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ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

HOW THE WAR BEGAN.

A Series of Sketches

FROM ORIGINAL AUTHORITIES.

BY

EDWARD E. HALE.

BOSTON:

LOCKWOOD, BROOKS, AND COMPANY,

381 WASHINGTON STREET.

1875.

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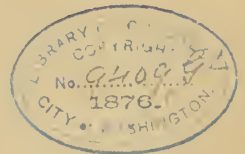
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BOSTON:
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ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

THIS year will long be remembered as "the centennial year." As every anniversary approaches, we are all tempted to study anew its history; and by that happy law by which history, like nature, "gives us more than all she ever takes away," we are able to bring together some anecdotes, to explain some mysteries, and to connect some inexplicable movements, as our ancestors could not do.

Only a hundred years ago, for instance, it was still the fashion in America to call George III. the "best of kings," to call the troops sent out from England the "ministerial troops," and to hang in effigy not the king, but Lord North, like the Earl of Bute, and others supposed to be the king's false advisers. We know now, what our fathers did not suspect, that it was the king's obstinacy which held his ministers to their work. Lord North would gladly have resigned three years before he did, but that the king fairly implored him not to desert him. We know, in short, that, if to any one Englishman the policy can be assigned which resulted in the dismemberment of an empire, that Englishman was the King of England.

For many years, the defeat of the Americans at Bunker's Hill was to the people of New England a sore matter, which they could not account for to their minds, which they still felt uneasy about (as if some one had blundered), and which, in a word, rankled as all defeats do in the memories of a brave people. We know now, what they could not guess, that that battle virtually affected the tactics of the English generals through the war, and, in a certain sense, may be said to have decided the war. The respect for the American troops which was learned in the horrible carnage of that day accounts for Howe's remaining quiet within his lines in Boston for nearly a year afterwards; it accounts for the reserve or shyness of all his movements after he made New York his centre; it accounts, in short, for the languid way in which the war was carried on by every English leader, excepting Lord Cornwallis. This result of the battle of Bunker's Hill has made it one of the decisive battles

of history; but of that our fathers had no idea while they were trying to discover who was responsible for their failure.

It is the object of this series of sketches to bring before the reader of to-day such original descriptions of the eventful days of one hundred years ago as have not been often reprinted, and as shall show to him how they were regarded by the lookers-on. It is impossible, within the compass of these pages, to go into the details of the narrative of each event of 1775, nor is it desirable. Those details will be presented by local orators as the successive days of celebration shall come round, with the aid of the hills and streams, the highways and byways, in or near which each scene was enacted, — illustrations so much more precise than can be any map or picture! But no orator can vie with the letter, or ballad, or speech of the moment in showing what is of even more interest than the statistics of armies, or the narrative of battle, — how the men and women felt, who, for the first time perhaps, found themselves face to face with war. The special object of these papers is to permit those men and women, on both sides, to speak for themselves.

The year 1775, also, was for New England a centennial year. One hundred years before, in 1675, Philip's war had broken out, — the most perilous crisis of the history of New England. In that dreadful struggle, ten towns were wholly destroyed, forty others were more or less injured. There were but eighty or ninety towns in all. The population of Massachusetts was rated at thirty thousand whites, of whom six thousand were rated as fighting men. Of these six thousand, one in every ten or twelve was killed, or carried away captive. The debt of the colony when "Philip's war" was over was more than the amount of its personal property.

In one hundred years, ending with 1775, the population had increased tenfold, from thirty thousand to three hundred thousand, a ratio much larger than that of the last century. The increase in wealth and strength was proportional.

But in 1775 the people of New England were looking forward, and not back. I am not aware that any writer or speaker of that crisis ever alluded to the year as the centennial of the great struggle of the colonial history.

CHAPTER I.

THE MONTH OF MARCH IN BOSTON.

A HUNDRED years ago, in the month of March, Gen. Gage, with thirty-five hundred men, was in Boston, looking for the opening of the spring, and hoping for re-enforcements from England. He had written to Lord Dartmouth, that, if England would begin with an army twenty thousand strong, she would save blood and treasure in the end. He had also sent Capt. Balfour, with a hundred men and three hundred stand of arms, to Marshfield, to encourage the loyalists there. The captain reported that they were well received; and the general felt encouraged to make new conquests.

He struck next at Salem, where he heard that there were some brass cannon and gun-carriages. Col. Leslie was sent out on Sunday, Feb. 26, 1775, to take them. He landed at Marblehead while the people were at meeting; but his object was suspected, and news immediately sent to Salem. When Col. Leslie reached the North Bridge, the drawbridge was up; and one of those parleys followed, which, in all that history, showed how anxious were both parties to keep within the forms of law. The people who had assembled told Col. Leslie that it was a private way, and that he had no right to travel on it, or to use the drawbridge. He undertook to ferry over a party in two scows, known then and now, in the language of New England, by the proud name of "gondolas."¹ Their owners jumped in, and began to scuttle them. In the scuffle which ensued, some were pricked with bayonets. The Salem people, to this hour, say that blood was drawn, and claim the honor of the first "bloodshed" of the Revolutionary War. This is certain, that they made the first resistance to a military force of England. Nay, there are those who hint, under their breath, that, after one hundred years, the Salem people would be willing to sacrifice a few grandfathers, if they could have the honor which, as things fell, has lighted on Lexington and Concord. It is no fault of theirs that they lost it.

Leslie did not wish to force matters. Rev. Thomas Barnard, the minister, was on hand, as a minister should be on such occasions. He persuaded the colonel to be moderate, and promised that the bridge should be lowered, if the detachment did not march more than thirty or fifty rods on the other side. It was, for Leslie, a clear case of being "for the law, but agin enforcing it." He agreed to this. The bridge was lowered. The guns had been removed in the meanwhile. The detachment marched its thirty rods, and marched back again; and Col. Leslie returned to Boston. A company of minute-men from Danvers arrived just as he was leaving town. Observe Danvers.

Trumbull in "Mac Fingal" gives this account of this expedition:—

"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."

In the next number of "The Massachusetts Spy," the paper for March 2, 1775, one of the wits thus describes this expedition:—

"*Caius Lessala* was despatched from Castellinum two hours after sunset, on the 5th of the Kalends of March (answering to our 25th of February), with near three hundred picked men in a galley, under verbal orders to land at Marmoreum, and proceed to Saleminum while the inhabitants of both places were engaged in celebrating a solemn institution. *Lessala* was not to open his written orders till he reached the causeway. He conducted the affair with a despatch and propriety worthy of his character, expecting to find he had been sent to surprise one of *Pompey's* fortified magazines. But great indeed was his chagrin, when he read that his errand was only to rob a private enclosure in the North Fields of that village. He suddenly returned to Castellinum, mentioned some obstruction of a fly-bridge, and, not without a little resentment in his eyes, told *Cæsar* that 'the geese had flown.'" — *Vit. Cæs. Edit. Americ. Fol. 1775.*

Meanwhile Gen. Gage was feeling the country in other directions. As February closed, he sent Capt. Brown and an ensign, Berniere, on foot to Worcester, to examine the country with reference to a march inland. That two officers of the army could not ride in uniform, with proper attendance, into the interior, was evidence enough that the mission Gen. Gage was employed in was hopeless. These two gentlemen went disguised as "countrymen" with "brown cloathes, and red handkerchiefs round their necks." It is edifying to think of the skill with which two such Englishmen would maintain such a disguise. Berniere's journal of the expedition is very funny. They

travelled on foot; and were, of course, recognized every few miles. Here is a specimen:—

“From that we went to Cambridge, a pretty town, with a college built of brick. The ground is entirely level on which the town stands. We next went to Watertown, and were not suspected. It is a pretty large town for America, but would be looked upon as a village in England. A little out of this town we went into a tavern,—a Mr. Brewer’s, a Whig. We called for dinner, which was brought in by a black woman. At first she was very civil, but afterwards began to eye us very attentively. She then went out, and a little after returned, when we observed to her that it was a very fine country; upon which she answered, ‘So it is; and we have got brave fellows to defend it; and, if you go up any higher, you will find it so.’ This disconcerted us a good deal; and we imagined she knew us from our papers, which we took out before her, as the general had told us to pass for surveyors. However, we resolved not to sleep there that night, as we had intended. Accordingly we paid our bill, which amounted to two pounds odd shillings; but it was old tenor. After we had left the house, we inquired of John, our servant, what she had said. He told us that she knew Capt. Brown very well; that she had seen him five years before at Boston, and knew him to be an officer, and that she was sure I was one also, and told John that he was a regular. He denied it; but she said she knew our errand was to take a plan of the country; that she had seen the river and road through Charlestown on the paper. She also advised him to tell us not to go any higher; for, if we did, we should meet with very bad usage.”

They then took John into their company at inns and other places; and at Sudbury, at the Golden Ball, since immortalized by Mr. Longfellow, they were fortunate enough to find a Tory landlord in Mr. Jones. “Can you give us supper?”—“I can give you tea, if you like.” This was the Shibboleth that revealed a friend of government.” Mr. Jones accredited them to other Tory innkeepers in the county above. They were sadly frightened on the rest of their journey; but till they came to Mr. Barnes’s, at Marlborough, they had beds to sleep in. There their luck turned. No sooner were they under his roof, than Sons of Liberty began to intimate that they must not stay; and poor Mr. Barnes had to lead them out by a back-way. The tired officers took up their march.

“We resolved to push on at all hazards, but expected to be attacked on the causeway. However, we met nobody there, so began to think it was resolved to stop us in Sudbury, which town we entered when we passed the causeway. About a quarter of a mile in the town, we met three or four horsemen, from whom we expected a few shot. When we came nigh, they opened to the right and left, and quite crossed the road. However, they let us pass through them without taking any notice, their opening being only chance; but our apprehensions made us interpret every thing against us. At last we arrived at our friend Jones’s again, very much fatigued, after walking thirty-two miles between two o’clock and half-after ten at night, through a road that every step we sunk up to the ankles, and it blowing and drifting snow all the way. Jones said he was glad to see us back, as he was sure we should meet with ill usage in that part of the country, as they had been watching for us some time; but said he found we were so deaf to his hints, that he did not like to say any thing, for fear we should have taken it ill. We drank a bottle of mulled Madeira wine, which refreshed us very much, and went to bed, and slept as sound as men could do that were very much fatigued.”

The 5th of March came, and Dr. Warren delivered the oration on the "Massacre." It was the fifth celebration, — Lovell, Warren himself, Church, and Hancock had delivered orations on similar occasions. The Old South was crowded. The English officers occupied the steps to the pulpit, and some of them were in it. Warren and his friends entered by a ladder on the outside. The officers did not interfere; and he went on with the address. It is pointed, vehement, but always ingenious in the determination to avoid an issue which could be called treasonable. Take this passage as a hint to these gentlemen around him, of what Warren and his friends were learning.

"Even the sending troops to put these acts in execution is not without advantages to us. The exactness and beauty of their discipline inspire our youth with ardor in the pursuit of military knowledge. *Charles* the Invincible taught *Peter* the Great the art of war. The battle of *Pultowa* convinced *Charles* of the proficiency *Peter* had made."

Here is one of the statements, undoubtedly true of Warren and his friends, that they were not seeking independence. There were men in that church who were.

"But pardon me, my fellow-citizens: I know you want not zeal or fortitude. You will maintain your rights, or perish in the generous struggle. However difficult the combat, you will never decline it when freedom is the prize. An independence on *Great Britain* is not our aim. No: our wish is, that *Britain* and the Colonies may, like the oak and ivy, grow and increase in strength together. But, whilst the infatuated plan of making one part of the empire slaves to the other is persisted in, the interest and safety of Britain, as well as the Colonies, require that the wise measures recommended by the Honorable the Continental Congress be steadily pursued, whereby the unnatural contest between a parent honored and a child beloved may probably be brought to such an issue as that the peace and happiness of both may be established upon a lasting basis. But if these pacific measures are ineffectual, and it appears that the only way to safety is through fields of blood, I know you will not turn your faces from your foes, but will undauntedly press forward until tyranny is trodden under foot, and you have fixed your adored Goddess Liberty fast by a *Brunswick's* side on the *American Throne*."

George the Third and Liberty, like William and Mary, seated on an American throne, probably had their last appearance, even in prophecy, on that day.

The end of the address is, —

"Having redeemed your country, and secured the blessing to future generations, who, fired by your example, shall emulate your virtues, and learn from you the heavenly art of making millions happy with heartfelt joy, with transports all your own, you cry, *The glorious work is done!* then drop the mantle to some young *Elisha*, and take your seats with kindred spirits in your native skies."

Capt. Chapman of the Welch Fusileers sat on the pulpit-stairs. He drew from his pocket a handful of bullets as Warren spoke, and held them in view of the people round him. Warren did not pause, but dropped a white handkerchief on the bullets. The daily record is full of such pretty parables.

But the efforts of the patriots to keep off the issue were met, almost of course in a garrison-town, by the outrages of irresponsible soldiers. Every act of violence by them was, of course, put on record immediately. Here is a letter dated on the 12th of March:—

MARCH 12, 1775.

An honest countryman, Thomas Ditson of Billerica, was inquiring on Wednesday for a firelock. A soldier heard him, and told him he had one he would sell. Away goes the ignoramus, and after paying the soldier very honestly for the gun, which was only an old one without a lock, was walking off, when half a dozen seized him, and hurried the poor fellow away, under guard, for breach of the act against trading with the soldiers; and, after keeping him in duress all night, the next morning, instead of carrying him before a magistrate, who, on complaint, would have fined him, as has been the case in several instances, the officers condemned the man, without a hearing, to be tarred and feathered, which was accordingly executed. After stripping him naked, and covering him with tar and feathers, they mounted him upon a one-horse truck, and surrounding it with a guard of twenty soldiers with fixed bayonets, accompanied with all the drums and fifes of the regiment (Forty-seventh), and a number of officers, negroes, sailors, &c., exhibited him as a spectacle through the principal streets of the town. They fixed a label on his back, on which was written, "AMERICAN Liberty, or a specimen of Democracy;" and, to add to the insult, they played "Yankee Doodle."

"O Britain! how art thou fallen!"

What a wretched figure will the Boston expedition hereafter make on the historic page!

The Billerica selectmen remonstrated to Gen. Gage in a well-written paper, which ends with ominous words:—

"May it please your Excellency, we must tell you we are determined, if the innocent inhabitants of our country towns must be interrupted by soldiers in their lawful intercourse with the town of Boston, and treated with the most brutish ferocity, we shall hereafter use a different style from that of petition and complaint."

While March was speeding in this hopeless way on this side of the water, Franklin, unenlightened by any electric-telegraph, was still making plans in London for an accommodation. Of all his work, nothing is finer than the conception and execution of the negotiation he then conducted, and, of all his writing, nothing better than the description of it which he wrote out at sea, before March was over, on his return to America. He left his place as representative of the Massachusetts Assembly to Arthur Lee. Bollen was the representative of the Council.

No. 3 of "The Crisis," an anonymous political pamphlet of the time, seemed too violent to be borne; and each House ordered that it should be burned by the hangman. Here is the description of the cremation:—

"Yesterday (March 6), No. 3 of 'The Crisis,' and a pamphlet with the same title, containing thoughts on American affairs, were burnt by the common hangman at Westminster Hall gate, pursuant to a unanimous order of the Houses of Lords and Commons. As soon as the condemned papers were burnt, a man threw into the fire 'The Address of both Houses of Parliament to his Majesty, declaring the Bostonians

in Actual Rebellion,' likewise 'The Address of the Bishops and Clergy assembled in Convocation.' The sheriffs were much hissed for attending; and the populace diverted themselves with throwing the fire at each other.

"And this day, at twelve o'clock, the sheriffs attended at the Royal Exchange for the above purpose; but, as soon as the fire was lighted, it was put out, and dead dogs and cats thrown at the officers. A fire was then made in Cornhill; and the executioner did his duty. Slieriff Hart was wounded in the wrist, and Sheriff Plumer in the breast, by a brickbat. Mr. Gates, the city marshal, was dismounted, and with much difficulty saved his life."

This is the beginning, and perhaps worst passage in "The Crisis," No. 3. Whatever vehemence came into the American literature is certainly quite matched by their London brethren. It has proved to be quite true.

"TO THE KING.

"Sir, — To follow you regularly through every step of a fourteen-years' shameful and inglorious reign would be a task as painful as disagreeable, and far exceed the bounds of this paper. But we are called upon by the necessity of the times, the measures you are pursuing, by every principle of justice and self-preservation, and by the duty we owe to *God* and our country, to declare our sentiments (with a freedom becoming *Englishmen*) in some of those dreadful transactions and oppressions which the kingdom has labored under since the glory and lustre of *England's* crown was doomed to fade upon your brow, and to point out to you, sir, your own critical and dangerous situation.

"Sir, it is not your rotten troop in the present House of Commons; it is not your venal, beggarly, pensioned Lords; it is not your polluted, canting, prostituted Bench of Bishops; it is not your whole set of abandoned ministers; nor your army of *Scotch* cut-throats, — that can protect you from the people's rage, when driven by your oppressions, and, until now, unheard-of cruelties, to a state of desperation."

The temper of London may be judged from the fact that John Wilkes was mayor. He had very little question about what was coming, and as little question about proclaiming it. On the 7th of February, on Lord North's resolution for an address to the king to shut the Colonies out from the fisheries, Wilkes made a speech, which was printed in full in the Boston papers at the end of March. He closed in these prophetic words: —

"Sir, this address is founded in injustice and cruelty. It is equally contrary to the sound maxims of true policy, and to the unerring rule of natural right. The Americans will defend their property and their liberties with the spirit of freemen, — with the spirit I hope we should. They will sooner declare themselves independent, and risk every consequence of such a contest, than submit to the yoke which administration is preparing for them. An address of so sanguinary a nature cannot fail of driving them to despair. They will see that you are preparing not only to draw the sword, but to burn the scabbard. You are declaring them rebels. Every idea of a reconciliation will vanish. They will pursue the most rigorous measures in their own defence. The whole continent will be dismembered from Great Britain, and *the wide arch of the raised empire fall*. But I hope the just vengeance of the people will overtake the author of the pernicious counsels, and the loss of the first province of the empire be speedily followed by the loss of the heads of those ministers who advised these wicked and fatal measures."

With the reading of this speech March went out in Boston.

CHAPTER II.

LEXINGTON AND CONCORD.

“ON the nineteenth day of April, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five, 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, the troops of Britain, unprovoked, shed the blood of sundry of the loyal American subjects of the British king in the field of Lexington.”

These words are the prophetic introduction of the “Narrative of the Excursion of the King’s Troops under the Command of Gen. Gage,” which the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts sent to England a hundred years ago. With infinite care the Congress drew up depositions, which were sworn to before “his Majesty’s justices of the peace,” that, with all legal form, they might show to all the world who were the aggressors, now the crisis had come. Then they intrusted the precious volume of these depositions to Richard Derby of Salem, who sent John Derby with them to England. The vessel made a good run. She arrived on the 29th of May with the official papers and “The Essex Gazette,” which had the published accounts. “The Sukey,” Capt. Brown, with the government accounts, forwarded by Gen. Gage, did not arrive till eleven days after. Meanwhile, Arthur Lee and all the friends of America in London were steadily publishing the news of the “ministerial” attack on the people, and the people’s repulse of the army. The public charged the government with concealing the news. Thus was it, that, when

“The embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world,”

they told their own story.

All parties had had fair notice that the crisis was coming; and they had a good chance to guess how it was coming. On the 30th of March, by way of seeing how people would bear the presence of an army, and how the army would march after a winter's rest and rust, Earl Percy with five regiments marched out over Boston Neck, into the country. Boston people can trace him by walking out on Washington Street, where the sea-water then flowed on both sides, up the hill at Roxbury, on the right of the church, and heeding Gov. Dudley's parting-stone, which still stands, let them take Centre Street, "to Dedham and Rhode Island." Along that road to Jamaica Plain, Earl Percy marched, his drums and fifes playing "Yankee Doodle." The spring was very early. Some soldiers straggled, and trampled down gardens and fields that were planted, perhaps since last fall. From Jamaica Plain, Earl Percy led them across to Dorchester; and by the Dorchester road they came home. Very indignant was the Provincial Congress and the committees of safety at this first "invasion" of the country; and all people guessed that Concord would be the point of the next "excursion," because at Concord was one of the largest deposits of stores which the Province of Massachusetts had collected in its preparations against the British empire. What these preparations were, we will try to tell on the next page.

As early as Feb. 9, the Provincial Congress had intimated their intention of stopping such "excursions." They had appointed the celebrated "Committee of Safety," with the express purpose of checking them. Of this committee, —

"The business and duty it shall be, most carefully and diligently to inspect and observe all and every such person or persons as shall at any time attempt to carry into execution, by force, an act of the British parliament, entitled 'An Act for the Better Regulating the Government of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, in New England' . . . which said committee, or any five of them, provided always that not more than one of the said five shall be an inhabitant of the town of Boston, shall have power, and they are hereby empowered and directed, when they shall judge that such attempt or attempts are made, to alarm, muster, and cause to be assembled with the utmost expedition, and completely armed, accoutred, and supplied with provisions sufficient for their support in their march to the place of rendezvous, such and so many of the militia of this Province as they shall judge necessary for the end and purpose of opposing such attempt or attempts, and at such place or places as they shall judge proper, and them to discharge as the safety of the Province shall permit."

This, it will be observed, was full preparation for war, only the Provincial Congress meant that Gen. Gage should strike the first blow.

Meanwhile, our friends Berniere and Brown, whose sad tramp to Worcester we traced in the last number of OLD AND NEW, were sent to see what there was at Concord. They left their journal behind

them, when, the next year, the English army evacuated Boston; and so we are able to trace their march to-day.

And so it happened that on the evening of the 18th of April, when, it was supposed, most of the Boston people were in bed, about eight hundred soldiers — grenadiers, light-infantry, and marines — were embarked in the boats of the navy, very near the place where the Old Providence Station stood, where then the tide rose and fell. Remember that there was no bridge at that time from Boston on any side. The little army was ferried across to Lechmere's Point, not far from the Court House of to-day; lost two hours in going so far, and then took up its silent line of march through Cambridge, by what is still remembered as Milk Row. At the tavern in Menotomy, now West Cambridge, the rebel committee of safety had been in session the day before. Dear Old Gen. Heath, then only "our colonel," whose memoirs come in in the most entertaining reading of the time, had been there. But he had gone home to Roxbury. Here is his account of what happened to those who staid: —

"On the 19th, at daybreak, our general was awoke, called from his bed, and informed that a detachment of the British army were out, that they had crossed from Boston to Phipps's Farm in boats, and had gone towards Concord, as was supposed, with intent to destroy the public stores. They probably had notice that the committees had met the preceding day at Wetherby's Tavern, at Menotomy; for, when they came opposite to the house, they halted. Several of the gentlemen slept there during the night. Among them were Col. Orne, Col. Lee, and Mr. Gerry. One of them awoke, and informed the others that a body of the British were before the house. They immediately made their escape, without time to dress themselves, at the back-door, receiving some injury from obstacles in the way, in their undressed state. They made their way into the fields."

Heath had met on his way home officers who tried to keep the news of the "excursion" from reaching Concord; but the country was alarmed, and Col. Smith sent back to Boston for a re-enforcement. Gen. Gage had expected the request, and had ordered the first brigade under arms at four that morning. These orders were carried to the first brigade-major's. He was not at home; and, when he came home, his servant forgot to tell of the letter. At four o'clock no brigade appeared. At five o'clock Col. Smith's express came, asking the re-enforcement. On inquiry, it proved that no orders were given; and it was not till six that a part of the brigade paraded. They waited till seven for the marines. Is not all this like a village muster to-day? At seven, there being still no marines, it proved that the order for them had been addressed to Major Pitcairn, who was by this time far away, and had indeed begun the war already, without knowing it, by firing his pistol on Lexington Com-

mon. So the half of the brigade waited, and waited, till the marines could be got ready, and when they were ready, at nine o'clock, started over Boston Neck; for now they had no boats: so that they must e'en go six miles round by land, as every Bostonian will see. So they came to Dudley's parting-stone, playing "Yankee Doodle" again; but, when they reached the stone this time, they took the right-hand road "to Cambridge and Watertown." A Roxbury boy who sat on a stone wall to see them pass prophesied thus to Percy, referring to the history of his noble house, —

"You go out by 'Yankee Doodle;' but you will come back by 'Chevy Chase.'"

While the half-brigade was waiting for the marines on what is now Tremont Street, its line crossing the head of Beacon Street, a little boy nine years old, named Harrison Gray Otis, was on his way to the old school in School Street, where Parker's stands to-day. Here is his account of it, printed for the first time. It is, so far as we know, the only glimpse we have of Boston life on that memorable day.

"On the 19th April, 1775, I went to school for the last time. In the morning, about seven, Piercy's brigade was drawn up, extending from Scollay's buildings, through Tremont Street, and nearly to the bottom of the mall, preparing to take up their march for Lexington. A corporal came up to me as I was going to school, and turned me off, to pass down Court Street; which I did, and came up School Street to the schoolhouse. It may well be imagined that great agitation prevailed, the British line being drawn up four yards only from the schoolhouse-door. As I entered school, I heard the announcement of '*deponite libros,*' and ran home for fear of the regulars. Here ended my connection with Mr. Lovell's administration of the school. Soon afterwards I left town, and did not return until after the evacuation by the British, in March, 1776."

Col. Smith and his eight hundred had pressed on meanwhile. The alarm had been so thoroughly given in Lexington, that, at two o'clock, the militia had assembled (one hundred and thirty in number); and John Parker, their captain, had ordered them to load with powder and ball. This John is the grandfather of one Theodore, who will appear two generations afterwards. No sign of any troops; and the men were dismissed, with orders to assemble again at the beat of drum. Most of them thought that the whole was a false alarm. But Gage's officers, in the advance of the English column, came back to it on its march, and reported that five hundred men were in arms. Major Pitcairn of the marines had command of six companies of light infantry in advance. He caught all of Parker's scouts, except Thaddeus Bowman, who galloped back to Lexington Common, and gave to Parker tidings of the approach of the column.

Parker ordered the drum to beat; and his men began to collect.

He ordered Sergeant William Monroe to form them in two ranks, a few rods north of the meeting-house. The English officers, hearing the drum, halted their troops, bade them prime and load, and then marched forward at double-quick. Sixty or seventy of the militia had assembled. The tradition is, that Parker had bidden the men not fire till they were fired upon, but added, "If they mean to have a war, let it begin here." Double-quick on one side; on the other, Sergeant Monroe forming his men as well as he can. Major Pitcairn is in the advance. "Ye villains, ye rebels, disperse! Lay down your arms! Why don't ye lay down your arms?" He saw a gun flash in the pan. The men did not disperse. Pitcairn declared, till the day he died at Bunker Hill, that he gave no order to fire, that he commanded not to fire; and it seems to be admitted that he stuck his staff or sword downward, as the signal to forbear firing. But some men in his party fired irregularly, and hurt no one. Then came a general discharge from the English line, and many men were killed or wounded. The militia returned the fire,—some before leaving their line, some after,—and the war was begun. Here is Capt. John Parker's account of the fight, one of the papers which Capt. Derby carried to London:—

"I, John Parker, of lawful age, and commander of the militia at Lexington, do testify and declare, that on the nineteenth instant, in the morning, about one of the clock, being informed that there were a number of the regular officers riding up and down the road, stopping and insulting people as they passed the road, and also informed that a number of the regular troops were on their march from Boston, in order to take the Province stores at Concord, I ordered our militia to meet on the common in said Lexington, to consult what to do; and concluded not to be discovered, nor meddle, or make with said regular troops, if they should approach, unless they should insult or molest us; and, upon their sudden approach, I immediately ordered our militia to disperse, and not to fire. Immediately said troops made their appearance, and, rushing furiously on, fired upon and killed eight of our party, without receiving any provocation therefor from us."

"MIDDLESEX SS., April 25, 1775.

"The above-named John Parker personally appeared, and, after being duly cautioned to tell the whole truth, made solemn oath to the truth of the above deposition by him subscribed before us.

"WILLIAM REED.

"JOSHUA JOHNSON.

"WILLIAM STICKNEY.

"Justices of the Peace."

That is the way those people went to war. They fought one day; and then they made depositions to secure the truth of history. Henry Clay was greatly amused when a New-England historian told him of these depositions. He heard the story in some detail, and then said, "Tell me that again."

But they did not stop for depositions then. The militia retired: some here, some there. The English troops fired a volley on the common, and gave three cheers. Col. Smith came up with the main party; and they all pressed on to Concord. Two of their party had been wounded. Major Pitcairn's horse was struck by a ball; and, after the column left Lexington, six of the regulars were taken prisoners. The musket of one of them is in the State House to-day.

Meanwhile the Concord militia had the alarm, and had formed. The minute-men, and some of the militia from Lincoln, the next town, had joined them. Some of the companies marched down the Lexington road till they saw the approaching column. They saw they were outnumbered; and they fell back to a hill, about eighty rods distance back of the town, where they formed. Col. Barrett, their commander, joined them here. He had been at work that day, executing such commands as these, given by the committee of safety the day before. They are worth looking back upon as illustrations of the preparations of these days.

"APRIL 18, 1775.

"*Voted*, That part of the provisions be removed from Concord; viz., fifty barrels of beef from thence to Sudbury, with Deacon Plympton, a hundred barrels of flour (of which what is in the malt-house in Concord be part), twenty casks of rice, fifteen hogsheds of molasses, ten hogsheds of rum, five hundred candles.

"*Voted*, That the musket-balls under the care of Col. Barrett be buried under ground in some safe place; that he be desired to do it, and to let the commissary only be informed thereof."

Still finding himself outnumbered, Col. Barrett then withdrew his force over the North Bridge; and the little English army marched into the town.

Three of their companies were stationed at the bridge: three companies were sent to Col. Barrett's house, two miles distant, to destroy the magazines. Did they find the musket-bullets? No. Another party was sent to the South Bridge. In the centre of the town they broke off the trunnions of three new cannon, destroyed what stores they could find, among others some wooden spoons and trenchers, which appear quite conspicuously in all the accounts. But from all such work all parties were called by firing at the bridge.

All this time, the minute-men had been pouring in on the high grounds where Col. Barrett had formed his men. They saw at last that the troops had fired the town, in one place and another. The court-house was on fire. Capt. William Smith of Lincoln volunteered to take his company, and dislodge the guard at the bridge. Isaac

Davis, of the Acton company, made the remark, which has become a proverb, "There is not a man of my company that is afraid" to go. Col. Barrett ordered the attack, bade the column pass the bridge, but not to fire unless they were fired upon. Again the passion for law appeared: "It is the king's highway; and we have a right to march upon it, if we march to Boston. Forward, march!" They marched to the air of "the White Cockade," the quickest step their fifes could play.

Laurie, in command of the English party, crossed back on the bridge, and began to take up the planks. Major Buttrick, who commanded the attacking party, hurried his men. When they were within a few rods, the English fired, in three several discharges. Mr. Emerson, the minister of Concord (who, also, will appear two generations afterwards), came nearer the soldiers than those that were killed. Three several discharges were made by the English; and Mr. Emerson "was very uneasy till the fire was returned." Isaac Davis and Abner Hosmer were killed; and then Major Buttrick gave the order to fire. The English retired. The Provincials crossed the bridge, and part of them ascended the bold hill, which visitors to Concord remember, behind the meeting-house, on the right of the town. The English party under Parsons returned from Barrett's, and crossed the bridge again; but they were left to join the main body without offence.

One English soldier had been killed, and several wounded. Col. Smith delayed his return till he could find carriages for his wounded; and it was noon before he began his return. Meanwhile, north and south and west, couriers had been speeding, announcing that the Lexington militia had been fired on. The minute-men, the country through, had started on their march. They did not know what point to strike. They did not know what they were to do when they came there. But they marched: they were determined to be in time; and in time they were. The populous country between Boston and Concord was in arms. The men knew every inch of ground, and, after they had had their shot at the regulars in one place, ran across country, and tried them again in another. "They are trained to protect themselves behind stone walls," wrote Gen. Gage to the ministry. "They seemed to drop from the clouds," says an English soldier. Poor Smith and his party, after thirty miles of tramping, came back to Lexington Common, in no mood for giving three huzzas there. They made quick marching of it, and were there by two. They left Concord at noon.

"A number of our officers were wounded," says Berniere; "so that we began to run rather than retreat in order. The whole behaved with amazing bravery, but little order."

Here Percy met them with his late re-enforcement; here they rested, and then resumed the retreat, to receive just the same treatment in every defile. At West Cambridge, the Danvers company, — observe Danvers again, — the flank company of the Essex regiment, had come up. Fifteen miles they had marched in four hours, across Essex County. It was sunset before the head of what column was left crossed Charlestown Neck. All Boston was on Beacon Hill, watching for their return. Through the gathering twilight, men could see from the hill the flashes of the muskets on Milk Row; and Percy had to unlimber his field-pieces, and bring them into use again. It was at West Cambridge that Dr. Warren so exposed himself, that a pin was struck out of the hair of his earlock. Heath was by this time exercising some sort of command. The head of the English column was at Bunker Hill, when an aide of Pickering's rode up to him, to announce that the Essex regiment was close behind him. Danvers had gone across country: the rest of the regiment had marched direct to Boston. Heath judged that it was too late for any further attack. The English, on their side, planted sentries at the Neck. Heath planted them on the other side, and ordered the militia to lie on their arms at Cambridge.

But, long before this time, the news of the march had travelled north and west and south. The memory of the rider "on the white horse" is still told in tradition, reminding one, as Gov. Washburn has said, of the white horse in the Revelation. The march and retreat were on Wednesday. On Sunday morning they had a rumor of it in New York; and on Tuesday they had a second express from New England with quite a connected story. This story was so definite, that they ventured to send it south by express as they received it from New Haven. To Elizabethtown, to Woodbridge, to New Brunswick, to Princeton, it flew as fast as horse could carry it. The indorsements by the different committees show their eager haste. It was in Baltimore on the 27th. It was in Georgetown, S.C., on the 10th of May.

It told how the king's troops were besieged on Winter Hill; how Lord Percy was killed, and another general officer of the English, on the first fire. "To counterbalance this good news, the story is, that our first man in command (who he is, I know not) is also killed." No man since has known who "our first man in command" was. There was no commander all day long.

The despatch was all untrue. But it told of war, and it fired the whole country. On the 20th of April an army was around Boston, and the siege had begun.

CHAPTER III.

HOW THE SIEGE BEGAN.

HERE is the circular which the Committee of Safety sent to every town in Massachusetts, on the morning after the "battle of Lexington" and "Concord fight."

"GENTLEMEN, — The barbarous murders committed on our innocent brethren, on Wednesday the 19th instant, have made it absolutely necessary that we immediately raise an army to defend our wives and our children from the butchering hands of an inhuman soldiery, who, incensed at the obstacles they met with in their bloody progress, and enraged at being repulsed from the field of slaughter, will, without the least doubt, take the first opportunity in their power to ravage this devoted country with fire and sword. We conjure you, therefore, by all that is dear, by all that is sacred, that you give all assistance possible in forming an army. Our all is at stake. Death and devastation are the instant consequences of delay. Every moment is infinitely precious. An hour lost may deluge your country in blood, and entail perpetual slavery upon the few of your posterity who may survive the carnage. We beg and entreat, as you will answer to your country, to your own consciences, and, above all, as you will answer to God himself, that you will hasten and encourage, by all possible means, the enlistment of men to form the army, and send them forward to headquarters at Cambridge, with that expedition which the vast importance and instant urgency of the affair demand."

This circular was written by Dr. Warren, who for sixty days had acted as the chairman of the Committee of Safety of Massachusetts, and represented the State, not to say the united colonies, — and represented them with intense fire, untiring energy, and solid good sense. What might have been, who shall tell? But the little bit which we have of a revelation of Warren's abilities, leads one to recur to the impression of the time. There was, so far as can be seen, a popular enthusiasm for Warren, such as no other leader commanded. Probably no reader will carefully read his letters and speeches without falling in with the estimate which the impulsive men of his time

formed of him, — that here was a leader wholly worthy of the cause.

The minute-men staid for a few days at Cambridge and at Roxbury. By the 24th of April, Gen. Artemas Ward, who was in command, began to be uneasy because so many of them were returning home; and he urged the Provincial Congress, which had assembled by this time, to hurry their preparations for enlisting an army, and to let him have, on that day, his orders for the enlistment. The Congress had, on the day before, which was Sunday, voted that an army of thirty thousand was necessary. Meanwhile, Gen. Gage had had enough of "excursions;" and what is popularly called the "Siege of Boston" began with the 20th of April. A letter of the 26th, from Dr. Warren to him, makes the first suggestion for the removal from the town of its inhabitants. To this Gage agreed, on condition that they should surrender their arms; and a large number of fire-arms were surrendered on the 27th of April at Faneuil Hall. The enumeration is enough to show the military habit of the time. There were "seventeen hundred and seventy-eight fire-arms, six hundred and thirty-four pistols, nine hundred and seventy-three bayonets, and thirty-eight blunderbusses," — a very large supply for a town of seventeen thousand people, had they not been a people accustomed to count one-fifth of their population "fighting men," if we may borrow the words which Mrs. Child put into the mouth of James Otis.

Thomas Gage, the unfortunate pivot on which turned the fate of the English empire at this moment, was, as need hardly be said, the younger son of an English nobleman. The eternal laws asserted themselves all through this business. And, because England was governed by an aristocracy, it happened that George Sackville, who had been cashiered for cowardice, was now secretary for the colonies; that Sir John Burgoyne was on his way to re-enforce Gage; and that Gage, being second son of Viscount Gage, was in command. He first appears in our history as an aide of Braddock's; and he and George Washington served together in that campaign. He married in New York one of the Kembles of New Jersey; he was with Wolfe at Quebec; he was colonel of the Twenty-second Regiment of foot, and, as he knew America, was selected to be the military governor to whom the English Government intrusted its plans.¹

¹ Gov. Gage was born about 1720, and was at this time fifty-five years old; Gen. Ward was forty-seven; Warren was thirty-four; and Washington was forty-three. Gage was virtually disgraced after his return. He died April 2, 1787 (not 1788, as in all the biographical dictionaries we have consulted, except the French). His oldest son Henry became Viscount Gage on the death of his uncle, our Gov. Gage's brother.

Gage at first assented to the proposal that the inhabitants should leave the town, only making the condition that but thirty wagons should cross the Neck at a time. A great many availed themselves of the permission; so many, that the Tories were alarmed, and they alarmed the general. On the day of the battle, two hundred Tories had offered him their services, and were enrolled under Ruggles of Hardwick, who, it is said, was the best soldier in the colonies. Old people used to say he should have been the commander-in-chief of the American army, had he not been on the wrong side. The Tories thought the presence of the inhabitants necessary to save the town; that the American army would burn it. At last they threatened to lay down their arms, and leave the town themselves, if Gage permitted farther departure of the inhabitants; and Gage gave way.

Meanwhile the Provincial Congress had prepared the statement of the battle of Lexington, which we described in the last chapter. Warren gave the following order to Capt. John Derby:—

IN COMMITTEE OF SAFETY, April 27, 1775.

Resolved, That Capt. Derby be directed, and he hereby is directed, to make for Dublin, or any other good port in Ireland, and from thence to cross to Scotland or England, and hasten to London. This direction is given, that so he may escape all cruisers that may be in the chops of the channel to stop the communication of the provincial intelligence to the agent. He will forthwith deliver his papers to the agent on reaching London.

J. WARREN, *Chairman*.

P.S.—You are to keep this order a profound secret from every person on earth.

Freighted with his precious cargo of depositions, Capt. Derby cracked on, and outsailed every thing on the seas. “The Sukey,” Capt. Brown, had sailed four days before him, with Gage’s account; but Derby arrived in London eleven days in advance of her. Here is Horace Walpole’s account of the reception of the news, in a letter to Horace Mann:—

JUNE 5, 1775.

You must lower your royal crest a little, for your Majesty’s forces have received a check in America; but this is too sad a subject for mirth. I cannot tell you any thing very positively: the ministers, nay, the orthodox *Gazette*, holds its tongue. This day se’nnight, it was divulged by a “*London Evening Post*” extraordinary, that a ship on its way to Lisbon happened to call at England, and left some very wonderful accounts, nay, and affidavits, saying, to wit, that Gen. Gage had sent nine hundred men to nail up the cannon, and seize a magazine at Concord, of which the accidental captain owns, two cannon were spiked or damaged. A hundred and fifty Americans, who swear they were fired on first, disliked the proceeding, returned blows, and drove back the party. Lord Percy was de-

spatched to support them; but, new recruits arriving, his Lordship sent for better advice, which he received, and it was to retire, which he did. The king's troops lost a hundred and fifty, the enemy not a hundred. The captain was sent for to be examined, but refused. He says Gage sent away a sloop four days before he sailed, which sloop, I suppose, is gone to Lisbon; for in eight days we have no news of it. The public were desired by authority to suspend their belief; but their patience is out; and they agree in believing the first account, which seems the rather probable, in that another account is come of the mob having risen in New York, between anger and triumph—have seized, unloaded, and destroyed the cargoes of two ships that were going with supplies to Gage; and, by all accounts, that whole continent is in a flame.

So here is the fatal war commenced.

"The child that is unborn shall rue
The hunting of that day."

This allusion to Lisbon may have been a mask. Derby does not seem to have gone to Lisbon. If he did, he was back at Salem on the 18th of July; and here is the account then published of his mission:—

CAMBRIDGE, July 21.

Capt. John Derby, who sailed from Salem for London a few days after the battle of Lexington, returned last Tuesday, and the same day came to headquarters in this place.

Very little intelligence has yet transpired: we only learn that the news of the commencement of the American war threw the people in England, especially the city of London, into great consternation, and occasioned a considerable fall of the stocks; that the ministry (knowing nothing of the battle, till they saw it published in the London papers) advertised in "The Gazette," that they had received no account of any action, and *pretended* to believe that there had been none; that the parliament was prorogued two days before Capt. Derby arrived, but, it was said, would be immediately called together again; that when he left London, which was about the 1st of June, no account of hostilities had been received by the ministry from Gen. Gage, notwithstanding the vessel he despatched sailed four days before Capt. Derby; that our friends increased in number, and that many who had remained neuter in the dispute began to express themselves warmly in our favor; that we, however, have no reason to expect any mercy from the ministry, who seem determined to pursue their measures (long since concerted) for ruining the whole British empire.

Capt. Derby brought a few London papers, some as late as the first of June; but we have not been able to obtain a sight of them: we are informed they contain very little news, and scarce any remarks on American affairs.

[Extract of a letter from London, dated June 1, 1775.]

"The intelligence, by Capt. D., of the defeat of G. Gage's men under Lord P. by the Americans, on the 19th of April last, has given very general pleasure here, as the newspapers will testify. 'Tis not with certainty that one can speak of the disposition of people in England with respect to the contest with America, though we are clear that the friends of America increase every day, particularly since the above intelligence. It is believed the ministers have not as yet formed any plans in consequence of the action of

April 19th. They are in total confusion and consternation, and wait for G. Gage's despatches by the —, Capt. Brown.

In the same paper with the above, in the news from London, appears the following:—

LONDON, May 31.

Lord North, when he received the unhappy news to government, that the provincials had defeated Gen. Gage's troops, was struck with astonishment, turned pale, and did not utter a syllable for some minutes.

The captain of the vessel who lately brought the news of the defeat of the king's forces has been sent for by the Privy Council; but he is too honest a man to disseminate his sentiments, or conceal the truth.

Nothing was ever more successful than the enterprise by which the American account of the opening of the war was thus given to all Europe in advance of the English general's: indeed, it reminds one of the skill with which our Southern brothers kept a news-maker squat by the side of each telegraph-office of importance in England, through the late war; only, in the case of Lexington, the Provincial Congress took depositions, and sent the truth. The ministry, as Walpole says, begged people to suspend their judgment; that the news was probably false. On which Arthur Lee published a card to say that all the papers were at the Mansion House, and any man might see them there.

Walpole's allusion to "Chevy-Chase" is suggestive. It had been made on this side, and so made, that the Percy of that day understood it.

As his brigade marched through Roxbury on the fatal 19th of April, the band was playing, by way of contempt, "Yankee Doodle." A smart boy observing it, as the troops passed through Roxbury, made himself extremely merry with the circumstance, jumping and laughing, so as to attract the notice of his lordship, who asked him at what he was laughing so heartily, and was answered, "To think how you will dance by and by to *Chevy-Chase*." Gordon adds, that the repartee stuck by his lordship the whole day; and Gordon, for an anecdote like this, is first-rate authority.¹

Meanwhile, as a part of the understanding by which the poor of

¹ There is another anecdote of the time, on the "Yankee Doodle" of Percy's Brigade. "When the second brigade marched out of Boston to re-enforce the first, nothing was played by the fifes and drums but 'Yankee Doodle,' which had become their favorite tune ever since that notable exploit, which did such honor to the troops of Britain's king, of tarring and feathering a poor countryman in Boston, and parading with him through the principal streets, under arms, with their bayonets fixed. Upon their return to Boston, after the excursion to Lexington, one asked his brother-officer how he liked the tune now. 'Damn them!' (returned he) 'they made us dance it till we were tired.' Since which 'Yankee Doodle' sounds less sweet to their ears."

Boston were permitted to come out, the Tories outside were permitted to come in. Here is Lady Frankland's request for a pass, and the inventory of a baronet's wife proposing to emigrate. She addresses it to Dr. Warren: —

HOPKINTON, May 15, 1775.

Lady *Frankland* presents her compliments to the Committee of Safety; begs leave to acquaint them, that, according to their request, she has sent in a list of things necessary for her intended voyage; which, obtained, Lady F. will esteem a peculiar favor, and begs she may have her pass for *Thursday*.

A list of things for *Lady Frankland*: Six trunks, one chest, three beds and bedding, six wethers, two pigs, one small keg of pickled tongues, some hay, three bags of corn.

The Congress granted the prayer, with the courtesy and precision of one of Homer's heroes.

Resolved, that Lady *Frankland* be permitted to go to *Boston* with the following articles, viz.: seven trunks; all the beds with the furniture to them; all the boxes and crates; a basket of chickens, and a bag of corn; two barrels and a hamper; two horses and two chaises, and all the articles in the chaise, excepting arms and ammunition; one phaeton, some tongues, ham, and veal, and sundry small bundles.

Lady *Frankland* is the charming woman whom Dr. Holmes has immortalized; who saved her husband's life when Lisbon fell in ruins. She was now leaving, for the last time, the stately mansion in Hopkinton, which is described in Mrs. Stowe's "Oldtown:"

The estimate made at the Provincial headquarters was that five thousand of the people of Boston would be destitute when they came out; and the Congress assigned them homes in every town in the colony. But no such number as five thousand came out, and Whigs and Tories suffered the hardships of the siege together.

In the month of May, during the siege, we have no local newspaper. "The Boston Evening Post" was the last which kept its flag flying. In its weekly issue of the 24th of April appear these sad little announcements: —

Boston, April 24, 1775.

The unhappy transactions of last week are so variously related that we shall not at present undertake to give any particular account thereof.

The Printers of the Boston Evening Post hereby inform the Town, that they shall desist publishing their Papers after this Day, till Matters are in a more settled State.

On the 25th of May, Gens. Howe, Clinton, and Burgoyne, arrived with re-enforcements. So confident were they of what our Yankees

call "a good time," that it is on record that they had provided themselves with hooks, lines, and other fishing-tackle, for their amusement. Alas! unless they bobbed for flounders and tomcod from Long Wharf, they had little chance that way.

When they were going into Boston, they met a packet coming out, bound to Newport, when Burgoyne asked the skipper of the packet, "What news is there?" And being told that Boston was surrounded by ten thousand country people, asked, "How many regulars are there in Boston?" And being answered, "About five thousand," cried out with astonishment, "What, ten thousand peasants keep five thousand king's troops shut up! Well, let us get in, and we'll soon find elbow-room." Hence this phrase, "elbow-room," was much used through all the Revolution. Gen. Burgoyne is designated by "Elbow-room" in the satires of the time. It is said that he loved a joke, and used to relate, that after his Canada reverses, while a prisoner of war, he was received with great courtesy by the Boston people as he stepped from the Charlestown ferry-boat; but he was really annoyed, when an old lady, perched on a shed above the crowd, cried out at the top of a shrill voice, "Make way, make way! The general's coming! Give him elbow-room!"¹

The British works in Boston were considerably enlarged as the month went by. A report by Col. Heath, which is preserved in his MSS., and has never, until now, been printed, gives the following estimate of Gage's forces, and a statement, which will be interesting to Boston people, of the fortifications in the month of March:—

"The [British] army at present consists of about 2,850 men, encamped as follows:—

On Boston Common, about	:	1,700	
On Fort Hill, about	400	
On Boston Neck, about	340	
In the Barracks at Castle William	330	
Quartered in King Street	80	
							Total,	2,850

"Two mudd Breastworks have been erected by them on Boston Neck, at the distance of about ninety or one hundred rods in front of the old fortifications; the works well constructed and well executed; the thickness of the merlons or parapet, about nine feet; the height, about eight feet; the width of the ditch at the top, about twelve feet, at the bottom five feet; the depth, ten feet. These works are nearly completed, and at present mounted with ten brass and two Iron Cannon: a Barrack is erecting behind the Breastwork, on the north side of the Neck.

"The old Fortification, at the entrance of the Town of Boston [where Dover

¹ See Frothingham's *Siege of Boston*.

Street now crosses], is repairing and greatly strengthened, by the addition of timber and earth to the walls, of about twelve feet: these works are in considerable forwardness; and at present ten pieces of Iron Cannon are mounted on the old platforms. A Block house, brought from Governor's Island, is erecting on the south side of the Neck, at the distance of about forty or fifty rods from the old fortification: this work is but just begun."

The month of May did not pass without frequent alarms, some well and some ill founded. On the 8th of May, there was a rumor of another "excursion," so well defined, that the minute-men and militia of the ten next towns were called into service. On the 13th, Putnam marched twenty-two hundred men into Charlestown, quite to the ferry, and back to Cambridge. They were unmolested by Gage, or by his ships, though they passed within range. On the 21st, all Weymouth, Braintree, and Hingham, turned out to defend Grape Island. Warren was under fire through the whole of this affair; and his modest account of it is the best we have. On the 27th, the chief skirmish of all these took place at Hog Island, next Noddle's Island, which is now East Boston. In this "engagement," the English general lost a sloop, twelve swivels, and several men. Gen. Putnam was in command on our side; and an exaggerated report of the affair helped to make him a major-general. On the whole, in these matters of the islands, the besiegers did better than the besieged. Gen. Gage hardly understood yet, perhaps, how soon he should need fresh provisions. In two different affairs, the provincials took off thirteen hundred sheep from under his eyes. The Provincial Congress were more thoughtful, when they refused to let Lady Frankland bring in her "wethers."

It was on the 10th of May that Ethan Allen took Ticonderoga; telling the sleepy colonel in command, "that he took it in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress. The careful annalists observe that the congress did not meet till after the surrender. Little did Allen care. His despatch to the Massachusetts Provincial Congress makes no mention of Arnold, who had associated himself with the expedition.

CHAPTER IV.

BATTLE OF BUNKER'S HILL.

GEORGE BUNKER, an English Puritan, had left England, and arrived in Charlestown in New England, as early as 1634. In the next year he was made a freeman. New England antiquaries will know what is meant, when we say that he was disarmed in November, 1637, as a supporter of Wheelwright: but in the following year he was made the constable of Charlestown; and in 1639 the General Court made to him a grant of fifty acres. He was among the last "batch" of people to whom fifty acres was granted, on the plea that the "first planters" were allowed fifty acres to each person.

Whether he took these special fifty acres on and around the hill which still bears his name, I cannot tell. But he is the man who owned this hill; and, because he owned it, it was and is "Bunker's Hill." He lived and died, unconscious that Bunker's Hill was to be one of the important places in history, and a point where one of the decisive battles of the world was to be fought.

Bunker's Hill, the highest eminence in the peninsula of Charlestown, is so high, that it "commands," as military men say, the northern part of Boston, and especially the northern part of the harbor of Boston. On the south-east of Boston, the hills of what we call South Boston, which were called "Dorchester Heights" a hundred years ago, command the southern part of Boston, and the whole of Boston harbor. The evident military value of the Charlestown and Dorchester Heights was perceived at once by both parties, as soon as the "siege of Boston" began.

In a letter from Gen. Burgoyne of the English army, to Lord Stanley, he says, —

"BOSTON, June 25, 1775.

"It was absolutely necessary that we should make ourselves masters of these heights" [Bunker's Hill and Dorchester Heights], "and we proposed to begin with Dorchester. Every thing was accordingly disposed. My two colleagues and myself (who, by the by, have never differed in one jot of military sentiment) had, in concert with Gen. Gage, formed the plan. Howe was to land with the transports on the point;

Clinton, in the centre; and I was to cannonade from the causeway or the Neck; each to take advantage of circumstances. The operations must have been very easy. This was to have been executed on the 18th" [Sunday].

Information of the English movements and councils was so carefully conveyed to the Provincial Congress, that they knew all this as well as Burgoyne did. Here is their report, as they made it on the 20th of June to the Congress at Philadelphia. It is a good illustration of that game of chess which is called war; and the reader will see, that, in this case, the rebels won the first move. They say, —

“JUNE 20, 1775.

“We think it an indispensable duty to inform you that re-enforcements from Ireland, both of horse and foot, being arrived (the numbers unknown), and having good intelligence that Gen. Gage was about to take possession of the advantageous posts in Charlestown and on Dorchester Heights, the Committee of Safety advised that our troops should prepossess them, if possible.”

The Committee of Safety, as the reader must remember, took the place, in the extemporized government of Massachusetts, of the governor. The Committee of Safety was the Executive. Here is their order for the occupation of the hill, —

“*Whereas*, it appears of importance to the safety of this colony that possession of the hill called Bunker's Hill, in Charlestown, be securely kept and defended, and also, some one hill or hills on Dorchester Neck be likewise secured: therefore, *Resolved* unanimously, That it be recommended to the council of war, that the above-mentioned Bunker's Hill be maintained by sufficient forces being posted there; and, as the peculiar situation of Dorchester Neck is unknown to this committee, they desire that the council of war take and pursue such steps respecting the same as to them shall appear to be for the security of this colony.”

Under this order of the committee, Gen. Ward directed a detachment under Col. Prescott, — consisting of Prescott's, Frye's, and Bridge's regiments, — and a fatigue-party of two hundred Connecticut troops, to parade at six o'clock in the evening, with all the intrenching-tools, in the Cambridge camp. They were also ordered to furnish themselves with packs and blankets, and with provisions for twenty-four hours. Also Capt. Samuel Gridley's company of artillery, of forty-nine men and two field-pieces, was ordered to parade. The Connecticut men, drafted from several companies, were put under the gallant Thomas Knowlton, a captain in Gen. Putnam's regiment.

They all marched from Cambridge at nine o'clock, and arrived in an hour at the top of Bunker's Hill, which is indeed but just inside of Charlestown Neck. From the top of Bunker's Hill, to Copp's Hill in Boston, where the English had a battery, is almost exactly one mile as the bird flies; to the top of Beacon Hill, as it then existed, was a

little less than a mile and a half. Beacon Hill was then one hundred and thirty-eight feet above the sea; Bunker's Hill was one hundred and ten feet above the sea; and Copp's Hill, about fifty-eight feet. If the purpose of fortifying Bunker's Hill were to attack the fleet in the harbor, that purpose would hardly be attained by a post there. To a certain extent, the vessels could be sheltered from Bunker's Hill by Breed's Hill, as it has since been called, a lower eminence, sixty-two feet above the sea, directly in line from Bunker's Hill to the Copp's Hill batteries.

Again: if the object were simply to keep the English troops from seizing the heights, it was necessary to take possession of both summits, the higher and the lower, at the same time. In saying this, I speak on very high military authority. Had the intrenching party satisfied themselves with intrenching on Bunker's Hill only, the English commanders would have immediately formed under the cover of Breed's Hill, and could even have fortified themselves on the southern slope of that hill, in works that could not have been reached from batteries on Bunker's Hill. The exact curve fire of our times, which drops shell with precision on the heads of troops unprotected by bomb-proof, was not one of the accomplishments of these days, nor was it possible to the artillery in possession of the rebels.

These must have been the various considerations urged on the leaders of the Americans when they found themselves on Bunker's Hill. Col. Prescott called the field-officers around him, Col. Gridley and Gen. Putnam among others, and showed them his orders. Should he fortify the summit of Bunker's Hill, or should he proceed to the lower hill (which at that time had no distinctive name), from which he could more easily harass the fleet? The consultation was long and doubtful; but the bold determination was taken, of advancing half a mile nearer to Boston, and taking post on the lower hill. It is said that Gen. Putnam was present; and it is also said that one general officer opposed the intrenching the lower hill. It is certain that Putnam, through the day, was eager to throw up works on the higher summit, and was actually at work there when the redoubt was lost. The decision, as I have implied, was the correct decision, according to the military view of the present day. No effort should have been made to hold either post without the support of the other.

Gridley, the colonel of engineers, insisted that some decision should be made; and when, after more than an hour, it was determined to begin on the lower hill, he marked out his lines skilfully. At midnight, six hundred men were at work heartily but silently on the redoubt which he laid out. It seems to have been skilfully planned.

It was eight rods long on its strongest and longest point, which faced Charlestown. The two sides were nearly as long. The eastern side, towards Boston, commanded an extensive field, where, as on the south side, the ground descended steeply. The north side, towards Bunker's Hill, was left more open. A breastwork extended about one hundred yards towards the north, following the slight decline of the hill on that side. This work ended at or near a slough, or swampy place, on the north side of the hill. Such was the work planned by Gridley, well forwarded before daylight, and advanced by the steady labor of the force employed till nearly eleven o'clock. At Putnam's request, the intrenching-tools were then sent back to him at Bunker's Hill, where he was eager to establish a strong enough work to hold that hill also. In a military point of view, as has been said, Putnam was undoubtedly right in his determination to do so.

At four o'clock in the morning, "The Lively," Capt. Linzee, an English vessel which lay in the river, off the present Navy Yard, opened fire on the works. The sound broke the silence of the morning, and called the people of the North End to see the scene. It was thus the place of Linzee to fire the first shot upon Prescott's works. Two generations after, Prescott's grandson, the historian, William Hickling Prescott, married Linzee's grand-daughter. The swords which the two officers wore on the day of battle thus came into his peaceful possession. While he lived, they were crossed in his library; and after his death they were placed together in the Massachusetts Historical Library, in token and omen of the friendship between the two nations, which was to be sealed and made certain by the sacrifices of that day and of the war.

It is not so much the intention of this series of papers to go into every detail of those eventful days, as it is to show the reader in the nineteenth century how they were regarded in their time, and how he is best to arrange the various anecdotes which the anniversary celebrations are certain to call forward.

So soon as the artillery-fire of "The Lively," and Gridley's fire in reply, from his field-pieces, showed to Gage and the other English generals what was passing, they determined to attack the works before they were strengthened. Of their accounts, Burgoyne's is the most picturesque. It is in these words, in a letter to Lord Stanley, which was published as soon as it arrived in England: —

"On the 17th, at dawn of day, we found the enemy had pushed intrenchments with great diligence during the night, on the heights of Charlestown; and we evidently saw that every hour gave them fresh strength: it therefore became necessary

to alter our plan, and attack on that side. Howe, as second in command, was detached with about two thousand men, and landed on the opposite side of this peninsula, covered with shipping, without opposition: he was to advance from thence up the hill which was over Charlestown, where the strength of the enemy lay: he had under him Brig.-Gen. Pigot. Clinton and myself took our stand (for we had not any fixed post) in a large battery directly opposite to Charlestown, which commanded it, and also scaled the heights above it, and thereby facilitating Howe's attack. Howe's disposition was exceedingly soldierlike: in my opinion it was perfect. As his first arm advanced up the hill, they met with a thousand impediments from strong forces, and were much exposed. They were also exceedingly hurt by musketry from Charlestown, though Clinton and I did not perceive it until Howe sent us word by a boat, and desired us to set fire to the town, which was immediately done. We threw a parcel of shells, and the whole was instantly in flames. Our battery afterwards kept an incessant fire on the heights. It was seconded by a number of frigates, floating-batteries, and our ship-of-the-line. . . .

"A moment of the day was critical. Howe's left were staggered: two battalions had been sent to re-enforce them; but we perceived them on the beach, seeming in embarrassment what way to march. Clinton then, next for business, took the part, without waiting for orders, to throw himself into a boat to head them: he arrived in time to be of service. The day ended with glory, and the success was most important, considering the ascendancy it gave the regular troops; but the loss was uncommon in officers for the numbers engaged."

Compare this account with that made by order of the Provincial Committee of Safety. This was prepared by Rev. Dr. Cooper, Rev. Mr. Gardner, and Rev. Peter Thacher; the skill of the ministers as men of literature being called upon, drolly enough, for a report, which was intended as a correction of Gage's statements. It is understood that the report was drawn up by Thacher, who saw the battle from the other side of Mystic River. Their narrative of the action itself is in these words:—

"Between twelve and one o'clock, a number of boats and barges, filled with the regular troops from Boston, were observed approaching towards Charlestown: these troops landed at a place called 'Moreton's Point,' situated a little to the eastward of our works. This brigade formed upon their landing, and stood thus formed till a second detachment arrived from Boston to join them: having sent out large flank guards, they began a very slow march towards our lines. At this instant, smoke and flames were seen to arise from the town of Charlestown, which had been set on fire by the enemy, that the smoke might cover their attack upon our lines, and, perhaps, with a design to rout or destroy one or two regiments of provincials who had been posted in that town. If either of these was their design, they were disappointed; for the wind, shifting on a sudden, carried the smoke another way; and the regiments were already removed.

"The provincials, within their intrenchments, impatiently waited the attack of the enemy, and reserved their fire till they came within ten or twelve rods; and then began a furious discharge of small-arms. This fire arrested the enemy, which they for some time returned without advancing a step, and then retreated, in disorder and with great precipitation, to the place of landing; and some of them sought refuge even within their boats. Here the officers were observed, by the spectators on the opposite shore, to run down to them, using the most passionate gestures, and pushing the men forward with their swords. At length they were rallied, and marched up, with appar-

ent reluctance, towards the intrenchment. The Americans again reserved their fire until the enemy came within five or six rods, and a second time put the regulars to flight, who ran in great confusion towards their boats.

“Similar and superior exertions were now necessarily made by the officers, which, notwithstanding the men discovered an almost insuperable reluctance to fighting in this cause, were again successful. They formed once more; and, having brought some cannon to bear in such a manner as to rake the inside of the breastwork from one end of it to the other, the provincials retreated within their little fort. The ministerial army now made a decisive effort. The fire from the ships and batteries, as well as from the cannon in front of their army, was redoubled. The officers in the rear of the army were observed to goad forward the men with renewed exertions; and they attacked the redoubt on three sides at once. The breastwork on the outside of the fort was abandoned; the ammunition of the provincials was expended; and few of their arms were fixed with bayonets. Can it, then, be wondered that the word was given by the commander of the party to retreat? But this he delayed till the redoubt was half filled with regulars, and the provincials had kept the enemy at bay some time, confronting them with the butt-ends of their muskets. The retreat of this little handful of brave men would have been effectually cut off, had it not happened that the flanking party of the enemy, which was to have come upon the back of the redoubt, was checked by a party of the provincials, who fought with the utmost bravery, and kept them from advancing farther than the beach. The engagement of these two parties was kept up with the utmost vigor; and it must be acknowledged that this party of the ministerial troops evidenced a courage worthy a better cause. All their efforts, however, were insufficient to compel the provincials to retreat till their main body had left the hill. Perceiving this was done, they then gave ground, but with more regularity than could be expected of troops who had no longer been under discipline, and many of whom had never before seen an engagement.”

The reader who did not know that these two narratives were, one by Gov. Burgoyne, who saw the action from Copp’s Hill in Boston, and the other by Peter Thacher the minister who saw it from exactly the opposite side of the field, and with exactly opposite prejudices, would never know that the same action was described. It has been the business of every historian of the battle to collect the detail which shall fill up the narrative. This is to a great extent done; and, in the full detail given by Mr. Frothingham, the successive stages of the battle may be wrought out intelligibly.

The traditional three attacks unquestionably took place, although neither Burgoyne nor Gage alludes to them. The closing words of Peter Thacher’s account allude to a feature in the action not so generally understood, — the almost independent position of the American left wing.

While Gen. Pigot with the English left was assailing the redoubt in the first of the three attacks, Gen. Howe led his right wing along the shore of Mystic River, hoping to turn the American lines. To prevent this, Col. Prescott had sent two field-pieces with Col. Knowlton and the Connecticut troops down the hill to the river. Knowlton was the officer on whom Washington passed so noble a

eulogium the next year, when he was killed. He was killed in the region now comprised in the Central Park of New York; and Connecticut must see to it, that his monument is added to that of other heroes there. Knowlton had stationed himself near the southern front of Bunker's Hill proper, behind a fence, which was stone below, with two rails of wood above. He strengthened this line by a parallel line of fence, filling in between with grass. While he was thus engaged, he was re-enforced by Stark.

Stark's report is wretchedly meagre : —

“ Upon which I was required by the general to send a party, consisting of two hundred men, with officers, to their assistance; which order I readily obeyed, and appointed and sent Col. Wyman commander of the same. And about two o'clock in the afternoon express orders came for the whole of my regiment to proceed to Charlestown to oppose the enemy, who were landing on Charlestown Point. Accordingly we proceeded; and the battle soon came on, in which a number of officers belonging to my regiment were killed, and many privates killed and wounded.”

From other accounts, we have more detail of the action here. Callender's American field-pieces opened on Howe's party with great effect. Knowlton bade his men hold their fire till the enemy came within fifteen rods, and they did so. When the word was given, the result was horrible to see or to tell. The companies were terribly cut up, wavered, broke, and retreated, as, at nearly the same time, Pigot's did before the redoubt, on the other wing of Howe's advance.

In the second attack on the redoubt, Howe directed his artillery to be served with grape. They had no proper balls, an incident frequently referred to. The artillery moved nearly up to the line of the breastwork in a narrow road, which will be seen upon the map, parallel with the Mystic, on the northern slope of Breed's Hill. The object was to rake the redoubt, and thus open a way for the infantry. A second time, Howe was in front of Stark and Knowlton. Both there and at the redoubt, the American fire was held as before, even to a shorter range. At both points the English gave way. This was the period when the English were re-enforced from Boston, and when Clinton joined them as related by Burgoyne.

In the third attack, the English artillery gained its position, so that it could enfilade the breastwork. The defenders of the breastwork took refuge in the redoubt. Prescott did not waver. Most of his men had but one round of ammunition, and few had more than three; but he bade them hold their fire as before, and they did till their enemy was within twenty yards. The English were now advancing in column, having been taught their terrible lesson by the former experiences. The column wavered under

Prescott's fire, but rushed on with the bayonet; and Clinton's and Pigot's men, on the southern and eastern sides, reached the shelter of its walls. Prescott bade the men who had no bayonets retire to the rear of the redoubt, and fire on the enemy as they mounted. A fine fellow climbed the southern side, cried, "The day is ours!" and fell. The whole front rank shared his fate. But the game was played. These were the last shots. The Englishmen poured over the parapet; and Prescott gave his unwilling order to retreat.

He always said, that, even without powder (and he had none), he could have held the hill, had his men had bayonets. The following very curious letter, is, I believe, the first allusion to the engagement, in the records of the Provincial Congress, after it occurred:—

CAMBRIDGE, June 19, 1775.

It is requested that the troops may be supplied also with a large number of spears or lances for defending the breastworks. In the late action, spears might have saved the intrenchment. By order of the general.

JOSEPH WARD, *Secretary.*

An order was actually given for the manufacture of two thousand of these spears.

The redoubt was flanked on both sides; but all parties were too close for the English to fire, even if their pieces were charged, which is not probable. Warren was killed here; Gridley was wounded; and the Americans lost more men than at any period of the battle.

Meanwhile our friends at the rail-fence, the left wing of the Americans, held their own. When Prescott's disorganized command had passed them, they covered his retreat, and retired in good order.

Now was the moment which Putnam had foreseen, for which he had been trying to fortify the higher hill. Pomeroy of Northampton joined him in trying to rally the retreating forces there. But it was not possible. The whole body retired over the Neck, and met the re-enforcements which had been ordered too late to their relief. One piece of cannon at the Neck opened on the enemy, and covered the retreat.

The following report is the brief account which the Massachusetts Congress sent to the Congress in Philadelphia. It is their report of June 20; and this passage follows that which has been cited above:—

"Accordingly, on Friday evening, the 16th inst., this was effected by about twelve hundred men. About daylight, on Saturday morning, their line of circumvallation, on a small hill south of Bunker's Hill, in Charlestown, was closed: at this time, 'The Lively,' man-of-war, began to fire upon them. A number of our enemy's

ships, tenders, cutters, scows, or floating-batteries, soon came up, from all which the fire was general by twelve o'clock. About two, the enemy began to land at a point which leads out from Noddle's Island, and immediately marched up to our intrenchments, from which they were twice repulsed, but, in the third attack, forced them. Our forces which were in the lines, as well as those sent for their support, were greatly annoyed on every side by balls and bombs from Copp's Hill, the ships, scows, &c. At this time the buildings in Charlestown appeared in flames in almost every quarter, kindled by hot balls, and is since laid in ashes. Though this scene was almost horrible, and altogether new to most of our men, yet many stood and received wounds by swords and bayonets, before they quitted their lines. At five o'clock the enemy were in full possession of all the posts within the isthmus.

"The number of killed and wounded on our side is not known, but supposed by some to be about sixty or seventy, and by some considerably above that number. Our most worthy friend and president, Dr. Warren, lately elected a major-general, is among them. This loss we feel most sensibly. . . . The loss of the enemy is doubtless great. By an anonymous letter from Boston, we are told that they exult much in having gained the ground, though their killed and wounded are owned about one thousand; but this account exceeds every other estimation."

Prescott reported at headquarters, indignant that he had not been better supported, and offered to retake the hills, if he might have fifteen hundred men; but Ward, who was at least prudent, declined.

Gen Gage, on the other side, knew very well at what terrible cost his victory had been won. Here is his letter to Lord Dartmouth:—

"BOSTON, June 25, 1775.

"The success, of which I send your lordship an account by the present opportunity, was very necessary in our present situation; and I wish most sincerely that it had not cost us so dear. The number of killed and wounded is greater than our forces can afford to lose. The officers who were obliged to exert themselves have suffered very much; and we have lost some extremely good officers. The trials we have had show the rebels are not the despicable rabble too many have supposed them to be; and I find it owing to a military spirit encouraged among them for a few years past, joined with an uncommon degree of zeal and enthusiasm, that they are otherwise."

Horace Walpole had written, July 6, before they had the news:—

"The general complexion is war. All advices speak the Americans determined; and report says, the government here intend to pursue the same plan. I told you at first I thought you and I should not see the end of this breach; and, if we do not, I know not what posterity will see, — the ruin of both countries, at least of this. Can we support the loss of America, or a long war?"

"There is a black cloud nearer. The livery of London have begun a quarrel with the king, and have actually proclaimed war on his ministers, as you will see by the papers. I do not take panic; but, if any blow should happen from America, the mob of London is a formidable foe on a sudden. A minister may be executed before he is impeached; and considering the number of American merchants in the city, and of those who have connections in America, riots may be raised: but I hate to prophesy. I have always augured ill of this quarrel, and washed my hands of it."

After the despatches came, he wrote:—

“Aug. 3. — In spite of all my modesty, I cannot help thinking I have a little something of the prophet about me. At least, we have not conquered America yet. I did not send you immediate word of the victory at Boston, because the success not only seemed very equivocal, but because the conquerors lost three to one more than the vanquished. The last do not pique themselves upon modern good breeding, but level only at the officers, of whom they have slain a vast number. We are a little disappointed, indeed, at their fighting at all, which was not in our calculation. We knew we could conquer *America in Germany*, and I doubt had better have gone thither now for that purpose, as it does not appear hitherto to be quite so feasible in America itself. However, we are determined to know the worst, and are sending away all the men and ammunition we can muster. The Congress, not asleep neither, have appointed a generalissimo, Washington, allowed a very able officer, who distinguished himself in the last war.”

All accounts agree in describing the terrible dismay felt in Boston as the wounded were brought over from the field. A letter published by Mr. Drake says that the loyalists sent down their carriages, chaises, and even hand-barrows to bring them up from the boats; and old people remember hearing their mothers tell of blood dropping from the carts upon the pavement. Gen. Howe was said to have said, “They may talk of their Mindens and their Fontenoy's; but there was no such fire there as here.” In truth, the French at Minden lost seven thousand men out of fifty thousand. Howe lost at Bunker's Hill one thousand and fifty-four men from a force which is variously stated as two thousand, three thousand, and four thousand. In the history of the Fifty-second Regiment, the statement is made, that one of their light companies, led by Howe himself against Stark and Knowlton, had every man either killed or wounded.

Howe escaped without hurt; but it is remembered that his white silk stockings were bloody from the blood which men had left on the long grass through which he had to lead his troops. He quite fulfilled the promise he made in the speech which he addressed to his own men before the assault, “I shall not desire one of you to go a step farther than I shall go myself at your head.”

It should be remembered, that, from 1762 to 1775, the English army had not been under fire. To most of the privates, war was probably as new as to their enemy. This may account for the exposure of the officers. One hundred and fifty-seven officers were killed and wounded in a total loss of one thousand and fifty-four.

The loss of the Americans was one hundred and forty killed, two hundred and seventy-one wounded; and they lost thirty prisoners. Their force engaged was about fifteen hundred; but at Bunker's Hill the larger, and on the way there, they must have had, not under fire, a thousand more men.

As an illustration of the feeling cultivated in Boston among the English troops, I am fortunate in being able to reprint from the original broadside a quaint soldier's ballad. ¹



A SONG,

COMPOSED BY THE BRITISH SOLDIERS, AFTER THE FIGHT AT BUNKER HILL,
JUNE 17, 1775.

It was on the seventeenth by brake of day,
The Yankees did surprise us,
With their strong works they had thrown up,
To burn the town and drive us;
But soon we had an order come,
An order to defeat them:
Like rebels stout they stood it out
And thought we ne'er could beat them.

About the hour of twelve that day,
An order came for marching,
With three good flints and sixty rounds,
Each man hop'd to discharge them.
We marched down to the long wharf,
Where boats were ready waiting;
With expedition we embark'd,
Our ships kept cannonading.

And when our boats all filled were
With officers and soldiers,
With as good troops as England had,
To oppose who dare controul us ;

¹ Versions of parts of this ballad have been reprinted before from memory. I have not seen the full version, except in the original broadside, which is very rare.

And when our boats all filled were
 We row'd in line of battle,
 Where show'rs of balls like hail did fly,
 Our cannon loud did rattle.

There was Cop's hill battery near Charlestown,
 Our twenty-fours they played,
 And the three frigates in the stream
 That very well behaved;
 The Glasgow frigate clear'd the shore,
 All at the time of landing,
 With her grape shot and cannon balls
 No Yankee e'er could stand them.

And when we landed on the shore,
 And drew up all together;
 The Yankees they all man'd their works,
 And thought we'd ne'er come thither :
 But soon they did perceive brave Howe,
 Brave Howe, our bold commander,
 With grenadiers, and infantry,
 We made them to surrender.

Brave William Howe, on our right wing,
 Cry'd, boys fight on like thunder ;
 You soon will see the rebels flee
 With great amaze and wonder.
 Now some lay bleeding on the ground
 And some full fast a running
 O'er hills and dales and mountains high,
 Crying, zounds! brave Howe's a coming.

They began to play on our left wing,
 Where Pegot he commanded;
 But we return'd it back again
 With courage most undaunted.
 To our grape shot and musket balls,
 To which they were but strangers,
 They thought to come in with sword in hand,
 But soon they found their danger.

And when the works they got into,
 And put them to the flight, sir,
 Some of them did hide themselves,
 And others died with fright, sir.
 And then their works we got into
 Without great fear or danger,
 The work they'd made so firm and strong :
 The Yankees are great strangers.

But as for our artillery
They all behaved dinty;
For while their ammunition held,
We gave it to them plenty.
But our conductor he got broke
For his misconduct, sure, sir;
The shot he sent for twelve pound guns
Were made for twenty-four, sir.

There's some in Boston pleas'd to say,
As we the field were taking,
We went to kill their countrymen,
While they their hay were making;
For such stout Whigs I never saw;
To hang them all I'd rather,
For making hay with musket-balls,
And buck-shot mixed together.

Brave Howe is so considerate,
As to prevent all danger;
He allows half a pint a day ;
To rum we are no strangers.
Long may he live by land and sea,
For he's beloved by many;
The name of Howe the Yankees dread,
We see it very plainly.

And now my song is at an end;
And to conclude my ditty,
It is the poor and ignorant,
And only them, I pity.
As for their king John Hancock,
And Adams, if they're taken,
Their heads for signs shall hang up high
Upon that hill call'd Bacon.

Here is the version of "The British Grenadiers," which was sung by the army while in Boston. This has never been printed till now, I think. "The British Grenadiers" is a tune as old as the Armada. With every new war, a new set of verses is made for it. These were the verses of the siege, as I have heard them from those who heard them from those who had sung them in those days:—

"Come, come, fill up your glasses,
And drink a health to those,
Who carry caps and pouches
And wear their looped clothes.

For be you Whig or Tory,
 Or any mortal thing,
 Be sure that you give glory
 To George our Gracious King.

“And when the wars are over
 We'll march with beat of drum:
 The ladies cry, ‘So, ho, girls,
 The grenadiers are come, —
 The grenadiers who always
 With love our hearts do cheer,
 Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza
 For the British grenadier.”

Another verse was, —

“That patriot Jemmy Otis,
 That bully in disguise,
 That well-known tyke of Yorkshire,
 That magazine of lies!
 And he will mount the rostrum,
 And loudly he will bray,
 Rebel, Rebel, Rebel, Rebel,
 Rebel, America!”

An American ballad to the tune of “Anacreon in Heaven,” now known as “Star Spangled Banner,” appeared in a Boston paper some thirty years ago. But, though the first verse has the true ring, it is not genuine. That verse shall close this chapter.

THE BALLAD OF BUNKER'S HILL.

BY ONE WHO FOUGHT THERE.

WE lay in the trenches we'd dug in the ground
 While *Phæbus* blazed down from his Glory-lined Car;
 And then from the lips of our *Leader* renowned
 This Lesson we heard in the *Science* of War!
 “Let the Poeman draw nigh
 Till the *White* of his *Eye*
 Is in range with your *Rifles*, and then, *Lads!* Let Fly!
 And show to *Columbia*, to *Britain*, and *Fame*,
 How *Justice* smiles awful when *Freemen* take Aim!”

NOTE. — It may not be generally known that the great battle fought within what are now the limits of Boston, was, by an interesting coincidence, on the Saint's Day of St. Botolph, whose name Boston bears. The original name of Botolph's town, given to the town in Lincolushire in which the noble Church of St. Botolph stands, has been corrupted to Boston. That name has been brought across the water to this city; but St. Botolph, whose Saint's Day in the calendar is June 17, is still the godfather and patron saint of Boston. St. Botolph and St. Adolph were two noble English brothers. They were educated in Belgic Gaul; and Adolph became Bishop of Maestricht. His Saint's Day is June 17 also. St. Botolph returned to England, where King Ethelmund gave him the wilderness of Ikanho on which to found an abbey. Here he lived, and here he died in the year 655. A part of his relics are at Ely, a part at Thames, a part at Westminster, and a part at Peterborough. Four parishes in London, and a great many in other parts of England, bear his name.

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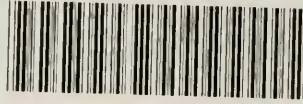
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