGE, ON THE 19TH OF APRIL, 1775.

Having with patriotic firmness shared in the dangers which led to American Independence, he lived to enjoy the blessings of it, and died May 16, 1791, aged 6o years. Having laid down the sword with honor, he resumed the plough with industry; by the latter to maintain what the former had won. The virtues of the parent, citizen, and Christian adorned his life, and his worth was acknowledged by the grief and respect of all ranks at his death.

CHAPTER XII

A CONCORD PATRIOT'S SECRET

IT was in the autumn of 1858 that I made my first visit to Old Concord; and having intrusted my all (four dollars), the result of a season's labor, to the safe keeping of the savings-bank, I descended the steps of that, to me, pretentious building, went out on to the "milldam," and looked around. To a boy of less than ten years, and those spent in close application upon a rocky farm, even a glimpse into Concord of those days was a revelation hardly dreamed of.

"There are 'queer people' over there in that town," said my grandmother when putting a bit of lunch into my pocket "lest I be faint." I was thus prepared to take some observations in that line. I was anxious to see some of those people, peculiar to Old Concord, whom the unappreciative of the world designated as "queer people."

To have heard my own voice in asking a question would have so frightened me as to have cast a shadow forever over the memory of that first visit.

People, not unlike those familiar to me, came and went, as I stood at an unobserved corner; and I began to conclude that the "queer people" must all be hermits, and had retired for the day from the gaze of the world, when my attention was attracted to a group of boys apparently listening to an old man addressing his conversation to them. Having a liking for old people, and believing that the central figure of the group must be one of those strange characters, preaching a strange doctrine, that I had been faithfully warned against, I quietly made my way towards him. "Sure enough," thought I, "here is one of them." Queer enough to look at! He was a little old man, with a wrinkled, russet face, bordered by a few stray bristles that had escaped the razor's search. His hat was a sort of half apology for an ancient bell top. His outside garment was a loose frock of a mixed bluish color, that covered his bowed figure from his ears to his feet that were encased in a pair of stout cowhide brogans. Queer as he looked, it was nothing in comparison to what he was saying, according to my youthful estimation.

He was unmindful of the new member of his audience, who compared well with the trim little youngsters giving heed to the message being delivered with vehemence of temper. "I tell ye, boys, that monument stands where the enemy was. Queer piece of business to put up a monument where Gage's rascals stood when they killed our men." This was the burden of the old man's, message, repeated with variations, and with as much earnestness as though he was giving expression to a new idea.

One bystander, who might have been regarded as a young man, caused a little departure from the main line of the old man's thought by saying, "Tell me, Uncle Ebby, where did the British find the flour?" -- "Out there where that meeting-house stands; 'twas there in my grandfather's malt-house, and out beyond in

Wheeler's building too; over there was the mill, you know," was the old man's reply, together with a sweeping gesture with his cane towards the bank from which I had just come.

With this the old man moved on a piece, took new bearings from a high board fence, and continued, "British? Yes, them British redcoats," striking the ground with his hickory cane in the way of emphasis.

"They came out here, destroyed all they could get, tried to burn the town, robbed the folks, and killed what they could, till we drove them off; and then these folks went and put up a monument where the rascals stood."

With this utterance the old man moved on, scuffing his feet with rage, and turned into his yard, closing the gate after him.

"Did you help drive the British off?" cried out a little fellow in the earnestness of honest inquiry, as the old man withdrew from his audience. The question, which brought no reply, was not unreasonable; in general appearance the speaker might well have passed for one who withstood the enemy at Old North Bridge.

My neighbor's familiar team came in sight; and I retired from the group with as little ceremony as I joined it, and was soon on the way to my home, five miles away. I returned to my people, holding my bank-book tightly clasped in my hand as evidence of my being a person of property. I was also enjoying the satisfaction of having seen one of the "queer people," and the consciousness of having listened to some of their strange sayings. But this being in violation of the oft-repeated injunction of my grandmother to shun all such heretics, I did not dare to ask such questions as my curiosity prompted.

Barber's "History of Massachusetts" was one of the few books possessed by my grandparents, to which I was often directed; and I made haste to verify the words of the strange man by referring to this reliable volume as soon as opportunity permitted. Turning to the article on Concord, in the description of the monument I read, "Here, on the 19th of April, 1775, was made the first forcible resistance to British aggression. On the opposite bank stood the American militia. Here stood the invading army; and on this spot the first of the enemy fell in the war of the Revolution, which gave independence to these United States. In gratitude to God, and in the love of Freedom, this monument was erected, A.D. 1836."

With this unquestionable evidence, I made haste to declare my belief in the man whom I had met, and my faith in others who I was told were different in manner, and had strange ideas about the future life.

My first lesson in patriotism had been taken. The "queer man" had made a convert. Boylike, I lost no opportunity for ascertaining the name of the stranger who had so impressed me, and learned that he was Ebenezer Hubbard, or as many, in a half-familiar, half-derisive manner, called him, "Uncle Ebby."

Some years passed before I had occasion to again visit the old town, and then it was in the line of business and at regular intervals. In the meantime I had

become better prepared to appreciate that which was making the town of Concord famous the world over.

My footsteps soon turned to an ancient burial-place of the town, frequented by many who were prompted by a commendable sentiment. While there engaged in the effort to decipher the epitaph on a mossgrown slab, I was startled by approaching footsteps. An aged man was coming down a winding path which entered the more trodden way near where I was laboring in attitude most humble. I perceived him to be the same old man whose words still rang in my ears. His morose countenance deterred me from making any advances towards him which my inclination prompted. I longed to assure him that he had one sympathizer, but, like many older than myself let an opportunity slip by, when by word or extended hand I might have lightened a burden.

Being curious to ascertain the object of the old man's visit to a place familiar to every old resident of the town, I turned aside into the byway, and traced his footsteps, expecting to find them lead to the grave of some hero who in his life had entertained sentiments like those so freely expressed by the visitor, -- some grave that served as an altar to him, where he rekindled the fire of patriotism, and from which he returned to the village with new resolutions to redress the wrong that burdened his mind.

My most careful searching among the mossgrown slabs revealed no such sepulchre; but I fancied that the last visitor to the locality of the Gun House must have paused at an unpretentious slab, which told of a young life that closed with the last century. Could there be any sentiment of a nature indicated by the circumstances wrapped up in the old man? was the thought with which I returned to the village and to duty.

It was not long before I met Ebenezer Hubbard at his own threshold. My taste had often led me to scan closely the ancient estate in the very heart of Concord. The old dwelling with its "lean-to," the time-worn well-sweep, the little shop near by, all surrounded by broad fields enclosed in part by a forbidding fence, appealed to my sentiment and curiosity.

The aged owner apparently was not entirely averse to me, and as opportunity permitted I obtained from him the key which unlocked the outer door of his hidden self.

Figure 25: Ebenezer Hubbard

The homestead was originally the estate of Robert Merriam, one of the three brothers who came with the very early settlers to that town, and having spent his years as a trader, and served his fellow-men as town clerk, commissioner, representative, and deacon, died in 1681, soon followed by his wife, Mary Sheafe.

They left the estate to a cousin, Jonathan Hubbard, who married Hannah Rice of Sudbury.

Thus began a family possession of almost two hundred years, when the death of the last resident, Ebenezer, brought it to an end. The old house was doubtless erected by Robert Merriam, and had seen more than two centuries of service when it was destroyed.

It was in its original grandeur when the town took a hand in the seizure and expulsion of Andros, and the change from Colonial to Provincial government took place. It was old when the Revolutionary period began, and in and about the house occurred incidents that tended to develop and foster a spirit of patriotism. It was in a storehouse on this farm that Gage's men destroyed flour that had been secreted for army use. From here went members of the Hubbard family into the war, after being in service on the 19th of April. David, son of Jonathan, went with General Arnold in his expedition to Quebec, and afterwards served under

General Gates with other Concord men. He was discharged from the army of General Gates in November, 1776, on account of ill health. At one time he was a corporal in Captain Miles's company of Colonel Reed's regiment. He married Mary, daughter of Deacon Thomas Barrett, and thus became connected with a noted family of the Revolution.

Figure 26: Hubbard House

David Hubbard and young wife started out into the wilderness to establish a home in southern New Hampshire, and became active in the interests of the town of Hancock soon after its incorporation. Here Ebenezer was born, in 1782.

The town being named for John Hancock, one of the original proprietors, the boy Ebenezer Hubbard became early interested in him as an influential man of the Revolution; and he did not lose his admiration for the patriot, although his townsmen were disappointed in not receiving substantial aid from the wealthy merchant whom they had complimented.

Ebenezer saw the rude meeting-house erected, and though young had a share in

the welcome extended to Rev. Reed Paige, who became the first minister.

The entire environments of Ebenezer Hubbard during the most impressionable period of his life were hard and severe. Self-denial was necessarily practised at every turn. He saw the meeting-house paid for, and the minister's salary provided, by means of barter. He had most naturally acquired habits of frugality before leaving his native town, which he did at the age of about ten years.

Born of parents who were ardent patriots, and in a town that had recognized the valuable services of one of the early patriots of Massachusetts, the boy Ebenezer was well established in the principles of the colonists before he took up his abode at Concord with his grandfather, whose name he bore.

Here the fireside tales of '76 assumed a double reality, and the old home around which the enemy had trodden became sacred to him. He boasted that John Hancock, when presiding in his official capacity over the Provincial Congress, had been entertained in the room which he occupied.

In the practice of the habits early acquired, together with the additional advantages of the schools of Concord, the boy developed into manhood, gradually adding to the estate which he inherited.

His mother, as Mrs. Nutting, made the home a place of delight to him for a while, until shadows fell across his pathway, and all light seemed to be darkness about him. He had a mechanical taste, and spent much time in the seclusion of his little workshop, near to the back door of his dwelling.

The question of the erection of a monument to commemorate the events of April 19, 1775, met with his hearty approval, and the patriotism of his youth reasserted itself. It seemed as though the void of his life was to be partially met when the granite shaft was decided upon; but when it was located, in 1836, there was no bound to his indignation. From that time till his death, he continued to reiterate his disapproval of the act in the language that lie was using when I first met him.

When the Trinitarian church was formed, in 1826, Mr. Hubbard gave the land for the erection of the meeting-house. It occupies the site of the building where the flour was stored which Gage's men scattered over the fields until there was the appearance of a light fall of snow.

Far be it from any one to impugn the motives of the donor in this gift of a portion of his ancestral homestead for so good a purpose; but the act being so contrary to his ordinary habit, and so regretful to him in after years, it seemed to have been actuated by an acrimonious spirit in some direction. In later years no obstacle seemed to be too hideous for him to place within range of the meeting-house. As time advanced, and age crept on, his natural characteristics strengthened, the thoughtless acts of the careless irritated him, and there were but few in whom he placed any confidence. An aversion for the gentler sex, individually and as a class, seemed to dominate his life. At times he had the service of a family in his dwelling; but in the last of his days he lived alone, placing but little confidence in any one.

The writer was one of the few who had a temporary place in his esteem. In the little shop, and also in the rude kitchen, Mr. Hubbard, when past fourscore years of age, repeated to his new friend the one known burden of his heart. 'Twas the same that I had already heard from his lips. It did not seem like the act of an old man in his dotage, inflicted upon young and old in season and out of season, but rather the bubbling of a pent-up stream from a deep-seated fountain of patriotism.

"Justice will never be done in my day," were the words of conclusion, as he regretfully shook his aged form and turned to other subjects.

On Oct. 3, 1871, a bright autumn morning, I entered the gate, walked up the pathway strewn with the most richly tinted foliage that had fallen during the night, and into the door unannounced as was my custom. In the little dingy kitchen of the "lean-to," in an old straight-back chair, sat the form of Ebenezer Hubbard, his staff still erect, but the hand of the owner had loosened its grasp upon this support and upon all of this world's possessions.

The proper authorities came, and in the name of the law performed those services which affection failed to do. The old saddle-bags gave up their long-hidden load of gold and silver coin, the family Bible its well-worn scrip; and the hoarded wealth being gathered from all its hiding-places, the aged form was borne to the Town Hall, where the rite of sepulchre was performed, and then consigned to a grave in Sleepy Hollow. None could have been more beautiful for situation, but very different from his desire, which might have been granted had he been able to so control a certain characteristic of his nature as to intrust to another the key to the inner secret of his blighted life. A clause in the last will of Mr. Hubbard reads thus: "I hereby order my executor aforesaid to procure, if possible, a burial-lot in the middle burying-ground in said Concord, on the northerly side of the road leading from the centre of said Concord to Bedford, and opposite the Gun House, or if my said executor cannot procure such burial-lot there, then in any other burying-ground in said Concord to procure a suitable lot, and on such burial-lot to erect a suitable monument, with an inscription thereon, and to fence said burial-lot, the expense not to exceed two thousand dollars; and it is my express wish, if circumstances will permit, that the remains of my beloved mother, buried at Groton . . . and of my brother Silas B. Hubbard, buried in the State of Illinois, should be removed . . . to my said burial-lot, and there buried beside my body."

The possible requests were carried out. An imposing granite monument tells the simple story of mortality.

The winding pathway through the ancient burial-ground terminates not at a little mossgrown slab near the Gun House, but is lost in the continual passing of the curious of the world.

A few weeks after the close of the life at the old homestead, a clergyman of Concord returned to his people and pulpit to regretfully learn that a service which Mr. Hubbard had requested of him, an almost entire stranger, had of necessity been performed by another. This request was in keeping with much of the life

that had closed.

The minister was a lone star, and of a nature which seemed to meet the wants of one about to sink beyond the western horizon. In the fulfilment of his promise, Rev. Mr. Rogers opened the closed door, and let the world look for a moment at a heart pierced in early youth by Cupid's dart.

The one well-known desire of Ebenezer Hubbard was not gratified in his lifetime, but that which was denied him was brought about in part through a provision of his will.

"I order my executor to pay the sum of one thousand dollars towards building a monument in said town of Concord on the spot where the Americans fell, on the opposite side of the river from the present monument, in the battle of the 19th of April, 1775."

He also intrusted a friend with the sum of six hundred dollars towards the erection of a bridge across the river, at the place where the famous Old North Bridge "arched the flood."

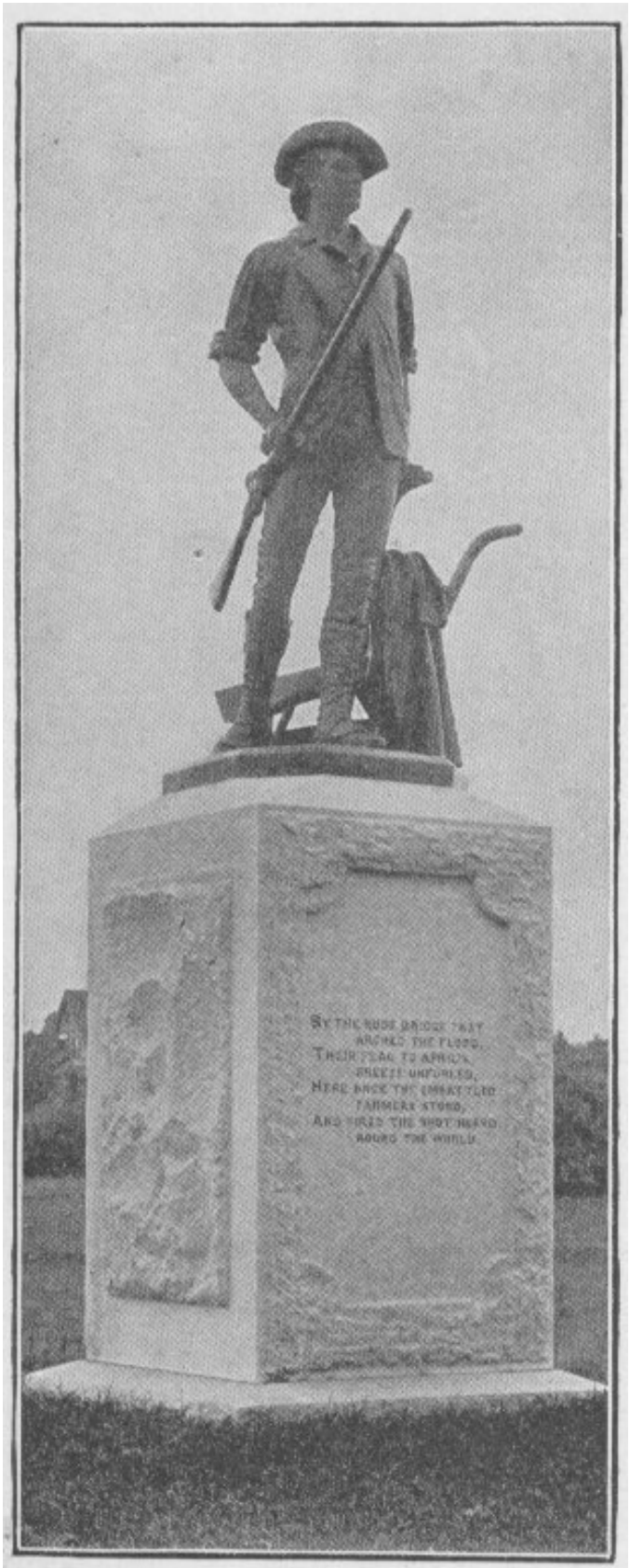
The land which he so much coveted for a public purpose was deeded to the town by Mr. Stedman Buttrick, who thus dedicated to the cause of liberty the ground on which his grandfather stood when in command of the Americans he uttered the memorable words, "Fire, fellow-soldiers! for God's sake, fire!"

Other gifts were made; and on April 19, 1875, the completed work was unveiled to the world; and thus was Ebenezer Hubbard's longing gratified, but too late for him to enjoy.

The patriotism of Mr. Hubbard was also manifested in gifts of one thousand dollars each to the poor and to the public library of Concord, and also of his native town, Hancock, N.H.

To the value of the early impressions received during his life with the struggling settlers of Hancock, Mr. Hubbard testified through the gift of one thousand dollars to the Bible Society of Massachusetts, incorporated in the year 1810.

The death of Ebenezer Hubbard marks the beginning of a new epoch in the development of Old Concord.



STATUE OF MINUTE MAN, CONCORD.

Figure 27: Minute Man, Concord

With the close of his life there terminated two centuries of Hubbard possession. This farm was a most desirable location for building purposes. The broad acres, coveted by many, were purchased by a syndicate of progressive citizens. The ancient dwelling was taken down, the unsightly obstacles removed, and a broad avenue cut through the farm, on which have been erected some of the best residences of the town.

BATTLE MONUMENT AT CONCORD.

Figure 28: Battle Monument, Concord

The old elms which mark the site of the old house, and the new street through the farm, are all that remind the people of to-day of the little old man, Ebenezer Hubbard.

CHAPTER XIII

FOOTPRINTS OF ACTON PATRIOTS

ACTON was one of the first towns to respond to the midnight alarm. It affords no more fitting place to-day from which to tell its story than the old Faulkner residence, where glowed the watchfires of patriotism long before the Revolution.

The recurring attacks by the Indians necessitated the erection of houses for safety, to which the scattered settlers might flee.

The ancient home of the Faulkner family at South Acton is one of those garrisons, or strong houses, of the territory originally included in Old Concord.

The first of the Faulkner name in this country was Edmond, who came to Salem, and thence to Andover, which latter place he bought of an Indian chief for twenty gallons of rum and a red coat.

The records of Andover show him to have been the leader in founding the church there in 1645. He was then a selectman, and was town clerk in 1674-5.

FAULKNER RESIDENCE

Figure 29: Faulkner Residence

During King Philip's war, in 1676, his house was burned, and his cattle were killed. The marriage of Edmond Faulkner with Miss Dorothy Robinson, Feb. 4, 1647, was the first recorded in Andover, the ceremony being performed by John Winthrop. The first born of this marriage, Francis, married Abigail, daughter of Rev. Francis Dane of that town. She was one of the unfortunates of two centuries ago who were accused of witchcraft. She was tried, and condemned to death, but escaped the gallows.

Ammiruhammah, son of Francis and Abigail, and grandson of Edmond and Dorothy, was the first settler in the present town of Acton. He built the house, which has seen nearly two centuries of existence. It has the impress of age upon it, and it deepens as one turns for a careful look. The huge chimney confronts you at once; it is nine feet square, and is the centre of strength of the structure. The solid oak timbers, fully eighteen inches square, are apparent at every corner; the gashes made by the woodman's axe are as plainly visible as when they were hewn in the forest.

The room on the left of the front door is of peculiar interest: its casements of brick were built to keep out the bullets of the enemy. One hundred people may be accommodated in this room.

The house was for many years the seat of justice. Colonel Francis Faulkner was the magistrate, and in this large room the courts were held. In the top of the door leading to the "livingroom" may be seen two small round openings, through which anxious friends viewed the tribunal when Colonel Faulkner was on the bench.

The garret of this ancient dwelling is a curiosity-shop. No "vendue" has ever been held, hence the accumulation of foot-stoves, warming-pans, handirons, tin ovens and bakers, settles, spinning-wheels, loom-reels, etc.

The window-glass, of diminutive size, is the very same through which five generations of the Faulkners have reviewed the scenes without, none of which caused more anxiety than those of April 19, 1775.

During the Revolution, Colonel Faulkner was the leader of the town in military affairs as well as in legal and civic. The highway ended at his house; and to reach the dwelling one must cross the stream, Great Brook as it was called by the early settlers. The noise of one crossing the bridge had long been the signal of a caller.

Francis Faulkner, Jun., was lying awake early on the morning of April 19, 1775, and listening to the clatter of a horse's feet. Suddenly he leaped from his bed, ran to his father's room, and cried out, "Father, there's a horse coming on the full run, and he's bringing news!"

The horseman turned across the bridge and up to the house, and shouted, "Rouse your minute-men, Mr. Faulkner, the British are marching on Concord!" And away he went to spread farther the news.

Without stopping to dress, the colonel fired three times, as fast as he could load and fire the old musket.

The alarm sent out from Concord through the timely notice of Dr. Prescott was

early circulated throughout Acton.

A horseman galloped to the home of Captain Joseph Robbins, and without dismounting banged on the corner of the house, and cried out, "Captain Robbins! Up! Up! The regulars have come to Concord!" John, a son, was out of his garret bed in an instant, and soon on the back of his father's old mare headed for the house of Captain Davis, who commanded the minute-men, and thence on to Deacon Simon Hunt's, who was first lieutenant in the West company of militia, and commanding officer in place of Captain Faulkner, who had just been promoted colonel of the Middlesex regiment.

The Acton companies were not long in gathering, and were soon on the road to Old North Bridge.

Although they had a most inadequate idea of what was before them, there were sad partings at many homes.

The Acton minute-men proved the truth of the words of their captain, "I haven't a man that's afraid to go."

Figure 30: Luke Smith

The events of that day seem comparatively recent when we gather the accounts from one who had them from the lips of a participant. The living son of a man who served at Concord and Bunker Hill is Luke Smith of Acton. He was the youngest of thirteen children, and, like Joseph of old, the child of his father's old age. Solomon Smith, like Jacob the Jewish patriarch, had a favorite. It was Luke, his last-born, who is the last to tell his father's story. "Sitting upon my father's knee," he said, "in the full enjoyment of the blessings of liberty, I received from him this account of the eventful day of history:" --

"The 19th of April, never to be forgotten, was a bright, crisp morning. The sun had been up a full hour and a half. We were drawn up in line when I heard the word of command for which we were anxiously waiting, March!' How those words still ring in my ears! Luke Blanchard was our fifer, and Francis Barker was the drummer. To the tune of the 'White Cockade' we left the town.

We were too much in haste for many parting words. A few did run back to say a word to wife or parent.

"We followed the road for a while, and then left it and struck through the woods, a short cut to Concord. We passed Barrett's mill before coming to Old North Bridge. How indignant we were when we first caught sight of Captain Parsons's detachment, with axes, breaking up the gun-carriages, and bringing out hay and wood, and setting fire to them in the yard.

"We had a good mind to fire upon the red-coated soldiers of King George there and then; but we trusted our captain, and waited for his orders. When I heard him say to Colonel Barrett, "I have not a man who is afraid to go," my heart beat faster than the drum of our company; but how my feelings changed when I saw Isaac Davis fall, and Abner Hosmer by his side! I then thought of the widow at home, whom a few hours before I had seen Isaac so tenderly leave."

Captain Isaac Davis and Private Abner Hosmer fell, killed by the first volley from the enemy.

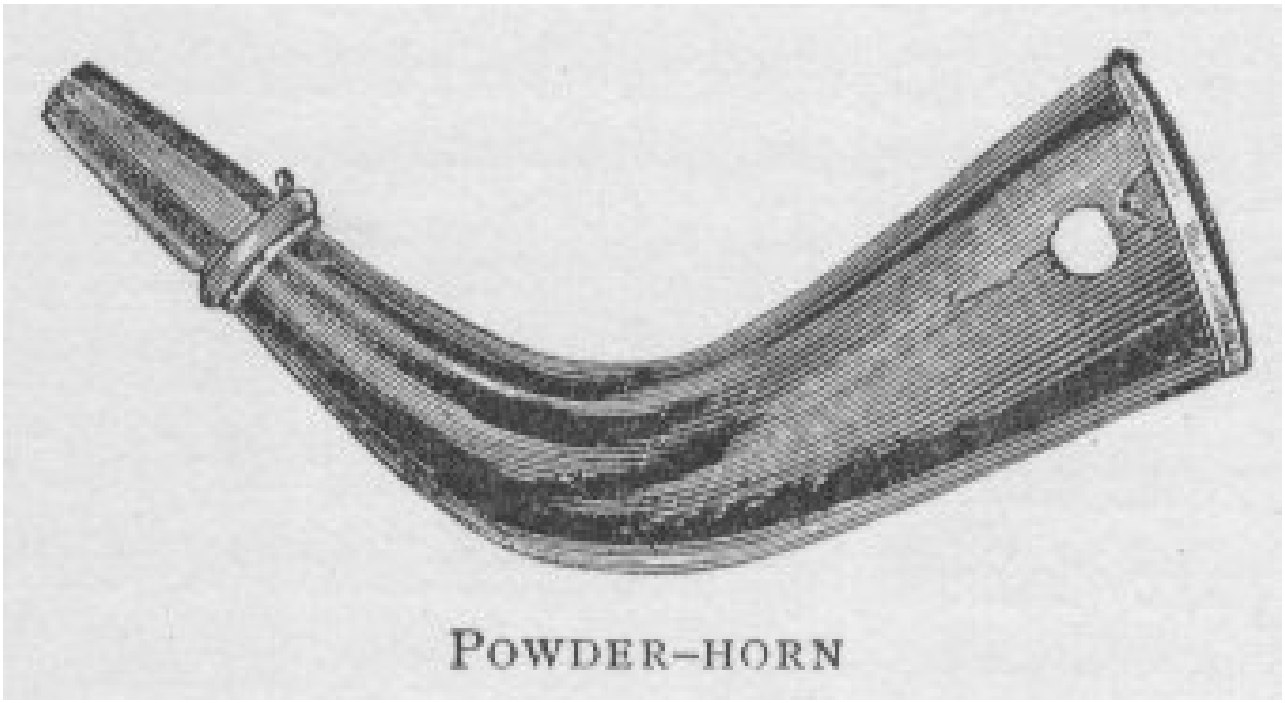


Figure 31: Hayward's Powder Horn

At Fisks Hill, in Lexington, James Hayward of Acton was mortally wounded. A tablet there, and a monument at Acton, tell to all people the story of the part taken by the patriots of that town, whose footprints will never be effaced.

AT THIS WELL, APRIL 19, 1775,

JAMES HAYWARD, OF ACTON,

MET A BRITISH SOLDIER, WHO, RAISING HIS GUN,

SAID, "YOU ARE A DEAD MAN."

"AND SO ARE YOU," REPLIED HAYWARD.

BOTH FIRED: THE SOLDIER WAS INSTANTLY

KILLED, AND HAYWARD MORTALLY

WOUNDED.

He died on the following day.

While his life was ebbing away, he said to his father, "Hand me my powder-horn and bullet-pouch. I started with one pound of powder and forty balls. You see what I have left; I never did such a forenoon's work before."

The powder-horn, with the hole made by the bullet that caused his death, is safely kept in that town to-day; and the shoe-buckles on which are the stains of the blood of Captain Isaac Davis, and also his musket, are still held as precious memorials.

In October, 1851, a granite monument was erected to the memory of Acton's soldiers, and under it repose the remains of the three brave men.

On the monument is the following: --

THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

AND

THE TOWN OF ACTON,

CO-OPERATING TO PERPETUATE THE FAME OF THEIR

GLORIOUS DEEDS OF PATRIOTISM,

HAVE ERECTED THIS MONUMENT IN HONOR OF

CAPT. ISAAC DAVIS

AND PRIVATES ABNER HOSMER AND JAMES HAYWARD,

CITIZEN-SOLDIERS OF ACTON AND PROVINCIAL MINUTE-MEN,

WHO FELL IN CONCORD FIGHT

ON THE 19TH DAY OF APRIL, A.D. 1775.

On the morning of that eventful day the Provincial officers had a council of war near the Old North Bridge in Concord; and as they separated, Davis exclaimed, "I haven't a man that is afraid to go!" and immediately marched his company from

the left to the right of the line, and led in the first organized attack upon the troops of George III. in that memorable war, which, by the help of God, made the thirteen colonies independent of Great Britain, and gave political being to the United States of America.

Acton, April 19, 1851."

The sum of two thousand dollars towards the erection of the monument was granted by the State legislature, and expended under the direction of Governor George S. Boutwell.

The act was passed through the efforts of Rev. James T. Woodbury of Acton. His speech is worthy the study of every patriotic son of our republic.

Hon. George S. Boutwell gives the following interesting information regarding the action of Acton before the United States republic was declared: --

While I was engaged in the preparation of the address which I delivered at the dedication of the Acton monument, Oct. 29, 1851, I called the attention of Mr. Webster to the resolution of the town of Acton of June 14, 1776, in the words following, and which I incorporated in my address: --

The resolution contained these words: 'The many injuries and unheard of barbarities which the Colonies have received from Great Britain confirm us in the opinion that the present age will be deficient in their duty to God, their posterity, and themselves, if they do not establish an American republic. This is the only form of government we wish to see established.'

In my letter to Mr. Webster I enclosed a copy of the foregoing resolution; and in reply, under the date of Oct. 16, 1851, he said, 'The resolutions of the town of Acton of the 14th of June, 1776, are very remarkable. The general idea of some union among the several Colonies, each acting under its separate government, is known, of course, to have prevailed. The meeting at Albany is proof of this, and other evidences also to the like effect are spread through our history. But the inhabitants of Acton, with a far-seeing sagacity, by the resolution referred to, carried that opinion much farther, and to a much more important result. They appear to have contemplated, not a confederacy or league between the States, but one government, that is to say, an American republic for them all. I am not aware of any vote or declaration by any body of citizens to the same or a similar effect of an earlier period.'

"It may be true that in the later days of active and careful investigation earlier evidence of a like declaration may have been found, but such evidence has not come under my notice."

CHAPTER XIV

SPEECH OF REV. JAMES T. WOODBURY. -- EAGLE IN CONCORD FIGHT

REV. JAMES T. WOODBURY'S SPEECH

WHO was Captain Isaac Davis? Who was Abner Hosmer? Who was James Hayward? And what was Concord fight? What did they fight for, and what did they win? These were Massachusetts Province militiamen, not in these good, quiet, piping times of peace, but in 1775, at the very dark, gloomy outbreak of the American Revolution.

Let us turn back to the bloody annals of that eventful day. Let us see, as well as we can at this distance of three-quarters of a century, just how matters and things stood.

General Gage had full possession of this city. The flag that waved over it was not that of "the old pine-tree;" nor that one, with that beautiful insignia over your head, sir, with the uplifted right hand lettered over with this most warlike, and, to my taste, most appropriate motto in a wrongful world like this, "Ense petit placidam, sub libertete quietem." No, no! It was the flag of that hereditary despot, George the Third.

And if there had been no Isaac Davis or other men of his stamp on the ground on that day, the flag of the crouching lion, the flag of Queen Victoria, due successor to that same hated George the Third, first the oppressor, and then the unscrupulous murderer of our fathers, --yes, I know what I say, the unscrupulous murderer of our fathers,-- would still wave over this beautiful city, and would now be streaming in the wind over every American ship in this harbor. Where, in that case, would have been this legislature? Why, sir, it would never have been; and my conscientious friend from West Brookfield, instead of sitting here a good "Free-Soil" man as he is, would have been called to no such high vocation as making laws for a free people, for the good old Commonwealth of Massachusetts, voting for Robert Rantoul, Jun., or Charles Sumner, or Hon. Mr. Winthrop, to represent us in a body known as the United States Senate, pronounced the most august, dignified legislative assembly in the civilized world. Oh, no! Far otherwise! If permitted to legislate at all, it would be done under the dictation of Queen Victoria; and if he made laws, it would be with a ring in his nose to pull him this way and that, or with his head in the British lion's mouth, --that same lion's mouth which roared in 1775, showing his teeth and lashing his sides at our fathers.

This city was in full possession of the enemy, and had been for several months. General Gage had converted the house of prayer, the Old South Church, --where we met a few days since, to sit, delighted auditors, to that unsurpassed Election Sermon, --into a riding-school, a drilling-place for his cavalry. The pulpit, and all the pews of the lower floor, were, with vandal violence, torn out, and tan brought in; and here the dragoons of King George practised, on their prancing warhorses,

the sword exercise, with Tory ladies and gentlemen for spectators in the galleries.

At the 19th of April, 1775, it was not "Ense petit placidam, sub libertate quietem." "Sub libertate!" It would have been rather "sub vili servitio!" --sub anything rather than liberty under the British Crown.

Information had been received from most reliable sources that valuable powder, ball, and other munitions of war, were deposited in Concord. General Gage determined to have them. Concord was a great place in '75. The Provincial Congress had just suspended its session there of near two months, adjourning over to the 10th of May, with Warren for their president, and such men as old Samuel Adams, John Hancock, John Adams. and James Otis as their advisers. Yes, Concord was the centre of the brave old Middlesex, containing within it all the early battlegrounds of liberty, -- Old North Bridge, Lexington Common, and Bunker Hill, -- and was for a time the capital of the Province, the seat of the government of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay.

And Concord had within it as true-hearted Whig patriots as ever breathed. Rev. Mr. Emerson was called a "high son of liberty." To contend with tyrants, and stand up against them, resisting unto blood, fighting for the inalienable rights of the people, was a part of his holy religion. And he was one of the most godly men and eloquent ministers in the colony. He actually felt it to be his duty to God to quit that most delightful town and village, and the most affectionate church and people, and enter the Continental army, and serve them as a chaplain of a regiment.

What a patient, noble-hearted, truthful, loyal, confiding, affectionate generation of men they were! And remember, these were the men, exasperated beyond all further endurance by the course of a deluded Parliament and besotted ministry, who flew to arms on the 19th of April, 1775. These were the men who then hunted up their powder-horns and bullet-pouches, took down their guns from the hooks, and ground up their bayonets, on that most memorable of all days in the annals of the Old Thirteen Colonies, -- nay, in the annals of the world, --which record the struggles that noble men have made in all ages to be free!

Yes, to my mind, Mr. Speaker, it is a more glorious day, a day more full of thrilling incidents and great steps taken by the people to be free, than even the Fourth of July itself, 1776.

Why, sir, the 19th of April, '75, that resistance, open, unorganized, armed, marshalled resistance at the Old North Bridge, that marching down in battle array at that soul-stirring air which every soldier in this house must remember to this day, for the tune is in fashion yet, -- I mean "The White Cockade," -was itself a prior declaration of independence, written out not with ink upon paper or parchment, but a declaration of independence made by drawn swords, uplifted right arms, fixed bayonets ground sharp, cracking musketry, -- a declaration written out in the best blood of this land, at Lexington first, and finally all the way for eighteen miles from Old North Bridge to Charlestown Neck, where those panting fugitives found shelter under the guns of British ships of war, riding at anchor in Mystic River ready to receive them; a declaration that put more at

hazard, and cost the men who made it more, after all, of blood and treasure, than that of 1776.

It cost Davis, Hosmer, and Hayward, and hundreds of others equally brave and worthy, their hearts' blood. It cost many an aged father and mother their darling son, many a wife her husband, many a Middlesex maid her lover.

Oh, what a glorious, but oh, what a bloody day it was! That was the day which split in twain the British empire, never again to be reunited.

What was the battle of Waterloo? What question did it settle? Why, simply who, of several kings, should wear the crown.

Well, I always thought ever since I read it when a boy, that if I had fought on either side it would have been with Napoleon against the allied forces. But what is the question to me, or what is the question to you, or to any of us, or our children after us, if we are to be ruled over by crowned heads and hereditary monarchs? What matters it who they are, or which one it shall be?

In ancient times, three hundred Greeks, under Leonidas, stood in the pass of Thermopyloe, and for three successive days beat back and kept at bay five million Persians, led on by Xerxes the Great. It was a gallant act; but did it preserve the blood-bought liberties of Greece? No. In time they were cloven down, and the land of Demosthenes and Solon marked for ages by the footsteps of the slaves.

We weep over it, but we cannot alter it. But not so, thank God, with "Concord Fight;" and by "Concord Fight," I say here, for fear of being misunderstood, I mean by "Concord" all the transactions of that day.

I regard them as one great drama, scene first of which was at Lexington early in the morning, when old Mrs. Harrington called up her son Jonathan, who alone, while I speak, survives of all that host on either side in arms that day. He lives, blessed be God, he still lives! I know him well, a trembling, but still breathing memento of the renowned past, yet lingering by mercy of God on these "mortal shores," if for nothing else, to wake up your sleeping sympathies, and induce you, if anything could, to aid in the noble work of building over the bones of his slaughtered companions-in-arms, Davis, Hosmer, and Hayward, such a monument as they deserve. Oh, I wish he was here, I wish he only stood on yonder platform, noble man!

"Concord Fight" broke the ice. "Concord Fight," the rush from the heights at North Bridge, was the first open, marshalled resistance to the king. Our fathers, cautious men, took there a step that they could not take back if they would, and would not if they could. Till they made that attack, probably no British blood had been shed.

If rebels at all, it was only on paper. They had not levied war. They had not vi et armis attacked their lawful king. But by that act they passed the Rubicon. Till then they might retreat with honor, but after that it was too late. The sword was drawn, and had been made red in the blood of princes, in the person of their armed defenders.

Attacking Captain Laurie and his detachment at North Bridge was, in law, attacking King George himself. Now they must fight or be eternally disgraced. And now they did fight in good earnest. They drew the sword, and threw away, as well as they might, the scabbard. Yesterday they humbly petitioned. They petitioned no longer. Oh, what change from the 19th to the 20th of April!

They had been, up to that day, a grave, God-fearing, loyal set of men, honoring the king. Now they strike for national independence; and after seven years of war, by the help of God, they won it. They obtained nationality. It that day breathed into life; the Colony gave way to the State; that morning Davis and all of them were British colonists. They became by that day's resistance, either rebels doomed to die by the halter, or free, independent citizens. If the old pine-tree flag still waved over them unchanged, they themselves were changed entirely and forever.

Old Middlesex was allowed the privilege of opening the war, of first baptizing the land with her blood. God did well to select old Middlesex, and the loved and revered centre of old Middlesex, namely, Concord, as the spot, not where this achievement was to be completed, but where it was to be begun, and well begun; where the troops of crowned kings were to meet, not the troops of the people, but the people themselves, and be routed and beaten from the field, and what is more, stay beaten, we hope, we doubt not, to the end of time.

And let us remember that our fathers, from the first to the last in that eventful struggle, made most devout appeals to Almighty God. It was so with the whole Revolutionary War. It was all begun, continued, and ended in God. Every man and every boy that went from the little mountain town of Acton, with its five hundred souls, went that morning from a house of prayer. A more prayerful, pious, God-fearing, man-loving people, I have never read or heard of. If you have, sir, I should like to know who they are, and where they live. They were Puritans, Plymouth Rock Puritans, men who would petition and petition and petition, most respectfully and most courteously, and when their petition and petitioners, old Ben Franklin and the rest, were proudly spurned away from the foot of the throne, petition again; and do it again for more than ten long, tedious years. But after all they would fight, and fight as never man fought; and they did fight.

When such men take up arms, let kings and queens take care of themselves. When you have waked up such men to resistance unto blood, you have waked up a lion in his den. You may kill them, -- they are vulnerable besides on the heel, -- but my word for it, you never can conquer them.

At Old North Bridge, about nine o'clock in the forenoon, on the memorable 19th of April, 1775, King George's troops met these men, and, after receiving their first fire, fled. And the flight still continues, -- the flight of kings before the people.

Davis's minute-men were ready first, and were on the ground first. They were an élite corps, young men, volunteers; and give me young men for war. They were to be ready at a moment's warning. They were soon at Davis's house and gun-

shop, and they waited here till about fifty had arrived. While there some of them were powdering their hair, just as the Greeks were accustomed to put garlands of flowers on their heads as they went forth to battle; and they expected a battle. They were fixing their gun-locks, and making a few cartridges; but cartridges and cartridge-boxes were rare in those days. The accoutrements of the heroes of the Revolution were the powder-horn and the bullet-pouch, at least of the militia.

And Concord Fight, with all its unequalled and uneclipsed glory, was won, by the help of God, by Massachusetts militiamen. Some were laughing and joking to think that they were going to have what they had for months longed for, -- a "hit at old Gage." But Davis was a thoughtful, sedate, serious man, a genuine Puritan, like Samuel Adams; and he rebuked them. He told them that in his opinion it was "a most eventful crisis for the colonies; blood would be spilt, that was certain. The crimsoned fountain would be opened; none could tell when it would close, nor with whose blood it would flow. Let every man gird himself for battle, and not be afraid, for God is on our side. He had great hope that the country would be free, though he might not live to see it." The truth was, and it should come out, Davis expected to die that day if he went into battle. He never expected to come back alive to that house.

And no wonder that after the company started, and had marched out of his lane some twenty rods to the highway, he halted them, and went back. He was an affectionate man. He loved that youthful wife of his, and those four sick children, and he thought to see them never again; and he never did. There was such a presentiment in his mind. His widow has often told me all about it; and she thought the same herself. And no wonder he went back, and took one more last, lingering look of them, saying -- he seemed to want to say something; but as he stood on that threshold where I have often stood, and where, in my mind's eye, I have often seen his manly form, he could only say, "Take good care of the children;" the feelings of the father struggling in him and for a moment almost overcoming the soldier. The ground of this presentiment was this. A few days before the fight, Mr. Davis and wife had been away from home of an afternoon. On returning they noticed, as they entered, a large owl sitting on Davis's gun as it hung on the hooks, -- his favorite gun, the very gun he carried to the fight, a beautiful piece for those days, his own workmanship, the same he grasped in both hands when he was shot at the bridge, being just about to fire himself, and which, when stone dead, he grasped still, his friends having, to get it away, to unclinch his stiff fingers.

Sir, however you may view this occurrence, or however I may, it matters not. I am telling how that brave man viewed it, and his wife, and the men of those times. It was an ill omen, a bad sign. The sober conclusion was, that the first time Davis went into battle he would lose his life. This was the conclusion, and so it turned out. The family could give no account of the creature, and they knew not how it came in. The hideous bird was not allowed to be disturbed or frightened away; and there he stayed two or three days, siting upon the gun.

But mark, with this distinct impression on his mind, did the heart of that Puritan

patriarch quail? No; not at all, not at all. He believed in the Puritan's God, -- the Infinite Spirit sitting on the throne of the universe, Proprietor of all, Creator and Upholder of all, superintending and disposing of all, that the hairs of his head were all numbered, and not even a sparrow could fall to the ground without his God's express notice, knowledge, and consent. He took that gun from those hooks with no trembling hand or wavering heart; and with his trusty sword hanging by his side, he started for North Bridge with the firm tread of a giant. Death! Davis did not fear to die. And he had the magic power, which some men certainly have, -- God bestows it upon them, -- to inspire everyone around them with the same feeling. His soldiers to a man would have gone anywhere after such a leader. After about two miles of hurried march, they came out of the woods only a few rods from Colonel James Barrett's, in Concord, and halted in the highway, whether discovered or not (this road came into the road by Barrett's, some twenty rods from Barrett's house), looking with burning indignation to see Captain Parsons and his detachment of British troops with axes break up the gun-carriages, and bring out hay and wood, and burn them in the yard.

They had great thoughts of firing in upon them then and there to venture. But Davis was a military man; and his orders were to rendezvous at North Bridge, and he knew very well that taking possession of North Bridge would cut off all retreat for this detachment of horse, and they must be taken prisoners.

In a few minutes more he wheeled his company into line on the high lands of North Bridge, taking the extreme left of the line, -- that line being formed facing the river, which was his place, as the youngest commissioned officer present in the regiment, -- a place occupied a few days before by him at a regimental muster of the minute-men.

A council of war was immediately summoned by Colonel James Barrett, and attended on the spot, made up of commissioned officers and Committees of Safety. The question was, What shall now be done? The Provincials had been talking for months -- nay, for years -- of the wrongs they had borne at the hands of a cruel motherland. They had passed good paper resolutions by the dozens. They had fired off their paper bullets; but what shall now be done? Enough had been said. What shall now be done? What a moment! What a crisis for the destinies of this land and of all lands, of the rights and liberties of the human race! Never was a council of war or council of peace called to meet a more important question, one on the decision of which more was at stake. Their council was divided. Some thought it best at once to rush down and take possession of the bridge, and cut off the retreat of Captain Parsons; others thought not.

Here were probably found in battle array over six hundred troops, standing there under arms. Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn were in plain sight, with their red coats on, their cocked-up hats and their spyglasses, inspecting from the old graveyard hills the gathering foe; for they came in from all directions, suddenly, unaccountably, like the gathering of a summer thunder-cloud.

Of course it was admitted on all hands that they could take possession of the bridge, but it was to be expected that this skirmish must bring on a general

engagement with the main body in the town. The Provincials would be in greater force by twelve o'clock m. than at nine. And if the whole British army of eight hundred men should take the field against them in their present number, most undoubtedly the men would run, -- they never would "stand fire." Their officers thought so; their officers said so on the spot. They gave it as their opinion, and it is probable that no attack at that hour would have been made had it not happened that, at that moment, the smoke began to rise from the centre of the town, -- all in plain sight from these heights, -- the smoke of burning houses. And they said, Shall we stand here like cowards, and see Old Concord burn?

Colonel Barrett gave consent to make the attack. Davis came back to his company, drew his sword, and commanded, them to advance six paces. He then faced them to the right, and at his favorite tune of "The White Cockade" led the column of attack towards the bridge. By the side of Davis marched Major Buttrick of Concord, as brave a man as lived, and old Colonel Robinson of Westford. The British on this began to take up the bridge; the Americans on this quickened their pace. Immediately the firing on both sides began. Davis is at once shot dead, through the heart. The ball passed quite through his body, making a very large wound, perhaps driving in a button of his coat.

His blood gushed out in one great stream, flying, it is said, more than ten feet, besprinkling and besmearing his own clothes, these shoe-buckles, and the clothes of Orderly Sergeant David Forbush, and a file leader, Thomas Thorp. Davis when hit, as is usual with men when shot thus through the heart, leaped up. his fall length and fell over the causeway on the wet ground, firmly grasping all the while, with both hands, that beautiful gun; and when his weeping comrades came to take care of his youthful but bloody remains, they with difficulty unclutched those hands now cold and stiff in death. He was just elevating to his sure eye this gun. No man was a surer shot. What a baptism of blood did those soldiers then receive! The question is now, Do these men deserve this monument, -- one that shall speak?

Davis's case is without a parallel, and was so considered by the Legislature and by Congress when they granted aid to his widow. There never can be another.

There never can be but one man who headed the first column of attack on the king's troops in the Revolutionary War. And Isaac Davis was that man. Others fell, but not exactly as he fell. Give them the marble. Vote them the monument, one that shall speak to all future generations, and speak to the terror of kings and to the encouragement of all who will be free, and who, when the bloody crisis comes to strike for it, "are not afraid to go."

At the base of the Acton monument may be seen the rude gravestones that stood in the ancient burial-ground seventy-five years before their removal to their present location.

Their quaint epitaphs, chiselled before the result of the sacrifice was realized, are of interest, in that they tell the story before time had afforded an opportunity to arouse the sentiment of later days.

I SAY UNTO ALL

WATCH.

IN MEMORY OF CAPT. ISAAC DAVIS

WHO WAS SLAIN IN BATTLE AT

CONCORD APRIL YE 19TH 1775 IN

THE DEFENCE OF YE JUST RIGHTS

AND LIBERTRIES OF HIS COUNTRY

CIVIL & RELIGIOUS. HE WAS A LOVNG

HUSBAND A TENDER FATHER & A

KIND NEIGHBOUR AN INGENEOUS

CRAFTSMAN & SERVICEABLE TO

MANKIND DIED IN YE PRIME OF

LIFE AGED 30 YEARS 1 M., & 25 DAYS.

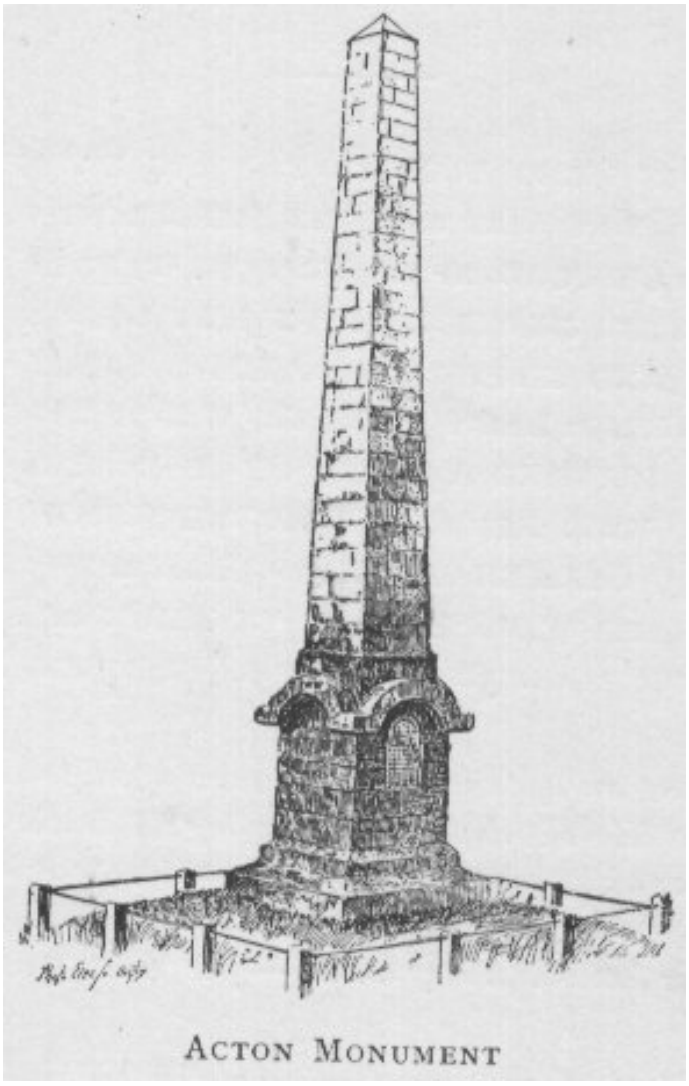


Figure 32: Acton Monument

Is there not an appointed time to man upon ye earth? are not his days also like the days of an hireling? As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more. He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know hint any more. -- JOB vii. I, 9, 10.

"MEMENTO MORI"

HERE LIES THE BODY OF MR. ABNER HOSMER,

SON OF DEA. JONA. HOSMER, AND MRS. MARTHA HIS WIFE,

WHO WAS KILLED IN CONCORD FIGHT

APRIL 19TH, 1775,

IN YE DEFENCE OF YE JUST RIGHTS OF HIS COUNTRY,

BEING IN THE 21ST YEAR OF HIS AGE.

IN MEMORY OF MR. JAMES HAYWARD,

SON OF CAPT. SAMUEL AND MRS. MARY HAYWARD,

WHO WAS KILLED IN CONCORD FIGHT,

APRIL 19TH, 1775,

AGED 25 YEARS AND FOUR DAYS.

This monument may unborn ages tell

How brave Young Hayward, like a hero fell,

When fighting for his countrie's liberty

Was slain, and here his body now doth lye,

He and his foe were by each other slain,

His victim's blood with his ye earth did slain,

Upon ye field he was with victory crowned,

And yet must yield his breath upon that ground.

He express't his hope in God before his death,

After his foe had yielded up his breath.

O may his death a lasting witness lye,

Against Oppressors' bloody cruelty.

EAGLE OF CONCORD FIGHT.

A most interesting relic of the Civil War is the eagle "Old Abe," that is now in the State House at Madison, Wis. But the eagle of Concord Fight is equally valuable as a relic; and the circumstances attending its presence at Old North Bridge, and preservation for one hundred and twenty years, are more fascinating than any told by the Greeks of the phoenix, the bird of fable that rose from its own ashes.

The eagle went to Concord on the morning of April 19, 1775, with the Acton men, and was in the form of a bosom-pin represented above.

It may seem almost fabulous that the soldiers of that day went forth to battle decked in jewels. But we must remember that it was the citizens who responded to the alarm, going forth to battle as citizens.

We have unmistakable evidence that not only the Provincials, but also the regulars, wore such ornaments into the battle of one hundred and twenty years ago.

Living in the enjoyment of luxury, as many of the British army were at that time in Boston, and at first regarding the movements out of town on the night of April 18 as a holiday excursion, it was not strange that they wore gold watches and bosom-pins, and had an abundance of coin in their pockets.

A ring is still treasured by the descendants of the Provincial who gave relief to a British soldier when on his retreat from Concord. It was given by the wounded enemy to the one who assisted him, not because of Tory sentiments, but from a feeling of humanity.

The cues of the British officers who fell in Lincoln, and were there buried in a common grave, were tied up with broad ribbons. Rev. Mr. Woodbury has already told us that some of Captain Isaac Davis's men spent the time, while waiting for others to assemble, in powdering their hair, and fixing themselves for a fine appearance.

How that may have been we cannot prove now. But certain is it that Abner Hosmer wore in battle a silver pin representing the eagle. This was not taken from his body, but was buried with him. The reason of this may probably be assigned to some superstition that was entertained by the sorrowing family.

After seventy-five years, the remains of Davis, Hosmer, and Hayward were disinterred, and placed beneath the monument on Acton Common. When the grave of Hosmer was opened, this bosom-pin was discovered, and taken by one of his family connections, and when scoured revealed the familiar initials.

It seems a most remarkable fact that after three-quarters of a century there should come evidence from the grave that the bird selected as our national emblem was then present at the opening scene of that war which gave us a nation.

From this it is natural to conclude that the eagle was not adopted for our national emblem in 1785 so much because of its nativity here, as because of its having been used from the very early times on heraldic devices. It was accounted one of the most noble bearings in heraldry.

How long this silver eagle had been in the Hosmer family cannot be determined; but it is supposed that it was given by the father, Jonathan Hosmer, to his much-loved son on his twenty-first birthday.

Abner was one of three sons of his family who were in the war. The second gave up his life at Bennington.

The father, a deacon in the Acton church, was a third member of the family to die

for his country. Too aged and feeble to go to Concord, when the news of the battle reached Acton, this man went out a short distance to learn the particulars. There he heard that his son Abner was one who had fallen at the bridge. He returned, and entering his house uttered groans of lamentation in substance like those of David of old. O my son Abner, my son! my son Abner! would God I had died for thee, O Abner, my son, my son!

CHAPTER XV

FOOTPRINTS OF THE PATRIOTS AT BEDFORD. THROUGH THE OLD BURIAL-GROUND AT BEDFORD WITH A NONAGENARIAN

ON the opposite side of Concord is the town of Bedford, in an interesting manner bearing the same relations to it as does the town of Acton. They were originally parts of Concord, and there were many ties that bound them together at the time of the Revolution. Their families were connected by marriage, and they were very jealous of the honor of the mother town. It required but the slightest warning to arouse them.

The alarm at Bedford was received probably before it reached Concord. Two messengers were despatched at once from Lexington to notify the Bedford people.

The town contains several homesteads that are identified with the early events of the Revolution. Homes through which sounded the alarming cry, "To arms! the redcoats are coming!" still echo the voices of the same families. Sitting by the same fireside, the occupants cherish the firearms, and tell the story as they have heard it from their grandsires who faced the enemy.

Prominent among these historic dwellings is that of the Page family. Seven generations of patriots of this name have possessed and occupied this estate.

The spirit of patriotism was cradled in this home as in but few others.

While sitting as a guest about the family hearthstone, I received from Captain Cyrus Page of the sixth generation much of the information which follows. For two hundred and eight years the family have been in possession. About ten years after the landing of Governor John Winthrop, a large tract of unexplored territory was granted to Cambridge to encourage those settlers, and prevent their removal, following Mr. Hooker and his company to Connecticut. The church stood first in importance; and the benefit of this grant was to go to the church, and college so intimately associated with it, at Cambridge. In 1652 the grant was allotted to the settlers. Mr. Edward Oakes received three hundred acres. This he sold to George Farley and others. Farley sold to Timothy Brooks.

It was during Brooks's possession and occupancy as a residence that the first military tinge is given to the homestead. At the opening of King Philip's war, the owner was directed to secure his family at Garrison "No. 10," that was near by. Brooks sold to George Grimes, of whom the estate was purchased in 1687 by Nathaniel Page.

It did not require the presence of a garrison house to arouse the military spirit of this first Page settler in the territory about Shawsheen, which later fell to Bedford in the incorporation of 1729. He had already been active in the "Three County Troop,"[11] and he had been commissioned by Governor Dudley as sheriff of Suffolk

11 See flag of minute-men in this volume.

County. The military spirit was fostered in this home, and transmitted from father to son, becoming manifest in a readiness to take up arms for the protection of home and country during the wars that succeeded King Philip's, before the Revolution. Nathaniel Page 1st died in 1692, when the town was suffering from the desolating assaults of King William's war. Sons and grandsons there were to perpetuate the family name and patriotism. One of them was a colonel in the French and Indian war, and several were in the ranks.

The midnight alarm of April 18th was first received at this house. It met with a ready response from Christopher, the sergeant of the minute-men, and Nathaniel, the cornet, or flag-bearer. Two others also responded. They belonged to the company of militia, and all were at Concord Fight.

Says Captain Cyrus Page, "Our people were not surprised when the messenger reached this house. They had seen Gage's men several times riding about the town, and were kept familiar with the movements in Boston. The frequent drillings of the minute-men were good opportunities for exchanging ideas, and there was no home that was not in a state of expectancy. My grandfather's account was: 'We had agreed at the last drilling to meet, in case of alarm, at the tavern in the centre of the town, kept by Jeremiah Fitch, sergeant of the militia company. The horseman banged on the house and cried out, "Up, Mr. Page, the regulars are out." We were not long in our preparations, and were soon at the tavern, where some had already gathered, and others soon appeared. Our captain lived fully two miles away from the village, but he was on hand.

"Captain Willson had received a report from Boston on the previous afternoon; it was brought by his brother-in-law, Thompson Maxwell, a native of Bedford, but then a resident of Amherst, N.H. He made trips between Amherst and Boston for the conveyance of merchandise, and stopped at Willson's when on the journey. Maxwell had served in the French and Indian war, and was well known by leading men of Boston as a trustworthy patriot. One of his trips was made in the month of December, 1773. After unloading his freight, he went to John Hancock's warehouse to load for his return trip. While there, Hancock asked him to drive the team to his stable, where it would receive care, and then call at his counting-room. He did so, and was there let into the secret of destroying the tea, and was invited to join the enterprise. He did so, assisted in the midnight business, and the next day drove home as "any honest man would."

"'He was on another trip in April, 1775, and on his way home had stopped at Willson's. They sat up unusually late, discussing the condition of things. Maxwell had detected some unusual movements that day which led them to be more anxious about the future. They retired at a late hour, and were scarcely asleep when the alarm reached the Captain's home.

"'Maxwell accepted an invitation from his brother-in-law, and they both made haste to the village. Our company of minute-men, numbering twenty-six, were all assembled. Many had left their homes without any food, and refreshment was served at the tavern in a most informal manner. This done, Captain Willson gave his order "Come on, my brave boys; this is a cold breakfast, but we'll give the

redcoats a hot dinner. We'll have every dog of them before night." On we went, little realizing what was before us. The town's company of militiamen, fifty strong, was also on the way. They had met at the home of their captain, John Moore, a half mile out from the village on the Concord road.

"'Circumstances favored an early response from the Bedford men; and we should have been remiss in our military obligations, and unmindful of our filial relations, if we had not reached Concord among the first companies, which we did. We assisted in secreting the stores, and were anxiously awaiting reports, when we saw the army approaching. That was a sight never to be forgotten, those brilliantly attired soldiers, moving in perfect martial order, in solid phalanx, with their bayonets glistening in the morning sun. We went on over to the other side of the river, and there fell in, according to the orders of Colonel Barrett, and marched down to the bridge. We had a share in the engagement which immediately followed, but fortunately received no injury. Whether we did any, or not, is a question that we could not positively answer. In our pursuit of the retreating enemy we were not so fortunate. When near Brooks's tavern, just across the line in Lincoln, there was a severe engagement, and our brave Captain was killed, shot through his body. A comrade, Job Lane, was severely wounded. Some of us returned home bearing the dead and wounded, while the majority continued in the pursuit, going into camp at Cambridge. The place of the dead Captain was filled by Lieutenant Edward Stearns. Those who went home soon started with the loads of provisions which had been prepared during the day, and reached their tired and almost famished companies. where they had lain down for rest.

"'Being so near home, we were continually in receipt of provisions, and fared better than many who were in camp during the command of General Artemas Ward; but two of our young men, Solomon Stearns and Reuben Bacon, died, as a result of the fatigue of the 19th, and the exposure that followed. Theirs was the fate of a good many whose homes were farther away from the seat of war. Timothy Page remained in continuous service until the battle of White Plains, where he was killed. A comrade, Moses Fitch, was wounded at the same time."

This story of Nathaniel Page, repeated by his grandson at the old home, is only one of many from the same source, all of which are substantiated by indisputable evidence.

Says Captain Page, "There is another home on the Concord side of this town where the footprints of the patriots are as plainly to be traced as they are at my ancestral dwelling." This is the Davis estate. It has been in the family almost two centuries. It was purchased by Samuel Davis in 1696. The conveyance being "In the eighth year of the Raine of our Souvereign Lord William the third, by the Grace of God, over England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, King and defender of the faith." The homestead has passed through six generations, in each of which has been found the name of Eleazer. The military spirit was early kindled at that hearthstone. Three of the family went from this homestead with Lovewell, in his famous expedition of 1724-5 in pursuit of the Indians, to the wilderness of Maine;

one, Josiah, lost his life, and Eleazer was maimed for the remainder of his days. Two were in the French and Indian war, where Paul lost his life in 1763.

At the opening of the Revolution, Eleazer was second lieutenant of the minute-men, and soon promoted to first lieutenant. His commission, still kept, is evidence of his honorable career on April 19. He was in service with the company, and his sword has been faithfully kept in the house to which it was brought after that day's experience. His musket, used in the Continental army, is also treasured. Both being most tangible evidence of the patriotism which moved the hearts of the occupant of this home at the opening of the Revolution, and where rare specimens of good citizenship have been found in each succeeding generation.

When at Lexington we were tracing the footprints of the illustrious patriots, guests at the parsonage, we made the acquaintance of Madam Clark, wife of the minister. In our circuitous course we have now come to the Bedford parsonage, of an earlier date, from which the minister's daughter went to become a minister's wife, and as such the entertainer of Hancock and Adams.

Although no longer a parsonage, this, the most notable house of the town of that time, was a centre of patriotic influence.

The owner of to-day proudly opens the door, and bids a cheerful welcome to the guest, who is shown the room in which the town's Committee of Correspondence and Supplies held their numerous meetings. From this house went John Reed, the town's representative to the first two Provincial Congresses, and to numerous conventions where men of judgment, inspired by patriotism, were wont to meet to devise ways and means for carrying on the struggle for liberty. Here were discussed the questions which were later public actions of the voters, such as, to encourage the produce and manufactures of this Province, and to lesson the use of superfluities;" "not to use any tea till the duty is taken off;" "to suspend all commercial intercourse with Great Britain till the said act shall be repealed;" "not to buy, purchase, or consume, or suffer any person by, for, or under us, to purchase or consume, in any manner whatever, any goods, wares, or merchandise, which shall arrive in America from Great Britain, and to break off all trade, commerce, or dealing with those who do it, and to consider them as enemies to their country;" "June 17, 1776, voted, That we will solemnly engage with our lives and fortunes to support the colonies in declaring themselves independent of Great Britain."[12] The master of this house not only served on the various committees incident to the above votes, but shouldered his musket in a campaign to Rhode Island.

THROUGH THE OLD BURIAL-GROUND OF BEDFORD WITH A NONAGENARIAN.

When but a child, I found something congenial to my taste in the habits of an old man whom the townspeople familiarly called Uncle Leander.

It was not a benignant smile which sometimes lights up the faces of the aged as they approach the sunset of life, nor was it any special attention shown by this

12 The above votes were in substance the action of the towns in general.

man to the youth of the village. In neither way was he made particularly attractive to the many. But to me alone of all the children of the town who passed Uncle Leander's door on the way to school, was this man companionable. This was because of his efforts to stay the ravages of time in the Old Burial-Ground.

I had seen him on several occasions with a pail of whitewash, and a brush in hand, passing about among the leaning slabs, and here and there applying his liquid coating.

I was quite sure that some wise purpose actuated him in his repeated visits to this sacred enclosure. My resolve to inquire into this peculiar work was often of no avail, because of my failing courage when I neared the gate whose slats I had so often heard flapping in the breeze. In fact, I had an early aversion for the ancient sepulchres, because of false stories told me of the rude designs there seen on many stones. But the results of the old man's work recommended his acts to me, and I at length mustered courage to interview him. My first question met with no reply until Uncle Leander had stepped to an old moss-covered stone, from behind which he took a long tin trumpet, which he placed in his ear, turning the larger end of the conical tube to my mouth, and indicating that if I would fathom the fourscore years that separated us, I must do it through this instrument. This I did, and met with a most cheerful reply. In fact, the old man manifested pleasure that one so young should have any interest in his work, and in the Old Burial-Ground, where were resting almost all of those with whom he began life, and had for a long time journeyed.

"This preparation of lime," said he, "prevents the moss from gathering, and keeps the epitaphs in a legible condition."

Having observed that he discriminated in his work of prevention, I ventured to again penetrate his dull ear and learn the cause. The question brought a smile to the aged face; and he said, "Come with me, and I will show you." Passing to the centre of the yard, he paused at an erect, well-kept slab, and said, "Read that," which I did aloud, --

IN MEMORY OF CAPT. JONATHAN WILSON,

WHO WAS KILLED IN CONCORD-FIGHT

APRIL 19TH, A.D. 1775,

IN THE 41ST YEAR OF HIS AGE.

My venerable guide stood by me in the attitude of a listener; but he knew it all, and needed not to hear my voice. "My wife's uncle," said he; "a Bedford patriot, who was killed on the first day of the war." Taking up his pail and brush, he led the way to another section; paused, and leaned over a modest slab with seeming affection. This I read as before, --

HERE LIES THE BODY OF CALLEY FASSETT,

DAUGHTER OF MR. JOSEPH AND MRS. DOROTHY FASSETT,

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE AUG. 22, 1775,

AGED 17 YEARS.

"My father's first love," said Uncle Leander. My father, John Hosmer, was engaged to be married to her, a most beautiful young lady. When the Lexington alarm was sounded, he left home, and did his duty that memorable day, and returned safely, staying long enough to bid a tender farewell to his betrothed, cheering her at parting with the promise of a speedy return when he should claim her as his bride. He occasionally received some carefully prepared dainty from her hand, delivered by a teamster who brought food and other supplies to the camp. At length there came a time when neither word nor package reached him, and in an anxious mood he lay down in his camp for a night's rest. But harrowing dreams disturbed the soldier's slumber, and he awoke by a call to duty with a vivid impression that the object of his affection had died. So firmly fixed was the impression, that he obtained a leave of absence for a few days, and made haste to Bedford. As he approached the weather-beaten dwelling through a bridle-path, he detected unusual movements, and soon learned the painful reality of his dream. As chief mourner, the young soldier followed the object of his blighted affections to this grave, and sorrowfully returned to answer his country's call.

The years of war, when death in its most trying forms was a common occurrence, did not efface from his memory the scenes of his early years.

"Although surrounded by a large and prosperous family, my father never forgot his first love, but conducted his children and grandchildren to this grave, and here told them the story which has led me to keep the stone erect, and safe from the ravages of time."

Among other objects of the old man's care was the stone on which I read, --

SACRED

TO THE MEMORY OF CAPT. JOHN MOORE,

WHO DIED SEPT. 27TH 1807,

AGED 78 YEARS.

Glory with all her lamps shall burn,

To watch the Christian's sleeping clay.

Till the last trumpet cause his urn

To aid the triumph of that day.

"He was captain of the Bedford militia," said my guide; "was over to Concord Fight, and also in the Continental army. He was one of the wealthy of the town, as this stone indicates, by its size and style."

To the graves of Solomon Stearns and Reuben Bacon, he led me, pausing only to say, "Fell sick in camp, and died just before the battle of Bunker Hill. Brave patriots they." Lieutenant Edward Stearns's grave was near by, and the stone was one that Uncle Leander kept in order. "He took Captain Willson's place at the fight," said the faithful guide. Lieutenant Moses Abbott's gravestone was another that had received the attention of this man with the pail and brush.

"Moses Fitch," said he as we hastened on, "wounded at White Plains," at the same time drawing the brush across the smooth surface of an unusually tall slab. "He was deacon, had a little better stone than some; deacons were then people of distinction, you know."

Reaching over to an irregular row in the rear, my guide said, "Solomon Lane," at the same time applying his brush; "he was at Concord, with scores more who are now all free from the tumult of war."

Stumbling over mounds and depressions, alike suggestive of the early and later time, we came to a row of stones of a size and design indicative of the standing of the family in the town. "They selected this corner of the yard," said Uncle Leander, "because it was very near the old residence." The inscription was easily read because of the fresh coating of whitewash. It was "Erected in memory of John Reed, Esq., who died Nov. 20, 1805, in the 75th year of his age." "A member of the first and second Provincial Congresses, of the Committee of Inspection, and also of the Convention that met to frame a constitution." So well had my guide classified the patriots of the town in their various departments of service, that he readily pointed out the other stones marking the graves of the Committee of Inspection, each of which had received the careful attention of his hand. They were Moses Abbott, already mentioned; Thomas Page, who died July 31, 1809, aged 76 years; Ebenezer Page, who departed this life June ye 9th, 1784, aged 47 years and 6 days; and Edward Stearns, whose grave we had already visited. My guide confessed to having become puzzled over the many stones erected to the memory of the Pages. As they all had been identified with the military interests of the town, he had given each stone the same treatment, and proceeded to make known to me the result of his study in this direction. He read, "Cornet Nathaniel Page, who died March 2, 1755, aged 76 years," and remarked, "He must have been the Nathaniel of the second generation, who was in the Indian wars." The next to notice, and in order of generation, was "Nathaniel Page, who died April 6, 1779, aged 76 years." Here my guide thoughtfully remarked in passing, "Too soon to realize the result of his experience at Concord, which was hard indeed for him, then 72 years of age." He next led the way to a stone on which I read, "Cornet John Page, who died Feb. 18, 1782, aged 76 years," and remarked during my reading, unheard by him, "He was a very tall man, who made the regulars tremble. He was at Lexington on the eventful morning, and aided in capturing several prisoners. He was also at Bunker

Hill." As the next generation in order, my guide selected the following inscription, "Mr. Nathaniel Page, who died July 31, 1819, aged 77 years," remarking, "He carried the old flag with the minute-men to Concord Fight." The difficulty of making any inquiry led me to accept all the remarks of my venerable friend, which I later proved to be well authenticated. The next of the name was found to be, "Nathaniel Page, who died Aug. 30, 1858, aged 83 years." To this my guide remarked, "Born in the harvest-time following the fight at Concord, too late to have a part in the Revolution; but he was on hand in 1812, and was always ready to take part in the 'Cornwallis,' when we celebrated the surrender of that General to Washington." Having made out the successive generations, Uncle Leander made haste to call my attention to the stones marking the graves of Sergeant Christopher Page of the minute-men, and William Page of the militia, and paused to say, "Here ought to be a stone to the memory of Timothy Page, who was one of the militia at Concord, and was killed at White Plains."

So faithfully had this aged man studied these modest memorials, that he led me to the graves of other Bedford patriots, where, now that my guide has passed away, I read, "Lieut. John Merriam, Sergeant James Wright, Lieut. Eleazer Davis, Fifer David Lane," all of the militia who served in the opening of the war, also "James Lane, Jr., 3d, Oliver Reed, Jr., Samuel Lane, Israel Putnam, Jr., Samuel Bacon, Samuel Davis, Thaddeus Davis, William Maxwell, Samuel Meads, Samuel Merriam, David Fitch, Abijah Bacon, Ziba Lane, Josiah Davis, John Lane, Joseph Hartwell, Thomas Bacon, John Fitch, Samuel Lane, Jr., Job Lane, Jr., Matthew Pollard, Stephen Lane, Oliver Pollard, Jr., John Reed."

Of the minute-men indicated by my guide, and later verified, I read, "Sergeant Ebenezer Fitch, 2d Lt. Timothy Jones, Joseph Meads, Jr., Reuben Bacon (before mentioned), Oliver Bacon, drummer, Jonas Gleason, David Bacon, David Reed, Nathan Bacon, Elijah Bacon, Lieut. William Merriam, Matthew Fitch."

By the time we had gone the rounds of the Revolutionary list, my guide had become so aroused with the spirit of the days when these men left their homes at the midnight call, that he could not refrain from seeking out a very ancient stone, on which I read, --

IN MEMORY OF MR. JOHN ABBOTT,

WHO DIED IN YE ARMY AT LAKE GEORGE,

NOV. YE 2D, 1756,

AGED 25 YEARS.

He also directed me to a space, apparently vacant, which he thought was reserved in memory of Nathaniel Merriam, who died in his Majesty's service at Lake George, in September, 1758.

This faithful old man had thus adopted a method of marking the graves of the soldiers of the Revolution many years before any organization had sprung up to

do it. The whitewashed slabs throughout that enclosure indicated the resting-place of a good share of the seventy-seven men from Bedford who were seen at Concord in the hottest of the fight.

Halting near the centre of the enclosure, my faithful guide repeated the effort made many times before this day, to straighten up one of the most ancient stones, but which as often settled back to its long accustomed position. While thus engaged, Uncle Leander seemed to have forgotten his youthful companion, and meditated in a half audible manner, "Dea. Israel Putnam, died November ye 12th, 1760." When, having fully satisfied himself of the difficulty of changing the habit of anything, even a gravestone, which had followed its own inclination for more than a century, the old man turned about, and shouted, "Here, boy, let me tell you about this. In a half-charmed, half-frightened state of mind, I stepped forward, and gave heed to the narrative, while my eyes were seemingly riveted to the rude carvings before me. "Brave man," said he, "Israel Putman was a relative of General Israel, who faced the wolf and the British as well. He settled over opposite here in 1721, and was one of the prominent founders of this town. He gave the land for this burial-place, and might well have this central location himself. He was the first deacon of the church and a leading citizen." Having discharged his obligation to the memory of one who took the first steps towards the incorporation of the town of Bedford, my guide turned about, and, placing his trembling hand upon a stone near by, said, "This marks the grave of Jonathan Bacon, whose daughter Sarah became the wife of Israel Putnam. Hence you see their close relation in death is suggestive of their intimacy in life." I must confess that it was only the main fact that was intelligible to me in my youth, the minor points having later become realities to me.

Jonathan Bacon, "a principal inhabitanc," was the leader in the formation of the church and town, and one whose years gave him the precedence in the entire enterprise. Another stone which was the object of the old man's care made up an interesting trio. On it I read, "Doc. John Fassett, died January 30th, 1736, aged 66 years." "He was the first resident physician, famous for bleeding and blistering. If he had lived a few years longer, there might not have been so many of those little stones as you see over there." With this remark, accompanied by a wise shake of his gray locks, Uncle Leander moved on, keeping a sure grasp upon his pail and brush, of which he occasionally made use. Halting before a sunken memorial, he said, "This triple stone, and that one over yonder, suggest the ravages of a throat distemper which brought sorrow to a good many families in this town and throughout the country." By careful examination I found that my guide was doubtless right; for I there learned that within ten days, in the year 1754, Mr. Christopher and Mrs. Susannah Page parted with three little children, and that many other little mounds were made in that burial-ground during the same time. Coming to the north-east corner of the enclosure, my guide said, "This was the African reservation, the place where the family slaves were buried, and the paupers as well." This locality was conspicuous for the absence of memorial stones; the levelling hand of time had failed to obliterate the mounds that lay in methodical rows, each mouldering heap as suggestive of mortality as

though dignified by the sculptor's hand and the motto, "Memento mori."

"A good many old slaves lay there," said my guide, flourishing his brush as though he would like to wipe out that part of the annals of the town, and that peculiar chapter in the history of the New England colonies. In passing along, my oracle did not fail to express his contempt for one who had lived in the community, -- "a miser," said he, "lived to be almost a hundred, but how much better was the town for his having lived in it? A flourish of his brush, and a thump upon the stone, gave emphasis to the old man's indignation. Leading on to another locality, my guide directed my attention to a stone of which he remarked, "Queer old minister, that Penniman, -- a sort of a Tory he was; thought he was doing his duty by staying at home and praying on the 19th of April, 1775, when all his parishioners were up in arms." While the old man gave vent to his feelings in regard to the minister of the town during the Revolution, I was endeavoring to remove the lichen which hid the inscription; for the old man's whitewash brush had not been applied here, any more than it had been on the stone last noticed. My surprise at not finding the sepulchre of the minister brought forth the exclamation, "Oh, no! that parson was hurried off; but he has left us a record of his peculiarities in the inscriptions which you read there on the stones at the graves of his children."

HANNAH, DAUGHTER OF REV. JOSEPH PENNIMAN

AND HANNAH, HIS WIFE,

WHO DIED DEC. 22, 1790,

AGED 18 YEARS, 4 MOS., II DAYS.

Ah! now no notice do you give

Where yon are and how you live!

What! are you then bound by solemn fate,

To keep the secret of your slate?

The alarming voice you will hear,

When Christ the Judge shall appear.

Hannah! from the dark lonely vault,

Certainly, soon and suddenly you'll come,

When Jesus shall claim the treasure from the tomb.

On the stone at the grave of Molly, who died in 1778, at the age of 3 years, 6 months, 3 days, is to be read, --

> Ah! dear Polly, must your tender parents mourn,
>
> Their heavy loss, and bathe with tears your urn,
>
> Since now no more to us you must return.

The diverted attention of my guide led him to be unusually free with his wash; and seeing the pail was empty, he thoughtfully leaned over to me, raised his trembling voice, and said, "I sha'n't be here long to attend to these patriots' graves. You boys must do it; for if it had not been for such men and women as lay here, we should be crouching beneath the paw of the British lion to-day."

CHAPTER XVI

THE OLD COLONIAL BANNER AND FLAG OF THE MINUTE-MEN OF BEDFORD

(An address delivered by the author, April 19, 1895.)

EVERY event of the Revolution, though incidental and comparatively trifling, should be gathered up and put in enduring form, in order that the rising generation may have a just appreciation of the heritage to which they are born, and which they are bound to maintain and protect.

Monuments and statues have been erected in liberal numbers, especially since the centennial year. Concord, Lexington, and Bunker Hill have become familiar to every schoolboy, while the entire route from Old North Church to Old North Bridge has been indicated by enduring tablets.

But while these greater things have engrossed our attention, the smaller, equally significant, have been lost from view.

Not until a comparatively recent date has the flag of the minute-men been known to be in existence. It matters not whether we are descendants of the brave men who were in the opening scenes of the Revolution, or whether we perpetuate those who were in the Continental army, we must be interested in the slightest detail of that day when was "fired the shot heard round the world."

When Emerson penned the beautiful lines, --

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,

Their flag to April's breeze unfurled," he had no thought that the "embattled farmers" had a flag. It was a poetical figure. Surprised indeed must he have been, when delivering the address at the unveiling of the Minute-Man in 1875, to rest his eyes upon the only banner carried a century earlier in the heat of that struggle which his pen has so beautifully portrayed. It proved his poetic thought to have been tinged with double reality.

CONCORD FIGHT.

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,

Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,

Here once the embattled farmers stood,

And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;

Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;

And Time the ruined bridge has swept

Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,

We set to-day a votive stone;

That memory may their deed redeem,

When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare

To die, and leave their children free,

Bid Time and Nature gently spare

The shaft we raise to them and Thee."

Written by Ralph Waldo Emerson, and sung at the dedication of the granite shaft erected in 1836.

The historic bridge was demolished when the original road was abandoned. A rustic bridge was built at the same place preparatory to the centennial celebration, 1875. (See story of "A Concord Patriot" in this volume.) This bridge was partly carried away by a spring flood, but has been more strongly built.

The minute-men of Bedford had a flag; but I do not presume to assert to any one, much less to the Sons of the American Revolution, that it was a flag planned for this service. We know too well how the yeomen soldiers were organized for service to think of their making any such preparation. Neither Hancock with his abundant wealth, nor Adams with his abounding patriotism, had thought of any standard for the little companies that were being drilled for a moment's warning. They were too busily engrossed with the weighter matters of the time.

When Adams from the heights of Lexington saw in that gorgeous April sunrise a figure of the future glory of America, it was with no thought that the flag of the future republic was to be spangled with the galaxy of the heavens.

But in the old town of Bedford was the standard destined to be the flag of the

minute-men of that town.

Like many another important event of history, this was not the result of any preconcerted action. Neither were the bloody scenes at Lexington Common and Old North Bridge, which have been subjects for the admiration of all patriots, of every clime, for more than a century.

A local company of cavalry was raised in this colony in 1659, just before the restoration of Charles II. It comprehended Essex, Suffolk, and Middlesex in Massachusetts. It was known as the "Three County Troop." This remained in existence until 1677, or possibly later. It is certain that it was in active service during King Philip's war. The formation of this company of cavalry leads to the conclusion that there must have been a standard, cornet as it was then termed, "upon which arms were emblazoned."

With the fact of the cavalry company thoroughly established, and with the ancient standard before us, we naturally conclude that our "Flag of the Minute-men" was the cornet of the "Three Country Troop." In the way of corroborative evidence I would cite an entry said to be in a herald painter's book of the time of Charles I., which Mr. Whitmore says is preserved in the British Museum.

It is as follows: --

WORK DONE FOR NEW ENGLAND --

For painting in oyel on both sides a Cornett one rich crimson damask, with a hand and sword, and invelloped with a scarf about the arms of gold, black; and silver,

□ 2 0s. 6d.

For a plain Cornette staffe with belte, boote and swible at first penny

100

For silk of crimson and silver fringe and for a Cornett string

1110

For Crimson Damask

110

□ 52s. 6d.

It is certain that the herald painter's bill made almost two hundred and twenty-five years ago identifies our flag. No modern detective could ask for more definite description.

The "belte, boote and swible" are gone. The silver fringe is also missing; but I have the word of Madam Ruhamah Lane, late of Bedford, when past her ninetieth year: "I took that silver fringe from that old flag when I was a giddy girl, and

trimmed a dress for a military ball. I was never more sorry for anything than that which resulted in the loss of the fringe."

Hon. Jonathan A. Lane of Boston, son of the venerable woman above quoted, told me that he had the same story from his mother's lips when she was in the prime of life.

The presence of the flag in Bedford is easily accounted for.

Nathaniel Page, referred to in the chapter immediately preceding this, was the first of the family in possession of the flag. He was a military man, connected with the "Three County Troop" as cornet or bearer of the standard. This was a position held by several generations of his descendants in later military organizations, as witness their ancient gravestones.

CORNET NATHANIEL PAGE, DIED MARCH 2, 1755, AGED 76.

CORNET NATHANIEL PAGE, DIED APRIL 6, 1779, AGED 76.

CORNET JOHN PAGE, DIED FEB. 18, 1782, AGED 78.

The ancient standard was brought to Bedford by Nathaniel Page, when he settled in Shawsheen (Bedford); and being in the house, it was taken by Nathaniel Page 3d, a Bedford minute-man, and borne to Concord, and there waved above the smoke of that battle, "the first forcible resistance to British aggression."

The Page family, as already shown, owned the same house which they occupied for many generations, and which is still in the family. From the ancestor who hastily seized that flag, and hastened to Concord with the minute-men of Bedford, has come the story to generation after generation. Madam Lane, already quoted, had the story of the standard-bearer, her father, from his own lips. Mr. Appleton, of the Massachusetts Historical Society, says, "It was originally designed, in 1660-70, for the Three County Troop of Middlesex, and became one of the accepted standards of the organized militia of the State, and as such it was used by the Bedford company. In my opinion this flag far exceeds in historic value the famed flag of Eutaw and Pulaski's banner[13],and Pulaski visited Lafayette while wounded and a recipient of the care and hospitality of the Moravian sisters, at Bethlehem, Pa. His presence and eventful history made deep impression upon the minds of that community. When informed that he was organizing the corps of cavalry they prepared a banner of crimson silk for him. It was beautifully wrought with various designs, and sent to the Count with their blessings. in fact is the most precious memorial of its kind of which we have any knowledge."

"The Flag of the Minute-men," issued by the author of this book in 1894, is thus indorsed: --

13 Count Pulaski, a Polish, officer, was appointed a brigadier in the Continental army on Sept. 15, 1777, just after the battle of Brandywine, and was given the command of the cavalry. This he resigned, and later organized a corps of cavalry.

DEAR MR. BROWN, --

Your "Souvenir" is a work of art, admirably planned and executed. I congratulate you on the work.

MR. ABRAM ENGLISH BROWN, Bedford.

My dear Sir, --

I have read with great interest your Souvenir, and note with peculiar pride "The Flag of the Minute-men," which is now so valuable, as being the identical flag carried at "Concord Fight." As the years roll on this flag will be more and more valued by the patriotic people of our land.

Pulaski received the banner with grateful acknowledgments, and bore it gallantly through many a martial scene, until he fell in conflict at Savannah in the autumn of 1779.

His banner was saved by his first lieutenant, who received fourteen wounds. It was taken to Baltimore, and kept until 1824, when it was carried in the procession that welcomed Lafayette to that city. It was later given to the Maryland Historical Society.

"The Flag of the Minute-men, April 19, 1775." Its origin and history by Abram English Brown is one of those invaluable historical records, that, once lost, is lost for all time. It is due to the indefatigable, painstaking care of the author that the patriotic effort was put forth whereby the old flag is now held in public trust, -- the sacred emblem of freedom and truth, and that equality that gives "to every man the right of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." It is a book for every member of a patriotic society to own -- this little history of the first flag of our country.

After the experience of April 19, 1775, the flag was kept in the Page garret, seldom seen by any one, and by none appreciated, until on the morning of April 19, 1875, a century's dust was shaken off the damask folds, and it was carried by the Bedford delegation in the procession at Concord, and there unfurled again by the rude bridge. After the service of thatday it was returned to the same hiding-place, and there remained ten years longer, when it was brought out by Captain Cyrus Page, who was the embodiment of the military zeal of his ancestors, and by him presented to the town of Bedford, on Oct. 19, 1885, the anniversary of the surrender by Cornwallis to Washington.

CHAPTER XVII

CUPID'S HEIRLOOM

WHAT a bustle there was in the old Fitch home of Bedford on the morning of April 19, 1775. Before the first note of the robin was heard in the orchard in the rear of the house, lights were seen flitting about from room to room, and long before the sun appeared above the horizon three stalwart young men were bidden a hasty farewell by mother and sisters, and made a quick step to the village.

"Be sure and get something warm at Jeremiah's," was the loving request of the mother, an afterthought expressed at the door when the boys were beyond the hearing of the loving mother's voice. Jeremiah was the eldest son of the family, who had set up the business of a tavern-keeper in the village; and being sergeant of the minutemen of the town, it had been agreed that, in case of alarm, the company should assemble there.

John and Matthew, the twins of the family, reached Jeremiah's a full half-hour before Moses did. They started together; but he could not refrain from running across the meadows to say a last word to Rachel, a neighbor's daughter, for whom he had a tender interest.

Although glad to see him, she would not detain the young man, being fully aware of the alarm that had already called her father, Lieutenant Edward Stearns, and his eldest son, Solomon, from the home. Rachel was the eldest of the three daughters of the home; she was a rosy-cheeked lass, already promised to be the wife of Moses, who was three years her senior.

Despite the anxiety in both homes during that day, there was more than ordinary activity with those who were left. Rye pancakes were prepared by the peck, while the great iron kettle which hung from the crane was filled and emptied many times in the process of cooking salt pork and vegetables for the absent men.

Rachel, with her two sisters, Susannah and Alice, lost no time in the manufacture of bullets and cartridges. Thus the day of anxiety wore away in the homes, while the absent ones had scarcely time to think of home.

With the dead and wounded was brought the message that the able-bodied would not be home that day, and the order to send the provisions down toward Boston where it was supposed the enemy would be held. It fell to the women and few men remaining in the town to bury the brave Captain Jonathan Willson, while the immediate family of job Lane cared for him, in whose body was yet hidden the well-aimed bullet of the enemy. The return of Lieutenant Stearns after three days brought tidings from the absent, but no relief to Rachel, who now learned that her brother Solomon and lover Moses had decided to remain on duty indefinitely. But the brave of either sex spent no time in idle lamentation. Between cooking, spinning, and knitting every moment was occupied; and not a day passed but some one in the town took a load of provisions to the Cambridge camp. Moses

Fitch received a double share; not only did the package from his home contain the bountiful evidence of the solicitude of mother and sisters, but in the Stearns bundle was always sure to be found some reminder of Rachel's love.

Scarcely had a month elapsed before exposure and fatigue began its destructive work. One after another of the young men were brought to their homes to languish and die; among these was Solomon Stearns. Then, as not before, did the brave heart of Rachel grow faint. She saw but little prospect of her lover's ever returning to redeem his promise made months before, and renewed with a fond embrace on the morning of April 19. These lovers had secretly agreed that their marriage should be solemnized by the use of a ring. This was a great innovation upon family custom; for both families were strong Congregationalists, and shared in that contempt for anything that savored of the Church of England, and especially now that the king was making an attempt to rob them of what liberties they had enjoyed. The prospect of their marriage was poor indeed. Moses felt it to be his duty to continue in the service, and Rachel was too much of a patriot to say anything against it.

The evacuation of Boston brought cheer to many homes. By some it was thought to be the end of the difficulty, and the triumph of the Colonial cause; but it soon became apparent that fighting was to be done elsewhere. While the seat of war had removed from Massachusetts Bay, there was yet to be fighting, and Massachusetts men must be in it. When Rachel was plying her spinning-wheel with renewed courage, there came the call for a seventh campaign. This time eight men must go from Bedford to New York, and Moses Fitch was of that number. The distance made it harder for Rachel to bear; but she was a patriot, and willingly made the sacrifice of comfort, fearing only that she might be called upon to make a greater sacrifice. She could no longer send the little dainties to camp, and thus comfort herself by cheering the one whom she had loved from the days when they had together gone to the little school on the hill, half-way between their respective homes. Then, whatever troubled one brought a shadow over the other's face; and so it had been down to the time when their greatest trouble was their country's sorrow. She kept the little wheel going, and week by week added new pieces to her store of fine linen, while with her own hands she tended the fresh crop of flax.

It was into the month of November before the sad tidings were received from the battle of White Plains, fought on the 28th of the previous month. Not since the 19th of April of the previous year had such sorrow filled the hearts of the people of this little town. Timothy Page had been killed and Moses Fitch wounded. Rachel was now ready to enter the service as a nurse; but being denied this privilege, she set to work in the preparation of bandages and lint for the use of the army surgeons. Months wore away, during which occasional messages brought the assurance that the wounded patriot would recover, and soon be able to return to his home. At length in an unexpected hour he appeared, with one arm hanging useless at his side. With a reasonable expectation of ultimate recovery, the young man endured the privation, with the aid and sympathy of those who loved him. With little prospect of either pay or pension, these young people went on with

their plans. When the soldier's pay came, it was in the form of the Continental currency, more bulky than valuable; but all this could not deter them from their one purpose.

Rachel belonged to the "Daughters of Liberty," and was resolved to be led to the marriage altar in a gown of her own manufacture. To this Moses was agreed; but one purpose was to be carried out, no matter how great the self-denial in other directions. Rachel was to have a wedding-ring. There was no stipulation as to quality, unless the empty purse of her lover was to make one. The wounded patriot disposed of a good share of his depreciated currency, and secured the ring, all unknown to Rachel, who had a secret plan to drop a bit of her slowly accumulated coin into the empty purse before this long anticipated day arrived. Before the sounds of war had fully ceased, the day was set when the friends of Moses and Rachel should assemble, and witness the ceremony by which the attachment of childhood was to be consummated in marriage. It was just here that a new difficulty arose. The Rev. Mr. _____, the only parson of the town, had leaned too strongly towards the Tory sentiment to be invited to unite these young patriots in the bonds of wedlock. To fail to do it would be a great breach of propriety; but he who had said, when the regulars were on the march to Concord, "You go and fight, and I will stay here and pray," could not be invited to this service. To use the ring and omit the minister would not be in the line of good Congregationalism; but it was in the time of war, and this seeming contradictory act must be explained by each guest and interested neighbor for himself.

It was on Thanksgiving Day, 1782, that Moses Fitch, in his homespun suit, led Rachel Stearns, in a dress of her own manufacture, to the marriage altar. While the "Squire" of the town made the service legal, Moses placed the ring upon Rachel's finger, with no priestly intervention.

Thus two of the most noted families of that locality were brought together. The founder of each came in the Winthrop immigration, being of that stock which gave to New England its grandest characteristics.

The ring consisted of a modest jewel in a setting of gold. It was a simple thing; but it meant much to her as she received it from the soldier, wounded in the struggle for liberty. In fact, it spoke to her of his blood, poured out on the field of battle. It has ever since been a talisman to the generations that have succeeded this happy couple. To Moses and Rachel, thus happily united, there were born Solomon, Lucy, Moses, Elijah, Rachel, Joel, and Nathan, -- six of whom are represented in most useful lives to-day. But to the namesake of the mother it was early decided that the wedding-ring should descend, and that it should be delivered on the day of her marriage.

Although the mother ceased to wear the ring two years before the marriage of the daughter, yet on Feb. 18, 1819, Rachel second, in appearing at the marriage altar, wore the envied ring that had glistened in her youthful eyes as she twirled it on the finger of her mother, while she listened to its story from her whose fondling embrace was not forgotten.

Through the years of this second family possession the sacred obligation of the

ring was kept in mind. That it was the birthright of the Rachel was a family truth. None but boys looked upon the precious link of family connection, as by their mother, Rachel, they were taught to revere the memory of those through whose marriage the sacred link had been welded. A niece had now appeared, who bore the name for the third generation; and on March 26, 1868, the golden band with its glistening jewel was duly transferred. The difficulty of carrying out to the letter the early pledge was here again met; for Rachel third had not responded to Cupid's darts, when the second proud owner could wear the ring no longer.

Upon the finger of a skilful dressmaker the talisman was now seen for many years, as she plied the needle in the wealthiest families of Boston.

Though deaf to all lovers' whispered words, she bore the name of Rachel, and claimed the prize. Again the letter of the rule was violated, and more rudely than before. Competition had failed at the baptismal font, and no generation of the name of her for whom Jacob served so long now rose to claim the ring.

It was by Sarah that the ancient race was perpetuated, so the family council decided that the one bearing this biblical name should be the owner in the fourth generation.

Hence, a Middlesex bride of 1893 wore to the marriage altar the ring which sacredly links the present with the past, and which gave not a little tinge of sentiment to the new relation entered upon by one of the favorites of modern society.

Were this all, it were sufficient to arouse feelings of envy in the minds of others of the family circle but the happy bride by this act of marriage became the possessor of a contingent legacy. Rachel the third, whose skilful hand long bore the precious heirloom when exercised in adorning the brides of the palatial mansions of Boston and vicinity, studiously kept aloof from all matrimonial alliances herself, but she thoughtfully offered a prize upon the marriage rite.

In her last will and testament, probated in September, 1888, is the following clause: "To my sister I give and bequeath my Japanese jewel-case and my silver spoons, and I direct her to give the same to the first of my nieces that shall be married, on her wedding day."

There were six nieces who shared in the accumulated wealth of the third Rachel, either of whom might be the fortunate legatee. There was no apparent competitive struggle for the jewels, but a stray quiver from Cupid's bow was the means of the one who had the ancient heirloom becoming the rightful legatee under the will of the last Rachel.

No woman of New England descent has a more commendable pass into the Daughters of the Revolution than she who wears the ring that was the price of the blood of a Middlesex hero.

CHAPTER XVIII

CAPTURE OF PAUL REVERE. -- THE MOST DEADLY FIGHT. -- BURIAL OF THE KINGS SOLDIERS. -- OLD FAMILIES. -- NEW ENGLAND ANCESTORS OF PRESIDENT JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD

LINCOLN.

THE people of Lincoln were more closely allied with their neighbors in Concord than those of either town that had formed parts of the original settlement. Until within about ten years of the beginning of trouble with the mother country, a part of the town had been included in the "six miles square." They had been recognized as a separate municipality only about a score of years when open hostilities were begun. Her sons were well schooled in the art of war, having done faithful service in the interests of the king. Within a year of its incorporation Lincoln was engaged in active preparation for war; and nearly a score of the able-bodied men had their poll-taxes in the county rates for the year 1755 abated, "they being in His Majesty's service in the defence of His dominions in North America." Two were killed at the battle of Lake George, Sept. 8, 1755, others were in the expedition to the eastward in the dis- charge of their country's service, and through the protracted troubles with the French and Indians the town was well represented.

The same patriotism that prompted these people to fight for the king was their impelling motive when George III. turned his sceptre against them, and their experience had fitted them for the hardships before them.

Early in the business transactions of the young town stands the record of March 15, 1770 "Voted, that we will not purchase any one article of any person that imports goods contrary to the agreement of the merchants of Boston;" and in answer to the circular letter of February, 1773, they make the following record: "We will not be wanting in our assistance according to our ability, in the prosecuting of all such lawful and constitutional measures as shall be thought proper for the continuance of all our rights, privileges, and liberties, both civil and religious; being of opinion that a steady, united, persevering conduct in a constitutional way, is the best means, under God, for obtaining the redress of all our grievances."

Among the notable families of Lincoln that did valiant service in the Revolution, and which are yet represented in the place, is the Farrar family, still occupying the old estate, on which are two dwellings that echoed the voices of anxious people on the 19th of April, 1775. Miss Mary B. Farrar, my informant, with others at the old home, represent the sixth generation in possession. The first family dwelling was built by George Farrar about 1692, and hence has sheltered the family almost two centuries. About the time of setting up his home at this place, a part of Concord, he was urged to settle farther to the interior of the country, and was offered one-half the present township of Southborough for two cents per

acre, and went to see it; but on his return said it was so far in the wilderness it would never be inhabited. This pioneer, who lived until 1760, and his wife one year longer, was succeeded by a son, Samuel, who was born in 1708. Through his marriage with Lydia Barrett of Concord, the family became joined with one of historical interest. He lived to see the promise of liberty well-nigh verified, when he was succeeded by his son and namesake, Samuel, who was born in 1737, and whose marriage with Mary Hoar in 1772 made the interests of these towns more intimate. He was distinguished in the Revolution, and ever since appears in the records as "Captain." He attained the age of ninety-two years, dying in 1829. The family succession was continued by James, son of Captain and Deacon Samuel, who began life at this old home in the year of the Declaration of Independence, for which his father nobly fought.

The marriage of James Farrar, first with Nancy Barrett, and later with Mary Fiske Hoar, continued and strengthened interesting family history.

The second James, born in 1820, kept the record unbroken, and aided in maintaining the family integrity. He married Adeline Hyde in 1845; and their children occupy the old dwelling, which they sincerely cherish, as does another branch of the family, occupying another dwelling of much historical interest. Judge Timothy Farrar, who died in 1847, aged one hundred and one years and seven months, said of his birthplace, when asked as to its age on his centennial, You must ask some one older than I; it was an old house as long as I can remember."

Samuel Farrar, with his wife, Lydia Barrett, both advanced in years, and their son, Samuel, with Mary Hoar, his wife, were all living on the old homestead at the opening of the Revolution. The home was but a short distance from the village of Concord, and the reader can imagine that whatever affected the people of the mother town touched the vital interests of these families in Lincoln.

The geographical situation of Lincoln favored a strong alliance with Concord. The main road from Charlestown, through Lexington to Concord and Groton, passed through the northerly part of Lincoln; hence the travel between the lower towns and those of importance in Middlesex county, farther inland, was naturally through Lincoln. Soldiers from Gage's army had been frequently seen passing up and down this road; and if an invasion was made, it was expected to be over this direct route. In the north-easterly part of the town, near Lexington line, and not far from Bedford, dwelt Mr. Josiah Nelson, an ardent patriot, with whom arrangements were made to extend an alarm in case of danger. Nelson was awakened in the night of the 18th of April by the noise of horsemen passing up the road. He rushed out half-dressed to ascertain the cause of the passing, and instead of information was given a blow with a sword, gashing his head, and was told that he was a prisoner. He was immediately surrounded by a party of British scouts and Tories, who acted as guides; after detaining him a while the scouts left him in charge of the Tories, who knew him well as an honored citizen, and they soon released him, with an order to go into his house and extinguish the light. They threatened to burn his house over his head if he gave any alarm, or showed

any light. But this did not cause the patriot to shrink from duty. After dressing himself and his wound, he started to keep his promise to the Bedford neighbors, a little north of his home. This alarm, sounded in the extreme south part of Bedford by Nelson, explains the readiness with which the minute-men and militia of that part of Bedford reported at Jeremiah Fitch's tavern in Bedford Centre when the alarm from Lexington was first given in the opposite part of the town.

It was not far from Nelson's home that Paul Revere, on his midnight ride, was captured, and thus prevented from going to Concord, as the poet describes him, unless it was by proxy.

"It was two by the village clock

When he came to the bridge in Concord town.

He heard the bleating of the flock,

And the twitter of birds among the trees,

And felt the breath of the morning breeze

Blowing over the meadows brown."

(The town of Lincoln has taken action towards the erection of a monument where Revere was captured.)

Captain William Smith of the minute-men lived on this road, and to him the alarm must have come at a very early hour. He mounted his horse, and made haste to spread the alarm, and then pushed on to Concord, reaching there with a part of his company about seven o'clock in the morning. He was directed by a field-officer to parade his men on the hill, which he did, leaving his horse at the tavern. The horse was later appropriated by the enemy to carry away one of their wounded. When the British were in possession of North Bridge, Captain Smith offered, with his company, to endeavor to dislodge them.

Leaving Captain Smith and such of his company as received the alarm in time to join him in the morning at Concord, I will now invite the reader to join me in listening to the story of Mrs. Samuel Hartwell as told by her grandson, who had it repeatedly from her lips. Says Mr. Hartwell, "It was my good fortune to have a grandmother live in the full possession of her faculties until she attained almost a century of life. The happiest days of my youth were those spent at her fireside, listening to her experiences on the day long to be remembered. She said: 'Your grandfather, who was sergeant, left the house, joining the neighbors as soon as the alarm reached us. I did up the chores at the barn, and cared for the children as well as I could in my anxiety. When thus occupied, a colored woman who lived near us came in to spread the news of the approach of the British, but was afraid to go farther; so I said, "If you will take care of my baby, I will go and give the warning." I started for a neighbor's house, glancing down the road, and saw such a sight as I can never forget. The army of the king was coming up in fine order,

their red coats were brilliant, and their bayonets glistening in the sunlight made a fine appearance; but I knew what all that meant, and I feared that I should never see your grandfather again, although I then knew nothing of their bloody work at Lexington.

"'I saw an occasional horseman dashing by, going up and down, but heard nothing more until I saw them coming back in the afternoon, all in confusion, wild with rage, and loud with threats. I knew there had been trouble, and that it had not resulted favorably for that retreating army. I heard the musket-shots just below, by the old Brooks Tavern, and trembled, believing that our folks were killed. Some of the rough, angry soldiers rushed up to this house and fired in; but fortunately for me and the children, the shots went into the garret, and we were safe. How glad I was when they all got by the house, and your grandfather and our neighbors reached home alive!'"

The scenes that followed the alarm, when it reached other homes in the town, were in some respects like those at the home of Samuel Hartwell. Says Mr. Farrar, a grandson of Captain Samuel of the company of militia, and the owner and occupant of one of the Farrar dwellings on the old homestead, "My grandfather was on his way to mill in the early dawn when he heard of the trouble. Throwing his saddle-bags containing the grist over a wall, he made haste to rally his men, and went on to Concord."

The people, here as elsewhere, had become so alarmed by premonitions of evil that this morning's intelligence was enough to cause them to believe that nether life nor property was safe within the range of the invading army. Says Mr. Farrar, "The Concord families living nearest to our home fled this way for safety, and with my grandmother and others of the family left this house, and took refuge in 'Oaky Bottom,' a retired piece of forest land about one-half mile in.the rear of the house, still known by that name in our community. Grandmother in her haste had sufficient self-possession to think of the cattle tied in the barn. These she let loose, desiring to save them from the flames that she expected would be kindled by Gage's army. She took her babe, Samuel (the third), in her arms, the large family Bible, a loaf of bread, and a looking-glass, with what little silver she had, and bade farewell to the old dwelling, never expecting to gather her family about her again beneath that ancestral roof. Every little while they would venture out far enough to look over the hill to see if the soldiers had set the house on fire." To appreciate the situation of these people and others, the young patriot needs to place himself in thought back to that April morning, having in mind the many real threats and the more unwarranted alarms that had emanated from the army at Boston. "The babe Samuel," said Mr. Farrar, "grew and became a distinguished man. He was one of the trustees of Andover Seminary, and president of the bank for many years." His picture taken at the age of ninety years appears on page 223. The silver and the looking-glass, for some time hidden in a ditch, were safely returned to the home, and were long used in the family. The old Bible with its well-worn leaves, which long since left the vellum covers, is kept in a glass case in the room from which it was so hastily yet reverently taken.

While all the precaution taken by the Farrar family proved to be unnecessary, too much was not taken in the other part of Lincoln through which the enemy passed; for at more places than the Hartwell house, already mentioned, there were left indelibly stamped the signs of the vengeful acts of the enemy.

The soldiers of the town met one another at the scene of action at Concord; and it was one of them, Eleazer Brooks, whose calmness in the time of danger prevented the determined patriots from the rashness of attack, by saying, "It will not do for us to begin the war." In the most severe contest of the retreat, the Lincoln men were in their own town, many of them on their own farms, where they were familiar with every knoll and vale. Says Mr. William F. Wheeler, "The retreating column re-entered the town soon after noon. From the foot of Hardy's Hill, the first considerable ascent on the returning march, to the foot of the next hill, the road is the dividing line between Concord and Lincoln. At the south-west corner of the tanyard, the line of the town leaves the road and turns northward. Eastward from the tanyard the road ascends a steep acclivity, and bends northward also. To reduce the grade of the hill, and get material for the repairs of the road, an excavation had been made in the brow of the hill. Through this excavation the road passed; and on the easterly side of the road was a dense forest, which afforded a covert for the Provincials, while the curves of the road exposed the British to a raking fire from front and rear. It was here that the retreat first became a rout - here that the trained warriors of England's haughty king first paled in wild dismay, and then fled in dire confusion before an impromptu army of enraged and embattled farmers." Hard fighting was done on Lincoln soil. Near the brow of the hill eight British soldiers lost their lives. It was here that Captain Jonathan Willson of Bedford, Daniel Thompson of Woburn, and Nathaniel Wyman of Billerica were killed. Two more British soldiers lost their lives on Lincoln soil.

Some of the women of the town were not so disconcerted as to fail to plan for the needs of the men who had so hastily left their homes. Knowing that the men would probably pass down the highway on their return, these women prepared a lunch of hasty pudding and milk at the home of

Leonard Hoar. "This," said Mrs. Farrar, "was hastily served on extemporized tables of barrels and boards by the roadside."

Although Mrs. Samuel Hartwell had good reason for entertaining vindictive feelings towards the invading army, her actions proved that her better nature soon prevailed. She said, "I could not sleep that night, for I knew there were British soldiers lying dead by the roadside; and when, on the following morning, we were somewhat calmed and rested, we gave attention to the burial of those whom their comrades had failed to take away. The men hitched the oxen to the cart, and went down below the house, and gathered up, the dead. As they returned with the team and the dead soldiers, my thoughts went out for the wives, parents, and children away across the Atlantic, who would never again see their loved ones; and I left the house, and taking my little children by the hand, I followed the rude hearse to the grave hastily made in the burial-ground. I

remember how cruel it seemed to put them into one large trench without any coffins. There was one in a brilliant uniform, whom I supposed to have been .an officer. His hair was tied up in a cue." For more than a century this common grave remained unmarked, until the people of the town, considering the events of that day with a forgiving spirit, have within a

Among the many simple gravestones in the old burial-ground of this town is one that has stood for more than a century. It marks the resting place of a young soldier who was with the company at Old North Bridge and in the later trials of that April day of 1775, and who died on the 15th of the following August. For a full century this gray slab received no more notice than did scores of others standing there like sentinels, reminding the thoughtful of the brave yeomen soldiery of Middlesex. Dying childless and unmarried, the only family association at this grave is that of earlier generations.

Who shall say it was a mere accident that the name of Abraham Garfield and the family heroism did not perish when this young patriot's life came to an end in the town of Lincoln?

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends."

The young man Garfield not only had a part in that engagement which fixed the status of the colonies as that of rebellion, but he was one of eight men of the town who on the fourth day succeeding the fight swore to an affidavit before a magistrate.

We, John Hoar, John Whitehead, Abraham Garfield, Benjamin Munroe, Isaac Parker, William Hosmer, John Adams, Gregory Stone, all of Lincoln in the County of Middlesex, Massachusetts Bay, all of lawful age, do testify and say, that on Wednesday last, we were assembled at Concord, in the morning of said day, in consequence of information received that a brigade of regular troops was on their march to thee said town of Concord, who had killed six men at the town of Lexington.

About an hour afterwards we saw them approaching to the number, as we apprehended of about 1,200, on which we retreated to a hill about eighty rods back, and the said troops then took possession of the hill where we were first posted. Presently after this we saw the troops moving toward the North Bridge, about one mile from the said Concord meeting-house; we then immediately went before them and passed the bridge, just before a party of them, to the number of about two hundred, arrived; they there left about one-half of their two hundred at the bridge, and proceeded with the rest toward Col. Barrett's, about two miles from the said bridge; and the troops that were stationed there, observing our approach, marched back over the bridge and then took up some of the planks; we then hastened our march toward the bridge, and when we had got near the bridge they fired on our men, first three guns, one after the other, and then a considerable number more; and then, and not before (having orders from our commanding officers not to fire till we were fired upon), we fired upon the regulars and they retreated. On their retreat through the town of Lexington to Charlestown, they ravaged and destroyed private property, and burnt three

houses, one barn, and one shop.

It required the sublimest courage to place one's signature to that paper, for it was an admission under oath of having been a leader in the fight. It not only admitted, but justified, the act of firing on the troops of the government. It seemed almost equivalent to putting, the executioner's noose around one's neck. But to such men principle was of more importance than life. It was not only a means adopted for vindicating themselves before the government in England, but it was necessary that the truth of that fight accompanied by proofs that could not be questioned should be laid before the people of the colonies, in order that they might be roused to rebellion and revolution.

The patriots of 1775 not only did the deed, but shouldered the responsibility.

Real history has the glow of romance when one pauses to consider that one of the signers with Abraham Garfield was John Hoar, who became the great-grandfather of Senator George F. Hoar, presiding officer of the convention which nominated James Abram Garfield for the Presidency.

Solomon Garfield, brother of Abraham, and great-grandfather of the twentieth President of the United States, was, like his brother, born in Concord, now Lincoln, and was fully imbued with the spirit that actuated the men of Lincoln, although he had some years earlier set up his home elsewhere. The Lexington alarm reached him at his home in another town, thirty miles away from the family seat; but it met with a patriot's response, and he was soon on the way to the bloody scenes. Little more is known of him, save that he came out of the war having been impoverished by the loss of property, which was the occasion of his seeking a home elsewhere. The family moved to New York, where one of their sons, Thomas Garfield, was married. It was on the latter's farm, in December, 1799, that a son, Abram Garfield, was born. Though far away from family scenes, this branch of the family did not fail to remember the Lincoln patriot, who, like Joseph of old, was sleeping in the sepulchre of the fathers. The Garfield family became united with another of a like spirit, -- the Ballous. The marriage of the namesake of the Lincoln patriot with Eliza Ballou resulted in offspring, the youngest of whom was destined, not only to bear the name of the New England son, but to reanimate the scenes of the past.

The fabric of history begun in Massachusetts and completed in Ohio reveals some strong and brilliant threads in the ancestry of the martyred President of these United States.

The Roman chariot has found its place in literature, but the New England emigrant wagon has failed of enduring notice. Yet the lives of richly attired occupants of the former cannot be compared with those who, clad in the coarse garments of their own manufacture, were jostled across the country in the latter. The emigrant wagon, with its jaded horses, its muddy white cover, its much confused load of household articles, and its sad-eyed and forlorn but determined occupants, must be recognized in the combination of circumstances that resulted in reproducing a Massachusetts patriot in the daughter State of Ohio.

Said Senator George F. Hoar: "To Lincoln belongs a large share in the fame of the great soldier who cleared Kentucky of rebellion, and was the right arm of Thomas at Chickamauga. No person was more ready to recognize this relation than President Garfield himself. Several times in the course of the spring of 1881 he said to me, 'I want you next summer to take me to Lincoln.' I had two letters from him in the last few days of June, one sent from the White House at twelve o'clock, noon, June 30, less than two days before he was shot, arranging to reach Concord on the 11th of July, 'to spend,' as he says, 'a few hours amid the scenes of our national and family history!' . . . As you well know, he was setting out on his journey when the bullet of the assassin laid him low."

Thus it not only appears that it was the sons of the Middlesex patriots of '75 who so readily responded at their hearthstones to the call of '61, but from new and distant homes went out those in whose veins flowed kindred blood to that poured out on the soil of Lexington and Concord.

The interest manifested on the 19th of April by the Lincoln people was not abated, only as distance from the scenes of action prevented a general participation, and time afforded preparation for organized service. The town was represented by more or less of its citizens during the entire war, and large numbers were found in some campaigns. Sixty men are credited with five days' service and forty miles of travel in March, 1776, being called down for the fortifying of Dorchester Hills. This service was a plan of General Washington's to bring things about Boston to a climax, and was extremely gratifying to all who participated, as it was soon followed by the evacuation of the town, the possession of it by the Provincials, and the return of many patriots to their abandoned homes. The Lincoln soldiers, like many others, took their ox-teams with them to aid in the work. "When in service on the hills," said Mr. Farrar, "we were obliged to manage our oxen in silence, depending upon the prick of our bayonets to urge them along rather than our ordinary means of forcing them."

To one familiar with the citizens of this town after the lapse of a century and a quarter, when the events that tried men's souls have become subjects of tradition and history, it is apparent that many of the heroes of 1775 are still represented on the same farms where the plough-shares were left in the unfinished furrows. A notable instance is found in the Hartwell family.

Samuel Hartwell, already mentioned, was not only in service on the 19th of April, but was a quartermaster at White Plains, N.Y., in 1776, in service at Cambridge in 1778, and at Rhode Island in 1779 and 1780. The same name has been prominent during all the years since that patriot's service; and in 1895 the name Samuel Hartwell is borne by a grandson of the hero of '75, who is evincing the principles of good citizenship. Among the patriots of '75 still represented in the town in families of the same name are Baker, Haynes, Weston, Wheeler, Brooks, and Flint; the last two being descended from the first settlers of Concord.

CHAPTER XIX

BILLERICA PATRIOTS. -- HILL HOMESTEAD. -- PROVISION FOR THE ARMY. -- MRS. ABBOTT'S STORY

THIS town has individuality denied to many. It is the only one of the name on this side the Atlantic. Being a very early settlement, the people were inured to hardship.

The nearness of the Indians, and their cruelty in various localities, kept these settlers in a state of anxiety and watchful preparation. Garrisons were erected in various localities. They were somewhat relieved by the labors of the Apostle Eliot with the nearest tribes, who in a measure elevated them from savage warfare.

But the people of Billerica did not escape the ruthless hand of the red men. It was in 1695, at midday, that they swept down upon the northern part of the settlement, and killed or captured fifteen. Others perished at different times. This, together with the ordinary hardship attending a new settlement, prepared the people for later troubles.

These pioneers, like many of New England, were of sterling worth,

-- That neither gave, nor would endure, offence,"

They came to build up a Christian community, and laid their foundations broad and deep. Some of the early settlers are still represented there by their descendants, who occupy the same lands. It was the same blood, heated in the effort to protect the log cabin from the savages, that, coursing in other veins, was fired to action by the oppressive measures of King George III.

Among the first pulsations of civilized life in this town was that of the location of the Dudley Farm, a grant of one thousand acres to the deputy governor in 1637. It was upon this land that the Hill and Farley families made very early settlements; and a greater portion of their early tilled lands is in the possession of their descendants, after more than two and a quarter centuries. With the former family the surname has not changed.

Ralph Hill, the pioneer, appears in the business transactions of the town in 1654. His house was made a garrison in Philip's war, and around it cluster the earliest actions of the people in regard to resistance to George III.

As in other towns, the minister here was an acknowledged leader, and Ralph Hill was a willing follower. To an appeal from the Boston Committee, the town responded on June 6, 1774, in a lengthy statement, concluding thus: "That, as it would be an Indellible Disgrace and a Violation of the Sacred Obligation we are under, to God, to our Country, to ourselves, and to Posterity, for us tamely and Pusillanimously to give up these invaluable Liberties, which our worthy Ancestors purchased for us at Such Vast Expense of Blood and Treasure, We are Determined to use our utmost efforts to maintain them, and not part with them at a Cheaper Rate than they were at first Obtained."

To these resolutions the name of Ralph Hill is attached as one of a committee. He was also on the Committee of Correspondence.

The town not only adopted such measures as did other towns in the Province, but in some respects were more positive. They say, "As every method ought to be pursued which may tend to promote the arts and manufactures of the Country, especially that of wool, The Inhabitants of this town shall not Kill any lambs for the markett till after the first Day of August next; and also that no one ought to sell any to any Butcher or Petty Chapman, at any time whatever."

Voted, That the Inhabitants of this Town will, on the Death of a friend or Relative, Conform to the 8th article of the American Association, and go into no further mourning than such as is therein Recommended, and will entirely Discontinue the Giving of any Gloves whatever at Funerals."

The ruthless treatment of a Billerica citizen by Gage's men in Boston (before explained in this volume) had served to so arouse the people that they were ready to march at the slightest notice. At the Ralph Hill homestead, the facts are gathered.

The message probably reached the town by two o'clock on the morning of the 19th. It came by the way of Woburn, to the home of the Ditson family, one member of which had been the recent sufferer in Boston. As might be supposed, they lost no time in arousing the people. A possible opportunity was at hand to avenge the insult, and they made haste to improve it. Two, at least, of the family were early on their way to Concord, bent on dealing out to Gage's troops something more lasting in its effects than tar and feathers, which they had so liberally used on March 8th."

There were citizens of this town who had more than mere local military distinction, such as the leaders of the minute-men were then enjoying.

Colonel Thompson and Lieutenant Stickney were early in motion. Ebenezer Bridge, captain of the minute-men, was quick to respond. Muskets and accoutrements were hastily made ready and donned. There were the alarm-list, the trainband, and the minute-men, all gathered at the Common for muster and orders, and were soon off towards Concord. There were veterans also, as volunteers in, the ranks. They went by the way of Bedford, there falling in by the "Old Oak," where Billerica, Reading, and other soldiers halted near Fitch's tavern with the Reading men, when they received added impulse and all made haste, meeting the enemy, when on their retreat, at Merriam's Corner.

"This was our first shot at them," said Mr. Hill; " and we lost no time for the rest of the day. Two of our men were wounded."

"We had met the king's army in action, and come off victorious, despite the boasts of the enemy and all Tory predictions," continued our hero.

The manner in which the army that began to assemble at Cambridge was fed, clothed, and nursed is without parallel. Each colony made separate provision for its troops, - enlisting men, establishing their pay, supplying them with pro-

visions, and appointing and commissioning their officers. Companies were going and coming pretty much at their own will. Indeed, soldiers were straggling up and down the roads. They had no uniforms; and their firearms were such as they chanced to possess, but which they knew how to handle to advantage. There could not be other than disorder, for there was no authority vested in any one as commander-in-chief. General Ward, who early responded from his home at Shrewsbury, did his best; but in a state of desperation, he wrote, five days after the battle, to the Provincial Congress: --

> "GENTLEMEN: -- My situation is such, that, if I have not enlisting orders immediately, I shall be left alone. It is impossible to keep the men here, except something be done. I therefore pray that the plan may be completed, and handed to me this morning, that you, gentlemen of the Congress, issue orders for enlisting men."

While this was the state of things without, there was great unrest within, the town of Boston. General Gage, shut up with his army, was fearful that the enraged country would sweep down upon the town, and destroy him and his army. Arrangements were made between General Gage and the selectmen, by which people could leave the besieged town; but, when he saw them going in lare numbers, he regretted the step, realizing that the presence of women and children would stay the hand of the destroyer outside. Gage then began to fail to keep his part of the obligation. He appointed guards to examine all trunks, boxes, beds, and everything to be carried out; and every possible method for harassing the patriots who preferred to leave was adopted.

In the meantime, the distressed tone of General Ward's letter was not without its good effect. In Massachusetts, the Provincial Congress assembled at Concord resolved that an army of thirty thousand was necessary for the defence of the country, and resolved to raise, as this colony's proportion, thirteen thousand six hundred troops; and General Artemas Ward was appointed commander-in-chief.

The New Hampshire troops that had responded to the Lexington alarm assembled at Medford, where the field-officers held a meeting, and advised the men to enlist in the service of the Massachusetts colony, and recommended Colonel John Stark to take charge of them until the whole could be ratified by the Provincial Congress of New Hampshire.

Connecticut was prompt in its action on the receipt of the alarm, and also in organizing its army. They voted to raise six thousand men.

The Rhode Island Assembly immediately voted to raise fifteen hundred men, and put them in command of Brigadier-General Nathaniel Greene. This was known as "the Rode Island Army."

Thus was gathered the "great American army," consisting of about sixteen thousand men. Each colony was providing for its own, "the only element of uniformity being the common purpose that called them together."

General Ward did have authority to command the New Hampshire forces. as well

as those of his own colony.

Each colony was drawing its supplies from its several towns, and hence the patriots had both duties at home and in the army. Billerica was not remiss in this respect. It was there voted "to provide Blanketts for those persons in this town that have Inlisted into the provincial service." They also ordered members of an old militia company to be "Ready on any occasion to take their part in any Burthen." A committee was chosen to provide straw for the army at Cambridge, "to purchase 6o hogsheads of salt and ten hogsheads of Molasses, for a new stock." This was bought at Beverly. Their extremity appears when they record the purchase of a pair of shoes, an old coat, and a pair of stockings for a soldier. One man was set to work "to fix 5 Bayonets;" another to make "7 Cataridge Boxes for the minute-men." Together with such minute preparations, out of their straitened circumstances they were ready "to take care of and provide for the Donation persons that come from the towns of Boston and Charlestown."

It is not strange that death should step in to prevent many of these people from ever returning to their homes. In the burying-ground given by Ralph Hill to the town of Billerica may be seen a stone on which is read the following: --

HERE LIES YE BODY OF THE WIDOW

LYDIA DYAR OF BOSTON, THE PLACE OF HER NATIVITY,

WHERE SHE LEFT A GOOD ESTATE

AND CAME INTO YE COUNTRY MAY 22D, 1775,

TO ESCAPE YE ABUCE OF YE MINISTERIAL

TROOPS SENT BY GEORGE YE 3D

TO SUBJECT NORTH AMERICA.

SHE DIED JULY 28TH, 1776, AGED 80 YEARS.

"The sweet remembrance of the just

Shall flourish when they sleep in dust."

The other Billerica homestead already referred to is that of the Jaquith family. It joins the Hill estate, and here early and later patriots have been quick to respond to their country's call.

The farm was purchased by George Farley in 1653. Upon it was erected a commodious and substantial dwelling, which was a stronghold in Philip's war, 1676. The story of this old home in times of peace and war is given by the oldest

living representative, Susan (Jaquith) Abbott, now venerable with the crown of ninety-eight years. Said this interesting woman, "I am of the eighth generation of our family born on this estate; and as there are two more in which I take pleasure here, it appears that ten generations of our family have already enjoyed the homestead.

"It was my grandfather, Joseph Jaquith, who joined the patriots on the arrival of the message

from Lexington. He was ploughing in 'The Old Field' in the rear of our home when the word of danger reached him. He hastily unhitched his oxen from the plough, ran for the house, took his gun from the wall over the door in 'Aunt Abigail's room,' saying, 'The redcoats are coming. He was not a member of an organized company previous to the alarm, but started off as many others did at the call of need. When he returned with other Billerica soldiers, there was but little military precision; their guns were slung over their shoulders in an easy-going manner."

This patriot and many others are buried in the South Burying-Ground, near the grave of the Boston lady who fled to this town for safety.

Since the-organization of the Sons of the American Revolution began its work, the Jaquith sepulchre has received patriotic attention by one of the number, Charles E. Abbott, who has honored his own name in honoring the memory of a worthy ancestor and patriot of Billerica.

The patriots of this town were in service at the battle of Bunker Hill, in the redoubt under Prescott. Its captain of the 19th of April had been made a colonel, and Lieutenant Jonathan Stickney was in command. The Billerica men did not suffer as much as many; but the first soldier killed in that battle was Asa Pollard[14], who was buried on the field. His name, and also that of Samuel Hill, who was killed, appear on the memorial tablets at Charlestown. Others perished as a result of that day's battle.

14 The Pollard school at Billerica is a fitting memorial of its citizen who gave up his life at Bunker Hill.

CHAPTER XX

THE STORY OF MENOTOMY. -- THE RUSSELL FAMILY STORE. -- STORY OF WHITTEMORE FAMILY. -- CAMBRIDGE.

MENOTOMY

"IN the village of Menotomy, as in no other place on that April day, the footprints of the patriots were indelibly stamped in their own blood and that of their enemy," said Mrs. Sophronia Russell in 1894, when in her eighty-eighth year she reviewed the sad experiences of her own family and that of the Russells, with their neighbors.

This may be attributed to the location and the hour of the day. It was in the direct line of march of the enemy, and sufficient time had elapsed for the towns at a distance to respond to the early alarm. The various routes taken converged at this village.

Through the main road Gage's troops, in command of Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, made their stealthy midnight march; and over the same route they fought their way through a sheet of fire back to the protection of their ships of war.

The outward march, intended to be silent, is remembered in Menotomy by only a few trifling incidents. Three of the Committee of Safety and Supplies, before alluded to, viz., Elbridge Gerry and Colonels Orne and Lee[15], had stopped for the night at Black Horse Tavern. They were aroused soon after midnight to see the highway filled with British regulars. When the centre of the column reached the tavern, the light of the moon revealed the sly movements of an officer and file of soldiers coming towards the house. The trio of anxious guests understood that movement; and, although half-dressed, they made their escape through a rear door, and sought the shelter of the corn stubble of the previous harvest. Having searched the house in vain for the coveted rebels, the soldiers went out and joined their comrades on the march into the country.

The centre of Menotomy being away from the line of Revere's midnight ride, there was but little stir among the people when the regulars passed out; but it was not long before they were aware of the march.

Lieutenant Smith, of Captain Locke's company, upon going to his door was asked by a soldier for a drink of water. This he refused, asking in turn, Why are you out at this time of night?" This and other similar incidents were enough to set an expectant people in action.

Among the buildings standing and presenting much of the same appearance as in 1775 are the Russell dwelling and store; and no family is more favorably situated for retaining the account of those trying scenes than the Russell family. At the old home and store it has been my privilege to gather the story of Menotomy from the lips of those who had it from their grandparents, who participated in the

15 Lee took cold from the exposure of that night, and died on May 10 following. He was buried at Marblehead.

bloody work of April 19, 1775.

The name of Russell appears in the list of the first settlers of that part of Cambridge known in the Revolution as Menotomy; incorporated in 1807 as West Cambridge, and later changed in name to Arlington.

In 1732 William Russell headed a petition for better accommodations for the settlers in the north-west part of Cambridge.

In 1762 the name is prominent among those who secured the forming of a new parish by the name of Menotomy. It was named after the Indian river that flowed from Spy Pond brook into the Mystic.

The first to establish the store in Meriotolny was Thomas, son of Jason, who was born in 1751, in the old Russell house.

Jason, the father, was of the third generation from William the immigrant. He married Elizabeth Winship in 1740, and set up a home in the Russell dwelling. That he was a man of prominence, and had negro slaves, is apparent from the records of the church, which say that Kate, his negro child, was baptized on March 17, 1754, at three months of age.

Thomas was one of a large family of children. He set up business for himself at the Russell store in 1773, married Anna Whittemore in the following year, and was well established as the only merchant of that village at the opening of the Revolution. He left his home and merchandise to shoulder the "king's arm," and serve as a friend of the colonial cause. Says Thomas H. Russell of the fourth generation of the merchants of the family, On returning to this place of business, my great-grandfather, Thomas, found that the British soldiers had entered the store, helped themselves to what they wanted, destroyed much, and after drinking all the rum they could, had left the taps open, expecting to thereby empty the hogsheads; but a member of the family was watching the enemy, and foiled the plan of destruction. But," continued Mr. Russell, "the damage to this store and the loss of merchandise were as nothing when the trials of that day were summed up in the village, and especially in our family." Menotomy, like many other towns, had the good fortune of being led by a patriotic minister. Rev. Samuel Cook was fearless in denouncing the tyranny of the king, and ready to espouse the cause of the Province whenever opportunity presented itself.

Benjamin Locke and his company of minutemen were early to respond to the alarm. They assembled on the green by the meeting-house, and marched on to the aid of those who had charge of the stores at Concord. The women and children were sent away to places at a distance from the Concord road. Many people hid their silver and other valuables, expecting that the army when returning would be given over to murder and plunder[16].

"The morning wore away quietly enough. Towards noon the road was again glittering with British bayonets. Smith's appeal for aid had been answered. Lord Percy was sent at the head of three regiments of infantry and two divisions of

16 A silver cup was recovered after the evacuation of Boston, and is now treasured among the parish valuables.

marines -- in all about twelve hundred men -- to re-enforce the first detachment. Marching out through Roxbury, he was delayed for a little while at Brighton Bridge, until the planks which had been taken up could be replaced. Then he kept on through Cambridge and Menotomy without further hindrance."

The wagons of supplies and provisions which followed met with great difficulty in crossing the bridge, and were delayed so that they were obliged to make their course unattended by the army. The news of their approach preceded them to Menotomy; and the old men, "exempts," determined to capture them, and thus aid the cause for which they were not able to shoulder the musket and march. About a dozen of them met at Cooper's Tavern. If they were not led by a minister, there was one in their number, Rev. Phillips Payson of Chelsea, who was foremost in this bold act. They secreted themselves behind a breastwork of earth and stones opposite the meeting-house, and when the wagons arrived they ordered a halt and surrender. The drivers whipped up their horses, but it was of no use. The old men fired, killing some of the horses, one or two men, and wounding others. The drivers and remaining soldiers fled, leaving the supplies with the people of Menotomy. This was a bold act, perpetrated by the "exempts" without the knowledge of the affair at Lexington or Concord. They had fired at the king's army on the king's highway, without regard for the oft-repeated injunction, "Let them begin the war." The little group of invalids had a task before them, -- they must remove the wagons and everything that would betray them to the returning enemy. Says Mrs. Sophronia Russell, "When I was a child I went with my father down to Spring Valley, near where now is the residence of J. T. Trowbridge, and saw the bones of the horses as they lay bleaching in the sun."

All traces of the convoy of supplies were out of sight when the regulars returned, and the men of Menotomy had the satisfaction of knowing that they had captured the first supplies during the war. They never ceased telling this story as long as they were able to meet at Russell's store, where the more sorrowful experiences of the day were, often repeated by some member of the family which met with the greatest loss. Said Thomas Russell, "My grandfather, who was a non-combatant, would not go away for refuge as others were doing. He was one of the principal citizens of the village, being fifty-eight years of age, and in possession of a large tract of real estate. He was lame, and had difficulty in getting about, so he decided to stay at his own house, which stood near the highway. When friends urged him to leave it, he replied, 'An Englishman's house is his castle,' and he decided to stand his ground. Meanwhile a number of Americans, mostly from Danvers, had taken up a position in the rear of his house, and within a walled enclosure, which they strengthened by piling up bundles of shingles. There were other men behind trees on the side of the hill.

"When the retreating enemy reached the plains of Menotomy they were better situated to do their deadly work, for the Americans were less protected by heights on either side. Our people were well arranged to meet the enemy if they came in the highway; but they did not anticipate a flanking guard, which came suddenly upon their ambuscade, and, after a moment of most savage fighting, drove our men in the enclosure down towards the road, where their complete destruction

seemed inevitable, as the main body of the enemy was before them. Closely pursued, they entered our house. Grandfather was shot at his own door, and then his body was stabbed through and through with the bayonets of the infuriated enemy as they rushed in, killing everybody they could reach. Eight Americans escaped to the cellar, where they protected themselves by firing up the stairway. One of the enemy was killed in attempting to continue his pursuit to the cellar; but after plundering the house, the rest left, and went on their way. Our house," said Mr. Russell, "was a sad place that night. In the south room were laid the bodies of twelve of the dead, grandfather among them, bearing the marks of two bullet wounds and eleven bayonet stabs. They had seemed to vent their rage upon him. The Americans had observed little or no order in the fighting of the morning; and now the enemy, finding themselves confronted by fresh troops from either side as they advanced, observed but little military order. They plundered houses, besides our store; entered the meeting-house; carried away the communion service from the house of Deacon Joseph Adams; damaged the home of the minister, and so on, to Cooper's Tavern, which had not been entirely abandoned. They burst open the door, and there round two of the old men, who were unarmed, and had only come up to the tavern to get a mug of flip and the news. Neither age nor helplessness deterred the infuriated mob; for Gage's army was little else at that time.

"The old men were at once despatched with blows and bayonet thrusts; but the keeper and his wife, Benjamin and Rachel Cooper, having escaped to the cellar, were passed unharmed. The sworn testimony of the tavern-keeper and his wife is: 'The king's regular troops, under the command of General Gage, upon their return from blood and slaughter which they had made at Lexington and Concord, fired more than one hundred bullets into the house where we dwell, through doors, windows, etc.; then a number of them entered the house where we and two aged gentlemen were all unarmed. We escaped for our lives into the cellar. The two aged gentlemen were immediately most barbarously and inhumanly murdered by them, being stabbed through in many places, their heads mangled, skulls broke, and their brains out on the floor and walls of the house.'

"Not less than twenty-two Americans were killed on that April afternoon in Menotomy, and fully twice as many of the enemy perished. Two of our men were taken prisoners; one, Seth Russell, was a member of our family. They remained in captivity until the exchange of June 6 was made at Charlestown." Many of the dead were carried back to their own towns; but twelve of them, including thee three Menotomy men, were buried here. So urgent were their country's needs, that the village people had no time for funeral rites; and the carpenter was too busy to make the coffins, so these martyrs were committed to a common grave with their clothes for shrouds.

Above this grave was afterwards placed a single slate gravestone. This now stands beside a monument of more recent erection, on which is read: --

MR. JASON RUSSELL

WAS BARBAROUSLY MURDERED IN HIS OWN HOUSE

BY GAGES BLOODY TROOPS

ON YE 19TH OF APRIL, 1775, AETAT, 59.

HIS BODY IS QUIETLY RESTING IN THIS GRAVE WITH

ELEVEN OF OUR FRIENDS, WHO IN LIKE MANNER,

WITH MANY OTHERS, WERE CRUELLY SLAIN

ON THAT FATAL DAY.

"BLESSED ARE YE DEAD WHO DIE IN YE LORD!"

Dr. Warren and General Heath were active on the plains of Menotomy, directing and encouraging the Americans. " A ball struck a pin from the earlock of the former; but his life was spared for another bloody conflict, when it was yielded up in the cause of freedom."

From a poem printed in Boston in 1781 the following is taken: --

"Again the conflict glows with rage severe,

And fearless ranks in combat mixt appear.

Victory uncertain! fierce contention reigns,

And purple rivers drench the slippery plains!

Column to Column, host to host oppose,

And rush impetuous on their adverse foes;

When lo! the hero Warren from afar

Sought for the battle, and the field of war.

From rank to rank the daring warrior flies,

And bids the thunder of the battle rise.

Sudden arrangements of his troops are made,

And sudden movements round the plain displayed.

Columbia's Genius in her polished shield

Gleams bright and dreadful o'er the hostile field!

Her ardent troops, enraptured with the sight,

With shock resistless force the dubious fight;

Britons, astonished, tremble at the sight,

And, all confused, precipitate their flight."

The scenes that have been enacted in the store would furnish material for a thrilling narrative. It was there that the distressed colonists assembled to talk over their grievances, after placing in the grave a few rods away the father of the proprietor, his two neighbors, and nine other comrades in death. The descendants of Jason Russell, who have served in that store, could not look to the southward from the busy counter without seeing the memorial of this brave ancestor.

Turning to the venerable member of the family with whose general remark this section was introduced, I was shown a Bible that belonged to the widow of Jason Russell. In it is written: --

"Purchased with money given her by some unknown friend in England, in consideration of the loss of her beloved husband, on the 19th of April, 1775, who was inhumanly murdered by the British troops under the command of Gen. Thomas Gage, to the eternal infamy of the British nation."

Says Mrs. Russell, "Some of the delights of my early life were the visits to my uncle, Jonathan Harrington, at Lexington. He was the last survivor of the battle of Lexington, living until 1854. By the open fire he and Aunt Sally would sit and tell the story over and over again. He would cry out as his mother did when rushing to his room, 'Jonathan, you must get up! The regulars are coming; something must be done!'

"Uncle Jonathan lived to see the sentiment grow in the country until he was sought out by men from all lands, and became a hero indeed. When the veterans failed to come to his door, their descendants rose up to honor him.

"The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,

Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away,

wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,

Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.'"

Leaving the Russell home and store, I turned my steps to the residence of Mrs. Pamelia Fisk, who began life with the opening of the nineteenth century. To her, a native of Lexington, the experiences of April 19, 1775, are as great a reality as is

the firing upon Sumter to the middle-aged man of to-day. Says Mrs. Fisk, "My two grandfathers fought at Lexington, and my grandmothers were eye-witnesses to the butchery. They told me so much of their trials and sufferings at that time that I have felt as though I was almost a participant in the fight myself." No sentiment gilds the narrative as it falls from her lips; she has it as it was told to her when in childhood she played on the smooth field where "they poured out their blood like water before they knew whether it would fertilize the soil of freedom or of bondage." Mrs. Fisk is a granddaughter of Francis Brown and of Edmond Monroe of Lexington. Her paternal grandmother was Mary Buckman, who lived at the old Buckman tavern. So on all sides she inherits the blood of true patriots, and has heard the story from their own lips.

"Grandfather Brown," she says, "told me this story: 'I was out here near the meeting-house at the very early hour of two o'clock, and answered the roll-call of our company, and in response to the order of Captain Parker loaded my gun with powder and ball. I heard the discussion as to the safety of Hancock and Adams. I went back to my home, and waited until half-past four o'clock, when I heard the alarm-guns and the drum beat to arms, and I was again on the green.

"'The order not to fire unless fired upon deterred me and all of us from having a shot at the British soldiers as they came up the road. I participated in the early action; and, having cared for our dead and wounded neighbors, I was in the afternoon attack, when I was wounded by a ball, which entered my cheek, passed under my ear, and lodged in the back of my neck, where it remained nearly a year.'" Mrs. Fisk said, "I used to put my finger on those scars, as he told me just how the ball went. We needed no fairy-tales in our youth; the real experiences of our own people were more fascinating than all the novels ever written."

The Whittemore home is one of the residences of old Menotomy which remains as a reminder of the day of peculiar trials. Says Lewis Downing Whittemore, "Here my ancestors made an early settlement, having numerous representatives actively engaged in the opening Revolution. The home has not been without a representative of the family and name since Samuel, born in 1696, of the third generation in this country, located here. He inherited the old homestead, situated nearer Boston, and exchanged it for the present well-known estate about 1730. There were two dwellings on the farm in 1775 occupied by the family; on the northerly side of the highway lived my great-great-grandfather, Samuel Whittemore, and on the opposite side his son Samuel was living.

"Among those who manifested great bravery and courage on April 19, 1775, was Samuel the elder, then in his eightieth year.

The following narrative appeared in an obituary notice of the Columbian Sentinel of Feb. 6, 1793:

"Died at Menotomy, the 2d instant, Capt. Samuel Whittemore, AEt. 96 years and 6 months. The manly and moral virtues, in all the varied relations of a brother, husband, father, and friend, were invariably exhibited in this gentleman. He was not more remarkable for his longevity and his numerous descendants (his progeny being 185, one of which is the fifth generation) than for his patriotism.

When the British troops marched to Lexington, he was 79 years of age, and one of the first on the parade; he was armed with a gun and horse-pistol. After an animated exhortation to the collected militia to the exercise of bravery and courage, he exclaimed, 'If I can only be the instrument of killing one of my country's foes, I shall die in peace.' The prayer of this venerable old man was heard; for on the return of the troops he lay behind a stone wall, and discharging his gun a soldier immediately fell; he then discharged his pistol, and killed another; at which instant a bullet struck his face, shot away part of his cheekbone; on which a number of the soldiers ran up to the wall, and gorged their malice on his wounded head. They were heard to exclaim, 'We have killed the old rebel.' About four hours after, he was found in a mangled situation; his head was covered with blood from the wounds of the bayonets, which were six or eight; but providentially none penetrated so far as to destroy him. His hat and clothes were shot through in many places; yet he survived to see the complete overthrow of his enemies, and his country enjoy all the blessings of peace and independence. His funeral will be held to-morrow at 4 o'clock P. M. from his house at Menotomy, which his relatives and friends are requested to attend."

Among the family treasures of to-day are the cartridge-box and bayonet used by Captain Samuel Whittemore, when at the age of almost fourscore years he responded to the Lexington alarm.

"In my great-grandfather's family," said my informant, were two sons, Jonathan and Josiah, aged thirteen and eleven years respectively. Being too young to shoulder a musket if there had been an extra one beneath the old roof, these boys fled with others from their home upon the approach of the retreating army, but injudiciously perched upon a rail fence at a distance, with no thought of being detected; but they were seen by a straggling soldier from the regulars, who discharged his musket at them. They were uninjured, but so much frightened that they instantly fell from the fence, one exclaiming, 'I'm shot.' They made haste to the forest beyond, and, becoming bewildered, wandered about until they reached Watertown, where, on the following morning, they were taken in charge by a friend of the family, who returned them safely to their despairing parents." One of them is represented by a granddaughter in the old home; and the other is represented by a grandson, who, while treasuring the military equipments, delights in telling this story.

CAMBRIDGE.

(In tracing the movements of the patriots through Cambridge, it is well to bear in mind that Brighton was at that time "Little Cambridge," and the Somerville of to-day is a comparatively recent incorporation; hence Charlestown was the adjoining township.)

The setting sun of April 19 saw Cambridge transformed to a theatre of war. For nearly a year it was given over to the use of the American army. Although it was the assembled patriots, many of whom were not far from their own homes, the town suffered by the unavoidable devastations of war. The fences, forest-trees, fruit-trees, and orchards for a mile around the camp were taken and burned for

fuel by friendly hands in a state of desperation.

In early winter the straitened condition of the camp was relieved through an act of the authorities, by which the patriots in the neighboring towns were required to deliver at camp a specified number of cords of wood per day. The records of the different towns attest to the cheerful manner in which their people met the demand. Roxbury, Dedham, Milton, and Dorchester delivered three cords per day to the Roxbury wing of the camp; Lexington five, Bedford four, Lincoln three and a half, to Prospect Hill wing; Newton and Weston six, Needham five, Waltham four, Concord and Natick three, to Cambridge.

Hay and other supplies were provided in a similar manner.

The daily coming and going of the teams kept the towns within a radius of a dozen miles in touch with the life of the camp. Many a box of goodies from a mother's larder brought cheer to the boys, with a loving message from the anxious at home; and many a son, prostrated by the deprivation of camp-life, was borne home by the teamsters to languish and die, filling patriots' graves to-day as truly as though they had fallen at Lexington, Concord, or Bunker Hill,

The evacuation of Boston relieved Cambridge of the camp, and made it possible for Harvard College to return to its own buildings. Many patriots returned to their deserted homes; but the Loyalists, of which Cambridge had a good share, found no sympathizing hearts to welcome them back to familiar scenes.

Before the barracks had been removed from Prospect and Winter Hills, the surrender of Burgoyne occurred; and in November, 1777, his army of prisoners were lodged in these old apartments. The superior position of officers was recognized by their allotment to dwelling-houses, where they were kept under guard.

Several houses that witnessed the scenes of camp-life still remain in Cambridge, chief among which, for its pre-Revolutionary reminders, is the dwelling on Linnehan Street, nor far from the college buildings.

In my tour about Cambridge, seeking for hidden footprints, I happily came upon this dwelling, which had witnessed the vicissitudes of more than a century before the Revolution. Its plain simplicity is in striking contrast with the famous Vassall house, and it is a forcible reminder of the more common life of the majority of the colonists.

While the house in its well-kept condition offers many attractions to the antiquarian, a face seen through the narrow pane was much more attractive. It was that of Mrs. Charlotte Holden, who in her ninety-eighth year, in the enjoyment of her faculties, told the old story as she received it while resting her youthful head upon her mother's bosom she listened to the recital of what she witnessed at Concord. "My mother," said Mrs. Holden, "was Hepsibah Buttrick, daughter of Joseph, who, with his brother, Major John Buttrick, not only acted the part of patriots at Concord, but did much to infuse that spirit into the camp-life of Cambridge."

I would that any who thoughtlessly enjoys the blessings of liberty might be aroused to a keen sense of his obligation to become a good citizen through this woman's recital of the sacrifices made to give every true American a share in the glorious heritage of freedom. Said Mrs. Holden: "I am one of three sisters whose united ages are two hundred and eighty-five years. We are granddaughters of one of the "thirteen well-instructed children of Samuel Buttrick of Concord."

After thoughtfully noting this woman's confirmation of the narrative already received, I turned to consider with her a few incidents connected with this locality.

The route through Cambridge by which the enemy made haste to protection was not the same as they had taken under cover of the night, nor that which the re-enforcements took at midday. In the hasty return they took the route that winds around Prospect Hill. Their situation was critical when they entered this part of Charlestown. Their progress was hindered by their burden of wounded comrades, whom they disliked to leave to the untried mercy of the patriots, while a strong force was advancing from Roxbury, Dorchester, and Milton. Seven hundred of the Essex militia, under Colonel Pickering, threatened to cut them off altogether. The Americans followed closely upon the enemy, reluctant to obey the order of General Heath to cease the pursuit beyond Charlestown Common.

The dinner provided for the "men-folks" in the homes throughout the near towns came to the hungry men as they ceased the pursuit, and in time to revive many who, regardless of self, had fought their way from Old North Bridge with little or no refreshment. General Heath placed suitable guards, and conducted the weary troops to Cambridge, where they "were ordered to lie on their arms."

The power of imagination fails when one attempts to recall the scenes that must have passed before the sleepless eyes of many who, having thrown themselves down in the open field, sought nature's sweet restorer. From their beds in peaceful homes they had sprung, made a hasty march, faced the enemy, pursued them through a deadly fire, and now waited for they knew not what on the morrow's dawn.

The continual arrival of men, together with the novel labor of fitting up a camp, furnished variety for a few days; but this soon wore away, and nothing but the spirit of real patriotism could have deterred them all from returning to their homes, in the absence of military restraint and discipline.

The fight through Cambridge to Charlestown Common was not without its sad results to Cambridge families. On North Avenue, near the easterly end of Spruce Street, three were killed, -- John Hicks, Moses Richardson, and William Marcy. It was claimed that Hicks was a member of the Tea-Party of Dec. 16, 1773. He left his home early in the morning; and, not returning, his wife sent a son of fourteen years to look for him. He found him lying by the side of the road dead; Marcy and Richardson were near him. The boy procured assistance; and the bodies were lifted into a rough wagon, and taken home. Here, as in Menotomy, circumstances did not favor funeral rites; and the three were hastily buried in one grave. It is said that a son of Moses Richardson, standing by, was too tender hearted to see

the earth thrown directly upon their faces; and, getting into the trench, he spread the large cape of his father's coat over his face. A neat Scotch granite monument stands over the grave. The inscription is this: --

ERECTED, BY THE CITY A.D. 1870.

TO THE MEMORY OF

JOHN HICKS, WILLIAM MARCY, MOSES RICHARDSON

BURIED HERE, JASON RUSSELL, JABEZ WYMAN,

JASON WINSHIP, BURIED IN MENOTOMY.

MEN OF CAMBRIDGE

WHO FELL IN DEFENCE OF THE LIBERTY OF THE PEOPLE,

APRIL 19, 1775

0 WHAT A GLORIOUS MORNING IS THIS!"

In the afternoon of the 20th, General Artemas Ward arrived in Cambridge, and, being the senior general officer, became commander-in-chief. Other officers having arrived, a council of war was immediately held.

Anxiety and deep planning were now the portion of the leaders, culminating in the battle of Bunker Hill, where Colonel Thomas Gardner, an honored citizen of "Little Cambridge," received a mortal wound. He had honorably discharged the duties of many offices, both civic and military. When his superior officer, the Tory Brattle, fled to Boston, he was promoted to the command of his company. He responded to the Lexington alarm, and soon after enlisted a regiment for the Continental army, of which he was commissioned as colonel about two weeks before the battle of Bunker Hill.

Colonel Gardner lingered about two weeks after the battle, dying on the day which is remembered by Washington's taking command of the army.

Of the line of fortifications that extended across Cambridge, there is but little remaining. The "three-gun battery" which commanded the river down to Lechmere's Point has been carefully preserved. It was restored in 1858 as nearly as possible to its original state, enclosed by an iron fence, within which three cannon given by the United States are mounted. This memorial is fittingly known as Fort Washington. The site of Fort Putnam at East Cambridge presents nothing of the appearance of a fortification, but bears an enduring monument, -- the Putnam School.

The use to which houses in Menotomy were hastily put is apparent from the journals of individuals, as well as from the traditions of families, especially that of

the Russell family. Says my venerable informant: --

> "In the confused companies of the British when on their retreat, was seen a horse and chaise in which was being carried one of their officers, who proved to be Lieutenant Edward Hull of the British Forty-third Regiment. He was wounded at North Bridge, and was being conveyed back to Boston. The horse was not so swift as the men; and, falling in the rear, the officer received a second wound. It was near the Samuel Butterfield dwelling, and he was carried into the house vacated by the affrighted family. Upon the return of the lady of the house, she found her rooms occupied. There was a wounded Provincial, besides Lieutenant Hull. They were both in one room, each having been placed upon a bed by their respective comrades. How much interchange of sympathy there was we do not know, but Mrs. Butterfield could not withhold her sympathetic attention from both. She ministered to friend and foe alike; saw the former recover, and return to his family at Framingham. But notwithstanding the care of the good woman, together with that of nurses, and supplies sent out from Boston with a flag of truce, the young officer died in about two weeks; and, according to the Salem Gazette of May 5, 1775, 'His remains were next day conveyed to Charlestown, attended by a company of Provincials and several officers of distinction, and there delivered to the order of General Gage.'"

He was the first British officer who lost his life in the war, and was probably buried on Copps Hill.

While receiving the best of care at the Butterfield home, he was visited by Rev. Dr. McClure, a prominent clergyman, who kept a journal, a fragment of which has come to light, and is of great interest, not only to the people of Menotomy, but to all interested in the events of that time.

FRAGMENT OF DIARY.

. . ."that it was flattened on one side by the ribs as if it had been beaten with a hammer. He was a plain, honest man, to appearance, who had voluntarily turned out with his musket at the alarm of danger, as did also some thousands besides, on that memorable day. [Doubtless Mr. Hemenway of Framingham.] In the same room lay mortally wounded a British officer, Lieutenant Hull, of a youthful, fair, and delicate countenance. He was of a respectable family of fortune in Scotland. Sitting on one feather-bed, he leaned on another, and was attempting to suck the juice of an orange which some neighbor had brought. The physician of the place had been to dress his wounds, and a woman was appointed to attend him.

"I observed that he had no shirt on, and was wrapt in a coating great-coat, with a fur cap on his head. I inquired of the woman why he was thus destitute of clothing. He answered, 'When I fell, our people [the British] stripped me of my coat, vest, and shirt, and your people of my shoes and buckles.' How inhuman! his own men! I asked him if he was dangerously wounded. He replied, 'Yes, mortally;" that he had received three balls in his body. His countenance

expressed great bodily anguish. I conversed with him a short time on the prospect of death, and a preparation for the solemn scene; to which he appeared to pay serious attention. He lived about a week; and the people conveyed his body in a coffin to Charlestown ferry, where I happened to be present, and a barge from the Somerset took it to Boston.

"Not far from this house lay four fine British horses; the people were taking off their shoes. One informed me that a wagon loaded with provisions was sent from Boston for the refreshment of the retreating army, under an escort of six grenadiers. They had got as far as this place, when a number of men (ten or twelve) collected, and ordered them to surrender. They marched on, and our men fired, killed the driver and the horses; when the rest fled a little way and surrendered.

"Another wagon sent on the same business was also taken that day. It was strange that General Gage should send them through a country in which he had just kindled the flames of war, in so defenceless a condition. Saw three regulars in beds in a house in Cambridge; one of them mortally wounded. Conversed with them on their melancholy situation. One of them refused to answer, and cast upon me a revengeful look. Perhaps he was a Papist, and his priest had pardoned his sins. The houses on the road of the march of the British were all perforated with balls, and the windows broken. Horses, cattle, and swine lay dead around. Such were the dreadful trophies of war for about twenty miles. I hovered around Boston several days. Very few of the inhabitants were permitted to come out. Having some things in Boston which I wished to have sent round to Marblehead, I wrote to my brother-in-law, Capt. Henry Hunter, who with my sister Hunter were there, to send them; and having obtained a permit from the colonel commanding our militia at Roxbury, to go to the British guards on the Neck, I went within call, and waved my hat for permission to enter, when Davis, a Boston Tory, and inspector of those who came out, came towards me, but refused to take the letters which I passed towards him. He said General Gage had given orders that there should be no communication between town and country. I got my letter in, however, the same day."

CHAPTER XXI

GENERAL ARTEMAS WARD. -- THE OLD HOMESTEAD SHREWSBURY

THERE are many houses in New England still cherished because of their association with the opening Revolution; among them is one from which went the organizer of that volunteer army of April 19, 1775. It is in the town of Shrewsbury, and is known as the Ward homestead. It may be seen to-day in much the same condition as when General Artemas Ward rushed to the front door upon seeing in the distance on the king's highway a galloping steed, " bloody with spurring and dripping with sweat," and heard from the excited rider, "To arms! To arms! the war's begun!"

This house has never passed out of the family possession; and the great-grandchildren cross the same threshold which their illustrious ancestor trod when after hasty preparations he mounted his horse and galloped off to Cambridge, reaching there with the gathering volunteers on the day following the experiences at Lexington, Concord, and Cambridge.Artemas Ward, famous as scholar, soldier, and jurist, was born in Shrewsbury, Worcester County, in 1727. He was a graduate of Harvard College, and for some years a teacher of distinction.

He married a great-granddaughter of Rev. Increase Mather, and settled in the house which has ever since been a family dwelling of peculiar interest. It was first looked upon by the people of the county as a place of justice, young Ward having been commissioned one of his Majesty's justices. In this house the expounder of the law had his office; and many an offender was from its narrow apartments sent to the whipping-post, stocks, or pillory. Ward, being of an ambitious turn of mind, devoted a second apartment to a store, and there dealt out rum, molasses, broadcloth, and that combination of necessaries found at that time in all well-regulated stores.

The rum, says a descendant and present occupant, was bought by the barrel in Boston of Joshua Winslow, and the cloth of John Hancock, the affluent merchant, who inherited his uncle's famous mart of trade, with much other property.

Dealing out rum in one room, and meting out justice in another, seem like contradictory employments; but both were profitable, and regarded as equally honorable in those days.

Young Ward was made captain of the first military company raised in the town, and this dwelling was the headquarters of the militia. He was raised to the rank of major in the Third Regiment in 1755, and three years later was made lieutenant-colonel in the regiment of footmen under command of Colonel Williams that set out for the invasion of Canada in May of 1758.

Colonel Ward kept a journal during this campaign. It is held by his family at the old home, and is full of interest. In it he wrote: --

Aug. 9. "News from Rogers that he had got forty scalps And two

> prisoners; he lost 20 and had 50 men wounded: two brought into Fort Edward that was scalped, but alive. Ye truth is they gave ye enemy a good drubbing this time."
>
> 20. "This day news came to headquarters from a letter from Gov. Hutchinson of ye surrender of Cape Breton, that it surrendered ye 26 of July last."

The Ward family treasure a bayonet and other military trappings of that expedition in which their illustrious ancestor acted a creditable part.

In 1763 this popular man of the Province was given the commission of colonel, and regularly conducted the training required in all towns at that time. He had urged his men to fight for the king against the French, but now showed them their duty to prepare to resist the encroachments of George III.

The royal governor, Francis Bernard, in his luxuriant living at Boston, heard of the disloyalty of Colonel Ward, and sent a messenger to this house with a letter. The colonel was not at home, but was found at the meeting-house superintending workmen. The mounted agent of Bernard handed the letter to the leading man of the town.

The scarlet-coated messenger aroused the curiosity of the workmen; and they paused to learn the nature of the message, which Colonel Ward read aloud: --

> To ARTEMAS WARD, ESQ.
>
> Sir, -- I am ordered by the Governor to signify to you that he has thought fit to supersede your commission of Colonel in the regiment of militia lying in part in the County of Worcester, and partly in the County of Middlesex, and your said commission is superseded accordingly.
>
> I am, sir, your most ob't and humble serv't,
>
> JNO. COTTON, Deputy Secretary.

Not to be disconcerted in such a manner, the young officer manifested the gentleman and patriot by replying thus: --

> "Give my compliments to the governor, and say to him that I consider myself twice honored but more in being superseded than in being commissioned, and" (holding up the letter) "that I thank him for this, since the motive that dictated it is evidence that I am, what he is not, a friend to my country.
>
> As the governor's messenger rode away the people shouted, "Colonel Ward forever!"

Artemas Ward added to a good literary education a practical training in law, and

also a thorough military discipline. He was an ardent Whig, and did not withhold his opinions on the state of government, although he knew his free expression must result in the disapproval of the Loyalist leaders in the Province.

His sentiments were approved by his townsmen, who sent him to act as governor's councillor; but the enraged minion of King George Ill. would not accept him as an adviser, and ordered him to retire.

He was then sent as a representative to the General Court, where he acted according to his belief. He went from his home to the Provincial Congress, which held their first session at Salem Court House. Before their adjournment to the meeting-house of Concord, they chose a committee of thirteen "to consider what is necessary to be done now for the defence and safety of the Province."

Colonel Ward was one of this committee, and of the Committee of Safety raised to regulate the militia. The Provincial Congress selected Artemas Ward as one of the general officers; and it was doubtless through his advice that Worcester, so near his home, was selected as one of the places for the deposit of the materials for an army. During the winter of 1774-5 he directed the movements of the patriots near his home, and also attended the meetings of the Congresses. At the adjournment on Saturday the 15th of April, General Ward left Concord for his home, John Hancock for his lodgings at Lexington, and others for other homes in the vicinity.

The associations and experiences for months had kept General Ward familiar with the movements of the British in Boston; and he, with his townsmen, were well prepared for the message which called him from his home on the 19th.

Despite the proclamation of Governor Gage, that all rebels taken in arms should be brought to the gallows, General Ward was found on duty at Cambridge, April 20, when as the senior general officer he relieved General Heath, and became commander-in-chief.

He established his headquarters at the house of Jonathan Hastings, now known as the Holmes House.

Even an army of volunteer patriots required discipline, and General Ward found it difficult to bring order out of the condition into which the unrestrained volunteers naturally fell. On the 19th of the following month the Provincial Congress issued his commission as commander-in-chief of the Massachusetts forces.

> The Congress of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay to the Honorable Artemas Ward, Esquire, greeting: --
>
> We, reposing especial trust and confidence in your courage and good conduct, do by these presents, constitute and appoint you, the said Artemas Ward, to be general and commander-in-chief of all the forces raised by the Congress aforesaid for the defence of this and the other American colonies.

You are therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of a general in leading, ordering, and exercising the forces in army, both inferior officers and soldiers, and to keep them in good order and discipline, and they are hereby commanded to obey you as their general; and you are yourself to observe and follow such orders and instructions as you shall from time to time receive from this or any future Congress or House of Representatives of this colony, or the Committee of Safety, so far as said committee is empowered by this commission to order and instruct you for the defence of this and the other colonies; and to demean yourself according to the military rule and discipline established by said Congress, in pursuance of the trust reposed in you.

By order of the Congress.

Dated 19th May, A.D. 1775.

JOS. WARREN,

Pres. pro tem.

The army met by General Ward at Cambridge was enough to excite the laugh which they received from the British soldiers. Some of them were dressed in the long-tailed linsey-woolsey coats and breeches which had been spun and woven in farmhouse kitchens; some wore smock frocks like a butcher, also of home manufacture; some wore suits of British broadcloth, so long used for Sunday clothes that they were the worse for wear; and every variety of dress and fashion figured in these motley ranks.

This tatterdemalion army had gone out with the idea of fighting the British on the first day, then and there to settle the whole matter.

General Ward's first order after leaving his peaceful home at Shrewsbury was issued at Cambridge on the 20th, "That a captain, one lieutenant, two sergeants, and fifty-two rank and file march immediately to bury the dead and take care of the wounded."

Love had prompted the Americans along the route to care for their dead and wounded, and of necessity many of the enemy had received Christian attention.

The distance did not prevent correspondence between the Shrewsbury home and the headquarters of their honored citizen at Cambridge. When the poor were sent out of the besieged town of Boston, thirty-two found homes among the neighbors of General Ward.

Their arrival aroused the sympathy and curiosity of the people who were left at home; and a son of General Ward, with a boy companion, set out and walked to Cambridge, reaching there on the unfortunate day of the battle at Charlestown.

The General was not well pleased to see his son there at that time, for the battle

was already begun. His look of disapproval, and "How is this, Tommy?" struck the boy as not propitious for a long visit; and "You must go right back," settled the matter. It was the order of the commanderin-chief, and must be obeyed; and so these sons of soldiers, who were brought up to obey in times of peace, turned their backs on the camp and all they had walked so far to see, and set their faces homeward, even though the balls from the Lively and Somerset, men-of-war in the harbor, were flying over at the intrenchments on Bunker Hill, and the redcoats would soon march up the hill to their death. The rattle of musketry reached their ears, and the flames of burning Charlestown were in sight, when they turned to look back after they were well out of town. They had seen the camp, and had heard the noise of battle; they had that to remember; and they could remember also that like good soldiers they had obeyed orders.

General Ward's authority did not extend at first beyond the colony of Massachusetts, but later was extended to the command of the New Hampshire forces. The affairs were in a very precarious situation when the Continental Congress appointed George Washington to be commander-in-chief of all the forces, and he took command at Cambridge on July 3.

Washington arranged the army into three grand divisions, each consisting of two brigades, or twelve regiments, in which the troops from the same colony, as far as practicable, were brought together.

The right wing, under Major-General Ward, consisted of two brigades, commanded by Generals Thomas and Spenser, and was stationed at Roxbury and its southern dependencies. The left wing was placed under the command of General Lee, and consisted of the brigades of Sullivan and Green; the former was stationed on Winter Hill, the latter upon Prospect Hill. The centre station was commanded by General Putnam, and consisted of two brigades, one of which was commanded by Heath, and the other by a senior officer of less rank than that of brigadier. Thomas Mifflin, who accompanied Washington from Philadelphia as aid-de-camp, was made quartermaster-general. Joseph Trumbull, son of the patriot governor of Connecticut, was appointed commissary-general; and upon Joseph Reed of Philadelphia was bestowed the post of secretary to the commander-in-chief. In a short time Reed returned to Philadelphia, and was succeeded in office by Robert H. Harrison, a lawyer of Maryland.

General Ward was now in charge of the forces at Roxbury, where he directed the movements of the patriot army.

It would naturally be expected that the people of Shrewsbury, neighbors and friends of General Artemas Ward, would make liberal sacrifice to aid the cause of the patriots, which they most cheerfully did.

In the preparations for war being made at Cambridge, it was found that the number of firelocks was not equal to the number of enlisted men; and a call was made upon the towns to forward any in their possession to Watertown, where they would be duly paid. Twenty-two were sent from Shrewsbury; and there were found in that town five barrels of powder, which, with the exception of one-half of a barrel, were sent off to the army.

A large number of the citizens were soon found at Cambridge, following in the footsteps of their beloved fellow-citizen from that remote town. They were with their honored townsman, and of the army that threw up the fortification at Dorchester Hills, the work of which General Howe said, "The rebels have done more in one night than 'my whole army would have done in a month."

In a correspondence which passed between Generals Washington and Ward at this time, there is allusion to the plan of filling barrels with sand to roll down upon an advancing enemy. Of this Washington writes: "As I have a very high opinion of the defence which may be made with Barrels from either of the Hills, I could wish you to have a number over. Perhaps single Barrels would be better than linking of them together, being less liable to accidents. The Hoops should be well nailed, or else they will soon fly and the casks fall to pieces."

After the evacuation, came the entry of Washington to the dilapidated town of Boston. When the commander-in-chief was preparing to go with most of his army to New York, he wrote to General Ward, asking him to remove into Boston (if he were not afraid of the small-pox), and to take command of the five regiments to be left there for the defence of the town, direct the erection of works, and attend to matters in general.

He took command as requested, and found the town in a state of confusion, disorder, disease, and poverty. His task to restore order, and cleanse, fortify, and defend the place, was most discouraging. He wrote to John Hancock in the autumn of 1776: "I had everything to do, and nothing to do with."

General Ward escaped the fearful scourge, small-pox; but not so fortunate were all his townsmen, as a gravestone in Granary Burying-Ground bears witness.

> HERE LIES INTERRED
>
> YE BODY OF MR. JOTHAM BUSH OF SHREWSBURY,
>
> WHO DIED WITH THE SMALL-POX
>
> FEBRUARY YE IST, A. DOM. 1776,
>
> IN YE 49TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

While stationed in Boston, General Ward received a letter from John Hancock, which speaks for itself, and reminds us of that bold act of the people, by which the 4th of July became an occasion of joy to all Americans.

> Sir, -- The enclosed Declaration of Independence, I am directed to transmit to you with a request that you will have it proclaimed at the head of the Troops under your command in the Way you shall think most proper. I have only time to add, that the importance of it will naturally suggest the Propriety of proclaiming it in such a manner, as that the whole army may be fully appraised of it.

I have the honor to be, sir,

Your most obed. and very h'ble ser.

JOHN HANCOCK,

Presdt.

The reading of the Declaration of Independence was ordered in every department of the army and in every town in the colonies[17]. It was the minister who read it, generally, in the towns; and the public reading was followed by a record of the immortal document being made in the town's book by the clerk.

If the patriot of to-day would put himself in touch with the patriots of 1776, let him visit the old meeting-house at Sandown, N.H., or at Rocky Hill in Salisbury, Mass., or at Rockingham, Vt., in either of which he will see the meetingplace of the people in its primitive simplicity, as when the minister from the high pulpit unrolled the scroll, and read to his congregation the act of the Continental Congress, to the support of which they had pledged their lives and fortunes.

I have stood in each of these rude meeting-houses until I have seen rise up in fancy from the great square pews the whitened head of the aged father, extending his form in earnestness, with hand raised behind his ear to enable him to catch the words as they fell from the minister's lips. I have seen the mother in sable mantle bow her head in cheerful assent, while she wiped away the tears from eyes that would not cease their weeping since the loss of a noble son at Bunker Hill. I could read in the tell-tale countenance of some half-persuaded Tory, "Let them maintain it if they can." From the upper gallery I have detected the shining face of a negro slave, ready to smile assent to what he saw gave pleasure to his master in the pew below, little realizing that it meant ultimately freedom to himself. I have stood outside when the congregation, having sung "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," have come out, gathered in groups, and discussed the grave questions of the hour.

At the close of the year 1776 General Ward's duties in the army ceased, through his resignation occasioned by ill health; but his service as a patriot was not over. In the following year he was elected president of the Executive Council of the colony, and in 1779 appointed a member of the Continental Congress.

The method of travel of the patriots of the Revolution is seen in the manner in which General Ward set out from his home on the 16th of May, 1780, for Philadelphia, to take his seat in Congress. He was accompanied by Daniel Newton of the same town, who went with him as servant, each on horseback, the horses being purchased for the trip; the expense of the journey being $2041.50 in old currency. In the following year Mr. Samuel Adams being in Philadelphia, and wishing to return to Massachusetts, young Newton was sent as his escort, who

17 The Declaration of Independence was first read in Boston amid great rejoicing from the balcony of the Town House on July 18

returned immediately, and accompanied General Ward back to his Shrewsbury home. My acquaintance with the family warrants me in extending an invitation to my readers to accompany me to the home of the famous patriot and of the generations who have succeeded him.

The old homestead retains much of its colonial grandeur and distinction. Standing away from the village, surrounded by ample grounds, it suggests in a limited manner the home of Washington at Mt. Vernon, or of Lee at Arlington, with the Potomac for their highway.

Here are the hand-made window-sashes and heavy blinds, the great locks and hinges on the doors, and the hospitable fireplace, around which the general sat with his family as he told them of the experiences of camp-life, as well as of Bunker Hill, of which he made the simple record, "The battle is going on at Charlestown." There is the old wainscoting, each panel of which seems to serve as the background for a picture of colonial grandeur.

If there was any feeling of dislike for Washington when he superseded the noted patriot of Shrewsbury, it all passed from the breast of General Ward when the Father of his Country visited that town in 1789. He was entertained at the Farrar Tavern, then in its full glory as a hostlery. The room is still indicated where the general sat and drank his wine, while those of inferior rank stood up to the bar and drank together after the more common social manners of the time.

A souvenir of that trip made by Washington is preserved. It is a silver quarter of a dollar, and was obtained in the following way, says the historian, a descendant of General Artemas Ward.

"When it became known that the hero of the Revolution was to pass this way, the school-children received an extra lesson in making their manners, that they might greet the chieftain with proper respect; and so it happened that as General Washington was riding by in his carriage drawn by two bay horses, preceded by his guard on dapple-gray horses, his attention was attracted to a row of children on each side of the road, the boys on one side making their bows, and the girls sweeping their graceful courtesies on the other.

"The outriders in their uniforms, bright with scarlet cloth and gold lace, were so splendid that the children hardly noticed the stopping of the carriage, until a gentleman in plain brown dress alighted, and Washington himself stood before them, speaking to every child, and shaking hands with the older ones.

"A daughter of the tavern-keeper was among them; her expectations of seeing some wonderful being were disappointed when the tall man plainly dressed appeared before her; and she turned her back, refusing her courtesy to the 'Father of his Country,' exclaiming, 'He is nothing but a man!'

"This amused Washington, who, calling her to him, presented her with a silver quarter."

CHAPTER XXII

GROTON PATRIOTS. -- THE FIRST RIDE OF PAUL REVERE, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES. --JAMES SULLIVAN. -- GROTON INN. -- REV. SAMUEL DANA. -- CHARLESTOWN'S DISTRESS. -- STORY OF REV. JOSEPH WHEELER

Before undertaking to trace the footprints of the patriots of Groton, it, may be well to consider a movement which may throw much light upon the acts of the men of this town.

THE midnight ride of Paul Revere, made famous by the poet Longfellow, was not the first ride taken by that patriot in the interest of the colonial cause.

He rode out to Lexington on Sunday the 16th of April with a message from Dr. Warren to the noted guests at the parsonage, they having left Concord on the previous afternoon at the adjournment of the Congress. The message was doubtless to the effect that the movements of General Gage indicated some decided action in the near future. Having delivered his message with promptness, Revere returned in the afternoon, when, before crossing the river from Charlestown, he made the arrangement with Colonel Conant for hanging the signal lanterns,

> "One if y land, two if by sea;"

a plan doubtless matured in his mind during his return trip from Lexington.

While the Provincial Congress had adjourned on the 15th to meet again the next month, the Committees of Safety and Supplies, which had control of the military matters, etc., had not reached a final adjournment. They held a meeting on Monday following, and, it is inferred, began the session before the arrival of John Hancock from Lexington, who, doubtless actuated by the Sabbath message, secured a vote to send the cannon away to places of safety.

A vote is recorded, "That the four six-pounders be transported to Groton, and put under the care of Colonel Prescott."

Another vote, "That the two committees adjourn to Mr. Wetherby's" (The Black Horse) at Menotomy, at ten o'clock, explains the presence of a trio before mentioned, early driven from their lodgings on the night of April 18-19.

Agreeable to the votes of the committee, the cannon were sent to Groton on Tuesday the 18th, arriving there late in the afternoon, at the very time the British troops in Boston were preparing to take their midnight march in search of them with other supplies.

Having introduced this preliminary in order to make clear some of the movements of the Groton patriots, we now turn to consider the town's part in the memorable

events.

Groton and Pepperell were territorially one in the early days, and their military relations were somewhat mixed at the time of the Revolution. The popularity of Colonel Prescott, whose home was at Pepperell, led many outside of his town to desire to be in the ranks under his command. There were four companies from these two towns early in the pursuit of the enemy on the 19th; while it is claimed that several patriots preceded the companies, and were at Concord in time to engage in the fight at the bridge. I give the story of Captain Aaron Corey, as told to me by William W. Wheildon, a noted historian, who had it from Mr. Wright, a grandson of Captain Corey. "My grandfather told me, that 'on the day before the Concord Fight, April 18, while I was ploughing in my field, some distance from the middle of the town, I received notice of a meeting of the minute-men, which, of course, demanded immediate attention. It was in the afternoon towards evening when I received the notification. I at once unhitched my plough, drove my oxen home, took down my gun and belt, told my wife Molly that I was going away and could not tell when I should come back, and that she must take care of the oxen. I then hastened to the middle of the town, and joined my comrades who had assembled there.

"'The circumstance which had led them to call the meeting was the arrival of some brass cannon from Concord. Of course the presence of these immediately gave rise to discussion and speculation as to the reason for their being sent to Groton from Concord. Various suggestions were made, the most prominent of which was a proposition that the company should march at once to Concord; but this when put to vote was determined in the negative, most of the members preferring to wait for further intelligence.

"'This conclusion was not satisfactory to all of us, and some determined to go at once. There were nine of us who started that evening. We travelled all night, carrying lighted pine torches a part of the way, and we reached Concord at an early hour of the morning [probably through Acton]. We entered one side of the town some hours before the British troops entered upon the other. We all went and got some breakfast at Colonel Barrett's house, which was later visited by the British troops in search of the cannon, ammunition, and stores, most of which had been fortunately removed the day before to places of safety. After getting something to eat, we proceeded toward the centre of the town, and soon joined the men of Concord, and finally were in the ranks of the minute-men at or near the North Bridge, where the fight with the British troops occurred. We kept with the minute-men, and followed the retreating troops to Lexington and beyond.'

"After telling me this story," said Mr. Wright, "my grandfather gave to me an old powder-horn which he had used during the war, saying, 'I took this from a British soldier who had been shot on the retreat to Lexington, and whose body was lying by the roadside in Lincoln[18]. Some of the other men took off his boots and some of his clothes.' The powder-horn," said Mr. Wright, "was quite a nice piece of work, and held just one pound of powder. It had a peculiar stopper (probably a

18 The dead soldier was probably one of those buried in Lincoln graveyard. See Lincoln.

spring snapper like some now known); and at the large end, on the under side (when hung over the shoulder), was engraved the English coat-of-arms, and on the upper side what they called the British ensign. The bottom of the horn was made of brass, saucer-shaped, with a hole half an inch in diameter in the centre serving as a tunnel to pour in the powder, with a wooden stopper. After using the powder-horn in many hunting excursions, it was finally lost in the burning of a house."

Dr. Samuel A. Green, a distinguished son of Groton, has done much to perpetuate the record of some of the patriots who have been identified with his native town. From his record I gather the following facts: Although not a native, James Sullivan added lustre to the honor of Groton. He was born in the district of Maine, on April 22, 1744, and spent his early years there. He was a member of three Provincial Congresses from Biddeford, during the years 1774 and 1775, and was a member of the General Court from the same town during the two succeeding years. On March 20, 1776, he was appointed a judge of the Superior Court of judicature, which position he held for six years. He went to Groton in 1778, to locate with this family in order to get away from the seacoast. In August of the same year he was chosen by the voters of Groton as a delegate to the convention for framing the Constitution of Massachusetts. In February, 1782, he was chosen, by a joint convention of both branches of the General Court, a delegate in the place of Samuel Adams to the Continental Congress, then in session at Philadelphia. He represented the town of Groton in the House of Representatives for thirteen years, and Medford for twelve years. He was speaker of that body for thirteen years, the longest term of service in that capacity ever held by one person. He was elected the seventh governor of the State in 1807, and died in office on Dec. 10, 1808.

The town of Groton is notable for its many time-honored residences, but there is none around whose hearthstone so many of the heroes of the Revolution have gathered to smoke the pipe in peace as have assembled around the blazing fire at "Groton Inn."

The guest of to-day, when crossing that well-worn threshold, can have no adequate idea of the dignified step of the man in clerical robes who went in and out this door at the times of peculiar trial in the colonies. It was then the parsonage; and here Rev. Samuel Dana resided with his family, honored and beloved by his people, until the political troubles of the Revolution began to crop out. His sympathies were with the crown, while those of his people were equally strong on the other side. The minute-men, knowing their pastor's sentiments, invited the Rev. Samuel Webster, pastor of the church at Temple, N.H., to preach to them at Groton. His sermon, delivered Feb. 21, 1775, was full of patriotic sentiment, and doubtless served to widen the gap between the pastor and people at Groton. Rev. Mr. Dana, firm in his conviction of duty, preached a sermon from his pulpit early in the spring, which together with other Tory acts led to his dismissal from the church and town.

The vacated parsonage was occupied by Captain Jonathan Keep, and kept by him

as a tavern during the latter part of the Revolution. Here the broken soldiers were wont to assemble, and tell how fields were won, while the crackling flames rolled up the chimney, and the oft-repeated three-penny glass of grog served to rekindle the fire of patriotism in the breasts of the heroes of Bunker Hill, Bennington, or Valley Forge.

The old parsonage, enlarged from time to time, has been kept as a tavern for the greater part of a century. The old soldiers long ago ceased to congregate beneath that ancient roof; but their noble deeds are still rehearsed at the cheerful fireside, and the old musket occupies a familiar place on the wall.

CHARLESTOWN.

The geographical situation of Charlestown rendered the circumstances of her patriot citizens peculiarly trying. Separated from Boston by the narrow channel of the Charles River, and that continually traversed by a ferry, made the two towns practically one settlement. Every public movement of the Charlestown people was detected by Governor Gage, who through the aid of the Loyalists knew the entire workings of this near neighborhood. But even this did not deter the patriots from decided action, each step being in harmony with that of their sympathizers in Boston. The Stamp Act infuriated them; the massacre in King Street called out their indignation, and they went in large companies over the ferry to see the blood of the victims that cried out to them from the ground, "Avenge thy brothers' death." The question of the tea seemed to disturb the entire social element of the town. This, as no previous question, disturbed the patriotic women. The sociability of the exhilarating cup was nevertheless set aside to some extent. A substitute for green and bohea was quite commonly introduced in the colonies. It was an herb known as Labrador, of which immense quantities grew all over New England. It was advertised as of superior flavor to the imported tea.

In 1768 the inhabitants of Charlestown unanimously agreed to use no more tea. They gathered up the stock in hand, and burnt it in the public square at midday.

One of the Daughters of Liberty of this town, while in a store in Boston, made selection of various articles which she desired to purchase, and then asked if they sold tea; being told that they did, the patriot refused to take any of the articles.

A man who carted to Marblehead some chests of tea that had been imported contrary to rules was immediately visited by the indignation of his townsmen, who were assembled with him at a husking frolic. The nearness of the Charlestown people seemed to make them more determined in many respects than were the patriots in the distant towns.

In order to encourage the production and manufacture of woollens, the people unanimously agreed not to eat or even suffer any lamb to be dressed in their families till the first of August.

The proclamation of Governor Gage forbidding town meetings did not deter the patriots of this town, so near to his headquarters, from holding their meetings, in which they took most positive action. But the records fail to give evidence of the military preparation that was made elsewhere in the colonies. They had, however,

a way of their own, which was adopted on Dec. 2, 1774, when the engine companies of the town, three in number, voted to join in one body as exempts, and prepare themselves for action. They chose their officers, and voted "that every man be provided with a good gun and bayonet, with an iron ramrod." Any one failing to do this within one month was to be punished by paying three shillings.

The enforcement of the Boston Port Bill was as trying to the people of Charlestown as to their neighbors in Boston. Here rents declined, the stores were closed, travel was suspended, and distress from want and threatened outbreaks settled down upon the people. They were entitled to share with Boston in the donations made by the country towns for their relief, the committee being directed to apply seven per cent of the amount that poured in from near and far to the relief of the people of Charlestown.

Notwithstanding the distress of the patriots, they would not render assistance to the Loyalists, even though they were offered liberal compensation for services. Mechanics refused to labor in building the barracks for Gage's army. One who for years had mowed his Tory neighbor's hay now refused -- "the honest scythe would not cut Tory grass," and another's oxen "would not plough Tory ground."

Many citizens of the town abandoned their homes, as did Boston people, and sought shelter with friends in the country towns; but there were many who were forced to remain, and suffer from want of the necessities, when ordinarily they were classed among the "well-to-do" people enjoying the luxuries.

The other colonies were prompt and liberal in sending aid, so much so as to receive the thanks of the Provincial Congress, passed on Nov. 30, 1774. The towns of Connecticut were particularly favorable towards Charlestown, and rendered her people material aid, and tendered letters of sympathy.

Aid came from various localities in that colony. How much of it was due to the perseverance of Israel Putnam we may not know; but such records appear as the following from New Britain: "A committee was appointed to take in subscriptions of Wheat, Rye, Indian Corn, and other provisions, and to transport the same to the Town of Boston, to be distributed by the Select Men to those who needed help in consequence of the blockade of the harbor."

The call upon the towns of Massachusetts of Dec. 6, 1774, was sent to the ministers, who made the appeal to their people, and the responses were sufficient to satisfy the distressed town that others were not unmindful of them. A letter dated Charlestown, Jan. 14, 1775, reads: --

"While servile placemen, pensioners, and expectants are employing their venal pens in support of a system of tyranny, the honest yeomanry of this Province are joining our compassionate brethren," etc.

On one January day of 1775, the inhabitants of Lexington sent sixty-one loads of

wood and some money as a present to the poor sufferers by the Boston Port Bill; and says a record extant, "On Thursday last the first and third Parishes of Reading sent twenty-seven loads of wood, some money and grain."

These recorded donations were only a few of the many that came from the towns not far away in Massachusetts; and, in fact, the towns of southern New Hampshire were prompt in responding to the calls of their distressed brethren, -- the patriots of Boston and Charlestown. These acts were not without some signs of merriment on the part of the giver, and receiver as well.

While I have looked in vain for a dwelling of pre-Revolutionary days in Charlestown (the flames of June 17 having swept them away), I have been gratified in meeting those who tell the story of that town, as they have had it from those who participated in the trying scenes. Mr. William P. Jones of Boston says, "My grandmother, Mercy Tufts Boylston, lived at the Neck. She had not fled from the town as very many did, but remaining with other patriots saw what in days of peace she loved to describe. 'I saw long processions of teams coming in from the country loaded down with donations. The merrymaking of the teamsters, and the grotesque figures displayed on some teams, plainly showed that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." On one of the sleds loaded with wood from Reading was hoisted the Union flag with the following inscription in the centre: --

"To the worthy inhabitants of Boston and Charlestown: --

"Ye noble patriots, constant, firm, and true,

Your country's safety much depends on you.

In patient suffering, greatly persevere;

From cold, from famine, you have naught to fear.

With tender eye the country views your woe;

With your distress will her assistance grow.

Or if (which Heaven avert) some fatal hour

Should force you from your homes by tyrant power,

To her retire, -- with open, generous heart,

All needful aid and comfort she'll impart;

Gladly she'll share the wealth by Heaven bestown,

With those for her who've sacrificed their own.'"

Said Mrs. Boylston, "Our people would not allow the teamsters to return to their homes without being entertained at some tavern where the landlord was an avowed patriot. Many dainties were sent with the teams to families who were connected by ties of blood or friendship, and thus the sad and anxious days of the

winter of 1774-5 were passed.

"A committee of distribution was kept busy in trying to make a just division of the patriotic donations from the country. At a meeting held on April 5, forty-three of the remaining inhabitants were relieved, and an adjournment for two weeks was made. They were to meet on the 19th of April, at five o'clock P.M.; but when the time arrived," said Mrs. Boylston, "there were other things of more importance that demanded their attention, and but few of the people of Charlestown were remaining to call for aid. The town, throughout the day, presented a scene of intense excitement and confusion. Although Revere's trusted friends resided on that side of the Charles, the stealthy march of the enemy was known at a distance hours before the patriots of Charlestown received the alarming news. While all was in confusion in towns a dozen miles away, the schools of Charlestown were holding their regular session. Rumors were received in the forenoon of the events at Lexington, but no certain intelligence reached the town until Dr. Warren galloped down from the scenes of blood that he had witnessed on the road. It was then that the schools were dismissed, and excited citizens gathered in groups in the streets. Many of the men went out with their firearms into the field, women and children alone remaining. General Gage sent a message to Hon. James Russell, to the effect that he was aware that armed citizens had gone out to oppose his Majesty's troops, and that if more went he would lay the town in ashes. It was possible to quiet the excitement in a measure, until the report came that the Cambridge Bridge had been taken up, and consequently the return would be made through Charlestown. It was then that the few remaining people made haste to leave. Rumors not so well founded had so often been received, and given rise to needless anxiety, that some of the people discredited this, until they heard the report of muskets in the road above the town, when they made haste towards the Neck. Some got across the Mystic at the ferry, and more ran along the marsh towards Medford. The dread reality was apparent at about sunset. The troops came in haste and confusion into the town. The first of her sons to be sacrificed was a boy, Edward Barber, who was standing in a house, and was there shot. He was my cousin," said Mrs. Boylston, "and would have escaped if our people had obeyed orders. We were told that no harm would befall us if the army was not fired upon. A careless, excited negro discharged his musket, and the return fire killed the inoffensive boy. Later, there was killed James Miller, who was a native of the town, born in 1709. His wife was Sarah Lane of Bedford. She had fled to her people, the patriots of that town, where she received the sad news of the death of her husband, who had thought that duty required him to stand by the town in her time of distress. After the army passed through the town, the inhabitants who were near turned back to seek their homes. The cry that 'the British are massacring the women and children,' started from the shooting of the Barber boy, created a panic. Some remained in the street speechless with terror. The army, however, offered no violence to the people, but prevailed upon them to go to their homes, where they would be safe, asking in return of them cold water, which they freely received. The officers flocked to the tavern in the Square, and got such refreshments as they could secure. With the night there came quiet, save from the wounded and disabled,

many of whom were carried across the river during the night in boats belonging to the warship Somerset, that was hauled into Charles River on the 14th, and now lay between the ferryways. My observations of the returning troops," said Mrs. Boylston, "were made from beneath an archway in our cellar, to which we retreated upon seeing the approaching army."

The rest of the story of Charlestown during the hostilities in Massachusetts is familiarly known to all. The footprints of her patriots were lost in the ashes that alone remained to remind the sorrowing people of their once happy homes. It was enough that her green hill should become the sepulchre of hundreds of human beings, without a slaughter of her own sons.

In the Essex Calendar for the year 1776, in the month of June, among the events set against the corresponding date of previous years, we read: --

17th. Bloody bat. of Charlst. where were k. & w. 324 provincials, 1450 regulars; there were, destroyed in Ch. by the latter, 1 meeting-house, 350 dwelling houses and 150 other buildings.

STORY OF REV. JOSEPH WHEELER.

Chaplain in Washington's army at Cambridge.

"Tell us a story of Bunker Hill," said a group of bright-eyed children, as they gathered around their grandfather, Rev. Joseph Wheeler, in his home in Worcester.

The story which they received is now repeated by one of the group, H. W. Wheeler of that city. "My ancestor, Rev. Joseph Wheeler, was minister of the church in Harvard, Mass., from the year 1759 to 1768, when impaired health compelled him to give up the pastoral office.

"But he continued to live in the town until 1781, when he removed to Worcester, where he resided till his death, in 1793. Although not the acting clergyman of the town of Harvard during the trying years that preceded and covered the Revolution, Mr. Wheeler had the confidence of the patriots of that town, and being regarded as a man of superior judgment, was chosen their representative in many important conventions.

"He was chairman of the Committee of Correspondence of that town, and also moderator of the town-meeting which assembled on Feb. 18, 1773, for the purpose of considering the 'present situation.'

"As might be expected, Mr. Wheeler was a member of the first and third Provincial Congresses, and represented Harvard in the General Court.

"Although not able to endure the exposure of a soldier's life in the camp during the siege of Boston, he desired to aid his countrymen, being a firm patriot; and he early responded to the call from Cambridge, and after General Washington arrived was chaplain to the commander-in-chief."

The story to the anxious children from the honest lips of Rev. Joseph Wheeler was

as follows "When the order was given by General Artemas Ward to Colonel Prescott to go with a body of men to Bunker Hill, to throw up the fortification, I went with others to plan out the works. When the breastwork was completed, we stood under an apple-tree discussing the situation and prospect.

"It was at the early dawn of the 17th of June; our situation was on a slope of the hill toward Boston. While standing there engaged in conversation, we were perceived by the men on one of the British warships lying in the channel opposite, and were made a target for one of their guns.

"The discharged ball went over our heads, and buried itself in the earth a short distance away. I marked the spot where it fell, not thinking of what was soon to follow.

"In the passage of the ball through the air, a shoot was cut from a limb of an apple-tree near by, and, dropping, fell near my feet. I picked it up and took it away with me, and later made of it a walking-stick."

"This," says Mr. Wheeler, "has been handed down in the family as the Bunker Hill Cane, and is now carefully cherished by one of the descendants living in Connecticut."

"But how about that cannon-ball aimed at you, grandpa," said one of the listeners.

"Oh," said the minister, "after the battle and the destruction of the town, I went sorrowfully back, found the place, and dug it out of the earth, and here it is. Let me see you lift it."

They all tried, and many failed, and so have many of his descendants since that day.

The ball is to-day owned by one of the many who proudly trace their lineage back to the good minister of Harvard, and it is kept as a precious memento in a home in the city of Boston.

CHAPTER XXIII

WOBURN'S PART. -- THE THOMPSON FAMILY. -- COLONEL LOAMMI BALDWIN. -- THE WINN HOME. -- A ROMANCE OF WAR. -- GENERAL GAGE'S EXCURSION REPORTED IN 1775

THE town of Woburn, at first known as Charlestown Village, was among the very early settlements of the colony. Among the first to begin the English settlement there was James Thompson, who with his wife and children came to New England in the Winthrop emigration of 1630. James Thompson was one of the first board of selectmen of Woburn, 1644. From that time to the present the name of Thompson has been prominent in all that pertains to the welfare of the town.

They were found among the most decided patriots at the beginning of troubles with the mother country.

Early in 1774 the town erected a house for the safe keeping of their stock of ammunition, and procured an additional stock, "consisting of two barrels of powder, and bullets and flints in proportion, for the use and benefit of the town."

When the memorable alarm was given in the town, it met with a ready response. But two days before the outbreak the people had taken action for organizing a company of minute-men, and consequently could not have been under very good military discipline, only as they had been drilled in the customary manner of playing soldier, or had caught the military spirit from those who had done service in the earlier wars.

When but a child, moved by curiosity to meet a centenarian, I went with many people to the home of Mrs. Betsey Taylor in the town of Burlington, Mass.; and among others of the aged woman's personal reminiscences I gathered that of April 19, 1775. She was then a child of eleven years. "A messenger sent by Captain Joshua Walker, who commanded the military company of Woburn precinct, came to my father, Mr. Jonathan Proctor, the drummer of the company, to beat an alarm as soon as possible, for the redcoats were on the move."

The manner of spreading the alarm in the precinct we may infer was the same as that which called the people to action in the main part of Woburn; and turning to the old Thompson homestead, to the ancient hearthstone in North Woburn, we listen to the story of the movements of that family, as now related by Rev. Leander Thompson, a grandson of one who participated: "Samuel, Daniel, and Abijah Thompson were sons of Samuel and Ruth (Wright) Thompson. They were all born in North Woburn, in a house still standing, and still occupied by a great-grandson of Samuel. When the Revolutionary War commenced they were all married, and had young families around them. Daniel lived about one mile from the others, on the road to Woburn Centre. On hearing in the early morning of April 19 of the march of the British towards Concord, the family tradition is, that he instantly sprang upon the bare back of his horse, and ran with speed to rouse the people of North Village. Only one man of those he met hesitated; and when

that one asked him if he were not too hasty, and exposing himself to great danger, he instantly replied, 'I tell you that our tyrants are on their march to destroy our stores, and if no one else opposes them, I will.' Immediately hurrying away to the scene of action, he boldly took his position, and poured his fire into the ranks of the British. On the retreat of the enemy, he took a station near the road, stepping behind a barn to load; then advancing around a corner of the building, he fired diagonally through the platoons of the enemy, thus making every shot effectual. A grenadier who watched his movements was so enraged that he ran around the corner of the barn, and shot him dead on the spot while he was in the act of reloading his gun.

"Tradition says that a well-directed ball from another Woburn gun prevented the grenadier from ever rejoining his comrades. It has ever been supposed that the avenger was one of the brothers of Daniel Thompson, and that the British gun for many years was treasured in the Thompson family.

"The two brothers of Daniel whom he particularly desired to arouse had immediately seized their muskets, and hurried away also to the scene of action. Samuel, the eldest of the three, charged his boy Jonathan, fifteen years of age, as he left, to be a good boy, and take good care of his mother. But the father had hardly more than gone before the boy borrowed an old musket and a horn of powder, and taking, without the knowledge of the family, the leaden weights of the scales, ran them into bullets at a neighboring shop; and thus armed and equipped, he, too, set off for Concord. He arrived at the scene of action just as the enemy began their retreat. Noticing that the method of annoyance employed by his countrymen was that of gaining the head of the retreating column by a circuitous route, and then from a favorable position previously chosen pouring their shot among the ranks till all had passed, he did the same. In one of these circuits, to their mutual surprise, he met his father, who at once exclaimed, 'Why, Jonathan, are you here? Well, take care of yourself. Your Uncle Daniel has been killed. Be prudent, my son, and take care of yourself.' Father and son then each pursued his way. The son followed the retreating enemy to Menotomy, from which place he crossed over to Medford, where with others, all of whom were excessively fatigued, he sought repose in a barn, reaching home safely early the following morning.

"Abijah, the youngest of the three brothers, also immediately hastened from home to the scene of action, in which he bore a conspicuous part till he was deputed to convey the sad news of Daniel's death to his distracted family in Woburn.

"The two brothers who survived the conflict, and also the boy of fifteen years, were subsequently regular soldiers of the Continental army, and after the declaration of peace became highly enterprising, useful, and respected citizens of Woburn."

The Thompsons were among the many patriots who without military order made haste across the towns, and intercepted the enemy below "Merriam's Corner."

Of the many, Daniel Thompson, already mentioned, and Asahel Porter, whose

name appears on the Lexington monument, were all who perished on that day of the Woburn men. Three others were wounded.

Rev. Leander Thompson also says, "Asahel Porter and Josiah Richardson set out for Boston market during the night of April 18; and when near Menotomy, the present town of Arlington, being on the route the British had taken, they were halted by the enemy, deprived of the horses they rode, and forced to accompany their captors to Lexington as prisoners of war. They were released just as the firing on the Common began, on condition that they were to leave without making themselves conspicuous by running, under penalty of being shot. Porter disobeyed, and after walking a few steps began to quicken pace, and was shot dead. His body was found by Amos and Ebenezer Locke as it lay by the side of a stone wall."

The Salem Gazette of that period affords a glimpse of the sorrow that followed the memorable 19th in Woburn.

"Same day [Friday, April 21], the remains of Messrs. Asahel Porter and Daniel Thompson of Woburn, who also fell victims to tyranny, were decently interred at that place, attended to the grave by a multitude of persons, who assembled on the occasion from that and the neighboring towns. Before they were interred, a very suitable sermon and prayer was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Sherman."[19]

Standing by the grave of Daniel Thompson, with naught to recall the multitude who gathered about the open grave save the leaning, mossgrown slabs, I copied the following, while the eye moistened from sympathy for the widow and children: –

HERE LIES BURIED THE BODY OF

MR. DANIEL THOMPSON,

WHO WAS SLAIN IN CONCORD BATTLE ON YE 19TH OF APRIL,

1775, AGED 40 YEARS.

Here, Passenger, confined, Reduced to dust,

Lies what was once Religious, wise and just,

The Cause he engaged did animate him high,

Namely, -- Religion and dear Liberty,

Steady and warm in Libertie's defence.

19 Brother of Roger Sherman of Connecticut.

True to his Country, Loyal to His Prince,

Though in his Breast a thirst for glory fir'd.

Although he's gone his name Embalmed shall be

And had in Everlasting memory.

The name of Asahel Porter is read, not only on the Lexington Monument, but on a marble slab erected at his supposed grave, on the centennial of his death, by Post 33, G. A. R., of Woburn.

The patriots of to-day, appreciating the blessings of liberty, turn aside from the busy scenes of the modern city of Woburn to her ancient burial-ground, and there seek out the graves of two brave men who so early fell victims of tyranny.

Sylvanus Wood, alluded to in our Lexington story in this volume, was another prominent patriot from Woburn. His narrative, given under oath, was, in brief, that he lived with Deacon Obadiah Kendall, about three miles from Lexington. The bell of that town aroused him at an early hour; and, fearing there was trouble, he arose, took his gun, and with Robert Douglass made haste to Lexington, where he found the company assembled. By invitation of Captain Parker, he (Wood) and Douglass also joined in the ranks, shared in the experience at the Common, and hastened on to Concord, after assisting in carrying the dead into the meeting-house. When near Viles's Tavern in Lexington he captured a British soldier as prisoner.

William Tay, Jr., made oath to a statement of his experience. He claimed to have been in the throng of countrymen who pursued the enemy to Charlestown. While nearing the latter place, he and others were passing a house, and were fired upon by three of the enemy who were hiding there. He with his party returned the fire, killing two of the British, and capturing the third by seizing him bodily, and cuffing him until he gladly surrendered. He claimed that he was deprived of his just credit by some other American, who carried away the military equipments of the trio of the enemy, and thus he lost the evidence of what he had bravely done.

The most notable patriot of the town was Colonel Loammi Baldwin. His military service began as early as 1768, when, in his twenty-fourth year, he is credited as enlisting in His Excellency's Troop of Horse Guards, in command of Colonel David Phips. By this it seems he was not entirely without experience when he was called into service as a patriot of Woburn. Extracts from the diary of such a man cannot fail to interest and instruct every one who has a just appreciation of the republic which Colonel Baldwin did so much towards successfully establishing: --

> 1775, April 19. Wednesday. This morning a little before break of day, we were alarmed by Mr. Stedman's Express from Cambridge. Informed us that the Regulars were upon the move for Concord. We mustered as fast as possible. The Town turned out extraordinary, and proceeded toward

> Lexington. I rode along a little before the main body, and, when I was nigh Jacob Reed's I heard a great firing; proceeded on, -- soon heard that the Regulars had fired upon Lexington people, and killed a large number of them. We proceeded on as fast as possible and came to Lexington, and saw about 8 or 10 dead and numbers wounded. . . .We proceeded to Concord by way of Lincoln meeting-house, . . . ascended the hill, and pitched and refreshed ourselves a little. . . . The people under my command and also some others came running off the East end of the hill while I was at a house, and we proceeded down the road, and could see behind us the Regulars following. We came to Tanner Brook at Lincoln Bridge, and then concluded to scatter and make use of trees and walls for to defend us, and attack them. We did so and pursued on, flanking them, till we came to Lexington. I had several good shots. The enemy marched very fast, and left many dead and wounded and a few tired. I proceeded on till coming between the meeting-house and Buckman's Tavern with a prisoner before me, when the cannon began to play, the balls flew near me, I judged not more than 2 yards off. I immediately retreated back behind the meeting-house, and had not been there ten seconds before a ball come through the meeting-house near my head. I retreated back towards the meadow, north of the meeting-house, and lay and heard the balls in the air and saw them strike the ground.

It is inferred that he was then an officer. We later find that he enlisted in the regiment under command of Colonel Samuel Gerrish, and was promoted to the office of lieutenant-colonel on June 16. On the memorable 17th he was designated as the field-officer of the main guard.

He was stationed for a time at Chelsea, and writes his wife from there on March 6, 1776: --

"I have had much to do, constantly keeping a party on Noddle's Island for spies to discover all the movements of the enemy."

A clause in this letter furnishes evidence, in addition to that of General Ward, of the preparations of the patriots for an attack, which was prevented by the evacuation of Boston on the 17th of March, the letter being dated eleven days before it: --

"Our works on Dorchester Hills are completing as fast as possible. The enemy's ships are all drawn up in line of battle before them, but are very quiet at present."

Colonel Baldwin was commissioned as such on Jan. 1, 1776. His regiment was known as the Twenty-sixth.

He was ordered to follow General Washington to New York. The route taken is indicated by a letter from the colonel, under date of April 1, 1776, at Grafton, Mass. He writes, --

"I have this moment received orders to alter the route, and go to Providence, R.I."

Two days later, he writes from Providence that he is quartered with his regiment in the college. On the 6th he reports to his wife, --

"I have this moment arrived at Norwich, after a march of eight days. . . . I have just received orders to continue my march to New London, where I expect to embark for New York."

April 10 brings a letter to his wife from New York, in which he gives his impressions of the place, etc. On the 19th he sums up the service of a full year in the army. On the 28th of April he writes: --

"I know not when we shall leave New York; we go into tents this week. The encampment for my regiment is laid out near the Jews' burying-ground, joining the northerly part of the city. The army is healthy. I have just returned from hearing the last of two of the best sermons (I think) that I ever heard in my life, preached this day to my regiment and some others, at Dr. Rogers's meeting-house, the afternoon sermon preached by the doctor himself."

July 14, with other things, he writes: "General Heath is this moment come to camp. He informs me that a flag of truce from Lord How, newly arrived from England, brother of General How, with a packet, or single letter, directed to 'George Washington, Esq.,' was rejected and sent back on account of the direction. I suppose the generals insist upon its being directed to 'His Excellency, George Washington, Commander-in-chief of the Army of the United States.' So we know nothing of the contents of the letter."

Letters now begin to reveal the declining health of the colonel; but he continues in service until the opening of the year 1777, during which time he notes many changes, among them being the battle of White Plains.

Dec. 19, he reports to his wife from "Camp, 5 miles west of the Delaware, and 30 miles above Philadelphia." "If I were at home, I should think myself sick enough to keep house, but here feel myself in good spirits. . . . On the 3d inst. marched

from Peekskill for King's Ferry. Very rainy all day. Crossed the river just before night. Pitched our tents in New Jersey, by the side of the mountains, took my lodgings in a common tent upon the wet ground; very cold, there being no house to go to. In the night the rain increased, and the flood came down from the mountains, and ran in torrents among and through the tents, and almost washed them away. I had no bed nor blanket, except a thin piece of drugget."

Colonel Baldwin lived in Woburn until Oct. 20, 1807, when he was lamented by his townsmen and by all who knew him as a true patriot and good citizen.

It is noticeable that the Battle of Bunker Hill was largely fought, on the side of the Americans, by men from a distance, the nearest towns being but sparsely represented. The evidence of Woburn's part is mostly incidental. Rev. Mr. Marrett, quoted at length in connection with the "Parson and Parsonage," recorded -- that the day was Saturday, and "fair, and very warm and drying." The following day, Sabbath, he had a "very thin meeting," "the men gone down to the army on the alarm yesterday. On June 22, following, the weather being fair and drying, in the morning the good minister of the precinct was "at home," but in the afternoon attended the funeral of Samuel Russell, aged twenty-one, belonging in the first, or old, parish, who had died, having been "mortally wounded in the battle at Charlestown." On the following 26th of the same month, he attended the funeral of George Reed, Jr., "who died of a fever, which was occasioned by a surfeit, or heat, he got in Charlestown fight on the 17th instant."

The horrors of war were not confined to sanguinary action, or that, which it inflicts upon the camp; but the ravages of small-pox frequently accompanied the movements of the army. It broke out in Woburn in the spring of 1775, when many died, and more suffered from the malady, which never failed to leave its loathsome effects.

The home of Mr. Joseph Winn seems to have been the seat of this disease. Possibly a pest-house was established there, the location being at a distance from the general settlement.

The Winn estate is one of the few in Woburn that has never left the possession of the family. For more than two hundred and fifty years the family has been represented at this place, the name being identified with the interests of the settlement in its entirety. The present home is on the border of the town of Burlington (Woburn precinct), and is occupied by John Winn. It was built by Joseph, of the third generation, in 1734 and while subsequent generations have "vexed the antiquity" of the colonial residence, there is much remaining to keep green the memory of the family at the old homestead; while the Woburn library, a gift from the late Bowers Winn, is a fitting monument to the whole family.

The Winns were stanch supporters of the patriot cause. Deacon Timothy was a

representative for many years from Woburn to the General Court. Joseph Winn, the great-grandfather of John, the present owner, who is of the sixth generation, was among the Woburn patriots who were early astir on the morning of April 19, 1775. The musket which served him on that day is a treasured reminder of the patriot ancestor, and is kept at the old homestead.

A ROMANCE OF WAR.

To say that more than fifty by the name of Richardson are credited with service in the Revolution from the town of Woburn is sufficient evidence of the family location. Allowing that in some instances one may appear in several campaigns, there are still enough remaining to prompt the observer to think of that early settlement as Richardson-town. In the christening-record of this long list, a fine array of Bible names appears. There are Jacobs many; Zachariahs and Zadoks; Calebs and Joshuas in faithful union; Paul, Silas, and Barnabas closely allied; Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John often repeated. So numerous are all these that it would require a skilful genealogist to decide to which generation an individual shall be assigned. Reference to the old burial-ground of 1642, "In which are buried the ancestors of Presidents Pierce, Cleveland, and Harrison," is of but little assistance; for so strangely are these rudely carved slabs backed up to one another, that the most reverent visitor is inclined to the belief that some of these heroes must have given up life in a vain attempt to establish their identity, and their executors resorted to this method of giving them a post-mortem individuality, which they were denied in life. Even a frown seems to cloud the grim death's head on the rude stone at the grave of "Ye Reverend Mr. Jabez Fox," tottering as it is in the midst of this confusion of Richardsons. But even here military authority seems to assert itself, as we read on a well-kept slab occupying a slight elevation: --

HERE LYES BURIED

YE BODY OF MAJOR JAMES CONVERS, ESQR.

AGED 61 YEARS

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE IVLY I/8TH 1706.

I had a word of approval upon my lips for the authorities of this early settlement, because they did not follow the example of some, and rob these ancient sepulchres of their identity, by arranging the rude memorials in parallel rows, when I chanced to observe a stone that brought forth a word of approbation for a branch of the Richardson family that had dared to face the reverend Mr. _____ at the baptismal basin, and say that the child should be called Ichabod.

This stone itself stands as direct evidence of the fallacy of the superstitious members of the family, who hid their faces when the minister laid his hand upon the little head of three days, and solemnly said, "Ichabod, I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." That their prediction,

"won't live long," uttered with subdued voice when leaving the meeting-house, was not verified is apparent from the stone: --

HERE LYES BURIED

THE BODY OF MR. ICHABOD RICHARDSON,

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE

MAY THE 12TH, 1768, IN THE 63D YEAR OF HIS AGE.

One departure from the list of family names did not prove disastrous; and when Ichabod first had lived prosperously for forty years, they ventured to repeat the act, and Ichabod, with Sarah his wife, carried their first born to the altar, and there had the seal of the covenant placed upon him, and his name declared to be Ichabod. "Such wrong-doing may be forgiven once or twice," thought some of the kin, "but persistence in it must bring trouble." It was in January, 1771, that the record of the birth of the third Ichabod was made. That he had the cradle unmolested when the Revolution broke out was ominous to the family prophets, who kept well prepared for the worst. When the alarm of April 19, 1775, called scores of the family from their peaceful homes, among whom was Ichabod, it was a foregone conclusion that he would never return; but when the Richardsons returned alive, and it was two of their neighbors who fell, there was occasion for the exercise of sympathy in another direction.

The roar of the cannonading of Bunker Hill, distinctly heard in the Woburn homes, caused the ominous wag of many a head; but the safe return of Ichabod brought joy and thanksgiving to reunited families. Some thoughtfully pondered over the familiar clause of Scripture, "visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me."

Ichabod Richardson, the father, was now twenty-eight years of age. It seemed apparent that every able-bodied man must enter the service of the colonies, or all must become slaves of the haughty King George III. Ichabod "did a turn" in the besieging army at Cambridge; but the dull routine of camp-life was too monotonous for him. He had always felt a longing for the sea. When a boy, he had stolen many times away from home, down to the shores of the Mystic, and watched the movements of the sailors on the small craft that came up to the town; in fact, he had been to the top mast himself, and become quite familiar with the terms so freely used by the sailors. Burning with indignation for the oppression that was heaped upon the people, and with an ardent desire to serve the colonial cause, Ichabod decided to enter the service upon the water. He enlisted as a Provincial privateersman. The sorrow in the Richardson home at the parting was only such as cast its shadow over almost every patriot home in the colonies. There was no time to devote to tears, and the last hours were spent by the faithful wife in making the best preparations for the comfort of the husband and father.

We may well imagine the inquiring words of little Ichabod, now past five years of age, as he saw the warm stockings rolled up, the best homemade blanket folded, and, with other comforts, made into a rude bundle. These strange preparations served to amuse the child, while they brought sorrow to the wife and mother. Shouldering the tear-sprinkled bundle, Ichabod Richardson bade farewell to his young wife and son, and with a sorrowful but bold purpose set sail on a voyage of uncertainty. He was not out of sight of his native land before he was seized upon by peculiar emotions that had never disturbed his manly heart before. The devotion of wife, and clinging, childish affection of son, were to him now more of a reality than when he was in the immediate enjoyment of them. It was too late to turn back, unmanly to weep, he thought; so he vainly tried to bury his sorrow in the hilarity of the life of the ordinary privateersman. He fancied an early return, when, loaded with bounty, he should sit down at home to Share his luxuries with his loved ones. Theirs was a swift-sailing vessel, manned entirely by men from the towns about Woburn; the voyage was a prosperous one, and they were soon cruising about the English Channel. Several richly laden vessels from British ports were discerned, and pursued by the American privateer, but made good their escape. When the flush of immediate success was over, they espied one, and lost no time in the chase. They bore down upon her, and soon had her in their power. The British vessel made a show of resistance, but was soon overcome, the crew surrendered as prisoners, and the rich freight was the property of the American privateersmen. They lost no time in making for the coast of France to find a safe refuge. They had scarcely time to realize that they were in possession of a rich prize, when a British man-of-war came upon them, and not only recaptured the vessel so recently freighted at their own shore, but the American privateer as well. A few hours before they were in the jubilant possession of wealth, but now prisoners of war, in irons. Alas for Ichabod! Now, as never before, the vision of that happy reunion faded from sight; and all hope vanished when they were landed, and confined in an English prison. Ichabod Richardson, with other American sailors, was committed to Forton prison, near Portsmouth, on June 26, 1777. He was one of a second company of like unfortunates who were confined at that place.

The sorrow of that Woburn family was not alone on the part of the husband and father. Time dragged slowly in the home. The weeks of hopeful expectation lapsed into months of evil forebodings. When the north-east storm beat against the windows of the lonely home, it brought to the anxious wife and mother visions of a dismantled ship tossing about upon the angry waves of the restless ocean. Then the mother pressed the son more closely to her bosom in the vain endeavor to lose herself in sleep. As the little boy prattled by her side in the warmth of the mid-day sun, Mrs. Richardson tried to comfort herself by detecting in him movements and developing features that reminded her of the absent one. As the separation was extended to years, the suspense culminated, to her, in the death of her husband.

She patiently acquiesced in what she thought to be the will of God. She mourned Ichabod as dead, and taught her growing son to speak of his father as safe in the

heavenly kingdom. There were those who, in the expression of their sympathy, did not fail to whisper to the neighbors, "I expected it."

It was when the sorrow hung the most heavily over the home of Ichabod Richardson that his Cousin Josiah was called upon to part with his wife. The many relatives bowed submissively in this sorrow, regarding it as the loving act of a kind heavenly Father. The tears of Sarah, the supposed widow, were freely mingled with those of Josiah, now bereft of his companion. Thus they lightened each other's burden as they visited the old burial-ground together. The widow, for such she was regarded, felt her lot to be the most severe. She had not even the melancholy pleasure of the freshly made mound to remind her of the silent tenant; and when the sorrowful husband performed the last duty by adding one more to the many gravestones in the yard, the widow wished her means would admit of her testifying of her love for Ichabod in the same manner.

The months wore slowly away, and sorrow was depicted on two faces; each saw the traces of the other's burden, and tried to lighten it. In promising to be a father to the little boy, Josiah Richardson was at length accepted as a husband in place of the supposed dead. The mother refused to have the name of Ichabod changed to that of Josiah. She regarded the name as the one strong tie that bound the memory of the past to that of the present. The name was much to her; while the growing boy, so like his lamented father, was a comfort beyond expression. Josiah and Sarah Richardson lived happily together. The anticipation of ultimate freedom from the oppressive yoke of George III. at length resulted in the reality, and they began to plan for more luxuriant surroundings, as the people in general did when relieved from the burden of a long and distressing war. Happily the declaration of peace was as far-reaching in its effects as that of war had been.

Could Sarah Richardson in her anxiety have seen a journal later displayed by a Lexington man, she would have seen in a roll of prisoners committed to Forton jail the name of her husband, and also that of the prizemaster, Mr. Hammon. Against some names she would have read "Run," while against others she would have seen the word "Dead." Short but expressive were the entries; yet in the former instances there was left an occasion for hope, while in the latter all hope was abandoned.

It would be useless to try to decide whether Ichabod or Sarah was the greater sufferer. He skulked about from place to place; to be sure, protected while within the bounds of France; but it was not home to him, and he was but a hopeless wanderer, with not even the little bundle in his possession that had been wrapped together by loving hands. When in this forlorn state, the news of the declaration of peace reached him, and he lost no time in taking ship for America, accepting the most menial position, if thereby he could again see his native land. This wish was gratified, and Ichabod Richardson made haste to the town which he had left seven years before. He detected change on every side. The barracks of the enemy had been removed from Boston, and the Stars and Stripes were floating where before the British Lion had been displayed.

Ichabod's inquiry for Sarah Richardson was as promptly answered as it was made. He saw faces that were still familiar to him, but received no recognizing smile in return. As he passed through the narrow roads of the town, he revolved in his mind what he would say when he met his faithful wife; he tried to make up his mind how the little boy of five years, now a lad of twelve, would look. Occupied with such thoughts, he reached the house, stepped up, and pulled the familiar latch-string. The door swung open. The changes that seven years had brought to his once manly form were as apparent in those he left at home. Anxiety and distress had made deep furrows in the smooth brow, while the flush of the cheeks on which Ichabod pressed a farewell kiss had faded from sight.

Seven years had changed the prattling, innocent child to a thoughtful youth, in whom was a striking resemblance of the long-lost father.

The wife was Sarah Richardson still; but when the table was spread for the thanksgiving meal, four plates were put upon it. Ichabod and Josiah Richardson exchanged many thoughtful glances. All refreshed themselves, and arose from the family board to decide whose wife Sarah should be.

In law the second marriage was void, because neither death nor divorce had entered the early home; but there were other matters to be considered. Ichabod left some property when he bade his family farewell, and Josiah had added to it. Although both had but recently been warriors, they decided that the difficulty should be amicably adjusted. Sarah decided in favor of Ichabod, the father of her son. They called in the assistance of the village magistrate, Josiah Johnson, Jr., the "squire" of the town, who prepared a legal document, to which the two husbands appended their names.

The paper is styled "Ichabod Richardson and Josiah Richardson -- Stipulation": --

"Whereas Ichabod Richardson of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, Commonwealth of Massachusetts shop joiner [carpenter], about six or seven years since, (during the unhappy Difference between Great Brittian and America), the Colonies Inlisted him on board one of the American Privateers, leaving behind his wife Sarah, by which, he had Issue, one son, in which unlucky voyage he was taken Prisoner by the Brittians and was carried to Great Brittian and from thence to the East Indies, which occasioned him six or seven years absence; without any the least notice to his said wife Sarah, of his being in the land of the living. During this uncertain interim the said Sarah in a desolate state, Josiah Richardson of said Woburn, blacksmith, being left a widower, married the said Sarah. But so it happens at this present time, the said Ichabod is now returned and puts in his claim to his said wife Sarah, which by reason of their said son she preferres to live with in the future . . . and they the said Ichabod and Josiah, for the amicable settlement of the unhappy affair between them, stipulate as follows, namely the said Ichabod on his part, on the penalty of one hundred pounds, lawful money, stipulates with the said Josiah, his heirs and executors to pay discharge, and Indemnify him and them from all demands of what nature so ever against the said Sarah, at and until the time of her intermarriage with the said Josiah, and

from all for the future, and that he the said Josiah shall Retain all the goods by him, the said Josiah and the said Sarah, Procured since the time of their intermarriage, during life. And he the said Josiah, on his part stipulates with the said Ichabod, his heirs and executors, on the penalty of one hundred pounds like money, to discharge the said Sarah from the obligations of such marriage, and to Restore all the goods she brought with her at that time.

"In confirmation of all above written, they have hereunto interchangably set their hands and seals, this fifteenth day of February, one thousand seven hundred eighty three.

(Signed)

ICHABOD RICHARDSON (SEAL).

JOSIAH RICHARDSON (SEAL).

Signed, sealed, and delivered }

in the Presence of }

WILLIAM FOX,

JOSIAH JOHNSON."

NOTE. -- Ichabod Richardson, son of Asa, was born in Woburn, March 3, 1747; married Sarah Wyman, June 6, 1770; had Ichabod, born in 1771. She married Josiah Richardson March 19, 1782. Ichabod Richardson died in Woburn, Feb. 5, 1792. Josiah Richardson died in Woburn, Nov. 12, 1801.

[From GEORGE'S Cambridge Almanack; or, The Essex Calendar for the Year of our Redemption, 1776.]

Narrative of the excursion and ravages of the king's troops, under the command of General Gage, on the 19th of April, 1775; taken with 104 depositions to support the truth of it, and published by order of Congress.

This concise and much-admired narrative is said to be drawn up by the revered and patriotic Mr. G___n, of the third parish in Roxbury, together with an accurate list of all the Provincials who were killed, wounded, and missing in the action, including all that was lost on that day; collected by authority: --

"On the 19th of April, 1775, a day to be remembered by all Americans of the present generation, and which ought, and doubtless will be, handed down to ages yet unborn, in which the troops of Britain, unprovoked, shed the blood of sundry loyal American subjects of the British King in the field of Lexington. Early in the morning of said day, a detachment of the forces, under the command of General Gage, stationed at Boston, attacked a small party of the inhabitants of Lexington, and some other towns adjacent, the detachment consisting of about nine hundred men, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Smith. The inhabitants of Lexington and the other towns were about one hundred, some with and some without firearms,

who had collected upon information that the detachment had secretly marched from Boston the preceding night, and landed on Phips's Farm in Cambridge, and were proceeding on their way with a brisk pace towards Concord (as the inhabitants supposed), to take or destroy a quantity of stores deposited there for the use of the colony; sundry peaceable inhabitants having the same night been taken, held by force, and otherwise abused on the road, by some officers of General Gage's army, which caused a just alarm to the people, and a suspicion that some fatal design was immediately to be put in execution against them. This small party of the inhabitants, so far from being disposed to commit hostilities on the troops of their sovereign, that unless attacked were determined to be peaceable spectators of this extraordinary movement, immediately on the approach of Colonel Smith with the detachment under his command they dispersed. But the detachment, seeming to thirst for blood, wantonly rushed on, and first began the hostile scene by firing on this small party, in which they killed eight men on the spot, and wounded several others, before any guns were fired upon the troops by our men. Not contented with this effusion of blood, as if malice occupied their whole soul, they continued to fire until all this small party who escaped the dismal carnage were out of the reach of their fire. Colonel Smith, with the detachment, then proceeded to Concord, where a part of this detachment again made the first fire upon some of the inhabitants of Concord and the adjacent towns, who were collected at a bridge upon this just alarm, and killed two of them, and wounded several others, before any of the Provincials there had done one hostile act. Then the Provincials (roused with zeal for the Liberties of their country, finding life and everything dear and valuable at stake) assumed their native valor, and returned the fire, and the engagement on both sides began. Soon after which the British troops retreated towards Charlestown (having first committed violence and waste on public and private property), and on their retreat were joined by another detachment of General Gage's troops, consisting of about a thousand men, under the command of Earl Percy, who continued the retreat. The engagement lasted through the day. Many were killed and wounded on each side, though the loss on the part of the British troops far exceeded that of the Provincials. The devastation committed by the British troops on their retreat, the whole of the way from Concord to Charlestown, is almost beyond description, such as plundering and burning of dwelling-houses and other buildings, driving into the street women in child-bed, killing old men in their houses unarmed. Such scenes of desolation would be a reproach to the perpetrators, even if committed by the most barbarous nations, how much more when done by Britons famed for humanity and tenderness. And all this because these colonies will not submit to the iron yoke of arbitrary power."

The following is a correct list of those Provincials who were killed, wounded, and missing in the action of the 19th of April, 1775, and the towns to which they respectively belonged: --

BELONGING TO CAMBRIDGE AND MENOTOMY.

KILLED.

William Marcy.
Moses Richardson.
John Hicks.
Jason Russell.
Jabez Wyman.
Jason Winship.

WOUNDED.
C. Samuel Whittemore.
MISSING.
Samuel Frost.
Seth Russell.

CHARLESTOWN.
KILLED.
James Miller.
C. Barber's son.

WATERTOWN.
KILLED.
Joseph Cooledge.
SUDBURY.
KILLED.
D. Josiah Haynes.
Asahel Reed.

WOUNDED.
Joshua Haynes.

ACTON.
KILLED.
Isaac Davis.
Abner Hosmer.

James Hayward.

WOUNDED.
Luther Blanchard.
BEDFORD.
KILLED.
Jonathan Willson.
WOUNDED.
Job Lane.
WOBURN.
KILLED.
Asahel Porter.
Daniel Thompson.

WOUNDED.
George Reed.
Jacob Bacon.
_____ Johnson.

MEDFORD.
KILLED.
Henry Putnam.
William Polly.

NEWTOWN.
WOUNDED.
Noah Wiswell.
LEXINGTON.
KILLED.
Jonas Parker.
Robert Munroe.
Samuel Hadley.
Jonathan Harrington.

Isaac Muzzy.
Caleb Harrington.
John Brown.
Jedediah Munroe.
John Raymond.
Nathaniel Wyman.

WOUNDED.
John Robbins.
Solomon Pierce.
John Tidd.
Joseph Comee.
Ebenezer Munroe, Jr.
Thomas Winship.
Nathaniel Farmer.
Prince Estabrook.
Jedediah Munroe.
Francis Brown.

BILLERICA.
WOUNDED.
John Nichols.
Timothy Blanchard.
CHELMSFORD.
WOUNDED.
D. Aaron Chamberlain.
C. Oliver Barron.

CONCORD.
WOUNDED.
C. Charles Miles.
Nathan Barrett.
Abel Prescott, Jr.

Jonas Brown.
George Minot.

NEEDHAM.
KILLED.
John Bacon.
Elisha Mills.
Amos Mills.
Nathaniel Chamberlain
Jonathan Parker.

WOUNDED.
Eleazer Kingsbury.
Tolman.

FRAMINGHAM.

WOUNDED
Daniel Hemmenway.

DEDHAM.

KILLED.
Elias Haven.

WOUNDED
Israel Everett.

STOW

WOUNDED.
Daniel Conant.
ROXBURY.

MISSING.
Elijah Seaver.

BROOKLINE.

KILLED.
Isaac Gardner.

SALEM.

KILLED.
Benjamin Pierce.

DANVERS.
KILLED.
Henry Jacobs.
Samuel Cook.
Ebenezer Goldthwait.
George Southwick.
Benjamin Daland.
Jotham Webb.
Perley Putnam.

WOUNDED.
Nathan Putnam.
Dennis Wallace.

MISSING.
Joseph Bell.
BEVERLY.
KILLED.
Reuben Kennison.

WOUNDED.
Nathaniel Cleves.
Samuel Woodbury.
William Dodge.

LYNN.
KILLED.
Abednego Ramsdell.
Daniel Townsend.
William Flint.
Thomas Hadley.

WOUNDED.
Joshua Felt.
Timothy Monroe.

MISSING.
Josiah Breed.
Total.-- Killed, 49; wounded, 39; missing, 5 = 93.