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GRANDMOTHER'S STORY



OF

BUNKER

HILL

BATTLE



OLIVER
WENDEL
HOMES

Illustrated
by
H.W. Vickar

BY GRANDMOTHER

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THE GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY OF BUNKER HILL BATTLE

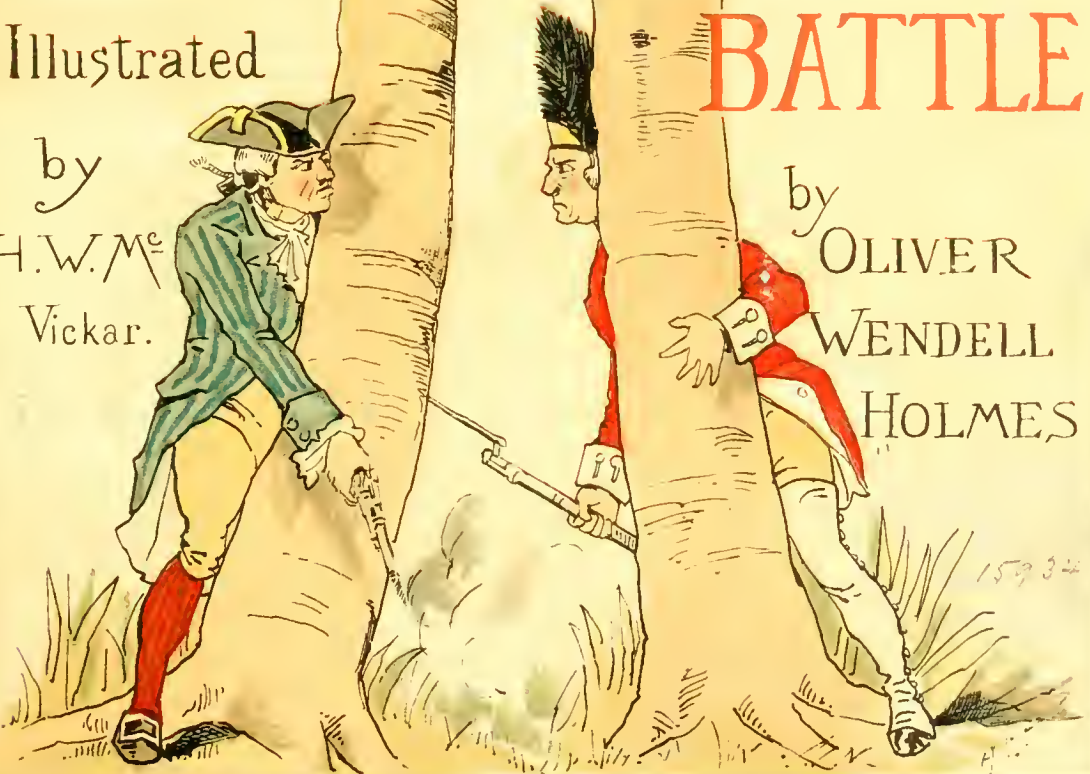
Illustrated

by

H. W. M^{rs}
Vickar.

by

OLIVER
WENDELL
HOLMES



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'TIS LIKE STIRRING LIVING EMBERS WHEN, AT EIGHTY, ONE REMEMBERS
 ALL THE ACHINGS AND THE QUAKINGS OF "THE TIMES THAT TRIED MEN'S SOULS,
 WHEN I TALK OF WHIG AND TORY, WHEN I TELL THE REBEL'S ORY.
 TO YOU THE WORDS ARE ASHES, BUT TO ME THEY'RE BURNING COALS.
 I HAD HEARD THE MUSKETS' RATTLE OF THE APRIL RUNNING BATTLE;
 LORD PERCY'S HUNTED SOLDIERS, I CAN SEE THEIR RED COATS STILL,
 BUT A DEADLY CHILL COMES O'ER ME, AS THE DAY COMES UP BEFORE ME,
 WHEN A THOUSAND MEN LAY BLEEDING ON THE SLOPES OF BUNKER'S HILL.



"T WAS A PEACEFUL SUMMERS MORNING, WHEN THE FIRST THING GAVE ME WARNING.
 WAS THE BOOMING OF THE CARRON FROM THE RIVER AND THE SIGH OF
 "CHILD," SAYS GRANDMA, WHAT'S THE MATTER, WHAT IS ALL THIS NOISE AND CLATTER?
 HAVE THOSE SCALPING INDIAN DEVILS COME TO MURDER US ONCE MORE!"

THEY HAD BURNED SIDES WERE SWAMPED THE MOST OF ALL MY QUARTER.
 TO GET THE END OF BURNING WOUNDS BARE HEAD TO ROAR:
 "SHEETS OF THE BURNING WOUNDS AND THE LAUGHTER AND THE FILLAGE
 TWENTY HOURS WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN THEIR POLLEYS WROULD, A S DOOR



The young woman...
 The young woman...
 The young woman...



NO TIME FOR HIM GETTING ON THE LIP OF HIS WINDOW
 DOWN MY HEART AS I HUNG ON THE DOOR
 GO FORBID ME TO COME TO YOU
 HOW TO LIVE, HELPLESS WAITING FOR YOU



F. J. K. K.

DOWN MY HALL WENT AS I HURRIED

IN THE STREET I HEARD A JUMPING AND I KNEW IT WAS THE MUMMIFIED
 OF THE DUE TOTAL FOR THE NEIGHBORHOOD THAT WOODENLY LE WORE.
 WITH A KNOT OF WINDY FOUND IT WAS LUCKY I HAD FOUND THE
 SO I FOLLOWED WITH THE OTHERS AND THE CORPORAL MADE SO NOISE
 THAT WE WERE WAY TO FOR THE STEEP - THE OLD SMOKE WAS IN THE
 THE WINDMILL CALLED TO US A-VICTIM OF THE CRIMINALS THAT
 JUST ABOVE THE NARROW RIVER OH SO CLEARLY I HAD MY OWN
 STOOD AND I YES - IN THE HILL - UP THAT BUT YESTERDAY WAS NOT



IT WAS SLOW ON EYES STUFFED IT, WE HAD BENT AND STAYED BEYOND IT,
 TOWARD THE BATHING HUTTEN FROM US AND THE STEEP BODY WALLS WERE DOWN
 WE WERE FROZEN WIDE AND MOUTH, LOOKING AND DOWN AND TO THE
 AND THEIR LIPS WERE WHITE WITH TERROR AS THEY SAID THE HOUR HAS COME!
 THE WINDS SLOWLY WASTE WITH A MORSEL THAT WE TASTED
 AND OUR HEADS WERE ALMOST SPLITTING WITH THE CANNON'S DEATH ON THE WALL,
 WHEN A FIGURE TALL AND STATELY ROUNDED THE RAMPART STRODE SEATED
 IT WAS PRESCOTT, ONE SINCE TOLD ME, HE COMMANDED ON THE HILL.



EVERY WOMAN'S HEART GREW BIGGER WHEN WE SAW HIS MAJESTIC FIGURE,
 WITH HIS BAYONET BUCKLED ROUND IT STANDING UP SO STRAIGHT AND TALL,
 LIKE A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE WHO IS STROLLING OUT FOR PLEASURE,
 THROUGH THE STORM OF SHELLS AND CARTRIDGE SHOT HE WALKED AROUND THE WALL.

AT ELEVEN THE STREETS WERE SWARMING FOR THE RED COATS' RACKS WERE DOWN;
 AT NOON IN MARCHING ORDER THEY WERE MOVING TO THE PIERS;
 NOW THE BAYONETS GLEAMED AND GLIST'NED AS WE MARCHED FAR DOWN AND ONWARDS
 TO THE TRAMPLING AND THE DRUM BEAT OF THE BEAUFORT GRENADIERS'
 AT LENGTH THE MARCHES STOPPED WITH A CHEER IT SEEMED FAINT AND FAINT
 IN THEIR SCARLET REGIMENTS WITH THEIR KRAPSACKS ON THEIR BACKS
 AND THE REDDING, RIPPLING WATER, AS AFTER A SEA FIGHT'S SLAUGHTER,
 ROUND THE BARGES GLIDING FORWARD BUSHED LIKE BLOOD ALONG THEIR TRACKS





"THE BELTEN GRENADIERS"

SO THEY CROSSED TO THE OTHER SIDE, AND WHEN THE SUN WAS DOWN
 AND THE BOATS CAME BACK FOR SOLDIERS' LAMBS, FOR SOLDIERS' LAMBS
 THE TIME SEEMED EVERLASTING TO HIS MIND, AND HE WAS LASTING
 AT LAST THEY'RE MOVING, WAPPING, AND THE FRONT OF THE LINE
 WE CAN SEE THE BRILLIANT STEEL OF HIS BAYONET, AND THE
 NOW THE FRONT RANK OF HIS BATTALION, AND THE FRONT RANK OF HIS BATTALION
 FLYING ALONG THEIR ENEMY, AND THE FRONT RANK OF HIS BATTALION
 ON THE PACE AND THE PACE, AND THE FRONT RANK OF HIS BATTALION





THEN THE CORPORAL, OUR OLD CRIPPLE (HE WOULD SAY HIS WOUNDS WERE NOT
 HE HAD HEARD THE BULLETS WHISTLE IN THE OLD FRENCH WAR (BY THE
 CALLS OUT IN WORDS OF JEERING, JUST AS IF HE HAD BEEN WOUND HIMSELF -
 AND HIS WOODEN LEG THUMPS FURCILE ON THE DECK, "GODDAMNED VILLAINS,
 "Oh, FIRE AWAY YE VILLAINS, AND SEND KING GEORGE'S SOLDIERS
 BUT YELL WASTE A TON OF POWDER, YOU'RE A WASTE OF SPACE,
 YOU MAY BANG THE DRUM AND WELCOME THEM, BUT AS SAID THE DATA, MELLON W
 TEN FEET BENEATH THE GFA. ESTURE, THAT YOU'VE SOLD OUT TO THE VILLY BULLS!"



IN THE HUS: OF EXPECTATION, THE AWL AND EXPECITATION
 OF THE DREAD APPROXIMUS MOWERY WE ARE WELDRIGH BRIMMING ALL
 THOUGH THE ROTTER BARS ARE FURCILE, THE RIDLEY BELLY RAILING,
 WE ARE CROWDING UP AGAINST THE WILLY E. THE WAY'S ASHORE OF THE



"YE ANCIERT BELFRY."

JUST AS I WOULD THE AIR IS CLEAR AND THE SUN IS SHINING
 WHEN I SEE A BIRD IN THE SKY - I SEE THE STEEP E SLOPES
 THE LEAD IS THERE IS SURE, THE THUNDER IS SOUND IS LOUD
 LIKE A BLOW THAT IS SURE, THE THUNDER IS SOUND IS LOUD
 IN THE NIGHT YOUR EYES WINK - AS THE BIRD GOES TO THE SKY
 THE BIRD GOES TO THE SKY - AS THE BIRD GOES TO THE SKY
 HERE A SCARLET BIRD IS SURE, THE THUNDER IS SOUND IS LOUD
 LIKE A BLOW THAT IS SURE, THE THUNDER IS SOUND IS LOUD



THEY WE CAME THE PROPS ARE SURE, THE THUNDER IS SOUND IS LOUD
 GOOD MARKER, THE THUNDER IS SOUND IS LOUD
 TELL US TELL US THE THUNDER IS SOUND IS LOUD
 THE THUNDER IS SOUND IS LOUD - WAIT A WHILE



O THE TREMENDOUS AND TERRIBLE! FOR TOO SOON WE SAW OUR ERROR
 THEY ARE BAFFLED NOT DEFEATED, WE HAVE DRIVEN THEM BACK IN VAIN;
 AND THE COLUMNS THAT WERE SCATTERED, ROUND THE COLORS THAT WERE TATTERED,
 TOWARD THE SILENT SILENT FORTRESS TURN THEIR BELTED BREASTS AGAIN.
 ALL AT ONCE, AS WE ARE GAZING, LO! THE ROOFS OF CHARLESTOWN BLAZING!
 THEY HAVE FIRED THE HARMLESS VILLAGE; IN AN HOUR IT WILL BE DOWN!
 THE LORD IN HEAVEN CONFOUND THEM, RAIN HIS FIRE AND BRIMSTONE ROUND THEM;
 THE ROBBING, MURDERING RED-COATS, THAT WOULD BURN A PEACEFUL TOWN!
 THEY ARE MARCHING, STEADY AND SOLEMN; WE CAN SEE EACH MASSIVE COLUMN
 AS THEY NEAR THE BAKED EARTH-MOUND WITH THE STARTING WALLS SO STEEP.
 HAVE OUR SOLDIERS, GO! FAINT-HEARTED, AND IN ROISELESS HASTE DEPARTED!
 ARE THEY PARIC-STRUCK AND HELPLESS! ARE THEY PALSIED OR ASLEEP?



THE SOLDIERS OF THE 42ND REGIMENT, KING'S (LONDON) REGIMENT, IN 1800, AT THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO. THE SOLDIERS WERE EQUIPPED WITH THE BAYONETTED RIFLE, WHICH WAS A COMBINATION OF A RIFLE AND A MUSKET. THE BAYONETTED RIFLE WAS A COMBINATION OF A RIFLE AND A MUSKET. THE BAYONETTED RIFLE WAS A COMBINATION OF A RIFLE AND A MUSKET.

JEADIT, WHO, MURDEROUS, BEATINGS, HELD, BACKWARDS, TO, THE, WITCH-
P, THROAT, OF, THE, LADY, WHO, WAS, IN, THE, WOODS, OF, THE, WITCH,
SHE, WAS, THE, ONLY, ONE, WHO, WAS, LEFT, ALIVE, AND, SHE, WAS,
THE, ONLY, ONE, WHO, WAS, LEFT, ALIVE, AND, SHE, WAS,



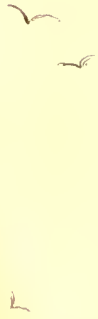
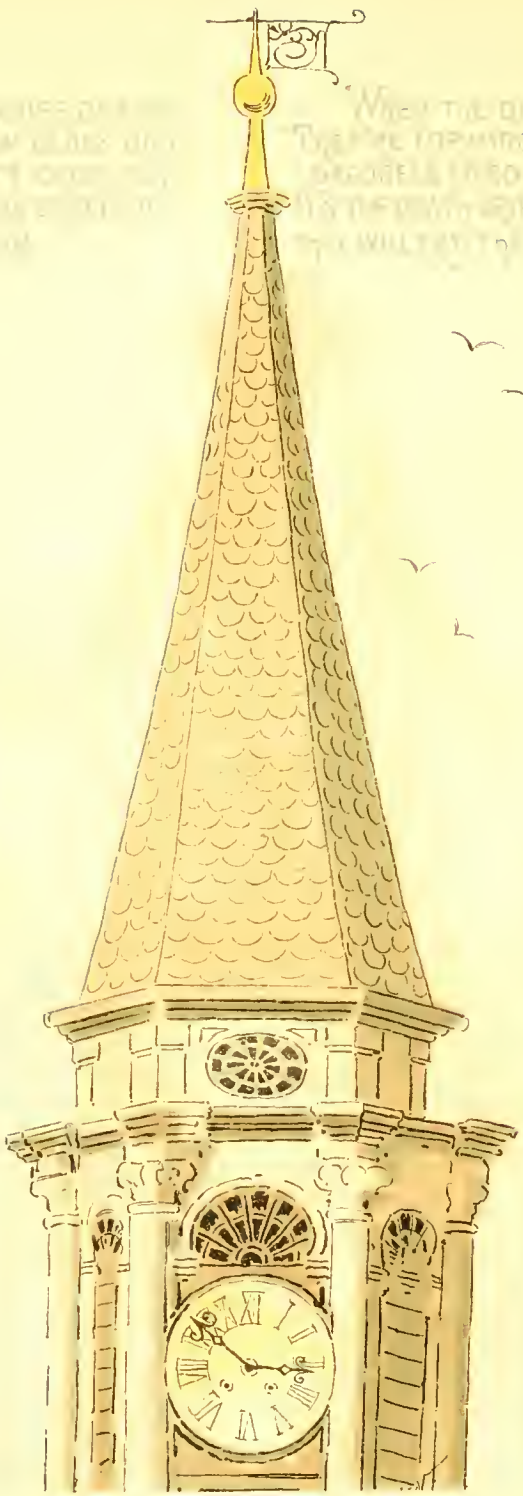
And we looked back the way we came, at the happy old-fashioned people
 Of the past, and to ourselves, but to see it was not the same.
 Not sure, he said, "I'm sure"—and now I wonder if I'm
 There's something in the air, I think, that's not the same as of old.



I think I'll never see you again, I think I'll never see you
 I think I'll never see you again, I think I'll never see you
 I think I'll never see you again, I think I'll never see you
 I think I'll never see you again, I think I'll never see you

THE TOWER, THAT WIFE OF
THE WIFE OF THE WIFE OF
THE WIFE OF THE WIFE OF
THE WIFE OF THE WIFE OF
THE WIFE OF THE WIFE OF

WHEN THE OLD MAN SAID
"I'M GOING WITH THEIR
GRANDFATHERS TO THE
MOUNTAINS THAT'S A COMING
THE WILDTY TO WORKS ORCE MORE"



WITH BRAZEN TRUMPETS BLAR ITS, THE FLAMES BEHIND THEM BURNING,
THE DEADLY WALL BEFORE THEM - BECAUSE AHEAD FOR A MOMENT,
STILL ORWARD UP VAIN TOWARDS THE HORRORS FROM IMMORTALITY
LIKE THE RATTLE AND SHILL WARDING THE REVERBERATIONS OF BOMB
OVER REAPS AND TIPS AND DUMPS - SHALL I TELL THE REAR OF YOUR
NOW THEY SURGE AROUND THE BATTLE-ARMS THE FOR BLOOD AND LIFE.





How the... ..



H. A. C. V.

IT HAS ALL BEEN TOLD AND PARTED, AS FOR ME THEN, I PARTED,
AND THE WOODER-LEGGED AND COPPOLAL STUMPED WITH ME DOWN THE STAIRS.

When, I was a boy, the eyes of the old man were lighted,
Gazing at me, as though he were the old man's wife.



And then, when the young man was dead, the old man
Told his wife, as he lay in bed, that he was
The one who had not told the story of his death and sorrow,
How the old man's hands were stretched out to the young man's feet.



Who the youth was, what his name was, where the place from which he came was,
Who had brought him from the battle, and had left him at our door,
He could not speak to tell us; but 'twas one of our brave fellows,
As the homespun plainly showed us which the dying soldier wore.
For they all thought he was dying, as they gathered round him, crying,
And they said, "Oh, how they'll miss him!" and "What will his mother do?"
Then, his eyelids just unclosing like a child's that has been asleep,
He faintly murmured, "Mother!"—and—I saw his eyes were blue.

HOW BRANDY, THE VERY WINEY, HOW WE SOLD, IT LETS ME THINK
 OF STOLEN TIME AND THE OLD WELSH SUNDAYS, I'D ALONE
 SO WE FAME TO AMONG THE WINEY, HOW I DARED TO TAKE A— WITH
 YOU IT LAST IN BLOOD BEFORE ME YOU THE ROOM, DEER, AUM, SURE

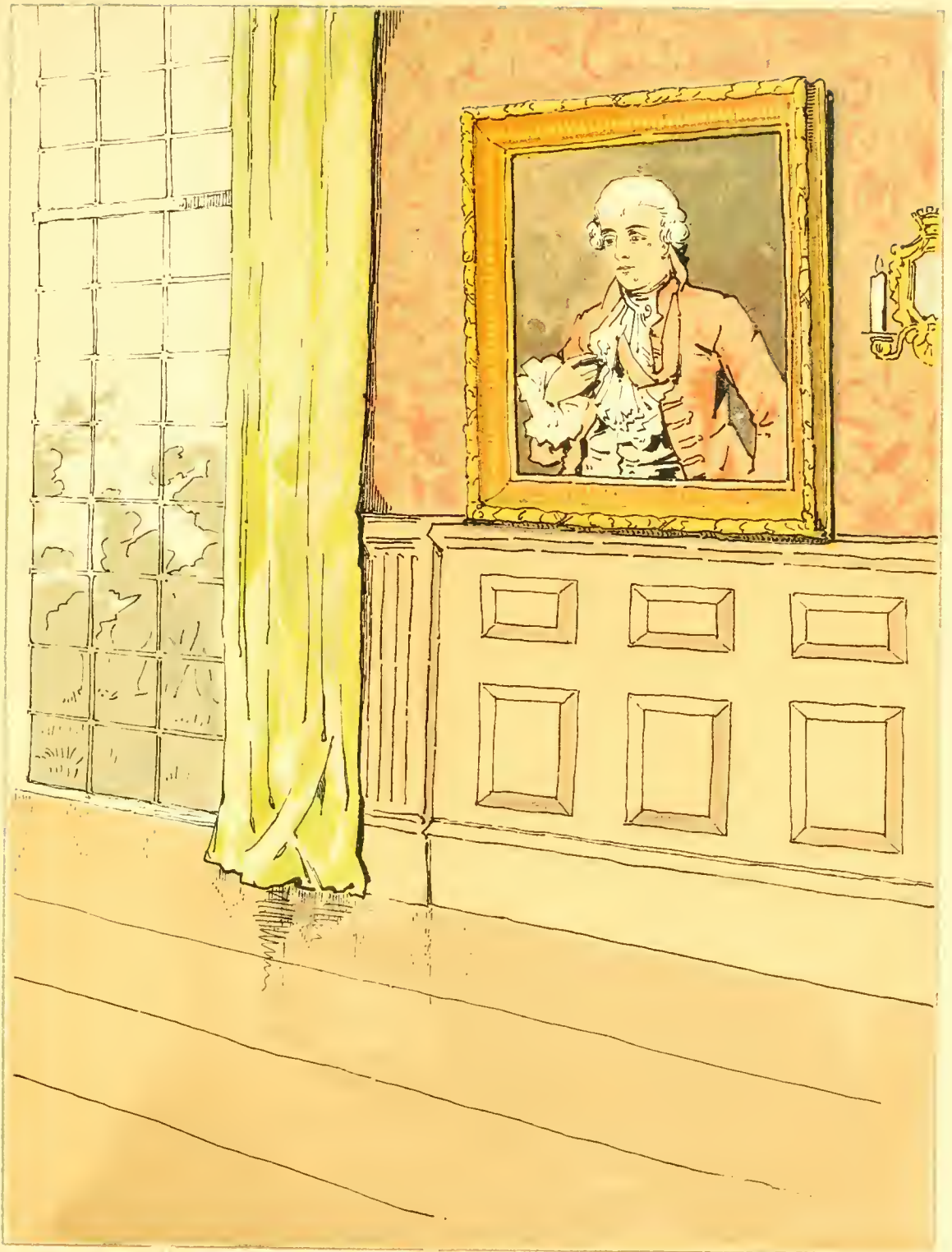




"We became so well acquainted"



HAVE SOMETIMES WALKED THE WAY TO THE PLEASANT SUMMER WEATHER,
I WOULD TO THINK AND HIS HAND HOLD, TO BE WITH HIM IN A LITTLE DEAR-
PERIODS OF THE COULD, WITHOUT WE BECOME SO WE ACQUAINTED,
THAT IN SHORT, THAT'S WHY I AM GOING TO AND YOU SHOULD! ALL ARE HERE!



THERE'S HIS FIGURE COPLEY PAINTED.



F. G. G. G.

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