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**THE BEGINNINGS OF THE
AMERICAN REVOLUTION**



LORD MANSFIELD

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

BASED ON CONTEMPORARY LETTERS
DIARIES AND OTHER
DOCUMENTS

By
ELLEN CHASE

VOLUME II



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THE BEGINNINGS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

CHAPTER I

BOSTON GENEROUSLY FED. LETTERS OF BRITISH OFFICERS.
CROWN COUNCILLORS FORCED TO RESIGN. PROVINCE
POWDER SECURED BY GENERAL GAGE

EACH week the line became more marked between the Tories and those whose sympathies lay with the country in its struggles, which now tended more and more openly — and inevitably — toward independence. The influence of the Committee of Correspondence in giving form to the Solemn League and Covenant drew attention to its power, and a town meeting was held on June 27th in Boston, which continued all that day and a part of the next, while the Tory merchants made one last rally against the Committee, urging its dismissal. Rowe¹ notes the debates as “very warm on both sides.” The Committee were opposed by Messrs. Treasurer Gray, Thomas Gray, Saml. Barrat, Edw. Paine, Francis Greene, John Amory, Saml. Eliot, and Ezek. Goldthwait; and upheld by Saml. Adams, Josiah Quincy, Drs. Warren and Young, Benj. Kent, and Wm. Molineaux.

Says Andrews:² “For my own part, I did not expect the vote would have been put as it was; *i.e.*, to censure and dismiss ye Committee; but rather expected it would tend only to order them to suspend ye Covenant till ye Congress should meet.” He speaks of the numbers present, and of the “almost universal clap” that greeted Eliot’s long speech “delivered with that freedom and manliness peculiar

¹ *Diary.*

² *Letters, July 22.*

to himself." In his own case Eliot had ordered goods — provided New York, Philadelphia, and Rhode Island should import as usual and so could not reject them if sent, — as seemed inevitable. Andrews, too, when he found that the southern Colonies did not adopt the non-importation agreement, had renewed his first order, limited to one-fourth the quantity. The Covenant was circulated through the country near a month before it was known of in town. Although, Andrews alleges, Wm. Cooper, clerk to the Committee, sent a note with the printed copies intimating it was generally adopted. Every adult, with few exceptions, showed the greatest avidity thereupon in signing.¹ When all had been heard, the general sense of the meeting was 4 to 1 in the Committee's favor.² All this stirred up feeling, and Rowe² closes his record sadly: "I wish for peace in this town. I fear the consequences."

In New York the idea of a General Congress was approved by the more conservative patrician element as well as by the mechanics, or "Tribunes," as the designation of the day ran. But when it came to the non-importation agreement, the patricians were opposed to its renewal; this made the choice of deputies peculiarly important. A great mass meeting was held, August 6th, in the fields, in the interest of the mechanics' being empowered to have a voice in the nomination of the proposed candidates, *i.e.*, Philip Livingstone, John Alsop, Isaac Low, James Duane, and John Jay. It was on this occasion Alexander Hamilton, a native of Nevis, W. I., a seventeen-year-old King's College (Columbia) boy, made his first public address, with marked effect. As a result the Committee of Fifty-One allowed the "Tribunes" to have their way and shortly after the patricians as a body became extinct.³

That these were anxious days is reflected in John Adams' letters to his wife during June and July, while at York and Falmouth, on the eastern circuit, in the present state of

¹ *Letters of John Andrews.*

² *Diary*, June 28. John Rowe.

³ *Our Country*, II, 724. Lossing.

John Adams
 Maine. He says:¹ "The town of Boston, for aught I can see, must suffer martyrdom. . . . We must contrive as many ways as we can to save expenses; for we may have calls to contribute very largely, in proportion to our circumstances, to prevent other very honest, worthy people from suffering for want. . . . I sometimes think I must come to this — to be the foreman¹ upon my own farm and the schoolmaster to my own children. I confess myself [July 1st] to be full of fears that the ministry and their friends and instruments will prevail, and crush the cause and friends of liberty. The minds of that people are so filled with prejudices against me that they will take all advantages, and do me all the damage they can. These thoughts have their turn in my mind, but in general my hopes are predominant." Those inclining to the Government side blamed Boston disorders and mobs for all that had come on them. It was the talk at dinner and after supper. Adams, for his part,¹ thought the killing of little Snider and the massacre in King Street were as bad as the pulling down of Hutchinson's house and destroying the tea, not to mention the bribery, gaming, and other vices which had been introduced through the new measures. On reaching Falmouth (Portland), after a thirty-five-mile ride, he asked a Mrs. Huston if it were "lawful for a weary traveller to refresh himself with a dish of tea, provided it has been honestly smuggled, or paid no duties?" The landlady replied, "No, Sir, we have renounced all tea in this place, but I'll make you coffee." Accordingly, he writes home, "I have drank coffee every afternoon since, and have borne it very well."¹ While at Falmouth he was engaged in the case of Richard King, a Scarborough merchant. Private mobs, Adams¹ says, he "detests;" deeming popular risings admissible "only when fundamentals are invaded," and then only for "absolute necessity and with great caution." King was of Tory sympathies and had lent money to a number of men who saw no way of settling

¹ *Familiar Letters*, May 12, July 6, 7, 1774.

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with him and accordingly on March 16th, 1766, they burst into his store and house disguised as Indians and destroyed all evidence of their debt. Recently, since the port of Boston had been closed, understanding that King by special license was supplying lumber to the troops, forty men from Gorham had come over and compelled the poor wretch to disavow his opinions. In the end the worry and terror preyed on him so keenly he died, broken in wits, the following spring. Jonathan Sewall at this time tried his best to dissuade Adams from attending the approaching Continental Congress; and it is said to have been in reply to his arguments, as they walked on the great hill at Portland, that Adams used the memorable words, "The die is now cast; I have now passed the Rubicon; sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, with my country, is my unalterable determination."¹

Says Thomas Newell:² "July 1, Admiral Graves arrived with his fleet from London. More transports arrived from Ireland with the 5th and 38th Regiments." These³ would doubtless be the *Symetry*, *Father's Good Will*, *Alicia*, and *Henry*, since Lord Percy came at this time. "July 2, Artillery from Castle William landed with eight brass cannon, and encamped on the Common: 258 sheep given for the relief of this town by the town of Windham in Connecticut."² The current feeling is indicated in the *Gazette's* comment:⁴ "The Tories give out that the Windham sheep were paid for: 'How weak, how little, how false, how low!'"

July 4th, Newell tells us:² The 38th Regiment landed at Hancock's wharf and next day, the 5th at Long Wharf. Both camping on the Common. Addressing the Relief Committee in Boston, the chairman of the Wrentham Committee⁴ writes on the same date: "Permit me, gentlemen, to assure you that we feel the heavy hand of power

¹ *Works*, IV, 8.

² *Diary*. Thomas Newell.

³ *Letters of Hugh, Earl Percy, from Boston and New York, 1774-1775*, ed. by Charles Knowles Bolton. Boston, 1902: Charles E. Goodspeed.

⁴ *Boston Evening Transcript*, October 27, 1900.

and claim a share in your sufferings." A gift of nineteen bushels of rye and eleven bushels of corn forwarded by Mr. Ezra Ware gave expression to their sympathy.

The 5th, Admiral Montague's wife and Miss Sophia Montague "took leave" of Rowe, "being just on their departure for England." Mrs. Montague was as unpopular as her husband, and is¹ reported as chattering away at an Assembly, "Can this lady afford the jewels and dress she wears?" "Oh, that ever my son should come to dance with a mantua maker!" The 7th, Rowe tells us:² "*The Captain*, man of war, with the Admirall on board, saluted Admiral Graves; but the wind died away; they did not sail."

This vessel probably carried with it a letter written from the "Camp at Boston, July 6, 1774," by Captain William Glanville Evelyn of the 4th, or King's Own, a name the regiment received from George I. while stationed at Windsor. Captain Evelyn was born at Arklow, county Wicklow, Ireland, 1742. His mother came of the county Meath family of Chamberlains. This letter was addressed to his father, the Rev. Dr. Evelyn of Trim, Ireland, and must have been reassuring, as he says, "This country is very fine . . . and we get plenty of turtle, pine apples and Madeira."³

One of Lord Percy's first letters after his arrival in New England runs:⁴ "This is the most beautiful country I ever saw in my life, & if the people were only like it we shd. do very well. . . . The people here are a set of sly, artful, hypocritical rascalls, cruel, & cowards. I must own I cannot but despise them compleatly." A few weeks earlier he⁴ wrote to his father: "As my mother has lately chose to collect views, I have the pleasure of enclosing for her two cards, which when put together as marked on the back,

¹ *Diary*, II, 306-7. John Adams.

² *Diary*.

³ *Letters of Capt. W. Glanville Evelyn*. Ed. Scull.

⁴ *Letters of Hugh, Earl Percy*, August 8, July 27, 1774. Ed. Bolton.

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exhibit a most perfect view of the town of Boston,—together with a third, which is a view of our camp.” Donations began to stream in, meanwhile, to the townsfolk. July 8th, Newell ¹ mentions, “About this time arrived three wagon-loads of grain, from the towns of Groton, Pepperell, and Wrentham, for the poor of this town; and this day 105 sheep, from our worthy friends in Pomfret.” About the same time Farmington, Connecticut, sent 350 bushels of rye, and “hope,” so their note runs, ² “the people of Boston remain firm and steady.” Wethersfield, too, raised a special tax of a penny in the pound, and forwarded 250 bushels of rye and 390 of corn, remarking, “We trust notwithstanding the many cruel invectives thrown out by the common enemy, the Bostonians will be remembered with everlasting honor.” Charlemont, ² in the Berkshire Hills, sent two barrels of flour, as its people “desired like the poor widow to cast in their mite.” Chelmsford ² hospitably closes the note accompanying her contribution, “Should you, by the hand of power, be driven from your habitations, we welcome you to our own.” Middletown, ² Connecticut, in making its gift, declares, “the town of Boston is honored by the first attack.” Monmouth, ² New Jersey, sent a large amount of rye, writing, “We earnestly hope you will never recede from the glorious ground you stand upon.” Berwick, ² Maine, wrote, “We are poor here,” but sent, nevertheless, 60 oxen and 26 sheep and later by the hand of Mr. Ichabod Goodwin, £11 from the First Parish, Rev. Jacob V. Dilt, and two guineas from the Rev. Matthew Merriam’s parish in the same town. Nearer home, Rev. Jonas Clarke of Lexington contributed his annual allowance of wood, twenty cords, to the cause. ³

July 12th, Rowe ⁴ reports, “Captain Dove arrived from So. Carolina at Salem, with rice as a present from sundry

¹ *Diary.*

² *Boston Evening Transcript*, October 27, 1900.

³ *Memoir of the Life of Henry Ware, Jr.*, 4, by his brother, John Ware, M.D. Boston, 1846.

⁴ *Diary.*

gentlemen there for this place." Christopher Gadsden accompanied his contribution, as we learn elsewhere, with the message, "Don't pay for an ounce of the d—d tea." ¹ Maryland ² and Virginia ² were liberal in their offerings at this time, George Washington ³ personally sending £50. A little later in the month, Wilmington, North Carolina, presented a resolution declaring, "the cause ⁴ of the town of Boston is the common cause of British America," and that their gift, £2000 currency ³ to its inhabitants, was "an earnest of our sincere intentions to contribute by every means in our power to alleviate their distress." August 8th the freeholders in Rowan county, ⁴ North Carolina, and August 18th, those of Anson county, ⁴ voted cordial support to their "sister colony." January 27th following, Newbern ⁴ was receiving subscriptions for the distant sufferers. Even from beyond the Blue Ridge came gifts. ³ Georgia ¹ sent sixty-three barrels of rice and £122 in specie. The city of London ¹ itself sent three-quarters of a million dollars; and it is of special interest to read that the West Barnstable ⁵ contribution of £7 9s. 4d. included 16 shillings collected by the Indians of Marshpee, and that £2 1s. 0d. was given by the Indians of Martha's Vineyard ⁵ to the town of Boston.

In reference to the alteration in the charter, Boston ⁶ wrote at this time: "Being stationed by Providence in the Front Rank of the Conflict, it hath been our Aim to behave with Vigilance, Activity & Firmness — To warn our Brethren of approaching Danger, to encounter with becoming Spirit the Trials of our Patience, hath been our Aim & our Duty. Our Friends & generous Countrymen have given us Reason to think we have no

¹ *Our Country*, II, 720. Lossing.

² *Boston Evening Transcript*, October 27, 1900.

³ *Beside Old Hearth-Stones*, 334. Brown.

⁴ "Pre-Revolutionary Anniversaries, 1774." Graham Daves. *American Monthly Magazine*, September, 1893.

⁵ *Historical and Genealogical Register*, July, 1876.

⁶ *Boston Town Records*, 1770-77, 186.

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altogether failed in our honest Endeavors in the Way of this Duty.”

Meanwhile, on July 21st,¹ a baker named Harris and two of his apprentices were fined £10 each by Benjamin Girdley, a new Justice of the Peace, on a soldier's preferring a complaint that they had tempted him to desert, provided him with clothes, and driven him twenty miles from town in a chaise. Andrews adds¹ if the fine was not duly paid within four days the culprits must go to gaol for three months. About this time, the sentinel at the Neck, we learn from the same source, rifled a wagon of four firelocks, but the officer of the day returned them, and begged the carter not to prosecute as it might be considered military robbery. From this last incident Andrews took a crumb of comfort as indicating that the Regulars “yet esteemed themselves liable to the civil law.” July 27th,² a disgraceful street squabble took place. A party of fifteen officers were making their way back, two or three together, toward their quarters and insulting townspeople as they went along. Andrews met two coming out of an apple shop. Soon after passing him, they ran their fists in the faces of two citizens and d—d them, taking a sword and shoulder-knot from one of them. The officers who were behind hurried forward, until presently eight stood together with drawn cutlasses. Too drunken to behave with any decency, they began to abuse the wife of Abraham Hunt in her husband's presence. Mr. Hunt, a young wine cooper, and later a colonel, having a stout hickory walking-stick, upon this cut one officer over the head. Sam Jarvis, Sam Pitts (possibly the councillor's son, already noticed), a chair-maker, Fullerton, and a negro, who had armed himself with a billet of wood from a roadside pile, then joined in the fray. Pitts, only, suffered injury. Standing with his back to the fence he narrowly missed a cutlass stroke on the head, to receive the blow on his knuckles. It was sup-

¹ *Letters of John Andrews*, July 22, August 1.

² *Diary*. Rowe and Andrews.

posed at first he would lose the use of two or three fingers of his left hand. In spite of his hurt he seems to have borne no grudge whatever towards the officers, and directly his wound had been dressed by the regimental surgeon and an apology made, he gave up the captured swords to their rightful owners and went off. This moderation occasioned much criticism, and when it appeared next day the lad was indisposed to prosecute, his father threatened to disinherit him. In the end, a committee of four from the selectmen waited on Lord Percy, who commanded in Gage's absence, to make complaint. After apologizing for the size of his marque, and expressing his displeasure with the officers, Percy promised to prevent a recurrence of such doings and offered to deliver up the guilty parties for civil trial if desired. The selectmen, however, were content to let the matter rest here. Step by step the towns kept pace with the capital. During July a circular letter from Boston to the towns called attention to the impending Regulation Act and drew forth a spirited response. July 29th, the freeholders of Brookline:¹ "Voted That this Town will unite with the other Towns in this Province in every rational and Justifiable measure to recover and maintain our invaded rights and will come into Such Commercial Agreement, as may be Recommended by the General Congress." Andrews says,² "You may as well ask a man for the teeth out of his head as to request the payment of money that he owes you for you'll be as likely to get one as the other: notwithstanding which, there seems to be ease, contentment, and perfect composure in the countenance of almost every person you meet in the streets, which conduct very much puzzles the Governor." The confidence and support of the entire country may well have been a cheer to the Patriots in their straitened circumstances. Indeed old Deacon Tudor³ could not forbear exclaiming in his journal, "Let it never be forgotten the Genouras & noble Colec-

¹ *Brookline Town Records*, 247.

² *Letters*, August 1.

³ *Diary*, August 1.

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tions & donations that were rais'd and given by the Neighbouring Governments & Towns for the Release of the poor & distress'd inhabitants of Boston on the cruel Treatment as above." Newell¹ writes August 2d, "This morning arrived in town 11 loads of table fish, from our worthy friends of Marblehead, — 224 quintals, — for the poor of this town; and a quintal of [sweet²] oil; and £40, L. M. in cash." These gifts, beside two cargoes of rice (200 barrels) from South Carolina, and 1,000 bushels of grain from Wethersfield, the Committee of Ways and Means carted to town. In addition to the heavy charges for carriage, Andrews notes a fresh grievance. The Commissioners, says he, have "gave out that they shall take upon 'em to say when we have fewell and provisions enough; after that, cease to let any come in at all. . . . Am told that we are indebted for these *miniewers* to two born among ourselves, they composing half the number of the Commissioners; the other two being for more favorable construction, but as there's an equal number of voices, they thought best rather to err in favor of the government than the people."

The previous day the Committee of Ways and Means determined to fetch some rice from Marblehead by water and demand clearance, as a test case.² Learning this, the Governor, Admiral, and Solicitor considered in General Council, and ended by allowing "to admit Dumb fish and rice as articles of provision," and suffer the waiting ships to be launched and sail away.² At this time the poor of the town were found in employment, mending the streets at 3s. 4d. a day.² August 6th, transports arrived with the 59th Regiment, Colonel Robert Hamilton, a company of artillery, and twenty odd pieces of ordnance, brass cannon, from Halifax.² Upon landing, this regiment went into camp on Winter Island, near Fort William, on Salem Neck. The same day the *Scarborough*, man-o'-war, arrived from Plymouth, England, bringing despatches including the King's Mandamus (*i.e.*, positive order) for thirty-six Councillors.²

¹ *Diary.*

² *Letters of John Andrews, August 2, 5, and 6.*

For some time past much stress had been laid on the importance of seizing the leading Whigs and especially Sam Adams. When, however, Colonel Fenton attempted to shake Adams' resolution by reminding him that he had laid himself open to trial for treason, but that if he would make friends with the King he might count on receiving 2,000 guineas a year and a patent of nobility, "I have long since made my peace with the King of Kings," was the reply. "No personal consideration shall induce me to abandon the righteous cause of my country. Tell Governor Gage it is the advice of Sam Adams, to him, no longer to insult the feelings of an already exasperated people."¹

Realizing how entirely his time was spent in public services the great Patriot's friends vied with one another to set his mind at ease on the eve of his departure for the Continental Congress. Some repaired his barn and house. One presented a suit of clothes, another a new wig, others a cocked hat, a red cloak, and a gold-headed cane; others again six pairs of the best silk and fine thread stockings, two pairs of shoes, a set of silver shoebuckles and gold knee-buckles; even sleeve-studs were not overlooked, appropriately bearing a Liberty cap device, and finally, a purse of fifteen or twenty Johannes was placed at his disposal.¹

Andrews² tells us, "August 7 Arriv'd the other ships [three transports] with the Royal Welch fusileers, [a detachment of Royal Artillery, and quantity of ordnance stores³] from New York, which with the others and the Men of War make the harbour look alive, affording a prospect of near 30 sail; a sight which would be really pleasing, if upon a different errand."²

To return to Captain Harris' letter of August 7th, dated:⁴

¹ "The Father of the Revolution." Ellis Gray. *Harper's Monthly*, July, 1876.

² *Letters*.

³ *Diary*. Thomas Newell.

⁴ *Life of Gen. Geo. Baron Harris*. Ed. Lushington.

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Boston Camp,

. . . I proceed to state what I know will give you the greatest pleasure. I was yesterday pleading (and if men's countenances are an index of the mind, I flatter myself with success,) or rather telling a poor unfortunate boy, one of my recruits, how to plead, before a general court-martial, by which he was to be tried for his life. His crime was desertion, which our present situation, and the numbers who have deserted since our landing (N. B. not one from my company of Grenadiers,) makes a most serious affair, from the consequences it may lead to, should the Americans proceed to extremities, of which there is a probability. . . . Our duty is so strict, that I have not yet had an opportunity of exploring the interior of the country, so that all I can say is, that it has a most beautiful and luxuriant appearance. The entrance to the harbour, and the view of the town of Boston from it, is the most charming thing I ever saw: far superior to the harbour of Dublin, (which some consider equal to the Bay of Naples,) and having the advantage of being wooded by nature as picturesquely, as if art had superintended her operations.

Our camp is pitched in an exceedingly pleasant situation on the gentle descent of a large Common, hitherto the property of the Bostonians, and used for the purpose of grazing their cows, which now, poor creatures, from custom, often attempt to force their way into their old pastures, where the richest herbage I ever saw abounds. But from these they are now driven by stones flung at them by the different sentries. An unfortunate one, the other day, when endeavouring to effect an entrance, ran on a range of firelocks, with the bayonets on, with such force, that she wrenched the bayonet from the piece, and went off with it sticking in her body. Finding herself wounded, she made towards home, and passed close by our mess-tent, from which some of us ran out, and drew the bayonet from her with great difficulty, then order'd a Serjeant to attend her home, by letting her walk slowly the way she chose. We

have since had the pleasure of hearing she is likely to recover. . . . I begin to be anxious at not having received any news from England. . . . Lord Percy continues his kindness and civilities towards me. Adieu, may Heaven watch and protect you, prays yours &c G. Harris.

August 8th, Andrews writes:¹ "The gentlemen, nominated for Councillors, set out early this morning, being Monday, to wait on his Excellency at his seat at Danvers . . . agreeable to summons sent them last evening, among whom ten were sworn in, three accepted but not sworn, two absolutely declining, and four took time to consider of it; of the latter of which your uncle [Joseph Green] is one. . . . Those sworn in are curst with near as many reproaches as *Lord North*, who, if the millioneth part of the petitions are answer'd, will be sunk to the lowest pit!"

On the same day the artillery landed and marched to the Common; the following morning the 23d Royal Welsh Fusiliers landed at Long Wharf and set up tents on Fort Hill.²

Andrews continues, August 9th, "By an adjournment from about three weeks since, the town met together at Faneuil Hall . . . not without some apprehensions that Government would have interpos'd and dispers'd them, by virtue of the new Acts . . . but nothing of the kind happen'd." At this meeting it was voted to bestow seven per cent. of all bounties received upon the sufferers in Charlestown, which being accomplished, the meeting, that it might be kept alive, was readjourned to October. August 10th, Andrews notes,¹ "This morning *the remarkable cleanliness* of your Uncle Joe's door was obliterated by the application of what was formerly called *Hillsborough paint*." This was taken for a hint from the Tories to make haste and accept the office of councillor. He then gives an instance of the business difficulties occasioned by the tightness of money; John Hunt, a Cornhill brazier, having been arrested and his goods and effects seized by the sheriff for a debt

¹ *Letters.*

² *Diary.* Thomas Newell.

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of forty shillings, notwithstanding some £2000 were due from creditors!

On this same August 10th, the Massachusetts delegates to the Continental Congress, Sam and John Adams and Robert Treat Paine, left Boston, setting forth from Cushing's house. Andrews says, "Am told they made a very respectable parade, in sight of five of the Regiments encamp'd on the Common, being in a coach and four, preceded by two white servants well mounted and arm'd, with four blacks behind in livery, two on horseback and two footmen." They rode thence to Coolidge's tavern in Watertown, where their friends parted from them at four that afternoon, and then journeyed on, purposing to sleep at Southborough.¹

That night, Wednesday, between ten and eleven, a disastrous fire broke out on Fish Street, near North Square. Mrs. Murphy, welcoming her husband back from sea, lit a fire in a disused chimney and was burnt to death with her four children. Mrs. David Valette, a young bride, living in the other half of the house, barely saved her sister's life and her own. Her young brother, James Muliken,² was seeing some of the guests home and was nearly distracted until the whereabouts of his sisters had been traced. After this adventure, Mrs. Valette moved to Lexington, where she will be heard of again. Andrews says³ "Earl Piercy sent a very polite message down and offer'd the assistance of the army (who were apprehensive, *at first*, of an attack and fir'd their alarm guns, putting themselves in a posture of defence upon hearing all the bells of the town ring and the noise of the engines passing) which the Firewards as genteelly declin'd."

August 12th, the New Hampshire delegates passed through Boston.² The 13th of August, we learn from

¹ *Diary*, II, 340, 341, note. John Adams.

² *Saco Valley Settlements*. G. T. Ridlon, Sr. "Milliken Family," 1009. Portland, Me., 1895. Published by the author.

³ *Letters*, August 11, 12.

Andrews,¹ "The Committee of correspondance, in conjunction with the Select men, chose five delegates out of their number [John Pitts, Joseph Warren, William Phillips, Oliver Wendell, and Benjamin Church], for a county meeting, to be convened at Stoughtonham and advise upon some measure to induce the inhabitants to settle all the little disputes that may subsist, either of a mercantile or private nature, and *if possible* prevent any suit coming on at the ensuing court, whereby they may *evade* acknowledging the authority of the act."

This self-same day Governor Gage had a surprise. Having sent for the selectmen he abruptly handed them the clause interdicting town meetings and said "if they wanted one they had better make application while he was in town." The reply must have staggered him since they "shew'd that *two* former meetings now stood adjourned" to some future time, and that they had no immediate call for another.¹ The people were taking the bit in their teeth, and it began to be rumored about town that a regiment would go to Worcester as guard when the court sat there shortly.¹ Three hundred and seventy-six sheep came bleating into Boston this day, sent all the way from Lebanon, Connecticut, to supply its need.²

There was much deserting amongst the Regulars, "upwards of 200," by Andrews' account. One unhappy fellow of the Royal Welsh, who was retaken, was sentenced to receive a thousand lashes, 250 weekly, beginning with August 15th, to intimidate the rest. One man, belonging to the 5th, was also retaken, but the others got safely away. Those remaining on duty were treated like prisoners and chafed under the strictest surveillance. They must have a pass to leave camp and were punished if found talking with a citizen, until they, too, wearied to break bounds.¹

August 15th, the Cadet company, organized 1741 as the Governor's bodyguard, met at Faneuil Hall, and were

¹ *Letters*, August 13, 15.

² *Diary*, August 13. Thomas Newell.

told by their colonel, John Hancock, that Gage had removed him from their command. This was supposed to have been occasioned by his declining to serve on the Council. Whatever the cause may have been, the Cadets agreed that they would not march under another colonel while Hancock lived, and passed a vote to return the colors presented by the Governor and "acquaint him that they should not in future esteem themselves his bodyguard." Their equipage, musical instruments, etc., were then placed in Colonel Hancock's keeping and the company disbanded. The day following, a committee from the Cadets waited on the Governor and delivered the message. Gage appeared nettled and said, had he known their intentions, he should have disbanded them himself.¹ The Yankees were developing a positive genius for keeping the upper hand.

During August we find Lord Percy² writing to Henry Reverley of Peckham, respecting the country: "We have days here full as hot as Spain. But our climate is horribly inconstant . . . ever since we landed, it has in general been full as hot as the South of France." And a little later² to his father: "[It] has everywhere the appearance of a Park finely laid out. Mr. [Lancelot or Capability] Brown here would be useless. Nature has, in this part of the world, taken upon herself his employment and dressed the ground in a manner that no art can ever equal." August 21st, he² wrote to his friend, General Edward Harvey, M. P. for Harwich, concerning the New Englanders: "Their method of eluding that part of the Act [Regulation act] which relates to the town meetings is strongly characteristic of the people. They say that since the town meetings are forbid by the Act, they shall not hold them, but as they do not see any mention made of county meetings, they shall hold *them* for the future. They, therefore, go a mile out of Town, do just the same business there they formerly did in Boston, call it a county meeting, & so elude the Act.

¹ *Letters of John Andrews*, August 16, 17.

² *Letters of Hugh, Earl Percy*, August 8, 15, 21. Ed. Bolton.

I plainly foresee that there is not a new councillor or magistrate who will dare to act without at least a regiment at his heels."

Tuesday, the 16th, the Suffolk County Convention gathered at Colonel Doty's Tavern in Stoughton, a little south of the base of Blue Hill. There were nineteen towns in the county, and since some had not chosen delegates, the meeting was adjourned to September 6th at Dedham. It was on this occasion that "good Parson (Saml) Dunbar," in the words¹ of one of the delegates, "gave us the most extraordinary liberty prayer that I ever heard." It was he who, a little later,² when Lord Howe was on his way with reënforcements, offered his famous petition respecting the British fleet — that it might be "jerked about by old ocean, and thrown on Cohasset Rocks!" Ebenezer Thayer³ at the same meeting said, "We must stand undisguised upon one side or the other."

Andrews writes the same date:⁴ "By your uncle's not going to Salem to attend Council this morning, I conclude he has declin'd to accept, which I am more inclin'd to think, as your aunt (with whom I drank tea yesterday P.M.) was very uneasy lest he should. . . . The ten already sworn are generally esteem'd as worse enemies to our *just rights and privileges* than Lord North, who is curs'd from morn to noon and from noon to morn by every denomination of people."

The Sunday after a Plymouth councillor had accepted his appointment, upon his sitting down in church, his townfolk walked out, he hiding from their eyes by bending low over his cane as they passed him by.⁵ The outlook for the councillors grew more and more squally. August 19th,

¹ "The Suffolk Resolves." M. P. Webster. *New England Magazine*, November, 1902.

² *History of Canton*, 196. T. V. Huntoon. Cambridge, 1893. Published by the Town: John Wilson and Son.

³ *History of Norfolk County*, 922. Hurd. "Canton," by Samuel B. Noyes.

⁴ *Letters*, August 16 and 11.

⁵ *Our Country*, II, 726. Lossing.

Andrews¹ learned that Colonel Murray's son had sent an express down from Rutland, begging his father to remain in Boston and not take risks by returning home. Andrews adds, "Am excessive glad your uncle has declin'd."

The army pent in Boston continued to be an annoyance. While writing next day, Andrews¹ was interrupted by a hue and cry through the market, chasing a deserter from the 65th, and on the 21st two officers entered a house and behaved insultingly to two women on Pleasant Street. Happily their husbands were within call, and one of the officers received a blow from the butt of a pistol and had his sword broken. From Lord Percy's "disposition to punish every misbehavior" Andrews concluded that the soldiers would receive merited punishment.

Some time during the harvest Kit Forbes,² a French war veteran belonging in Malden, was hailed on the Salem Road by a British officer and threatened for not returning his salute. Forbes was carrying a scythe at the time, and when the officer reached for his sword, by a quick movement threw the blade so that it curved against the back of the officer's neck. In this guise they reached a tavern, when Kit proposed *he would* salute in due form if the officer for *his* part would first stand treat to the whole crowd lounging about the door!

August 21st, the minister at Montague referred to the Liberty Pole as an "idol."³ August 22d, Hadley set one up, 130 feet in height, and remarked, "An Idol made and Erected after the manner of a mast or May Pole with an Ensign of Liberty tacked to the top of it, that is to say, English Colours with the Significant word Liberty inscribed, is a form of making and setting up a God, which I believe neither Antient nor Modern Idolaters hit upon."³

This day an express brought the Governor word of a

¹ Letters.

² *History of Malden, Mass., 1633-1785*, 814. Deloraine Pendre Corey. Malden, 1899. Published by the author.

³ *History of Deerfield*, II, 678. George Sheldon. Greenfield, 1896: E. A. Hall & Co.

popular rising at Great Barrington, one hundred and twenty miles to the westward, near the Connecticut boundary. A Tory lawyer there, named Ingersoll, had made himself obnoxious three weeks since by his zealous support of the new acts. In the absence of tar, the rougher element had coated him with grease and feathers and left him in an empty well over night. Swelling with rage, he had sought safety with the Governor at Salem. Now, when the court attempted to sit, the judges and jurors were balked by Connecticut men from across the line packing the Court-house so that not an inch of space remained.¹ Clearly the New Englanders were a hard people to subdue.

Little flurries became frequent and were reported from sundry towns. Although forbidden, on the 23d, by Gage to hold a town meeting the following day at their utmost peril, the people of Salem met at the hour called, despite King George and his troops. A committee, of whom Pickering, not yet thirty years of age, was spokesman, then waited on the Governor at Mandamus Councillor Brown's,² to argue their side, giving the town ample opportunity to choose five delegates for a county meeting at Ipswich, and adjourn. Gage, in the meantime, little suspecting what had been accomplished during their short parley, loftily assured the committee, "I³ am come to execute the laws, not to dispute them." Only a show of interference had been made; two companies of the 59th being marched "within a few rods of the meeting," *i.e.*, near the present Cadet armory, "when they halted, and march'd back again immediately: causing a 'shrewd fellow' to repeat the old adage, The King of France &c.," hearing which, "the surgeon of the regiment made a stop, and said he could not but acknowledge it a just similarity, for here am I, says he, with my mates, with every apparatus for dressing wounds,

¹ *Letters of John Andrews*, August 23, 24.

² *Visitor's Guide to Salem*, 65. Salem, 1897. Published by the Essex Institute.

³ *History of the Siege of Boston and of the Battles of Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill*, sixth ed., 13. Richard Frothingham. Boston, 1896: Little, Brown and Company.

performing amputations &c.”¹ Vexed at the turn matters had taken, the Governor presently summoned the Committee of Correspondence, seven in number, before him, who frankly admitted that the meeting had been called on August 20th through handbills,² over their signatures. The Governor then declared they must stand the consequences, and he should issue writs to seize their persons, if necessary, and support the sheriff with troops. Two of the group were accordingly arrested and bail accepted the afternoon following this interview. The other five were taken on the 25th, and absolutely refused to give bail; “not the ninetieth part of a farthing!” cried George Williams¹ and Captain Derby. They then significantly repeated his own threat, if he was pleased to make an issue, *he must abide the consequences*. Gage gave them until four that afternoon to decide finally whether they would give bail or no, announcing somewhat prematurely that the trial would be held at the next Superior Court on the charge of “*high crimes and misdemeanures*.”

Rumors began to run about that some three thousand armed men could be counted on to effect a rescue if an arrest was attempted. Little Marblehead sent word that a minute’s warning would bring her men to Salem’s aid. The nerve and decision was all on the Patriot side, and Boston was glad to find on the 27th that Gage had dropped the prosecution. This averted a struggle for the moment, but did not increase the Governor’s authority, and town meetings were held daily in every direction.¹

Simultaneously with this breeze, came the Taunton¹ affair. Finding that one of the new councillors, Daniel Leonard, remembered for his denunciation of the Correspondence scheme, which he had compared³ to an “egg of sedition,” was returning home, about two thousand men

¹ *Letters of John Andrews*, August 25, 26, 24.

² *American Revolution*, I, 387. Gordon.

³ *Hist. of Worcester County*, I, 693. D. Hamilton Hurd. “Leicester,” by Rev. A. H. Coolidge. Philadelphia, 1889: J. W. Lewis & Co.

from the near-by towns gathered on the Common in a mood to have pulled his house down, but Leonard's father, a Whig, after a time quieted them by expressing a hope that he could induce his son to resign. August 23d, the very same day that Daniel Leonard returned to town, Colonel Murray¹ and his son, a young medical student, set out for Rutland, both being large, stout men, well armed. However, in the present temper of the Patriots they thought it safer to give up their trip and lodged that night at Cambridge. Colonel John Murray came to this country from Ireland and is said to have been born about 1720.² It has been supposed he was a younger, wayward son of the second Duke of Athol, in confirmation of which it is claimed he owned a [piece of?] plate bearing the Duke's arms; and, having three hundred and forty acres with proprietary rights, in the present township of Athol, he gave it its name from a fancied resemblance between it and Blair, Scotland.² However this may be, he had scarcely reached home on this occasion when a crowd gathered about the house demanding that he should resign his seat on the Council. Murray and a friend named Hazen had barely time to escape to the woods, where they lay in hiding, supplied with food by the ladies, before a mob broke in and, finding that they had fled, vented its spite on his portrait by Copley. This picture subsequently descended to his grandson, Hon. Robert L. Hazen, member of the executive council of New Brunswick.²

The same eventful August 23d brought a tale from Providence that a shop owned by one of the councillors named Simpson had been daubed with tar and two of his nephews, who managed the business, given so many days to remove, on pain of being treated to a free ride in the same coating.¹

After all these tumults it is grateful to turn to Dr. Joseph Warren's³ letter to the Committee of Stonington,

¹ *Letters of John Andrews*, August 23, 24.

² *Hist. of Worcester County*, II, 1029. Hurd. "Athol," by Rev. John F. Norton.

³ *Life and Times of Joseph Warren*, 345. Richard Frothingham. Boston, 1865: Little, Brown and Company.

Connecticut, and mark the spirit with which he faced the troubled future.

Boston, August 24, 1774.

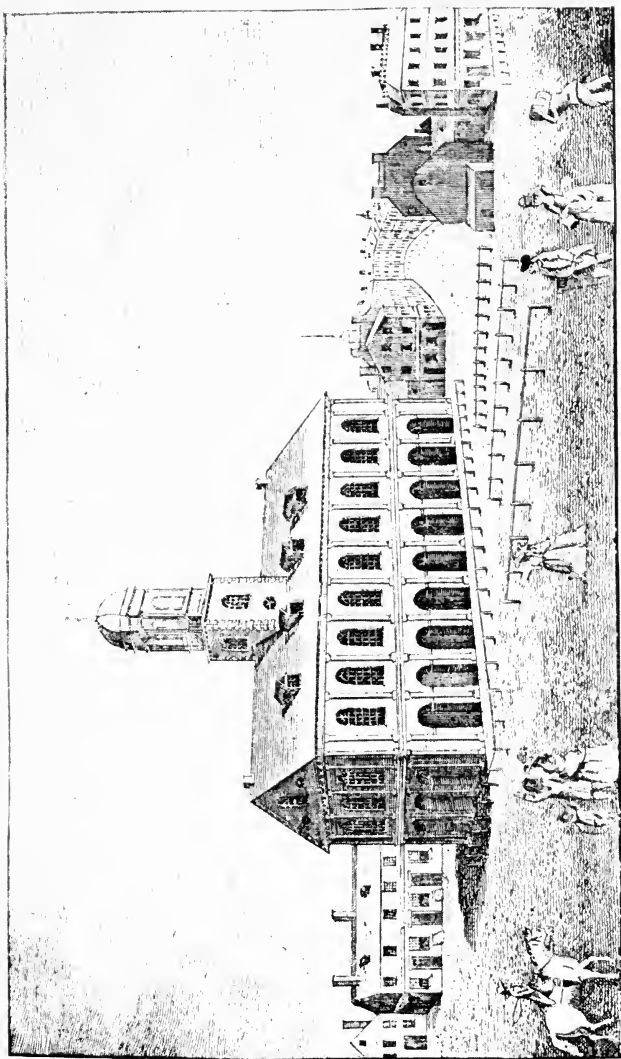
Gentlemen, — Your elegant and benevolent favor of the 1st instant yielded us that support & consolation amid our distresses, which the generous sympathy of assured friends can never fail to inspire. 'Tis the part of this people to frown on danger, face to face; to stand the focus of rage and malevolence of the inexorable enemies of American freedom. Permit us to glory in the dangerous distinction; and be assured, that, while actuated by the spirit and confident of the aid of such noble auxiliaries, we are compelled to support the conflict. When liberty is the prize, who would shun the warfare? Who would stoop to waste a coward thought on life? We esteem no sacrifice too great, no conflict too severe, to redeem our inestimable rights and privileges. 'Tis for you, brethren, for ourselves, for our united posterity, we hazard all; and permit us humbly to hope, that such a measure of vigilance, fortitude, and perseverance will still be afforded us, that, by patiently suffering & nobly daring, we may eventually secure that more precious than Hesperian fruit, the golden apples of freedom. We eye the hand of Heaven in the rapid & wonderful union of the colonies; & that generous & universal emulation to prevent the sufferings of the people of this place gives a prelibation of the cup of deliverance. May unerring Wisdom dictate the measures to be recommended by the Congress! May a smiling God conduct this people through the thorny paths of difficulty, and finally gladden our hearts with success!

We are, Gentlemen, your friends in the cause of liberty.

Joseph Warren,

Chairman.

That the Province might act together in meeting the dangers of the hour, the Worcester Committee suggested that Boston should call a county congress. Accordingly,



FANEUIL HALL

August 26th, delegates from Worcester, Essex, and Middlesex met at Faneuil Hall, in conference with the Boston Committee of Correspondence, in behalf of Suffolk county. A spirited set of¹ resolutions was then passed, among the rest that, "No power on earth has a right, without the consent of this province, to alter the minutest tittle of its charter." The "novel officers" by whomsoever commissioned were stamped as "daring usurpers." Further they declared they held themselves "entitled to life, liberty and the means of sustenance, by the grace of Heaven and without the King's leave." They maintained that their rights as British subjects were tampered with by the proposed trial over-seas, and affirmed there was pressing need of a Provincial Congress. In the interval the unconstitutionally devised courts must be "properly opposed." Those carrying them on could not be regarded otherwise than as "traitors with a pretext of law." Consequently laborers were justified in shunning their vineyards; merchants, husbandmen, and others, in withholding their commerce and supplies. It was next provided that all who suffered through maintaining the rights of Massachusetts should be sustained at the common charge, and finally it was urged that "the military act, according to the Norfolk plan, ought attentively to be practised."

August 27th, Newell² notes "£290 cash from Norwich and cash from many others [received] this week." At this time General Gage finally left Danvers for Boston. The same evening came a fresh altercation related by Andrews.³

"Two soldiers of the Welch fusileers attack'd young Mr. Molineaux in the street leading to his father's house [on Beacon Hill], at about 11 o'clock. They seiz'd, and were lugging him away, when he disengag'd himself, run aside and pull'd off his coat and waistcoat. They made up to him: he knock'd one down and then the other with his fist; at the same time call'd out murther to raise the neigh-

¹ *Siege of Boston*, 362-3. Frothingham.

¹ *Diary*. Thomas Newell.

² *Letters*, August 28, 29.

borhood. Not knowing what their intentions were respecting him, he kept 'em in play for about 15 minutes when a lad came to his assistance: just at which time Major Small, an officer much respected here, came up. He seiz'd one of the fellows and put him under guard. The other ran off. He waited on Mr. Mollineaux at noon, and begg'd the favor of him to attend the Court Martial to-morrow morning.

August 29 It is rumor'd this morning that a company or two has march'd for Roxbury, as there is to be a town meeting there this day. Notwithstanding all the parade the Governor made at Salem on account of their meeting, they had one directly under his nose at Danvers, and continued it two or three howers longer than was necessary, to see if he would interrupt 'em. He was made acquainted with it, but reply'd — 'D—n 'em! I won't do anything about it unless his Majesty sends me more troops.' Three or four of the new councillors living in the country have resign'd already, and some of the more obstinate have taken refuge here."

It seems Isaac Winslow came before this same Roxbury meeting and tendered up his councillorship with apologies, owning he had been over-persuaded to accept it and was sensible of his mistake. Late in the evening a friendly call was made upon Commodore Loring, urging him to follow so good an example; time was allowed him for consideration, but at the same time he was reminded that he might be waited on more vigorously if he proved troublesome; his great anxiety, it appeared, was lest he should lose his half-pay.¹

Andrews then tells how the recent Faneuil Hall resolutions were put into good effect: "August 30 The Superior Court, which sits here this day, affords the only subject for speculation. . . . Judge Oliver having assum'd his seat at the bench (for the first time since his impeachment) caus'd a reluctance in the jury to serve, and they one and all absolutely refus'd. The Grand Jurors (21 in number

¹ *Letters of John Andrews, August 30.*

Paul Revere of Boston and William Thompson of Brookline being of the number¹) gave in their reasons in writing and the petit-jurors by a bare negative, save Mr. Mifflin's cousin, Thomas Chase, who declar'd boldly 'that his conscience would not let him take the oath while Peter Oliver set upon the bench, who was under impeachment by the honorable house of representatives' — upon which they were dismissed, and the Court adjourn'd till tomorrow."² One man only, Mr. Pratt of Chelsea, hesitated, but when the Chief Justice told him it was unimportant whether Crown or Province paid his salary, Pratt declared, "I won't sarve."³ This was the last Grand Jury under the Crown. That evening, toward sunset, John Andrews² sauntering in the Mall "could not but admire at the subservient honors paid his Excellency," come up from Salem to attend the Supreme Court. His escort consisted of no less than five or six field officers, two or three aides-de-camp, and eight orderly sergeants at an "awful distance in the rear." As he paraded up the street from Sheriff Greenleaf's, he stopped to have a few minutes' talk with 'Squire Edson, and then called at Earl Percy's house at the head of Winter Street, his whole retinue standing outside. This Edson had been a deacon in Bridgewater, but being appointed councillor no one would sing the Psalms he lined off, and he had taken shelter in Boston. This same 30th of August is noteworthy for a county convention, that of Middlesex, held at Concord,² 158 delegates being present. For this meeting a series of Resolves were drawn up by a sub-committee of nine, and after being reported, it was "resolved that every member should answer yea or nay, for the question, when there was 154 yeas, one absolute nay, and the other three apologized, that as they were not permitted to qualifie their answer, they must say nay, though they excepted only against two or three paragraphs." The whole closed

¹ *Supplement to Boston Gazette*, Monday, September 5, 1774.

² *Letters of John Andrews*, August 30, 31, September 3.

³ *Life of Revere*, I, 154. Goss.

with the gallant words,¹ "no danger shall affright, no difficulties shall intimidate us; and if, in support of our rights, we are called to encounter even death, we are yet undaunted, sensible that he can never die too soon who lays down his life in support of the laws and liberties of his country." August 30th about one thousand men gathered at Springfield, determined the court should conform to the old usage. The West Springfield bell rang and they rallied upon the Court-house steps armed with white staves, compelling the judges and court to agree "not to act on the new Regulations." Tories were next drawn into their circle, each in turn retracting and walking away. At night all dispersed. The community was in a tense state, however, and despite the orderliness of the proceedings, a wild rumor reached Deerfield from Montague that 106 men had been killed while trying to stop the court.²

The Patriots were becoming outspoken in their resistance, and the Governor felt that he must be alert. On Quarry Hill, not far from the present Tufts College, in Somerville, stood a magazine where the Province and many of the towns were in the habit of storing their powder. In the unsettled state of affairs, the towns had one by one withdrawn their stock, Medford³ taking hers away on the 27th of August. The 31st, as Governor Gage walked up the main street to dine with Brigadier Pigot of the 43d, who occupied a house just above Liberty Tree, he, "by chance or design," says Andrews,⁴ "in pulling out his handkerchief, dropt a letter from Brigadier Brattle of Cambridge." From a chance observation dropped by Captain Minot of Concord, in a purely business call,⁵ Brattle had become, it appears, distrustful of the local companies. The powder was stored in his care, and he now wrote that he was apprehensive the PROVINCE POWDER was in danger, all other,

¹ *History of Concord*, 87. Lemuel Shattuck. Boston, 1835.

² *History of Deerfield*, II, 682, 684. Sheldon.

³ "Medford in the War of the Revolution." Helen T. Wild. *Medford Historical Register*, January, 1899.

⁴ *Letters*.

⁵ *Boston Gazette*, September 5, 1774.

either belonging to particular towns or individuals, having been withdrawn. "The sacred *Depositum*," he takes pains to remark, remains "till ordered out by the Captain General."¹ That very day Sheriff Phipps² had made haste to wait on Brattle with an order for removing the powder and a couple of cannon, recently put at his disposal, as well; slipping the key of the magazine in his pocket, together with a note to Mr. Mason, who had the cannon in charge, he returned as quickly as he had set forth. During the afternoon about 260 men were draughted from the several regiments on the Common, and furnished with a day's rations each.³ About half-past four in the early daylight of September 1st, Thursday, they embarked under Lieutenant-Colonel Maddison⁴ in thirteen boats from Long Wharf, and "passing silently by water"⁴ up the Mystic River, landed at Temple's farm,— "back of Bob Temple's," says Andrews,³ — Ten Hills, as it was called, in Charlestown bounds, and crossed Winter Hill to the Arsenal, which was perhaps a mile from the shore, on the road to Arlington. A short delay was made for daylight, "as it was dangerous to enter a powder House with a Lanthorn."⁴ Then, while some of the troops were engaged in carrying the 250 half-barrels of gunpowder⁵ to the boats, or temporarily storing it in Temple's barn (as Andrews reports it), a detachment³ conducted by Judge Oliver, Sheriff Phipps, and Joseph Goldthwait, kept on to Cambridge and brought off the two field-pieces, Phipps⁶ procuring horses for the purpose from Ebenezer Bradish, a tavern keeper in North Cambridge. After which, the troops returned to Castle William. All this could not fail to make a stir.

¹ *Boston Gazette*, September 5, 1774.

² *Somerville, Past and Present*, 45-6. Edward A. Samuels and Henry H. Kimball. Boston, 1897: Samuels and Kimball.

³ *Letters of John Andrews*, September 1.

⁴ *Diary*, I, 477. Stiles.

⁵ *Diary*, September 1. Thomas Newell.

⁶ *Historic Mansions and Highways around Boston*, 214. Samuel Adams Drake. Boston, 1899: Little, Brown and Company.

Says Andrews, September 2d, "The country people, being vastly more vigilant and spirited than the town, did not fail to visit Brattle and Sewall's house — [the latter, somewhat altered, yet stands on the corner of Brattle and Sparks Streets]¹ — last evening, but not finding *either of 'em* at home, they quietly went off." Jonathan Sewall, attorney-general for Massachusetts, later Judge of Admiralty for Nova Scotia, had married Esther Quincy, daughter of Edmund and sister of the future Mrs. John Hancock.¹ By Parson Stiles' account, his house at this time was surrounded by "mostly boys and negroes" who "provoked by the firing of a gun broke some glass." By Thursday afternoon, says Stiles:² "a Report began to be spread in the neighboring Towns, that the Governor had sent a party of Soldiers to Cambridge, who had seized and carried off the Powder; that the people had opposed them, a Skirmish ensued, and that the Soldiery had fired upon them and killed 6 Men. Who originated this false Story is a secret; but this much is certain that it had propagated itself above forty Miles to as far as Shrewsbury by Midnight on thursday night as I was informed by Mr. McNeil of Litchfield who came from Springfield and lodged at Shrewsbury that night. This Story passed with some mutilations, but under all carrying an account that in Taking the Powder the Soldiery fired upon the people and *killed six* of them."

Returning to Andrews:³ "At eight o'clock this morning," — Friday — he writes, "there were about three thousand under their regular leaders at Cambridge Common, and continually increasing;" ["armed with sticks," Newell⁴ tells us], "their actual arms," as Andrews explains, "being left at a little distance, when Judge [Joseph] Lee and Judge [Samuel] Danforth [of a very advanced age] waited upon 'em, and gave them the fullest assurances that they had

¹ *Historic Mansions and Highways around Boston*, 313-4. Drake.

² *Diary*, I, 477-485. Stiles.

³ *Letters*, September 2.

⁴ *Diary*, September 2.

resign'd their seats at ye board and would not act in any capacity whatever, that was disagreeable to the people. Lt. Gov. Oliver is come to town and Brattle is gone to the Castle, which I believe is the only place of safety for him in the province. Four or five expresses have come down to Charlestown and here, to acquaint us, that between Sudbury and this, above ten thousand men are in arms and are continually coming down from the country back; ["great numbers collected at Waltham, Watertown, and Cambridge," says Rowe],¹ that their determination is to collect about forty or fifty thousand by night (which they are sure of accomplishing) when they intend to fling in about fifteen thousand by the way of the Neck, and as many more over the ferry: when once get possession, to come in like locusts and rid the town of every soldier. But such a scheme is so big with mischief and calamity, that ye Committee of correspondence, select men, and every prudent man in ye town of Charlestown, set off to appease 'em early in the morning; and the committee of correspondence from this town also went at the same time. Since which, accounts have been so alarming that between ten and eleven o'clock the Select men set out from here, to try what they could do to satisfie and disperse 'em. A guard of Soldiers is set upon the Powder house at the back of ye Common, so that people are debar'd from selling their own property; and the guard upon the Neck is doubled, . . . whole battalions have had new flints delivered out to them."² Happily the troops were not ordered out, owing to the personal representations of the Lieutenant-Governor as to the character of the mob. A clash was most narrowly averted notwithstanding. It seems³ "Lt. Gov. Oliver on his return from Boston signified he would prefer to resign at the instance of the whole Province rather than that of a single county and would leave it to the Congress. While about

¹ *Diary*, September 2.

² *Letters*, *ibid.*

³ *Boston Gazette*, September 5, 1774.

to agree Hallowell set all aflame." Returning to Andrews we find "Commissioner Hallowell, coming from Salem to his house in Roxbury, pass'd by Cambridge Common, where the people were collected, spoke somewhat contemptuously of them, which soon came to their ears. They immediately sent a party in pursuit of him. He saw them coming; jump'd out of his chaise; order'd his negro off the horse and got on; when he set out upon the full gallop with a pistol in each hand."¹ A² hundred and sixty riders had at first joined in the pursuit, but were checked by Captain Gardner of Cambridge, Mr. Devens of Charlestown, and Dr. Young of Boston, who parleyed with them, "not to bring confusion into the day's business, *i.e.*, getting the unconstitutional councillors to resign." In the end a short gentleman, better mounted than the rest, overtook Hallowell upon the Neck, "at whom," continues Andrews,¹ "he snap'd his pistol, which luckily missed fire, when he put on with full speed, and flung himself into the protection of the guard posted there." The *Gazette* adds that his horse failed within the gates and he ran afoot into camp representing thousands were at his heels. A Boston gentleman supposing from the stir the soldiers would march out took the alarm to one Mr. Roberts at Charlestown Ferry, and he rode swiftly to the Committee then at dinner.

"News of the above movement," says Andrews, "together with the *aggravation* that Hallowell had shot a man, was carried to Cambridge which set the people in a prodigious ferment (who before were become quite calm and compos'd) and every one retir'd to Watertown, where they had left their arms, and return'd to the common fully equipp'd and well dispos'd to make a tryal of skill. They had the presence of mind to get matters in readiness to take up the bridge, to prevent their bringing the artillery to bear upon 'em, least the Combat should be too unequal. An express came down and rode full speed up

¹ *Letters of John Andrews*, September 2.

² *Boston Gazette*, September 5.



EZRA STILES, S.T.D., LL.D.

to the fortifications [a little south of Dover Street], and upon being inform'd that matters were not as bad as had been represented, hastily returned over the ferry and quieted their minds again."

PARSON STILES' STORY OF THE SEPTEMBER ALARM ¹

"The week following I rode a journey into Connecticut, and on the 8th Sept. rode from Littlerest to Norwich in company with Mr. McNeil of Litchfield who gave me very particular & extensive Information of what he was an Eye Witness. He had a singular Opportunity. He was at Springfield on 30th Augt. when he saw three thousand people assembled about the Courthouse and obliged the Judges & all Officers of the Court to promise not to sit & renounce holding any Office under the new Establishment & saw them humble sundry Tories there. . . . He is a young man aet 30 or under, an European, married a rich Farmer's Daughter in Litchfield, somewhat observant, of a still Turn, rather a son of Liberty, & yet has a regard for European Regulations. Mr. McNeil told me he proceeding from Springfield journeyed towards Boston and on Thursday the first day of Sept. reached Shrewsbury in the Evening and lodg'd there. I asked him where he met the public Tumult? he said at Shrewsbury, a few miles nearer Boston than Worcester. He went to bed without hearing anyThing. But about midnight, or perhaps one o' Clock, he was suddenly waked up, somebody violently rapping up the Landlord, telling the doleful Story that the Powder was taken, six men killed, & all the people between there & Boston arming & marching down to the Relief of their Brethren at Boston; and within a quarter or half an hour he judges fifty men were collected at the Tavern tho' now deep in Night, equipping themselves & sending off Posts every Way to the neighboring Towns. They called up McNeil to tell the Story of the Springfield Affair which was News — he said he had to repeat and tell the story over

¹ *Diary*, I, 479-81.

& over again to New Comers till day: so he had no more Rest that night. The Men set off as fast as they were equipt. In the Morning, being fryday, Sept. 2, Mr. McNeil rode forward & passed thro' the whole at the very Time of the Convulsion. He said he never saw such a Scene before — all along were armed Men rushing forward some on foot, some on horseback, at every house Women & Children making Cartridges, running Bullets, making Wallets, baking Biscuit, crying & bemoaning and at the same time animating their Husbands & Sons to fight for their Liberties, though not knowing whether they should ever see them again. I asked whether the Men were Cowards or disheartened or appeared to want Courage? No. Whether the tender Destresses of weeping Wives & Children softened, effiminated and overcome the Men and set them Weeping too? No — nothing of this — but a firm, intrepid, Ardor, hardy, eager and couragious Spirit of Enterprise, a Spirit for revenging the Blood of their Brethren & rescue[ing] our Liberties, all this & an Activity corresponding with such Emotions appeared all along the whole Tract of above fourty Miles from Shrewsbury to Boston. The Women kept on making Cartridges, & after equipping their Husbands, bro.t them out to the Soldiers who in crowds passed along & gave them out in handfuls to one and another as they were deficient, mixing Exhortation & Tears & Prayers & spiriting the Men in such an uneffeminate Manner as even would make Cowards fight. He tho.t if anything the Women surpassed the men for Eagerness & Spirit in the Defence of Liberty by Arms. For they had no Tho.ts of the Men returning but from Battle, for they all believed the Action commenced between the king's Troops & the Provincials. The Women under this Assurance gave up their Husbands, Sons &c to Battle & bid them fight courageously & manfully & behave themselves bravely for Liberty — Commanding them to behave like Men & not like Cowards — to be of good Courage & play the men for our people & for the Cities of our God — & the Lord do

as seemeth him good. They expected a bloody Scene, but they doubted not Success & Victory.

Mr. McNeil never saw anyThing like it in his Life:— he said, they scarcely left half a dozen Men in a Town, unless old and decrepid, and in one town the Landlord told him that himself was the *only Man left*. Thus he rode through the midst of the people all day. I was surprised they did not find their Mistake sooner. He said that all the way those that came forward to hasten them kept up the story of six killed — and it was positively affirmed to him within two miles of Cambridge by one he met, that six Men were killed — so that he did not meet with the contradictory Report till within two miles of Cambridge. Upon coming to Cambridge he made a Stop & mixt in with the Multitude, who were formed & standing before Lt. Gov. [Thomas] Oliver's house [since noted as Elmwood, where James Russell Lowell was born and died]. He judged those drawn regularly in Lines were about two thousand & not three and that the Bystanders were I think a thousand more — in general he tho.t them less than had been represented. He said there was no Tumult, but an awful Stillness, Silence thro. the Lines, and among the surrounding Body of People. All was negotiated by the Committee but in the presence of the Body, the Committee communicating by the officers Information thro. the Lines, so that all knew what was transacting. It was the after part of the Day. Gov. Oliver had a number of Gentlemen with him in his House & seemed very reluctant at the Transaction. After some length of Waiting, he endeavored to have the people satisfied with what he had said in the Forenoon. But a weighty Spirit began to shew itself by some Gentlemen & Officers nearest, pressing thro. the Gate into the Governors Yard with (tho' not as yet Violence yet with) Marks of Earnestness & Importunity which the Gov. and his Friends saw was at length become irresistable. Thereupon the Governor, ["a dapper¹ little man"] came

¹ *Historic Mansions*, 319. Drake.

forth abroad accompanied with a few Friends, and made and signed his Submission.”¹ [“My house at Cambridge being surrounded by four thousand people, in compliance with their commands I sign my name, Thomas Oliver.”²]

He offered verbally to give up his office as Lieutenant-Governor as well as his seat on the Council but they told him “to retain it by all means,” they wanted no *better man* to fill the place. “They also procur’d a written obligation from Sheriff Phips, that he would not return jurors, serve writs &c, nor even act officially in any case upon the principal of ye new establishment.”³ Colonel David Phipps’ father, Spencer Bennett,⁴ had been adopted as heir by Sir Wm. Phipps, his uncle by marriage. He himself was a warden of Christ Church and High Sheriff. Of his sisters, one was the wife of Richard Lechmere, another of Joseph Lee, another of Col. John Vassal, and another of Andrew Boardman. Stiles¹ continues: the submission “was immediately handed along the Lines & read publicly at proper Distances till the whole Body of the people were made to hear it. Upon which Satisfaction was diffused thro. the whole Body, which thereupon dissolved; the solemn Silence broken, & succeeded by a chearful Murmur or general universal Voice of Joy. This was finished about sun an hour high or less. Mr. McNeil went to Boston that Evening & put up with an Acquaintance who was a Baker to the regular Troops, & heard their Talk every day. McNeil himself went into the Camp & observed all Hurry, Activity, lively preparation, & he said Anxiety. He was interrogated in Camp concerning the Affairs he had seen. He saw the Guns all saddled & ready to be seized at a moment. The Baker told him that the General had sent out all day several trusty Soldiers in Sailors Habits to loiter on the road from Roxbury to Cambridge & return and bring accounts unno-

¹ *Diary*, I, 481-2. Stiles.

² *Historic Mansions*, 319. Drake.

³ *Letters of John Andrews*, September 3.

⁴ *Two Hundred Years Ago; A Brief history of Cambridgeport and East Cambridge*. S. S. Simpson. Boston, 1859.

ticed — that they were greatly apprehensive that the Provincials would rush into Boston at night — and at sunset or a little after, the Welch fusiliers, 260 or 300 Men, marched without Music, slowly, stilly, to set the Watch on the Neck; and then returned into Camp — that these were the best of the Troops, & the only ones that had seen service, & could be depended on. The Baker told him that just before this, the General held a Council of War, & proposed to send a Detachment to break up the County Congress at Roxbury; and that the service was so disagreeable that several Officers declared they did not think this for His Majesty's Service & in Case it was pressed they should give up their Commissions; the Baker was confident the Troops did not want to fight us in this Cause. This was servant Intelligence, but it was genuine. General Gage dare not venture his Troops, the most of which are newly raised & never in Action, besides that 210 had already deserted, & there was reason to believe that in a real Action 3 qu^{rs} would turn upon our side — altho. a number of Soldiers & most of the new Officers are highly incensed & full of Wrath against us. Mr. McNeil told me that most of the people left their Arms at Watertown, only another Body of 250 had already bro.t Arms into Town, & they were stationed in a yard at a mile's distance or here left their Arms under Guard. These I supposed seized their Arms at the Alarm at Dinner Time; but laid them aside at the Treaty with Gov. Oliver. Mr. McNeil abused the Lordsday and journeyed from Boston to Plymouth &c. He lodged in Newport 7th September and we rode together next day."

It is worthy of remark that Judge Lee¹ observed to the Patriots after he had made his resignation that he "never saw so large a number of people together and preserve so peaceable order before in his life." Oliver¹ in direct reply to the Governor said they "were not a mob by any means, but consisted of the leading men in the county and reputable farmers."

¹ *Letters of John Andrews*, September 3, 4.

In the afternoon of the 3d, Gage had four large field-pieces dragged from the Common by the soldiers and placed so as to command the land approach to Boston, at the Neck. At the same time the *Lively*, frigate, twenty guns, was brought up and moored in the ferryway between Charlestown and Boston.¹

It had been in the Governor's mind to send soldiers to protect the court at Worcester, but he now felt they could not be spared. Indeed he was compelled to feel that the limit for a peaceful solution had been passed; and wrote² to Lord Dartmouth "civil government is near its end," the time for "conciliation, moderation, reasoning is over." "I mean, my Lord," he continues, "to secure all I can by degrees; to avoid any bloody crisis as long as possible, unless forced into it by themselves, which may happen." But, if it was to be a struggle by arms, he warned Dartmouth, at the outset, he should need large reënforcements.

It was surprising how rapidly the rumor of trouble in Boston had spread away inland; bells had rung and beacon-fires³ blazed on the hills; Marlborough, thirty miles back, heard Thursday night, and Friday, by eight in the morning, a troop of horse and foot soldiers, under command of Gibeon Speakman,⁴ reported at Cambridge. Says Stiles:⁵ "For about fifty miles each way round there was an almost universal Ferment . . . it raised even into New Hampshire and across over to Otter Creek—where the Head of the Bennington Body of 2000 armed Men received the News (& gave out that they should be ready to march) before the Contradiction overtook them. In the western Direction it . . . actually bro.t into Springfield and No. Hampton, two River Towns, 2000 Men from Berkshire and York Govt. &c in two Divisions of 1200 & 800, who there met the Contradiction & so returned. Even at Albany the Dutch

¹ *Diary*. Thomas Newell.

² *American Archives*, I, 4th ser., 767-8. Force. September 2.

³ *Siege of Boston*, 14. Frothingham.

⁴ *Letters of John Andrews*, September 3.

⁵ *Diary*, I, 482-3.

set off a number of Wagons of Provisions for their Supply. And Mr. Johnson with the Mohawk Indians (40 or 50) actually sat off from the Indian country beyond Hudson River in full march for Relief of Boston. . . . From Oxford a little below Worcester, the report took its direction into Connecticut. Squire Wolcott of Oxford hearing the news by an Express said to have set out from Boston the preceding Evening, posted his son off towards Boston to learn the Certainty of the report; & when he came to Grafton, about 35 miles from Boston, he heard a further Confirmation of it & returned immediately back to Oxford, when his Father sent him to Carter's Tavern, in Dudley, where one Mr. Clark of that Town, a Trader, happened to be, & he (passing out of Massachusetts into Connecticut) [said that] Captain Keyes brought the news to Colonel Israel Putnam of Pomfret on the 3d of September 11 o'clock before noon, being Saturday."

Putnam¹ thereupon wrote to Colonel Malbone of the same town:

Dear Sir,

I have this minute had an express from Boston that the fight between Boston and the Regulars [began] last night at sunset, and the *cannon* began to [play] and continued all night and *they beg* for help and don't you think it is *time to go?*

I am Sir

Your most obedient servant,

I. Putnam.

"Go to the Devil!" was the prompt and emphatic answer. Putnam, notwithstanding, wrote to Captain Aaron Cleveland of Canterbury:

Pomfret, Sept. 3, 1774,

Captain Cleveland,

Mr. Keyes has this a.m. bro't us the news that the

¹ *History of Windham County*, II, 132-4. Ellen D. Larned. Worcester, 1880. Published by the author.

Men of War and troops began to fire on the people of Boston last night at sunset, when a post was sent immediately off to inform the Country. He informs that the artillery played all night, that the people are universally [rallying] from Boston as far as here in arms and desires all the assistance possible. It [the alarm] was occasioned by the country peoples' being robbed of their powder [from Boston] as far as Framingham, and when found out people went to take the soldiers and six of our people were killed on the spot and several were wounded. Beg you will rally all the forces you can and be on the march immediately for the relief of Boston and the people that way.

I. P.

At Douglas, finding it to have been a false alarm, Putnam turned back, and after a sixty mile ride reached home at sunrise. Meanwhile the report travelled south, "fast as hoof could fly," and was laid before the Continental Congress, Tuesday, the 6th, nine A. M. following. Colonel Putnam's letter, we learn from Stiles,¹ on reaching Norwich had been "printed off and circulated to the Towns every way through Connecticut in Handbills." "These Handbills," he continues, "being issued on Saturday it had the Effect of putting the whole Colony of Connecticut into an Alarm & Motion on Lordsday. In perhaps two Thirds of the Congregations it was brought in time of service — & Col. Putnam's Letter was read publicly in most of the Congregations in Connecticut. . . . On that Lordsday Forces marched from Preston, Lyme, Saybrook, Haddam, Chatham &c. A large body (1200) from Farmington & the Co. of Litchfield marched as far as Hartford. When I was there the next Week I enquired some particulars. East Guilford, 83 armed with Mr. [Jona.] Todd, their pastor. Pauchauge, 38 out of 60 marched to Rope Ferry. Chester, as forward, [the men] doubly equipt — 2 lbs. powder apiece. Haddam, 100 armed, animated by

¹ *Diary*, I, 484-5.

Rev. Mr. May. [From] Saybrook [&] Lyme, 200 marched almost to N. London. Lebanon, 100 marched. Chatham, 100 marched, with Rev. Mr. Boardman, Pastor. It was estimated to me at Colchester &c that on this occasion there were Twenty Thousand Men in Arms in Connecticut & marching or equipt for marching towards Boston. It has also been estimated that forty thousand in Massachusetts Province and New Hampshire also took Arms.”¹

Andrews² tells us two of Governor Trumbull’s sons were three days in the ranks as privates. “In all the different parties,” he adds, “that were collected, and in all their various movements, there was as much good order and decorum observ’d, as when attending church on Sundays.”

Even in England it was reported that the Colonists had been scattered and six killed by the Regulars, causing Charles Fox to write to Burke:³ “Though your opinions have turned out to be but too true, I am sure you will be far enough from triumphing in your foresight. What a melancholy consideration for all thinking men that no people, animated by what principal soever, can make a successful resistance to military discipline! I do not know that I was ever so affected with any public event, either in history or life. The introduction of great standing armies into Europe has then made all mankind irrevocably slaves!”

Abigail Adams, writing from Braintree to her husband attending the Continental Congress, observes that, “The first of September, or the month of September, perhaps, may be of as much importance to Great Britain as the Ides of March were to Cæsar,” ending, “The little flock remember papa, and kindly wish to see him.”⁴ September 2d, she refers to the Powder Hill affair and Colonel Brattle’s recent suggestion of the undesirability of having any commissioned militia in the Province. After which comes the

¹ *Diary*. Stiles.

² *Letters*, September 6.

³ *Life of Fox*, 287. Trevelyan.

⁴ *Letters of Mrs. Adams, the wife of John Adams, with an Introductory Memoir by her Grandson, Charles Francis Adams*, 14. Boston, 1840.

story of a local stir.¹ "Mr. Vinton, our sheriff," so the letter runs, "it seems received one of those twenty warrants which were issued by Messrs Goldthwait and Price [*i.e.* writs to summon juries]. This warrant, which was for Stoughtonham [the present Sharon], Vinton delivered to a constable there; but before he had got six miles he was overtaken by sixty men on horseback, who surrounded him and told him unless he return'd with them and demanded back that warrant and committed it to the flames before their faces, he must take the consequences of a refusal; and he, not thinking it best to endure their vengeance, returned with them, made his demand of the warrant, and consumed it, upon which they dispersed and left him to his own reflections. [Captain John Vinton,² we find, sided ultimately with the Patriots.] Since the news of the Quebec bill arrived, all the church people here have hung their heads and will not converse upon politics, though ever so much provoked by the opposite party." The letter closes with a playful allusion to the drought. "My poor cows will certainly prefer a petition to you, setting forth their grievances and informing you that they have been deprived of their ancient privileges, whereby they are become great Sufferers, and desiring that they may be restored to them." The exaggerated account of the Powder Hill expedition caused great anxiety in Philadelphia. John Adams writes home:³ "When or where this letter will find you I know not. In what scenes of distress and terror I cannot foresee." He then suggests that Mrs. Sam Adams and Speaker Cushing's wife or others might take shelter in their Quincy home if Boston should prove unsafe. On the 7th of September, while still full of "the horrible rumor" of Boston being bombarded, the Rev. Mr. Jacob Duché read Ps. 35, being part of the Psalter for the day. Its fitness struck

¹ *Letters of Mrs. Adams, the wife of John Adams, with an Introductory Memoir by her Grandson, Charles Francis Adams*, 16-17.

² *Hist. of Norfolk County*, 335, note. Hurd. "Quincy," by Charles Francis Adams, Jr.

³ *Familiar Letters*, September 8.

Adams so sensibly he begged his wife to read it to her father.¹ With reference to the journey he tells his wife,¹ "If Camden, Chatham, Richmond, and St. Asaph had travelled through the country, they could not have been entertained with greater demonstrations of respect than Cushing, Paine, and the brace of Adamsses have been."

September 14th Mrs. Adams² tells of what happened at Braintree the Sunday following the Powder Hill trip. A soldier, perhaps a deserter, had been seen lurking about the Common at the north precinct, where the town powder was stored. She writes: "However, intelligence of it was communicated to the other parishes, and about 8 o'clock Sunday evening there passed by here about two hundred men, preceeded by a horsecart, and marched down to the powder-house, from whence they took the powder, and carried it into the other parish and there secreted it. I opened the window upon their return. They passed without any noise, not a word among them till they came against this house, when some of them, perceiving me, asked if I wanted any powder. I replied No, since it was in so good hands. The reason they gave for taking it was that we had so many Tories here, they dared not trust us with it; they had taken Vinton in their train, and upon their return they stopped between Cleverly's and Eppers, [Churchmen, neighbors at Penn's Hill³] and called upon him to deliver two warrants. Upon his producing them, they put it to vote whether they should burn them, and it passed in the affirmative. They then made a circle and burnt them. They then called a vote whether they should huzza, but, it being Sunday evening, it passed in the negative. They called upon Vinton to swear that he would never be instrumental in carrying into execution any of these new acts. They were not satisfied with his answers; however, they let him rest. A few days afterwards, upon his making

¹ *Familiar Letters*, September 16, 18.

² *Letters*, 19-20.

³ *History of Norfolk County*, 335-6. Hurd.

some foolish speeches, they assembled to the amount of two or three hundred, and swore vengeance upon him unless he took a solemn oath, accordingly, they chose a committee and sent it with him to Major Miller's to see that he complied; and they waited upon his return, which proving satisfactory, they dispersed. This town appears high as you can well imagine, and, if necessary, would soon be in arms. Not a Tory but hides his head. The church parson [Rev. Edward Winslow¹] thought they were coming after him, and ran up garret; they say another jumped out of his window and hid among the corn, whilst a third crept under his board fence and told his beads."

September 16th a disturbance in Taunton is mentioned. Angiers had urged the court's opening there the previous week; but a committee of nine presenting a petition from two thousand men assembled outside, after a two hours' wait, it was decided to comply and not sit, when they dispersed. At the same time Mrs. Adams acknowledges the receipt of her husband's first letter. "It really gave me such a flow of spirits that I was not composed enough to sleep until one o'clock."²

It being known in Littleton³ that the Rev. Mr. Rogers sympathized with the Tories, he was called out by a squad of men to explain himself. Upon his hesitating, a volley was fired into his front door, landing in the casing just below the stairs where he stood. This brought him out.

September 4th Revere wrote to John Lamb of New York:⁴

Dear Sir,

I embrace this opportunity to inform you, that we are in Spirits, tho' in a Garrison; the Spirit of Liberty never was higher than at present; the Troops have the horrors amazingly, by reason of some late movements of our friends

¹ *Hist. of Norfolk County*, 335-6. Hurd.

² *Letters*, 23, 22.

³ *History of Middlesex County*, II, 870. D. Hamilton Hurd. "Littleton," by Herbert Joseph Harwood. Philadelphia, 1890: J. W. Lewis & Co.

⁴ *Life of Revere*, I, 150. Goss.

in the Country the week past, our new fangled Councillors are resigning their places every Day; our Justices of the Courts, who now hold their Commissions during the pleasure of His Majesty, or the Governor, cannot git a Jury that will act with them, in short the Tories are giving way every where in our Province. . . . My best regards . . . particularly to Capt. Sears, for his kind care of my Horse & Sulky.

As a natural result of the powder house flurry, several more officials resigned, on the 3d, — Treasurer Gray, Jonathan Simpson, and Councillor Abijah Willard of Lancaster; Judge Danforth and young Hutchinson had already taken the step. General Gage would not accept Danforth's resignation, although he gave him permission to absent himself; he also refused to let some country councillors leave town lest they should comply with the people's demands.¹

On the 4th the men-o'-war were hauled up so as to enclose the town, and next day the Governor set about building block-houses and repairing the fortification at the Neck.¹ Understanding that he purposed cutting a channel through the Neck and guarding the entrance by a bridge, the selectmen waited on him. Says Andrews, "He assur'd them he had no intention to break ground;" but only secure the town — inhabitants and all. "One of the gentlemen shew'd to him, that if he persisted in such proceedings, the inhabitants would leave the town and send an express home with a remonstrance against him: upon which he exclaim'd, 'J—t G—d! What! leave the town!' — being apprehensive, I suppose, if such a thing *should* take place, that he and his formidable *host* would come to short commons."¹

The Governor did not find it any too easy to get his fortification ready, local workmen refusing to work. Says Andrews:¹ "They've got an engineer from York, who is trying what he can do with a number of carpenters and masons out of the army. They talk of sending to New York for a number of mechanics to effect it: it's my opinion, if they are wise they wont come."

¹ *Letters of John Andrews*, September 4, 1, 5, 6.

CHAPTER II

CONTINENTAL CONGRESS MEETS. SUFFOLK COUNTY RESOLVES. ENGLISH SYMPATHY

AS the date of the Continental Congress drew near, John Adams had debated in his diary: "What can be done? Will it be expedient to propose an Annual Congress of Committees? to petition? to the King? to the Lords? to the Commons? What will such consultations avail? Deliberations alone will not do. We must petition or recommend to the Assemblies to petition, or —" ¹

On their way to Philadelphia, we read that George Washington and his friends, Pendleton and Henry, stopped at his mother's house, the old lady saying as the three rode on, "I hope you will stand firm: I know George will." ²

September 5th, fifty-three delegates assembled in Philadelphia, holding their meetings in a hall placed at their disposal ³ by the Carpenters' Association. Peyton Randolph, son of Sir John, fifty-one years of age, a graduate of William and Mary, formerly Attorney-General and Speaker of the House, was chosen chairman. It was in his honor Randolph, Massachusetts, received its name. Charles Thompson, aged forty-five, a native of Ireland, was at the same time chosen secretary. It is interesting to recall he was newly married that very week and was summoned from his chaise to the hall in the midst of his honeymoon. ³ Georgia alone of the original Thirteen States was unrepresented, as the Royal Governor in that Province had prevented the election of delegates. ⁴ When they came

¹ *Diary*, II, 338.

² "The Story of the Revolution." Henry Cabot Lodge. *Scribner's*, January, 1898.

³ *Our Country*, II, 730, 731-2. Lossing.

⁴ *The American Revolution*, 36. Everett Tomlinson.



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together, the first thing to be decided was the relation to be borne between one colony and another in the matter of voting, whether size and population should be a determining factor, or whether all should count alike. The first day nothing was settled; the following morning there was a little hesitancy on the part of the members. At last Patrick Henry rose and made his famous speech, in the course of which he exclaimed:¹ "British oppression has effaced the boundaries of the several colonies; the distinctions between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, and New Englanders are no more. *I am not a Virginian, but an American.*" Smallness of view was banished, and equal representation decided upon. Each group had already been authorized to concur with the vote of the majority, and the organization was completed. We get a little glimpse of some of the members through John Adams, who wrote of Cæsar Rodney, he is the "oddest looking man, tall, thin, and slender as a reed pole; his face is not bigger than a big apple; yet there is sense and fire, spirit, wit and humor in his countenance."¹ Stephen Hopkins, the oldest member, was sixty-seven, with white hair and palsied limbs.¹ Johnson of Maryland he particularly notes as having a "clear, cool head, [and] an extensive knowledge of trade as well as law. Lee, Henry and Hooper are the orators."¹ John Dickinson had been a term at the Temple in London.² Parson Stiles deemed the "cardinals," or men of the greatest ability and influence, were "Mr. *Sam Adams*, John Adams, Esq., *Samuel Ward*, Silas Deane, Matthew Tilgham, *Peyton Randolph*, President, Richard Henry Lee, Henry Middleton, John Rutledge, Thomas Lynch, *Christopher Gadsden*, Edward Rutledge, Stephen Hopkins, *Col. Bland.*"³

While the Congress was sitting Major Joseph Hawley of Northampton submitted his "Broken Hints" to the Massa-

¹ *Our Country*, II, 733, 735-6. Lossing.

² "The Story of the Declaration of Independence." Ida M. Tarbell. *McClure's*, July, 1901.

³ *Diary*, I, 459. Stiles.

chusetts delegates, in the course of which come the words, "*Fight we must, finally, unless Britain retreats.*" "I am of that man's mind," was Patrick Henry's comment, when this was read out to him by John Adams.¹ Many of the delegates were bold, but none surpassed Sam Adams, who said openly, "I would advise persisting in our struggle for liberty, though it were revealed from Heaven that nine hundred and ninety-nine men were to perish, and only one of a thousand to survive and retain his liberty. One such freeman must possess more virtue, and enjoy more happiness, than one thousand slaves; and let him propagate his like, and transmit to them what he hath so nobly preserved."¹

The Congress resolved, at this time of general anxiety, to discourage every extravagance, especially horse-racing, gambling, cock-fighting, shows, and plays, and proposed a greater moderation in the observance of mourning, a black crape worn on the hat or arm by men, and a black ribbon or necklace by women, being deemed more suitable than excessive expenditure, as they were circumstanced.²

A Declaration of Colonial Rights was then drawn up wherein it was asserted³ that the colonists were "entitled to life, liberty and property;" and that they had never ceded to any sovereign whatsoever a right to dispose of either without their consent.

"Resolved 2d. That our ancestors, who first settled these colonies, were, at the time of their emigration from the mother country, entitled to all the rights liberties and immunities of free and natural-born subjects within the realm of England.

"3rd. That by such emigration, they by no means forfeited, surrendered, or lost any of these rights, but that they were, and their descendants now are, entitled to the exercise and enjoyment of all such of them as their local

¹ *Our Country*, II, 744, 741. Lossing.

² *War in America*, I, 378. Murray.

³ *Hist. of the U. S.*, I, 322. Spencer.

and other circumstances enabled them to exercise and enjoy. . . .”¹

October 8th, the secretary made but one entry:² “That this Congress approve the opposition of the inhabitants of Massachusetts Bay to the execution of the late acts of Parliament; and if the same shall be attempted to be carried into execution by force, in such case all Americans ought to support them in their opposition.”

October 20th, the American Association was adopted by all, save three of the five South Carolina delegates, who pointed out that New England had other markets and could trade her fish to Spain or elsewhere, but in the event of being debarred their own annual sale of one and a half million dollars’ worth of rice to Great Britain, their Province would be ruined. This difficulty was overcome by making an exception in the case of rice, and they signed with the rest.²

On the 21st of October, *An Address to the People of Great Britain*, written by John Jay, son-in-law of William Livingston, was adopted; and a *Memorial to the Inhabitants of the Several British-American Colonies* drawn up by Wm. Livingston himself.²

On the last day of the session a *Petition to the King*,² drafted by Henry and completed by Dickinson, was adopted together with Dickinson’s *Address to the Inhabitants of the Province of Quebec*.

The greatest hospitality had been shown to the delegates by the Philadelphians; “ducks, hams, chickens, beef, pig, tarts, creams, custards, jellies, fools, trifles, floating islands, beer, porter, punch, and wine” were spread before the guests at a private entertainment attended by John Adams.²

It was a matter of regret that James Bowdoin, for ten years a leading councillor, had been too ill to take his place with the other Massachusetts delegates. The action of a

¹ *Hist. of the U. S.*, I, 322. Spencer.

² *Our Country*, II, 738, 740, 741, 736. Lossing.

man of his position and influence could not fail to have had weight with some who, as it was, clove to the Government party.¹ The following June Mrs. John Adams wrote to her husband, "he looks a mere skeleton, speaks faint and low, is racked with a violent cough, and I think far advanced in consumption."²

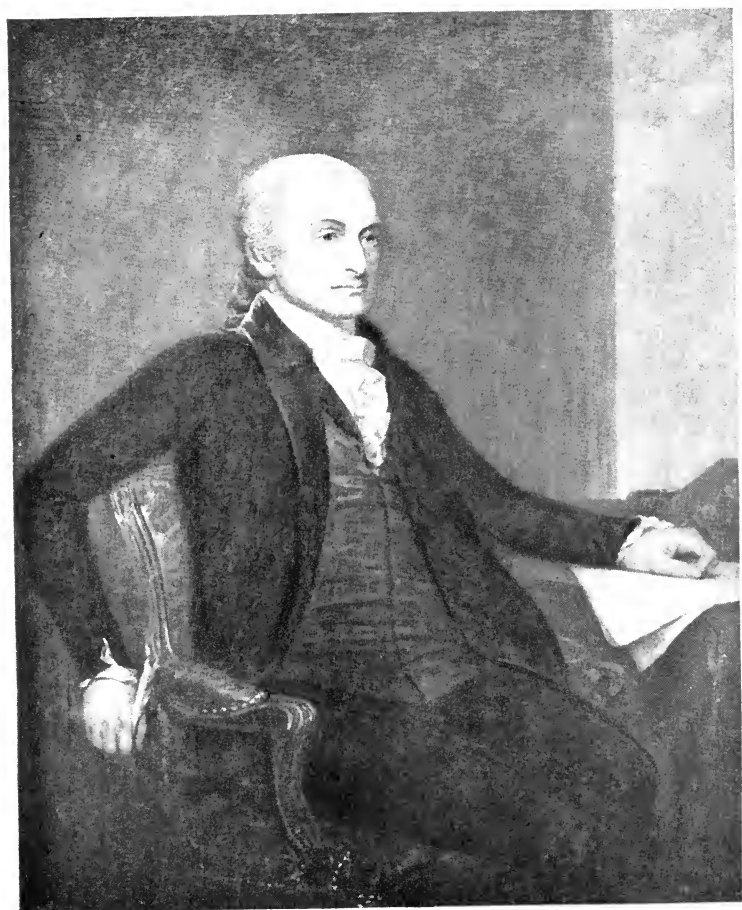
On September 6th, the *Julius Cæsar* had arrived at Salem, with thirty odd chests of, what Andrews³ calls "that *cursed herb*," for a Boston firm. Learning it was to be sent on to Halifax, he wonders if that will save it, as the Nova Scotia people in Boston "seem to breath the same spirit of freedom as prevails through the Continent." He then tells of some tea sent from Portsmouth and smuggled up to Windsor, forty miles from Halifax; but no sooner had it been lodged with a magistrate than the wagon was fallen on and demolished and the house threatened with fire unless the tea was instantly surrendered. From Portsmouth came a report that a mast ship had taken shelter under the fort having thirty chests of tea aboard. The people thereupon took possession of the fort and beset the house of one Parry, the consignee.³ There was getting to be no comfort for those with Tory leanings. For instance, says Andrews:³ "Four of the refugee Councillors lodge at ye head of Quaker lane [Congress street], and have four soldiers lodg'd in ye house every night to defend 'em if molested, at ye bottom of which lane, or rather opposite Joy's buildings, are five or six shops, improv'd by a chaisemaker, Taylor, Shoemaker, Barber, &ca, in each of which they have a bell, and when either of 'em observes a councillor or *high* Torey pass, he gives ye signal by ringing his bell which takes through the whole, and thus they are complimented out of sight. At⁴ Newbury bridge they have got an old man fix'd with a drum, who, as soon as he observes a *Government*

¹ *Provincial Pictures*, 48. Goodwin.

² *Letters*, June 15, 1775.

³ *Letters*, September 10, 11, 12.

⁴ *Life of Warren*, 358. Frothingham.



JOHN JAY

man enter, parades with his drum beating and proclaims through the streets: 'A Tory come to town!'"

County meetings were a welcome vent for the Patriots. September 6th,¹ Essex county met at Ipswich; Worcester county at Worcester; and Suffolk county at Dedham. "Sept. ye 1t" in the full tide of excitement over the Powder Hill expedition, the freeholders of Brookline² "Mett" and chose five delegates for the Dedham Convention. These were Major William Thompson, Captain Benjamin White, Isaac Gardner, Esq'r., John Goddard, and Captain Thomas Aspinwall. The town also appointed a committee of five, — Mr. John Goddard, Captain Benjamin White, Major Wm. Thompson, Mr. Isaac Child, and Captain Elisha Gardner "to examine into the State of Said Town as to There Military preparations for War, in case of a Suden attack from our Enemies, and make Report" at an adjourned meeting on the 8th. In consequence of this the town appears to have procured field-pieces, ball, and grape-shot from Lancaster, for which payment was arranged the 18th of October following. Brookline further voted sturdily, "Whether Saide Town will indemnify and save Harmless any Town officers who shall incur any Penalty by refusing to comply with any Requisitions made to them in consequence of the New Acts & Regulations intended to be obtruded on this Province, and it Past in the Affermative to indemnify & save Harmless any Town officer or officers."

September 7th,¹ some light-horse from Connecticut came to Boston but returned on finding all quiet.³ The same day the guards were doubled on the Neck. That night was a busy one. A Scotch¹ captain who was building a ship at Charlestown noticed that the shot from an old battery — where the Navy Yard is now — had been secreted underground by the Americans, and told Gage. An officer poked about the premises during the afternoon and about midnight

¹ *Letters*, September 6, 8. Andrews. ² *Brookline Town Records*, 247-8.

³ *Diary*. John Rowe.

boats put off from the men-o'-war carrying a party to dismantle the fort. To the intense pride of "Pig Village," the Charlestown boys had preceded them, and the store of ammunition and battery guns had been safely removed. Andrews says, on Sunday, the 11th, during service time, a number of officers and soldiers scoured the streets and by-ways of Charlestown "tampering with the children," to get out of them where the cannon had been hidden, but all in vain.

Writing on the 8th, he mentions that the Governor, Commissioners, and Governmental Gentry are settled in town houses for the winter. This he found rather amusing, since they thereby disobeyed the act of Parliament which stated expressly that "no Commissioners shall remain in ye town of Boston."¹

The 59th Regiment was then expected any time, from Salem, to take up quarters on the west¹ side of the Neck, near the windmill. He tells us that the General with "a large parade of attendants," on the 7th "took a survey of the skirts of the town, more particularly that part opposite the country shore." Various precautions were taken. All ferry-boats were ordered alongside the Admiral's ship from 9 P.M. to 5 A.M.,¹ and at evening-gun a guard was mounted at the Charlestown ferry, while a patrol guard walked the Roxbury streets at all hours of the night.¹

About this time the Quebec bill was¹ reported as causing great commotion in England. Its effect on New England, as already indicated, was to make most of the Congregational ministers zealous Whigs, and the pulpit and town meeting stood as a unit.

Tuesday, September 6th, the Suffolk County delegates met at Richard Woodward's tavern on High Street, opposite the Dedham parsonage and Stamp Act memorial, every town and district being represented. The meeting chose a large committee and adjourned to Friday, September

¹ *Letters*, September 10, 8, 7, and Rowe, 10.

9th, at Daniel Vose's house in Milton, now marked by a tablet. Here Dr. Warren read his draft of the famous Suffolk County Resolves, nineteen in number, which were received with enthusiasm when carried to the Continental Congress. They ran in part:¹

Resolved, That no obedience is due from this province to the late acts, but that they be rejected as the attempts of a wicked administration to enslave America: that so long as the justices are appointed or hold their places by any other tenure than that which the charter and the laws of the province direct, they must be considered, as unconstitutional officers; and, as such, no regard ought to be paid to them by the people of this country: that it be recommended to the collectors of taxes, and all other officers who have public money in their hands, to retain the same, and not to make any payment thereof to the provincial county treasurer, until the civil government of the province be placed upon a constitutional foundation, or it shall be otherwise ordered by the proposed provincial congress: that the persons who have accepted seats at the council-board, by virtue of a *mandamus* from the King, have acted in direct violation of the duty that they owe to their country: that this county do recommend it to all who have so highly offended, and have not already resigned, to make public resignation on or before the 20th day of this month of September: that all refusing so to do shall, after said day, be considered as obstinate and incorrigible enemies to this country: that the fortifications begun and carrying on at Boston Neck give reason to apprehend some hostile intentions against that town: that the late act establishing the Roman catholic religion in Quebec is dangerous in an extreme degree to the protestant religion, and to the civil rights and liberties of America: that whereas our enemies have flattered themselves that they shall make an easy prey of this numerous

¹ *Hist. of the American Revolution*, 134. Sears.

and brave people, from an apprehension that they are unacquainted with military discipline; we therefore, for the honor and security of this county and province, advise that such persons be elected in each town, as officers in the militia, as shall be judged of sufficient capacity, and who have evinced themselves the inflexible friends of the rights of the people; and that the inhabitants do use their utmost endeavors to acquaint themselves with the art of war, and do, for that purpose, appear under arms at least once every week.

The full gravity of the situation was felt by Warren and he sent his hearers away with the words ringing in their ears, "On the fortitude, on the wisdom, and on the exertions of this important day, is suspended the fate of this new world and of unborn millions."¹

September 11th, Revere set out with despatches for Philadelphia, where he arrived the 17th, and on the same day the Resolves were read. Adams could hardly² describe the "esteem, the affection, the admiration," they awoke for the people of Boston and Massachusetts. The *Pennsylvania Journal* of February 8th, 1775, says,—with reference to Treasurer H. Gray's statement that "the only apology which could be made for the conduct of the Continental Congress in adopting the Suffolk Resolves was that they came into this vote immediately after drinking thirty-two bumpers of Madeira,"—"The Suffolk Resolves were acted upon Saturday, in the forenoon. From this instance the public may see to what an astounding height of unblushing falsehood . . . the enemies of our common rights have now attained."³

September 9th, a soldier of the 65th Regiment, who had three times deserted and been lately taken in the market, was shot on Boston Common. With the purpose of making of him as terrible an example as possible, he was

¹ *Hist. of Norfolk County*, 922. Hurd. "Canton," by Samuel B. Noyes.

² "The Suffolk Resolves." Webster. *New England Magazine*, November, 1902.

³ *Magazine of New England History*, January, 1892.

allowed to speak to all the soldiers drawn up, and then shot down at about eight yards' distance and his body displayed on a coffin lid before the whole army, who were made to march by at a slow pace.¹

The Tories were having a hard time of it as men grew more heated. Colonel Frye, a Salem magistrate, who had been concerned in the attempt to arrest the Committee of Correspondence, was so shunned, and literally boycotted by the country people's refusing to sell him provisions, that he was compelled to resign his dignities to save his family from starving.¹ His fellow townsman, Colonel Browne, a newly-made judge and councillor, hastened to Boston after being waited on by a county committee on the 8th.¹ Here Gage had attempted to make all secure by planting six field-pieces at the Neck, and disposing twelve cannon from the Castle and some nine-and-four pounders at commanding points. The 59th Regiment and the two companies of the 64th came from Salem the 10th. As a whole they left a good name behind them. A large oak tree near their late camp long bore the name ² of King George's whipping-post, the tradition being confirmed by the finding of an iron staple bedded in the trunk, when it was felled later to form the stern post of the *Essex* frigate. It is said ² that some of the redcoats used to help themselves to milk from the neighbors' cows, but that they were not half as mischievous as might have been expected. A little daughter of Archelaus Putnam had a small adventure to tell of in after years. One September day, while gathering apples in the orchard, she had been startled on seeing a British officer climb the fence, but was immediately reassured by his comrade's saying, "Wait till the girl goes away; do not frighten her."² Nearly £2000 sterling, it has been stated,¹ were laid out in building hospitals, huts, and so on, all of which were torn down, leaving only chimney-stacks to mark where they had stood. Seven² soldiers had died in their two

¹ *Letters of John Andrews*, September 9, 14.

² *Beside Old Hearth-Stones*, 215, 181. Brown.

months' encampment and their unmarked graves are still pointed out in a field south of Sylvan Street. Andrews¹ has preserved an anecdote of the 59th Regiment's return to town. As they were drawn up on each side of the Neck, "a remarkably tall countryman, near eight feet high, strutted between 'em, at the head of his waggon, looking *very* sly and contemptuously on one side and t'other; which attracted the attention of the whole regiment. — 'Ay, ay,' says he, 'you don't know what *boys* we have got in the country. I am near nine feet high, and one of the smallest among 'em,' — which caus'd much merriment to the spectators, as well as surprise to the soldiers." The Neck,² so frequently referred to, began, properly speaking, at Dover Street, widening considerably at Beach Street and again from Dedham Street southwards. A dike crossed the marshes on the exposed easterly side, and a sea wall ran along the west from Dover Street bridge nearly to Waltham Street. September 12th,¹ about two hundred soldiers were at work on the fortifications, the 59th Regiment on the Neck entrenching busily. Meanwhile the committee³ chosen at the Milton meeting — Joseph Warren, Esq., and Dr. Benjamin Church of Boston; Deacon Joseph Palmer and Colonel Eben Thayer of Braintree; Captain Lemuel Robinson, Wm. Holden, Esq., and Skipper John Homans, of Dorchester; Captain Wm. Heath of Roxbury; Colonel Wm. Taylor and Dr. Sam Gardner of Milton; Isaac Gardner, Esq., Captain Benjamin White, and Captain Thomas Aspinwall of Brookline; Nathaniel Sumner, Esq., and Mr. Richard Woodward of Dedham — waited on the Governor to remonstrate.

Writing of this interview, Andrews tells us: "The county committee waited upon the Governor this forenoon for his answer, when he expressed himself as follows:— 'Good G—d! Gentlemen, make yourselves easy, and I'll be so

¹ *Letters*, October 1, September 12, 13.

² *Landmarks*, 418–19, 420. Drake.

³ *Life of Warren*, 534. Frothingham.



GENERAL THOMAS GAGE

You have done all in your power to convince the world and me that you will not submit to the Acts, and I'll make representations home accordingly, for which I will embrace the earliest opportunity. You must be sensible it is as much for my benefit as yours', not to take any measures that may prevent the country from bringing in their provisions, and in return should be glad to be answered in some questions I may ask, vizt.—What is the reason that the cannon were remov'd from Charlestown?—And why do the country people go in and out of the town arm'd?' Answers to which they told his Excellency they would deliver to him in writing to-morrow; not but that they might have satisfied him immediately, but I suppose they chose to be very explicit upon the subject, and take the opportunity to open their minds fully upon matters and things." Andrews¹ adds dryly, "In regard to the people coming in arm'd, I never understood that they did; but as to their going out so is very common, for every man in the country not possess'd of a firelock makes it a point to procure one, so that I suppose for a month past, or more, not a day has pass'd, but a hundred or more are carried out of town by 'em."

September 12th, another petty annoyance was shown to the townsfolk. S. Rogers, J. Smith, and Wm. Palfrey were talking by the Province House, when a sentinel at the gate took it on him to order them to disperse in an insolent manner, and when they remained, pushed at them with his bayonet. "Upon which," continues Andrews,¹ "Palfrey immediately walk'd up to the door to acquaint his Excellency with the usage, and was waited upon by his *aid de camp*, who directly ordered the fellow under guard, and beg'd ye favor of ye gentlemen that they would attend the court martial" and have all the satisfaction they required. September 13th, Dr. Young¹ left Boston to settle in Providence, dreading arrest if he delayed.

A court of Sessions² and a court of Common Pleas for

¹ *Letters*, September 14, 13.

² *Hist. of Concord*, 88-90. Shattuck.

the county was to have met at Concord the 13th. At the appointed time, however, the people gathered on the Common and voted through their representatives that in their opinion the court ought not to sit, lest by so doing the Tory party should construe the new organization was accepted, and sent five to acquaint the justices with their sentiments. The justices present, Thaddeus Mason, Joseph Haven, Josiah Johnson, Wm. Stickney, Henry Gardner, Abraham Fuller, Jona. Dix, Daniel Bliss, and Samuel Bancroft, signed a paper signifying their compliance, after which the court was adjourned to the third Tuesday of October by the unpopular judges, and publicly cried by Antill Gallap and Wm. How at the Court-house door, the people insisting upon their apologies for so doing. Those suspected of Tory sympathies were called before a committee the following week and examined. Dr. Joseph Lee, in order to give satisfaction, signed a statement which ran:¹

Whereas I, Joseph Lee, physician, on the evening of the 1st ultimo, did rashly, and without consideration make a private and precipitate Journey from Concord to Cambridge, to inform Judge Lee, that the Country was assembling to come down (and on no other business) that he and others concerned might prepare themselves for the event, and with an avowed intention to deceive the people; by which the parties assembling might have been exposed to the brutal rage of the soldiery, who had timely notice to have waylaid the roads, and fired on them while unarmed and defenceless in the dark: by which imprudent conduct I might have prevented the salutary designs of my countrymen, whose innocent intentions were only to request certain gentlemen, sworn into office on the new system of government, to resign their offices, in order to prevent the operation of that (so much detested) act of the British Parliament for regulating the government of the Massachusetts Bay; by all which I have justly drawn upon me the displeasure of my countrymen. When I coolly reflect on my own

¹ *Hist. of Concord*, 88-90. Shattuck.

imprudence, it fills my mind with the deepest anxiety, I deprecate the resentment of my injured country, humbly confess my errors, and implore the forgiveness of a generous and free people, solemnly declaring that for the future I will never convey any intelligence to any of the court party, neither directly nor indirectly, by which, the designs of the people may be frustrated, in opposing the barbarous policy of an arbitrary, wicked, and corrupt administration.

Concord, Sept. 19, 1774.

Joseph Lee.

A lively picture of the times has been left in a series¹ of notes that passed between Dr. Peter Oliver and his father-in-law, the late Governor Hutchinson. The first is dated "Middleborough, August 11, 1774," and runs:

Sir! We have just heard of the arrival of the Acts of Parliament by a Man-of-War, last Saturday or Sunday. Tuesday the General sent an express to the Judge [Chief Justice Oliver]; Colonel [George] Watson [of Plymouth, the father-in-law of Elisha Hutchinson, Copley, and Sir G. Temple]; Daniel Leonard; Col. Eden; N. Ray Thomas and a number of others in the Province, as we imagine as His Majesty's Council, upon the new Establishment. Col. Watson says he bids farewell to all peace and comfort in this world. I never see him so uneasy in my life. He will refuse; and if he does, he will do the Toreys more dishonor than ever he did them good. There are numbers in the Province that swear they will never consent to this new plan. By the next fall, the last of October, the whole matter will be decided. August 23, Well — Col. Watson is sworn in one of His Majestee's Council: he has got home: they left the Meeting to the number of 40. The first Sunday, they passed him in the street without noticing him, which occasions him to be very uneasy. Some of our puppies in town are coming to wait on the Judge. . . . Sept. 2. Three men, deputed from 40 Middleb. brutes,

¹ *Diary*, I, 246-7. Hutchinson.

came to the Judge's house the 24th to know abt. these difficulties, and they went away as dissatisfied as they came. Col. Ruggles, Murray, Willard, and some others, are obliged to retire to Boston to get rid of the mobb. The Judge is now in Boston. We have been threatened, and whether we shan't be mobbd is uncertain. The Newspapers will give you an acct. of the riot in different parts of the Province. I dread to think of the consequences that must follow our behavior here, whether ever so mild matters are struck upon by the Ministry. If the Ministry give way to us, we are an undone people: and if they set out to punish us, according as we deserve it, there will be bloodshed enough before they can reduce us. The Middleborough people, and indeed the Province in general, declare solemnly never to submit to this new plan of Government. I wish I was safe with my family out of reach of threats and insults. I never knew what mobbing was before. I am sick enough of confusion and uproar. I long for an asylum — some blessed place of refuge. Sept. 10. The Judge is in Boston yet, for safety, and will be this one while. You have no idea of the confusion we are in abt. the Counsell and new mode of government. Sept. 14. To-day I was visited by about 30 Middleborough Puppies, who obliged me to sign their Articles. They proceeded, and increased their number to 80, and attack'd Mr. Silas Wood; carried him off and threatened his life if he would not sign their paper, to stand by the Old Charter, and give up the Protest he had then in his pocket. He finally yielded. The next day they visited abt. 10 or 12 people who were called Tories, and made them resign to their unwarrantable demands, Mr. Spooner among the rest.

Thomas Hutchinson, alluding to this in a letter to his brother Elisha, adds: "The poor consignees seem to be forgotten, but Messrs Clark and Faneuil have betaken themselves to the new city of refuge. I shall stay out [*i.e.* in Milton] as long as I can." ¹

¹ *Diary*, I, 248. Hutchinson.

The *Boston Gazette* could not have been exhilarating reading for the Loyalists just then. In the issue for September 12th we read, "A correspondent informs us, that on Saturday last about 300 Men waited upon Col. Elisha Jones, at Weston, and made his Mightiness walk through their Ranks with his Hat off and express his Sorrow for past Offences, and promise not to be guilty of the like in the Future." Returning to Boston, September 13th, it was reported, says Andrews,¹ "a Charlestown negro had been induced to tell the British Officers where the cannon were lodg'd; which being known there, they mustered about three thousand, and with teams carried 'em about ten or a dozen miles further up. Several among 'em were eight and forty pounders, which weigh'd between two and three ton apiece." These were carried on teams made for slinging ship timber. The night of September 14th, Newell records:² "all the cannon in the North Battery [commanding Charles River and the Town Cove³] were spiked up. It is said to be done by about 100 men, who came in boats from the man-of-war." Andrews¹ makes merry over this "mighty feat." The townspeople had been of two minds whether to spike them themselves or remove them; as it was, the talk ran, the soldiers had "such a tremor on their spirits" while about it that the work was but half done and a day would suffice to reinstate the cannon as good as ever. Two ships had moved up, with a spring on their cables, ready for action while this went forward. Between ten and eleven, the captain of an armed schooner and a lieutenant from the *Preston* arrived at the Battery and demanded the keys to see if the business was being done properly. "A woman waited upon 'em," says Andrews, "unlock'd the door and let 'em in, and watching their motions, she observ'd when they had got far enough forward, and came out hastily and lock'd the doors upon 'em, — where they remain'd a long while, calling to the ships to take 'em off (in view of

¹ *Letters*, September 13, 15.

² *Diary*. Thomas Newell.

³ *Landmarks*, 177. Drake.

a vast concourse of people on the shore, enjoying the jest), as they could not scale the walls without a ladder, nor indeed could they get off by water, as the tide was low and they must have dropt above twenty feet from ye port holes into a boat.”

Each side was straining to get control of means of defence. For several years ¹ four brass three-pounder cannon had been owned by the Province. These were kept in what were known as the Old and New Gun-houses, protected since September 1st by a double guard. Understanding that Major Adino Paddock proposed to surrender the guns to Gage, the mechanics of his company felt that no time was to be lost in securing their property. September 14th, “We’n’sday evening, or rather night,” writes Andrews,² “they took two from the Old house, (by opening the side of the house) and carried them away through Frank Johonnot’s Garden. Upon which the General gave it in orders the next day to the officer on guard to remove those from the New house (which stands directly opposite the encampment of the 4th Regiment, and in the middle of the street near the large Elm tree [*i.e.* opposite West Street Mall], sometime the next night into the camp; and to place a guard at each end, or rather at both doors, till then. At the fixed hour the Officer went with a number of Mattresses to execute his orders, but behold, the guns were gone! He swore the *Devil* must have help’d them to get ’em away. However, they went to work, and brought off the carriages, harness, utensils, &ca., which they repositied in the Camp. Its amazing to me how our people manag’d to carry off the guns, as they weigh near seven hundred weight apiece; more especially that they should do it, and not alarm the centinels. Am told their business was not executed above 10 or 15 minutes before the officer came as above.” Some of the men connected with this daring exploit are known. Several of them had been concerned in the tea party, viz., Sam Gore,³ Moses Grant,³ later a deacon of Brattle Street

¹ *Antiquities*, 729. Drake.

² *Letters*, September 16.

³ *Tea Leaves*, CXIII, CXII. Drake.

Church, James Brewer,¹ a pump-maker, and the leader, Dr. Elisha Story.¹ With them was William Dawes, whom we shall hear of again. Comparing accounts, it seems that the South Writing school had stood on Mason Street, — the former boundary of the Common — since 1722, only a yard dividing it from the gun-house on the corner of West Street.² Perceiving its value as a base, several young fellows slipped into the building about noon, while the soldiers were answering roll-call.² Then while Dr. Story overawed the sentinel at Park Street, the rest hurriedly lugged the cannon out of the gun-house and dropped them inside the school wood-box. The British meanwhile had changed guard and discovered their loss. A search followed without success. The boys sat at their books, the wood-box stood by the teacher's desk, and on it rested Master Sam Holbrook's³ lame foot. The soldiers begged he would not think of rising, and as no trace of the guns appeared, went away bewildered. Two weeks longer they lay concealed and the boys held their counsel. Then by night they were trundled on a wheelbarrow to Whiston's² (or Whitten's) blacksmith's shop at the South End, and eventually reached the American camp by water and saw service. They now belong to the Bunker Hill Monument Association and bear the names "Hancock" and "Adams."² The two remaining guns were captured during the war. On being removed these last had been stored on the south side of Court Street,² in a stable, two houses west of the Court-house. One account makes them removed by a negro, driving for George Minot,² a Dorchester farmer. Another story has it that Jonathan Parker¹ jogged in from Roxbury with a load of hay, and returned with a load of manure spread over the guns, which were temporarily hidden in Muddy Pond woods. Farmer Williams of Roxbury is also reported to have removed one under similar circumstances. This is

¹ *Tea Leaves*, XCVII, CLXVII, CXXXIX. Drake.

² *Landmarks*, 314, 315. Drake.

³ *Hist. and Genealogical Reg.*, July, 1904.

quite possible, as Master Holbrook's wife was a Williams from that town.¹ In any case, Roxbury was hunted through in vain.

To Mrs. Samuel Goddard (Mehetable May Dawes by birth) we owe a striking anecdote of her father, William Dawes.² He was born in 1745 and was consequently twenty-nine years of age at this time. While exerting himself lifting the cannon a sleeve-button was unfortunately pressed into his wrist. Under the circumstances he did not dare to show his injury to anyone but Dr. Warren, and when he found him in, after several fruitless calls, the bruise had become quite painful. Dr. Warren began by asking, "How and where was this done?" but at Dawes' silence he quickly added, "You are right not to tell me. I had better not know." This account describes the cannon as in the end being brought to Waltham.

About this time Warren's friends began to be anxious for his safety. He had done such public service in drawing up the Suffolk Resolves as to make him of importance to both friend and foe. Dr. Eustis, one of his students, going to his house in Hanover Street one day, had occasion to pass Colonel Wolcot and several other British officers on Court Street. They were apparently on the watch, and Eustis³ advised Dr. Warren not to attempt visiting his patients that evening. Warren was by no means deterred on hearing this. Putting his pistols in his pocket he said quickly, "I have a visit to make to Mrs. — in Cornhill this evening, and I will go at once: come with me." Another day Dr. Warren was passing the place at the Neck where the gallows stood, and met three officers, one of whom insultingly said,⁴ "Go on, Warren, you will soon come to the gallows." Turning, he walked up to the officers and calmly asked who had spoken, but received

¹ *Hist. and Genealogical Reg.*, July, 1904.

² Miss Julia Goddard of Brookline, a granddaughter.

³ *Life of James Otis*, 465. Wm. Tudor. Boston, 1828.

⁴ *Landmarks of Boston*, 423. Drake.

no reply. Their taunts goaded him into saying, once, before Eustis:¹ "These fellows say we won't fight: by Heavens, I hope I shall die up to my knees in blood." Born in Roxbury, he was but a lad of fourteen when his father lost his life by a fall from an apple tree. Five years later he graduated from Harvard and became Master of the Roxbury Latin school. Once, while an undergraduate, it is said that he used a spout to slide down to a friend's room and entered by the window just as the overstrained pipe fell. Cool then, as in later life, he² remarked lightly that it had served his purpose! His wife had died before reaching her thirtieth year, in 1773, and like Hancock and Sam Adams, he left no surviving male descendants.

September 16th, Andrews³ says: "An officer went to take away seven or eight iron ordnance belonging to Arnold Wells, Esq., who forbid him to take 'em at his peril. They lay alongside his Distil house, at a wharf near the South fish market, his dwelling house being in the street above, and communicating with the wharf. The Military, apprehensive that a delay of their *expedition* 'til mid-night would bilk 'em of their prize, went with a large parade in the evening to take 'em away. Mr. Wells being out, his wife (whom you know has a *very* voluble tongue) went out and rallied 'em so, that the officer was necessitated to give her a *receipt* to be answerable for their forthcoming, before she would suffer him to take them."

About this time, stimulated, Andrews supposed, by guilty imaginations, they put double guards on their decks and manned boats which rowed about all night, while an extra guard paced the foot of Long Wharf, lest the town should rise and fire their fleet. It was the custom of a Monday for the troops to parade fully equipped with knapsacks for inspection. On Sunday, the 18th, between eight and nine A.M., some soldiers of the 38th Regiment, wishing to

¹ *Life of James Otis*, 466. Tudor.

² *Life of Warren*, 7, 11. Frothingham.

³ *Letters*, September 17.

lose as little time as possible next day on the fortifications, marched out early in the direction of the beach. This started a rumor they were on the way to Watertown after the cannon, "which," says Andrews, "by being *often* told, came to be *believed*, and the committee here sent to inform their brethren of Charlestown, which broke up their morning service and induc'd them to proceed to Cambridge, and from thence to Watertown, alarming all as they went, to be prepar'd and ready to act upon the defensive, if attack'd."

The evening of the 19th, "six or seven iron cannon were taken by some of the townspeople from near Jno. Timmins store, and put into a *mudscow*, or *Portsmouth pleasure boat*, with a view to carry up Cambridge river by the way of the Mill Pond; but the tide failing 'em in the creek, they were oblig'd to leave them there, where they were discover'd, and information sent to the Admiral, who sent a boat about 11 o'clock forenoon and tow'd 'em alongside his ship. Thus you may find *thieving* is encourag'd here, though trade is suppress'd." Poor Andrews writes in ill-humor. For this same 20th of September, "the first thing which salutes my eyes," says he, "this morning was six loads of straw (a certain prelude to more troops) repositing it in a house and barn directly opposite us (formerly improv'd as barracks) to be in readiness for their use when they arrive." These were vexatious days. The evening of the 19th, Enoch Brown,¹ who lived on the Neck, going home past the camp of the 59th Regiment, was abused by one of the sentinels. Complaining to an officer, he was referred to a court martial next day for satisfaction with small success. He came before the officers with a young lad who tended his shop, and a son of Natl. Barber of the North End, for witnesses. When confronted with the soldier, Brown was told, there he was, and he might take satisfaction "by boxing or pistolling with him." Brown, moreover, they called "a *damn'd rebel*," who "would be hung upon the Neck before long"; adding

¹ *Letters of John Andrews*, September 21.

that "nine-tenths of the people in Boston were a pack of damn'd rebels, and would share the same fate." When he told them he'd not come there to be ill-treated, they continued roughly, "What satisfaction can a *rebel* expect, who had he with him?" Barber's name stirred them anew. "What!" said they, "a son of that *d—d rebel* at the north of the town! A pretty affair indeed, to bring a *rebel* as evidence." Learning of this, young Barber's father lodged a complaint with Governor Gage, who went directly to the camp in person, only to have the officers deny having said anything of the kind. Andrews had the story from Barber himself, whom he met leaving the camp, and adds despondingly, "Now, if this is the game they are going to play, we shall be in a fine situation all winter, especially when the others come, as without doubt the larger their numbers the more insolent they'll be." One desirable thing happened during the day; Captain Scott arrived at Salem from London with a quantity of powder. Andrews¹ speaks of it as very seasonable, since in the past five or six weeks the Governor had allowed none to be taken from the magazine, and there had been none on sale for some time past. September 21st Mrs. Thomas Cushing wrote pluckily to her husband, who was attending Congress:² "My spirits were very good until one Saturday, riding into town, I found the Neck beset with soldiers, the cannon hoisted, — many Tories on the Neck, and many more going up to see the encampment with the greatest pleasure in their countenances, which, I must confess, gave a damp to my spirits which I had not before felt. But I hope the rod of the wicked wont always rest upon us, and that the triumph will be but short. None of our friends think of moving themselves or house furniture at present. When it is necessary, I doubt not I shall have many good friends to advise and assist me. I hope there are none of us but what would sooner wrap themselves in sheep and goat-skins than buy English goods of a people who have insulted them in such a scandalous manner."

¹ *Letters*, September 21.

² *Siege of Boston*, 36. Frothingham.

September 22d, the Boston¹ town meeting instructed its representatives to do nothing that could be construed into forsaking the old Charter, and in the event of the Legislature being dissolved to recombine with the other delegates as a Provincial Congress. The same date Cumberland² county, now in the state of Maine, agreed to the proposal to meet in a Provincial Congress at Concord.

Abigail Adams wrote this day to her husband . . . "The maxim, 'In time of peace prepare for war,' (if this may be called a time of peace,) resounds through the country. Next Tuesday they are warned at Braintree, all above fifteen and under sixty, to attend with their arms; and to train once a fortnight from that time is a scheme which lies much at heart with many. . . . There has been in town a conspiracy of the negroes. At present it is kept pretty private, and was discovered by one who endeavored to dissuade them from it. He being threatened with his life, applied to Justice Quincy for protection. They conducted in this way, got an Irishman to draw up a petition to the Governor, telling him they would fight for him provided he would arm them, and engage to liberate them if he conquered. And it is said that he attended so much to it, as to consult Percy upon it, and one Lieutenant Small has been very busy and active. There is but little said, and what steps they will take in consequence of it I know not. I wish most sincerely there was not a slave in the province; it always appeared a most iniquitous scheme to me to fight ourselves for what we are daily robbing and plundering from those who have as good a right to freedom as we have. You know my mind upon this subject."³

The evening of the 24th came another altercation in Boston. Just after 9 P.M. Caleb Blanchard and Captain Symmes of the London trade were driving back to town with Joseph Russell in his chaise. Crossing the Neck,

¹ *Town Records, 1770-77, 192.*

² Rev. Grindall Reynolds, *Unitarian Review*, April, 1875.

³ *Letters of Mrs. Adams.*

they had passed five or six sentinels until by the time the last one hailed them, says Andrews,¹ they “chusing not to answer, he stop’d the horse and demanded: ‘why [do you] not reply, friend?’ when Captain Symmes (being a rough spoken man) d—d him for a scoundrel, and told him he was not his friend and would not answer to him and took the reins from Russell, and drove upon full gallop through ye fortification. The fellow call’d the guard to stop the chaise, they turn’d out and thrust four bayonets into the horse’s side. They immediately waited upon the General, who being in bed, they deferred it until next morning, when he told ’em that one of the soldiers was already under guard and the others should be taken care of, and if they would attend court martial next day, they should have justice done ’em. Russell reply’d that he did not chuse to attend to be insulted and ill-treated as one of his townsmen had been.” The Governor assured him it was not a properly-constituted court that had abused Brown. But at the best it was a tiresome, aggravating form of redress. The General had worries of his own just now. Winter was approaching and the increased numbers of soldiers must be housed in some way. Frames were being busily prepared for the erection of barracks on the Common, but there was not the despatch he could wish. A contractor named Thompson¹ of Mistick, loaded a lighter with bricks for their use; but by some *accident or other*, she sunk in the river, and the town of Woburn on the 21st sent a deputation requesting Thompson to delay further operations while the question of aiding the troops was taken under consideration. Finally, it was determined, since the New York carpenters would not work for the army, or the vessels¹ there engage in Government service, it was scarcely fitting that the country people here should furnish timber, joists, and straw. Besides, if they carted their army supplies by land, they would have a livelier sense of the inconvenience; in short, the army must fill its own wants. The Governor, hearing something of

¹ *Letters*, September 25, 23.

all this, sent for the selectmen at six o'clock the evening of the 25th, being Sunday. On their appearance he urged them to use their influence that the barracks might be completed; he seemed much concerned and exclaimed: "Good G—d! for God's sake, Gentlemen! they have got two months' work to do, and the soldiers ought to be in barracks in one. Do consider, Gentlemen!" The selectmen explained that they had no control with the country people. For their own part, they had rather see the soldiers in barracks than quartered at large and scattered about the town.¹

On Monday, the 26th, the Governor turned to Hancock and craved his support, but Hancock reminded him of the strained and unnaturally harsh construction put on the Port Bill and of the personal threats of violence made by his people. Gage hastened to offer him a bodyguard, which was promptly declined. No accommodation being effected, at four that afternoon the workmen gathered up their tools, left the incompleting buildings, and took their departure.¹ Already nights had grown frosty, and the canvas tents were uncomfortably cold. Meanwhile refugees had crowded into many of the vacant houses, making the prospects for the winter trying. As soon as the workmen packed up, Colonel Robinson¹ and Major Sheriff were sent in haste to Hancock, from the Governor, with word that any goods might be shifted about within the harbor, under the general term of *King's stores*, if only he'd get the men to push on with the barracks. This was esteemed at its just worth and no notice taken, for they had long felt this a plain right wrongfully withheld, and they suspected that only a temporary permit was intended in any case on the Governor's part. Very much put to it, Gage sent an armed schooner to Halifax for artificers, and the ship carpenters of the fleet tried to do what they could.

About this time Gage sent an agent, Nicholas Austin, to Rochester,² New Hampshire, hoping to find workmen;

¹ *Letters of John Andrews*, September 25, 26-7.

² *History of Rockingham and Strafford Counties*, "Rochester," 724. Hurd Philadelphia, 1882: J. W. Lewis & Co.

but so far from succeeding in his mission, Austin was compelled to make a humble acknowledgment to the Committee on his knees to escape the people's rage. Each day added to the ferment. One Joseph Scott¹ had sold a large quantity of cannon-shot, coehorns, mortars, etc., to the army, with the feeble excuse that "they were made for their *use* last war." The Committee, waiting on him, pointed to a group of soldiers in his shop, and remarked that they did not believe even one of those redcoats would be guilty of such an action; "*that* they wouldn't," was the quick response. The afternoon of the 27th ten cartloads of shot were driven off, but the towners forbade the carriers on their peril to draw more.¹ This was the day on which the Brookline town meeting met and listened to its representative's instructions prepared by Dr. Wm. Aspinwall, Major Wm. Thompson, and Mr. John Goddard, as follows: ²

Captain Benjamin White, The Town of Brooklyn having Chosen you to Represent them in a general Assembly to be convened at Salem on Wednesday 5th day of October next, think it necessary to give you the following instructions, Viz. That you firmly adhere to the Charter of the Province and that you Acknowledge no other persons as Counsellors for this province but those who were elected by the General Court in May last, that you reject & disclaime all those who assume to Act as Councillors by mandamus and that in your Representative Capacity you do nothing that can be construed in the least as an acknowledgment of the validity of the late oppressive Acts of Parliament — and as we expect A faithful Adherence to the Charter & Constitution of the Province will soon procure the Dissolution of the House of Representatives we hereby empower you to meet the Deligates from the other Towns in the Province at a provincial Congress to be held at Concord or else where on Tuesday ye 11th of October and in behalf of this

¹ *Letters of John Andrews*, September 27.

² *Brookline Town Records*, 249-250.

Town to act & unite with them in all such measures as shall appear to you to have a tendency to promote the welfare of this Province and to recover and secure the Just Rights and liberties of America.

It was scarcely expected that the General Court would meet at Salem, where it was convened, for, as early as September 14th, the Governor had sent and brought away the records and papers.¹ The Provincial Congress would be held, in any case, and Major Wm. Thompson and Mr. John Goddard were chosen in conjunction with the representative to attend. As foreseen, Wednesday, September 28th, by proclamation the Legislature was dissolved.

That day, at nine in the morning, there was fresh commotion at Scott's¹ shop. A company of the train arrived to carry off the balance of their purchase. The Committee remonstrated with Scott, who became frightened and declared he had not made any sale, they should take no more, and locked his cellar door. Colonel Cleveland, in command of the train, asserted that, on the contrary, Scott would never leave asking him to take the stock, and now it belonged to the King and no one should stay its removal. He then divided his men, leaving half on guard, and about noon returned with some one hundred men and eight or ten officers, a number of *fatigue men* with hand-barrows, and about thirty tackled in one of their field-carriages with a box fixed on. Up the court they went and returned with fifty or sixty coehorns. A carpenter came on the next trip, the bulkhead was broken in, the balance of the shot brought out and carried to their magazine in the south battery. They kept steadily at work all day long. Andrews says the townspeople were "full high enough" at Scott's actions, but that the country folk were even more enraged. One of whom, seeing Scott standing near his shop, "told him, if he would come across the gutter he would be the death of him, and think in so doing, he should do God service."

¹ *Letters of John Andrews*, September 14, 28.

After dark some fellows paid his shop a visit and gave him a "*Hillsborough treat*," and ended by climbing a ladder and emptying buckets of rubbish in at the windows. Andrews¹ wished that their resentment had taken a different form. The day all this commotion went on in Boston, Captain Llyde¹ sailed for London from Salem; with him went Josiah Quincy, Jr., as a deputy, bearing credentials from the Congress. His departure took many by surprise. The other Provinces sent deputies with like secrecy.

The following day, September 29th, the *Maryland Gazette* published a speech written for delivery in the House of Lords by the Rev. Dr. Jonathan Shipley. It runs in part:²

SPEECH OF THE LATE BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH AGAINST
ALTERING THE CHARTER OF MASSACHUSETTS BAY

The true object of all our deliberations on this occasion, which I hope we shall never lose sight of, is a full and cordial reconciliation with North America. . . . [Its people] are neither our natural nor our determined enemies. Before the stamp-act, we considered them in the light of as good subjects as the natives of any county in England. It is worth while to enquire by what steps we first gained their affection, and preserved it so long; and by what conduct we have lately lost it. . . .

I need not carry your lordship out of your own knowledge, or out of your own dominions, to make you conceive what misery this right of taxation is capable of producing in a provincial government. We need only recollect that our countrymen in India have, in the space of five or six years, in virtue of this right, destroyed and driven away more inhabitants from Bengal, than are to be found at present in all our American Colonies. . . . This is no exaggeration, my lords, but plain matter of fact, collected from the accounts sent over by Mr. Hastings, whose name I mention with

¹ *Letters*, September 29.

² *Principles and Acts of the Revolution*, 419-424. Niles.

honor and veneration. And, I must own, such accounts have very much lessened the pleasure I used to feel in thinking myself an Englishman. . . .

It was a happy idea, that made us first consider them rather as instruments of commerce than as objects of government. . . . We allowed them to use their own judgement in the management of their own interest. The idea of taxing them never entered our heads. On the contrary they have experienced our liberality on many public occasions: we have given them bounties to encourage their industry, and have demanded no return: but what every state expects from its colonies, the advantages of an exclusive commerce, and the regulations that are necessary to secure it. We made requisitions to them on great occasions; in the same manner as our princes formerly asked benevolences of their subjects; and as nothing was asked but what was visibly for the public good, it was always granted; and they sometimes did more than was expected. The matter of right was neither disputed, nor even considered. And let us not forget that the people of New England were themselves, during the last war, the most forward of all in the national cause; that every year we voted them a considerable sum, in acknowledgement of their zeal and their services; that, in the preceding war, they alone enabled us to make the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, by furnishing us with the only equivalent for the towns that were taken from our allies in Flanders; and that, in times of peace, they alone have taken from us six times as much of our woollen manufactures as the whole kingdom of Ireland. Such a colony, my lords, not only from the justice, but from the gratitude we owe them, have a right to be heard in their defence; and if their crimes are not of the most inexpiable kind, I could almost say, they have a right to be forgiven. . . .

They saw our power with pleasure for they considered it only as their protection. They inherited our laws, our language, and our customs; they preferred our manufac-



DR. JONATHAN SHIPLEY, BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH

tures, and followed our fashions with a partiality that secured our exclusive trade with them more effectually than all the regulations of the custom-house. Had we suffered them to enrich us a little longer, and to grow a little richer themselves, their men of fortune, like the West Indians, would undoubtedly have made this country the place of their education and resort. For they looked up to England with reverence and affection, as to the country of their friends and ancestors. . . . Our subjects at home, with all their reasons for satisfaction, have never been entirely satisfied. Since the beginning of this century we have had two rebellions [1715, 1745], several plots and conspiracies; . . . But the provinces in North America have engaged in no party, . . . In all changes, in all revolutions, they have quietly followed the fortunes and submitted to the government of England. . . .

Can you find in the long succession of ages, in the whole extent of human affairs, a single instance where distant provinces have been preserved in so flourishing a state, and kept at the same time in such due subjection to their mother-country? My lords, there is no instance; . . . and the cause of it well deserves your serious consideration . . . a mother-country never existed before, who placed her natives and her colonies on the same equal footing; and joined with them in fairly carrying on one common interest. . . . The good genius of our country had led us to the simple and happy method of governing freemen, which I have endeavored to describe. Our ministers received it from their predecessors and for some time continued to observe it; but without knowing its value. At length, presuming on their own wisdom, and the quiet dispositions of the Americans, they flattered themselves that we might reap great advantages from their prosperity by destroying the cause of it. They chose in an unlucky hour, to treat them as other nations treat their colonies; they threatened, and they taxed them.

. . . We suffered more by our loss of trade with them,

than the wealth flowing in from India was able to recompense. The bankruptcy of the East-India company may be sufficiently accounted for by the rapine abroad and the knavery at home; but it certainly would have been delayed some years, had we continued our commerce with them in the single article of tea. . . . In order to observe the strictest impartiality, it is but just for us to inquire what we have gained by these taxes as well as what we have lost. I am assured that out of all the sums raised in America the last year but one, if the expenses are deducted, which the natives would else have discharged themselves, the net revenue paid into the treasury to go in aid of the sinking fund, or to be employed in whatever public services Parliament shall think fit, is eighty-five pounds. Eighty-five pounds, my lords, is the whole equivalent we have received for all the hatred and mischief, and all the infinite losses this kingdom has suffered during that year in her disputes with North America, . . . We have not always the wisdom to tax ourselves with propriety: and I am confident we could never tax a people at that distance, without infinite blunders, and infinite oppression. And to own the truth, my lords, we are not honest enough to trust ourselves with the power of shifting our own burthens upon them. Allow me therefore to conclude, I think unanswerably, that the inconvenience and distress we have felt in this change of our conduct, no less than the ease and tranquillity we formerly found in the pursuit of it, will force us, if we have any sense left, to return to the good old path we trod in so long, and found it the way of pleasantness. . . . By treating the Americans as your friends and fellow citizens, you made them the happiest of humankind; and, at the same time, drew from them, by commerce, more clear profit than Spain has drawn from all its mines; and their growing numbers were a daily increase and addition to your strength. . . .

My lords, this is no visionary, or chimerical doctrine. The idea of governing provinces and colonies by force is visionary and chimerical. The experiment has often been

tried and it never has succeeded. . . . We certainly did wrong in taxing them: when the stamp-act was repealed we did wrong in laying on other taxes, which tended only to keep alive a claim that was mischievous, impracticable and useless. . . . We ought to consider the governors, not as spies entrusted with the management of our interest, but as the servants of the people, recommended to them by us. . . . Our ears have been open to the governors and shut to the people. . . .

Thus as I apprehend, stands the case: They petition for the repeal of an act of parliament, which they complain of as unjust and oppressive. And there is not a man amongst us, not the warmest friend of administration, who does not sincerely wish that act had never been made. In fact, they only ask for what we wish to be rid of. Under such a disposition of mind, one would imagine there could be no occasion for fleets and armies to bring men to a good understanding. But, my lords, our difficulty lies in the point of honor. We must not let down the dignity of the mother-country; but preserve her sovereignty over all the parts of the British empire. . . . Ministers are generally fruitful in expedients to reconcile difficulties of this kind . . . on this occasion can they find no excuse, no pretence, no invention, no happy turn of language, not one colorable argument for doing the greatest service they can ever render to their country? . . . Do, but for once, remove this impracticable stateliness and dignity, and treat the matter with a little common sense and a little good humor, and our reconciliation would not be the work of an hour. . . . If it was unjust to tax them, we ought to repeal it for their sakes; if it was unwise to tax them, we ought to repeal it for our own. A matter so trivial in itself as the three-penny duty upon tea, but which has given cause to so much national hatred and reproach, ought not to be suffered to subsist an unnecessary day. Must the interest, the commerce, and the union of this country and her colonies be all of them sacrificed to save the credit of one imprudent

measure of administration? I own I cannot comprehend that there is any dignity either in being in the wrong, or in persisting in it. I have known friendship preserved, and affection gained, but I never knew dignity lost by the candid acknowledgement of an error. . . .

It is a strange idea we have taken up, to cure their resentments by increasing their provocations; to remove the effects of our own ill conduct by multiplying the instances of it. But the spirit of blindness and infatuation is gone forth. We are hurrying wildly on without any fixed design, without any important object. We pursue a vain phantom of unlimited sovereignty, which was not made for man: and reject the solid advantages of a moderate, useful, and intelligible authority. That just God, whom we have all so deeply offended, can hardly inflict a severer national punishment than by committing us to the natural consequences of our own conduct. Indeed, in my opinion, a blacker cloud never hung over this island.

. . . In our present situation every act of the legislature, even our acts of severity, ought to be so many steps towards the reconciliation we wish for. But to change the government of a people, without their consent, is the highest and most arbitrary act of sovereignty that one nation can exercise over another. . . . They have the same veneration for their charters that we have for our Magna Charta, . . . They are the title deeds to all their rights, both public and private. What! my lords, must these rights never acquire any legal assurance and stability? Can they derive no force from the peaceful possession of near two hundred years? and must the fundamental constitution of a powerful state be, forever, subject to as capricious alterations as you think fit to make in the charters of a little mercantile company or the corporation of a borough? . . .

But let us coolly inquire, what is the reason of this unheard of innovation. Is it to make them peaceable? My lords, it will make them mad. . . . And would to God,

my lords, we had governed ourselves with as much economy, integrity and prudence, as they have done. Let them continue to enjoy the liberty our fathers gave them. Gave them, did I say? they are co-heirs of liberty with ourselves; and their portion of the inheritance has been much better looked after than ours. . . .

To give the appointment of the governor and council to the crown, and the disposal of all places, even of the judges, and with a power of removing them, to the governor, is evidently calculated with a view to form a strong party in our favor. This I know has been done in other colonies; but still this is opening a source of perpetual discord, where it is our interest always to agree. If we mean anything by this establishment, it is to support the governor and council against the people *i.e.* to quarrel with our friends, that we may please their servants. . . . If it fails, it will only make us contemptible; if it succeeds, it will make us odious. It is our interest to take very little part in their domestic administration of government, but purely to watch over them for their good. . . .

My lords, I have ventured to lay my thoughts before you, on the greatest national concern that ever came under your deliberation, with as much honesty as you will meet with from abler men, and with a melancholy assurance, that not a word of it will be regarded. . . . My lords, I look upon North America as the only great nursery of freemen now left upon the face of the earth. . . . I am disposed to think and hope the best of public liberty. Were I to describe her according to my own ideas at present, I should say that she has a sickly countenance, but I trust she has a long constitution. But whatever may be our future fate, the greatest glory that attends this country, a greater than any other nation ever acquired, is to have founded and nursed up to such a state of happiness those colonies whom we are now so eager to butcher. . . . We seem not to be sensible of the high and important trust which Providence has committed to our charge. The most precious

remains of civil liberty that the world can now boast of, are now lodged in our hands, . . . By enslaving your colonies, you not only ruin the peace, the commerce, and the fortunes of both countries; but you extinguish the fairest hopes, shut up the last asylum of mankind. Let us be content with the spoils and the destruction of the east. If your lordships can see no impropriety in it, let the plunderer and oppressor still go free. But let not the love of liberty be the only crime you think worthy of punishment. . . .

CHAPTER III

GOVERNOR HUTCHINSON'S CIRCLE IN LONDON. IN CONTRAST,
JOSIAH QUINCY'S

IT will be interesting to turn for a time to England and follow the course of affairs as noted by the late Governor Hutchinson. The London that met his eyes lives on in the pictures of Hogarth. Fielding had then been dead less than a generation; Goldsmith's play, *She Stoops to Conquer*, had appeared within a twelvemonth; Reynolds, Romney, and Gainsborough were yet bowing their sitters in and out; and from his accustomed corner in the Cheshire Cheese, Doctor Johnson still held sway. Coffee-houses then served many of the purposes of a club.¹ Here men dated their correspondence, or met their friends, sought one on business, another for news, a third if they wished to game, and a fourth to meet the wits about town. The tables strewn with pewter plates, tankards, long Churchwarden clay pipes, cramped little Newsletters, quills, and ink-horns, stood in successive compartments divided from their neighbors by mahogany wainscoting. The snugget of quarters in which to wile away an hour, especially when the low ceiling was lighted up by an open coal fire and plenty of candles. Lloyd's¹ Coffee-house at this time was carried on in the northwest corner of the Royal Exchange. This was the old 'Change,² whose cloister-like walks, enclosing an open quadrangle, were constantly thronged with foreigners gathered about the pillars lettered with the names of their distant homes. Garraway's,¹ another famous Coffee-house, was in Change Alley close by, and in Thread-needle Street the Colonial¹ Coffee-house served as

¹ *Old London Taverns*. Edward Callow. New York, 1909: Brentano's.

² *Travels in England in 1782*, 190. C. P. Moritz. London and New York, 1886: Cassell & Company, Ltd.

headquarters for the North and South American traders. Here and there low-browed archways led off the Strand into the courtyard of perhaps the White Hart, the Red Lion, or the Blue Boar. Warned by a heavy rumble that the stage was come, the balconies surrounding these rambling old buildings would be at once filled with bustling attendants and idlers, and the guests ushered into a low-raftered room¹ hung with shoulders of bacon and strings of sausages, a brave array of pewter and copper lighting up the walls. From the Bath and Dover Roads came a swift succession of post-chaises, the horses at a trot, backed by trig young postilions in narrow-brimmed hats, cut bobs, leather breeches, and short blue jackets² set off with a nosegay;³ the gentry behind looking curiously out from the windows enclosing three of the four sides, as the town loomed nearer and nearer.

To one fresh from a little provincial capital the streets must have seemed alive with passers, hearty, rosy English folk going about their daily affairs. Here were venders of milk and fruit, greens and fish, water by the pail, dealers in sand and brooms, criers of cockles, buns, codlins, and what not,⁴ lumbering family coaches with footmen clinging on behind, country wagons carrying red-cloaked women³ up from the Essex villages, sharp-eyed linkboys,⁵ ready to light a man home, picking his pocket perchance by the way, and wheezy old chairmen who plodded from door to door and then sat about in the lower halls coughing and grumbling while a rout went forward overhead. Now and then colored lamps shone out before a lottery office, showing pictures of cornucopias showering guineas, and a golden mound below ticketed enticingly, "All this for 10s."⁵

The chief resorts of an evening were the pleasure gar-

¹ Prints of the day.

² *Eighteenth Century Vignettes*, 2d ser., 149. Austin Dobson. New York 1895: Dodd, Mead and Company.

³ *Travels*, 13. Moritz.

⁴ *XVIII Siècle*. Paul Lacroix. Paris, 1878: Firmin-Didot et Cie.

⁵ *England and the English in the Eighteenth Century*, 2d ed., I, 15, 226. William Connor Sydney. London, 1892: Ward & Downey.

dens at Ranelagh and Vauxhall. Here there were numerous recessed porticos, each with its "droll painting,"¹ where little groups of friends could drink tea or punch, and—parted from their neighbors by wainscoting—enjoy freely the summer air, the trees, music, and colored lights, and afterwards follow on in the stream of pleasure-seekers, wandering up and down the walks. Ranelagh was, if anything, more frequented by the nobility. There were boatmen,² to be sure, who contended sportively with poles as to who should duck the other; but by eleven, the fashionable hour for arriving, the decorous behavior of the throng was quite noticeable and the entertainment consisted in making the grand round of the Rotunda¹—more than five hundred feet—to see and to be seen; Samuel Rogers¹ recalling in after life the "whisking sound" of the ladies' skirts as they trailed along the floor carpeted with matting. In the earlier days a great part of the enjoyment was connected with the approach by water, as we gather from the opening words of "A General Satyr on the Times":³

Lolling in state with one on either side,
And gently falling with the wind and tide;
Last night, the evening of a sultry day,
I sail'd triumphant on the liquid way,
To hear the fiddlers of Spring Garden play;—

Then there were card parties, where the ladies sat about candle-lit tables with rouged cheeks, high-rolled, powdered hair, and knowing little black patches above one or other eyebrow, plying their gayly-painted fans⁴ with a "merry," "timorous," or "confused flutter," as they staked a guinea at loo and quadrille and blest their "lucky carp-bone" when Spadille came to hand.

There was the play-house, too, with its sconces for candles, and flocks of young gallants about the door, handing

¹ *London Pleasure Gardens of the Eighteenth Century*. Warwick Wroth, F.S.A., assisted by Arthur Edgar Wroth. London and New York, 1896: MacMillan & Co.

² *England and the English in the Eighteenth Century*, 2d ed., I, 138. Sydney.

³ *The Year Book*, 867. William Hone. London, 1832.

⁴ *The Spectator*, Essay 102. Joseph Addison.

ladies from their silver-mounted, silk-lined chairs, as they tripped inside to see Goldsmith's *Good-Natured Man*. Sheridan's *Rivals* was brought out in the middle of the following January at Covent Garden and could not fail to have attracted Hutchinson's notice.

July 12th, Elisha Hutchinson writes to his wife:¹ "You will perhaps like to hear how we are settled. We have taken lodgings in Parliament Street, Westminster, just within the town, near three miles from the Exchange, a small walk before dinner. We have a handsome drawing-room, a dining room, four chambers and a kitchen, well furnished, besides rooms for servants. The Governor has bought a coach, and taken a Coachman, Footman and Cook." This house, it appears, was opposite to Lord Loudon's,¹ "who, seeing me at my window," writes the Governor, "came immediately over, and treats me with great goodness and condescension." November 24th his quarters were changed from Golden Square,¹ where they had been several months, "to a better house in Saint James's Street, three doors above Park Place, very pleasant and well furnished."

The little party from Milton were soon in the full whirl of London life. Already, in May, the Governor had been to Spring Gardens and "at Ranlagh, with Mr and Mrs Preston in their coach, a prodigious crowd. We came away at ten, but sat above half an hour in the coach before we could get clear." In July they found their way to Marylebone Gardens, Greenwich Park, and Guy's Hospital, and walked ceremoniously in Kensington Gardens with the other grantees. During August Elisha mentions going to Foote's Theatre in the Haymarket to see *The Cozeners* with *The Devil to Pay*, and a couple of weeks later, the *Nabob* and *Waterman* at the same house. The plot of this last hinges on the prize of a waterman's orange coat and silver badge raced for from Old Swan Stairs, near London Bridge, to the White Swan, Chelsea, on the first of August, the anniversary, that is, of the Hanoverian acces-

¹ *Diary*, I, 194, 177, 303. Hutchinson.

sion, a custom still maintained.¹ Meanwhile the Governor had been greatly in demand. July 9th he called on Lord Hardwick (No. 4 St. James Square), who showed him his pictures, causing perhaps a fresh pang at the thought of the wrecked home in Garden Court Street. On the 16th he dined with Lord Suffolk² at Bushy Park; the 17th, with Lord Mansfield at Kenwood, meeting Bruce, the African traveller. On the 20th, with the Solicitor-General, Wedderburn [later Lord Loughborough], in Lincoln's Inn Fields. On the 21st he paid a little visit to Sir Francis Bernard, and on the 26th he notes: "Dined with my two sons at Lord Chancellor's [*i.e.* Henry Bathurst, later Lord Apsley]. Talking of longevity, Lord Chancellor said that his father's [*i.e.* Lord Allen Bathurst's,³ 1684-1775] grandfather was born in the reign of Henry VIII, which must be about 230 years ago. . . . Lord Bathurst is living in enjoyment of health of body and mind, above ninety. This is more extraordinary than the instance of Governor Dudley of New England, who was a Captain of horse under Henry IV. of France in the Sixteenth century and two of his granddaughters are now living."

The 27th, Hutchinson dined with Whitshed Keene, Esq., M.P. for Montgomery, related by marriage to Lord Dartmouth and Lord North. The 28th he dined with Attorney-General Thurlow, a man of much force whose dogged support of Government led to his being compared to:

A mastiff guarding on a market day
With snarling vigilance his master's tray.⁴

While he and Wedderburn sat alert on either side, Lord North⁴ felt that he might slumber to his heart's content. His personal character indeed had such weight, it is told that once he silenced⁴ the Duke of Grafton who had tried

¹ *England in the Eighteenth Century*, 183. Sydney.

² *Diary*, I, 192. Hutchinson.

³ *Journal to Stella*, 348, note. Jonathan Swift. Ed. George A. Aitken. London, 1901: Methuen & Co. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

⁴ *Anecdotal History of Parliament*, 132, 134 136, Jennings.

to humble him with contemptuous references to his recent admission to the peerage, by asking quietly if it was not as honorable to come there by personal success, as to be "*the accident of an accident.*"

On the 29th the Governor again dined out, this time in company with Colonel Dalrymple at W. Ellis's villa in Twickenham, on the Hampton Court Road, where he especially enjoyed the garden and grotto, so long associated with Pope, the former owner.

Toward the close of the month, as his friends left town, came a round of sight-seeing. He goes to "view" the British Museum, and to Cox's Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields, "to please the children," and later to see the curiosities in the Tower. On the 5th he dined with Lord Dartmouth, at Blackheath, after which came a visit to Lord Gage, the General's brother, at Furl, Sussex, and in September a round of visits—to Dr. Murray of Norwich, whose daughter he had escorted home to England, to Lord Townshend at Rainham, and a second visit to Sir Francis Bernard at Aylsbury, Billy stopping by the way with Mr. Lowndes at The Bury, Chesham. Much of this pleasuring must have been done with a heavy heart, to judge from his correspondence. We find him writing ¹ on July 6th, to his son: "I can collect, from what I have seen and heard, that they have gone too far here to recede, let the opposition in America be what it will: on the other hand, there is all the disposition that can be wished, as well in the King, (who is more his own minister than is generally imagined,) as in his Ministers, to afford the most speedy relief, and to comply with every reasonable request, and to forbear from any acts of taxation, provided the authority of Parliament be not denied nor counteracted." August 8th he wrote ¹ back to the same effect, "I verily believe every step taken by the House of Representatives, and by the town of Boston, in opposition to the Governor [Gage] . . . has confirmed the King and his Ministers in their determination to show no sort of favor whilst the

¹ *Diary*, I, 179, 213. Hutchinson.

authority of Parliament is denied. . . . It is your insisting upon this solecism which has brought all this misery upon you; and you are now deserted by every person you depended upon to support you. You will find people, and I suppose do find such, who will continue to advise you to go on and stand firm in opposition to a tyrannical and unjustly assumed power; but neither they nor you can be consistent without your separating entirely from the Kingdom. . . . If they [the ministry] view you in the light of subjects, they will treat you accordingly. If they consider you as having thrown off all subjection to the authority of the British Dominions, and to have put yourselves into a state of hostility, they will take different measures. . . . The prospect is so gloomy that I am sometimes tempted to forget that I am an American, and to turn my views to a provision for what remains of life in England; but the passion for my native country returns, and I will determine nothing until your case is absolutely desperate." At the end he throws out a suggestion that the Congress might frame some such address as follows: Abstaining from "that inconceivable distinction¹ between a constitutional right in Parliament to taxation, and a like right to legislation in general,"—"urge a claim in the Colonies to exemption from taxes from long established usage founded upon an equivalent, from the advantages arising to the Kingdom by a restriction laid upon the trade of the Col^s., and there having been no instance for a long course of years of taxes laid upon the Colonies for the purpose of a revenue, nor for any other purpose than that of regulating trade, an exemption from duties and taxation of every other kind had always been considered as part of the Constitution of the Colonies, except when imposed by their respective legislatures, where the inhabitants are really represented, as the inhabitants within the realm are represented in Parliament, that an interruption of this long-established usage by an Act of Parliament for imposing duties on paper &c., had

¹ *Diary*, I, 213, 215, 216. Hutchinson.

caused an interruption in that peaceable, happy, and long-subsisting due subordination of the Colonies, and had ruffled and disturbed the minds of the inhabitants as universally and to as great a degree as if it could have been, and actually had been stipulated between the Parliament and the Colonies, that they should ever be free from Parliamentary taxation; and therefore they humbly pray, that in order to restore peace and tranquillity to the Colonies they may be restored to the enjoyment of the privileges which they so long possessed, and that as great a degree of legislative power in general may always be continued to the Colonies as is and shall be compatible with a due subordination to the superior authority of the British Dominions. . . . If such caution shall be used by the members of this Congress, peace may soon be restored to America.”¹

The Governor¹ did not anticipate an enforcement of taxation once the Colonies took a dutiful attitude. Lord Mansfield and the Lord Chancellor had said the scheme should never be revived, and he “firmly believed” this. Lord North said to him in reference to the Boston tea party, “Let the town, or some in their behalf, make satisfaction for the Tea: we shall consider that as strong evidence of a return to Duty.”

All these well-meant suggestions were lost on Old Boston, which dreaded nothing so much as submission to encroachment.

Through Hutchinson we get a favorable glimpse of the British ministers as men who, in general, have been over-identified with measures, for their good repute. The Governor’s son, Elisha, wrote to his wife, August 15th: “Dined at Lord Dartmouth’s, a very agreeable family, and more like New England than any I have yet seen. . . . You would not imagine him to be older than your husband, and yet he has eight sons.” Thomas Hutchinson himself writes:¹ “Lord D-t-m-h, who is at the head of the American Department, is as amiable a man as you know. One day . . .

¹ *Diary*, I, 216-7, 191, 203, 181, 235.



RT. HON. EARL DARTMOUTH

‘Mr. Hutchinson,’ says he, ‘the old Puritans, who first went over to your Colony, were certainly a set of serious, godly men: is the same sense of religion which they carried over with them still remaining there, or does infidelity prevail there as it does in England?’” Of Lord North, Hutchinson says,¹ “No man happier in domestic life, and he had great merit from the public for thus denying himself.”

A strong feeling prevailed that it was essential that Adams, Molineaux, and other principal “Incendiaries” should be sent over for trial and, if guilty, put to death. It was supposed the arrest¹ of six or eight ringleaders would assuredly break down all opposition. August 3d, “Lord Dartmouth called,” says Hutchinson, “at my lodgings, . . . Spake with great emotion, that he was not one who thirsted for blood; but he could not help saying that he wished to see H—k and A—ms brought to the punishment they deserved: and he feared peace would not be restored until some examples were made, which would deter others.” August 14th Lord Mansfield admitted that the “Lords of Council had their pens prepared to sign a warrant for apprehending persons in Boston, they were only deterred because the Attorney [Lord Thurlow] and Solicitor general [Wedderburn] were in doubt whether the evidence was sufficient to convict them. Lord Mansfield said things never would be right until some of them were brought over,” and “if they were convicted, a way might be found to keep the affair pending seven years, by motions in arrest of judgment upon error in proceedings, &c.” Some were uncertain whether New England was within the British jurisdiction, and if so, whether the statute of Henry VIII. had not been superseded by a statute of Philip and Mary.¹ While this was debating the rebellion got headway and the Tower-gates happily were never closed on the Boston patriots.

Hutchinson continues: “Sept. 21 Lord North, having heard that I had a letter from Boston, enquired particularly

¹ *Diary*, I, 287, 191, 207. Hutchinson.

of the state of affairs there. . . . The Congress he always supposed would go on, and he fancied they would agree upon a non-importation and non-consumption; but it could never last: they would soon break through it. Such combinations tolerated, I said, were dangerous examples though their schemes should fail. It was true, he said, and some way must be found to punish those concerned." Then the old ground of lack of evidence for prosecution was gone over. However, Lord North said "One thing would certainly be done. If they refused to trade with Great Britain, G. B. would take care they should trade no where else. And if any Colonies stood out, all encouragement should be given such Colonies." This was the spirit in which the Port Bill was conceived.

The next advice from Massachusetts Bay brought word of the effect of violating its charter. October 19th Hutchinson writes: "At Lord D—t's before breakfast. Showed him Lt. Gov. Oliver's letter upon the subject of his resignation of his Councillor's place, to a mob . . . he desired the King might see it. . . . I asked whether, although hostile measures should be resolved on, the duty upon tea could not be broken off? This, he said, could not be; they would not believe the Kingdom was in earnest."

A few evenings later he writes: ¹ "Dined, together with sons and daughters, at Mr. Lane's at Clapham: The roads are lighted and watched till eight, from Clapham to Kennington Common; and all night from Kennington Common to London; otherwise, it would have been hazardous returning in the evening, robberies of late having been frequent near London." Indeed, a week or two later, Mrs. Delany² mentions that Lord Berkeley was beset by a highwayman ten miles outside of the town whom he was forced to kill in self-defence. About the same time we learn from Peggy: ¹ "This morning I took a walk with Billy, and who do you

¹ *Diary*, I, 267, 274. Hutchinson.

² *Life and Correspondence of Mrs. Delany*, II, 242. Sarah Chauncey Woolsey. Boston, 1898: Little, Brown and Company.

think I see? Why, the King and Queen, as you are alive, carried through the Park in a couple of Chairs! [distinguished from all others doubtless, as when Curwen saw them, by a surmounting Crown]. . . . Tuesday Evening [apparently the 27th of October] My task is over. I have been at Court again. It has been a fatiguing, though not altogether an unpleasant day. I sent yesterday to Mrs Keene to know if it would be agreeable to her to go today? We were both of a mind; for while a servant was going with my Card, she sent one to me; and to day about one o'clock Papa and I sat off for St. James's. We called for Mrs Keene, but found that one coach could not contain two such mighty hoops; and Papa and Mr Keene were obliged to go in another coach. There was a very full Drawing Room for the time of year. The King and Queen both spoke to me." Mrs. Montague tells us that Queen Charlotte was quite plain; in fact, as she puts it, "her mouth fills a great part of her face."¹ A Miss Arnold¹ on first seeing her "could see no other feature." But then she had a fine arm and, as Northcote exclaimed, "Lord! how she held her fan!" Peggy² continues: "I felt much easier than I did before, as I had not the ceremony of being presented to go through, indeed my dear, it is next to being married. I thought I should not mind it, but there is something that strikes an awe when you enter the Royal Presence. . . . The company all stand round in a circle, and the King and Queen go round, and speak to everybody that has been presented. As she advanced towards me, I felt in a little flutter, and whispered Mrs Keene that I should behave like a fool. 'You need not,' says she, 'for the Queen has been saying many fine things of you to my sister. She says you are very genteel, and have much the appearance of a woman of fashion.' I can't say but I felt of more importance and perhaps answered her questions with a better grace. She asked

¹ *A Lady of the Last Century, Mrs. Elizabeth Montague*, 2d ed., 95, 98. Dr. Doran.

² *Diary*, I, 275. Hutchinson.

me how long I had been in town? I answered — ‘About a fortnight.’ ‘Are you come for the winter?’ ‘Yes Ma-am.’ ‘How do you like England — better than the country you came from?’ ‘I think it is a very fine country.’ ‘What part of it have you been in?’ ‘Norfolk.’ ‘I hope you have your health better for it.’ ‘Much better.’ This ended our conversation. . . . We were fatigued with standing, and got out of the Presence Chamber as soon as we could. Lord Dartmouth came and spoke to me. I congratulated him on the birth of his daughter, which is a great rarity after seven sons. He is the most amiable man I ever saw. Four of the young Princes came in after I had been there about half an hour. I never saw four so fine boys. After the Drawing-Room was over we went into the Nursery, and saw the rest of them. . . . The Princess Royal with two sisters and a little boy which I took to be three years old, stood in a row, one just above the other, and a little one in leading strings, sitting in a chair behind them, composed this beautiful group. I was determined, if possible, to kiss one of their little, pudsey hands, and with some difficulty persuaded Mrs Keene to go up to them, there being a great deal of company in the room. She at last went, and I followed her. I asked Prince Earnest for his hand, which he very readily gave me, and I gave it a very hearty kiss. They behaved very prettily: they courtesied to everybody that came in, and the boy nodded his head just like little Tom Oliver. We did not get home till almost five o’clock, and found Elisha and Billy fretting for their dinner.”

Horace Walpole¹ writes from Strawberry Hill, October 6th, of the General Election then in progress, — “couriers, despatches, post-chaises, post-horses, hurrying every way! sixty messengers passed through one single turnpike on Friday.” A little later we learn from Hutchinson² that Governor Pownall “has lost his election at Tregony. Bob

¹ *Horace Walpole and his World*, 2d ed., 134. L. B. Seeley, M. A. London, 1890: Seeley & Co., Ltd.

² *Diary*, 1, 264. Hutchinson.



QUEEN CHARLOTTE

or Roberts, a waiter not long since, and who has served coffee to many of the H. of Commons at S. James's Coffee house, is returned for two boroughs. Strahan, the Printer, chose, and also a coal Merchant, who a little while since was a Barber. Mr. Pownall sent to know my opinion upon the appointment of George Erving, and he is added in the Mandamus."

The polling in the General Election of 1774 was more above-board than of old, because of Grenville's¹ Act, by which, henceforth, contested elections must be settled before a committee and not by party vote. It was to an unusual degree, says Trevelyan, a country-gentleman's election. The deer park and cellars of the hospitable country mansions were drawn on for venison and claret and the Squires won over the heads of the Londoners. "Yesterday," writes John Crawford, the younger, to Lord Ossory, "my antagonist came to see me. There were eight besides myself, who only appeared (owing to gout) for half an hour. They sat from three to ten o'clock and I had the curiosity to enquire from the butler what they drank. You can calculate better than I can, so divide ten bottles of wine, and sixteen bowls of punch, each of which would hold four bottles. Can you conceive anything more beastly or more insupportable?" In spite of its having become dangerous to bribe the electors in the boroughs, the road was still open to bribe the patrons, and in order to keep his grip on the House the King, through the ministry, made free use of the Secret Service fund. "A note" (such were Lord North's orders¹ to Mr. John Robinson, the Secretary of the Treasury) "should be written to Lord Falmouth in my name, and put into safe hands. His Lordship must be told in as polite terms as possible that I hope he will permit me to recommend to three of his six seats in Cornwall. The terms he expects are £2500 a seat, to which I am ready to agree." This little transaction may or may not throw some light on "Robert's" promotion and the disappointment of Pow-

¹ *American Revolution*, I, 212, 215. Trevelyan.

nall, a friend of the Americans. A *bon mot* of Sheridan's¹ may here be recalled. Having been required to name whom he had in view in a bribery charge he wittily replied, "I could do that, Sir, as soon as you could say '*Jack Robinson.*'" On his way up from Norwich, Governor Hutchinson had heard at Chelmsford of Wilkes being chosen Lord Mayor of London. "Never was," he remarks,² "a greater instance of popular folly. The City has sunk itself into the utmost contempt." The 20th he writes: "A vast train of carriages and horses attend Wilkes to Brentford, where Glynn and he are elected for Middlesex without opposition. In the evening were illuminations in many parts of London and Westminster: no lights in Golden Square." October 28th, he notes, "A vessel from Newfoundland with news that the *Rose* frigate, and two companies of soldiers, sailed for Boston the first October, upon news of the riots in Boston and the neighboring towns, which seemed to amount to revolt: and by a vessel from Philadelphia, advice of certain Resolves of a committee of Towns in the County of Suffolk, which had been adopted by the Congress at Philadelphia, and are more alarming than anything which has yet been done." The Governor's feelings are,² "These proceedings are enough to put it out of my power to contribute any accommodation." October 31st. "Find Mr. Knox [possibly Wm. Knox, Under Secretary of State in 1769] much altered by the late news: he supposes now that all Treaty is over. The first thing, he says, will be to let America know, that Britain will support its authority; and then concede what shall be thought fit." Before an outbreak of hostilities public opinion is subject to many hot and cold waves, but the Suffolk Resolves did much permanently to lower the temperature and stiffen and harden the dealings of the ministry. November 3d we get another glimpse of Wilkes. Going into the city "as far as Cheapside corner," says Hutchinson,² "Met the Lord Mayor Elect in his coach, drawn by

¹ *Memoirs*, IV, 62. Walpole, ed. Barker.

² *Diary*, I, 259, 284, 279. Hutchinson.

two white horses, his servants in new liveries, followed by the two Sheriffs, each in his gilt carriage, going to Lord Chancellor's; being a preparatory ceremony to Lord Mayor's day next week." The same Thursday Peggy writes: "Mr C. Clarke came. . . . Papa, Elisha, and myself were just getting into the coach to go to the Temple and walk in the Gardens: he did not need much urging to make a fourth. The Gardens are nothing extraordinary, but there is a pretty Fountain. . . . We have not attempted to play cards till last evening since we came. We were just in the midst of a game of Quadrille when Mr Bridgen came in and interrupted us. He is a merchant in the City, and a very good kind of man; his lady is daughter to the famous Richardson, author of *Sir Charles* and *Clarissa*. She was one of my first acquaintance. . . . We had not been long seated, before a violent rat-tat at the door made us jump. Patrick came up and pronounced Mrs Knox [whose husband was in Lord Dartmouth's office]. . . . Mr Clarke came in presently after. The lady staid about half an hour and took her leave: the gentlemen then went to politics." November 7th Peggy saw *The Grecian Daughter* played, and writes, "If you have ever read it you will not wonder that I did not sit with dry eyes." The 8th, the Governor accompanied his daughter and the Knoxes to Covent Garden where he saw *Much Ado about Nothing* with small enjoyment. The following evening *Alexander the Great* was to be given. "Their Majesties are to be there," writes Peggy.¹ "We sent this morning for four places, but they are all taken. . . . I am not sure I shan't put my bonnet over my face and go into the gallery."

November 9th, says Hutchinson, "I went from the Lord Chief Justice to the Adelphi Buildings upon the river, and saw the procession of the Lord Mayor and Company to Westminster; and went from thence to Mr Clark's lodgings at the corner of Paul's Churchyard, to see the procession by land, which was not finished till dark; and the throng was

¹ *Diary*, I, 278. Hutchinson.

so great that my coach was stop'd so long as to make it $\frac{1}{2}$ after five before I got home to dinner. Wilkes, the Mayor, was said to be sick, and to look miserably. Mr Ambler, one of the King's Counsel, and who saw him in Chancery, says he will not live out his year. There never was a Mayor less attended by people of note; and it looks probable he will be more and more contemned, until he quite sinks."

This month Parliament was to meet and the Ex-Governor mournfully records: ¹ "It is my intention to spend some time at Bath, and to keep as much out of the way of being chargeable with any measures in Parliament as possible. . . . It is out of my power any longer to promote a plan of conciliation. I cannot think any exception can be taken to my shunning all share in a plan of hostilities — a plan which, if determined upon, I hope will never be executed."

His mind ever dwelt on the disturbed conditions. He says: ¹ "Taking up a volume of the Biographical Dictionary, this passage in the life of Mr Maclaurin came home to me: — 'Here,' says he, in a letter to one of his friends, 'I live as happily as a man can do who is ignorant of the state of his family, and who sees the ruin of his country.'" On November 8th the Governor's daughter Peggy writes, ¹ as under, to her brother Elisha's wife: "I send this by the Packet which goes tomorrow night. . . . What a flattering picture do you draw of a young Nobleman! Indeed, my dear, I have seen no such one. The men do not please me here; and Miss Murray and I both agreed on our first arrival, that New England was the only place for pretty fellows. I am still of the same mind when I think of them at all; but indeed they do not engross much of my attention. You say I enter into public places secure of conquest. O spare me, my friend! All I aim at, or can possibly think of attaining, is a tolerably decent appearance. Those I studied to please are many leagues distant from me. If you hear any thing of him I *once* wish'd to make happy, do not fail to impart it. . . . What joy it would give me if he [Papa] could be

¹ *Diary*, I, 284, 256, 278. Hutchinson.

the means of restoring peace to his native country, but I see no prospect of it: you are bent upon destruction.” “The storm thickens,” Hutchinson had already written¹ to his son, “every time any vessel arrives from America”; and truly it was so. Returning to his diary we read, November 16th: “No news yet of any letters by Lyde, nor are any yet come to hand to the Secretary of State. Admiral Graves has wrote to the Admiralty, that he had tried to carry one of the sloops up to the south part of the Harbour, to cover the General’s men whilst they were fortifying the Neck; but he could not do it, and had employed a schooner in that service. Upon reading a newspaper at Lord Dartmouth’s office, Mr Keene and Mr Knox in company, Mr Knox expressed his satisfaction in an account of a determined design to oppose the King’s troops: wished to hear it executed: ‘we shall then (says he) be at no loss how to proceed.’” 17th . . . “When I came home I found that the late Lieutenant Governor’s youngest son Silvester [Oliver], being one of the passengers in Lyde, had been at my house, but had not left my letters, having promised, as he said, to deliver them with his own hand. There came passengers besides, Mr Hyslop [possibly Wm. Hyslop of Brookline]² and son, Rufus Chandler, Dr Payne, Josiah Quincy, and Mr Higginson of Salem. Nov. 18th. In the morning S. O. came with a great number of my letters from my friends, and also General Gage’s letters to Government. The latter I sent immediately to Mr Knox, Lord Dartmouth being in the country. Soon after I had sent them, Mr Pownall desired, by a card, that I would come immediately to Lord D.’s office, upon an affair of very great importance. My own coach being out, I immediately took a hack, and was not sorry to find the business was nothing more than to acquaint me General Gage had wrote that there was a person unknown, supposed to be going over in Lyde, upon a bad design, some said to Holland, and that young Mr

¹ *Diary*, I, 285. Hutchinson.

² *History of Brookline*, 302. Woods. And *Memoirs*, 187. Quincy.

Oliver, who was a passenger in the same ship, would probably be able to give some account of him; and therefore Lord North had desired Pownall to examine Mr O. I determined it must be Quincy; but gave my opinion it was best not to send for Mr O. upon this information, because I believed he knew nothing about Quincy's business, having inquired of him just before; and told Pownall, O. was to dine with me, and he might by a general conversation easily satisfy himself whether he knew enough to make an examination advisable. He fell immediately into my sentiments, and was convinced at dinner that it was best to make no public or particular inquiry. Mr Pownall, Knox, Mauduit, Whately, Stuart, Paine and Oliver dined with me." Governor Hutchinson had already written acquainting Lord Dartmouth that Quincy¹ had called upon Dr. Franklin the first day after he landed, and brought recommendatory letters to Wilkes, adding that he had reason to believe he had had a piece in the current *Public Ledger* [the 19th] and he could make a shrewd guess from that, what would be his principal business. He continues:¹ "Lord North said, it was to no purpose any longer to think of expedients: the Province was in actual Rebellion, and must be subdued." November 21st, "went to Lord Dartmouth's office upon Mr Pownall's desire, who has a plan in his head for an Act of Parlt. to suspend all the Militia laws of Mass. Bay . . . the chief that passed was on account of Quincy's visit to Lord North. Upon his first coming in he acquainted Lord North that he was just arrived from Boston, his business here being to recover his health: but as he was here, he wished for an opportunity of waiting on his Lordship, and assuring him that the people of Massachusetts must have been much wronged by the misrepresentations which had been made from time to time to the Ministry, and which had occasioned the late measures: that there was a general desire of reconciliation and that he thought three or four persons on the part of the Kingdom, and as many on the

¹ *Diary*, I, note, 302, 297. Hutchinson.

part of the Colonies, might easily settle the matter. Lord North said to him, he had been moved by no informations nor representations: it was their own Acts and Doings, (of which he had been furnished with attested authentic copies,) denying the authority of Parliament over them. His Lordship did not suppose he would say this was a misrepresentation. This authority can never be given up, but must at all events be enforced. This was his determination: it was the determination of the rest of the King's Ministers: none of them would depart from it. If he should yield the point, he should expect to have his head brought to the Block by the general clamor of the people; and he should deserve it. This must be submitted to, and then he would give the most favorable ear to every proposal from the colonies; . . . This is all Quincy could get out of his Lordship,¹ who pronounced him a bad, insidious man, designing to be artful without abilities to conceal his design." The same day the Governor wrote to Lord Hardwick:¹ "Our last advices from Massachusetts Bay are by a vessel which sailed the 30th September. General Gage had fortified the entrance of the town, and he was building Barracks: but a day or two before the vessel sailed, the workmen, by the instigation of the Selectmen of Boston, threw down their tools, and refused to strike a stroke more. It is certain an enthusiastick spirit spreads through the Province. I cannot yet think they will either attack the King's troops, or stand against them. 15 of the C[ouncil] still remain firm, but they dare not go out of Boston, tho' most of them are not inhabitants there. The G. stop'd the Ass[sembly] which he had call'd, from meeting, because he had call'd them to Salem; and the C. not being able to leave B. with safety, could not meet with them. The towns thereupon chose Members to meet the 2d Tuesday in October and 'tis expected the old C. will meet with them in defiance of the Act of P. This will be a most criminal act, and I wish they may not be guilty of it." Lord Hardwick told Hutchinson

¹ *Diary*, I, 301, 305. Hutchinson.

that his father, the Lord Chancellor, *i.e.* Somers,¹ noted for defending the seven Bishops against the tyranny of James II., had expressed a fear before his death that "this would be a reign full of troubles." When asked ² what he thought of Mr. Grenville's scheme for taxing America, he said with discernment, "They had not been used to taxes"; and when Archbishop Secker proposed sending over a Bishop, he reminded ² him, "The Americans left England to avoid Bishops." The Chancellor was a churchman, but a very moderate one. Men with his power of looking at matters from different points of view would have done much to hold the Colonies in happy allegiance.

November 23rd the Governor went to Lord Dartmouth,² "who had just received Quincy's book, and another pamphlet. . . . He asked me the character of the book, and of the man, . . . said he had seen letters from persons in Boston recommending him as a person well disposed to bring about a reconciliation between the Kingdom and the Colonies. His Lordship then repeated the conversation Quincy had with Lord North, but not so particularly as I had heard it from Mr Pownall, and said Lord North looked upon his design to be to represent the Colonies in the most formidable view; and at the same time supposed the measures taken in England to be caused by misrepresentation. I wished his Lordship to urge him to go into particulars . . . his Lordship . . . was astonished at the Resolves of the Congress at Philadelphia, approving of the Resolves of the county of Suffolk. I told him I looked upon it as an evasive, equivocal thing. . . . As for the Massachusetts Bay, he said they were plainly in a state of revolt. . . . The remaining time before dinner I spent at Lord Dartmouth's office with Messrs Pownall and Knox. The former told me Quincy had been with Williams the Inspector, Dr Bancroft, and to wait on his brother Governor Pownall." November 25th, "Dined with Mr Knox who had a very polite company

¹ *St. James Square*, 157. Dasent.

² *Diary*, II, 131; I, 301. Hutchinson.



PHILIP, EARL OF HARDWICKE

— Lord Suffolk, Lord Dartmouth, Lord Beauchamp, Solicitor General, Mr [Charles W.] Cornwall [brother-in-law of Jenkinson], Mr Grenville, eldest son of George Grenville, and Mr Keene. Lord Dartmouth, after dinner, gave me a particular account of what passed between him and Quincy. He said Q. came to his Levée with Williams after I had seen his Lordship Wednesday last: that he professed to come over for his health; but believing the Massachusetts people had been misrepresented, he wished to make a right representation: that it had been said they would soon be quiet and contented, he knew the case to be just the reverse: that two counties which had always [been] high for Prerogative from conviction, had now joined all the rest of the Province in their opposition to the late Acts — these were Hampshire and Berkshire: that the new Counsellors were in general persons the most exceptionable to the Province, of any which could have been pitched upon, and only one whom the people were satisfied with, which was the Lt. Governor, and he by chance, for they understood he was not the person intended, but that the name of the Ch. Justice was mistaken. Ld. D. interrupted him here and said it was strange the people of N. E. should suppose the Ministry so inattentive as not to ascertain the names of the persons they appointed. He then said he had the highest opinion of Lord Mansfield, and he did not doubt his Lordship was capable of projecting a way to reconcile the Kingdom and the Colonies. Lord D. asked if he had seen Ld. Mansfield? He said No: he did not know how to be introduced to him, or to yt purpose. Lord D. said he believed Lord Mansfield was fully of opinion that the proceedings in Massachusetts Bay were treasonable, Q. did not know but it was: he knew the people in New England had no idea that they were guilty of Treason.”

November 26th “I went with Sir Francis Bernard in my coach to Mr Mauduit’s in the city, who we found very much hurt that Q. should have had admittance to any of the Ministry after he had published so impudent a book. Nobody

so forward as Mauduit [eighty-two years of age] in pronouncing Mass. Bay in rebellion. I said to him that I did not remember that it was said in '45 that Scotland had rebelled: there was a rebellion in Scotland and the most that can be said now is, that there is a rebellion in Massachusetts Bay." Speaking of Lord Barrington, the Secretary of War, Hutchinson says:¹ "No person has stood all changes for 20 years past so well. . . . He was asked by the Mayor of Plimouth, when everybody else had gone out, upon every Change of Ministry how his Lordship could stand it? He answered . . . that he could compare the State to a great plum-pudding, which he was so fond of that he would never quarrel with it, but should be for taking a slice as long as there was any left. Being cousin German to Lady Bernard, Sir Francis has experienced his friendship — has just given a place of £200 a year to his son Thomas and brought a younger son into the Army."

On the morning of the 30th this old timeserver was waited upon at Cavendish Square by Hutchinson in Sir Francis Bernard's company. "He detained us so long," says he, "we had scarce time to dress to go to the House of Lords to hear the King's speech. A card from Lord Dartmouth shown to the Deputy Usher . . . introduced me and my daughter, and Sir Francis Bernard, Mr and Mrs Knox."

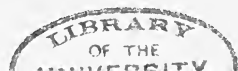
A few days later¹ he dined with Lord Hardwick, meeting his brothers, Mr John Yorke and Dr. James Yorke, Bishop of St. David's, doubtless also his wife, Jemima, Marchioness De Grey in her own right, who is spoken of as² "a great lady to the tips of her fingers." The doings of Parliament were now all-absorbing. The Duke of Richmond¹ having moved an amendment to the address to the effect . . . His Majesty should "order all papers relative to America laid before the House"—Hutchinson goes on: "Gov. Johnstone, Burke, Barré and Charles Fox, were the speakers for the Amendment, and a new Member, Mr Hartley. On

¹ *Diary*, I, 309, 313, 311. Hutchinson.

² *St. James Square*, 197. Dasent.

the other side were — and Mr Wedderburne. It was thought Dunning would speak, but he did not. The Attorney-General was prepared to answer him. Not a word was said to justify the American claim to independency. All the opposition was to the conduct of the Ministry. Upon a Division [in the Commons] 264 were for the Address, and 73 against it, which is a greater majority than is usual upon the first meeting of a new Parliament. . . . Burke¹ was more flowery than ever; he addressed himself with a great deal of rhetorick to the young Members, cautioning them against the wiles of Administration; but was so facetious that he pleased the whole House. A short answer was given by a blunt Mr Van [?]. ‘The Honorable Gentleman,’ says Van, ‘has been strewing flowers to captivate children. I have no flowers, Mr Speaker, to strew; all I have to say is, that I think the Americans are a rebellious and most ungrateful people, and I am for assuring the King that we will support him in such measures as will be effectual to reduce them.’ The honesty of the man, and his singular manner, set the whole House into a halloo! and answered Burke better than Cicero could have done.” The 6th he adds: “I find the motion for an Address was made yesterday by Lord Beauchamp, who spoke long upon American affairs, but proposed no measures: . . . Seemed to suppose anarchy, which was the tenderest name to be given, could not hold, and that the Acts themselves would in time force their way: He was seconded by Mr De Grey, son to the Chief Justice. Lord John Cavendish then moved for an Amendment upon the Address, the same with that of the Lords, and was seconded by Frederick Montague, who had been of the Rockingham Administration. None of the Champions appearing, Lord North spake sooner than he intended, and let the House know that the King would order all papers to be laid before the House whenever the state of America should come before them, meerly to know whether they would support the King or not, the papers

¹ *Diary*, I, 315-6. Hutchinson.



could be of no use, and the motion only tended to delay. If he had not spoke as he did, he would not have spoke at all; for, going into Solomon's Porch soon after, his foot slipped, and he came upon his knee, down two or three steps, so as that he could not have stood from his lameness." At this time several peers, Richmond, Portland, Rockingham, Stamford, Stanhope, Torrington, Ponsonby, Wycombe, and Camden entered a formal protest¹ that: "Whatever may be the mischievous designs, or the inconsiderate temerity, which leads others to this desperate course, we wish to be known as persons who have disapproved of measures so injurious in their past effects and their future tendency, and who are not in haste, without inquiry or information, to commit ourselves in declarations which may precipitate our country into all the calamities of a civil war."

December 9th, to return to Hutchinson: "In the evening visited Lord Mansfield, where I found Mr Jenkinson. I hinted to his Lordship the expediency, if any Proclamation should be issued, of observing in it, that the opposition to the King in Parliament, was a breach of the Oath of Allegiance; which he said was a thought worthy of consideration. . . . 10th. . . . Mr Welbore Ellis made me a long visit; and gave me an opportunity of explaining several parts of Gen. Gage's conduct:—for his not laying the Lt. Gov^r under Arrest, when he came to him from the Mob. I shewed him Judge Oliver's letter, which says the General told him the Lt. Gov^r, never let him know that they had made him promise to return to them: and Mr Ellis had understood that the Custom House officers of the Port of Boston were returned to Boston; but when I informed him that not one was returned, he said he was glad he was set right, and he should be able to set other people right. . . . December 19. . . . It is whispered that Lord North in the Cabinet, is more backward than most of the Ministers. Lord Dartmouth was an hour and more with him to day in Downing Street, as M., who is always about the Treasury, informed me."

¹ *American Revolution*, I, 430-1. Gordon.



DUKE of RICHMOND.

*A firm unshaken uncorrupted soul —
Amid a sliding Age, & burning string, —
Though vainly blazing for thy Country's Weal.*

DUKE OF RICHMOND

Throughout December the talk went on with an increased sense that the crisis had come, although nothing could be done until after the holidays. Lord Hardwick blamed Gage for too much tameness.¹ They heard of militia companies¹ forming, and various theories were advanced. Mr. Keene¹ thought it better to let the Colonies go and be quit of them. The Duke of Richmond openly favored American independence; others hesitated lest the Colonies through feebleness should shortly fall a prey to France or Spain. The Attorney and Solicitor General had under consideration a proclamation which should declare the proceedings in Massachusetts Bay treason; at the same time, extending pardon, within a given date, to those who came in and took the oaths, — such as should be named, excepted. Hutchinson learning of this proposal, through Mr. Knox says:¹ “I avoided any conversation which might lead to a mention of the persons to be excepted.” At length word came of the results of the Philadelphia Congress, the members of which had agreed, largely it was rumored under Franklin’s¹ influence, upon non-importation and non-exportation and non-consumption. Moreover they had prepared various addresses and now stood adjourned to May 10th. The address to the people of Great Britain was immediately scattered broadcast throughout Lancashire,² Northumberland, and Durham by Franklin and others. There were many dissenters in these parts and much sympathy was excited. A copy of the petition to the King was personally delivered² to Lord Chatham at Hayes by Franklin, with the assurance that no agreement could be binding while the bayonet was at the breast. Matters were looked at differently by the two parties, and Lord Dartmouth¹ thought, beyond a doubt, “Every one who signed the Association was guilty of treason.”

December 21st, writes Hutchinson: “Dined, as also Peggy, with Mr We. Ellis in Little Brook Street, in com-

¹ *Diary*, I, 325, 328, 329, 311, 263, 319, 297, 324. Hutchinson.

² *Our Country*, II, 588-9. Lossing.

pany with Mr Jenkinson, Sam. Martin, late of the Treasury, that fought with Mr Wilkes, Mr Cornwall and his wife, and Dalrymple. In the evening came in the [one hundredth] Bishop of London [Richard Terrick¹], Mr Cooper, Lord Robert Bertie, Mr Egar, Sir Gilbert Eliot, Mr Doyley, Sir John Sebright, several other gentlemen, and as many, or more, ladies. Three tables of cards. The Bishop asked me what they would say in New England to a Bishop playing cards? I told him the prejudice against cards was in a good measure worn off." Here the Governor heard that the petition had been given to Lord North. The following day he attended Lord North's levée, who asked if he had seen the petition. Anxious to effect an accommodation, Lord North "observed, they do not deny the Right." Hutchinson answered, "But they publish to the world, or accompany it with papers, which deny the Right." "Yes, he repeated my words, they accompany it with papers which deny the Right. . . . I could plainly perceive that it would have been very agreeable to him to have found something in the Petition that would lead to an accommodation; and if it had not been for the extravagance of the Resolves, Association, and Addresses, passed by this Convention, notwithstanding the illegality of their assembling, which would have been winked at, the Petition would have been attended to." "It was Hutchinson's misfortune," writes Fiske,² "that with such a rigidly legal temperament, he should have been called to fill a supreme executive office at the moment of a great revolutionary crisis. Nothing but failure and obloquy could come from such a situation." On the last day of the year Mr. Welbore Ellis, Treasurer of the Navy, speaking with the Governor, said, "Government will never be settled until every person in public office in America is obliged to swear that he will conform to Acts of Parliament." Hutchinson answered with reason, he

¹ *St. James Square*, 154. Dasent.

² "Massacre Orations," John Fiske. *Boston Evening Transcript*. March 5, 1899.

“thought that would make a general convulsion.” Ellis’s answer was, it “could not last; and after it was over, all would be quiet.” By way of contrast we have the jottings of young Quincy, beginning with his ship letter sealed on the 8th of November as he went on board the pilot-boat ¹ for Falmouth. The same date he writes, “I have not yet met one but what wishes well to the Americans and one or two expressed great veneration.” The 17th, from his lodgings near the Haymarket, he continues: ¹

Mr Thomas Bromfield told me that when it was known to-day at the New England coffee-house that I had arrived, certain Americans made a great wonder “what I had come for.” One of the friends of Liberty in this city came to him also, and told him that a certain gentleman in the coffee-room said, “Yes, Quincy has been blowing up the seeds of sedition in America, and has now come to do the same here.” I returned my compliments, and sent word that, “if I had done nothing but blow up seeds, they would probably be very harmless, as they would never take root; but if I should have the good fortune to sow any here, and they should afterwards ripen, he or the ministry might blow them about at their leisure.” Nov. 18. . . . Dined with Dr Franklin . . . went this evening to Covent Garden Theatre, saw the *Beggar’s Opera*. . . . Nov. 19 Early this morning J[onathan] Williams [Inspector of Customs for Massachusetts Bay] waited upon me with the compliments of Lord North, and his request to see me this morning. I went about half past nine o’clock, and found Sir George Saville (as Mr Williams informed me) in the levée room. After a short time his lordship sent for Mr W. and myself into his apartment, — his reception was polite and with a cheerful affability. . . . We entered largely into the propriety and policy of the Boston Port Bill.

The destruction of the tea and the burning of the Gaspée were both referred to; they talked nearly two

¹ *Memoirs*, 189, 196–199. Quincy.

hours. At the coffee-houses the wonder was still, how "I dared to come," he wrote¹ his wife. To follow him once more: November 24th, "Waited on Lord Dartmouth . . . [who] being called out for a few minutes to attend the physicians of his lady, made his apology, and taking up a pamphlet that lay on his table, said, 'I would entertain you with a pamphlet [*i.e.* Observations on the Port Bill] during my absence, but I fancy you have seen *this*. I think you know the author of it.' His lordship bowed with a smile, which I returned, and he retired for a few minutes." In the course of these Observations, published the previous May, Quincy boldly declares,¹ "America hath in store her Brutii and Cassii, her Hampdens and Sydneys, — patriots and heroes, who will form a *band of brothers*; men who will have memories and feelings, courage and swords, — courage that shall inflame their ardent bosoms till their hands cleave to their swords, and their swords to their enemies' hearts." Under the circumstances the amazement noted amongst the loungers of the coffee-houses is not surprising! November 29th, says Quincy: "Went to Drury Lane Theatre; saw Garrick in *The Beaux Stratagem*. He is a most surprizing fellow. Dec. 5. Breakfasted with Sir George Saville. . . . Dined with Colonel Boyd at the Edinburgh coffee-house. The exertion of my lungs for a number of days past has brought on my raising of blood again. Dec. 6th. Mr Commissioner of Customs Corbin Morris called and said: 'Mr Quincy, you have no idea of the taxes of this Kingdom and the distress of our poor. I do not mean our manufacturers, but our hedgers, ditchers and threshers. . . . They are glad to get six pence a day for their labor. . . . The Colonies must relieve us.'"

The 7th, he¹ heard through Inspector Williams, that Hutchinson's "assurances . . . keep up the spirits and measures of the ministry." The same day he wrote to his wife: "When I tell you that yesterday, in the coffee-room adjoining the House of Commons, one of the ministerial

¹ *Memoirs*, 201, 137, 217. Quincy.

members offered to lay a wager of seventy-five guineas to twenty-five, THAT BOSTON WAS NOW IN ASHES, you will not think my own bosom free from anxiety!" In the same letter, which bears the signature of Henry Ireton, he refers as a blind to "your friend Mr Quincy," and quotes Lord Hillsborough's words, "There are now men walking the streets of London who ought to be in Newgate or at Tyburn." The Duke of Richmond had immediately desired that the Colonial Secretary should explain himself, upon which Hillsborough had indicated that Franklin and Quincy were the men he had in mind. Quincy closes his note by telling of an invitation to pass Christmas together with Franklin as guests of the Bishop of Saint Asaph, a plan which, however, fell through. Writing on the same date under his own name, he says:¹ "My whole time is employed in endeavoring to serve my country. It is now three weeks since I came to this city; yet I have never dedicated but two evenings to the entertainments of the town; and although Garrick has acted four nights, I have seen him but one. Dec. 12. . . . went to Drury Lane Theatre, and saw Garrick in *Hamlet*. He is certainly the prince of players; but, most certainly, not without his faults as an orator. . . . 13th. Dined with Mr Hollis, brother to the late benefactor of Harvard College." Closing his letter on the 16th, he says, "The watchmen remind me that it is morning." Next day he writes¹ to Joseph Reed: "Lord North, on Friday last, had hard work to apologize for and explain away his vamping expression, 'I will have America at my feet.' Lord Camden in the House of Lords, on the day before said, 'Were I an American, I would resist to the last drop of my blood.' Dec. 21st. Dined at the Cecil coffee-house. Spent the evening at Covent Garden Theatre, where was presented *Jane Shore* and Milton's *Masque of Comus*." The stage of these days at the best was dimly lit and to make amends high colors were in vogue. The hero in *Comus* we find² wearing, over a stiff-

¹ *Memoirs*, 222, 235. Quincy.

² *England in the Eighteenth Century*, I, 156. Sydney.

skirted coat, a pink satin robe crossed by a black velvet shoulder sash below which appeared blue satin boots!

Quincy continues: "Dec 29. Set off with Mr Williams and Mr Arthur Lee for Bath. Dec. 30th. Visited Dr. Priestley at Calne, and was received very politely. Visited Lord Shelburne at his superb seat at Bow-wood . . . proceeded to Bath, where I arrived at five o'clock, and then went to a grand ball at the lower rooms. December 31st. Visited the celebrated Mrs Macauley [either at this date or later she became notable for her use of rouge, occasioning Dr Johnson's remark: ¹ It was better she should be reddening her cheeks than blackening other people's characters!] Was attended by Hon. J. Temple to see the Circus, the Crescent, and other places of public resort. . . . January 1, 1775. Had half an hour's conversation at the pump room with the celebrated Colonel Barré on American affairs. Went to hear divine service performed at the Abbey church. . . . Received a very polite billet from Mrs Macauley. 2nd, . . . went in the evening to a ball at the New Rooms [*i.e.* upper rooms, built 1771; the ball room 105 feet long], which was full and very splendid." It was customary ² to have a public ball on Tuesdays and Fridays of every week. The dancing began at six with the minuet, the highest in rank leading off; after eight, country dances were allowed; at nine came an interval for tea; and the music stopped on the stroke of eleven. Apropos of the slow posing in the minuets so much affected at this time, Lord Chesterfield dryly remarked³ of a certain couple there, that they looked as if they "were hired to do it and were doubtful of being paid!" Quincy continues: ⁴

The paintings, which cover the windows, taken from the draughts of the figures found at the ruins of Herculaneum,

¹ *Famous Houses of Bath & District*, 92. J. F. Meehan. Bath, 1901: B. and J. F. Meehan.

² *England in the Eighteenth Century*, II, 59-60. Sydney.

³ *Bath District*, 29. Meehan.

⁴ *Memoirs*, 243. Quincy.

have a fine effect. This evening I had two hours' conversation with Col. Barré . . . while we were viewing the pictures [he] said, "I hope you have not the books containing the draughts of these ruins with you." I replied, there was one set, I believed, in the public library of our college. "Keep them there," said he, "and they may be of some service as a matter of curiosity for the speculative; but let them get abroad, and you are ruined. They will infuse a taste for buildings and sculpture; and when a people get a taste for the fine arts they are ruined." . . . Col. Barré also added: "You must know, Sir, America was always a favorite with me; but will you believe it, Sir, yet I assure you it is true, more than two-thirds of this island at [the close of the last French War] thought the Americans were all negroes!" . . . Jan. 3rd, Agreeably to the polite invitation of Lord Shelburne, I took a post-chaise and went from Bath to his Lordship's magnificent seat at Bow-wood. I met Lord S. walking alone, at a considerable distance from the mansion-house, and alighted to walk with him over his grounds. His lordship politely walked into the fields to show me several newly invented ploughs, . . . he next called his shepherd, and we viewed his flock of a thousand sheep; . . . His lordship's two only children are very promising sons, the one about eleven, the other seven years of age. They are educated in the best manner, and seem very sprightly geniuses. They took leave of the company, on departing for bed, with much grace and propriety. . . . Lord Shelburne is said to set down in London at a hundred thousand pounds sterling, and I should think he could not set down at less here. . . . Jan 5. . . . Arrived at Bristol about twelve o'clock.

Two days later he wrote to his wife: ¹

The manufacturing towns are now in motion; and petitions to Parliament to repeal the late acts, on commercial principles, will flow from all quarters. . . . The common-

¹ *Memoirs*, 247. Quincy.

alty of this kingdom are grossly ignorant; the tools of the ministry, for their reward, are incessantly retailing the same stale falsehoods, and the same weak reasoning every day. . . . Believe me, the commonalty of America are statesmen, philosophers, and heroes, compared with the “*many*” of Great Britain. . . . O my dear friend! my heart beats high in the cause of my country. . . . I see America planted in that great “tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.” The ministry, I am well satisfied, are quite undetermined as to the course they must take with regard to America. They will put off the final resolutions to the last moment. I know not, and any further than mere humanity dictates I *care not*, what part they take. If my own countrymen deserve to be free, *they will be free*. If born free, they are contented to be slaves, e’en let them bear their burdens. . . . My friend Williams [and I] are both ¹ now writing in the midst of a coffee-house, surrounded by the intolerable racket of dice-boxes and the noise of party cabal.

January 11th he wrote ¹ to his wife:

The ministry are evidently plunged. Everything bears the mark of distraction. Bute and Mansfield are not less your enemies, and Hutchinson is still the same man. Lord Dartmouth is —; but America can at this day want no information as to his character: when hypocrisy throws away her mask, credulity must renounce her faith. . . . In the nation you have many friends and hearty well-wishers to your cause. The Lords and Commons are — *what they are*; but ANOTHER CHARACTER is in principle your adversary, and will never be reconciled to your deliverance till he sees, what peradventure he will not long wait for, a spirit going forth which compels rulers to their duty.

This letter was also signed by way of precaution “Henry Ireton.” About this time Quincy was annoyed by a rumor,

¹ *Memoirs*, 249, 253. Quincy.

which reached him through Ex-Governor Pownall, that a cargo of pimento had been unloaded in New York, despite the non-importation agreement. Writing April 6th, Alexander McDougall¹ explains: "During the ship's stay in our bay she was continually watched by a sub-committee, and did not enter. But while she lay at the Hook waiting for a fair wind, the night before she departed threatened a storm; and as the boat, on board of which the sub-committee attended, was not so well provided with ground tackling as the ship, the boat was obliged to go into a cove of safety at some distance from the ship. The owners, who had some goods on board, having previously meditated a plan to land them, availed themselves of this opportunity, and effected it in the night. Of this they were suspected; and, our sub-committee of observation and the committee of Elizabeth Town having got a clew to a discovery, the owners confessed the matter upon oath. Our citizens were so enraged at them for the horrid deed, that it was with great difficulty they were prevailed upon not to banish them. . . . This is the only violation of the Association we have had since it took place." He ends by desiring that Quincy would forward his correspondence, under cover, to Saml. Broome & Company, merchants, in New York, "as my political character may tempt the tools of Government to open letters to me."

In response to a letter from Mrs. Quincy, he wrote:

January 12th,

Twelve at night,

. . . please to convey word to Major Paddock, and assure him in my name that I have "*dared* to show my head in London;" that I have *dared* to enter into the presence of Lord North and Lord Mansfield; and, what he may think more, on two days successively to stand before the throne of a king, — literally within the reach of his royal sceptre and the sword of justice. Neither one nor the other dazzled

¹ *Memoirs*, 256. Quincy.

or terrified me. Even the eloquence of a sovereign did not so confound my judgement but that before the royal charm was over I was able to recollect, and remind a friend who stood near me of the memorable saying of Henry Marten to Edward Hyde, "*I do not think one man wise enough to govern us all.*" Nay, the splendour of royal robes, the pomp of state attendants, or the glitter of a diadem, never once so fascinated my understanding or beguiled my heart, as that I did not realize the solemn and eternal truth delivered by the illustrious Milton, "*The trappings of a monarchy will set up a commonwealth.*" You may tell Judge Sewall that I am not yet "hanged," and whether he or I shall first "dangle on a gibbet" is a matter altogether problematical. But whether he or I most deserve it I am willing to submit to a jury of freeholders in his own vicinity; and if he will move for sentence upon this verdict, I will agree not to move in arrest of judgement. . . . Do not think I forget my little ones, because I do not speak of them.

January 17th Quincy¹ mentions making one at a dinner party given in honor of Dr. Franklin's seventieth birthday. The 18th, he was at St. James' for the Queen's drawing-room. He writes: "The dresses were splendid. The Queen appeared amiable and is very affable. The young Prince of Wales resembles his mother in countenance and air very much.¹ The *Bishop* of Osnabrugh [Prince Frederick, put in possession at his birth,² 1763] is a very handsome *boy*. The little princes are comely enough."

¹ *Memoirs*, 264. Quincy.

² *Memoirs*, I, 254. Walpole, ed. Barker.

CHAPTER IV

BOTH SIDES PREPARE FOR WAR

RETURNING to New England we find the accounts of warlike preparation were correct. Andrews, writing October 1st, says: "The Country towns, in general, have chose their own officers, and muster for exercise once a week at least — when the parson as well as the Squire stands in the Ranks with a firelock. — In particular at Marblehead, they turn out three or four times a week, when Col. Lee as well as the Clergymen there are not ashamed to appear in the ranks, to be taught the manual exercise, in particular." He next ¹ gives a good anecdote of Yankee marksmanship. It seems it was a custom for the Regulars to fire at a target fixed in the stream at the bottom of the Common. "A countryman," he relates, "stood by a few days ago, and laugh'd very heartily at a whole regiment's firing, and not one being able to hit it. The officer observ'd him, and ask'd why he laugh'd? Perhaps you'll be affronted if I tell you, reply'd the countryman. No, he would not, he said. *Why then*, says he, I laugh to see how awkward they fire. *Why*, I'll be bound I'll hit it ten times running. Ah! will you, reply'd the officer; come try. Soldiers, go and bring five of the best guns, and load 'em for this honest man. Why, you need not bring so many: let me have any one that comes to hand, reply'd the other, but I chuse to load *myself*. He accordingly loaded, and ask'd the officer where he should fire? He reply'd, to the right, when he pull'd tricker, and drove the ball as near the right as possible. The officer was amaz'd — and said he could not do it again, as that was only by

¹ *Letters*, October 1.

chance. He loaded again, Where shall I fire? *To the left* — when he perform'd as well as before. Come! once more, says the officer. — He prepar'd the third time. — Where shall I fire *naow*? *In the Centre*. He took aim, and the ball went as exact in the middle as possible. The officers as well as soldiers *star'd*, and tho't the Devil was in the man. Why, says the countryman, I'll tell you *naow*. I have got a *boy* at home that will toss up an apple and shoot out all the seeds as its coming down."

This same first of October, a sergeant and eight men of the Royal Welsh Fusileers were to be tried for attempting to desert, having been betrayed by two of their mates. A mutiny was threatened by the growing discontent. It was understood¹ on the 3d that the General had promised the soldiers that they should be comfortably housed within three days. How the barracks could be ready by then Andrews marvelled, since no workman would engage at any price, two and even three dollars a day proving no temptation. That afternoon the Ancient and Honorable Artillery paraded on Copp's Hill, and was the innocent cause of much alarm. Andrews notes: "Their fifes and drums, when near the hill, alarm'd the *Lively*, which lays near the ferry; and when they got upon the hill, in sight of the Ship the Boatswain's whistle call'd all hands upon deck, the marines with their firelocks were fix'd upon the quarter, the ports open'd with a spring upon their cables, the round tops man'd, and a boat man'd and sent out upon each side to reconnoitre. Such was the terror they were in from the appearance of about fifty *pompions* in arms." We find elsewhere² that a small cask, said to contain Bohea, was brought to Salem on the fourth, by Benjamin Jackman's cart; a negro, belonging to or employed by Mrs. Sheaffe of Boston, having told the driver that Mrs. Sheaffe would take it kind of him to carry it, and it was small and light. Learning what

¹ *Letters of John Andrews.*

² "Col. Leslie's Retreat," 132, 134. Charles M. Endicott. *Essex Institute Proceedings*, I, 89-135. Salem, 1856.

had taken place, upon its arrival Col. Mason immediately took the cask into his keeping and after it had spent the night in his wife's chamber closet, turned it over to the schoolboys, who burnt it with great glee. October 5th,¹ a spirited remonstrance from the forty-five towns of Worcester county was presented to the Governor by a deputation of twelve. It was said seven regiments of a thousand men each were drilling in local companies, twice weekly, in that county, and that the men had taken on the name of Minute-men, from being prepared to answer an alarm call at a minute's notice.

Committees were continually waiting on the Governor, on one errand or another, at this time, until he is represented as saying he "could do very well with the Boston selectmen, but the d—d county committees plagued his soul out, as they were obstinant and hard to be satisfied."¹ About four thousand gathered this same October 5th, at Plymouth, and compelled "all the addressors and protestors there to make a publick recantation." Lists¹ of these Tories were on sale and bought up eagerly by the country folk. This was the day set for the meeting of the Assembly and afterward countermanded by Gage. Ninety members came together notwithstanding, and waited three days. After which, hearing nothing from the Governor, they formed themselves into a Provincial Congress with John Hancock as President, and Benjamin Lincoln of Hingham, Secretary,² and adjourned to Concord, the 11th, when 260 members answered to the roll.

October 7th, the straitness of accommodations for the troops was such, the 64th Regiment was consigned, with the expected reënforcements, to block-houses at the Castle.¹ Two stores were let for barracks on the dock by Ben. Davis and George Spooner, and the surrounding tradesmen made ready to move to a quieter neighborhood. The 8th, Andrews sets in his diary: "We were this morning *bless'd* with the

¹ *Letters of John Andrews*, October 5, 10, 7.

² *Our Country*, II, 745. Lossing.

agreeable sight of about twenty soldiers, with their tools, ready to go to work upon the store opposite the front of our house, so that we are likely to have a *fine* time of it, all winter." While the redcoats were stationed at the Castle an eleven-year-old lad, named John Robinson, was sent from Dorchester by his father to serve them with milk. When he grew up and became deacon of the First Parish church in Brookline, he used to recall the impression made by the well-built men of the 64th; every man at least six feet tall, in their red coats, white small clothes, and boots blackened to perfection. One day as he lingered about the fort listening to the bands and half longing to "go for a fifer," he saw an old woman who was known to water her milk dickering with an officer. Suddenly a pet monkey snatched away her wallet and flung it into the sea, when she cried penitently, "Oh righteous monkey; come by water, go by water!"¹ October 10th, a number of fat cattle were gratefully received from the people of Lebanon,² Connecticut. On the afternoon of the 14th another victory was scored by the patriots from the rather pliant Gage. Says Andrews:³ "A Committee from the provincial Congress waited upon the Governor with an address of remonstrance. He treated them very politely, but would not allow it to be read to him. He told them he would consider whether he could admit of an address from a provincial congress. Col. Lee, of Marblehead, their Chairman, told him, that admit or not admit, times were such now, that something *must* be done, and that it was *highly* necessary that they should be heard and regarded. Upon which his Excellency told him he would take it as a favor if he would leave it for his perusal, and he would endeavor to give them all the satisfaction in his power, consistent with his duty to His Majesty." This Saturday was further the scene of a dispute at the Neck

¹ Paper presented in competition for the "Murray Kay Prize," 1895. Linda Coolidge. Brookline High School.

² Diary. Thomas Newell.

³ Letters.

between the town and regimental authorities, and again the Governor yielded. The practice of desertion had gone such lengths it had been decided to set pickets across the Neck and check the habit. Intent on accomplishing their purpose, the picket line was carried regardlessly across a dyke raised to prevent the brickyards there from being overflowed. Consequently, when the soldiers began to ply their picks, the selectmen were notified in all haste. Samuel Austin at once saw the commanding officer and forbade him to proceed at his peril. After sharp disputing, Andrews says:¹ "Austin step'd into the breach and declar'd he would lose his life before another spade should be stuck in the ground, and that unless the officer would promise upon his honor that he would desist, whiles he, Austin, waited upon the General, he would bring the country upon them immediately. The officer complied, and he accordingly waited upon the Governor, who directly order'd the principal engineer to take horse and immediately order the breach to be fill'd up again and put in the same condition as before."

Saturday morning, October 15th, while the Continental Congress considered the question of universal non-importation, the *Peggy Stewart*,² owned by Anthony [or Peter] Stewart, arrived at Annapolis, Maryland, from London, bringing seventeen packages of tea in her cargo. When it became known that the tea was imported by the consignees and that the duty had been paid by Mr. Stewart, a meeting was called³ for Wednesday, to consider the desirability of burning the tea and the ship as well. Charles Carroll of Carrolton thereupon advised Stewart to burn the vessel, himself, which he did, grounding the *Peggy* on Windmill Point for the purpose, applause greeting his return. No more tea was forced on the Colonies, this last effort, to use

¹ *Letters*, October 15.

² *Our Country*, II, 743-4. Lossing.

³ See "The Maryland Tea Party," John Ellery Tuttle, *New England Magazine*, March, 1903, for the part played by Dr. Charles Alexander Warfield, leader of the patriots.

Andrews' words, causing an "*indignant smile at the feeble efforts of tyranny.*"¹ October 16th, Mrs. John Adams² writes to her husband thus bravely:

You cannot be, I know, nor do I wish to see you, an inactive spectator; but, if the sword be drawn, I bid adieu to all domestic felicity, and look forward to that country, where there are neither wars nor rumors of war, in a firm belief, that, through the mercy of its King, we shall both rejoice there together. . . . If we expect to inherit the blessings of our fathers, we should return a little more to their primitive simplicity of manners. . . . As for me, I will seek wool and flax, and work willingly with my hands; and indeed there is occasion for all our industry and economy. . . . The people in the country begin to be very anxious for the Congress to rise; they have no idea of the weighty business you have to transact, and their blood boils with indignation at the hostile preparations they are constant witnesses of. Mr. Quincy's so secret departure is matter of various speculation; some say he is deputed by the Congress, others, that he is gone to Holland, and the Tories say he is gone to be hanged.

On the 17th of October the Provincial Congress adjourned to Cambridge.³

The same day Andrews notes: "The return of one Mr Dyer, who was kidnapp'd, put in irons, and sent home in the ship that carried Admiral Montague, causes much speculation here." His story, as given by Parsons Stiles⁴ of Newport, runs as follows: "Oct. 10th, A ship, Captain Rogers, arrived here from London to day, in her came Samuel Dyer of Boston a Sailor — whose story is this — that on 10th July last he was seized by a party of Soldiers in Boston & carried into the Camp & kept under Guard a day or

¹ *Letters*, November 1.

² *Letters*.

³ *John Hancock His Book*, 187. Brown.

⁴ *Diary*, I, 462-3.

two & then carried on board Adm. Montague's Ship bound for London & put in Irons to be carried home for a Traitor. He was supposed to be concerned in destroying the Tea or could accuse the principals." Andrews¹ refers to his affidavit taken before the Lord Mayor and forwarded by Sheriff Lee to Mr. Hancock "wherein he declares that Colonel Maddison of the King's Own Regiment, promised him rewards and endeavor'd to entice him to say that Colonel Hancock, &c &ca., were the instigators of, and immediately concern'd in, the destruction of the *Tea*, . . . he having said that he knew all about and who were concern'd in [the affair] — being an artfull fellow and one who pretends to know every thing — in consequence of which, he was seized by two soldiers in a remote, retir'd part of the town, and convey'd to the camp, where he was kept shackled till the ship sail'd. It was known to many, though it never came to my knowledge, that a man was carried home for enticing the Soldiers to desert, which was the reason they *then* gave for his being taken up. . . . As he was a sea-faring man, his wife nor family did not know of his being gone in that manner, but, by his absence, suppos'd he was gone a voyage that he had been engag'd for." To continue from Stiles: "The Admiral sailed & in a short passage of only 3 Weeks arrived at Portsmouth. During the Passage he often threatened Dyer & endeavored to make him confess guilty and offer'd him Rewards at Times to accuse Mr Hancock and other eminent Patriots, otherwise he should be hanged for a Rebel. Dyer said he knew nothing of the matter — neither would he be intimidated by the Admiral as he knew he should not try him. At sea they took off his Irons but put them on again as they drew near Land — they were 70 lb. weight. Arriving at Portsmouth he was sent speedily under a strong Guard to London, & carried before Lord North & examined, who said he was a Rebel & should be hanged — also before the Earl of Dartmouth who said he should be dismissed. Accordingly he was sent back to Portsmouth immediately

¹ *Letters*, October 17.

& there he was discharged, . . . the ship being paid off and laid up. Upon this Dyer went [seventy miles] to London [with but six coppers about him¹] & told his Story & made Affidavit of it before the Lord Mayor — and found friends, as Sheriffs Lee and Sayer; Dr Lee wrote Letters by him to Mr Hancock and Mr Adams &c Boston, inclosing a Copy of the Affidavitt, adding that they had entered the name of the Captain that seized him into the Crown office & in Case proper Evidence could be procured of his Seizure in Boston in the rapacious manner &c Money enough should be furnished & Friends to pursue a prosecution of the villains. — It seems that it is intended to make the affair only pressing on board the Man o' war as a hand &c. And Dyer says they tried to persuade him to sign as a hand but he did not. If it should appear to be a real Seizure of an American & carrying him home in Irons for a Trial, it will rouse the Continent — if he was in fact carried to London in Irons and examined by any of the Ministry as he says, then it is of the most alarming Nature. Dr [Thomas] Young, one of the Committee at Bo. being here, ventured to open Adams' Letter and copied the Affidavitt and sent it to Mr Adams at the Congress, Philad." Andrews² says further, respecting this matter: "Am told that Col. Hancock and Col. Maddison have had an interview . . . and . . . the latter has fully satisfied the former that what the fellow has alleged is *absolutely* false; though that he was carried home, and in the manner here related, is beyond dispute." Ex-Gov. Hutchinson makes reference to him³ as follows: "Samuel Dyer sent home prisoner . . . by Gen. Gage for enticing soldiers to desert &c. Dyer asserted Adams, Molineux, Young, and Judge Wear of New Hampshire had practised treason. Under oath he refered to H—k and Mr Wear but so as not to lay them open to arrest."

October 11th, "This day,"⁴ says Stiles, "Dyer was examined by the Committee of Correspondence of Newport

¹ *Essex Gazette*, October 18–25, 1774. ³ *Diary*, I, 205, 207. Hutchinson.

² *Letters*, October 17.

⁴ *Diary*, I, 463.

& 10 or 12 Doll. were given him to bear his Expences — & this Aft. he sat out for Boston, but first directly to the Provincial Congress at Concord, to communicate the Thing to Them, take Evidences & return to London, where he intends to eat his Christmas Dinner. About the time he was taken there was an account in the Boston ¹ prints of a Man of his Name missing & supposed to have been drowned. Also about the same time an Officer of the Troops came from Boston to Newport for New York, while here he seemingly accidentally mixt in with some of the Mechanics and robust Tradesmen warm for Liberty, and said in their Hearing that one of the Rebels was lately taken at Boston and sent home in Irons — but they did not believe him, though now they recollect and well remember it. These circumstances confirm Dyers Account.” To return to Andrews,² Tuesday, October 18th, toward noon Dyer came upon Colonel Cleveland of the train and Captain Montresor, Engineer, on Main Street just above the Liberty Tree. Making up to Colonel Cleveland, Dyer demanded: ‘Are you Colonel Maddison?’ and mistaking his ‘no,’ straightway presented one pistol at Colonel Cleveland’s head and the other at Captain Montresor’s. “It very luckily happen’d that the former flash’d in the pan, and the other only snap’d, Disappointed at his ill success, or rather diabolical scheme, he seiz’d and drew the former’s cutlass out of its sheath, and made a stroke at his head. The Colonel elevated his arm. and fortunately receiv’d the blow upon one of the buttons on the sleeve of his coat, which diverted the edge in such a manner, as that the blade glanced down by the side of his head and gave him *only* a small wound in the neck, and splitt the *favorable* button in two. Captain Montresor ran behind a cart to escape his fury, upon which he flung the pistols at him and run off flourishing the Colonel’s cutlass, and proceeded directly to Cambridge and went into the room where the *provincial Congress* were sitting, and told them he had

¹ *The Boston Gazette* of July 10, 1774, is missing at Mass. His. Soc. Rooms.

² *Letters.*

got one of the swords that Lord North had sent over to kill 'em with. When they came to know what he had been doing, they immediately sent for an officer and committed him." Near a week later the *Gazette* speaks of Dyer as lying in Boston gaol apparently disordered in his senses.

The names¹ of the members of the committee entrusted with the distribution of the various donations may be of interest. These were: Saml. Adams, John Rowe, Thomas Boylston, Wm. Phillips, Dr. Joseph Warren, John Adams, Josiah Quincy, Thomas Cushing, Henderson Inches, Wm. Molineaux, Nathl. Appleton, Capt. Fortesque Vernon, Capt. Edward Proctor, John White, Gibbins Sharpe, Capt. Wm. Mackay, Thomas Greenough, Capt. Saml. Partridge, Benj. Austin, Jona. Mason, John Brown, James Richardson, Thomas Crafts, Jr., Henry Hill, Joshua Henshaw, Jr., and David Jeffries. They sat² every day but Sunday, reserving one-seventh of all the receipts for Charlestown. The cash contributions were used in providing employment for those out of work; brickyards, as we have seen, were laid out on the Neck, and in addition, blacksmith shops and shipyards were reopened, and the paving of sundry streets was put in hand. On the 18th,³ a vessel brought to Salem 1,200 bushels of rye and 50 barrels of rye flour, donated by Monmouth county, New Jersey. The 19th, 900 bushels of grain arrived at Salem, donated by Hartford. Such gifts were much appreciated in the growing distress. Andrews⁴ mentions that his winter's stock of wood cost him nearly twenty dollars more than it should. Not quite £2000 represented the total value of donations received up to this time. Much to the givers; but even so, with a tedious winter ahead and so much enforced idleness, the prospects were not heartening. It was annoying to Andrews⁴ on the 21st to have carpenters at length arrive from New York

¹ *Boston Town Records*, 1770-7, 184, 188.

² *Siege of Boston*, 37-8. Frothingham.

³ *Diary*. Thomas Newell.

⁴ *Letters*, October 20, 21.

and Portsmouth prepared to work for the army. If *any* Americans were employed he felt those of Boston should have had the chance. Throughout the autumn the Boston committee had dissuaded the contractors from selling straw, timber, boards—in short, anything save food—to the military. If supplies were bought, care was taken that the straw should be burnt before it reached the barracks, vessels with bricks for the troops were apt to sink in the water-ways, and carts loaded with wood were repeatedly overturned in a bad bit of road.¹ The tone of Worcester county was especially high in these days, and messages of encouragement were despatched assuring Boston that she might count on their help, since the up-country towns were determined on seeing the fight through if they stood alone.¹

There were continual bickerings on one side or the other. We hear of some Roxbury² people burning several loads of straw on the way into town; and again that Mr. Phillips² of Andover had twelve firelocks, valued at £50, seized the afternoon of October 29th by a boat from the *Lively*. He waited on Captain Bishop, who promised to give them up without more ado. This may have been done with the better grace since the seizure of a mud-scow “*for daring² to convey a few effects over to an Island, within the limits of the harbour*” had been taken into court a few days before. Andrews² tells us: “The Admiral, conscious of his having done wrong, and apprehensive that judgement would be gave against him, made interest to have the court adjourn’d without any reasonable plea — but at the same time told the injur’d owner he might, if he would, take the scow &c &ca. again. They likewise let a boatload of wood come up from Hingham, and told the skipper he might have brought it up ever since the harbour had been shut, if he had not been a fool — as d—d a lye as ever was told — when they’ve all along prevented even the produce of the islands within the harbour being brought up to town, such as potatoes &c.”

¹ *American Revolution*, 133. Sears.

² *Letters*, September 29, 30, October 20. Andrews.

October 22d, Andrews records the death of Wm. Molineaux by apoplexy, "that *zealous* advocate for American liberties." "If he was too rash, and drove matters to an imprudent pitch, it was owing to his natural temper; as when he was in business, he pursued it with the same *impetuous* zeal." He was in his fifty-eighth year. Newell¹ attributes his attack to his "watchfulness, labors, and distresses" in behalf of the general welfare; and says his last words were: "Oh, save my country, Heaven!" This day Newell¹ tells us there came from Scituate, Rhode Island, a drove of sheep. The following Thanksgiving Proclamation also belongs to this date:

MASSACHUSETTS BAY²— *A proclamation for public-Thanksgiving*: From a consideration of the continuance of the gospel among us, and the smiles of Divine Providence upon us, with regard to the season of the year and the general health which has been enjoyed, and in particular from consideration of the union which so remarkably prevails, not only in this province, but throughout the continent, at this alarming crisis, it is resolved as the sense of this congress, that it is highly proper that a day of public Thanksgiving should be observed etc. . . .

That God may be pleased to continue to us the blessings we enjoy, and remove the tokens of his displeasure by causing harmony and union to be restored between Great Britain and these colonies, that we may rejoice in the smiles of our sovereign; and in possession of those privileges which have been transmitted to us, and have the hopeful prospect that they shall be handed down entire to posterity under the Protestant succession of the illustrious house of Hanover.

Done at Council Chamber in Cambridge, this twenty-second day of October, One thousand and seventy four.

JOHN HANCOCK,

President.

¹ *Diary*, October 22. Thomas Newell.

² *John Hancock His Book*, 261-2. Brown.

October 23d,¹ four transports arrived from New York bringing a large quantity of ordnance and stores for Castle William, the 47th Regiment, three companies of the 18th, or Royal Irish, and one company of the Royal Artillery. October 24th, Andrews² says: "On Saturday evening a man was badly wounded by one of the guard at Charlestown ferry house. Complaint was made to the General, who immediately order'd the Guard to be reliev'd and taken into custody, and assur'd the friends of the sufferer that they should have satisfaction, by a fair tryal, this day."

"Six Tories," writes Parson Stiles,³ on the day this took place, "attacked Dr Nathl. Freeman of Sandwich & threatened his Life lately, but was rescued. And immediately there assembled a great Body of People at Sandwich & convented the said six Tories before them — fined them £102 L.M. Damages & caused it with Costs about £20 more to be paid — the £102 to Dr Freeman for the Abuse received."

This same 24th of October a committee was appointed by the Provincial Congress "to consider the proper time for laying in warlike stores; and on the same day reported that the proper time was now."⁴

On the 25th, Andrews,² with some satisfaction, enters the arrival of a vessel from Bristol, England, with news that subscriptions were being collected in London and Bristol for the sufferers by the Port Bill; and one London Alderman alone had paid in no less a sum than £500. This news was most heartening, as something like one-third of Boston by this time was on the eve of removal, the outlook was so dark. The *Essex Gazette* of this date prints a Liberty Song, of which these verses are a specimen:

¹ *Diary*. Thomas Newell.

² *Letters*.

³ *Diary*, I, 465-6. Stiles.

⁴ *American Revolution*, I, 292. Trevelyan.

Ye sons of freedom, smile!
 America unites;
 And friends in Britain's isle
 Will vindicate our rights;
 In spite of Ga-s hostile train,
 We will our liberties maintain.

Boston, be not dismayed,
 Though tyrants now oppress;
 Though fleets and troops invade,
 You soon will have redress:
 The resolutions of the brave
 Will injured Massachusetts save.

The delegates have met;
 For wisdom all renowned;
 Freedom we may expect
 From politics profound.
 Illustrious Congress, may each name
 Be crownèd with immortal fame!

Though troops upon our ground
 Have strong entrenchments made,
 Though ships the town surround,
 With all their guns displayed,
 'Twill not the free-born spirit tame,
 Or force us to renounce our claim.

Our Charter-Rights we claim,
 Granted in ancient times,
 Since our Forefathers came
 First to these western climes:
 Nor will their sons degenerate,
 They freedom love — oppression hate.

If Ga-e should strike the blow,
 We must for Freedom fight,
 Undaunted courage show,
 While we defend our right:
 In spite of the oppressive band
 Maintain the freedom of the land.

The apology that follows explains itself and may have appeared in the same paper:¹ “Whereas I, the Subscriber,

¹ *The Olden Time Series. Quaint and Curious Advertisements*, 50. Henry M. Brooks. Boston, 1886: Ticknor and Company.

signed an Address to the late Governor Hutchinson, — *I wish the Devil had had said Address before I had seen it.*

Marblehead, October 24, 1774,

J. Fowle.”

James Lovell, son of the Master of the Latin School, wrote at this time to Josiah Quincy: ¹

I told you at parting that if I was deceived in my countrymen, and found they turned out poltroons, I would not inform you of it, though such was your request. Let not that speech detract from my credit, when I tell you they rise every day in character. It is become a downright task for the warmest patriots of our town and county to confine the spirit of the other counties to an attention to the causes, rather than to the executors of our wrongs. I am really pained at finding that the wickedness of ministerial conduct has brought the Province so generally to make the idea of an engagement between fellow-subjects so familiar to their minds. How would such a thought have shocked us all a few years ago! But the insolent appearance of the works on the Neck has roused the inclinations of the vigorous country youth to play over again the Niagara game of filling trenches with round bundles of hay, under which they advanced securely. The folly and weakness of the works may easily be proved to be fully equal to the insolence.

Our besiegers, sensible how much nature is against them, talk of employing constantly great numbers of their soldiery to break the ice of the two bays, little knowing, however, what mighty reparation will be made in only one of our freezing nights; and little considering also the non-importance of its being broken in the bays, which are a dead *flat* upon every ebb. I wish again and again that the temptations to chastise the insult were not so glaring; as the Provincial Congress, with all their efforts to confine the inland spirits solely to the defensive, will surely fail upon notice of ministerial determination to continue

¹ *Memoirs*, 163-4.

hostile. . . . Our friend Molineux, overplied in the good cause, was last evening laid to rest, where the incomparable Mayhew, and the brother patriots, Dana and Thatcher, await the morning of a glorious resurrection! And where you and I had nearly gone to rest before him.

The same date, Joseph Reed wrote to Quincy¹ from Philadelphia, remarking: “. . . Should this bloodless war fail of its effect, an infinite majority of all the colonies will make the last appeal, before they resign their liberties into the hands of any ministerial tyrant. . . .” In a postscript he adds, “I only put the initials of my name, as I believe you remember the handwriting: if not, you will recollect to whom you wrote in this place, just before you embarked.” This was to guard against what he elsewhere¹ calls “the villainous tricks of the [English] post office.” October 26th Andrews² writes, “We have had so remarkable a fine season that many bushes that had lost their leaves, are rebudded again — and in some Gardens in town they have trees that are in blossom; this, and several preceding days, have been as warm as in June.”

In the meantime the Provincial Congress was actively organizing. A Committee of Supplies³ had been chosen and an appropriation, gradually increased from £750 to £16,000, placed at its disposal.⁴ The gentlemen on this committee were David Cheever, Moses Gill, Jeremiah Lee, Benj. Lincoln, Benj. Hall; Elbridge Gerry being subsequently added to their number. After providing that the current town taxes should be diverted from the Crown official, Harrison Gray, and paid in to Henry Gardner, a Receiver-General of their own appointing, the members proceeded, October 27th, to choose a Committee of Safety, and adjourned to November 23d. The members³ of this second committee were John Hancock, Dr. Joseph Warren, Dr.

¹ *Memoirs Josiah Quincy, Jr.*, 167, 174.

² *Letters*.

³ *Hist. of Concord*, 94. Shattuck.

⁴ *American Revolution*, 137. Sears.

Benj. Church of Boston; Richard Devens of Charlestown; Benj. White of Brookline; Joseph Palmer of Braintree; ——— Norton of Quincy, who declined; Abraham Watson of Cambridge; Azor Orne of Marblehead. To these were subsequently added John Pigeon of Newton; Wm. Heath of Roxbury; and Jabez Fisher of Wrentham. About the time that Congress broke up, Lord Percy¹ wrote from the "Camp at Boston":

How shall I thank my good Dr. Percy for the Letters He has been so kind as to write to me, or what return can I make Him for the Entertainment they have given me? As I find it is impossible, I'll give it up handsomely at once, & think [no] more of it.

Our affairs here are in the most Critical Situation imaginable; Nothing less than the total loss or Conquest of the Colonies must be the End of it. Either indeed is disagreeable, but one or the other is now absolutely necessary.

We have got together a clever little Army here 8 Regts. of Infantry besides two which are daily expected, together with a pretty small train of Artillery. However many more will be wanted next Spring. You may judge a little of the Temper of the People by an Address which I have enclosed to my mother. Our Weather here is charming; It was so warm yesterday and is again so warm to-day that I am obliged to sit with all my Windows open. Nay even this morning when I went to visit the Out-Posts at daybreak it was quite mild & pleasant. But we must soon expect to change this Weather for Frost & Snow; for I am told the transition from Summer to Winter is very sudden in this Climate.

Do let me know in your next, how my Brother does, & what he is about. I have not received one Letter from Him for upward of a twelvemonth, though I have frequently wrote to Him.

¹ October 27. *Boston Public Library Bulletin*, January, 1892.

Adieu, my Dear Doctor, make my Comp^{ts}. agreeable to your Family and believe me to be

Your sincere Friend,
Percy.

To
The Rev^d. Dr. Percy.

October 29th, Newell reports,¹ several transports arrived with troops on board from Quebec; the 10th and 52d Regiments. Andrews'² comment is: "I find ev'ry thing tends to promote our having a *blessed* winter of it, that is, *blessed* with having twelve regiments, of *Devils* I was going to say, among's — *blessed* with having them dispos'd in almost every house in town — *blessed* with having their enrag'd tempers to deal with, caus'd by the *ill-judg'd* policy of few among us." Under same date he says: "Our provincial congress have adjourn'd themselves for three weeks. Had much rather they were dissolved — as they are principally compos'd of spirited, obstinate countrymen, who have *very* little patience to boast of. Am therefore much afraid they will adopt measures that may impede the adjustment of our differences — as the more prudent among 'em bear but a small proportion." Already on the 19th, Andrews had expressed a hope that the resolves of the Continental Congress brought back by Revere might temper the Massachusetts councils.

Like the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, the Provincial Congress kept all their debates and transactions private. Andrews² continues: "It has been given out by some of the members, that they have prepar'd a pill for the Governor. I hope not, from my soul, as there is no man existing could behave better than he has done, considering the difficult part he has to act. As to removing the cannon from the Neck, no reasonable man can blame him for it, when they consider how many hostile threats he has had. For should he comply, and by that means be surpriz'd and

¹ *Diary*.

² *Letters*, October 29.

worsted, he must inevitably lose his head. Not that I am in the least apprehensive that he would be attack'd — but then it's his duty to guard against *even* a bare possibility." On Saturday evening, the 29th, three or four drunken officers of the 28th Regiment made a disturbance ¹ at New Boston, cutting and beating passers-by. Finally they felled one Thomas Moore, who ran into Ned Carnes' house and they after him. Reaching his own house in Battle Street by way of the fences, he picked up a club and returned with two helpers. In front of Chardon's house they set on the officers, telling them it was their turn now, and took in spoil three swords and a hat. Andrews ¹ afterward understood the General was determined to send home two or three of the officers, who were the principals in this affray.

On the 31st of October, Captain Evelyn ² of the 4th, King's Own, already mentioned, wrote to his cousin the Hon. Mrs. Levenson Gower of South Street, Grosvenor Square, a daughter of the late Admiral Boscawen, whose brother, a seventeen-year-old ensign, was in his charge, as follows: . . .

October 31, 1774.

I have taken a house for George and myself, and we hope to pass the winter comfortably. . . . As we have reason to believe that more troops and men of war will be sent out in the Spring, there are a few things which George would be very glad to receive by them; such as a few pairs of ribbed thread and silk stockings, a hat or two, and a couple of silver table spoons, but nothing would be more acceptable than a cask of porter, as our only liquor, for the table here is a stuff they call spruce beer. . . . There is not a man from sixteen to sixty, nay, to one hundred years old, who is not armed and obliged to attend at stated times to drill. . . .

November 1st, there had been hopes an agreement could be made between the Governor and a committee of the town which would check the perpetual street squabbles.

¹ *Letters*, October 30, November 4.

² *Letters*. Ed. Scull.

Andrews¹ thought it "a degree of condesention we could not have expected from the Governor" to hold a conference; but the town concluded it was "derogatory to their honor to treat with the Governor in his military capacity," and the matter fell through. The 3d it was voted² to increase the watch to twelve in each watch-house. It was also "seriously recommended" that masters of families should "restrain their Children & Servants from going abroad after nine in the Evening," unless for necessity. The day³ before a number of pounds of Bohea and green tea were burnt in Charlestown and the day after¹ a hogshead and barrel of tea suffered a like fate. This last belonged to a Scotsman, Graham, who lived on the Neck, and had in part been made over into small packets for ease in retailing.

Sunday, the 6th, "This day sail'd for London," continues Andrews,¹ "his Majesty's Schooner St. Lawrence, in which went passenger that *stanch friend to Government*, (as the Tories call themselves), Ingersol, of Great Barrington. She was to have sail'd a week ago, but waited till now, to carry the resolves of the Congress."

The evening of November 9th, the Massachusetts delegates reached Boston from Philadelphia. When it became known that Congress had recommended goods should not be sold at a higher rate because of the non-importation agreement, Andrews felt the decision bore peculiarly hard on Boston dealers, as the cartage from Salem added so much to the cost of living. A little schedule follows:¹

"Butter per lb. 11*d.* to 15*d.*, Eggs per dozen 1*s.*, Cyder 14*s.*, Brown sugar 53*s.*, 4*d.*, to 60*s.*, Turkeys per lb. 6*d.*, Fowls per pair 2*s.* to 3*s.*, Beef 5*d.*, Loaf sugar 13*d.*, all in consequence of our new-comers, whose servants go into the market and give any price they are ask'd." November 10th,¹ he makes the following quaint little allusion to his wife, of whom he was uncommonly proud: "Ruthy has been com-

¹ *Letters*, October 31, November 1, 5, 6, 9.

² *Boston Town Records*, 1770-77, 195.

³ *Diary*, November 2. Thomas Newell.

plimented with a couple Cards to attend a Concert for the season (by an Officer's wife who improves the front part of the house which old Dana formerly liv'd in — in gratitude for many favors they've received of us in the lending and giving way for four months past) which she politely declin'd accepting. She's the prettiest woman among 'em all — but no soisability as yet with her."

This day General Gage issued a proclamation, declaring the proceedings of the Provincial Congress treasonable, and forbidding compliance with its provisions. So far from being taken seriously, this exercise of authority was greeted with a round of skits, one of them beginning: ¹

Tom G—e's Proclamation,
Or blustering Denunciation
(Replete with Defamation),
Threatening Devastation
And Speedy Jugulation
Of the New England Nation,
Who shall his pious ways shun.

and ending,

Thus graciously the war I wage
As witnesseth my hand —

Tom Gage.

By command of Mother Cary,
Thomas Flucker, Secretary.

November 12th, Andrews writes, "Both Hancock's and Long Wharfs are lin'd with Transports, which have on board the 47th, 52nd, 18th, 16th and 10th Regiments— which are oblig'd to remain on these, as they've not as yet got barracks provided for 'em." All day Sunday, the 13th, labor went forward hastening their completion, since the exposure was causing the women and children belonging to the soldiers "to die ² off very fast." November 14th, the Governor checked a movement to promote plays ² for the winter, saying many of the officers could not afford the expense, and that he "had already had *too* many complaints of their not paying their debts."

On Tuesday, the 15th, all was bustle as the troops ²

¹ *Our Country*, II, 721-2. Lossing.

² *Letters of John Andrews*.

left both camps and shipping for the new barracks. Lieutenant John Barker, of the King's Own, exclaims with some sarcasm:¹ "At length is concluded the Glorious Campaign — of Boston Common." He adds: "The four Battalions encamp'd on the Common (and four companies of Artillery) viz. King's Own, 5th, 38th, and 43rd, The Royal W. Fusileers on Fort Hill, the 59th in the advanced Lines [*i.e.* at the Neck, between the present Dedham and Canton Streets] all march'd into Winter Quarters, leaving the tents standing under the care of a small guard, that they might dry before they are pack'd up, as it had been wet weather for two days. The 10th, three companies of the 18th, the 47th, and 52nd Regiments landed from their Transports, and also went into winter Quarters." Lieutenant Barker this day mounted the first Line Guard, with Lieutenant-Colonel Francis Smith, of the 10th, relieving the 59th Regiment, who immediately march'd into quarters. He says of it: "The Place was not fit to receive a Guard, for the guard rooms were not half finished, having neither fireplaces or Stoves fixed; the weather was so bad and the place so dirty that we cou'd not walk about, which made it very disagreeable; but at night we were better as we got a Stove fixed when we were pretty comfortable the rest of the time." Andrews² hoped that now the troops were gone the cows could resume their grazing on the Common. The Barracks were rather a disappointment from the lack of a sufficiency of lumber. Each town had a committee on the alert to see that none was delivered, and more than one contractor who had engaged to deliver a shipload by sea from the eastward found his vessels burnt on his hands. One skipper kept his own counsel and picked up boards at sundry harbors; but at Portsmouth, the secret getting wind, he was

¹ "A British Officer in Boston in 1775." R. H. Dana, Jr., ed. *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1877. And "The British Side, A Forgotten Diary of a Red-Coat Officer," including a Letter from Miss Elizabeth Ellery Dana, dated Cambridge, April 17, 1894, supplying the writer's name. *Boston Evening Transcript*, April 18, 1894.

² *Letters*, November 15, 16.

dragged through all the gutters in town and threatened with drowning if he did not abandon his purpose. Brought to the water's edge, he yielded to their will. For bricks the British had been forced to buy an old house at Point Shirley, and what with pulling down and cleaning, "the bricks stood 'em in at the rate of £2, 2s., 0d. m̄." They had made an offer of four dollars a m̄ for all the bricks that the industrious poor might turn out at the Committee of Ways and Means' yard on the Neck, but owing to the popular prejudice this could not be thought of. Consequently the chimneys were skimped in construction and a dread of fire prevailed. Wednesday, the 16th, the winter¹ allowance of money for lodgings, fuel, and candles was made known by the General. Lieutenant Barker writes: "Query — Why is not the 100 days Batt and Forage Money, which has been long due the Troops, paid them? Because *Tommy* feels no affection for his Army, and is more attach'd to a paltry Oeconomy, both in Publick and Private." About this time Nathl. Appleton wrote to Quincy² that the main guard was stationed at George Erving's warehouse in King Street, adding, "our old Louisburg soldiers laugh at the mud walls on the Neck, comparing them to a beaver dam." A few days later Lovell² wrote in his turn, exclaiming, "How would London, Bristol, or any mercantile city endure the fife and drum of eleven regiments in its streets at several times each day." The 17th, Brookline³ town met and "Voted To see wheither the Town Approve of the Measures that are come into by the Continental Congress and will abide by the same, and it passed in the Affermative Unanimously;

"Voted To see whether the Town will Direct the Constable [Deacon Elhanan Winchester] to pay in the Remainder of the Province Tax which they have in their Hands; as also what they have still to Collect, into ye Hands of

¹ "A British Officer in Boston in 1775." *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1877.

² *Memoirs*, 175, 181. Quincy.

³ *Town Records*.

Henry Gardner, Esq^r., Receiver General, and it past in the Affermative.”

The same day an accommodation between the town and military was effected, restricting the use of side arms ¹ to soldiers while on duty only. Lieutenant Barker, who is nothing if not captious, continues in his diary: ² “Query, Is this not encouraging the Inhabitants in their licentious and riotous disposition? Also orders are issued for the Guards to seize all military Men found engaged in any disturbance, whether Agressors or not; and to secure them, ’till the matter is enquired into. By whom? By Villains that wou’d not censure one of their own Vagrants, even if He attempted the life of a Soldier; whereas if a Soldier errs in the least, who is more ready to accuse than Tommy?” From all this one would infer the Honorable Thomas was not popular. This day ² “all the Tents on the Common struck and deliver’d into the Qr. Mr. Genl.’s store, to preserve for a second (what in reality were not fit for a first) Campaign. How mistaken,” continues the caustic Barker, “is that Oeconomy which, to save a trifle, will hazard the lives of Thousands! All the Hutts in ye rear of the Camp also destroyed to-day.”

On the 18th and 19th, Newell ³ alludes to numerous recent donations: 150 sheep from the town of Smithfield, 57 from Johnstown, and 122 from Scituate in Rhode Island, and 250 from Stonington in Connecticut. From Candy Parish in the Province of New Hampshire, £3 L.M. and 84 sheep; from Concord, on Pennecock River, New Hampshire, 30 bushels of pease; from Rehoboth, £14 money; from Rehoboth and East Greenwich, 112 sheep; from Tiverton, 72 sheep; from Glastonbury, 160 bushels grain; from Southington, 150 bushels; from Wethersfield, 73 bushels; from Middleton, 1,080 bushels; and from Mr. Sam Moody, at Newbury Falls, five guineas. Andrews ¹ at this time

¹ *Letters of John Andrews*, November 17, 19.

² November 15, 17. *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1877.

³ *Diary*.

speaks of General G—'s "conduct [as being] so unexceptionable of late, that the most flaming Sons among us can't but speak well of him — for let the Selectmen or any respectable inhabitant of town wait upon him at any hour, though he may be ever so busy or engag'd in company, he is always ready to attend to them as long as they please, and that with the utmost cheerfulness. But the poor refugee councillors are oblig'd to walk the entry for hours before they can be admitted to audience — that I really believe he despises them from his heart." Sunday, November 20th, Lieutenant Barker,¹ as usual, vents his spleen: "Hard frost continues. A day or two ago the Comr. in Chief applied to the Select Men for the use of Faneuil Hall as a place for the Troops to attend Divine Service. They most *Graciously* refused to comply with his Request, as a grateful return for his singular compliance with all their desires. Was it for this he gave a protection of an Officer's Guard to their Brick-kilns . . . and after affording such Protection asking to become a Purchaser of the Bricks, and receiving for answer 'No, they were to be appropriated to other purposes than accommodating the King's Troops.' Was it because he disarmed the Troops to please them that the Select[men] think it is incumbent on them, to oppose him in everything? But his . . . deserves it. Is it not astonishing that the daily instances of the opposition of the People shou'd tend to make him more earnestly attentive to them."

November 21st, the Admiralty Court's decision was made known respecting the Portsmouth gondola seized the previous September, it being for the plaintiff. "Thus you may see how long we have been gull'd." writes Andrews.² The authorities made about this time a further concession, that wood should be delivered for the use of the townsfolk, as well as army, at the Boston wharves as of old. As circumstances grow easier you are more conscious of the pressure of smaller wants, and now that fuel could be readily

¹ *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1877.

² *Letters*, November 21, 22.

come by again, the women began grumbling at the charge of $\frac{1}{4}$ L.M. a bushel for bad and dirty sand ¹ for their floors, and wondered why it, too, might not be delivered on the wharves. November 21st, we learn from Barker,² Captain Cain of the 43d was appointed town major. In his usual spirit he notes: "The Comr. in Chief issued Orders for the several Regiments to exercise every fine day, and to fire with Ball in all directions, &c., &c. It's obvious to the most inattentive Observer that the American Winters must be *particularly favorable* to Parade Duties. . . . Went this eveng. to the Concert, and heard the most miserable of all female Singers; however, she has the poor consolation to reflect that she was once young and pretty, and a tolerable performer on the Edinburgh Stage 12 or 13 years ago."

The letter that follows is the next in order from Lord Percy:³

Boston, Novr. 25th, 1774.

Dear Dr.,

By some unfortunate Accident, I dont get my Newspapers for above a Month after everybody else, for example my latest Papers are of the 9th Septr. and we have received Papers as late as the 15th of Octr. This I fancy must be owing to their sending them to some Coffee House to proceed by Ships, who never sail for a Month so soon as they say they will. Whereas it will be a much more safe & speedy method to divide them into three or four Parcells, & send them out by the Pacquet which sails from Falmouth. If therefore they are directed to me here & sent the first Wednesday in every Month to the Gen.l Post Office, they will come both quicker & safer. Our Winter is now come on here, but I cannot say as yet I find it colder than in England. We have had little or no Snow, but a great deal of Rain, & violent Gales of Wind. However we luckily got into Winter Quarters about a week ago, before it came on.

¹ *Letters of John Andrews*, November 24.

² *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1877.

³ *Boston Public Library Bulletin*, January, 1892.

Our affairs here still continue in the same Posture; The Provincial Congress I find met again yesterday, & I am informed they mean to proceed to the choice of a new Govr. They have already raised an Army, seized the Publick Money, & have taken on themselves all the Powers of Government. I really begin now to think that it will come to Blows at last; For they are most amazingly encouraged by our having done nothing as yet.

In short they have now got to such lengths that nothing can secure the Colonies to the Mother Country, but the Conquest of them. The People here are the most designing, Artfull Villains in the World. They have not the least Idea of either Religion or Morality. Nor have they the least Scruple of taking the most Solem Oath on any Matter that can assist their Purpose, tho' they know the direct contrary can be clearly & evidently proved in Half an Hour.

Of this We have had several Instances. May I beg you will be so kind as to send me out Here the following Books. The new Edition of Manstein's Memoirs of Russia — History of the War in America by Mante — & Avis d'une Mère à un fils par la Marquise de Lambert. I need not make any excuses to you for giving you this trouble as I know you are always ready to assist your Friends. I still continue to enjoy my health perfectly. The constant exercise which my Duty obliges me to take in visiting all the out-Posts every other morning about day break together with the morning Air, contributes not a little to keep me in Health. I forgot amongst the List of Books to desire you to send me Les Memoires de Monsr. de Feuquieres. You will be so good as to send them off as soon as you get any of them as I mean them chiefly for my Winter's Amusement. Adieu, Dear Dr., Make my Compts. agreeable to all your Family & believe me to be

Your sincere Friend, Percy.

P. S. I have sent you enclosed a Ridicule upon the Genl. Congress.

To The Rev. Dr. Percy.

About this time Thomas Hutchinson, Jr.,¹ wrote to his brother Elisha from Milton, being on the eve of removing to town, — “I live under Liberty Pole, which is erected on the Square by Brown’s Tavern. I skulked to Boston for two or three days while it was erecting.”

On Wednesday, November 23d, the Provincial Congress again assembled at Cambridge, and sat until December 10th, when it finally dissolved.² During³ the previous session it was voted to enroll 12,000 men under the command of Jedidiah Preble, Artemas Ward, and Seth Pomeroy, veterans of the French war. Eventually John Thomas and William Heath were added to the number, as Preble failed to accept the appointment. The delicate office of calling the troops into the field fell to Hancock, as head of the Committee of Safety. With the prospect of war ever growing more and more inevitable, mills were started for the making of gunpowder, and the manufacture of arms and saltpetre was encouraged.⁴ Regular drills were instituted, the men mustering in barns and cowsheds, going through the manual in mittens⁵ for the biting cold, but with hearts all aglow in their cause. The neighboring Provinces of Rhode Island and Connecticut were invited by the Congress to take the same steps. As an instance of the people’s earnestness we have an anecdote told by Colonel David Mason’s⁶ daughter. It appears that late in 1774 or early in 1775 Colonel Derby of Salem sold her father a number of iron cannon, it has been supposed seventeen in all, since an item referring to the painting of seventeen gun-carriages appears in his memorandum book. She writes: “Among other accoutrements wanted were

¹ *Diary*, I, 314. Hutchinson.

² *Hist. of Concord*, 92. Shattuck.

³ *Siege of Boston*, 41-2. Frothingham.

⁴ *Our Country*, II, 745. Lossing.

⁵ *History of Framingham, 1640-1880*, 269. J. H. Temple, 1887. Published by the Town.

⁶ “Col. Leslie’s Retreat.” *Essex Institute Proceedings*, I, 89-135. Charles M. Endicott.

flannel cartridges, which must be sewed very smooth and of course done by females. My father, fearing to let more into the secret than was absolutely necessary, engaged my mother though in very feeble health to cut out 5,000 of these cartridges and set my sisters and myself to make them and we were often locked up in a chamber for fear some of our prying mates or neighbors should find out the nature of our employment; and undoubtedly the first instruments for the defence of our National liberty were made by my sister and myself."

Times had grown steadily darker, and men who could be counted on in an emergency drew together. Revere¹ tells us: "In the fall of 1774, and winter of 1775, I was one of upwards of thirty, chiefly mechanics, who formed themselves into a committee for the purpose of watching the movements of the British soldiers, and gaining every intelligence of the movements of the Tories. We held our meetings at the Green Dragon Tavern. We were so careful that our meetings should be kept secret, that every time we met, every person swore upon the Bible that they would not discover any of our transactions but to Messrs. Hancock, Adams, Doctors Warren, Church, and one or two more." The tavern referred to stood on the northerly corner of Union and Hanover Streets, at the North End, until torn down in 1828. A dragon, set high on a building on the left from Hanover Street, as you go towards the water, marks its site. It has been supposed to have been chosen as a rallying-place, since it was headquarters for a Masonic lodge of which Dr. Joseph Warren was Grand Master.² In spite of all their precautions, rumors of these meetings got abroad. Revere continues: "About November, when things began to look serious, a gentleman who had connections with the Tory party, but was a Whig at heart, acquainted me, that our meetings were discovered, and mentioned the identical words that were spoken among us the night before. We did not then distrust Dr Church, but supposed

¹ *Life of Revere*, I, 180-4. Goss.

² *Landmarks*, 148. Drake.

it must be some one among us. We removed to another place, which we thought was more secure; but here we found that all our transactions were communicated to Governor Gage. (This came to me through the then Secretary Flucker; he told it to the Gentleman mentioned above.) It was then a common opinion, that there was a traitor in the Provincial Congress, and that Gage was possessed of all their secrets. (Church was a member of that Congress for Boston.)”

To return to Andrews’¹ diary, November 25th: “Some few days since they withdrew the Guards from Charlestown ferry, as their frequent desertion from their post has discourag’d the continuance of them. 26th: Since the troops have been in barracks, there has been several children, as well as men, broke out with the small pox among ’em, who are all remov’d to the Pest house at New Boston.” This outbreak¹ was the last straw to the refugee councilors, who being largely from out of town had never had the disease and were now afraid to continue their guard of soldiers in their lodgings because of the exposure. November 28th, a sergeant and drummer from each regiment paraded every street in town and proclaimed, if the towners trusted any soldier for more than a day’s pay, it was “at their own risque.”¹ Owing to the continued desertions, it was ordered, November 29th, “to call the roll every half hour till further orders.”¹ This same Tuesday Barker² writes: “This day heard by a Ship arrived at Salem from England that she sailed two days after the Scarborough, who remained but 36 hours in England after the delivery of the letters she took home from Genl. Gage, when she was again dispatch’d with Answers. She is hourly expected. This day the Army order’d to be Brigaded as follows: Major-General [Sir Frederick] Haldiman [K. B., born in Switzerland, 1718.] Commander in Chief. First Brigade under Ld. Percy, the King’s Own: Royal Welsh Fusileers, and 47th Regiments, Brigade Major, Moncrieffe. Second Brigade,

¹ *Letters*, November 27, 29, 30.

² *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1877.

Brigadier Pigott: The 5th, 38th, and 52d Regts., Brigade Major, Small. Third Brigade, Brig. Jones: The 10th, 43d, 59th, and detached Comps. from the 18th and 65th, two of the latter and three of the former, Brigade Major, Hutchinson."

"Decr. Thursy. 1st.," continues Barker,¹ "John McDonald, Soldier the light Infantry of the King's Own, was found dead this morning; he mounted Guard at the Lines yesterday, and last night about 10 o'clock was seen exceedingly drunk, but not being confined wander'd into the rear of the Works, where he was found early this morning dead. He was some distance below High Water Mark, and the tide had washed over him; but as his forehead was much bruised, it is supposed that a fall among the stones on the Beach had seconded the Yanky rum in his death." December 2d, Andrews² writes, "The General, in order to remove every cause of complaint has this morning set a number of Soldiers to work upon the Common to fill up the cellars and holes that were made by the troops when encamp'd there, as well as to level the banks flung up by them."

Newell³ on the 3d sums up the donations of the past week: From the county of Litchfield, Connecticut, £19 3, 0 and 51 head of cattle; from Colchester, 94 sheep and 5 cattle; from Fairfield, 750 bushels of grain; and from Mr Sylvanus Hare of Petersham, 11 quarters of mutton, 123 lbs. weight. About this time we find Dr. Warren⁴ writing to Josiah Quincy in England: "It is the united voice of America to preserve their freedom, or lose their lives in defence of it. Their resolutions are not the effects of inconsidered rashness, but the sound result of sober inquiry and deliberation. The true spirit of liberty was never so universally diffused through all ranks and orders of people in any country on the face of the earth, as it now is through all America. If the late acts of Parliament are not to be

¹ *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1877.

² *Letters*.

³ *Diary*.

⁴ *Our Country*, II, 752. Lossing.

repealed, the wisest step for both countries is to separate and not to spend their blood and treasure in destroying each other. It is barely possible that Great Britain may depopulate North America; she never can conquer the inhabitants."

Parson Stiles ¹ on the 5th writes: "Mr Murray, one of the new Councillors, told Gov. Gage that he was tired of being shut up in Boston, that his Estate suffered in the Country — & therefore that he must resign. Very well, says the Governor to him, and swore an Oath, you may resign, but I will instantly put you on board a Man o' War and send you home to England. You &c are the Men that have been writing home for this Change of Government — it has been made upon your Representa. & you yourself put into the Council — & now you desert me. Be assured, Sir, you shall go home & answer it to the King." [This is endorsed as "Doubtful though probable."] Recent advices from England reported that when the *Scarborough* arrived, Sunday, the 4th, with news of the Cambridge muster (September 1st) Parliament was dissolved, and Andrews ² voices a fear that the intention was to "patch up a new Parliament as equally subservient to their *cursed* schemes as the old one, & by that means play the *devil* with us in the Spring." The man-o'-war had a double complement of marines aboard, and word was passed that three or four more vessels with marines would follow. December 5th, Andrews makes entry: "Last Fryday the provincial Congress, now sitting, deputed three of their number to wait upon Secretary Flucker and demand a list of the Mandamus Councillors, with an account of those who refus'd taking the oath, as well as those who had resign'd, together with the time of such respective refusals and resignations — who in reply told them that he did not know any *mandamus* Councillors, but he knew a number of gentlemen who were appointed by his majesty as councillors of this province, and therefore declin'd complying with their demand."

¹ *Diary*, I.

² *Letters*, December 3.

Andrews supposed the intention was to thank and censure on their records respectively those who had resigned or continued to refuse. On Monday the *Asia* arrived, reports Barker,¹ "with Major Pitcairne on board and part of a reinforcement of 460 Marines, exclusive of the Complement of the Ship."

A couple of officers' letters will here fill out the British side of the period. The first is from Captain Harris.²

December 5, 1774.

My dear Cousin,

I shall not, my dear Bess, pretend to give you any account of political matters. In my present situation it rather becomes me to execute the orders of my King and Council than to give my opinion of them. With regard to private matters, I may remark that the times don't allow much opportunity for love, or, as usual, you might have expected to have heard of an American charmer. Before last Tuesday no fair one struck my imagination, but on that day I found a coffin for my heart. (Excuse the pun, when told that Coffin is her name.) [A relative of Sir Isaac Coffin.] I cannot tell you more of her than that she has a remarkably soft hand, and red pouting lips. I shall not attempt to lengthen this letter, as I have to write by tomorrow night to my mother and brother, besides making love, and attending a field day, which we have as often as possible, firing ball constantly, so we shall at least be prepared for these wrong headed people; and I have not any doubt but that we shall make them sensible of their errors — peaceably, I hope — for though I must confess I should like to try what stuff I am made of, yet I would rather the trial should be with others than these poor fellows of kindred blood. I had almost forgot to mention another part of my avocations, between this and tomorrow, in eating, drinking, and sleeping. All three, notwithstanding my immensity of love,

¹ *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1877.

² *Life of Gen. Geo. Baron Harris*. Ed. Lushington.

I am as equal to as any beef eater belonging to his Majesty. (N. B. your letter was the saving of two toasts, as it came at breakfast time, not to mention the tea, which was quite cold.) May every happiness attend you.

Ever yours, G. Harris.

By the same post Captain Evelyn¹ makes further suggestions as to his needs: ". . . It would not therefore be amiss," he writes, "if Mr Steer would take the trouble of walking to one Mr Busshers in Bedford Street, Covent Garden (who supplies our regiment with cloth of all sorts), and would order him to pack up scarlet and white, and some blue cloth sufficient for two suits, with serge, &c, the proper quantity of regimental buttons, and two epaulettes, directed for Ensign Boscawen of the King's Own Regiment, to be sent on board the '*Charming Nancy*,' Captain Deverson. Mr Steer might in his return call upon Mr Oliphant, and order a couple of plain hats, with silver buttons and loops for ditto, and might moreover be very useful in providing any other things which you might think acceptable to a poor fellow at a great distance. . . . I find it would have been a lucky circumstance, had I brought out a letter of recommendation to the General, Mrs Gage, Lord Percy, or any of the great folks here. . . . I only mean, that if you should have any correspondence with the great people, and who would not think it a mighty obligation to mention one's name, it is sometimes of use to be made known to them." Lieutenant Barker² enters against "Wedy. 7th, A Field Day on the Common, the 4th, 5th, 23d, 38th, 47th, and 52d Regts. all out, but not at the same time." It is interesting in this connection to find that Miss Dorothy Quincy in her old age used to declare she still remembered³ the sound of Lord Percy's voice giving military orders in front of Hancock's house. Barker next adds that the Provincial Congress had removed from Cambridge to Watertown,

¹ *Letters*. Ed. Scull.

² *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1877.

³ *John Hancock His Book*, 189. Brown.

“being disturbed¹ in their last situation by the saluting of the Men of War.” On the 8th, in a letter,² Andrews mentions a current rumor that the transports, which were rapidly refitting, might be sent to blockade all the Massachusetts ports, or the chief ones of the Continent. The 9th, we are told by Stiles,³ of Rhode Island, “The Assembly is now sitting in Providence. The Gov. has received a packet from home, wherein are Orders supposed to be circular to all the Governors on the Continent to seize all powder & Arms which may be brought into port, unless by the King’s permission. It is said that General Gage has sent a ship which has sailed for this port, to seize & carry off all the Canon from our fort. [*i.e.* Fort Wolcott commanding Newport harbor.] The General Assembly have ordered & sent several Vessels to dismantle the Fort at Newport & take all the cannon & Stores & carry them to Providence. Two or three Packets came down from Providence and arrived here at Ten o’clock last Night, & worked all night at the Fort in removing the Canon. Early this Morning several Canon were discharged, Drums beat up for Volunteers to assist, & thereupon Multitudes went over to the Fort to assist. At Noon three Vessels were loaded & sailed off. They have been laboring all day, & have sent off & got on board all the Canon but Eight. There are a Number of Eighteen & Twenty four pounders, which last weigh nearly Three Tons. The Tories are exceeding wroth, as they had for two days past laughed in their sleeves blindly & sneeringly thrown out, that we should have a little Sport before Saturday Night: they expected the Man o’ War to seize & carry off the Guns & Ball from the Fort — in which, if that was intended, they are now disappointed. 10th This day the last of the Canon were got on Board to be carried off to Providence, excepting four left at the Fort for constant Use (6–24 p’ders, 18–18 Do. 14–6 pounders, 6–4 Do. Total 44).” When the British commander, Wallace, demanded an explanation of Governor Wanton he

¹ December 7, *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1877.

² *Letters.*

³ *Diary.*

said, "It was done to prevent you from seizing the guns, and they will be used against any enemy of the country." At this time the Governor was by way of siding with the Patriots, but at the last, owing, some say, to a family feud with the Wards,¹ he stood in opposition to them. December 10th, Andrews² notes: "We have had a continued succession of fowl weather since this day week, and last night it blew very hard. It is imagin'd that one of the Seventy-four Gun Ships is run ashore, as they have heard the report of a continued quick succession of very heavy mettle since midnight. The Admiral has sent a schooner down this morning. 11th. The Ship in distress on fryday night turns out to be the Glasgow of twenty guns from Halifax, who has lost her keel and rudder with some of her men. Yesterday a Sergent went off with about £40 sterling, which was entrusted to him to pay off the Soldiers. He got away by the assistance of a chaise which carried him beyond the Guards."

This was the day the Royal Irish left Green's Distillery house and moved back to the transport, since the smell from the cistern lees led to two or three deaths daily.

The 13th, Andrews² writes: "this morning the Welch fusileers, together with a detachment from another regiment, form'd a body of 400 men, and equip'd with knapsacks &c &ca, march out of town as far as the punch bowl in Brooklyne, when they return'd again. What this manoeuvre can be for, I cant imagine, other than to give the men an airing, or with a view to make frequent feints of the kind in order to familiarize the people to it, whereby in future they may make an irruption into the country without creating any suspicion of their design, or possibly to make the soldiers acquainted with the different roads near the town." As another regiment marched out taking a different road the next day, Andrews concluded he had hit upon the right explanation. The Punch Bowl Tavern,

¹ *Historical Address Newport*, x. Sheffield.

² *Letters*.

referred to above, received its name from a sign surmounting a high red post, which showed a punch-bowl and ladle painted below a spreading lemon tree. It was buff in color and stood from 1729 to 1833 on the eastern corner of Pearl and Washington Streets, near Village Square, a bench in front under the over-hang accommodating the teamsters while their horses were baited.¹ December 15th, "This day," says Andrews with such spirits as he can muster, "was celebrated our annual *Thanksgiving* recommended by the provincial Congress." Rivington's *Royal Gazette* printed as a take-off: ²

A GRACE FOR THE POOR OF BOSTON.

Thanks to Hancock for thanksgiving;
 Thanks to God for our good living;
 Thanks to Gage for hindering evil;
 And for source of discord civil,
 Thanks to Adams and the Devil.

The heading of the Proclamation this year looked strangely to a people accustomed to seeing the King's name on their public acts. The following Christmas, in London, Governor Hutchinson ³ heard of similar innovations on the part of Connecticut, through Mr. Peters, late missionary from Hebron in that state. "He makes Trumbull, Governor of Connecticut," so the report runs, "an encourager of them; says his Proclamations used to be with the King's arms; but his last, for a fact, was with a new device — Halberts, Guns, Drums &ca., & the stile of the Colony altered, the words 'His Majesty,' left out, & now called the 'Colony.'" Lieutenant Barker, under Friday, 16th, says: ⁴ "The Regt. march'd into the Country to give the Men a little exercise; this has been practised several days past by the Corps off duty; as they march with Knapsacks and Colours the People of the Country were allarm'd the first day; think[ing] those troops

¹ "The Taverns of Boston in Ye Olden Time." Robert M. Balfour. *Bay State Monthly*, November, 1884.

² *Harper's Monthly*, July, 1876.

³ *Diary*, I, 333. Hutchinson.

⁴ *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1877.

were sent out to seize some of the disaffected People; finding that is not the case they are since grown very insolent." A story has been preserved that once on an observation ride at Waltham ¹ some officers chaffed a farmer with the words, "You sow, but we shall reap!" when the New Englander retorted with a chuckle, "May be, this is hemp!"

December 17th,² the *Boyne*, man-o'-war, sixty-four guns, and the *Asia*, sixty guns, lately arrived, came up within easy reach of the town. On the 18th the *Somerset*,³ seventy-four guns, the last of the squadron that sailed with the *Scarborough*, made port. December 17th, Lieutenant Barker⁴ mentions supping with Lieutenant Edward Barron of the King's Own, at the Neck and later skating by moonlight. He also refers to the frequent desertions. The night of the 16th a soldier of the 10th Regiment, sentry at the block-house, — at the fortification near the marsh to the left of the dyke, — made off; and on the 17th, another soldier of the 10th was retaken, owing to the brightness of the night, while endeavoring to make his escape by the water-side.

Illness was multiplying in the small, overcrowded town, which had been suffering from inactivity, anxiety, and short commons so long. A country lad,³ Andrews' apprentice, was down at his house with a putrid fever, and in vain they had striven to find a nurse for him. As for the soldiers, the surgeons one and all drew up a protest against quartering them in the distil house. What would be the upshot, Andrews was at a loss to foretell, scarce a \bar{m} ft. of lumber ³ remained in town, and even wood for coffins ³ was procured with difficulty. The soldiers continued to march out, sometimes to Cambridge or again toward Dedham. The 21st, an exceedingly cold day, a grenadier of the 59th dropped dead by the way and his body was sent back to town in a countryman's cart.

¹ *Old Landmarks and Historic Fields of Middlesex*, 358. Samuel Adams Drake. Boston, 1876: Roberts Brothers.

² *Diary*. Thomas Newell.

³ *Letters of John Andrews*, December 18, 19, 17.

⁴ *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1877.

CHAPTER V

ARMS SEIZED IN PORTSMOUTH HARBOR. HARDSHIP IN BOSTON. PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES

ON the very day¹ the Welsh Fusileers marched out to Brookline Village, Paul Revere was riding at full speed from the Boston Committee of Safety to the Committee in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, with the stimulating news that further importation of gunpowder was prohibited, and that the Newporters in view of this had seized on the supplies at Fort Wolcott. Moreover, a large garrison was proposed for the protection of Fort William and Mary in their harbor. Some time in the afternoon Revere drew rein before John Sullivan's door at Durham, his horse² "nearly done." Sullivan was a lawyer, and friendly to the cause, so Revere made his errand known while the horse was being baited and then posted on the last stage to Samuel Cutts'. Soon after he had ridden on Sullivan sent Micah Davis up to his mill at Packer's Falls with word of what was on foot. Here Eleazer Bennett and some six or eight others responded to his call for helpers. Durham lies on Oyster River, a tidal branch of the Piscataqua, which empties into the sea at Portsmouth. Near the harbor's mouth there is a small island, called Newcastle, Fort William and Mary then occupying a point known as Jerry's on its northern side. The usual boat in these river water-ways was a gondola, a sloop-rigged craft shaped like a kneading-board,² carrying a lateen sail. An old man here, one Mathes,² too feeble to make one of the party, was

¹ *Life of Revere*, I, 170. Goss. And *Rambles about Portsmouth*, Charles W. Brewster, 2d ser., 248. Portsmouth, 1869.

² "The Gunpowder for Bunker Hill." Ballard Smith. *Harper's Monthly*, July, 1886.

willing enough to lend his gondola, and when the moon had come up the men took their places and headed down river. At a dock in the town, about nine miles below, it is supposed¹ that they were joined by a number of Portsmouth men, John Langdon — afterwards first president of the United States Senate — Thomas Pickering, Alexander Scammell, and others. The story runs that Pickering went to Langdon and proposed that he should accompany him to the Fort and have a glass of wine² with the British commander, Captain Cochran. Langdon did not catch his meaning and answered soberly, "It will not do under the present state of public affairs to take such a step." Pickering then asked him openly if he would join in capturing the Fort, and found a ready recruit. As the men drifted down stream with the tide, the water became so shoal they were forced,² a rod from the Point, to leave their boats and wade. This they did in perfect silence, aided by the moon, which lacked but three or four days of full, and it is said that Captain Cochran's first intimation of danger was when the little garrison of five³ soldiers roused from sleep to find the sentry surprised by Pickering and their turf ramparts manned by strangers. Cochran ordered them to keep back at their peril, and trained his four-pounders on the invaders, but they were not to be daunted and stormed in on all sides, overpowering the red-coats; Cochran was secured, the King's³ colors hauled down, and three huzzas given. The men then addressed themselves to work, and within an hour and a half 97 kegs of gunpowder and a 100 stand of small arms were transferred from the magazine to the waiting boats. This achieved, the garrison were unbound and the men hastened to take advantage of the flood tide up-stream. They had clambered over the ramparts that mid-December night in their stocking feet in order to surprise the slumbering garrison; now, as

¹ "The Gunpowder for Bunker Hill." Ballard Smith. *Harper's Monthly*, July, 1886.

² *Rambles about Portsmouth*, 216-223. Charles W. Brewster. Portsmouth N. H., 1859.

Life of Revere, I, 170-1. Goss.

they started home, they again slipped off their boots¹ lest a spark from their hob shoes should set the powder alight. The water froze¹ wherever it chanced to splash up and their clothes were crusted with flecks of ice as they scrambled into their seats. In the early morning, safe back from their adventurous trip, they proceeded to store the powder. The greater part was placed for the moment under the pulpit¹ of the Durham Meeting-house, opposite Mr. Sullivan's home. Later it was shifted to John Demeritt's cellar in Madbury, where it remained undisturbed until it was stowed in his ox cart¹ and carried to Cambridge just before the battle of Bunker Hill. It is claimed² that all the gunpowder brought off in the gondola passed through the hands of Major Langdon and Pickering's half brother, Samuel Drowne. However that may be, Governor Wentworth was so incensed he called his Council and deprived Langdon and Sullivan of their commissions as officers of the militia and took away Dr. Bartlett's and Dr. Thompson's commissions² as justices of the peace. During the night, acting perhaps on a hint received from Revere or the local committee, twenty-five mounted men from Exeter under Nathaniel Folsom,³ a French War veteran, Nicholas Gilman, and Dr. Giddings rode into Portsmouth and called for coffee at James Stoodley's inn. About eight the following morning fifty or sixty Exeter men, under James Hackett, marched in on foot, and took their station in the Haymarket. An hour later Langdon made his way to the inn and reported that Sullivan had passed up the river after a successful expedition. Throughout the morning Langdon and others tried to bring the Governor, Sir John Wentworth, to a more lenient disposition, but without result. He would only reiterate his orders² to return the powder, disperse, and the offence might possibly be overlooked. Some rumor of a further attempt

¹ *Harper's Monthly*, July, 1886.

² *Rambles about Portsmouth*. Brewster.

³ *History of Exeter, N. H.*, 240. Charles H. Bell. Exeter, 1888: Press of J. E. Farwell and Company, Boston.

on the fort seems to have reached the Governor as the day went on, and he sent word to Captain Cochran that the people continued in a ferment. In the course of his official report to Lord Dartmouth he mentions a drum¹ beating about the streets at noon to gather the populace. By his orders the Chief Justice¹ warned the crowd in the neighborhood of the Town-house that they were on the brink of rank rebellion and entreated them to disperse — but all to no purpose. About five, to be sure, the town meeting decorously voted to return home; but, contrary to the Governor's expectations, on the way there a party some four hundred strong, including many from Rye and Newcastle itself, made a second call on the fort and brought off sixteen cannon and sixty muskets. The following morning, Friday, the 16th, Nathl. Folsom and others formed a guard until the turn of the tide saw the cannon under way up country.¹ Some of the wilder spirits were for making a call on the Loyalists of that region before they broke up, but were dissuaded by Major Sullivan, and the affair ended with credit to all concerned.

Fearing lest the remaining pieces of cannon, seventy heavy guns, should meet a like fate, Wentworth¹ appealed to General Gage and Admiral Graves for protection, and in response the *Canceaux* arrived Saturday, the 17th, followed on Monday by the *Scarborough*. The only men who stood by the Governor at this time¹ were four councillors, two justices, one sheriff, Mr. McDonough, and his wife's nephew, Mr. Benning Wentworth, an Oxford man later. Andrews'² only reference to all this is, "Dec. 22nd The affair at Portsmouth, of their having dismantled Newcastle fort, has caus'd the General to send the Scarborough there to keep 'em in order;" of which act Lieutenant Barker remarks:³ "We shall see now whether the General will do anything or not." The news reached the latter Sunday, the 18th, and a schooner

¹ *Rambles about Portsmouth*, 2d ser., 248-50. Brewster.

² *Letters*.

³ December 19. *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1877.

was at once despatched. He further writes: "We have the use of a Church for our Men, but are oblig'd to go at $\frac{1}{2}$ after eight in the morn. that we may not interfere with the Inhabitants. . . . The 43rd Regt. have been pumping out the Water in their Reservoirs, which smells so excessively strong, that many of the Men drop down in fits while they are pumping." 19th, the *Somerset* arrived, all well. Wednesday, 21st December, Barker mentions that "Lieutenant [Joseph] Knight, of the King's Own, 1 Sergt., 1 Corpl., 1 Drumr. and 18 privates were ordered to get ready immediately to embark for Rhode Island." The Adjutant reporting them as ready to the Adjutant-General, he said they "need not be in a hurry, for that they might not sail this day or two; it wou'd not be amiss," growls Barker, "if some People wou'd write their Orders so they might be understood." Next day they had not sailed, and perhaps never did. The object of the trip was to bring off the powder from a vessel driven in there.

The 22d, Thursday, two men are reported as deserting, one belonging to the King's Own, the other¹ to the 43d; on Friday¹ another from the King's Own. Says Andrews:² "Am told the Extra number of Marines that came in the last ships of war refuse to come on shore, as they say they did not enlist for Land Service. Suppose the hard duty the Soldiers are put to here has induced 'em to take this resolution. Dec. 24 [Christmas Eve], This morning the poor fellow, [of the 10th Regiment] who was taken on the Neck last Saturday night, attempting to desert, was shot. There were many intercessions made to the General, for his reprieve, by the Officers, but these going off so very fast, and he being the first taken since the troops were *all* arriv'd, he would not regard their prayer, as he was determin'd to make an example of him. It was debated in a council of officers, but over rul'd, that he should be hung in chains upon the gallows." Says Barker, "The only thing

¹ December 23-24. *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1877.

² *Letters*, December 23.

done in remembrance of Christmas Day." All this embittered the soldiers, who declared,¹ "if the General had a right to send his body to the grave, he had no right to send his soul to the Devil, for he had his death warrant but eleven hours before he was executed."

Andrews¹ writes on the 25th, "the Packet has brought credentials that *dub* William Pepperell a Knight, for his steady adherence to the Government side in not resigning his Councillorship — a *bauble* he has been seeking after a long time, and could not procure it when at home, because not worth an estate of £3000 a year — the most he could presume upon being £700." This was a grandson of the captor of Louisburg. The same Sunday Lieutenant Barker² reports, "Govr. Wentworth, of Portsmouth, and all the Council have been order'd to quit that Province; I hear he is arrived here; the People of that Province seem to be worse than any other; and one wou'd imagine that they had not so much business with it either; it is to be hoped they will get a greater share of punishment." He continues: "Monday, Dec. 26th. Order'd a Guard of 1 Sergt. and 12 Men to protect the new Guard House at the North End where there is to be a Capn's Guard. . . . The Marines not yet landed, owing to the Adml., who wants to keep them on board that He may have the advantage of victualling them; but he won't carry his point, as he'll be obliged to land them." Another British officer, writing the same day,³ says: "Our Army is in high spirits; and at present the town is pretty quiet. We get plenty of provisions, cheap and good in their kind; we only regret that necessity obliges us to enrich, by purchasing from a set of people we would wish to deprive of so great an advantage. Our parade is a very handsome one; 370 men mount daily, and more are expected soon; a field officer's guard of 150 men, at the lines on the Neck." The 28th brought a great fall of snow, hard wind,

¹ *Letters*, December 31.

² December 25. *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1877.

³ *Siege of Boston*, 43. Frothingham.

and drifts. Barker¹ mentions that a sentry belonging to the 10th was drowned while saving a drunken sailor who had tumbled off Long Wharf. He continues, the 29th: "Nothing extray to day but a Quarter Master and all the Pioneers order'd to clear the Grand Parade and the road to the Magazine, from thence to the Officer's Guard on the Common; that Officer has now the Charge of the Magazine; for a long time He had no orders whatever; they have at last given him proper ones; there is still an Officer's Guard at the Block house without any orders, a very unusual thing, I fancy!"² Friday 30th, To-Day's Orders. The Alarm Guns will be posted at the Artillery Barracks, at the Common, and at the Lines. The Alarm given at either of those places is to be repeated at all the rest by firing three rounds at each. On the Alarm being given the 52nd Regiment is immediately to reinforce the Lines, leaving a Captain and 50 Men at the Neck. The 5th Regt. will draw up between the Neck Guard and Liberty tree. The King's Own will reinforce the Magazine Guard with a Capt'n. and 50; and with the remainder draw up under Barton's point (*i.e.* where the bridge to East Cambridge now crosses Charles River²). The 43d Regt. will join the Marines and together defend the passage between Barton's Point and Charlestown ferry. The 47th Regiment will draw up in Hanover street, securing both the bridges over the Mill Creek. The 59th will draw up in front of the Court House. The Companies of the 18th joined by those of the 65th together with the 10th, 23rd, and 38th Regiments will draw up in the Street from the General's house to Liberty Tree. Major Martin's company of the Royal Artillery will move with expedition to the Lines, reinforcing the Neck Guard with 1 Commission'd Officer, 2 Non-commission'd, and 12 Men; the remainder of the Royal Regt. of Artillery will get their guns in readiness and wait for Orders. If an Alarm happens in the night the

¹ *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1877, and *Letters of John Andrews*.

² "A British Officer in Boston in 1775." Ed. Dana. *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1877.

Troops will march to their Posts without loading, and on no account to load their firelocks. It is forbid under the most severe penalty to fire in the night, even if the Troops shou'd be fired upon; but they will oppose and put to rout any *Body* (that shall dare attack them) with their Bayonets; . . . These are Orders which one wou'd imagine shou'd have been given immediately upon the Troops coming into Winter Quarters. It's probable we shou'd not have had 'em, but for the frost, which seems to threaten joining the Continent to the Town by the Ice, which is already very considerable."

Already the Patriots' stores had begun to find their way to Concord. During December Colonel Jeremiah Lee¹ of Marblehead delivered six hogsheads containing thirty-five half-barrels of powder; of these six were stored at Colonel Barrett's, five at James Chandler's, six at James Barrett, Jr.'s, six at Ephraim Woods', six at Jonas Heywood's. "Don't so much as mention the name of powder," he wrote, "lest our enemies should take advantage of it." Eight more hogsheads followed shortly, six of these last being sent toward the end of March to Leicester.

December 30th Andrews writes² "The Marines, consisting of about five hundred men, landed this forenoon and have gone into barracks at the extreme part of the North End, by much the fittest place for them, as I am told they are ten times more dissolute (if possible) than the marching regiments." As the year goes out he sighs over the extreme dearness of provisions and so many extra mouths to feed, the navy alone consuming a "Tun weight of Mutton every day." In this connection it is interesting to note that when Brookline town meeting met on New Year's Day, 1775, Isaac Gardner, Esq., Mr. John Harris, and Mr. John Goddard were made a committee to draw up a subscription paper³ "To afforde Relief to the Town of Boston and Charlestown;" Mr. John Heath, Mr. Samuel Croft, and Mr. Thomas White being appointed³ to carry it about

¹ *Hist. of Concord*, 98. Shattuck.

² *Letters*, December 26.

³ *Brookline Town Records*, 250-2.

town; the same to deliver said donations into the hands of one or more of the Boston Overseers of the Poor. The 1st of March following, the Boston Committee acknowledge the receipt, through Mr. John Heath, of the "very generous donation of the Town of Brookline to this devoted place, now suffering the severity of ministerial vengeance for nobly exerting themselves in the cause of American Liberty,¹ viz. £25, 7s., 8d., 9 bushels of corn, 1 cord of wood, 18½ bushels of potatoes, 48 cabbages, 2 fat Sheep and 200 weight rice." At this same meeting, Isaac Gardner, John Harris, and John Goddard were chosen a committee to give instructions to the delegate. It was voted that the town would indemnify the collectors for paying the money now in their Hands to Henry Gardner, Receiver General," and it was voted to have a "volunteer company," but for some cause this last vote was subsequently reconsidered and "it past in the Negative not to heve any." The Minute Company of Lunenburg,² fifty-seven in number, paraded at ten A.M. January 2d and performed drill, after which they partook of an "elegant dinner" at the public house, provided by the officers; patriotic ministers from the neighborhood attending. The whole closed at two P.M. by a military procession to the meeting-house, where the Rev. Mr. Adams preached admirably from Ps. xxvii, 3: "Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear." Next day the town appropriated £100 L.M. for the purchase of firearms with bayonets, etc., in accordance with the advice of the Provincial Congress. The letter that follows³ is from Silas Deane to Patrick Henry and bears date:

Weathersfield in Connecticut,

January 2, 1775,

Dear Sir,

. . . Though near the great Scene of Action, or rather oppression, yet nothing can be as yet collected, by which to

¹ *Brookline Historical Publication Society, No. 3, Notes.* Bertha M. Boody.

² *Siege of Boston*, 43. Frothingham.

³ *Historical Magazine*, January, 1870.

determine, with the least degree of certainty, what the Fate of Boston will be. The return of the *Scarborough* gave us hopes of learning something of the Disposition of the ministry, but nothing transpires. The men of War in the Harbor, which had taken down their Topmasts, yards, etc. to be in a snug winter rig, instantly on her arrival went to running them up again, and getting into readiness for Sailing. The Town of Boston continues firmly to pursue the measures they at first set out upon, and Town meetings instead of being suppressed by the late Sovereign edict, are held more frequent than ever — donations are constantly making to their Poor by the Neighboring Colonies, but I fear inadequate to their real Sufferings which are immensely severe and great — I really question, whether History can produce an instance, parallel to the present Stand which Boston is making for their Liberties, for firmness in resolving, patience in enduring, and forbearance under insults, added to the Oppression. The Militia of that, and indeed of all the New England Provinces will be on a very respectable footing before next Spring. The method taken in that province, is nearly this. All the Officers have resigned their Commissions to the Governor, in Consequence of which the people within the Limits of each respective Regiment meet and make choice of others in their Room, where the officer resigned is a person agreeable to the people, and of a Military turn, he is chose by them, afresh, after this, they make a draught of one Third of the whole, who are to hold themselves in readiness, with Arms, ammunition, a good Horse and ten days provisions, and to march at a Minute's Warning, their Militia as well as ours consists of Farmers and Farmers Sons, and are perhaps to a man owners of Horses so that is no expensive article, and is very essential as well for easy transportation of their provisions &c as for expedition, for by this means the whole body which will consist of between 20 and 30000 of these in that Province, may be assembled in Two Days time at Boston. The Governor has received a letter from Lord D—tm—h directing him to

make seizure of any Arms or Ammunition that may be imported, into this Colony, and I conclude it is Circular if so you will have doubtless by this time received one of the same Tenor.

Returning to Andrews,¹ the afternoon of the 2d in Boston, Ensign Dulap of the 10th Regiment, "being frantic with liquor, stop'd a man, who drives a waggon between Salem and here, in Union street, and order'd him to turn out of the way for him to walk on. The waggoner refus'd; he made no more words but struck across the face with a hickory stick, upon which the waggoner clos'd in upon him, and beat him pretty decently. Before the affray was over, upwards of fifty soldiers had collected upon the place — some smiling with inward satisfaction (especially those of his own regiment) and others pretending to assist him."

The 3d, Josiah Quincy, Sr.,² wrote to his son in England: "One of the Navy officers, meeting with a land officer at K—x's shop, told him that on board all the ships their men were grown so uneasy and tumultuous that it was with great difficulty they could govern them. Upon which the land officer observed that the uneasiness among the soldiers was full as great, or greater, than among the seamen." This day the King's Own³ seems to have marched five miles out of town and found the snow deep but crusted so that it would bear. Owing to the mutinous feeling among the soldiers,¹ guards were now doubled, two or three regiments were reputed to lay under arms, and a field piece was placed in the centre of the town to fire a rallying shot if trouble broke out. The 10th Regiment was especially disaffected,¹ having lost many men and with near forty down with inflammatory fever "caus'd by hard duty on the Neck several very stormy days." Since the latter part of December, for a fortnight past, "scarce a day passes without three or four soldiers' funerals," says Andrews,¹ "a spot of ground at

¹ *Letters of John Andrews*, January 4, 7, 9.

² *Memoirs*, 185. Quincy.

³ *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1877.

the bottom of the common being allotted for them, which they have improv'd for upwards of a hundred already." He¹ also tells us of a Twelfth Night show on January 6th: "The sailors belonging to the Transports consisting of about 30 or 40 dress'd in white shirts ornamented with various color'd ribbons dispos'd crossways on their bodies with knots and garlands, paraded each side of a long rope dragging a plow, accompanied with one compleatly tar'd and feather'd, representing a *he* Devil, together with a She Devil, and an attendant, . . . stopping every person of genteel appearance to request a remembrance of Old England, wishing 'em a Merry Christmas. . . . The General gave them two half Joes, and it is suppos'd that they collected at least forty guineas." The 8th, Lieutenant Barker characteristically quotes: "Genl. Orders: If any Officers of the different Regts. are *capable* of taking sketches of a Country, they will send their Names to the Dep. Adj Genl. . . . that is an extraordinary method of wording the Order; it might at least have been in a more genteel way; at present it looks as if he doubted whether there were any such." This officer is rather tart in his comments, for, in reference to the 11th, he relates, "There was a Ball by subscription; seven of each corps was the number fix'd, and the ladies were invited by the managers; this scheme was proposed, by Mrs G—e [Gage],² and carried into execution by her favorites; by which she enjoyed a dance and an opportunity of seeing her friends at no expense." The 11th was of interest to Andrews chiefly because it took the opposite soldiers away to join the Irish Regt. in fresh barracks in Gould's auction room on the way to Charlestown ferry. Lieutenant Barker may be followed the next few days. January 12th, he tells us, "Gaming having got to a very great length among many of the officers, the General lately expressed his disapprobation of a Club they have instituted

¹ *Letters of John Andrews.*

² "A British Officer in Boston in 1775." Ed. Dana. *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1877.

for that purpose; but finding that of no effect, he has set on foot a Subscription for a Card Assembly, which will be very reasonable, as there are rules that no Person is to play for above a certain Sum; a number of People have subscribed; they call it the Anti-Gambling Club. I fancy the General is trying to shame the other Club, but I don't believe he will succeed, as it's very rare seeing a Person alter who is once enter'd that way, unless it is by being incapable of continuing it, which I dare say will be the case of many of them before the Winter is over. Jan. 13th. Hard frost last night; to day I walked out to Jamaica Pond, five miles from town; it is a large piece of water, about three miles round; it is entirely froze over, and as fine ice as ever was seen." Possibly the lieutenant may have made one of the party alluded to in the *Gazette*¹ a few days previously as under: "Roxbury, Jan. 9, 1775. Yesterday, although Lordsday, numbers of the officers of the Army were Travelling our Streets (with Scates either flung by their Sides, or open in their Hands) on their way to Jamaica Pond where having arrived they sported themselves in Scating for several Hours in open View of one of our Meeting Houses, to the Great Discomposure and Grief of the Pious and Well disposed. . . ." The 14th, Barker continues: "Order'd this day that for the future the Troops are to receive 4 days salt provisions and 3 days fresh, all except the Marines and Regimental Hospitals. We have been fortunate in having only fresh for so long a time; the Troops in America used always to have salt before this time." Andrews a day or two later² mentions a pair of partridges costing fifty cents in the market which used to cost but eightpence. Eggs had mounted to eighteenpence a dozen. In addition to the Army demand there was now the further pressure of securing stores against "any future exigencies, no town having less than one hundred barrels and some a thousand" on hand.

¹ *Boston Gazette*, January 16, 1775.

² *Letters*, January 16.

Parson Stiles¹ enters against the 16th: "For ten days past we have had a Report circulating that the Xth Regiment at Boston had mutinied and was disarmed . . . the Boston prints say nothing about it. However the Post owns . . . that a Deserter being apprehended was suddenly condemned in a Court Martial and instantly shot — that his Regiment murmured greatly at the suddenness . . . upon which they were disarmed; but their Arms were returned to them next day, so that they were disarmed but one Night; . . . Mumford [*i.e.* Benjamin, the Post rider,] also says, another Deserter was condemned to (say) 900 Lashes — he received 600 or $\frac{2}{3}$ and fainted seemingly dead upon which the Drummer refused to proceed; he was commanded to lay on the rest — he refused & was put under Guard. The Soldier coming to Life again, he and the Drummer were dismissed and turned out of the Regiment and Army next day. These are undoubted Facts. . . . Those who have been used to the Army, say, that the Discipline of the Camp at Boston is now more severe and rigorous than ever is used in an Enemys Country, in an English camp in Flanders or Germany. A gentleman yesterday from Bo. says they have assurance that great uneasiness and Difference prevails in the Camp, as well among the officers as soldiers, many of whom dislike the Errand they are come upon — and that there is openly an *affected* or *real* Difference between General Gage and Lord Piercy, Lord Piercy cultivating an Intimacy with Colonel Hancock." About this time² a Magistrate had the effrontery to fine a poor oysterman £5 sterling together with 5s. for his writ on the charge of lending a soldier a few coppers on the security of a pair of drawers, "the third instance of the kind that has been transacted," exclaims Andrews, properly indignant.

Returning to Lieutenant Barker's³ journal we read: "Jan. 18th Being the Anniversary of the Queen's birthday,

¹ *Diary*, I, 507.

² *Letters of John Andrews*, January 16.

³ *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1877.

it was celebrated by firing a Royal Salute from the Artillery in Town at 12 o'clock, at which time the Piquets of the Army were march'd to King Street and fired three volleys; the Ships of war also fir'd at 1 o'clock. The Loyal and Friendly Society of the Blue and Orange met and dined at the British Coffee house, . . . many of the Loyal and Public Toasts were accompanied by the discharge of a Volley from 23 Grenadiers of the King's Own, agreeable to the custom of the Society, there were sixty-eight members present. I was prevented being among them, being on Guard." Andrews mentions that there was "a Band of Musick in the Coffee House balcony." The King's Own Grenadiers were stationed across the street. The way was, at the conclusion of a toast, to give three cheers, then an officer repeated the toast from the balcony to the Commander of the Grenadiers and a volley was fired, followed by the band and drums. This went on quite till nine P.M. The toasts could not fail to be exasperating to the listening townspeople, such as "Sixteenth April, '46 [*i.e.* the date of Culloden], A Similar Chastisement to all Rebels"—"Confusion to the American Army"—these were stood pretty well, but when "Lord North" was received with applause, a general hiss and "*d—n him!*" went up. "*Bless him!*" cry'd the toastmaster¹ and then, the people continuing to give expression to their distaste, the Grenadiers received orders to clear the space, which they did by a free use of their bayonets.

January 20th, Lieutenant Furlow² of the Welsh Fusileers was buried. The battalions of Marines under the command of Major Pitcairne were at this time ordered to do duty with the 1st Brigade until further orders. They had been waiting² for watch-coats and leggings and hence unassigned for duty heretofore. That Friday night brought a fresh¹ tumult in King Street; between eleven and twelve, the town watch and some twenty drunken officers came to words and then blows. The New-Boston watch was called

¹ *Letters of John Andrews*, January 19, 21.

² *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1877.

to the town's aid, and Captain Gore of the 5th brought soldiers from the Main Guard, and another party was sent by the Governor. The watch laid about with their bill-hooks, and the soldiers pricked freely all within reach of their swords. It is thought but for the prudence of two sober officers Captain Gore would have ordered an indiscriminate fire, for he was much "disguised in drink." At last the men were parted, though not without injuries on both sides, the more serious being a loss of a nose and thumb on the part of two of the watch.¹ Five field officers were ordered to hold a court of enquiry the following Monday. The selectmen examined the watch at the same time and the nine officers were bound over to appear at the April assizes. This gave them little uneasiness, since they felt sure that the New Englanders would not suffer the court to proceed under the new act. Saturday afternoon, January 21st, Andrews² notes further commotion, viz.: "A general squabble between the Butchers in the market and a number of Soldiers. It first began by a Soldier's tripping up the heels of a fisherman who was walking through the market with a piece of beef in his hands. A guard from the 47th's Barracks appear'd and carried off the Soldiers, together with one *butcher* who was most active, the Officer taking him by the Collar. *He* was able to have crush'd the officer, but was advised to be quiet. Young Ned Gray insisted on it that he should not be carried into the guard house, upon which many hard words pass'd between him and the Captain of the Guard. However Gray prevail'd, and they carried the man into Miss Foster's store close by the barracks, from whence the Officer dismiss'd him after finding upon deliberation that his conduct was not justifiable — and seem'd to be much afraid lest the Butcher should take advantage of him by Law or complaint." Still the bickerings of the day were not over. About ten that evening two officers went to the watch-house² and threatened the watch that they would bring a file of men and blow out

¹ *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1877.

² *Letters of John Andrews*, January 21, 22.

their brains. The watch upon this locked up their "cell," and through the selectmen notified the Governor by midnight, who at once ordered out a patrol guard to arrest any officers wandering abroad.

The latter part of January or early in February Dr. Ball of Templeton, of the Royalist party, fell into argument while visiting at Petersham.¹ He was waylaid on his return and pelted with stones, one doing him severe injury. A quarrel between the partisans of both towns followed, Captain Holman of Templeton leading the Whigs. The Tories were driven at length into a house owned by David Stone, and besieged through a stormy night. It is said that the wives of two of the combatants met in the fields and lamented the state of things while the siege was in process. The Tories finally surrendered and gave up their arms.

This was not the only community where feeling ran high. The 23d of February complaint was made to the Provincial Congress that the mob committee of the county of York had ordered no one should hire any of Sir William Pepperell's estates,² buy any wood of him, or pay any debts due to him. This very same month, at Plymouth,² a number of ladies had attempted "to divert themselves at their Assembly Room, but the mob collected, . . . flung stones, which broke the shutters and windows; and endangered their lives; they were forced to get out of the hall, and were pelted and abused to their own homes." Worse yet, "Jesse Dunbar² of Halifax, in Plymouth county, [having] bought some fat Cattle of Mr Thomas, the Counsellor, drove them to Plymouth for sale. One of the oxen was skinned and hung up; the Committee came to him, and finding he bought it of Mr Thomas, they put the ox into a cart, and fixed Dunbar in his belly, and carted him four miles; and then made him pay a dollar, after taking three more Cattle and a Horse from him; the

¹ *Hist. of Worcester County*, I, 469. Hurd. "Petersham," by Lyman Clark.

² *American Archives*, I, 4th ser., 1262. Force.

Plymouth mob delivered him to the Kingston mob, which carted him four miles further, and forced from him another dollar, then delivered him to the Duxbury mob, who 'pelted him abusively' and quitted him." In consequence of all this some two hundred inhabitants of Marshfield, under the influence of said Nathaniel Ray Thomas, mandamus councillor, and the Winslow family, appealed to the Governor for arms and troops. Accordingly¹ at 3 P.M. of the 23d, Monday, about one hundred men drafted from various regiments went aboard an armed schooner, Captain Thomas Graves, to the relief of Marshfield some thirty miles distant, all under the command of Captain Nesbitt Balfour² of the 4th. Lieutenant Barker³ describes the detachment as being "of 1 B, 3 S, 4 S, 4 C, 2 D, 100 P," and since Mr. Thomas had fitted up his house as barracks to receive the entire party he made no doubt they would have a very pleasant time of it. Indeed the arrival of Balfour's men was a source of extreme satisfaction to the friends of Government, one of whom wrote,⁴ "The King's troops are very comfortably accommodated, and preserve the most exact discipline; and now every faithful subject to his King dares freely utter his thoughts, drink his tea, and kill his sheep as profusely as he pleases."

The expense of providing for the army and navy was so great that the commanders by this time, according to Andrews'¹ report, were indebted to old Captain Erving for the advance of upwards of £15,000 sterling, and about the same from Borland. Andrews also tells with what shocking severity the soldiers were punished: "It's imagin'd half their deaths arise from it, as it often happens that their ribs are laid quite bare, whereby their kidneys are so affected that they become incurable. A Drummer in the 10th Regiment more humane than the rest, refus'd one

¹ *Letters of John Andrews*, January 24, 26, 27, 1775.

² *Diary*, January 24. John Rowe.

³ *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1877.

⁴ *Siege of Boston*, 47. Frothingham.

day this week to take his turn with the whip, and when it was handed him, flung it on the ground, saying that he enlisted to serve His Majesty as a Drummer, in which calling he would venture to say he was capable and did his duty as faithfully as any in the Regiment, but he never enter'd the service to become a whipper or hangman, and therefore, let the consequence be what it would, was determin'd not to do it. The adjutant order'd him immediately under guard. The next day he was tried by a court martial and honorably acquitted."

The 27th¹ another ball was held, under the auspices of the Loyal and Friendly Society, at which the Generals, the Admiral, Mrs. Gage, and Mrs. Graves, with all the ladies of the army, and a great number of gentlemen and ladies of the town, attended. In much tribulation Andrews² next records, January 28th: "Our joy, in getting rid of the soldiers from the house directly opposite us, is short liv'd, as they are now preparing it for the reception of the sick from the Welch fusileers — who have so many down with fevers and what not, that they have not room to stow 'em in the house which they have alwise improv'd as a hospital, so that we are like to be in a fine situation. As to moving, its impossible, as there's not a room scarcely in the town ten feet square unimprov'd. We have thought of selling our furniture and going out to board, as we dont see any other method we can take to avoid being continually expos'd to infection. Have been to the barrack master about it, who tells me he has expostulated against it, but to no purpose, his office being near by it — but they can get no other place, and the General's orders are positive to fit it up immediately."

Stiles,³ writing about this time refers to Mr. Thomas of Marshfield and the troops, "about 120 sent thither." "The Committee at Boston have written thither," he adds, "and to all the surrounding Towns beseeching them not

¹ *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1877.

² *Letters*.

³ *Diary*, January 31, 1775.

to take fire and withhold all Violence. It being resolved to keep all still and bear all Insults till news from the Parliament." On Sunday, January 29th, Andrews enters an account of a curious affair at Barnstable. One Bacon, a magistrate there, deceived the people by showing a pamphlet written by Dr. Cooper of New York, representing its author to be the Boston Dr. Cooper, who, in company with all the Sons of Liberty, he asserted, had fallen off. The town thereupon was influenced to pass some resolves, which he hastened to town to publish. Discovering they had been duped, the Barnstable people took their former stand with a fresh set of resolves, upholding the cause of freedom, and cursed the refugee magistrate for his trick. Andrews last entry in January has reference to "our school lads" and their famous remonstrance.

The old name for the portion of Beacon Hill sloping to School Street from Somerset Street was Sherburn's Hill. This winter, as previously, the boys had their coast here and, crossing Tremont Street, continued on down past the Latin School on School Street. Much of their fun was spoilt, however, since General Haldiman occupied the Elliot house, about where the present City Hall stands, and his colored servant had practically split their coast in two by scattering ashes¹ before the door. This annoyance continuing, the Latin School nominated the first class as a committee, Jonathan Darby Robins² being one, to wait on the General, who, as Andrews tells it, "admitted them, and heard their complaint, which was couch'd in very genteel terms, complaining that their fathers before 'em had improv'd it as a coast for time immemorial, &ca. He order'd his servant to repair the damage, and acquainted the Governor with the affair, who observ'd that it was impossible to beat the notion of Liberty out of the people, as it was rooted in 'em *from their childhood.*" January

¹ *Letters of John Andrews*, January 29.

² "Some Recollections of the Century." Dr. Edward Everett Hale. *The National Magazine*, April, 1897.



LORD THURLOW

31st, John Rowe¹ mentions, "This day the King's speech is come to town from Marblehead, in a vessel of Mr. Orne's from Falmouth; he takes notice of the behavior of the Colonies, and particularly this Province; his remarks are very just." Of this speech Lieutenant Barker² remarks, "The Whigs look very black upon it, but pretend to say it is the very thing they wished." He further mentions that Lieutenant Thomas Hawkshaw "pretty seriously wounded an inhabitant" in a quarrel that same evening, for which he was put under arrest.

Returning once more to England, we find that early in January Lord Dartmouth had despatched a letter³ to the Royal Governors ordering them to prevent the appointment of delegates to the proposed Congress of May 10th to consider what he was pleased to style their "pretended grievances."

The Cabinet was composed at this time as follows:— Prime Minister, Lord North, son and heir to the Earl of Guildford; Secretary of State for the Colonies, the Earl of Dartmouth; Secretary of State, Lord Suffolk; the Lord Chancellor, Lord Mansfield; the Attorney General, Mr. Thurlow; and the Solicitor General, Mr. Wedderburn [later Lord Loughborough]. The Liberal Opposition was led by Lord Chatham, the Duke of Richmond, Lord Camden, the Marquis of Rockingham, Lord Ossory, Bute, Edmund Burke, Charles Fox, and others.

The 4th, Hutchinson writes:⁴ "To Lord Dartmouth's . . . Bliss . . . was clear upon Lord Dartmouth's asking whether any concessions would be likely to satisfy, that it would not, and that nothing but a force sufficient would bring them to order. . . . 5th, Mauduit shewed me⁴ a letter from Ruggles [probably Col. Timothy Ruggles of Marshfield] and read a paragraph wherein he offers to raise a regiment, if the King would authorise him, and desires to know His Majesties pleasure." The 6th of January,

¹ *Diary*.

² *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1877.

³ *Our Country*, II, 742. Lossing.

⁴ *Diary*, I, 342, 343. Hutchinson.

Hutchinson followed the rest of the world to Bath. This town, so constantly recurring in this narrative, noted from earliest times for the virtue of its hot springs, lies one hundred and seven miles southwest of London amongst the Gloucester and Somersetshire hills. The inns along the way were remarkable, even in England, for their comfortable quarters, and the road, leading through the counties of Buckinghamshire, Berkshire, and Wiltshire, was full of interest. The Governor¹ writes he took coach a quarter after nine in St. James' Street. This would probably be a clumsy affair, with dull black panels traced by broad nails, red wheels, four oval windows framed in red, and doors lettered,² LONDON TO BATH. At this time small parcels were stowed in a basket at the back of the coach and the larger luggage secured on the roof. When all was fast, the postilion in green and gold livery would scramble on the back of one of the forward pair of horses, the guard take his place beside the driver, a carbine cocked on his knee, and with a crack of the whip they were off.

The Great Western road, which was followed for the first ten miles so far as Hounslow, where Hutchinson¹ says they "made their first stage," passed along by Hyde Park corner, Kensington, Brentford, and Sion House, belonging to the Duke of Northumberland—named for one of Henry V.'s monasteries³ which formerly flourished there. Keeping to the north of Twickenham, the road continued level to Colnbrook, familiar to readers of "Sir Charles Grandison." A bit beyond, Windsor came in sight and near the twenty-seventh milestone Hutchinson's second stage was reached. Reading, nearly forty miles from London, on the borders of Oxfordshire, made the third stage. As Woolhampton drew near the country began to be hilly,³ and still more rolling in character after passing Spinhamland,

¹ *Diary*, 1, 343. Hutchinson.

² *England in the Eighteenth Century*, II, 17. Sydney.

³ *The Bath Road*, A. Robertson, 1792, for character of the scenery.

by Newbury. The Governor put up for the night, a quarter after five, here, at the Castle Inn, fifty-eight miles from London, having travelled "at the rate," as he says, "of 8 miles an hour." Setting out the following day about eight, the next place of importance was nine miles further, Hungerford on the Kennet — that Kennet which, the Governor wistfully recalls, is "near as wide as Neponset¹ river a mile above Milton bridge." After this came Marlborough, seventy-five miles from London, their first stop, on the edge of the Downs, in a most interesting neighborhood; the old barrow of Silbury Hill rising beside the road and the Roman Wansdike lying in the direct path to Devizes, where he made the next stage. A little outside Marlborough, the upper route to Bath forks off, via Calne, Bowood, Chippenham, and Box, one hundred and one miles from London. It was this which Quincy took, Hutchinson's route lying by the Lower Avon through Seend and Melksham. The latter part of the road in either case was descending until Bath was reached in the Avon valley. Getting in at four, the Governor¹ dined at the Bear and took lodgings. The 9th, he writes: "I called this morning upon Col. Barré, Governor Tryon, and Col. Cunningham, who were all from home. . . . Went to the Lower Rooms and subscribed [2.2.0.] and to the Pump Rooms, . . . 10th, I set out with E[lisha] in a Post chaise early in the a. m. to Bristol. [seventeen miles distant]. . . . Breakfasted at the American Coffee House . . . took a view of the Cathedral . . . returned to Bath the beginning of the evening"—doubtless passing, on the way to his lodgings, more than one Sedan chair preceded by a footman² with lighted flambeau making way for his party, calling, "By your leave, Sir. Have a care!" while up and down the street the door-knockers resounded sharply.

Writing to Mr. Green the same day Governor Hutchinson says:

¹ *Diary*, I, 344, 345. Hutchinson.

² *England in the Eighteenth Century*, I, 88. Sydney.

I never met with anything which set the depravity of human nature in a more striking light, than the conduct of the Noblemen at the heads of the past Administration. . . . Their plan is to propose nothing themselves, but to inflame the minds of the people against everything proposed by Administration; and they have lowered themselves so far as to consult Junius Lee, and some of them, even Quincy: and a gentleman in whose house Lee has lately taken a lodging, told me Lord Temple was after him five times between Thursday and Sunday morning. F—n is stirring up a meeting of the Merchants in London. . . . But the best Judges say the Opposition cannot be numerous. . . . Our old friend Governor Pownall lost his Election for Tregony. Lord North has let him into a Court Borough, vacated since the General Election, so he must be with the Minister. He has published a second [vol.] to his administration of the Colonies. I have just looked into it, and find it above my capacity. I have not had a glimpse of Bollan since I have been in England. He writes against me, if a man be called a writer, whose works nobody reads.¹

The 11th, our old Tory friend, J. Mein, wrote from London to James Murray:² “Your Province is considered here as in declared rebellion: Outlawries, Confiscations and Executions are looked upon to be the certain Consequences.” This day, after noting that Peter Taylor, Esq., member for Portsmouth, and Governor Tryon called during his stay in Bristol, Hutchinson adds: “I called upon Mr Temple, Bowdoin and Erving, and afterwards upon Peter Taylor, who was very desirous of entering upon political matters. He says . . . he has reason to think . . . that each of the Lords have had transcripts sent of all advices: that the Council will meet this week: that a plan, or rather two different plans, for reducing America will be proposed: that if any of the Lords should be disposed to favor

¹ *Diary*, I, 354–5, 347. Hutchinson.

² *James Murray, Loyalist*, 171. Ed. Tiffany.

America, they will be honorably removed from the Cabinet, and others put in their stead. He himself is for a duty of five pounds on every vessel, and a dozen frigates constantly cruising to seize every vessel which shall be found to have sailed without paying the duty. 12th I went to the Pump Room." This overlooked the King's Bath, named for its discoverer, Blanud the Briton. It was quite the mode to have a look at the bathers,¹ jostled about amongst floating, japanned bowls heaped with nosegays, candies, snuff-boxes, and perfumery, while the fiddlers up in the gallery scraped merrily to wile away the time. Upon leaving the waters each "fare" was clapped in a blanket, set in a Bath chair, and trundled home. Meanwhile the frequenters of the Pump Room slowly sipped their three glasses, a 100 to 103 degrees in temperature, nibbled a Bath cake, exchanged curtesies and ceremonious bows with new arrivals, and sauntered out to make the tour of the toyshops and circulating libraries. For, as Mrs. Montague² once remarked, Bath consisted all the morning of "How d'ye does?" and all night of "What's trumps?" Hutchinson³ continues: "[I] was a few minutes at the Lower Rooms, where [there] were parties at cards, and others walking. . . . At the Grove Coffee House I saw Mr. Temple who inquired if I had seen the Petition from the Congress, and how I approved of it? I told him I should have approved of it if it had not been connected with the general proceedings of that Congress, which I did not approve of. He thereupon said—'Lord Chatham has seen it, and likes every part of it.'"

The 13th, a reputed Boston letter, dated 10th of December, was quoted, giving news of the *Asia's* arrival with five hundred troops, and that on her arrival, Hancock, Adams, and others had thought fit to abscond; this statement proved to be unfounded.

While in Bath Hutchinson wrote to his son Thomas:

¹ *England in the Eighteenth Century*, II, 65. Sydney.

² *A Lady of the Last Century*, 21. Ed. Dr. Doran.

³ *Diary*, I, 349. Hutchinson.

"I long to return to you, which I say little about, and not only put on the best appearance, but take every method most likely to keep up my spirits . . . but I meet with no diversions or entertainments that are so agreeable to me as what I could find at home. . . . I hope affairs will be settled this summer, . . . I hope the children will not forget me, or rather Peggy, for Tommy [born in 1772] was too small to have any lasting impressions."¹ In another letter of this time he writes:¹ "I assure you I had rather die in a little country farm house in N. England, than in the best Nobleman's seat in Old England; and have therefore given no ear to any proposal of settling here." Even the most determined Tories had moments of sharp regret for the severed ties. At a somewhat later date the Governor writes of Paxton, as "much affected with the thought of being buried in London. . . . He would give 100 Guineas to be laid by his father and mother under the [King's] Chapel in Boston."¹

The 19th we find Hutchinson back in town: "Went to Mr Wedderburn's," he writes, ". . . talked with him upon the repeal of the Port Act; and tho' he was convinced of its inefficacy, he said it could not be repealed, but thought a way might be found to admit persons well effected, by license. . . . He wished Gage had dispersed the mobs with his troops, and thought he ought to have secured the heads of the Congress. I wished the controversy settled without blood. He said the people in Scotland were better humored ever since the bloodshed in the Rebellion [1745]. I asked what Gage would have done with the heads of the Congress?"¹ "Secured them," he said. He said he had thought, but did not determine, that a proper punishment for the members of Congress would be to declare them aliens." Fault began now to be very generally found with Governor Gage, Lord Loudoun¹ in particular complaining of his lack of courage. In Hutchinson's opinion much blame for the failure of conciliation was chargeable to Franklin's displaying his correspondence, also, as he wrote¹

¹ *Diary*, I, 352, 356; II, 240-1; I, 354, 364, 356, 357. Hutchinson.



LORD LOUGHBOROUGH

to Mr. Erving, January 19th, "I have despaired of being instrumental in bringing about the relief of Boston ever since the refusal to pay for the tea."

On the 20th, Parliament was to meet again, and it began to be rumored that Lord Chatham would not be present. Hearing this, Lady Chatham wrote anxiously to her husband from their townhouse, No. 10 St. James' Square, and he answered:¹ "For God's sake, sweet life, don't disquiet yourself about the impertinent and ridiculous lie of the hour. . . . If gout does not put in a veto, which I trust in Heaven it will not, I will be in the House of Lords on Friday, then and there to make a motion relative to America. Be of good cheer, noble love.

'Yes I am proud — I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me.'

The afternoon of the 19th, Lord Stanhope acquainted Dr. Franklin with Lord Chatham's desire that he should be present on the morrow, and accordingly at two P.M. they met in the lobby. It had not been publicly known before that the two were on familiar terms, and quite a little stir was created when Franklin was passed in as his guest. Messengers were immediately hurried in every direction with word that Chatham was in the House and something uncommon might be looked for. Quincy² tells us that he attended the House of Commons the 19th, and heard debates between North, Burke, and Mr. Eden; on the great day, the 20th, he writes: "Attended the debates in the House of Lords. Good fortune gave me one of the best places for hearing."

CHATHAM'S SPEECH FOR THE REMOVAL OF THE TROOPS

My lords: —³

. . . As I have not the honor of access to his Majesty, I will endeavor to transmit to him, through the Constitu-

¹ *Our Country*, II, 760. Lossing.

² *Memoirs*, 264. Quincy.

³ *Principles and Acts of the Revolution*, 456. Niles.

tional channel of this house, my ideas on American business, to rescue him from the misadvice of his present ministers. I congratulate your lordships that that business is at last entered upon, by the noble lord's [Dartmouth] laying the papers before you. As I suppose your lordships are too well apprised of their contents, I hope I am not premature in submitting to you my present motion. . . . The Americans¹ will never be in a temper or state to be reconciled, — they ought not to be, — till the troops are withdrawn. The troops are a perpetual irritation to these people; they are a bar to all confidence, and all cordial reconciliation. I therefore, my lords, move, 'That an humble address be presented to His Majesty . . . that, in order to open the way towards a happy settlement of the dangerous troubles in America, by beginning to allay ferments and soften animosities there; and, above all, for preventing in the meantime any sudden and fatal catastrophe at Boston, now suffering under the daily irritation of an army before their eyes, posted in their town, it may graciously please His Majesty that immediate orders may be despatched to General Gage for removing his Majesty's forces from the town of Boston, as soon as the rigor of the season, and other circumstances indispensable to the safety and accommodation of the said troops, may render the same practicable.' I wish, my lords, not² to lose a day in this urging present crisis. An hour now lost in allaying the ferment in America, may produce years of calamity: I³ know not who advised the present measures; I know not who advises to a perseverance and enforcement of them; but this I will say, that whoever advises them ought to answer for it at his utmost peril. I know that no one will avow that he advised, or that he was the author of these measures; everyone shrinks from the charge. But somebody has advised His Majesty to these measures, and

¹ *Memoirs*, 265. Quincy.

² *Principles and Acts of the Revolution*, 456. Niles.

³ *Hist. of the U. S.*, I, 330. Spencer.

if he continues to hear such evil counsellors, His Majesty may indeed wear his crown, but, the American jewel out of it, it will not be worth the wearing. What more shall I say? I must not say that the King is betrayed; but this I will say, the nation is ruined.

What foundation have we for our claims over America? What our right to persist in such cruel and vindictive measures against that loyal, respectable people? They say you have no right to tax them without their consent. They say truly. Representation and taxation must go together; they are inseparable. Yet there is scarcely a man in our streets, though so poor as scarcely to be able to get his daily bread, but thinks he is the legislator of America. '*Our American subjects*,' is a common phrase in the mouths of the lowest orders of our citizens. But property, my lords, is the sole and entire dominion of the owner: it excludes all the world besides the owner. None can intermeddle with it. It is a unity, a mathematical point. It is an atom; untangible by any but the proprietor. Touch it, and the owner loses his whole property. The touch contaminates the whole mass, the whole property vanishes. The touch of another annihilates it; for whatever is a man's own, is absolutely and exclusively his own. I contend¹ not for indulgence, but justice, to America. . . . Let the sacredness of their property remain inviolate; let it be taxable only by their own consent, given in their provincial assemblies, else it will cease to be property.

In the last Parliament² all was anger, all was rage. Administration did not consider what was practicable, but what was revenge. *Sine clade victor* was the language of the ministry last sessions; but everybody knew, an idiot might know, that such would not be the issue. But the ruin of the nation was a matter of no concern, if administration might be revenged. The Americans were abused, misrepresented, and traduced in the most atrocious manner, in

¹ *Principles and Acts of the Revolution*, 456. Niles.

² *Memoirs*, 267. Quincy.

order to give a color, and urge on the most precipitate, unjust, cruel, and vindictive measures that ever disgraced a nation. . . . The very spirits of the infernal regions *hear before they punish*.

How¹ have this respectable people behaved under their grievances? With unexampled patience, with unparalleled wisdom. They chose delegates by their free suffrages; no bribery, no *corruption*, no INFLUENCE here, my lords. Their representatives meet, with the sentiments and temper, and speak the sense of the continent. When² your lordships look at the papers transmitted to us from America, when you consider their decency, firmness, and wisdom, you cannot but respect their cause, and wish to make it your own. For myself . . . I must avow, in all my reading [of] the master-states³ of the world . . . under a complication of difficult circumstances, no nation, or body of men, can stand in preference to the delegates of America, assembled in General Congress at Philadelphia. For genuine sagacity, for singular moderation, for solid wisdom, manly spirit, sublime sentiments, and simplicity of language, for everything respectable and honorable, they shine unrivalled. They⁴ do not hold the language of slaves: they tell you what they mean. They do not ask you to repeal their laws as a favor: they claim it as a right, they demand it. They tell you they will not submit to them; and I tell you the Acts must be repealed; . . . you cannot enforce them. The ministry are checkmated: they have a move to make on the board, yet not a move but they are ruined. Repeal, therefore, my lords, I say. But bare repeal will not satisfy this enlightened and spirited people. What! repeal a bit of paper! repeal a piece of parchment! That alone will not do, my lords. You must go through the work — you must declare you have no right to tax — then they

¹ *Hist. of the U. S.*, I, 330. Spencer.

² *Principles and Acts of the Revolution*, 459. Niles.

³ *Our Country*, II, 763. Lossing.

⁴ *Memoirs*, 268. Quincy.

may trust you; then they will have some confidence in you.

I have heard a noble lord speak, who seemed to lay some blame upon General Gage.¹ I think that honorable gentleman has behaved with great prudence and becoming caution. He has entrenched himself, and strengthened his fortifications. I do not know what he could do more. His situation puts me in mind of a similar transaction in the civil wars of France, when the great Condé on one side, and Marshal Turenne on the other, with large armies, lay many weeks very near each other. Turenne, conscious of the terrible consequences of victory to himself and country, though the armies were several days in sight of each other, never came to a battle. On his return to the Court of France, the Queen asked him, "Why, Marshal, I think you lay several days in sight of your enemy, and you might have been up with him at any time; pray why did you not take him?" The General very shrewdly replied — "Had I taken him, please your majesty, I was afraid all Paris would *take me*."

I cannot² but feel, with the most anxious sensibility, for the situation of General Gage and the troops under his command; thinking him, as I do, a man of humanity and understanding, and entertaining, as I ever shall, the highest respect, the warmest love, for the British troops. . . . They are an army of impotence . . . and to render the folly equal to the disgrace, they are an army of irritation. I do not mean to censure the inactivity of the troops. . . . The first drop of blood shed . . . would entail hatred and contention between the two people, from generation to generation. . . . I will tell you plainly, my lords, no son of mine nor any one over whom I have influence, shall ever draw his sword upon his fellow subjects. [In point of fact, Lord Pitt,³ aid-de-camp to Sir Guy Carlton in Canada, was recalled home by his father.] . . . allay² the

¹ *Memoirs*, 269. Quincy.

² *Principles and Acts of the Revolution*, 456-7. Niles.

³ *Mass. His. Soc. Pro.*, March, 1876.

ferment prevailing in America by removing the obnoxious hostile corps. . . . The indiscriminating hand of vengeance has lumped together innocent and guilty; with all the formalities of hostility, has blocked up the town, and reduced to beggary and famine 30,000 inhabitants. . . . You irritate them to unappeasable rancor.

. . . The spirit which now resists your taxation in America, is the same which formerly opposed, and with success opposed, loans, benevolences, and ship money in England — the same spirit which called all England *on its legs*, and by the bill of rights vindicated the English constitution — the same spirit which established the great fundamental and essential maxim of your liberties, that no subject shall be taxed, *but by his own consent*. . . . And whilst I am on my legs; and thus do justice to the memory of those great men, I must also justify the merit of the living by declaring my firm and fixed opinion, that such a man exists this day [looking towards Lord Camden]; this glorious spirit of Whiggism animates three millions in America, who prefer poverty with liberty, to golden chains and sordid affluence; and who will die in defence of their rights, as men — as free men.¹ My lords, these three millions of Whigs — three millions of Whigs, my lords, with arms in their hands — are a very formidable body.² What shall oppose this spirit? aided by the congenial flame glowing in the breast of every Whig in England, to the amount, I hope, of at least double the American numbers! Ireland they have to a man. The Whigs² of that country will, and those of this country ought to think the American cause their own. They are allied to each other in sentiment and interest, united in one great principle of defence and resistance against tyranny and oppression. They ought therefore, and they will, run to embrace and support their brethren. . . .

My lords, consistent with the preceding doctrines,² and with what I have ever and shall continue to maintain, I

¹ *Principles and Acts of the Revolution*, 457–8. Niles.

² *Memoirs*, 269, 270. Quincy.



EARL CAMDEN

say I shall oppose America whenever I see her aiming at throwing off the Navigation Act. . . . It is suggested such is their design. I see no evidence of it. . . . My lords — This Country superintends and controls their trade and navigation; ¹ but they *tax themselves*. And this distinction between external and internal control, is sacred and insurmountable. . . . Taxation is theirs, commercial regulation is ours. As an American, I would recognize to England her supreme right of regulating commerce and navigation. As an Englishman, by birth and principle, I recognize to the Americans their supreme, unalienable right to their property; a right which they are justified in the defence of, to the extremity. To maintain this principle is the common cause of the Whigs on the other side of the Atlantic and on this.

Thus ² entered on the threshold of this business, I will knock at the door of the sleeping ³ and confounded ministry, and will rouse them to a sense of their impending danger. I pledge ⁴ myself never to leave this business. I will pursue it to the end in every shape. I will never fail of my attendance on it at every step and period of this great matter, unless nailed down to my bed by the severity of disease. My lords, there is no time to be lost; every moment is big with dangers. Nay, while I am now speaking, the decisive blow may be struck, and millions involved in the consequences. . . . Let us, then, my lords, set to this business in earnest: not take it up by bits and scraps as formerly, just as exigencies pressed, without any regard to general relations, connections, and dependencies. I would not, by anything I have said, my lords, be thought to encourage America to proceed beyond the right line. I reprobate all acts of violence by her mobility. But when her inherent constitutional rights are invaded, those rights which

¹ *Principles and Acts*, 458. Niles.

² *Memoirs*, 271. Quincy.

³ *Our Country*, II, 762. Lossing.

⁴ *Hist. of the U. S.*, I, 331. Spencer.

she has an equitable claim to enjoy by the fundamental laws of the English constitution, and which are engrafted thereon by the unalterable laws of nature, then I own myself an American, and feeling myself such, shall, to the verge of my life, vindicate those rights against all men who strive to trample upon or oppose them.

Says Quincy:¹ "From the effects of this speech on the great audience without the bar, and from my own emotions and feelings, the miracles of ancient eloquence, the blaze of genius, and the burst of thought, with which Grecian and Roman orators have been said to work wonders in the Senate and the field, no longer appeared fabulous." Lord Camden spoke next in support of the motion. To follow Quincy¹ once more, he said:—

My lords, I will not enter into the large field of collateral reasoning applicable to the abstruse distinctions touching the omnipotence of Parliament. The declaratory law sealed my mouth, and I have been silent. But this I will say, not only as a statesman, politician, and philosopher, but as a COMMON LAWYER, — my lords, you have no right to tax America. I have searched the matter: I repeat it, my lords, you have no right to tax America. The natural rights of man and the immutable laws of nature are all with that people. Much stress is laid upon the supreme legislative authority of Great Britain, and, so far as the doctrine is directed to its proper object, I accede to it. But it is equally true, according to all approved writers on government, that no man, agreeably to the principles of natural or civil liberty, could be divested of any part of his property without his consent. Everything has been staked on the single position that the authority of Parliament must be obeyed; but this general, unconditional, unlimited assertion, I am far from thinking applicable to every possible case that may arise in the turn of times. For my part, I imagine that a power resulting from a trust

¹ *Memoirs*, 272, 273. Quincy.

arbitrarily exercised may be lawfully resisted; whether the power is lodged in a collective body or single person, in the few or the many. However modified, makes no difference. Whenever the trust is wrested to the injury of the people, whenever oppression begins, all is unlawful and unjust, and resistance, of course, becomes lawful and right.

But some lords tell us seriously that administration must reduce the Americans to obedience and submission; that is, you must make them absolute and infamous slaves, and then, — what? we will, say they, give them full liberty. Ay! is this the nature of man? No, my lords: I would not trust myself, American as I am, in this situation. I do not think I should, in that case, be myself for giving them their liberty. No, if they submitted to such unjust, such cruel, such degrading slavery, I should think they were made for slaves, that servility was suited to their nature and genius. I should think they would best serve this country as their slaves, that their servility would be for the benefit of Great Britain; and I should be for keeping such Cappadocians in a state of servitude, such as was suited to their constitution, and might redound to our advantage.

My lords, some noble lords talk much of resistance to acts of Parliament. King, Lords, and Commons are fine sounding names; but, my lords, acts of Parliament have been resisted in all ages. King, lords, and Commons may become tyrants as well as others: tyranny in one or more is the same; it is as lawful to resist the tyranny of many as of one. Somebody once asked the great Mr Selden in what law book, in what records or archives of state, you might find the law for resisting tyranny. “I don’t know,” said Mr Selden, “whether it is worth your while to look deeply into the books upon this matter; but I’ll tell you what is most certain, that it has always been the ‘custom of England,’ and the ‘custom of England’ is the law of the land.” There is a gentleman — whom I need not name, his works are well received and well known, — who avoids stating any

rules when resistance is lawful, and he lays down the Revolution as the only precedent. He says that the various circumstances, events and incidents, that may justify, cannot be defined; but the people at large will judge of their welfare and happiness, and act accordingly. The same writer says that whenever a case exactly similar in all its parts and circumstances occurs, when a case shall run upon all fours with that, then the law seems to be settled that resistance is lawful. I do not pretend to quote his words. I think his meaning is very much as I have stated it. But, undoubtedly, in cases in many respects dissimilar, but in equal degree tyrannical and oppressive, resistance may be lawful; and the people in all ages, countries, and climes, have at times known these things, and they have, and they will forever, act accordingly.

Lord Shelburne, in the course of his argument, said: "My lords, we know, we all know that justice and injustice, right and wrong, are not at all considered in the course of our . . . proceedings. We all know that nothing is debated in Parliament for information or conviction, but for mere form. Everything is considered in the cabinet, and brought into Parliament not for consideration, but for the sanction of the legislature and the screening the counsellors of the King. The measures of the Parliament are the measures of the minister, and the measures of this minister are very often those of his commissioner." The Marquis of Rockingham also supported the motion. Lords Littleton, Suffolk, Gower, Townsend, Rochford, and Weymouth spoke in opposition. I omit stating what their lordships said, lest I should be suspected, by any who may see this journal, of an unfair report of their speeches. But a very remarkable saying of Lord Gower I cannot omit. His lordship said, "My lords, I am for *enforcing* these measures; and (with great *sneer* and *contempt*) let the Americans sit talking about their natural and divine rights! their rights as men and citizens! their rights from God and nature!"

The Duke of Richmond, in the course of his speech,



THE MARQUIS OF ROCKINGHAM

said, "Some nobles seem to think that regular troops will easily vanquish raw soldiers. But, my lords, discipline was intended only as a substitute for what the Americans have already: attachment to their cause; . . . to keep them to their duty. Americans will keep to their duty without discipline. They will keep to their standard without fear of discipline in case they desert it. My lords, Americans have the substance of what discipline is only the shadow. Discipline is only the substitute for a common cause, to attach through fear, and keep to their ranks and standard those who would otherwise desert them. But, my lords, suppose you succeed, you cannot enforce these acts; you cannot force a form of government upon any people. You may spread fire, sword, and desolation; but that will not be government. You must change your places as you make your march of destruction. When you leave one place to subdue another, your government is gone. You cannot force men to serve in office. You cannot force men to be counsellors, judges, or sheriffs. You cannot compel jurors to sit on trial. You cannot force juries to present offences; in short, no people can ever be made to submit to a form of government they say they will not receive."

The House divided on the question about ten, after the preceding debates. Contents, *i.e.*, for the motion, 18; non-contents, against it, 77, including proxies. "All availed no more than the whistling of the wind," writes Franklin.¹ "Sixteen Scotch peers and 24 bishops, with all the lords in possession or expectation of places, when they vote together unanimously, as they generally do for ministerial measures, make a dead majority, that renders all debating ridiculous in itself, since it can answer no end." The 21st, Hutchinson² writes, "Lord Hillsborough gave me a full account of Lord Chatham's motion yesterday, opposed by Lord Suffolk, who, he said, spake admirably well."

¹ *Memoirs*, 405. Quincy.

² *Diary*, I, 358. Hutchinson.

The same day, making his report to Lady Chatham, young William Pitt,¹ a Cambridge undergraduate, then in his sixteenth year, writes respecting his father's speech: "The matter and manner were striking; far beyond what I can express. It was everything that was superior; and, though it had not the desired effect on an obdurate House of Lords, it must have had an infinite effect without doors, the bar being crowded with Americans. Lord Suffolk, I cannot say answered him, but spoke after him. My father has slept well, but is lame in one ankle from standing so long. His first speech lasted over an hour, and the second half an hour; surely the two finest speeches that ever were made before, unless by himself!"

In an interesting study of Lord Chatham, Arthur S. McDowall² observes: "If in his War Ministry he showed the way to win an empire, in his last oratorical campaign he showed how to keep one that was won. The whole duty of Imperial patriotism is set forth in these speeches, which, with Burke's, are a kind of charter of the constitutional rights and privileges of the members of our colonial empire." This day we find that Quincy:³ "Spent the morning with Dr. Franklin. Dined at the exchange coffee-house with Messrs. Bromfield and Williams, and went for the first time to the serious opera of *Armida* in the evening. Some parts of the music exquisitely fine, the dancing elegant indeed, but in general a poor entertainment for an Englishman." January 23d he enters: "Attended a long debate in the House of Commons on American affairs. Speakers for the Americans: Burke, Johnston, Charles Fox, T. Townsend, Lord J[ohn] Cavendish, Captain Luttrell, Alderman Sawbridge &c. — eighty-two. Against the Americans: Sir Wm. Meredith, Lord North, Lord Clare, Sir George Macartney, Sir G. Eliot, Lord Stanley &c., —

¹ *American Revolution*, I, 239. Trevelyan.

² *Life of Lord Chatham*, 219. Arthur S. McDowall, B. A. New York, 1903: E. P. Dutton & Co.

³ *Memoirs*, 277, 279. Quincy.

total 197. This debate and division show that if King, Lords, and Commons can subdue America into bondage against the almost universal sentiment, opinion, wish, and hope of the Englishmen of this island, the deed will be done. This night, for the first time since my arrival, I was taken very ill with a fever and spasms." During his illness he received repeated visits from Dr. Fothergill,¹ who "peremptorily refused his fee," saying, "I consider this as a public cause to which we must all contribute." On the 29th Hutchinson² writes: "Mr Gibbon speaks of a design to attain 14 or 15 of the Provincial Congress." Next day, he tells us, he was "At Ld Dartmouth's, who informed me that divers forms had been proposed to satisfy the Colonists of the intentions of Parliament; but all had been excepted to, as tending to encourage them in their claims of Independency by concession, of which they had been ready to take advantage." Possibly for this reason the petition of the London merchants concerning America was rejected² by a vote of 250 to 89, followed by another on the part of Bollan,³ Franklin, and Lee praying that the petition from Congress might be then read, the vote this time being 218 to 68.

Hutchinson² seems to have been most unhappy and restless in these days and tells us: "From Lord D's [No. 1 St. James' Square]⁴ I went to Lord Hardwick's [No. 4 St. James' Square]⁴ . . . He observed that it was the most difficult time he had ever known. I heard Bishop North [brother to the Prime minister] preach at the Abbey. . . . It being a windy day there was a draught across the Abbey, which makes it the most dangerous place that well can be, and I increased a cold which was upon me. I stopped at Lord Dartmouth's office in my way home, where I first learnt that they had increased the force to America, and first heard the particulars of their

¹ *Memoirs*, 279, 280. Quincy.

² *Diary*, I, 364, 363-4, 365. Hutchinson.

³ *American Revolution*, 1, 451-2. Gordon.

⁴ *St. James Square*, 223, 226. Dasent.

plan for a restraint on trade, and for admitting certain persons, who should qualify themselves by an Oath or Subscription; and he said that the Fishery would be comprehended, which he understood was upon a suggestion from me. I remember in conversation to have said — When a restraint of trade was mentioned as a proper method of proceeding, that it must be the utter ruin of the town of Marblehead; but did not know that what I said would be carried to the Ministry. He added that they had been extremely puzzled to find or agree upon the form of a test or declaration, and that the business is now in that unsettled state.” As the month went out news was received of the powder being seized at Portsmouth.

The letters that follow give a little fuller insight from a somewhat partisan standpoint. They were written by Edward Gibbon,¹ and dated from Boodles, 31st of January, 1775. The first is to J. Holroyd, afterwards Lord Sheffield, and runs: “Sometimes people do not write because they are too idle, and sometimes because they are too busy. The former was usually my case, but at present it is the latter. The fate of Europe and America seems fully sufficient to take up the time of one man; and especially of a man who gives up a great deal of time for the purpose of public and private information. I think I have sucked Mauduit and Hutchinson very dry; and if my confidence was equal to my eloquence, and my eloquence to my knowledge, perhaps I might make no very intolerable speaker. At all events, I fancy I shall try to expose myself. *Semper ago auditor tantum? nunquamme reponam?* For my own part, I am more and more convinced that we have both the right and the power on our side, and that, though the event may be accompanied with some melancholy circumstances, we are now arrived at the decisive moment of preserving, or of losing forever, both our trade and empire. We expect next Thursday or Friday to be a very great day. Hitherto we have been chiefly employed in reading papers, and reject-

¹ *Magazine of Amer. History*, May, 1886.



ing petitions. Petitions were brought from London, Bristol, Norwich, &c framed by party, and designed to delay. By the aid of some Parliamentary quirks, they have been all referred to a separate inactive committee, which Burke calls a committee of oblivion, and are now considered as dead in law. I could write fifty little House of Commons stories, but from their number and nature they suit better a conferance than a letter. Our general divisions are about 250 to 80 or 90. Adieu." The next note is from the same to Mrs. Gibbon. "An idle man has no time, and a busy man very little. As yet the House of Commons turns out very well to me, I find it at least a very agreeable coffee house. We are plunging every day deeper and deeper into the great business of America; and I have hitherto been a zealous, though silent friend, to the cause of government, which, *in this instance*, I think the cause of England."

CHAPTER VI

THE DECISIVE VOTE

HUTCHINSON¹ continues: "February 1st, Lord Chatham made an unexpected motion in the House of Lords, in order to introduce a strange Bill, . . . in which the measures of late years were condemned — 13 Acts, and among the rest the Declaratory Act, were suspended: a *legal* Congress of all the Colonies was allowed to be held . . . in May, when a recognition was to be made of the authority of Parl^t.: a large sum to be granted towards a revenue; which being done, the 13 Acts were to be repealed, and no Aid, Tax, or Tallage, was to be raised on the Colonies for the future, otherwise than by their respective Assemblies." Dartmouth² wishing to gain time for a careful examination into the matter, in all sincerity urged their lordships to beware of hasty action and to lay the bill on the table until such time as they were thoroughly posted. The Colonial Secretary was presupposing an honestly disposed House, but the Bedfords were to be reckoned with, and Lord Sandwich³ disconcerted all hope of peace by moving that the proposition "be immediately rejected with the contempt it deserves. I can never believe," he added, "that it was the production of a British peer; it appears to me rather *the work of some American.*" Turning upon Franklin, standing at the bar, he continued: "I fancy I have in my eye the person who drew it up, one of the bitterest and most mischievous enemies this country has ever known." Chatham hastened to claim the bill as "entirely his own. This declaration," said he, "I think myself the more obliged to make,

¹ *Diary*, I, 366. Hutchinson.

² *American Revolution*, I, 277. Trevelyan.

³ *Hist. of the U. S.*, I, 332. Spencer.

as many of your lordships appear to have so mean an opinion of it; for it is proper in me to take care that no other person should unjustly share in the censure it deserves." The bill indeed met with little favor, some complaining that it was as deplorable as the remedy proposed by Josiah Tucker, Dean¹ of Gloucester, that of casting the Colonies off forever, — it was then put to vote² and lost by 61, plus 7 proxies, against 32. The 2d, writes Hutchinson:

Got admittance to the House of Commons, . . . while I was in the Lobby Dr Franklin passed by, and seemed in great agitation, but returned without getting into the House. 3rd, Yesterday, Lord North spake an hour and a half: opened the state of America: and for the present question, proposed an Address to the King, which, among other things, declares a Rebellion in Massachusetts Bay: . . . Mr Dunning [eventually Lord Ashburton] then spake, and among other things, challenged any person to shew the Congress at Philadelphia to be unlawful, or that at Concord to be treasonable. The Attorney General answered him by stating the facts, and declared both to be treasonable.

Charles Fox was for — Right to tax, without the exercise of it, condemned all Parliament's measures, and Grenville's particularly. Governor Grant for the Motion, gave his opinion of the Americans, as not used to fighting, &c.

George Grenville, though not for the Motion, vindicated his father: — did not stay to divide with the House.

Mr Powis, disapproved of the conduct of the Americans, but thought the case very difficult, and would not divide.

Mr Cornwall went further than anybody in vindication of taxing the Colonies. Cruger, for Bristol, the American, . . . made a sad speech: resented what Grant said: was an American himself, and lived in Parliament Street — which

¹ *Our Country*, II, 764. Lossing. And *Narrative and Critical History of America*, VI, 75. Justin Winsor. Boston, 1887: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

² *Diary*, I, 367-8. Hutchinson.

set the House into a laugh; and attempting to go on, could not be heard.

Lord Lumley is of the Rockingham party, and spake upon that system.

Lord Stanley spoke low, but was for the Motion.

Mr Burke said less than usual for him, and

Mr Wedderburne closed the Debate which continued until one o'clock.

On the amendment by Fox — to censure the ministry and ask for a new one, since the papers laid upon the table had served only to convince the House that the measures taken by His Majesty's servants tended rather to widen than to heal the unhappy differences between Great Britain and America — the division stood 304 yeas, to 105 nays, "a number," says Trevelyan,¹ "exceeding by forty the best division which, in the former Parliament, was obtained against the worst of the American measures;" and doubly "significant in that age of intimidation and bribery." On the original motion the vote was 296 to 106 in North's² favor. In the Lords, the majority for government was 87 to 27, Richmond, Craven, Archer, Abergavenny, Rockingham, Wycombe, Courtenay, Torrington, Ponsonby, Cholmondeley, Abingdon, Portland, Camden, Effingham, Stanhope, Scarborough, Fitzwilliam, and Tankerville³ protesting against "an address amounting to a *Declaration of War*, which is founded on no parliamentary information, which follows the rejection of every mode of conciliation, which holds out no substantial offer of redress of grievances, and which promises support to those ministers, who have inflamed America, and grossly misconducted the affairs of Great Britain." February 6th, Lord John Cavendish⁴ moved in the Commons to reconsider this vote when Wilkes cried:

¹ *American Revolution*, I, 257. Trevelyan.

² *Diary*, I, 368. Hutchinson.

³ *American Revolution*, I, 461. Gordon.

⁴ *The War of the Independence of the U. S.*, I, 236-42. Botta.



JOHN WILKES

Before the signal of civil war is given . . . I hope this house will consider . . . the original ground and cause of the present dispute. Have we justice on our side? No: assuredly, no. . . . In the two last wars, they gave you more than you asked for, and more than their faculties warranted: they were not only liberal towards you, but prodigal of their substance. They fought gallantly and victoriously by your side, with equal valor, against our and their enemy, . . . the French. . . . And even now, at a moment when you are planning their destruction, when you are branding them with the odious appellation of rebels, what is their language, what their protestations? Read, in the name of heaven, the late petition of the Congress to the King; and you will find, "they are ready and willing as they have ever been, to demonstrate their loyalty, by exerting their most strenuous efforts in granting supplies, and raising forces, when constitutionally required." And yet we hear it vociferated . . . that they intend to throw off the supremacy of Great Britain. . . .

They ask nothing, for such are the words of their petition, but for peace, liberty, and safety. They wish not a diminution of the royal prerogative; they solicit not any new right. They are ready, on the contrary, to defend this prerogative. . . .

Whether their present state is that of rebellion, or of a fit and just resistance to unlawful acts of power, to our attempts to rob them of their property and liberties, as they imagine, I shall not declare. But I well know what will follow, nor, however strange and harsh it may appear to some, shall I hesitate to announce it, that I may not be accused hereafter, of having failed in duty to my country, on so grave an occasion, and at the approach of such direful calamities. Know then, a successful resistance is a revolution, not a rebellion. . . . Who can tell, whether, in consequence of this day's violent and mad address to his majesty, the scabbard may not be thrown away by them as well as by us: and whether, in a few years, the independent

Americans may not celebrate the glorious era of the revolution of 1775, as we do that of 1688? . . . The right honorable gentleman with the blue riband [Lord North] assures us that ten thousand of our troops and four Irish regiments will make their brains turn in the head a little, and strike them aghast with terror! But where does the author of this exquisite scheme propose to send his army? . . . The ancient story of the philosopher Calanus and the Indian hide, will be verified; where you tread, it will be kept down; but it will rise the more in all other points. . . . Recollect Philip II. king of Spain: remember the Seven Provinces, and the Duke of Alva. It was deliberated, in the council of the monarch, what measures should be adopted respecting the Low Countries; some were disposed for clemency, others advised rigor; the second prevailed. The Duke of Alva was victorious, it is true, wherever he appeared: but his cruelties sowed the teeth of the serpent. The Beggars of the Briel, as they were called by the Spanish, who despised them as you now despise the Americans, . . . shook the power of Spain to the centre. . . . If you persist in your resolution, all hope of a reconciliation is extinct. The Americans will triumph — the whole Continent of North America will be dismembered from Great Britain, and the wide arch of the raised empire fall.

In reply, Captain Harvey strenuously asserted:

They complained of the Stamp Act. It was repealed. Did this satisfy them? On the contrary, they embittered more than ever our respective relations; now refusing to indemnify the victims of their violence, and now to rescind resolutions that were so many strides towards rebellion. And yet, in these cases, there were no questions of taxes, either internal or external. A duty was afterwards imposed on glass, paper, colors, and tea. They revolted anew: and the bounty of this too indulgent mother again revoked the greater part of these duties, leaving only that upon tea, which may yield, at the utmost, sixteen thousand pounds

sterling. Even this inconsiderable impost, Great Britain, actuated by a meekness and forbearance without example, would have repealed also, if the colonists had peaceably expressed their wishes to this effect. At present, they bitterly complain of the regular troops sent amongst them to maintain the public repose. But, in the name of G—, what is the cause of their presence in Boston? American disturbances. . . . Who among us has not felt emotions kindling deep in his breast, or transports of indignation, at the reading of the decrees of congress, in which, with a language and a tone better beseeming the haughty courts of Versailles, or of Madrid, than the subjects of a great King, they ordain imperiously the cessation of all commerce between their country and our own. . . . Are we then of a spirit to endure that our subjects trace around us the circle of Popilius, and proudly declare on what conditions they will deign to obey? . . . if laying a strong hand on the revenues of America; if seizing his majesty's forts, artillery, and ammunition; if exciting and stimulating, by every means, the whole subjects of America to take arms, and to resist the constitutional authority of Great Britain, are acts of treason, then are the Americans in a state of the most flagrant rebellion. Wherefore, then, should we delay to take resolute measures? If no other alternative is left us, if it is necessary to use the power which we enjoy, under heaven, for the protection of the whole empire, let us show the Americans, that, as our ancestors deluged this country with their blood, to leave us a free constitution, we, like men, in defiance of faction at home and rebellion abroad, are determined, in glorious emulation of their example to transmit it, perfect and unimpaired, to our posterity. I hear it said by these propagators of sinister auguries, that we shall be vanquished in this conquest. But all human enterprises are never without a something of uncertainty. Are high-minded men for this to stand listless. . . . I trust, however, in the present crisis, we may cherish better hopes: . . . these are the sentiments of a man neither partial, nor

vehement, but free from all prepossessions, and ready to combat and shed the last drop of his blood, to put down the excesses of license.¹

This same day Hutchinson² mentions that he "walked two or three turns with Sir Jeffrey Amherst in the Park." Amherst³ had been popular in America, and a little before this, when it was proposed that he should go out to the Colonies as commander-in-chief, he had quietly declined serving against those "to whom he had been so much obliged." If the question of America was touched on by them at all, it could scarcely be with any degree of concord.

The 8th, Hutchinson tells us, he "called at Lord Hardwick's . . . found him very anxious about America, willing to renounce taxation, if a way could be found which would not give up the remaining authority. The real difficulty is Administration is tender, doubting, and undetermined." The same day Gibbon⁴ wrote to Holroyd: "I am not d—d, according to your charitable wishes, because I have not acted; there was such an inundation of speakers, young speakers in every sense of the word, both on Thursday in the grand committee, and Monday on the report to the House, that neither Lord George Germaine nor myself could find room for a single word. The principal men both days were Fox and Wedderburne, on the opposite sides; the latter displayed his usual talents; the former, taking the vast compass of the question before us, discovered powers for regular debate which neither his friends hoped, nor his enemies dreaded. We voted an address of lives and fortunes, declaring Massachusetts Bay in a state of rebellion. More troops, but I fear not enough, go to America, to make an army of 10,000 men, at Boston; three generals, Howe, Burgoyne, and Clinton. In a few days we stop the ports of New England. I cannot write

¹ *The War of the Independence of the U. S.*, I, 242-7. Botta.

² *Diary*, I, 371.

³ *American Revolution*, I, 280. Trevelyan.

⁴ *Magazine of American History*, May, 1886.

volumes; but I am more and more convinced, that with firmness all may go well; yet I sometimes doubt. I am now writing with ladies, (Sir S. Porter and his bride), and two card tables, in the library.”

As if Massachusetts was not sufficiently burdened, a day or two later the Restraining Act was broached (10th) and carried,¹ 268 to 85, which reserved the fishery rights to England, and made the chief employment of the Bay Colony an offence. The value of the fish² in foreign markets — upwards of £320,000 a year — was lost at one blow, and the merchants were farther embarrassed by the tying up of their shipping, some 400 large vessels,³ 2,000 odd shallops, and thousands of sailors being by this step turned adrift to form so many centres of disaffection up and down the seaboard. This short-sighted restriction was soon extended⁴ to include the Middle and Southern Colonies with the exception of New York, Delaware, and North Carolina. New York is said to have owed its exemption to the Assembly's³ addressing the King as an “indulgent father.” As for the other Colonies, it was hoped that a show of partiality would produce dissension. It was in vain Rockingham⁵ opposed the measure, Government appeared to think the Whigs on either side the Atlantic were privily making for a republic, and would hear of nothing counter.

The 10th, says Hutchinson,¹ “Mr Ellis called, and soon after Mr Jenkinson. I cautioned them against any measure which would make the people desperate. I know of no persons who seem more determined. I had called upon Mr Cornwall [of the Treasury] in the morning. All three think more forces should be sent. Mauduit called. He is for bringing all the fishermen to England, and confining the Fishery to the Kingdom. . . . 15th. At Lord D.'s Levée.

¹ *Diary*, I, 376, 375. Hutchinson.

² *American Revolution*, I, 463. Gordon.

³ *Our Country*, II, 765-6. Lossing.

⁴ *A History of the United States of America*, 220. Charles A. Goodrich. Hartford, 1835.

⁵ *The War of the Independence of the U. S.*, I, 240. Botta.

I never saw him more dispirited. He asked me whether I thought no proposals could be made to satisfy the Americans." The 17th he continues:

I visited Lord Barrington, and afterwards Lord Hillsborough, who kept me an hour: asked if I had seen the Bill? I said I had heard a little of it from Mr Jenkinson. He was surprised Mr. Pownall had never consulted me upon it. He thought, as he was at the head of the Board of Trade in 1763, and afterwards Secretary of State, something might have been said to him: that Lord North called upon him some days ago: talked about Almack's [*i.e.* Almack's, famous for its gaming, where Lord Stavordale,¹ a minor, lost eleven thousand pounds playing at hazard and got it back at one hand, saying lightly, "Now if I had been playing *deep* I might have won millions!"] and the Pantheon [or winter¹ Ranelagh, in Oxford Road, where masqueraders frolicked away the night in rich or fantastic dresses], but not one word of America, though he had begged him even with tears to resign: said all the languor about America was owing to Lord North's aversion to business: nothing kept him from resigning but his love of money, . . . He is to bring the Bill into the House, says Lord H. to-day, and he was at that house over the way, at a Festino with young folks till two o'clock this morning.

18th, Called early upon Mr Gibbon. He laments the want of a more general plan: says that in all great affairs since Lord North's administration this has been the case. Members . . . are at a loss what part to take, for want of a more thorough knowledge of what is to be the next measure.²

February 20th, in the hope of winning Fox's goodwill and conciliating all parties, Lord North proposed² a pledge should be given on behalf of Parliament that such Colonies as voted money for certain stated public purposes should

¹ *England in the Eighteenth Century*, I, 234. Sydney.

² *Diary*, I, 378-380. Hutchinson.



LORD NORTH

be exempt from taxation. Fox refused to be dazzled by this concession and the Government party were thrown into confusion. Welbore Ellis, described by Trevelyan¹ as "a placeman, who had already turned his hundredth quarter-day," announced, as a man of honor, he felt bound to oppose the minister. Rigby growled in hearing of the Treasury bench that "the proper persons to move and second Lord North's resolution were Mr Otis and Mr Hancock." For two hours North was hard pressed; the King's friends, not having their cue, hesitated as to what was expected from them: but at this point, Sir Gilbert Elliot coming to the rescue of Government, their confidence in North's leadership was reëstablished, and Fox called a division. We have a little light on all this in a letter of Gibbon's,² written on the 25th to Holroyd. "We go on with regard to America, if we can be said to go on; for on last Monday a conciliatory motion of allowing the Colonies to tax themselves, was introduced by Lord North, in the midst of lives and fortunes, war and famine. We went into the House in confusion, every moment expecting that the Bedfords would fly into rebellion against these measures. Lord North rose six times, but all in vain; till at length Sir Gilbert [Elliot] declared for administration, and the troops all rallied under their proper standard."

February 22d, Governor Hutchinson³ wrote to Mr. G. Erving:

There is a Bill in Parl^t. for restraining the trade of the N. E. Colonies. I had prepared a plan for admitting the inhabits. of Boston, in common with the inhabitants of the other towns, to a free trade, provided they renounce all share or part in unlawful combinations &c.; and I met with leading Members who approved of it: but when I showed it to Mr Wedderburne, who revised the Bill now before the House, after Pownall and Knox had drawn it, he put an

¹ *American Revolution*, I, 260, 262. Trevelyan.

² *Magazine of American History*, May, 1886.

³ *Diary*, I, 392.

end to all my expectations: for though he approved of it himself, he said he was sure that a proposal for repeal in any degree, would disgust the part of the House which I distinguish as his Agent, and weaken, if not break to pieces, the whole system for restoring America: and when only an amendment, that upon pay for the Tea, the Port might be opened without waiting for a special order from the K., he refused to consent because of the same danger.

23d, at Lord Dartmouth's office. Mr Knox gave me a copy of a letter he had wrote to Mr Blackburn, a Merchant in the city, in order to his sending it to his friends at New York. Mr Knox proposes the Colony Assemblies should pass Acts for laying duties on all exports, and on all foreign imports, with a condition not to have force until Parliament repeals the Tax Acts, and to cease whenever they shall be renewed, or other duties or taxes laid. I thought such a condition unwarrantable in an Act of Assembly, and excepted to it: but upon explanation, I encouraged him. I would send a copy to my friends in New England; but consulting Mauduit, who called in the evening, I returned to my first thoughts, and am of opinion it would be a dangerous proposal, and intend to see Knox in the morning, and let him know my mind.

24th, I called at Mr Knox's house before breakfast to let him know my opinion of the impracticability of his plan, and that, as Governor, I should not dare give my assent to an Act framed according to his proposal. He seemed himself to be less attached to it than yesterday.

This same day a letter ¹ full of warning was despatched from London, and even at this date one feels the stress under which it was written. "You are desired," it runs, "to let the Colonies know there is a deep plot formed to divide them and deceive the people into a compliance. . . . Those Lords who advised the King to declare you rebels, and apprehend Messrs. Hancock, Adams &c., &c.

¹ *American Archives*, II, 4th ser., 345. Force.

have gone so far as to say that Chatham shall fall a sacrifice to their designs. . . . Believe the Court your worst enemies. Be much on your guard. . . . The Bill [for prohibiting the fisheries] is to be read a third time on Tuesday; so that in five days this horrid Bill passes into a law. . . . Oh, America! Oh, England! The Ministry, in order to quiet the mob, ordered an inflammatory pamphlet to be burnt at Guildhall, which drew off the people while the Bill passed in Parliament &c. A report is sent into the City that the Transports are stopped. This is to quiet the Merchants; but the officers are gone down in private coaches of other people, and America is to be divided and driven into compliance before England is apprized of it. . . . The offers of peace were only to raise the Stocks, which had fallen; they are 4° higher on account of the report. Many of the people are your most hearty friends, but the King is your greatest enemy. . . . Send this to Boston immediately. Mr Hancock's lands are already divided among the officers &c. Lord Dartmouth is your bitterest enemy, and determined to destroy the liberties of America. Lord Chatham, Lord Camden, the Duke of Richmond, and all the wise wish that you may attend to the advice of the Congress." The following day the bill was read for the second time in the House, but all debate was deferred until the last reading on Tuesday, because Burke had a sore throat.¹ Letters of the 25th and 27th January from Boston meanwhile brought word that all but six of the Marshfield men had joined Ruggles' Tory association and that some hundred regulars had been sent for their protection. Hutchinson felt it unfortunate that the Loyalists there and at Scituate should be cut off from their mackerel fishing, on which they largely depended, so soon after declaring themselves on the King's side. He would have had the bill altered so as to grant exemption to such as renounced "the Philadelphia¹ association," but the suggestion was not taken up.

¹ *Diary*, I, 392, 403, 402. Hutchinson.

In the interest of his colleagues at home, it seemed imperative that Quincy should sail and make a personal report as soon as he could summon strength for the voyage. It was felt by his friends that no letter could safely convey the information he had acquired, and in spite of Dr. Fothergill's¹ assurances that the Bristol air and water would establish his health, such was his eagerness to reach Sam Adams and Dr. Warren, he took passage long before he was equal to the hardships of travelling. March 3d, he writes:² "This day, being the day before my departure, I dined with Dr Franklin, and had three hours' private conversation with him. . . . By no means take any step of great consequence, unless on a sudden emergency, without advice of the Continental Congress; [he] explicitly, and in so many words, said that only New England could hold out for ages against this country, and, if they were firm and united, in *seven years* would conquer them." On the 21st of April at sea he dictated to one of the sailors last messages to his wife and the reasons that led him to sail in his feeble condition. Five days later, as the ship shaped her course for Gloucester harbor, he died of consumption, aged thirty-one years. His little daughter² had preceded him by less than a fortnight, and his widow hastened to join her parents at Norwich, Connecticut, with the only remaining child, Josiah. In his father's will, dated February 28th, 1774, the lad is thus referred to: "I give to my son, when he shall arrive at the age of fifteen years, Algernon Sidney's works, John Locke's works, Lord Bacon's works, Gordon's Tacitus, and Cato's Letters. May the spirit of Liberty rest upon him!" Meanwhile, as might have been foreseen from the disposition of the ministry, nothing in the nature of a favorable settlement could be effected. Hutchinson continues:³

March 9th, I walked into the City and back, to Clement's Lane. Mauduit expressed his astonishment and indig-

¹*American Revolution*, I, 467. Gordon. ²*Memoirs*, 282, 285, 289. Quincy.

³*Diary*, I, 404.

nation at the Colony Agents' Admission into the H. of Commons to hear the debate. Yesterday Lord Clare was so unguarded, as, in answer to the motion to allow of flour, &c, to say—"We must pinch them: they must be compelled to submit without delay. If they are able to hold out, we know that we are not. What's done must be done at once, or they will finally conquer:"—Franklin all the while in the gallery, staring with his spectacles; and no doubt before this time, the relation of this speech is on its way to America. . . . I went to Lord North's Levée, . . . met with Bruce the Abyssinian. [*i.e.*, James Bruce, who explored Abyssinia in search of the source of the Nile, 1768–1773]. 11th I spent half an hour in the morning at Mr Cornwall's, in free conversation upon the state of America, as well as the state of Administration in England. He attributes the delays which attend business of all sorts, to Lord North's¹ consulting so many persons, who are of very different opinions: and from this difference he remains undecided himself for some time, and after he appears decided is apt to change. Others charge him with aversion to business in general, though when forced to engage, he shews himself exceeding capable.

13th, . . . Saw the Solicitor General at Lincoln's Inn Hall. He had heard F. would go next week to America: thought he ought to be stopped: something should be done to put a stop to the Congress. We talked of the impossibility of conviction in America: the difficulty of punishing without. I asked if he thought a Bill could be framed to answer the purpose? He said it could be done: advised me by a letter to put Lord North in mind of it. In the evening I wrote to Ld. North: let him know Q. was gone, and F. going, and the mischief I apprehended they designed &c.

It was about this time Lord North informed Franklin that no vital concessions could be made. Franklin, reply-

¹ *Diary*, I, 404. Hutchinson.

ing, through Lord Howe, on the eve of returning to America, wrote:¹ "The people of Massachusetts must suffer all the hazards and mischiefs of war rather than admit the alteration of their charter and laws by Parliament. They who can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety."

The 14th, Hutchinson writes, "Dr Solander called upon me, who entertained me with the account of his voyage to Otahitee, and promised me a sight of Omiah." March 15th, Lord Rockingham² presented the Petitions of the City of London and Merchants against the New England Bill in the Lords. As the New England Colonies alone were £800,000 in their debt, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Livery could scarcely be put off by being told to mind their own business.³ After they were read, says Hutchinson,² "the witnesses appeared. The first witness was Seth Jenkins, a ship-master of Nantucket, who was asked a great number of questions, most of them impertinent, and others improper—what he thought the people would do with their vessels if the whaling should be stopped, and whether the people would not be likely to go to Halifax, if they could not maintain themselves at Nantucket? — to which he answered, 'No' — 'Why not?' — 'Because they did not like the Government.' — 'Why did not they like it?' — 'Because they had a notion of its being military, or something like it, as they had always troops there.' . . . Then Lord Sandwich called two Poole Merchants, Benjamin Lister and — Davis, who gave a very particular account of the fishery carried on at Newfoundland, which acceded my apprehension; and they agreed that between 7 & 80,000 quintals were exported every year, besides the oyl and seal oyl: that besides the Bankers, two thousand boats were employed in the shoar fishery, ten tons one with another: that 20,000

¹"The Preliminary Period of the American Revolution." *Lay. Godey's Magazine*, March, 1898.

²*Diary*, I, 406. Hutchinson.

³*American Revolution*, I, 265. Trevelyan.

men and upwards were employed. [It was shown] if the New England fishery was wholly stopped, they could increase the Newfoundland fishery in proportion for the supply of the foreign Markets, and that it would be incomparably more beneficial to the Kingdom, for . . . there went out to Newfoundland every year 3000 Green or New-men, who were trained up to the sea, [Commodores Shuldham and Palliser agreed] this fishery . . . was the great nursery for seamen, whereas the New England fishermen never did come into the Navy, and they did not desire they should, for they did not like them." 16th, "I went," says Hutchinson,¹ "to the House of Lords soon after two, and the Chancellor took me in before Prayers. Lord Dartmouth opened the debate very well, Ld. Rockingham opposed the committing the N. E. Bill, as cruel, inhuman, &c, and boasted of his own steadiness from the beginning. Ld. Carlisle (I took it for the first time) made a set speech, but had a general vote of approbation. Ld Gower, whose daughter he married, shewed great pleasure in his countenance; and Ld Camden, though of the other side, seemed to say — 'very well] performed' . . . Then Lord Dudley spoke, and complained of the combinations in 1768, when the Americans wrote over to the people of Birmingham, that if they did not get the tax Acts repealed, they should lose their debts. Then Lord Camden rose and spoke an hour and a half without the least hesitation. I never heard a greater flow of words, but my knowledge of facts in this controversy caused his misrepresentations and glosses to appear in a very strong light. He supposed a premeditated plan for settling the Colonies: that they were originally intended to be under a variety of constitutions, in order to prevent their union. . . . Resistance must be justified in England, but the Americans, of all the world, must be singled out, and it must be denied to them. Here was a shameful fallacy . . . then condemned the Bill as cruel and inhuman: the measure was neither just, practicable, nor necessary . . .

¹ *Diary*, I, 408-416. Hutchinson.

enlarged upon the fluctuating measures of Administration — one day America was in rebellion; another day a conciliatory plan was proposed: then delivered a great eulogium upon Lord Chatham and his plan: condemned the rejecting of it in very strong terms: then upbraided the Ministry with being pleased with every appearance of concession from the Americans: a little town of Marshfield had desired soldiers from Gage; he thought it was an inland town, and that 100 men had marched 40 miles into the country without being destroyed: but alas! it appears by the map to be a town upon the sea coast, to which the men were sent by water — a town which had six of Mr Hutchinson's Justices in it. Upon mentioning my name, most of the Bishops, and many Lords who sat with their backs to me, turned about and looked in my face. It happened that I never made a Justice in that town whilst I was in the Government. . . . Lord Suffolk defended the Bill with great propriety: answered what had been objected by one of the Lords viz. — that the examination yesterday looked as if it were going to deprive the New England men of their Fishery forever, by saying the Bill gave them the faith of Parliament that when they returned to their obedience, the Fishery should be restored to the state it was in before.

Lord Radnor said heretofore he had withdrawn before the division being doubtful what side to take, he now was persuaded the Newfoundland Fishery was so much more important than the New England "they ought to be excluded forever." Lord Suffolk explained "when the Bill ceased to operate they would be left in the same state they were before the Bill passed: but this would by no means restrain Parliament from assuming the subject again whenever they thought proper."

The Duke of Grafton felt: "By all the Excises and Taxes paid in England, the manufactures came to the Americans at such an advanced price, that he thought it was tax enough for them to pay, but he thought, as they had deter-



AUGUSTUS HENRY, THIRD DUKE OF GRAFTON

mined to starve the Manufacturers in England, or throw them on the parishes to the distress of the Kingdom, he thought this a very lenient, as well as a very necessary Bill, &c.”

Question put Whether Bill should be Committed, 104 yeas, 29 nays.

The 17th, Hutchinson continues, “A fine day: tempted to walk with my daughter to Gray’s Inn Gardens, and home through Lincoln’s Inn Gardens: and afterwards to ride towards Clapham in the coach for an airing.”

March 19th, Lord Suffolk had it from good authority that Lord Camden’s speech was a concerted thing between him and Franklin, that he might carry it hot to Congress. A gossip now went round that Lord Chatham had been out of his wits and was “unaccountable” in his actions. 20th, two petitions were received from the stocking weavers of Northampton of opposite tenor, one praying for lenient measures, since 1000 to 1400 were commonly employed, while at present business was so slack it was a question how much longer it could continue; the other petition, quoting the statement of a banker in Nottingham that about £2000 a week upon their draft passed through his hands, and ever since January payments had been “more than usual.” 21st, Hutchinson¹ writes: Ingersol says “Dr Bancroft, a crony of F—n’s, did not know he was determined to go at any particular time, but on inquiry at his house or lodgings, the 19th, was informed he went to Portsmouth the day before.” Franklin² was loath to leave a single expedient untried and offered personally to guarantee the loss sustained by the East India Company. For a moment, Barclay thought him ready to make his peace with Government and assured him that such being the case, he could have any post for the asking. Franklin explained his single wish was to be serviceable, and he conceived the British Government would sooner give him a place in a cart to Tyburn,² than aught else. A

¹ *Diary*, I, 415. Hutchinson.

² *American Revolution*, I, 277-8, 276. Trevelyan.

final attempt to avert war was made at an interview with Lord Howe's¹ sister; but although the Paper of Hints for Conversation drawn up by Franklin and the Quakers, Mr. Barclay and Dr. Fothergill, was, as Trevelyan states, "in truth the draft of a treaty which, if it had been approved, signed, and ratified, would have had a merit rare among the celebrated instruments in history; — that of terminating a sharp and extended controversy rationally, equitably, permanently, and without derogation to the self-esteem of either of the contracting parties," — it, alas, produced no results. He then adds that Franklin's "protracted voyage" back to Philadelphia was "beguiled by drawing up an account of the doleful transactions on which he had been recently engaged, and by the more profitable and congenial occupation of testing with his thermometer the breadth and the direction of the Gulf Stream."

To return once more to Hutchinson,² the 22d, he enters: "At Lord Dartmouth's office. Knox read to me the Instructions to Gage, to apprehend the Leaders of the Congress, if they refuse, upon his Proclamation, to separate. This is the Provincial Congress; and he is directed to do it though a conflict with his troops should be like to be the consequence. These Instructions are dated the 28th January, intended by the *Falcon*, who was under sailing orders about the 20th of December. The *Falcon* was in Torbay the 12th of March. Duplicate went by the *Nautilus*, who on the same 12th of March, was at Portsmouth: so that it's most likely both original and duplicate are yet within Scilly."

When the Fishery Bill came up on the 22d for the third reading, Fox³ pointed out that as it was drawn, and as the New Englanders were circumstanced, the alternative lay between starving or taking up arms. "You have now," he cried, "completed the system of your folly. You had some friends yet left in New England. You yourselves made a parade of the number you had there. But you have not

¹ *Our Country*, II, 753-5. Lossing.

² *Diary*, I, 416. Hutchinson.

³ *American Revolution*, I, 267. Trevelyan.

treated them like friends. How must they feel, what must they think, when the people against whom they have stood out in support of your measures say to them: 'You see now what friends in England you have depended upon. They separated you from your real friends, while they hoped to ruin us by it; but since they cannot destroy us without mixing you in the common carnage, your merits to them will not now save you. You are to be starved indiscriminately with us. You are treated in common with us as rebels, whether you rebel or not. Your loyalty has ruined you. Rebellion alone, if resistance is rebellion, can save you from famine and ruin. When these things are said to them, what can they answer.'

Henry Dundas,¹ Lord Advocate for Scotland, remarked contemptuously, the Americans need not starve, they could fish in the brooks if not in the sea and Indian corn was left, if their soil failed to raise wheat. He went too far, and Lord John Cavendish's rebuke was generally approved. With the view of ridiculing the Colonists, Rigby¹ scoffed that they "might be otters by all the fuss that was making," and Sandwich harped in the Lords on their "tall talking, and sneaking habits when it came to a brush," alleging the first taking of Louisburg as an example, and attributing the success of the expedition solely to the presence of Admiral Warren.

The Earl of Suffolk, Secretary of State, took exception to this statement, and sixteen Peers entered their protest, that the abuse was irrelevant and distasteful. The young Marquis of Granby championed the absent Colonists and received a warm letter in response from Lord Chatham, too ill to do battle in his own person.

Edmund Burke in particular, as member for Bristol, was "bound to do his utmost in the interests of commerce," and spoke in the commons with much power. He said in part:²

¹ *American Revolution*, I, 268, 270. Trevelyan.

² *Principles and Acts of the Revolution*, 429-453. Niles.

BURKE'S SPEECH ON CONCILIATION

As I came into the house full of anxiety about the event of my motion, I found, to my infinite surprise, that the grand penal bill, by which we had passed sentence on the trade and sustenance of America, is to be returned to us from the other house. . . . By the return of this bill, which seemed to have taken its flight forever, we are at this very instant nearly as free to choose a plan for our American government, as we were on the first day of the session. If, sir, we incline to the side of conciliation, we are not at all embarrassed (unless we please to make ourselves so) by any incongruous mixture of coercion and restraint. We are therefore called upon, as it were by a superior warning voice, again to attend to America; to attend to the whole of it together; and to review the subject with an unusual degree of care and calmness . . . at the beginning of the session . . . a worthy member of great parliamentary experience [Rose Fuller] . . . took me aside; and lamenting the present aspect of the politics, told me . . . our former methods of proceeding in the house would be no longer tolerated. . . . That the very vicissitudes and shiftings of ministerial measures, instead of convicting their authors of inconstancy and want of system, would be taken as an occasion of charging us with a pre-determined discontent, which nothing could satisfy; whilst we accused every measure of vigor as cruel, and every proposal of lenity as weak and irresolute. . . . It would be expected, that those who for many years had been active in such affairs should show that they had formed some clear and decided idea of the principles of colony government; . . .

. . . when I saw that anger and violence prevailed every day more and more, and that things were hastening towards an incurable alienation of our colonies, I confess my caution gave way. I felt this as one of those few moments in which decorum yields to an higher duty. Public calamity is a mighty leveller, and there are occasions when any even



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the slightest, chance of doing good must be laid hold on, even by the most inconsiderable person. . . . I grew less anxious even from the idea of my own insignificance; for judging of what you are, by what you ought to be, I persuaded myself that you would not reject a reasonable proposition, because it had nothing but its reason to recommend it. On the other hand, being totally destitute of all shadow of influence, natural or adventitious, I was very sure that, if my proposition were futile or dangerous, if it were weakly conceived or improperly timed, there was nothing exterior to it, of power to awe, dazzle, or delude you. You will see it just as it is, and you will treat it just as it deserves.

The proposition is peace. Not peace through the medium of war. . . . It is peace sought in the spirit of peace. . . . Plain good intention, which is as easily discovered at the first view, as fraud is surely detected at last, is, let me say, of no mean force in the government of mankind. Genuine simplicity of heart is an healing and cementing principle. . . . The capital leading questions, on which you must this day decide, are these two. First, whether you ought to concede; and secondly, what your concession ought to be . . . to enable us to determine both on the one and the other of these great questions, with a firm and precise judgment, I think it may be necessary to consider distinctly the true nature and the peculiar circumstances of the object which we have before us. Because, after all our struggle, whether we will or not, we must govern America according to that nature, and to those circumstances, and not according to our own imaginations: . . .

The first thing that we have to consider with regard to the nature of the object, is the number of people in the colonies. . . . I can by no calculation justify myself in placing the number below two millions of inhabitants of our own European blood and color, besides at least 500,000 others, who form no inconsiderable part of the strength and opulence of the whole. . . . Such is the strength with

which population shoots in that part of the world, that state the numbers as high as we will whilst the dispute continues, the exaggeration ends. . . . I put this consideration of the present and the growing numbers in the front of our deliberation; because, sir, this consideration will make it evident to a blunter discernment than yours, that no partial, narrow, contracted, pinched occasional system will be at all suitable. . . . It will prove that some degree of care and caution is required in the handling of such an object; it will shew that you ought not, in reason, to trifle with so large a mass of the interests and feelings of the human race. You could at no time do so without guilt, and be assured you will not be able to do it long with impunity.

. . . The commerce of your colonies is out of all proportion beyond the numbers of the people. . . . The export trade to the colonies consists of three great branches. The African, which terminating almost wholly in the colonies, must be put to the account of their commerce, the West Indian, and the North American. All these are so interwoven . . . I consider [them] to be . . . one trade. . . . Our general trade has been greatly augmented; and augmented more or less in almost every part to which it ever extended; but with this material difference, that of the six millions which, in the beginning of the century, constituted the whole mass of our export commerce, the colony trade was but one twelfth part; it is now (as a part of seventeen millions) considerably more than a third of the whole. This is the relative proportion of the importance of the colonies at these two periods; and all reason concerning our mode of treating them must have this proportion as its basis, or it is a reasoning weak, rotten, and sophistical . . . reflect that this growth of our national prosperity has happened within the short period of the life of man. It has happened within sixty-eight years. There are those alive, whose memory might touch the two extremities! For instance, my Lord Bathurst might remember all the stages of the

progress. . . . When we speak of the commerce with our colonies, fiction lags after truth; . . . I pass, therefore, to the colonies in another point of view — their agriculture . . . besides feeding plentifully their own growing multitude, their annual export of grain, comprehending rice, has some years ago exceeded a million in value: . . . for some time past the old world has been fed from the new, . . . look at the manner in which the people of New England have of late carried on the whale fishery. Whilst we follow them among the tumbling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson's Bay and Davis's Straits, whilst we are looking for them beneath the arctic circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of polar cold. . . . Falkland Island . . . is but a stage and resting-place in the progress of their victorious industry . . . whilst some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude, and pursue the gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. No sea but is vexed by their fisheries; . . . When I contemplate these things; when I know that the colonies in general owe little or nothing to any care of ours, and that they are not squeezed into this happy form by the constraints of watchful and suspicious government, but that, through a wise and salutary neglect, a generous nature has been suffered to take her own way to perfection; . . . My rigor relents. I pardon something to the spirit of liberty.

. . . America, gentlemen, I say, is a noble object. It is an object well worth fighting for. Certainly it is, if fighting a people be the best way of gaining them; . . . Those who wield the thunder of the state, may have more confidence in the efficacy of arms. But I confess, possibly for want of this knowledge, my opinion is much more in favor of prudent management than of force; considering force not as an odious but a feeble instrument, for preserving a people, so numerous, so active, so growing, so spirited as this, in a profitable and subordinate connection with us.

First, sir, permit me to observe that the use of force alone is but temporary; it may subdue for a moment, but it does not remove the necessity of subduing again: and a nation is not governed, which is perpetually to be conquered. . . . Power and authority are sometimes bought by kindness; but they can never be begged as alms by an impoverished and defeated violence. . . . Nothing less will content me than whole America. I do not choose to consume its strength along with our own, because in all parts it is the British strength that I consume. . . . Our ancient indulgence has been said to be pursued to a fault. It may be so. But we know, if feeling is evidence, that our fault was more tolerable than our attempt to mend it, . . . But there is still behind a third consideration concerning this object, which serves to determine my opinion on the sort of policy which ought to be pursued in the management of America, even more than its population and its commerce. I mean its temper and character.

In this character of the Americans a love of freedom is the predominating feature, . . . your colonies become suspicious, restive, and untractable, whenever they see the least attempt to wrest from them by force, or shuffle from them by chicane, what they think the only advantage worth living for. This fierce spirit of liberty is stronger in the English colonies probably than in any other people of the earth, . . . First, the people of the colonies are descendants of Englishmen. England, sir, is a nation which still I hope respects, and formerly adored her freedom. The colonists emigrated from you, when this part of your character was most predominant; and they took this bias and direction the moment they parted from your hands. . . . The colonies draw from you, as with their life blood, these ideas and principles. Their love of liberty, as with you, fixed and attached on this specific point of taxing . . . your mode of governing them, whether through lenity or indolence, through wisdom or mistake, confirm them in the imagination that they, as well as you, had an interest in

these common principles. They were further confirmed in this pleasing error by the form of their provincial legislative assemblies. . . . If anything were wanting to this necessary operation of the form of government, religion would have given it a complete effect. . . . The people are protestants; and of that kind which is the most averse to all implicit submission of mind and opinion. . . . The colonists left England when this spirit was high: and in the emigrants was the highest of all, and even that strain of foreigners, which has been constantly flowing into these colonies, has for the greatest part, been composed of dissenters from the establishments of their several countries; . . . Much mischief we may certainly do. The power inadequate to all other things is often more than sufficient for this. . . . But when I consider, that we have colonies for no purpose but to be serviceable to us, it seems to my poor understanding a little preposterous, to make them unserviceable, . . . We cannot, I fear, falsify the pedigree of this fierce people, and persuade them that they are not sprung from a nation, in whose veins the blood of freedom circulates. . . . I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people . . . for wise men, this is not judicious; for sober men, not decent; for minds tinctured with humanity, not mild and merciful.

Perhaps, sir, I am mistaken in my idea of an empire, as distinguished from a single state or kingdom. But my idea of it is this, that an empire is the aggregate of many states under one common head; whether this head be a monarch or a presiding republic. It does, in such constitutions, frequently happen (and nothing but the dismal, cold, dead uniformity of servitude can prevent its happening) that the subordinate parts have many local privileges and immunities. . . . But though every privilege is an exemption (in the case) from the ordinary exercise of the supreme authority, it is no denial of it. . . . I can scarcely conceive anything more completely imprudent, than for the head of the empire to insist, that if any privilege is pleaded against

his will, or his acts, that his whole authority is denied, instantly to proclaim rebellion; to beat to arms, and to put the offending provinces under the ban. . . . Will not this, sir, very soon teach the provinces to make no distinctions on their part? Will it not teach them that the government, against which a claim of liberty is tantamount to high treason, is a government to which submission is equivalent to slavery. . . .

In this situation, let us seriously and coolly ponder. What is it we have got by all our menaces, which have been many and ferocious? What advantage have we derived from the penal laws we have passed, and which, for the time, have been severe and numerous? What advances have we made towards our object by the sending of a force which, by land and sea, is no contemptible strength? Has the disorder abated? Nothing less — When I see things in this situation, after such confident hopes, bold promises, and active exertions, I cannot, for my life, avoid a suspicion that the plan itself is not correctly right. If then the removal of the causes of this spirit of American liberty be, for the greater part, or rather entirely impracticable; if the ideas of criminal process be inapplicable, or, if applicable, are in the highest degree inexpedient, what way yet remains? No way is open but the third and last; to comply with the American spirit as necessary, or if you please, to submit to it as a necessary evil. If we adopt this mode, if we mean to conciliate and concede, let us see of what nature the concession ought to be? To ascertain the nature of our concession, we must look at their complaint. The colonies complain that they have not the characteristic mark and seal of British freedom. They complain, that they are taxed in a parliament, in which they are not represented. If you mean to satisfy them at all, you must satisfy them with regard to this complaint. If you mean to please any people, you must give them the boon which they ask; not what you may think better for them, but of a kind totally different. . . .

Sir, I think you must perceive, that I am resolved this day to have nothing at all to do with the question of the right of taxation. Some gentlemen startle — but it is true. I put it totally out of the question. . . . This point is the great Serbonian bog, betwixt Damiata and Mount Cassius old, where armies whole have sunk. I do not intend to be overwhelmed in that bog, though in such respectable company. The question with me is, not whether you have a right to render your people miserable, but whether it is not your interest to make them happy? It is not what a lawyer tells me I may do, but what humanity, reason, and justice tell me I ought to do. . . . I am not determining a point of law; I am restoring tranquillity, and the general character and situation of a people must determine what sort of government is fitted for them. That point nothing else can or ought to determine.

My idea, therefore, without considering whether we yield as matter of right, or grant as matter of favor, is to admit the people of our colonies into an interest in the constitution; and by recording that admission in the journals of parliament, to give them as strong an assurance as the nature of the thing will admit, that we mean forever to adhere to that solemn declaration of systematic indulgence. Some years ago the repeal of a revenue act, upon its understood principle, might have served to show that we intended an unconditional abatement of the exercise of a taxing power. Such a measure was then sufficient to remove all suspicion, and to give perfect content. But unfortunate events since that time, may make something farther necessary and not more necessary for the satisfaction of the colonies than for the dignity and consistency of our own future proceedings. . . . For instance, when we allege that it is against reason to tax a people under so many restraints to trade as the Americans, the noble lord in the blue riband shall tell you, that the restraints on trade are futile and useless; . . . that the trade to America is not secured by the acts of navigation, but by the natural and irresistible advantage

of a commercial preference. . . . Then, sir, you keep up revenue laws which are mischievous, in order to preserve trade laws that are useless; . . . They are separately given up as of no value, and yet one is always to be defended for the sake of the other. . . . One fact is clear and indisputable. The public and avowed origin of this quarrel was on taxation. . . . Unless you consent to remove this cause of difference, it is impossible, with decency, to assert that the dispute is not upon what it is avowed to be. And I would, sir, recommend to your serious consideration whether it be prudent to form a rule for punishing people, not on their own acts, but on your conjectures. . . . But the colonies will go farther — Alas! alas! When will this speculating against fact and reason end? . . .

. . . your ancestors did not churlishly sit down alone to the feast of Magna Charta. Ireland was made immediately a partaker. This benefit of English laws and liberties, I confess, was not at first extended to all Ireland. Mark the consequence. English authority and English liberties had exactly the same boundaries. Your standard could never be advanced an inch before your privileges. Sir John Davis shows, beyond a doubt, that the refusal of a general communication of these rights, was the true cause why Ireland was five hundred years in subduing; . . . My next example is Wales. This country was said to be reduced by Henry the Third. It was said more truly to be so by Edward the First. But though then conquered, it was not looked upon as any part of the realm of England. . . . Sir, during that state of things, parliament was not idle. They attempted to subdue the fierce spirit of the Welch by all sorts of rigorous laws. . . . Here we rub our hands — A fine body of precedents for the authority of parliament. . . . I admit it fully, and pray add likewise to these precedents, that all the while Wales eyed this kingdom like an incubus; and that an Englishman, travelling in that country, could not go six yards from the high road without being murdered. The march of the human mind

is slow, sir; it was not until after two hundred years discovered, that, by an eternal law, Providence had decreed vexation to violence and poverty to rapine. Your ancestors did however at length open their eyes to the ill husbandry of injustice. . . . Accordingly, in the 27th year of Henry VIII. the course was entirely altered. With a preamble stating the entire and perfect rights of the crown of England, it gave to the Welch all the rights and privileges of English subjects. A political order was established; the military power gave way to the civil; the marches were turned into counties. But that a nation should have a right to English liberties, and yet no share at all in the fundamental security of these liberties, the grant of their own property, seemed a thing so incongruous that eight years after, . . . a complete and not ill-proportioned representation by counties and boroughs was bestowed upon Wales, by act of parliament. From that moment, as by a charm, the tumults subsided. . . .

The very same year the county palatine of Chester received the same relief from its oppressions, and the same remedy to its disorders. Before this time Chester was little less distempered than Wales. . . . What did parliament with [Chester's] audacious address? Reject it as a libel? . . . Spurn it as a derogation from the rights of legislature? . . . They took the petition of grievance, all rugged as it was, without softening, . . . unpurged of the original bitterness and indignation of complaint; they made it the very preamble to their act of redress; . . . Sir, this pattern of Chester was followed in the reign of Charles II. with regard to the county palatine of Durham, which is my fourth example. . . .

Are not the people of America as much Englishmen as the Welch? . . . Are the Americans not so numerous? . . . Is America in rebellion? Wales was hardly free from it. Have you attempted to govern America by penal statutes? You made fifteen for Wales. . . . But America is virtually represented. What! Does the electric force of

virtual representation more easily pass over the Atlantic, than pervade Wales, which lies in your neighborhood; or than Chester and Durham surrounded by abundance of representation that is actual and palpable? But, sir, your ancestors thought this sort of virtual representation, however ample, to be totally insufficient for the freedom of the inhabitants of territories that are so near, and comparatively so inconsiderable. How then can I think it sufficient for those who are infinitely greater, and infinitely more remote? You will now, sir, perhaps, imagine that I am on the point of proposing to you a scheme for a representation of the colonies in parliament. . . . *Opposuit natura*—I cannot remove the eternal barriers of the creation. . . . I only wish you to recognize, for the theory, the ancient constitutional policy of this kingdom with regard to representatives, as that policy has been declared in acts of parliament; and as to the practice, to return to that mode which an uniform experience has marked out to you as best; and in which you walked with security, advantage, and honor, until the year 1763.

My resolutions, therefore, mean to establish the equity and justice of a taxation of America by grant and not by imposition. To mark the legal competency of the colony assemblies for the support of their government in peace, and for public aids in time of war. To acknowledge that this legal competency has had a dutiful and beneficial exercise; and that experience has shown the benefit of their grants, and the futility of parliamentary taxation as a method of supply. These solid truths compose six fundamental propositions. . . . I think these six massive pillars will be of strength sufficient to support the temple of British concord. . . .

The first is a resolution — “That the colonies and plantations of Great Britain in North America, consisting of fourteen separate governments, and containing two millions and upwards of free inhabitants, have not the liberty and privilege of electing and sending any knights and bur-

gesses, or others, to represent them in the high court of parliament." This is a plain matter of fact, . . . The second — "That the said colonies and plantations have been liable to, and bounden by, several subsidies, payments, rates, and taxes, given and granted by parliament, though the said colonies and plantations have not their knights and burgesses, in the said high court of parliament, of their own election, to represent the condition of their country; by lack whereof they have been oftentimes touched and grieved by subsidies given, granted, and assented to, in the said court, in a manner prejudicial to the commonwealth, quietness, rest, and peace, of the subjects inhabiting within the same." . . . It is the language of your own ancient acts of parliament . . . it is the general produce of the ancient, rustic, manly, home-bred sense of this country . . . men may be sorely touched and deeply grieved in their privileges as well as in their purses. . . .

The next proposition is — "That, from the distance of the said colonies, and from other circumstances, no method has hitherto been devised for procuring a representation in parliament for the said colonies." This is an assertion of a fact. . . .

The fourth resolution is — "That each of the said colonies hath within itself a body chosen in part, or in the whole, by the freedmen, freeholders, or other free inhabitants thereof, commonly called the general assembly, or general court, with powers legally to raise, levy, and assess, according to the several usage of such colonies, duties and taxes towards defraying all sorts of public service." . . . The [next] resolution is also a resolution of fact — "That the said general assemblies, general courts, or other bodies legally qualified as aforesaid, have at sundry times freely granted several large subsidies and public aids for his majesty's service according to their abilities, when required thereto by letter from one of his majesty's principal secretaries of state; and that their right to grant the same, and their cheerfulness and sufficiency in the said grants have been at

sundry times acknowledged by parliament." . . . here is the repeated acknowledgement of parliament that the colonies not only gave, but gave to satiety. . . . When Mr Grenville began to form his system of American revenue, he stated, in this house, that the colonies were then in debt 2,600,000 pounds sterling money, and was of opinion they would discharge the debt in four years. On this state, those untaxed people were actually subject to the payment of taxes to the amount of 650,000 a year. . . . The calculation was too sanguine. The reduction was not completed till some years after, and at different times in different colonies. However, the taxes after the war continued too great to bear any addition with prudence or propriety; . . . No colony, since that time, ever has had any requisition whatsoever made to it.

We see the . . . productive nature of a revenue by grant. Now search the same journals for the produce of the revenue by imposition. Where is it? Let us know the volume and the page? . . . What, can none of the many skillful index makers, that we are now employing, find any trace of it? But are the journals, which say nothing of the revenue, as silent on the discontent? O no! A child may find it. It is the melancholly burthen and blot of every page. I think then I am, from those journals, justified in the sixth and last resolution, which is — "That it hath been found, by experience, that the manner of granting the said supplies and aids, by the said general assemblies, hath been more agreeable to the said colonies, and more beneficial and conducive to the public service, than the mode of giving and granting aids in Parliament, to be raised and paid in the same colonies." . . . The conclusion is irresistible. You cannot say that you were driven by any necessity to an exercise of the utmost rights of legislature. You cannot assert that you took on yourselves the task of imposing colony taxes, from the want of another legal body, that is competent to the purpose of supplying the exigencies of the state, without wounding the prejudices of the people.

Neither is it true that the body so qualified, and having that competence had neglected the duty.

The question now, on all this accumulated matter, is, whether you will choose to abide by a profitable experience, or a mischievous theory; . . . whether you prefer . . . satisfaction in your subjects, or discontent. . . . The corporation of Boston was not heard, before it was condemned. . . . Ideas of prudence and accommodation to circumstances, prevent you from taking away the charters of Connecticut and Rhode Island, as you have taken away that of Massachusetts colony, though the crown has far less power in the above two former provinces than it enjoyed in the latter; and though the abuses have been full as . . . flagrant, in the exempted as in the punished. The same reasons of prudence and accommodation have weight with me in restoring the charter of the Massachusetts Bay. Besides, sir, the act which changes the charter of the Massachusetts Bay is in many particulars so exceptionable, that if I did not wish absolutely to repeal, I would by all means desire to alter it, as several of its provisions tend to the subversion of all public and private justice. Such, among others, is the power in the governor to change the sheriff at his pleasure, and to make a new returning officer for every special cause. It is shameful to behold such a regulation standing among English laws. . . .

Having guarded the privileges of local legislation, I would next secure to the colonies a fair and unbiased judiciary; for which purpose, sir, I propose the following resolution: "That, from the time when the general assembly or general court of any colony or plantation in North America, shall have appointed, by act of assembly duly confirmed, a settled salary to the offices of the chief justice and other judges of the superior courts of such colony, it may be proper that the said chief justice and other judges . . . shall hold his and their office and offices during their good behavior, and shall not be removed therefrom, but when the said removal shall be adjudged by his majesty, in council, upon

a hearing or complaint from the general assembly, or on a complaint from the governor, or council, or the house of representatives severally, of the colony in which the said chief justice and other judges have exercised the said offices."

The next resolution relates to the courts of admiralty. It is this. "That it may be proper to regulate the courts of admiralty, or vice admiralty, authorized by the fifteenth chapter of the 4th of George III., in such a manner as to make the same more commodious to those who sue, or are sued in the said courts, and to provide for the more decent maintenance of the judges in the same." These courts I do not wish to take away; they are in themselves proper establishments. . . . But courts incommodiously situated, in effect, deny justice; and a court, partaking in all the fruits of its own condemnation, is a robber. The congress complain, and complain justly of this grievance. [The solicitor-general informed Mr. Burke, when the resolutions were separately moved, that the grievance of the judges, partaking of the profits of some of the seizures, had been redressed by office; accordingly the resolution was amended.]

. . . I recollect, Mr. Speaker, almost too late, that I promised, before I finished, to say something of the proposition of the noble lord on the floor [Lord North]. . . . First, then, I cannot admit that proposition of a ransom by auction — because it is a mere project. . . . To settle the quotas and proportions in this house is clearly impossible . . . to settle (on the plan laid down by the noble lord) the true proportioned payment for four or five and twenty governments, according to the absolute and relative wealth of each, and according to the British proportion of wealth and burden, is a wild and chimerical notion. . . . You cannot hear the council for all these provinces quarrelling each on its own quantity of payment, and its proportion to others. If you should attempt it, the committee of the provincial ways and means, or by whatever other name it will delight to be called, must swallow up all the time of parliament. . . . They complain that they are taxed

without their consent; you answer, that you will fix the sum at which they shall be taxed. That is, you give them the very grievance for the remedy . . . when you come to explain yourself, it will be found that you will neither leave to themselves the quantum, nor the mode, nor indeed anything. The whole is delusion from one end to the other. . . . consider, I implore you, that the communication, by special messages and orders, between these agents and their constituents, on each variation of the case, when the parties come to contend together, and to dispute on their relative proportions, will be a matter of delay, perplexity, and confusion that can never have an end. . . . The obedient colonies in this scheme are heavily taxed. The refractory remain unburthened. What will you do? Will you lay new and heavier taxes by parliament on the disobedient? . . . Let it also be considered, that either in the present confusion you settle a permanent contingent, which will and must be trifling, (and then you have no effectual revenue) or you change the quota at every exigency, and then on every new requisition you will have a new quarrel. Reflect besides, that when you have fixed a quota for every colony, you have not provided for prompt and punctual payment. . . . From this day forward the empire is never to know an hour's tranquillity. An intestine fire will be kept alive in the bowels of the colonies, which one time or other must consume the whole empire. . . .

I have indeed tired you by a long discourse; but this is the misfortune of those to whose influence nothing will be conceded, and who must win every inch of their ground by argument. You have heard me with goodness; may you decide with wisdom! for my part, I feel my mind greatly disburdened, by what I have done today. . . .

But what (says the financier) is peace to us without money? Your plan gives us no revenue. No! But it does — for it secures to the subject the power of REFUSAL; the first of all revenues. — Experience is a cheat, and fact a liar, if this power in the subject of proportioning his grant,

or of not paying at all, has not been found the richest mine of revenue ever discovered by the skill or by the fortune of man. It does not indeed vote you one hundred and fifty-two thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds eleven shillings and two pence three farthings, nor any other paltry limited sum. . . . If, when you attempted to extract a revenue from Bengal, you were obliged to return in iron what you had taken in imposition, what can you expect from North America? For certain if ever there was a country qualified to produce wealth, it is India; or an institution fit for the transmission, it is the East India Company. . . . If America gives you taxable objects, on which you lay your duties here, and gives you at the same time, a surplus by a foreign sale of her commodities, to pay the duties on these objects, which you tax at home, she has performed her part to the British revenue. But with regard to her own internal establishments, she may, I do not doubt she will, contribute in moderation; for she ought not to be permitted to exhaust herself. She ought to be reserved to a war; the weight of which, with the enemies that we are most likely to have, must be considerable in her quarter of the globe. There she may serve you, and serve you essentially. . . .

My hold of the colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties which though light as air, are as strong as links of iron. Let the colonies always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your government; they will cling and grapple to you; and no force under Heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance. But let it once be understood, that your government may be one thing, and their privileges another, that these two things may exist without any mutual relation, the cement is gone; the cohesion is loosened; and everything hastens to decay and dissolution. As long as you have wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of

liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom, they will turn their faces towards you. The more they multiply, the more friends you will have; the more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have anywhere. It is a weed that grows in every soil. They may have it from Spain, they may have it from Prussia. But until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest, and your natural dignity, freedom they can have from none but you. This is the commodity of price; of which you have the monopoly. This is the true act of navigation, which binds to you the commerce of the colonies, and through them secures to you the wealth of the world. . . . Do not entertain so weak an imagination, as that your registers and your bonds, your affidavits and your suffrances, your cockets and clearances, are what form the great securities of your commerce. Do not dream, that your letters of office, and your instructions, and your suspending classes are the things that hold together the great contexture of this mysterious whole. . . . It is the spirit of the English constitution which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, invigorates, vivifies, every part of the empire, even down to the minutest members.

Is it not the same virtue which does everything for us here in England? Do you imagine then, that it is the land tax act which raises your revenue? that it is the annual vote in the committee of supply, which gives you your army? or that it is the mutiny bill which inspires it with bravery and discipline? No! surely no! It is the love of the people, it is their attachment to their government, from the sense of the deep stake they have in such a glorious institution, which gives you your army and your navy, and infuses into both that liberal obedience, without which your army would be a base rabble, and your navy nothing but rotten timber. . . . a great empire and little minds go ill together. If we are conscious of our situation, and glow with zeal to

fill our place as becomes our station and ourselves, we ought to auspicate all our public proceedings on America, with the old warning of the church, *sursum corda!* We ought to elevate our minds to the greatness of that trust to which the order of Providence has called us. . . . Let us get an American revenue as we have got an American empire. English privileges have made it all that it is; English privileges alone will make it all it can be. In full confidence of this unalterable truth, I now (*quod felix faustumque sit*) lay the first stone of the temple of peace; and I move to you,

“That the colonies and plantations of Great Britain, in North America, consisting of fourteen separate governments and containing two millions and upwards of free inhabitants, have not had the right and privilege of electing and sending their knights and burgesses, or others, to represent in the high court of parliament.”

Upon this resolution the previous question was put, and carried; for the previous question 270, against it 78.

CHAPTER VII

BRITISH SPIES SENT OUT TO GATHER INFORMATION. CLASH
AVERTED AT NORTH BRIDGE, SALEM

A COUPLE of days later Hutchinson writes:¹ At Lord Dartmouth's with my son, and Mr Clarke to take his advice upon an application to Gov^t. for their sufferings, &c., as Consignees, the E. India Comp^y. alleging that their whole loss ought to be paid by Government."

The 27th, he continues: "I found a letter from the Gov. and Lt. Gov., and soon after other letters at my house, to the postage of 23/6 besides other letters. . . . The confusions are increased beyond my apprehensions. An opinion prevailed that lenient measures would still be pursued in England; and by the long spell of westerly winds, it is probable they are not yet undeceived. 29th At Lord Dartmouth's. He seems very apprehensive that the New England people will resist the King's troops, and does not know but some action between them will be best. I saw for the first time Mr Lee, the *Junius Americanus*."

On April 12th, the following note was sent by Lord Effingham² to Lord Barrington, Secretary of War. After saying "The King is too just and too generous not to believe, that the votes I have given in Parliament have been given according to the dictates of my conscience," he continues: "My request therefore to your lordship is this, that after having laid those circumstances before the King, you will assure his majesty, that he has not a subject who

¹ *Diary*, I, March 24, 1775. Hutchinson.

² *Principles and Acts*, 499-500. Niles.

is more ready than I am with the utmost cheerfulness to sacrifice his life and fortune in support of the safety, honor, and dignity of his majesty's crown and person. But the very same principles which have inspired me with these unalterable sentiments of duty and affection to his majesty, will not suffer me to be instrumental in depriving any part of his people of those liberties which form the best security for their fidelity and obedience to his government. As I cannot, without reproach from my own conscience, consent to bear arms against my fellow subjects in America, in what, to my weak discernment, is not a clear cause; and as it seems now to be finally resolved, that the 22d regiment is to go upon American service, I desire your lordship to lay me in the most dutiful manner at his majesty's feet, and humbly beg that I may be permitted to retire." After expressing a desire to retain his rank in the army, since he waives the right of selling his commission, — in order that he might serve in the field if occasion called against a foreign foe, — he concludes, "your lordship will easily conceive the regret and mortification I feel at being necessitated to quit the military profession, which has been that of my ancestors for many generations, to which I have been bred almost from my infancy, to which I have devoted the study of my life; and to perfect myself in which, I have sought instruction and service in whatever part of the world they were to be found. I have delayed this to the last moment, lest any wrong construction should be given to a conduct which is influenced only by the purest motives. . . .

I have the honor to be etc.

Effingham.

Adelphi Buildings.

April 12, 1775."

Admiral Keppel¹ was of a like mind, and wrote declining a command: "Although professional employment is

¹ *Mass. His. Soc. Pro.*, 236. March, 1876. Rev. George E. Ellis.

the dearest object of my life, I cannot draw my sword in such a cause."

The 13th, says Hutchinson: ¹ "I have just come in from the House of Lord, where I saw the King give his assent to one of the American Bills, and a number of others. I wish you could have gone with me. The King is such a figure of a man, that seated on his throne in his Royal Robes, there is nothing here, that affords such a feast to my eyes." April 14th, he writes, ¹ "Generals Howe and Clinton called to take leave." This was General William Howe, M.P. for Nottingham, ² a younger brother of the Lord Howe who fell at Ticonderoga and of Admiral Richard Howe; and General Sir Henry Clinton, M.P. for Newark, son of the ex-governor of New York, who had seen service in the Seven Years' War under Prince Ferdinand. ² With them was associated General John Burgoyne, M.P. for Preston, ³ who had seen service in Portugal. ² If either of the three had been commander-in-chief at the outset, there would have been a stronger force at hand, but Gage had belittled the opposition and the House voted as few troops as possible in its ignorance.

Hutchinson, on the 15th, notes: "The three Major Generals set out in the afternoon for Portsmouth. 16th Easter Sunday: ¹ 18th a very forward spring, everything, being at least a month forwarder than in New England." General Howe was to succeed Gage in command, Lord Amherst having declined the post through scruples of conscience. Indeed he had himself hesitated at first, and asked if his appointment came in the form of a proposal or order, and on being told it was a command, had reluctantly accepted. ⁴ When word of this last blow aimed at the New Englanders reached America, Patrick Henry, standing in St. John's Church, Richmond — which survives to this day — intro-

¹ *Diary*, I, 427-8, 430.

² *American Revolution*, I, 282-4. Trevelyan.

³ *Mass. His. Soc. Pro.*, March, 1876.

⁴ *Our Country*, II, 773. Lossing.

duced a resolution in favor of arming,¹ saying: "Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery! Forbid it Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

"The race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong;" and if the language of genius may be added to that of inspiration," continued Richard Henry Lee,² "I will say with our immortal bard:

"Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is oppressed."

Well might Richard Henry Dana³ say: "The whole atmosphere was charged with war. There was a stillness of deadly preparation, and a patient awaiting of the falling of the bolt." If the mother country suspected revolt, the people of Massachusetts, at last convinced that no change would be made in the crushing policy adopted by Government, determined to justify their character as rebels.

Tories were more and more regarded as dangerous to their country's best good. A New York⁴ journal of February 9th, as a witticism of the day, defined a Tory as "a thing, whose head was in England and its body in America and its neck ought to be stretched!"

About the same time Parson Stiles⁵ notices Mrs. Mercy Warren's "curious Dramatic piece" in the Boston papers "with the following Dramatic Personae to which I here subjoyn the Names they denote:

¹ *The National Preceptor*. Hartford, 1831.

² *Memoir of the Life of Richard Henry Lee*, I, 139, by his grandson, Richard H. Lee. Philadelphia, 1825.

³ Oration, *Lexington Centennial*.

⁴ *The Diary of the Revolution embracing the Current Events in Our Country's History from 1775 to 1781*. Frank Moore. Hartford, 1876: J. B. Burr Publishing Company.

⁵ *Diary*, I, 515.



PATRICK HENRY

The most of these are new Council- lors	Ld Chief Just. Hazelrod	Peter Oliver Esq.
	Judge Meagre	Foster Hutchinson Esq.
	Brigadier Hateall	Brig. Ruggles
	Hum Humbug Esq.	[Jn ^o Erving] ¹
	Sir Sparrow Spendall	Sir Wm Pepperal als. Sparhawk
	Col. Hector Mushroom	Col. Murray
	Beau Trumps	[Jn ^o Vassall] ¹
	Dick, the Publican	Nicholas Lechmere
	Simple Sapling Esq.	[Nat ^l] Ray Thomas
	Mons. de Francois	[?J. Boutineau] ¹
	Crusty Crowbar Esq.	Col. Josiah Edson
	Dupe, Secy. of State	[T. Flucker] ¹
	Scriblerus Fribble	Samuel Sewall
	Com. Batteau	Commo. Loring
	Collateralis—a new made Judge.	Wm Brown Esq.”

February 6th, Tory ² handbills were posted in Boston reminding the Patriots of the fate of Wat Tyler [who slew a tax collector and was himself slain in Richard II reign 1381].

The 8th, Lieutenant Barker ³ writes: “This day the Decr. Packet arrived; the Genl. got his letters last Monday by express; we don’t yet hear that there is anything determined; I had two letters, but no news in either. . . . A few days ago the Congress at Cambridge had the assurance to vote Adml. Greaves a Traitor to his country and voted also to petition the King that He wou’d relieve him from this Station and dismiss him the service; all this was in consequence of his having pressed several Men for something or other the Committee had done to him; the Adml. wants to burn their Town, and it is with difficulty the General can prevent him; they certainly deserve it for their insolence.” A few days later Captain Evelyn ⁴ wrote home to his father, “About the 10th of this month, I received your letter dated November 2nd., every letter we receive by the New York packet costs us 3d for every 1d weight; for which reason I wish our friends would endeavor to write

¹ *Mercy Warren*, 170. Alice Brown. New York, 1896: Charles Scribner’s Sons.

² *Life of Warren*, 413. Frothingham.

³ *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1877.

⁴ *Letters*. Ed. Scull.

to us by vessels bound to Salem or Marble Head, or try to have their letters sent in General G—e's bag, as Mr Butler sends his to his son, and saves him by that means fifteen shillings or one pound a month." Gage had flattered himself unduly, when the King's Proclamation of November 10th was made known, denouncing the Patriots' acts as treasonable, that a "damp was cast on the faction." So far, however, from their zeal falling off, men esteemed it a privilege to serve in their country's ranks as a private, and a marked distinction to bear office.

Concord, being a large town and near the probable scene of action and yet far enough away to be reasonably safe from any sudden attack, very naturally became the chief base of supplies. In the end scarce a building but held its share ¹ of the precious stores. The farmers' barns, the tavern-shed, the miller's loft, the Town-house and Court-house were all one. Worcester, which was to have been associated with Concord as a deposit for supplying a militia 15,000 strong, is said never to have had above twenty barrels of pork, since Concord was so much more accessible.

The Second ² Provincial Congress held its first session at Cambridge from the 1st to the 16th of February, and the collection of stores received immediate attention. February 13th Colonel Robinson² was requested to send four brass field-pieces and two mortars to Concord, and to procure 15,000 canteens; by the 17th Mr. Cheever had sent from Charlestown John Austin and several more to help constantly in carrying on preparations, under Colonel Barrett.

February 21st 100 bell-tents for arms, 1,000 field-tents, 10 tons of lead balls, 30 rounds each of cartridges for 15,000 men, 300 bushels of pease and beans, 20 hogsheads of molasses, 150 quintals of fish, and two chests of carpenters' tools were ordered to be sent to Concord, followed on the 23d by 20 hogsheads of rum. To these was added on the 24th an order for 1,000 lbs. of candles, wooden spoons, two barrels of oil,

¹ *Unitarian Review*, April, 1875.

² *Hist. of Concord*, 92, 95. Shattuck.

1,500 yards of Russian linen, 15 chests of medicine, 20 bushels of oatmeal, 100 hogsheads of salt, six casks of Malaga wine, nine casks of Lisbon wine, 20 casks of raisins. Some rumor of these preparations could not fail to leak out, and was the occasion of General Gage writing the following note to Captain Brown of the 52d Regiment and Ensign De Bernière of the 10th.

“Boston, February 22nd, 1775,

Gentlemen, You will go through the Counties of Suffolk and Worcester, taking a sketch of the country as you pass; it is not expected you should make out regular plans and surveys, but mark out the roads and distances from town to town, as also the situation and nature of the country; all passes must be particularly laid down, noticing the length and breadth of them, the entrance in and going out of them, and whether to be avoided by taking other routes. The rivers also to be sketched out, remarking their breadth and depth and the nature of their banks on both sides, the fords, if any, and the nature of their bottoms, many of which particulars may be learned of the country people. You will remark the heights you meet with, whether the ascents are difficult or easy; as also the woods and the mountains, with the height and nature of the latter, whether to be got round or easily passed over. The nature of the country to be particularly noticed, whether inclosed or open, if the former, what kind of inclosures, and whether the country admits of making roads for troops on the right or left of the main road, or on the sides. You will notice the situation of the towns and villages, their churches and church yards, whether they are advantageous spots to take post in, and capable of being made defencible. If any places strike you as proper for encampments, or appear strong by nature, you will remark them particularly, and give reasons for your opinions.

It would be useful if you could inform yourselves of the necessaries the different counties could supply, such as

provisions, forage, straw, &c. the number of cattle, horses etc. in the several townships.

I am,

Gentlemen,

Your most obedient humble servant,

Thomas Gage.¹

To Captain Brown, 52nd Regiment, and Ensign D' Berniere [De Bernière, according to Bancroft] 10th Regiment.

Their highly entertaining narrative ¹ follows entire: —

THE SPIES' STORY OF THEIR TRIP TO WORCESTER

The latter end of February, 1775, Captain Brown and myself received orders to go through the counties of Suffolk and Worcester, and sketch the roads as we went, for the information of General Gage, as he expected to have occasion to march troops through that country the ensuing spring.

We sat out from Boston on Thursday, disguised like countrymen, in brown cloathes and reddish handkerchiefs round our necks; at the ferry of Charlestown, we met a sentry of the 52nd Regiment, but Captain Brown's servant, whom we took along with us, bid him not take any notice of us, so that we passed unknown to Charlestown. 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. [The college buildings of that day which remain to us are (1) Massachusetts Hall, built 1718, and (2) Harvard Hall, built 1765, both used as barracks by the Continental troops in 1775; (3) the old President's house, built in 1726, where General Washington was quartered for a time; (4) Holden Chapel, built in 1741, from the bequest of the widow and daughter of Samuel Holden, governor of the Bank of England; (5) Hollis, built in 1763, also named for an English benefactor; besides which, at right angles to

¹ *History of Framingham*, 270-4. Josiah H. Temple. 1887. Published by the Town.

and southeast of Harvard Hall, there stood in those days the predecessor of Stoughton, likewise used as barracks the following summer.]

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; [*i.e.* Col. Jonathan Brewer, formerly of Framingham, whose house¹ stood on the edge of Watertown and Waltham]; 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 £2 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 Captain 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. Upon this we called a Council, and agreed that if we went back we should appear very foolish, as we had a great number of enemies in town, because the General had chose to employ us in preference to them; it was absolutely necessary to push on to Worcester, and run all risk, rather than go back until we are forced.

¹ J. C. Hosmer, 1903, *Boston Evening Transcript*.

Accordingly we continued our route, and went about six miles further; we met a country fellow driving a team, and a fellow with him whom we suspected to be a deserter; they both seemed very desirous to join company with us, and told us, upon our saying we were going towards Worcester, that they were going our way. As we began to suspect something, we stopt at a tavern at the Sign of the Golden Ball [built 1752 and in 1908 still standing on the Main street of Weston. The wooden ungilded Ball, as large as a cannon-ball, is shown within, and the panelling of the entrance hall is worth noting] with an intention to get a drink, and so proceed; but upon our going in the landlord pleased us so much, as he was not inquisitive, that we resolved to lye there that night; so we ordered some fire to be made in the room we were in, and a little after to get us some coffee; he told us we might have what we pleased, either *tea* or coffee. We immediately found out with whom we were, and were not a little pleased to find, on some conversation, that he was a friend to Government [a son¹ of the Tory, Col. Elisha Jones]; he told us that he had been very ill used by them sometime before; but that since he had shewed them that he was not to be bullied, they had left him pretty quiet. We then asked him for the inns that were on the road between his house and Worcester; he recommended us to two, one at about nine miles from his house, a Mr Buckminster's, and another at Worcester, a namesake of his own, a Mr [Isaac²] Jones. The second day was very rainy and a kind of frost with it; however we resolved to set off, and accordingly we proceeded to Mr [Joseph²] Buckminster's; we met nothing extraordinary on the road; we passed some time in sketching a pass that lay on the road; and of consequence were very dirty and wet on our arrival. On our entering the house we did not much like the appearance of things; we asked for dinner and they gave us some sausages; we praised everything exceedingly, which pleased the old woman of the house much; they gave

¹*Hist. of Middlesex County*, I, 505. Hurd.

²J. C. Hosmer.

us a room to ourselves, which was what we wanted; after being there some time we found we were pretty safe, as by that time we perceived that the *côte de pays* was not a dangerous one; of consequence we felt very happy, and Brown, I, and our man John, made a very happy supper; for we always treated him as our companion, since our adventure with the black woman. We slept there that night, and the next morning, being a very fine one, we resolved to push on to Worcester, which was about thirty miles from us; we proceeded about nine miles without anything extraordinary happening, except meeting two men whom we suspected to be deserters. We then dined in the woods on a tongue and some cherry brandy we brought with us, and we changed our stockings, which refreshed us much, our feet being very wet. We then travelled through a very fine country, missed our way and went to Westborough; we were obliged to turn back a mile to get the right road. We then passed through Shrewsbury; all a fine, open, cultivated country. We came into a pass about four miles from Worcester, where we were obliged to stop to sketch. We arrived at Worcester at five o'clock in the afternoon, very much fatigued; the people in the town did not take notice of us as we came in, so we got safe to Mr Jones' tavern; on our entrance he seemed a little sour, but it wore off by degrees and we found him to be our friend, which made us very happy; we dined and supped without anything happening out of the common run. The next day being Sunday, we could not think of travelling, as it was contrary to the custom of the country; nor dare we stir out until the evening because of Meeting, and no body is allowed to walk the streets during divine service [Jones' Tavern stood two rods south of the South Church¹], without being taken up and examined; so that thinking we could not stand the examination so well, we thought it prudent to stay at home, where we wrote and corrected our sketches. The landlord was very attentive to us, and on our asking what he could

¹ J. C. Hosmer.

give us for breakfast, he told us *tea* or anything else we chose — that was an open confession what he was; but for fear he might be imprudent, we did not tell him who we were, though we were certain he knew it. In the evening we went round the town and on all the hills that command it, sketched everything we desired, and returned to the town without being seen.

That evening about eight o'clock the landlord came in and told us that there were two gentlemen who wanted to speak with us; we asked him who they were; on which he said we would be safe in their company; we said we did not doubt that, as we hoped that two gentlemen who travelled merely to see the country and stretch our limbs, as we had lately come from sea, could not meet with anything else but civility, when we behaved ourselves properly; he told us he would come in again in a little time and perhaps we would change our minds, and then left us; an hour after he returned, and told us the Gentlemen were gone, but had begged him to let us know, as they knew us to be officers of the army, that all their friends of Government at Petersham were disarmed by the rebels, and that they threatened to do the same at Worcester in a very little time; he sat and talked politics, and drank a bottle of wine with us, and also told us that none but a few friends to Government knew we were in town; we said it was very indifferent to us whether they did or not, though we thought very differently; however, as we imagined we had staid long enough in that town we resolved to set off at day break the next morning and get to Framingham; accordingly off we set, after getting some roast beef and brandy from our landlord, which was very necessary on a long march, and prevented us going into houses where perhaps they might be too inquisitive; we took a road we had not come, and that led us to the pass four miles from Worcester; we went on unobserved by any one until we had passed Shrewsbury, where we were overtaken by a horseman [Capt. Timothy Bigelow,¹ member of

¹ *History of Marlborough*, 157. Charles Hudson. Boston, 1862.

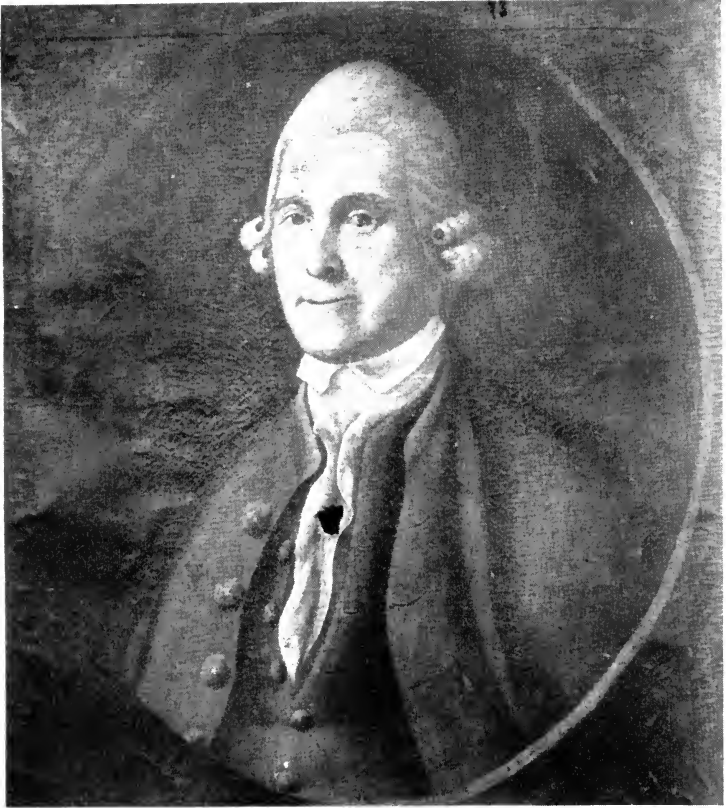
the Provincial Congress, sent by the Worcester Committee of Correspondence to follow the supposed spies] who examined us very attentively, and especially me, whom he looked at from head to foot as if he wanted to know me again; after he had taken his observations he rode off pretty hard and took the Marlborough road, but by good luck we took the Framingham road again to be more perfect in it, as we thought it would be the one made use of. We arrived at Buckminster's tavern about six o'clock that evening. The company of Militia were exercising near the house, and an hour after they came and performed their feats before the windows of the room we were in; we did not feel very easy at seeing such a number so very near us; however, they did not know who we were, and took little or no notice of us. After they had done their exercise, one of their commanders spoke a very eloquent speech, recommending patience, coolness and bravery (which indeed they much wanted); particularly told them they would always conquer if they did not break; and recommended them to charge us coolly, and wait for our fire, and everything would succeed with them — quotes Caesar and Pompey, brigadiers Putnam and Ward, and all such great men; put them in mind of Cape Breton, and all the battles they had gained for his Majesty in the last war, and observed that the regulars must have been ruined but for them. After so learned and spirited harangue, he dismissed the parade, and the whole company came into the house and drank until nine o'clock, and then returned to their respective homes full of pot-valor. [It has been supposed that the company here referred to was commanded either by Capt. Saml. or Capt. Jesse Eastman.¹]

We slept there that night and nobody in the house suspected us. Next morning we set off for Weston, had a very agreeable day, having fine weather and a beautiful country to travel through; we met nothing extraordinary on the road; nobody knew us, and we were asked very few questions. On our arrival at Mr Jones' we met with a very

¹J. C. Hosmer.

welcome reception, he being our friend; we received several hints from the family not to attempt to go on any more into the country; but as we had succeeded so well heretofore, we were resolved to go the Sudbury road (which was the main road that led to Worcester), and go as far as the thirty-seven Mile-stone, where we had left the main road and taken the Framingham road. We slept at Jones' that night, and got all our sketches together and sent them to Boston with our man, so that if they did stop and search us, they would not get our papers. The next day¹ was very cloudy and threatened bad weather, towards twelve o'clock it snowed; we dined soon in hopes the weather would clear up, — at two o'clock it ceased snowing a little, and we resolved to set off for Marlborough, which was about sixteen miles off; we found the roads very bad, every step up to our ankles; we passed through Sudbury, a very large village, near a mile long, the causeway lies across a great swamp, or overflowing of the river Sudbury, and commanded by a high ground [Nobscot?] on the opposite side; nobody took the least notice of us until we arrived within three miles of Marlborough (it was snowing hard all the while), when a horseman overtook us and asked us from whence we came, we said from Weston, he asked if we lived there, we said no; he then asked us where we resided, and as we found there was no evading his questions, we told him we lived at Boston; he then asked us where we were going, we told him to Marlborough, to see a friend (as we intended to go to Mr Barnes's, a gentleman to whom we were recommended, and a friend to Government); he then asked us if we were in the army, we said not, but were a good deal alarmed at his asking us that question; he asked several rather impertinent questions, and then rode on for Marlborough, as we suppose, to give them intelligence there of our coming, — for on our entering the town, the people came out of their houses (though it snowed and blew very hard) to look at us, in particular a baker asked Captain

¹ *Mass. His. Soc. Collections*, 2d. ser., IV, 210.



HENRY BARNES, ESQ.

Brown, "Where are you going, Master?" he answered "On to see Mr Barnes." [Henry Barnes, a wealthy distiller and importer, already referred to, lived in the east village. His house, built in 1763, has been more recently known as the Cogswell¹ place, and in 1903 still stood on the corner of Main Street and Bolton. His sister Elizabeth had married Nathaniel Coffin, the last receiver-general and cashier of his Majesty's customs. One of her sons, Isaac,² born 1759, entered the Royal Navy, was knighted and made an admiral. Another, John, became a general in the British army. Barnes himself was subsequently banished, and made his home in Bristol, England; leaving behind³ a niece, Katherine Goldthwait, and Daphne, a slave.] We proceeded to Mr Barnes's, [the narrative continues,] and on our beginning to make an apology for taking the liberty to make use of his house and discovering to him that we were officers in disguise, he told us we need not be at the pains of telling him, that he knew our situation, that we were very well known (he was afraid) by the town's people. — We begged he would recommend some tavern where we should be safe, he told us we could be safe no where but in his house; that the town was very violent, and that we had been expected at Colo. Williams's the night before, where there had gone a party of liberty people to meet us, — (we suspected, and indeed had every reason to believe, that the horseman that met us and took such particular notice of me, the morning we left Worcester, was the man who told them we should be at Marlborough the night before, but our taking the Framingham road when he had passed us, deceived him;) — Whilst we were talking, the people were gathering in little groups in every part of the town. — Mr Barnes asked us who had spoke to us on our coming into the town, we told him a baker; he seemed a little startled at that, told us he

¹ *History of Marlborough*, 156. Hudson.

² *Life of Admiral Coffin*, 32. Thomas C. Amory. Boston, 1886: Cupples, Upham and Company.

³ *Mass. State Archives*, Vol. 180. "Revolutionary Petitions," page 247.

was a mischievous fellow, and that there was a deserter at his house; Captain Brown asked the man's name, he said it was Swain, that he had been a drummer; Brown knew him too well, as he was a man of his own company, and had not been gone above a month — So we found we were discovered. — We asked Mr Barnes if they did get us into their hands, what they would do with us; he did not seem to like to answer; we asked him again, he then said we knew the people very well, that we might expect the worst of treatment from them. — Immediately after this, Mr Barnes was called out; he returned a little after and told us the doctor of the town [*i.e.* possibly Dr. Sam Curtis,¹ of the Committee of Correspondence] had come to tell him he was come to sup with him — (now this fellow had not been within Mr Barnes's doors for two years before, and came now for no other business than to see and betray us) — Barnes told him he had company and could not have the pleasure of attending him that night; upon this the fellow stared about the house and asked one of Mr. Barnes's children who her father had got with him, the child innocently answered that she had asked her Pappa, but he told her it was not her business; he then went, I suppose to tell the rest of his crew. —

When we found we were in that situation, we resolved to lie down for two or three hours, and set off at twelve o'clock at night; so we got some supper on the table and were just beginning to eat, when Barnes (who had been making enquiry of his servants) found they intended to attack us, and then he told us plainly he was very uneasy for us, that we could be no longer in safety in that town: upon which we resolved to set off immediately, and asked Mr Barnes if there was no road round the town, so that we might not be seen; he took us out of his house by the stables, and directed us a bye road which was to lead us a quarter of a mile from the town, it snowed and blew as much as ever I see it in my life; however, we walked pretty fast, fearing we should be

¹ *History of Marlborough*, 159. Hudson.

pursued; at first we felt much fatigued, having not been more than twenty minutes at Mr Barnes's to refresh ourselves, and the roads (if possible) were worse than when we came; but in a little time after it wore off, and we got without being perceived, as far as the hills that command the causeway at Sudbury, and went into a little wood where we eat a bit of bread that we took from Mr Barnes's, and eat a little snow to wash it down. — After that we proceeded about one hundred yards, when a man came out of a house and said those words to Captain Brown, "What do you think will become of you now?" which startled us a good deal, thinking we were betrayed. — 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 everything 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 sometime; but said, he found we were so deaf to his hints, that he did not like to say anything for fear we should have taken it ill: we drank a bottle of mulled Madeira wine, which refreshed us much, and went to bed and slept as sound as men could do, that were very much fatigued.

The next morning after breakfast, we set off for Boston. Jones shewed us a road that took us a quarter of a mile below Watertown bridge, as we did not choose to go through that

town. We arrived at Boston about 12 o'clock, and met General Gage and General Haldiman, with their aid-de-camps, walking out on the Neck, they did not know us until we discovered ourselves; we besides met several officers of our acquaintance who did not know us.

A few days after our return, Mr Barnes came to town from Marlborough, and told us, immediately on our quitting the town, the committee of correspondence came to his house and demanded us; he told them we were gone; they then searched his house from top to bottom, looked under the beds and in their cellars, and when they found we were gone, they told him if they had caught us in his house, they would have pulled it about his ears. — [The front cellar is reached by a wide pannelled door with "strap hinges," and has a rocky bottom cropping out under the hearth of the southwest room.] They then sent horsemen after us, every road; but as we had the start of them, and the weather being so very bad, they either did not overtake us, or missed us. Mr Barnes told them we were not officers, but relations of his wife's [Christian Goldthwait] from Penobscot, and were going to Lancaster; that, perhaps, might have deceived them.

This MS. was left in town by a British officer previous to the evacuation and was printed "for the information and amusement of the curious," by J. Gill in Court' Street, 1779. With the spies' report was found a plan of Worcester village and a sketch of proposed work; — one being¹ an entrenched and fortified camp for two regiments on Chandler Hill, east of Worcester.

About this time it leaked out that a number of cannon were mounted and ready for use down Salem way. Their whereabouts had been a special object of inquiry ever since a rumor had reached the English government through the minister to Holland, Sir Joseph Yorke,² that he feared the

¹ *Hist. of Worcester County*, II, 1582. Hurd. "Worcester." By J. Evarts Greene.

² *Diary*, I, 266. Hutchinson. And *Essex Institute Bulletin*, I, 10-11, "Col. Leslie's Expedition."



MRS. HENRY BARNES

Dutch were secretly shipping heavy guns to the colonists. The message now received ran: "There are eight field pieces in an old store or barn near the landing place in Salem, they are to be removed in a few days; the seizing of these would greatly disconcert their scheme." It has been supposed the informer was a Mr. Sargent¹ or a young Tory lawyer named Saml Porter, though others say that "an old countryman"¹ working for Mr. Mason turned spy.

Most of the cannon had been collected by Colonel David Mason,¹ a French War veteran, and left with Captain Robert Foster, a "North Fields" blacksmith, to be put in shape. Richard Skidmore,² a Danvers wheelwright, was at work on gun-carriages for others, in the New Mills neighborhood. They were all of them second-hand affairs, twelve-pounders, landed³ from merchant vessels at the close of the French war as no longer necessary, possibly some were prizes. General Gage, expecting to find new brass guns worth seizing, detailed a couple of hundred men belonging to the 64th Regiment for the duty. Their commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Leslie, thirty-six years of age, was the son of a Scotch⁴ peer, related to the General Alexander Leslie who led 22,000 Covenanters under Cromwell at Marston Moor. The uniform⁴ worn by this corps was very handsome, scarlet coats, white waistcoats and breeches, black leggings buttoned above the knee, stiff leather stocks, and tall bear-skin caps with brass scutcheons in front bearing the device of a crown and lion passant and the motto *Nec Aspera torrent*. This regiment had been selected probably because the men could slip off unobserved from their barracks at Castle William in the harbor.

Two hours after sunset¹ February 25th they were ordered aboard one of the transports and sailed away in the dark for Marblehead. Parties of townsfolk were in the habit

¹ *Essex Institute Proceedings*, I, 89-135. Charles M. Endicott.

² *History of Danvers*, 82. J. W. Hanson. Danvers, 1848.

³ *Essex Institute Bulletin*, I.

⁴ *Essex Institute Collections*, Vol. 32.

of visiting the fort on a Saturday, and some were lounging about while all this was going on. Fearing an express might be sent to warn Salem in case the troops' errand was suspected, no outsiders were permitted to leave the Island before ten, Monday morning. Parson Stiles¹ mentions that "the Milkmen who supplied the Castle with milk" were of the number and by his account only fifteen regulars remained behind as garrison.

The transports lay off Marblehead Sunday afternoon and waited with the soldiers concealed below hatches until the "folks had gone to meeting";² then between two and three o'clock they landed at Homan's Beach, and marched in single file until they came to Bubier's Plain, where they formed, fixed bayonets, and struck off for Salem, five miles beyond, to the tune of Yankee Doodle. Despite all efforts to avoid discovery the soldiers were now perceived, and a drummer beat an alarm instantly at the door of the "New" Meeting-house, crying "To arms! To Arms!" By Madam Story's account Major John Pedrick, the owner³ of twenty-five deep sea trading ships, coming out of church and learning the news, saddled his horse and set off to warn Salem. On the way he met a person who told him the Regulars had formed ranks on Bubier's Plain just ahead. Pushing on, Pedrick⁴ leaped a wall which brought him to the brow of a steep hill; so steep he felt it safest to give the horse rein and let him take it at a dead run. Regaining the highway not far from a large grist mill he came up with Colonel Leslie on the level in the rear of his men. Pedrick had some acquaintance with the Colonel and they exchanged salutes. Then Leslie ordered his men to "file to the right and left and give Major Pedrick the pass" — the bridge, that is, over Forest River. Beyond the bridge the road made a sudden turn and passed out of sight. Pedrick rode at an

¹ *Diary*, I.

² *Essex Institute Proceedings*, I. Endicott.

³ *History of Marblehead*, 493. Roads.

⁴ *Essex Institute Collections*, Vol. 17.

easy pace until this point was reached, then spurred forward to the door of Salem North church, and then down by North bridge and gave his alarm, after which, not caring to stand about and see Leslie's discomfiture, he took his way home.

Two selectmen¹ carried the tidings with all haste to Colonel Mason, who lived close by Dr. Barnard's church, and he ran to the North meeting and cried at the top of his voice, "The reg'lars are coming and are *now* near Malloon's Mills!" All poured out. Colonel Mason then flung himself on his horse and galloped to secure the cannon. There were plenty of helpers, even a Quaker, David Boyce, living next door to the church, hitched up his team and rattled over the bridge to lend a hand. In a moment all was bustle, the guns being slung as rapidly as possible under the axles of the farmers' ox carts, and scattered in various directions. Some were drawn three-quarters of a mile to the neighborhood of the Devereux house, on the way to Danvers, and then dragged northwest of the main road up on Buffum's Hill, which was thickly wooded, and bedded in amongst the oak leaves, there being no snow. Some of the gun-carriages were lodged at Gardner's² farm in North Salem, others were hurried to Cole's¹ spring on Orne's Point in the same region. Some were taken by Danvers teams to New Mills and hidden in a gravel pit to the left of the road. Others were taken to Burley's Wood (formerly Lindall's) beyond Danvers Plains. Skidmore, or Old Skid,² as he was generally called, toiled lustily with the rest. He had been at Louisburg, and his fighting blood was up at the bare thought of his newly fashioned carriages suffering capture. There had been no delay in rallying the workers. Aaron Cheever,¹ in spite of the severe cold, had run, without waiting to pick up his cap, something like a mile to summon a Danvers friend. "The reg'lars are in Salem," he panted, as the door opened to his knock, "after the guns. Tackle up your

¹ *Essex Institute Proceedings*, I. Endicott.

² *History of Danvers*. Hanson.

team with all speed, and help carry them beyond their reach." So great was their zeal, the last team had rumbled out of sight as the redcoats entered Salem. They had approached the town by way of the South Fields, along the line of the present Lafayette Street. The Derby¹ house here had no neighbors at this time, and Leslie may have still been hopeful of effecting a surprise. By the present engine-house, the soldiers turned into Mill Street. Here the vanguard suffered a temporary check from the Patriots having partly torn up the South bridge over the old dam. Once across, an advance guard was despatched toward Long, now Derby, wharf by way² of Front, Fish, and Water Streets, probably with the intention of covering their real object, the main body making straight for the Court-house, on Essex Street, their colors flying and their drums beating. Here they came to a halt and Colonel Mason saw a young Tory lawyer speak with Colonel Leslie. Later, Colonel Sargent,² a half-brother of Colonel Wm. Browne, the councillor, joined them, and pointed in the direction of the North bridge. Sargent² had been seen waving a white handkerchief from the roof of his house near the Court-house as the troops came on, and many thought the whole expedition could be laid at his door. After a short rest the ranks were again formed and the redcoats set off up Court Street (now Washington) and down Lynde¹ to the bridge. It was now seen that they carried² "lanterns, hatchets, pickaxes, spades, handspikes, and coils of rope." Not waiting for more, Colonel Mason regained the North Fields' side of the river, where a crowd had collected to cover the withdrawal of the cannon.

Turning to Wm. Gavetts'² account, we learn that his father Jonathan suddenly returned home during church time and said to his wife, "The reg'lars are come and are marching as fast as they can to the North Fields bridge."

¹ *Memorial Services at the Centennial of Leslie's Expedition, by the City Authorities of Salem.* Address by Hon. George B. Loring. Salem, 1875.

² *Essex Institute Proceedings, I.* Endicott.

After a minute he added solemnly, "I don't know what will be the consequences, but something very serious, and I wish you to keep the children in." Then he stepped outside and stood at the foot of the yard looking into the street. While there, Mr. Barnard came along and took him by the arm. This was the Rev. Thomas Barnard, Jr., a young man of twenty-seven, parson of the North church, formed from his father's church (the First) the year in which he was ordained. His church stood on the corner of Lynde and North Streets, and among ¹ his congregation were numbered men of both parties, John Felt, and Colonel Mason, the Judge of Admiralty, Saml. Curwen, Wm. Browne, Judge of the Supreme Court, later Governor of Bermuda, and his half-brother, already alluded to, Paul Dudley Sargent. It was about four o'clock by this time and in front of the old First church a large body of people were grouped. Before the North church still more. Sam² Gray, who was ten years old the following June, lived with his grandmother in St. Peter's Street. They were at home alone, all the others having gone to meeting. Sam was in the yard when he caught the sound of a drum and fife and rushed inside with the news, then caught up his cap and ran toward the sound. Reaching the northeast corner of Essex and Washington Streets, he saw the troops rounding the corner of School (now Washington) Street from Mill Street. When they resumed their march he followed near enough to touch Leslie, whom he describes as a stout, fine looking man with a pleasant face. The platoons were about twelve deep as he recalled it, the column extending quite from the bridge to the distillery. Reaching the bridge they found the further leaf of the draw raised, leaving a chasm of forty feet; the soldiers therefore formed in line on the west side of the street and halted, facing eastward. Worming his way in and out of the crowd, boy-fashion, Sam noticed his minister,

¹ *Memorial Services at the Leslie Centennial.* Address by Rev. Edmund B. Willson.

² *Essex Institute Proceedings*, I. Endicott.

Parson Barnard, among the rest. He and Gavette had followed on after the troops with many more. Gavette had known some of Colonel Hamilton's men when they had been stationed in Salem and in the hope of recognizing some one peered at the faces of the redcoats as they swung by, who hustled him for his pains, crying: "Hang it. What are you looking after?" Although so many had gathered, only one of the Patriots had arms; this was an apprentice of Mr. Holman's,¹ who brought a gun and equipments under his cloak. Leslie was properly vexed when he saw the bridge raised and the lads scrambling up by the chains to roost "like so many hens" atop of the draw. "Down with that draw," he commanded, and stamped his foot. When his words had no effect Colonel Sargent, looking on, exclaimed half unconsciously, "It is all over with them." "What do you mean?" asked one by his side. "They are going after the guns," he whispered. Richard Derby,² who owned some of the cannon, was next called on to use his influence for a peaceful surrender. "Find them if you can!" he retorted; "take them if you can, they will never be surrendered."

Leslie's orders to cross the bridge had been strict, and he now went out on West's (now Browne's) wharf to reconnoitre and turning to a brother officer, said, "You must face about this division and fire upon the people," indicating a crowd, of whom Captain Robert Foster made one, standing on a wharf jutting into the river from the east side of the bridge on the opposite shore. Captain John Felt,¹ a tall, muscular man about fifty years of age, had dogged Leslie's steps through Lynde Street into North and followed him onto the wharf. Catching the word "fire," he cried hotly, "Fire, you had better be d— than fire! You have no right to fire without further orders. If you fire you will all be dead men, for there is a multitude, every man of whom is ready to die in this strife." A Quaker, Mr. Wm. Northey,

¹ *Essex Institute Proceedings*, I. Endicott.

² *Leslie Centennial Celebration*. Geo. B. Loring.

here gravely remonstrated with Felt. "Do you know the danger you are in, surrounded by armed troops, and an officer with a drawn sword in his hand?" A man sitting on the draw just then piped out, "Soldiers,¹ red jackets, lobster-coats, cowards, d-na-n to your government!" "Do not wantonly irritate the troops!" cried another. At the same instant, in response to some threatening movement, Josh Ward shouted back defiantly, "Fire and be d—." It was bitter weather and the overheated soldiers, standing in the wind after their swift march trembled with cold, causing one Teague to cry jeeringly, "I should think you were all fiddlers you shake so!" The tide was low and three gondolas (scows) lay aground on the west side of the bridge, one belonging to Captain Felt. This he ordered scuttled with an axe lest the soldiers should put it in use when the tide served. Jonathan Felt, shipmaster, Frank Benson, James Barr, and Joseph Whicher, a foreman at Sprague's distillery, immediately sprang into the boats. Colonel Pickering² claims that he scuttled one with his own hands. James Barr³ scuttled his own boat, no less than twenty soldiers jumping into the boat while he was busily engaged. Young Ralph Wormsted,⁴ of Marblehead, seeing this, used his stick with such skill he soon disarmed six Regulars. Benson and Whicher, growing angry, bared their breasts and dared the soldiers to use their bayonets, Whicher¹ receiving a slight scratch for his temerity. The soldiers then "did something to their muskets," frightening Sammy Gray and two or three other little boys so that they ran and lay under the fish-flakes which covered the south shore from the bridge almost to Conant Street. Here they nearly froze, not coming out until after the troops had gone. Before proceeding to extremities, Leslie¹ held a brief council of war and then announced to Felt, "I will

¹ *Essex Institute Proceedings*, I. Endicott.

² *History of Danvers*. Hanson.

³ *Visitor's Guide to Salem*, 24. Salem, 1897. Published by the Essex Institute.

⁴ *History of Marblehead*, 125. Roads.

go over this bridge if I stay here until next autumn," adding, "I will take the two stores on West's wharf as barracks before I'll quit without crossing." "You may wait as long as you please, nobody'll care for that," Felt answered dryly. "By G—, I will not be defeated," cried Leslie. "You must acknowledge that you have been already baffled," responded Felt. At this stage young Barnard stepped forward, and addressing himself to Leslie, said: "I desire you will not fire upon these innocent people. Pray restrain your troops from pushing with their bayonets." "Who are you, Sir?" asked Leslie, turning short round. "I am Thomas Barnard, a minister of the Gospel, and my mission is peace. You cannot commit this violation against innocent men, here, on this holy day, without sinning against God and humanity. The blood of every murdered man will cry from the ground for vengeance upon yourself, and the Nation which you represent. Let me entreat you to return."¹ "My men are insulted," the Colonel replied. "I am on the King's highway and will not be stopped." "It is *not* the King's," interposed James Barr,² a sturdy old Englishman. "It is a road built by the owners of the lots on the other side, and no King, County or Town has any control over it." "There may be two sides to that," said Leslie. "Egad! I think it will be the best way for you to conclude the King has nothing to do with it." An hour and a half had passed and the night was shutting in. A decision of some kind must be reached. After a little pause therefore, Leslie spoke to Felt in a more kindly manner, asking, "Have you authority to get the draw lowered?" Felt replied, "There is no *authority* in the case, but there may be some *influence*."

Felt, Barnard, Mason, and Pickering then consulted together, Mason² speaking from a ladder laid against the draw. The Yankees assured Leslie their expresses would bring up a thousand men in a few hours, and Leslie, con-

¹ *Leslie Centennial*. Loring.

² *Essex Institute Proceedings*, I. Endicott.



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vinced of the folly of forcing an issue, pledged his word that he would be content peaceably to withdraw if he could but march fifty rods beyond the bridge. He dared not return otherwise. Colonel Mason and the other leaders welcomed a way out of the difficulty and urged the people to accept Leslie's proposition, holding his word a sufficient guarantee. "Lower the leaf," Barnard called out eagerly at this point. "We don't know you in the business," cried several voices from the north side. "When Felt orders, it will be time enough." In the end, however, the matter was arranged and the parley concluded quite amicably. Just as they were parting, Leslie turned toward Felt and asked, "Why have you stuck to me so closely?" "Had your men fired," Felt answered frankly, "'twas my purpose to have immediately seized and sprung with you into the channel, for I would willingly have drowned myself to have been the death of an Englishman." After a few more words the troops started over the bridge, marching about as far as the present Mason Street, where a "Line was markt,"¹ they then wheeled about and returned, the fifes humorously playing, so the story² runs, "The World's Turned Upside Down." Many women who had stood on Odell's² hill, east of the road, watching what took place, were now seen waving congratulations to their menfolks. While in the act of wheeling, a nurse, Sarah Tarrant,² called from a neighboring window, "Go home and tell your Master he has sent you on a fool's errand and broken the peace of our Sabbath, — What! do you think we were born in the woods to be frightened by owls." A soldier indignantly levelled his musket at her, when she cried shrilly, "Fire, if you have the courage, but I doubt it." Not far from there a man named Symonds² is said to have stood with his musket at his shoulder ready for use. A few had lingered behind at the bridge, with Parson Barnard. As the lately hostile ranks mingled and passed

¹ *Diary*, I, 523. Stiles.

² *Essex Institute Proceedings*, I. Endicott.

on the young minister observed, "This is a season for the exercise of prayer," and led his people in praise and thanksgiving.

Ben Daland¹ had ridden post to the main part of Danvers and got back to the bridge just as Leslie was leaving. "Well, Colonel," he called after him, "I think you have done right to march off, for in a short time we shall have more men here than your soldiers have l-*ce* in their heads." He did not speak of numbers without warrant; from thirty and forty miles distant men were heading for Salem. The Beverly¹ company were up before the British left, and a company of militia under Captain Saml. Eppes, with Gideon Foster as second lieutenant and two clergymen² in the ranks,—Rev. Benjamin Wadsworth and Rev. Nathan Holt,—had already marched in from Danvers and taken their stand by the distillery. When the British started on the return march for Marblehead this company formed across Federal Street on the west side of North, and fell in behind, acting rear-guard¹ so far as the town bounds, just beyond the Mill in South Salem. Here, meeting the Marblehead men, they returned, and the latter fell in as rear-guard. Eight companies, almost the entire remaining male population of Marblehead, under Colonel Orne, lay concealed behind houses and fences from there to the shore, meaning to show fight in case the British should offer violence.

Abijah Northey,¹ a nephew of William, said, whenever his father told the story of the raid, it "was Felt, Felt, Felt." Next day, Monday, Sammy Gray remembers going out to Captain Foster's barn in the North Fields and standing on a cannon left behind there because it was cracked in the breach.

Several skits have been written to commemorate Leslie's retreat. One local ballad runs:¹

¹ *Essex Institute Proceedings*, I. Endicott.

² *Centennial Celebration at Danvers, 1852*. Boston, 1852.

The Tories in the town
 Were all put to fright
 Some left their houses
 And others watched all night.

Prince, he kept close,
 John Sargent, he fled,
 And Grant was afraid
 For to sleep in his bed.

McFingall has it —

So in one ship was Leslie bold
 Crammed with 300 men in hold.
 To Marblehead in dead of night
 The cautious vessel winged her flight,
 And — now the Sabbath's silent day
 Called all your Yankees off to pray —
 Forth from its hollow womb pour'd hast'ly
 The mymidoms of Colonel Leslie,
 Through Salem straight without delay
 This bold battallion took its way, —
 March'd 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.

A granite tablet near the bridge now bears this inscription:

IN THE
 REVOLUTION
 THE FIRST
 ARMED RESISTANCE
 TO THE
 ROYAL AUTHORITY
 WAS MADE AT THIS
 BRIDGE
 26 FEB., 1775,
 BY THE PEOPLE OF
 SALEM.

THE ADVANCE OF 300 BRITISH
 TROOPS, LED BY LT. COL. LESLIE
 AND SENT BY GEN. GAGE TO SEIZE
 MUNITIONS OF WAR, WAS HERE
 ARRESTED.

News of what had taken place was at once sent to New

York from Boston by a self-constituted vigilance committee — its members ¹ being Joshua Brackett, Paul Revere, Benj. Edes, Joseph Ward, Thomas Crafts, Jr., and Thomas Chase — who made weekly reports to the Sons of Liberty in New York with excellent results.

The English version ² of this trip is from Lloyd's *Evening Post and British Chronicle*, May 29–31, 1775. "We learn by former intelligence from Boston, dated March 2, that on Sunday the 26th of Feb., a detachment of the 64th Regiment, commanded by Lt. Col. Leslie, was sent to bring away some brass cannon, of which they had information: They landed at Marblehead, and marched immediately to Salem; where they were informed by the Officer forward, that he had been where the Cannon were supposed to have been concealed, but had found none: The Commanding Officer however having received intelligence that some trucks were seen going out of Salem that morning, continued his march the road they were said to have been taken; but coming to a drawbridge over an Arm of the Sea, he found the people on the opposite side had taken it up to prevent his passage: He desired it might be immediately let down, but was refused, it being a private road, and he had no authority to demand a passage that way; On this he determined to ferry a few men over in a Gundola (which then lay on the bank) as soon as it could be got afloat; the Bostonians discovering this intention, immediately jumped into her; and with axes cut through her bottom: Colo. Leslie seeing this, ordered a party to drive them out of her; some of the people, however, having obstinately refused to quit her, the soldiers were obliged to use force; upon this a Clergyman complained of the usage the inhabitants were receiving, when Col. Leslie told him, that if the bridge was not immediately let down, they might expect worse treatment; the Clergyman then prevailed with the Proprietor to let down the bridge, and the Troops marched on, leaving a party in possession of the bridge till they returned,

¹ *Life of Revere*, I, 174–5. Goss.

² Procured at the British Museum.

which they soon did, it being dark, hearing nothing more of the trucks they went in search of; they then went back to Marblehead, and embarked on board the transport between eight and nine that night, and returned next day to Boston.”

Edmund Burke¹ gauged the situation more accurately and wrote regarding it: “Thus ended their first expedition, without effect and happily without mischief. Enough appeared to show on what a slender thread the peace of the Empire hung, and that the least exertion of military power would certainly bring things to extremities.”

It was entirely superfluous for the village wives to shake their heads over indications of war afforded by the extraordinarily large flights of wild pigeons² the past season. It was patent to all that the Province was on the brink of open revolt.

¹ *Essex Institute Historical Collections*, October, 1902.

² *Diary of Christopher Baldwin, Librarian of the American Antiquarian Society, 1829-1835*. Worcester, 1901. Published by the Society.

CHAPTER VIII

PATRIOTS COLLECT STORES. BILLERICA MAN TARRED. STRAINED RELATIONS

DURING February for greater security the Committee of Safety and Supplies of the Provincial Congress decided to remove six hogsheads of powder stored at Concord to Leicester. Also eight field-pieces, shot, cartridges, and two brass mortars, with bombs. Joseph Henshaw,¹ writing to his brother "Billy," suggests that the powder should be partly stored in Colonel Henshaw's barn, partly in those of Captain Newhall and Captain Green. This may have been after the spies had been up country. What happened on either side seems to have become immediately known, and hotly discussed. From a deposition² taken the following summer we have a little picture of a roadside meeting which was probably repeated in many another town. Thompson Maxwell, who had a hand in the tea party and is to be heard of again, tells us: "In or about the month of March last past, as I was riding from Hollis to Amherst (in New Hampshire government) in company with Benjamin Whiting Esq. [he] asked me what I thought of Major Sullivan's taking away the powder and guns from the Castle William and Mary? I answered him, that I looked on it as a Piece of good Conduct. The said Whiting answered that the said Sullivan was [a] damn'd perjured villain for so doing, and a d—d Rebel, and deserved to be hanged, and that this Spring the King's Standard would be set up in America, and Proclamation made that those that would come in and enter their Names would have a Pardon, and those that would not, would be deemed

¹ *Hist. of Worcester County*, I, 695. Hurd.

² *New England Chronicle and Salem Gazette*, July 13-21, 1775.

Rebels and suffer Death justly, and that within three months said Sullivan and John Hancock would be hanged; the said Whiting also said, that he hoped that I would come in and enter my name." This Tory program did not run as smoothly as expected. Writing a little later ¹ to a friend in England the Rev. William Gordon of Roxbury sums up concisely the Patriots' standpoint at this time. He says of Massachusetts:

This Colony, judging itself possessed of an undoubted right to the chartered privileges which had been granted by our glorious deliverer, King William III., and finding that the Continent was roused by the measures and principles of Administration, was determined upon providing the necessary requisites for self-defence, in case there should be an attempt to support the late Unconstitutional Acts by the point of the sword, and upon making that resistance which the laws of God and Nature justified, and the circumstances of the people would admit, and so to leave it with the righteous Judge of the World to settle the dispute. Accordingly the Provincial Congress, substituted by the inhabitants in lieu of the General Assembly, which could not convene but by the call of the Governor, prepared a quantity of stores for the service of an army, whenever the same might be brought into the field. These stores were deposited in various places; many of them at Concord, about twenty miles from Charlestown, which lies on the other side of the river, opposite to Boston, answering to Southwark, but without the advantage of a bridge. It was apprehended by numbers, from the attempt made to surprise some cannon at Salem on the 26th February, that there would be something of the like kind in other places; and many were uneasy, after the resolutions of Parliament were known, that any quantity of stores were within so small a distance of Boston, while there was no regular force established for the defence of them. Several were desir-

¹ *American Archives*, II, 4th ser., 626. Force.

ous of raising an army instantly upon hearing what had been determined at home; but it was judged best upon the whole not to do it, as the step might be immediately construed to the disadvantage of the Colony by the enemies of it, and might not meet with the unanimous approbation of the Continental Congress.

Many devices were resorted to in collecting the stores. Parson Gordon¹ mentions half-barrels of gunpowder being brought safely through the lines in hampers by marketmen, with a light covering to disarm suspicion, on their return at nightfall; cartridges were hidden in candle boxes, and cannon balls² concealed by a coating of manure. It would seem as if these men did not always carry the stores the whole way direct to Concord, but were content to pass them out of Boston and leave them in safe-keeping for the choice of a favorable moment for the longer jaunt. In this way Roxbury, Jamaica Plain, and Brookline farmers could help in gathering the supplies, and not throw the whole responsibility and danger on the men living in the immediate neighborhood of Concord, at the same time lessening the chances of detection. It is not unlikely there were several stages on the way, in any case we know of one in Brookline through a carefully kept account book³ in John Goddard's handwriting. This little book, secured by a leather thong, was lent to the town library some few years ago by Mr. Abijah Warren Goddard, a grandson, aged ninety-six years, since deceased.

From it we find that John Goddard went to Boston on the 4th of March, procured a team, and became actively engaged in much of the subsequent moving of stores; "Sundry Persons" working under his "Direction." We may suppose he was chosen by the Committee of Supplies for this responsible post partly from a well-founded esti-

¹ *American Revolution*, I, 473. Gordon

² *History of Boston*, 299. Snow.

³ *Extracts from the account book of John Goddard of Brookline*. Brookline Historical Publication Society, Publication No. 15.

mate of his character and partly from the circumstance of his homestead lying to one side, southwest of the Punch Bowl and Sherburne main roads, and yet reached by farm paths readily from West Roxbury and Jamaica Plain. Born 1730, he was grandson of the settler, Joseph, of Wiltshire¹ stock, who came to Brookline in 1680 and improved the farm which is still in the name. The town records for 1771 suggest how admirably suited the place was for the purpose, since it was then voted: "That Mr John Goddard² be Discharged his proportion of Rates to the Highways for the future, on account of his being at such Cost for maintaining his own passways in Order for his coming at the Public Roads. Provided he Keep his own Roads in good Repair." The old barn, still standing, and a shed,³ since torn down, across the road from the house, were put at the committee's disposal; the one holding cannon hidden in its hay-mow and the loft of the other being filled with several hundred pounds of gunpowder, protected and likewise endangered by a guard of men quartered below, who passed their evenings lying on straw, playing cards³ by candle-light. When it is remembered that the house was only some twelve or fifteen feet distant, and that there were ten children, the youngest not a year old, one realizes the fortitude of John Goddard and his wife Hannah (Seaver) in going about their daily affairs, conscious of what would befall if a single careless spark lit on the powder. March winds are high and the guard might so easily set all alight, and there was in addition a continual dread of the magazine's being disclosed, bringing disaster to the Cause and swift punishment on Mr. Goddard. The British officers occasionally were entertained⁴ by a lady of Tory sympathies in the Nehemiah Davis house on the corner of Warren

¹ *Recollections of Brookline in the years 1800-1810*. Samuel Aspinwall Goddard, dated Edgbaston, Warwick, 1822. Published, Birmingham, England.

² *Brookline Town Records*, 229.

³ *Nathaniel Goddard, A Boston Merchant, 1767-1853*. Henry Goddard Pickering. Cambridge, 1906. Privately printed at the Riverside Press.

⁴ *History of Brookline*, 365. Woods.

and Cottage Streets, occupied at present by Miss Julia Goddard (great granddaughter of John and Hannah). Happily, however, they had no suspicion of any stores being within reach. Once indeed an English deserter actually stumbled out of the woods fairly upon the house. As it was but eight years old and handsomely painted he took it to be the Governor's,¹ as he gave some men working about the place to understand; who, finding that he had given up soldiering, sheltered him for the night and sped him on his way. On another occasion there was a still narrower escape,² a Catherine pear tree not fifteen feet from the shed being hit by lightning during a heavy thunder shower one night, and split from top to bottom, luckily without injury to the powder. Another time a rumor reached the Goddards that some Tory² had indicated one of the farm buildings, saying, "There is the American powder, in that building, but it will not be there a week hence;" causing the hasty loading of a store of canteens upon several carts with hay thrown on top to divert suspicion, while the guard was increased. With all the opportunities for discovery and mischance no harm resulted and the old home still stands with all its memories of those stirring times.

March 6th, to return to Lieutenant Barker:³

Monday, this day an Oration was delivered by Dr Warren, a notorious Whig, at the great South Meeting opposite the Governor's house [Province House]; it was in commemoration of what they term the Massacre. . . . It was known for some days that this was to be deliver'd; accordingly a great number of Officers assembled at it, when after he had finished a most seditious, inflammatory harangue, John Hancock stood up and made a short speech in the same strain, at the end of which some of the officers cried out, "fie! fie!" which being mistaken for the cry of fire an alarm immediately ensued, which fill'd the people

¹ *History of Brookline*, 365. Woods.

² *Nathaniel Goddard*. Pickering.

³ *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1877.

with such consternation that they were getting out as fast as they cou'd by the doors and windows. It was imagined that there wou'd have been a riot, which if there had wou'd in all probability have proved fatal to Hancock, Adams, Warren and the rest of those Villains, as they were all up in the Pulpit together, and the meeting was crowded with Officers and Seamen in such a manner that they cou'd not have escaped; however it luckily did not turn out so; it wou'd indeed have been a pity for them to have made their exit in that way, as I hope we shall have the pleasure before long of seeing them do it by the hands of the Hangman. The General, hearing there was to be a procession at night upon the same occasion, sent for the Select-Men, and told them that they had better not have any such thing, as most likely it wou'd produce a disturbance, from which if any bad consequences ensued He wou'd make them answerable; this put a stop to it . . . the General in case they shou'd, had order'd all the Regiments to be in readiness to turn out at a moment's warning, and strengthened some of the guards.

A reference to Gage's anxiety is made by Edmund Quincy ¹ as follows:

You'll have heard of Dr Warren's elegant & spirited oration, and that Gage sent for selectmen & in an angry mood told 'em that he had been informed some design was on foot to breed disturbance, for many Lanthorns were seen in all parts of ye town ye night before. However, "he was ready for 'em, begin when they pleased!" Col. Hancock replied to his Exc'y, he believed he could explain to his Exc'y's satisfaction ye Affair of the Lanthorns — and so informed him of the immemorial custom of a large no. of ye town-inhabitants to collect charity for ye poor of ye town, ye 1st Sunday eveg. of every Quarter, when a sermon was preached on ye occasion & as it was a dark & wet eveg. many gent'men had ordered their servants to

¹ "The Story of an Old House." Sarah H. Swan. *New England Magazine*, October, 1897.

bring Lanthorns to light them home. Thereupon ye Gov. said that Col'o H. had explained it to his satisfaction, the thing perhaps had been misrepresented, but as there had been several years exhibitions, ringing of bells, &c., he desired they might be omitted, and dismissed them.

Comparing other sources we find that in the course of his oration the previous year, Hancock had said: ¹ "Standing armies are sometimes (I would by no means say generally, much less universally,) composed of persons who have rendered themselves unfit to live in civil society . . . who are equally indifferent to the glory of a George or a Louis; who for the addition of a penny a day to their wages, would desert from the Christian cross, and fight under the crescent of the Turkish sultan. From such men as these what has not a state to fear? . . ." No regiments were at that time quartered in Boston, but four arrived shortly, and these words coming to the officers' ears it was understood that whoever ¹ gave the next oration did it at the risk of his life. Dr. Joseph Warren, on whom the choice of the committee had fallen, was eager to take the post. The day was bright and the attendance large. It is said there were no less than forty British officers present, some seated in the very front rows, some in the aisles, and a few even on the flight ² of steps leading up to the pulpit. The pulpit was draped in black ³ and occupied, as the waiting audience could see, by Sam Adams, John Hancock, and Doctors Cooper and Church. Dr. Warren was nowhere in sight; suddenly there was a stir, and he took his place by means of a ladder raised to a window directly behind the pulpit. He had driven quietly up in a chaise and shifted into his "Ciceronian toga" ³ at an apothecary shop over the way. An "Old Bostonian" relates in the Boston *Centinel* that from where he stood in the broad aisle, he ¹ "saw Captain Chapman, of the Royal Welch Fusileers on the lowest step

¹ *Principles and Acts of the Revolution*, 112-13. Niles.

² *History of the U. S.*, III, 380. Bryant and Gay.

³ *Rivington's New York Journal*, March 16, 1775.

of the pulpit stairs, ["dressed in gold-lace regimentals, with blue lapels" ¹], playing with three pistol bullets in his right hand, and occasionally casting looks of contempt on the orator, but more particularly on Wm. Cooper, Esq., the Town Clerk, who was seated near him, directly under the pulpit. Mr Cooper maintained a firm and undaunted countenance, and returned his looks with disdain. I never look back upon that scene without horror, in the contemplation of the danger we were in of a much more horrid massacre than the one we were then commemorating." One officer, it is said, had brought an egg ² in his pocket to throw at the orator, but chancing to trip on the threshold broke it as he entered. During the course of Warren's speech Colonel Nesbit's 47th Regiment (by design, it was supposed) in their return from parade passed by outside, the "drums ³ beating with redoubled force," with a view to drowning the speaker's voice. Warren spoke with unusual fire, and in the hush that followed the passing of the troops every word was heard. "Could it have been conceived," he cried, ³ "that we again should have seen a British Army in our land, sent to enforce obedience to acts of Parliament destructive of our liberty? But the royal ear, far distant from this Western world, has been assaulted by the tongue of SLANDER; and VILLAINS, TRAITOROUS alike to KING and COUNTRY, have prevailed upon a gracious prince to clothe his countenance with wrath, and to erect the hostile banner against a people ever affectionate and loyal to him and his illustrious predecessors of the House of Hanover. Our streets are again filled with armed men; our harbor is crowded with ships of war, but these cannot intimidate us; our liberty must be preserved; it is far dearer than life, we hold it even dear as our allegiance: we must defend it against the attacks of our friends as well as enemies; we cannot suffer even Britons to ravish it from us. . . . If pacific ⁴ measures are ineffec-

¹ *American Archives*, II, 4th ser., 106. Force.

² *Narrative and Critical History*, VI, 120. Winsor.

³ *Principles and Acts*, 113. Niles.

⁴ *History of the U. S.*, III, 380. Bryant and Gay.

tual 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 Brunswick's side, on the American Throne." At these words Captain Chapman held up a handful of bullets with a threatening gesture, crying, "Fie! fie!" Dr. Warren at once dropped his handkerchief to prevent his gesture being perceived; and to calm the throng of townspeople, who supposed there was an alarm of fire, Wm. Cooper¹ rose and said, in a voice that reached every part of the hall, "there is no fire, but the fire of envy, burning in the hearts of our enemies, which I hope soon to see extinguished:" and glancing indignantly on Chapman, Hawkes, and other officers near by, he resumed his seat. Andrews² regarded the interruption as "very scandalous," and adds that Captain Chapman got "pretty decently frightened for it. A woman among the rest, attack'd him and threatened to wring his nose." The account which follows gives a vivid picture of the overbearing way in which the Regulars conducted themselves; being the deposition of Thomas Ditson taken at Boston, Monday, the 13th of March. It runs as follows:³ —

I, Thomas Ditson, jun. of Billerica, husbandman, testify and declare, that while walking in Fore Street, on the 8th March, in the forenoon, I inquired of some townsmen, Who had any guns to sell? One, whom I did not know, replied he had a very fine Gun to sell. The man appeared to be a Soldier, and I went with him to a house where one was, whom the Soldier call'd Sergeant, and seeing some old clothes about the house, I asked whether they sold such things. The Sergeant replied that they did frequently. I then asked his price for an old red coat, ripped to pieces. He asked 3/6 Sterling; but I refused to give it. Then one

¹ *Principles and Acts*, 113. Niles.

² *Letters*, March 18.

³ *American Archives*, II, 4th ser., 93. Force.

McClenchy, the Soldier I met with at first in the street, said he had some old clothes to sell, and sent his wife out after them to a man he call'd Sergeant, and she soon brought an old jacket and an old coat. I then asked him if he had any right to sell them, and the Sergeant said that they frequently sold them, and he would give me a writing if I desired it; but said there was no occasion. I then bought the said coat and jacket, and gave two Pistareens [about forty cents], and then put the clothes in a bag, which I left behind. After which I went to McClenchy's to see his gun, which he said was a very fine piece. I asked him if he had any right to sell it. He replied he had, and that the gun was his to dispose of at any time. I then asked whether the sentry would not take it from me at the Ferry, as I had heard that some persons had had their guns taken from them, but never thought there was any law against trading with a soldier. He then told me he had stood sentry, and that they frequently let them pass. He then asked me what I would give for the gun. I told him I would give four dollars if there was no risk in carrying it over the Ferry. He said there was not, and that I might rely on his word. I then agreed to give four dollars for his gun, but did not take it nor pay the money. Coming away, he followed me down stairs, and said there was a Sergeant that had an old rusty piece he would sell cheap. I asked him his price. He said he would sell it for a dollar and a half, if I would pay the money down, and he urged me to take it. I then agreed to give him said sum. His wife, as he call'd her, then came down, and said, McClenchy, what are you going to do to bring that man into a scrape. I then told him if there was any difficulty to give me my money again; but he refused, and replied his wife made an oration about nothing, and that he had a right to sell his gun to anybody. I was afraid from her speaking, that there was something not right in it, and left the gun; and coming away, he followed me, and urged the guns upon me. I told him I had rather not take them, for fear of what his wife

said. He then declared there was no danger, for he had spoken to the Officer or Sentry, who said he had a right to dispose of them, and urged me to pay the four dollars I had offered for the gun; which I then refused, and desired I might have the dollar and a half back which I had paid him for the gun. He refused, saying there was no danger, and damned me for a fool. I then paid him the four dollars for the good gun, but did not receive any one of them. After I had paid the money, he then said, take care of yourself; and the first thing I saw some men coming up. I then stept off to go after my great coat, but they followed and seized me, and carried me to the Guard house upon Foster's wharf. This was about six or seven o'clock in the evening. When I came into the Guard house they read me a law which I never before saw or heard of. I was detained there till about seven in the morning; when I expected I should have been obliged to pay the five pounds mentioned in the law read to me, and hired a Regular to carry a letter to some friends over the Ferry, which was to desire them to come to me as quick as possible, with money to pay my fine. Soon after the Sergeant came in and ordered me to strip. I then asked him what he was going to do with me. He said, d— you, I am going to serve you as you have served our men; then came in a Soldier with a bucket of tar and a pillow of feathers. I was then made to strip, which I did to my breeches; they then tarred and feathered me; and while they were doing it, an officer who stood at the door said, tar and feather his breeches, which they accordingly did, and was then tarred and feathered from head to foot, and had a paper read to me, which was then tied round my neck, but afterwards turned behind me, with the followings wrote upon it, to the best of my remembrance: "American liberty, or Democracy exemplified in a villain who attempted to entice one of the soldiers of His Majesty's 47th Regiment to desert, and take up Arms with Rebels against his King and Country." I was then ordered to walk out and get into a chair fastened upon trucks, which I did, when a number of the King's soldiers,



PUNISHMENT OF A MAN FROM BILLERICA, WHO
PURCHASED A GUN FROM A BRITISH SOLDIER
IN BOSTON, MARCH, 1775

as I imagined about forty or fifty, armed with guns and fixed bayonets, surrounded the trucks, and they marched, with a number of officers before them, one of whom I was told was the Colonel of the 47th Regiment, who I have since heard was named Nesbit, together with a number of drums and fifes [about twenty playing, as it is elsewhere stated, the Rogue's¹ march], from the wharf up King street, and down Fore street, and then through the Main street, passing the Governor's house, until they came to Liberty tree; they then turned up Frog lane, and made a halt, and a Sergeant, as I took him to be, said, get down. I then asked him which way I should go, and he said, where you please. Near the Governor's house, the inhabitants pressed in upon the soldiers; the latter appeared to be angry, and I was then afraid they would have fired, they being ordered to load their muskets which they did.

Signed

before me Edmund Quincy J. P.

Sam Adams² wrote to Richard Henry Lee, an older brother of Arthur, on the 21st. . . . "Some gentlemen of the Town waited on the Governor on this occasion; he appeared to be angry at it, and declared that he knew nothing about any such design; he said that he had, indeed, heard an irregular beat of the drum (for they passed by his house); but thought they were drumming a bad woman through the streets." Although³ there were less than fifty voters at this time in the town, Billerica wrote spunkily to the Governor on this occasion, "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."

On the same 8th of March, the Committee of Supplies

¹ *Annals*, 189. Morse.

² *American Archives*, II, 4th ser., 178. Force.

³ *History of the U. S.*, III, 382. Bryant and Gay.

settled with John Goddard¹ for the carting of 55 barrels of Beef from Boston to Concord, at 5s. a barrel — £13 15s., 0d. The stores were chiefly received during March. From David Cheever² of Charlestown 20 loads: 20,000 pounds musket balls and cartridges, 50 reams cartridge-paper, 206 tents, 113 iron spades, 51 wood axes, 201 bill-hooks, 19 sets harness, 24 boxes candles, 14 chests medicine, 27 hogsheads wooden ware, 1 hogshead of matches, cords, irons, and balls, 20 bushels of oatmeal, 5 iron worms for cannon, rammers, etc. These were stored at Captain Elnathan Jones's, Joshua Bond's, Willoughby Prescott's, Jonas Heywood's, Colonel Barrett's and the Town-house. From Moses Gill of Boston 11 loads: 150 tents, axes, pickaxes, hatchets, spades, wooden spoons and dishes, and canteens; stored at Captain Thomas Hubbard's, Ephraim Wheeler's, Willoughby Prescott's, and Ephraim Potter's. Also received from R. Pierpont, 47 firkins and 2 barrels of butter, stored at Colonel James and Humphrey Barrett's; and 55 barrels of Beef stored at Thomas and Elisha Jones's; and 25 barrels at Daniel Cray's.

Colonel Jeremiah Lee, of Marblehead, also sent another load of tents, poles, axes, and hatchets; stored at Abishai Brown's, besides 318 barrels of flour, of which 68 were stored at Ebenezer Hubbard's [partly destroyed April 19th], 66 at Captain Timothy Wheeler's, 56 at Sam Jones's, 23 at Isaac Hubbard's, 16 at Jonas Heywood's, 82 at Sam¹ Whitney's, 7 at Jonathan Heywood's.

From Elbridge Gerry, Marblehead, came 7 loads of salt fish, about 17,000 pounds, stored at Elisha Jones's; 18 casks of wine, 20 casks of raisins, and a quantity of oil (which were carried to Stow); and 47 hogsheads and 50 barrels of salt which were stored in different places in town; 4 loads of tents, tow-cloth, and canteens, stored at Eph. Potter's; one bundle of sheet-lead, several hogsheads of molasses and a quantity of linen.²

From Salem and Boston were received in addition² to the

¹ *Brookline Historical Pub. Soc.* Publication No. 15.

² *Hist. of Concord*, 97-8, 98-9. Shattuck.

above: 12 tierces of rice, about 35,000 pounds; 20 of which were stored at Ebenezer Hubbard's, 6 at Thomas Hosmer's, 3 at Thomas Davis's, 7 at Stephen Blood's, 7 at Edward Richardson's, 5 at Deacon George Minott's, and the rest at the Town-house.

All the stores brought are not mentioned, says Shattuck; many were prepared in town. For example, at Barrett's Mills, firearms, gun-carriages, etc.; by Reuben Brown, cartouch-boxes, holsters, belts, and saddlery; by Josiah Melvin, saltpetre; by Captain Timothy Wheeler, oatmeal; and by others wooden plates, spoons and camp ware. March 12th, the Committee of Safety appointed at least two watchmen¹ for Charlestown, Cambridge, and Roxbury to be ready to send couriers if troops went out; the 14th, it was voted that a guard should be posted, and the day following John Pigeon,² clerk of the Committee of Safety, set a night watch.

October 28th, 1774, Lieutenant Spaulding³ of Dummerstown was put in Westminster gaol for referring to the King as "the Pope of Canada." His townsmen and others thereupon marched into town and set him free for the time being. March 14th of the current year had been appointed for the next meeting of the County court. The neighborhood was determined that neither Spaulding's case nor any other should be tried on the new basis. Chief Justice Chandler of Chester declared his willingness to postpone all cases except a murder trial and pledged his honor that no arms should be carried by his party; the other judges, however, were determined to sit as usual and crush out all opposition. Aware of this the Whigs rallied the afternoon before, some even coming from Rockingham, with stout cudgels plucked from their woodpiles. About four o'clock that afternoon a hundred or so, armed, took possession of the court-house in the name of the people. The sheriff, Patterson, had been to

¹ *American Revolution*, I, 473. Gordon.

² *Siege of Boston*, 51. Frothingham.

³ "Westminster Massacre." J. M. French. *New England Magazine*, November, 1891.

Brattleborough for aid, and now came up with a large party; at five yards from the door he shouted to the Whigs to disperse within fifteen minutes or he'd blow a lane through them. The Whigs answered that the sheriff's men might come inside provided they laid down their guns. They next desired a parley; but this was prevented by Sam¹ Gale, the clerk of the court, crying, "I'll hold no parley but with this," as he flourished his pistol. However, about seven that evening Chief Justice Chandler was allowed to enter and reminded of his promise to restrain his followers. He then undertook to disarm his party, and hear the people's grievances on the morrow, and left them. After which a few kept on guard, although the greater part scattered.

All might have ended quietly had not the sheriff, 'about eleven, brought up a party from Norton's tavern, and in the King's name demanded entrance of the sentry. Two rushes were made with a view to forcing an entry, and at the last, he ordered his men to fire, killing one and wounding several at the second volley, after which the little garrison was easily overwhelmed and a dozen or more made prisoners. William French, a young Brattleborough farmer, acting sentry, was first shot through the body; contriving to sit up, he received four or five balls more, being wounded in the thigh, leg, mouth, face, and forehead, and at last run through with a pitchfork. His epitaph¹ reads:

In Memory of WILLIAM FRENCH,
son to Mr. Nathaniel French, who
Was Shot at Westminster, March ye 13th,
1775, by the hand of the Cruel Ministerial Tools,
of Georg ye 3d, in the Corthouse, at a 11 o'Clock
at Night, in the 22d, year of his Age.

HERE WILLIAM FRENCH his Body lies,
For Murder his Blood for Vengeance Cries.
King George the third his Tory crew,
Tha with a bawl his head Shot threw.
For Liberty and his Country's Good
He lost his Life his Dearest blood.

¹ *Diary of the Revolution*, 51. Frank Moore. And *American Monthly Magazine*, January, 1893.

Daniel Houghton, of Fulham,¹ now Dummerstown, was at the same time shot through the body, dying nine days later. One White, of Rockingham, was wounded in the knee, and Philip Safford, of the same place, received several sabre cuts about the head from the sheriff's own hand, but finally broke away by a skilful use of his club. Five others were slightly injured. According to the story of Houghton's nephew in the *Boston Gazette* of April 10th, no medical aid was allowed the prisoners, who were thrust into custody below the Court-house; and "the victors diverted themselves by dancing over their heads." Next day the court formally adjourned until the second Thursday in June; meanwhile, by noon the prisoners had been rescued, and two days later the chief justice, sheriff, etc., were in their turn arrested, while the inquest was held in the presence of some five hundred armed Patriots. Nine of the Tories, including the sheriff, were finally sent down the river to Northampton gaol and ultimately to New York for trial.

On the 15th, Dr. Warren² wrote to the Committee of Montreal, "Messrs. James Price and Alexander Hay, Gentlemen, — So handsome a donation as £100 4s. 0d. accompanied by such an animating letter from our brethren at Montreal, cannot fail to excite the warmest gratitude in the breast of everyone who wishes prosperity and freedom to his country." This same Wednesday his oration was published, and a mock oration was given in parody by the British officers from Mrs. Cordis's balcony at the British Coffee house.

Poor John Rowe³ says, "Many characters were unfairly represented and much abused, mine among the rest." This oration was afterwards printed for private circulation. Andrews⁴ gives a somewhat fuller account: "A vast number of officers assembled in King street, when they proceeded

¹ "Lexington and Concord." Rev. Horace Leslie Wheeler. *The Colonial Magazine*, November, 1895.

² *Life of Warren*, 442. Frothingham.

³ *Diary*.

⁴ *Letters*, March 18.

to the choice of seven out of their number to represent the selectmen, the latter of whom, with the moderator, went into the Coffee house balcony, where was provided a fellow [Dr. Thomas Bolton¹] apparell'd in a black gown, with a rusty grey wig and fox tail hanging to it together with bands on — who delivered an oration from the balcony to a crowd of few else besides gaping officers. It contained the most scurrilous abuse upon the characters of principal patriots here." "An express," he continues, "came to the Governor with letters by the packet on Wensday evening [15] but nothing transpir'd but to a few of his refugee councillors, who have been observ'd ever since to be much crest-fallen. Old B—le was heard to exclaim yesterday — 'We shall lose the day, Good G—d! What will become of us?'" March 16th, Thursday, Rowe writes: ² "This day is kept by many people as a Publick Fast, which gives great umbrage to a great many people who do not pay any regard to it, and I think they are not right, because they say the order does not originate under the direction of good government; yet it can [do] no harm." Andrews³ tells of another petty annoyance which tended to increase the ill-feeling between the troops and the people. "Indeed," he exclaims, "a person must [be] more than a stoic to prevent his irracibility rising at the speeches they are continually making." It seems that "an officer, with men from the 4th Regiment in Barracks at West Boston, erected a couple of [marquee⁴] tents just at the back of Howard's meeting [within thirty feet,⁴ another account has it, of the chapel at the West End] and conducted a parcell of fifes and drums there [three of each⁴], which play'd and beat Yankee Doodle the whole forenoon service time, to the great interruption of the Congregation [Col. Maddison⁴ being present part of the time]. They intended to repeat the same in

¹ *Narrative and Critical History*, VI, 120. Winsor.

² *Diary*.

³ *Letters*, March 18.

⁴ *American Archives*, II, 4th ser., 211. Force.

the afternoon, but were prevented by orders from the General." This would be the West church, once Dr. Mayhew's, then his successor's, Rev. Dr. Simeon Howard's. Andrews goes on, "A Committee from the country [Billerica] in behalf of [Thomas Ditson] waited on the General, on Fast Day, who was greatly disgusted with their remonstrance (being a very spirited one) but finally dismiss'd them with every assurance of protection from danger, and that [in] quite a pleasant manner: also assur'd them that he would undertake that the man should have full satisfaction." From Deacon Tudor's Diary¹ we learn there had been "fine warm Weather for 3 or 4 Weeks past till this Evening [the 16th], it Rain'd & snow'd but Warm for the season. The weather has been so fine and warm that in 3 or 4 days past the pasturs in many places is as green as at sometimes it has been the 1st April. 17 Morning snows fast, by 9 O'clock 5 Inches deep on a level." On this latter date, Friday, Colonel Hancock's² fence was defaced by officers. That evening "printed extracts of Letters that came by the Packet to New York reached Boston via Providence, giving us *great* hopes," writes Andrews,³ "to expect a full completion of our wishes in regard to publick affairs, they were reprinted here and out early Saturday morning. The tories say they were made by S. Adams last night. Others that they are the same letters that were received in the Stamp Act time — and others say, if they are genuine, merchants' letters are not worth regarding — but unhappy for them, the whole is confirm'd by the post just arriv'd."

March 18th, John Goddard's⁴ account book bears the entry, "to carting two Hogsheads of Flints & other articles from Boston to Brookline," six shillings. What he laid himself open to, we realize on turning to John Andrews' letter of the 20th, to Wm. Barrell of Philadelphia, in which

¹ March 16.

² *Siege of Boston*, 50. Frothingham.

³ *Letters*, entered March 18.

⁴ *Brookline Historical Publication Society*, No. 15.

he says: "Our Provincial Congress is to meet next month at Concord, . . . am also inform'd that the Congress have expended near a million in our Old tenor for ammunition and provisions. This I know, that they have had upwards of fifty ton of shot, shell &ca., cast, besides an innumerable number of Musket balls. Have seen twenty load cover'd with dung to go out of town myself, but lately all carts have been search'd by the Guards, and unluckily last Saturday evening [18th], a load of cartridges were seiz'd pack'd in candle boxes, consisting of 13500 besides 4 boxes [300 lbs.] balls. The countryman struggled hard before he would deliver 'em, and received two or three bad wounds [including, as we read elsewhere,¹ a bayonet-thrust in the neck]. The same evening eight or nine officers ["heated with liquor," as is said] paraded the street and abus'd every person they met, but finally met their matches and were all made to lay level with the ground." Several of them attacked the Providence¹ stage-coach before they got through, breaking the glass and abusing the passengers; what else they might have done is not known, since the driver, "a smart fellow," jumped off his seat and caught Captain Gore of the 5th, and "some blows past, when the officer retired." March 19th, Sunday, we learn from Andrews that "Four Sergeants and as many men were sent to insult John Hancock, under pretence of seeing if his stables would do for barracks. He went directly to the General, who order'd a party there, but they were gone. The General told him if he was anyways insulted again, to write a billet and send by a servant, and he would immediately redress him — but it seems the officers and soldiers are a good deal disaffected towards the Governor, thinking, I suppose, that he is partial to the inhabitants, many of the latter have made no scruples to call him an *Old Woman*. In regard to the season, Bill, am perswaded you could not have been more favor'd than we have been. The oldest man among us can't remember to have ever seen one equal to it."²

¹ *American Archives*, II, 4th ser., 211. Force.

² *Letters of John Andrews*.

Taking advantage of this good weather we find John Goddard ¹ on Monday, the 20th, carting 74 C $\frac{3}{4}$ of Rice from Boston to Concord, @ $\frac{1}{4}$ *d.* per C., or £4 19s. 8*d.* The following report of this date is interesting.²

March 20, 1775.

The Committee appointed to make a minute inquiry into the present state of the operations of the (British) army have attended that service, and report the following state of facts; viz.² The army at present consists of about 2,850 men, encamped as follows: On Boston Common, about 1,700, on Fort Hill 400, on Boston Neck 340, in the barracks at Castle William 330, quartered in King street 80, 2,850. Two mud breastworks have been erected by them on Boston Neck, ninety or one hundred rods in advance of the old fortifications, parapet about nine feet thick, eight feet high, ditch twelve feet wide at top, five at foot, and ten feet deep. They mount ten brass and two iron cannon . . . a block house is erecting on the south side of the Neck.

Both sides were taking each other's measure. This same day Billerica passed the suggestive vote to ³ "look up the old bayonets." Lieutenant Barker's ⁴ entry for the 20th concerns a court-martial to try Ensign Murray of the 43d, who had been arrested on the eve of a duel with Ensign Butler of the King's Own. It is specially interesting as we follow John Goddard slowly jolting over the spring roads to Concord, to read of a second expedition on the part of the spies, to the same place, and to think their eyes may have met during the day. De Bernière relates: ⁵ "The 20th March, Captain Brown and myself received orders to set out for Concord, and examine the road and situation of the town; and also to get what information we

¹ *Brookline Historical Publication Society*, No. 15.

² *Mass. His. Soc. Pro.*, May, 1859.

³ *History of Middlesex County*, II, 342. Hurd. "Billerica," by Rev. Henry A. Hazen.

⁴ *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1877.

⁵ *Mass. His. Soc. Coll.*, IV, 2d ser., 214.

could relative to what quantity of artillery and provisions. We went through Roxbury and Brookline, and came to the main road between the thirteen and fourteen mile-stones, in the township of Weston; we went through part of the Pass at the eleven mile-stone, took the Concord road, which is seven miles from the main road. We arrived there without any kind of insult being offered us; the road is high to the right and low to the left, woody in most places, and very close and commanded by hills frequently." They went up, says Shattuck,¹ through Weston and Sudbury, and entered the town over the South bridge, which they thus described:

The town of Concord lies between two hills that command it entirely. There is a river runs through it with two bridges over it. In summer it is pretty dry. The town is large, and contains a church, gaol, and court-house, but the houses are not close together, but in little groups. We were informed that they had fourteen pieces of cannon (ten iron and four brass), and two coehorns. They were mounted, but in so bad a manner that they could not elevate them more than they were, that is, they were fixed to one elevation; their iron cannon they kept in a house in town; their brass they had concealed in some place behind the town in a wood. They had also a store of flour, fish, salt, and rice; and a magazine of powder and cartridges. They fired their morning gun, and mounted a guard of ten men at night. We dined at the house of Mr. [Daniel] Bliss, a friend of government [*i.e.* the old block-house,² built 1654, which joined the burying ground]; they had sent him word they should not let him go out of town alive that morning; however, we told him if he would come with us, we would take care of him, as we were three, all well armed. He consented, and told us he would show us another road, called the Lexington road. We set out, and of consequence left the town on the contrary side of the river to what we

¹ *Hist. of Concord*, 96. Shattuck.

² *Boston Journal*, April 19, 1875.

entered it. The road¹ continued very open and good for six miles, the next five a little inclosed (there is one very bad place in these five miles), the road good to Lexington you then come to Menotomy, the road still good; a pond or lake at Menotomy. You then leave Cambridge, and so to Charlestown; the road is very good almost all the way. In the town of Concord a woman directed us to the house of Mr. Bliss; a little after she came in crying, and told us, they swore if she did not leave the town, they would tar and feather her for directing Tories on their road.

Shattuck adds that when the officers² remarked to Bliss, "the people will not fight," he urged a different opinion, and pointing to his brother, Thomas Theodore, who chanced to be passing, said, "There goes a man who will fight you in blood up to his knees!"

On the 22d the Third Provincial Congress met at Concord and resolved:³ "that any relaxation" in readiness for defence "would be attended with the utmost danger to the liberties of their Colony and to all America." This Congress continued in session until April 15th; 288 members being present and holding meetings at nine in the morning and three in the afternoon.

The day Congress opened John Goddard⁴ was again on the way to Concord from Boston, carrying "15 C $\frac{1}{4}$ of weights sheet lead and three Barrels of Linen." March 23d, Lieutenant Barker⁵ mentions three officers of the 5th being arrested for rioting, and "the same evening, another duel stop'd, between the Lt. Col. of that Regt. [Walcott], and Ensn. Patrick of the same; some words passing between them, the Lt. Col. struck Mr P—k in the face, upon which they both immediately drew their Swords; but the other Officers interfering it was put a

¹ *Mass. His. Soc. Coll.*, IV, 2d ser., 215.

² *Hist. of Concord*, 96. Shattuck.

³ *Life of Warren*, 444. Frothingham.

⁴ *Brookline Historical Publication Society*, No. 15.

⁵ *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1877.

stop to till the Rolls were call'd, when they both went to the Common, where they agreed to fight with Pistols, which Mr P—k went for, and upon his return was met by an Officer of the Regiment who by some means took the Pistols and fir'd' em in the air, which alarmed the Guard, which turned out and took him Prisoner and carried him to Lord Percy, who put him in arrest, then went to Col. Wallcott and put him in arrest likewise." The 24th we find Goddard¹ carting 2 casks of Leaden Balls for 2s. 8d.

On the 29th it was reported² that the British would march on Concord. The Provincial Committee of safety at Cambridge at once ordered the stores should be dispersed. To Sudbury were sent 50 barrels of beef, 20 casks of rice, 15 hogsheads of molasses, 100 barrels of flour, 500 lbs. of candles, and 10 hogsheads of rum; 1,000 iron pots were despatched to Worcester; 15,000 canteens, 1,500 iron pots, and the store of spades, pickaxes, bill-hooks, axes, hatchets, crows, wheelbarrows, etc., were parted equally between Concord, Stow, and Sudbury. March 30th, Lieutenant Barker³ continues rather loftily: "The 1st Brigade marched into the Country at 6 o'clock in the morning; it alarmed the people a good deal. Expresses were sent to every town near: at Watertown about 9 miles off, they got 2 pieces of cannon to the Bridge and loaded 'em, but nobody wou'd stay to fire them; at Cambridge they were so alarmed that they pulled up the Bridge. However they were quit for their fears, for after marching about the Country for five hours we returned peaceably home." Fuller particulars are gathered from a letter⁴ to a gentleman in Philadelphia dated Saturday, April 1st. "On Thursday last at daylight, the Troops beat to arms; five regiments marched out with Earl Percy at their head; it was supposed they were going to Concord, where our Provincial Congress is now sitting.

¹ *Brookline Historical Publication Society*, No. 15.

² *History of Concord*, 99. Shattuck.

³ *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1877.

⁴ *American Archives*, II, 4th ser., 253. Force.

A quantity of provisions and warlike stores, I understand, is lodged there. Several expresses were immediately sent away to give notice of their marching. Important consequences were apprehended; but happily they only went a few miles out of Boston and returned again. The Town and Country were alarmed; many of the neighboring Country Towns immediately mustered, and got equipped for a march. It has given such uneasiness, that *committees from twelve of the near Towns have met upon it*, and intend sending a petition to the Provincial Congress representing this affair to them, desiring they would take up the matter, and remonstrate to the General upon it. The Troops went out of the common road; marched over the people's land — some, where their grain was sown — and gardens; broke down their fences, walls &c, and doing other injuries. . . . The military spirit and resolution prevailing in this Province, in support of their liberties and Constitution, is astonishing. I hope we shall soon have some good news from home, to prevent any breaking out, which I begin to fear, especially if the troops continue their marchings out. I have heard that forty or fifty of the troops were so fatigued by their march on Thursday, that they could not keep up with their fellow-soldiers on their return. It is said they are intending to go out again soon. The Provincial grand magazine of provisions and warlike stores is kept at Worcester, about forty-five miles from Boston." It has been conjectured that the stone walls were overturned on this occasion to prepare a field for any emergency that might arise. The troops came out by way ¹ of Roxbury and Jamaica Plain, and so round by the way of Dorchester, back again. The alarm reached Brookline ² by a mounted messenger in the words, "The regulars are at Church Green," referring, that is, to the church-green on Roxbury Hill, but it was taken to mean the plot of grass by the First Parish church on Walnut Street. The commotion this

¹ *History of the U. S.*, III, 382. Bryant and Gay.

² *History of Brookline*, 302-3, 320. Woods.

excited still lives in the town annals. On Boylston Street, overlooking the reservoir, stands a fine old buff-colored house occupied by the heirs of the late Colonel Harry Lee. At this time it was the home of a Scotch emigrant, Mr. Wm. Hyslop. In his house was a handsome pier table, supported by a pair of large carved spread eagles, the claws of each clasping a round ball. This stood between the parlor windows to the left of the front entrance, and was much prized. When the tidings swept past the house, this valued table was hastily torn from the wall and carried into the woods, which then covered the whole of Fisher Hill back of the house, and there it was carefully buried. During the siege of Boston the Hyslops retired to Medfield, but on returning home, the table was recovered and securely nailed to the wall, where it has remained ever since. Little Mehitable Abercrombie, an adopted child in the household, is said to have caught up a new pair of red bellows as they set off on their temporary flight, determined that this treasure should never be spoil of war. Another droll story is told of the John Heath house, which stood on the site of the house occupied by the heirs of the late Francis Cabot, on Heath street just above the Hyslops. The family, in the impression the British were only some quarter of an hour distant, here too sped away to the woods. That a bag of salt should have been the only article caught up and removed at this thrilling moment was occasion for much amusement afterward! There were a couple of darkies in the household, one of whom, Cuff's wife Kate, since she was too old and infirm to run off with the others, hid behind the tall clock case, where the Heaths found her, frightened half to death, on their return. This beautiful clock passed into the Goddard family on the marriage of Miss Sukey Heath, eldest daughter of John, to Dr. John Goddard, eldest son of John and Hannah Goddard, and is now owned by Miss Julia Goddard, a granddaughter.

Dr. Joseph Warren,¹ in a letter to Arthur Lee in London,

¹ *American Archives*, II, 4th ser., 256. Force.

refers to the alarm of March 30th. He writes: "Since the troops came without baggage or artillery, they did not occasion so great an alarm as they otherwise would. Nevertheless great numbers completely armed, collected in the neighboring Towns; and it is the opinion of many, that had they marched eight or ten miles, and attempted to destroy any magazines, or abused the people, not a man of them would have returned to Boston. The Congress immediately took proper measures for restraining any unnecessary effusion of blood; and also passed proper resolves respecting the army, if they should attempt to come out of the Town with baggage and artillery." On the 30th, the ever vigilant Committee of Correspondence summoned "the little senate"¹ — the committees of the neighboring towns — to meet in their chamber in Faneuil Hall at ten A.M. the next day, "to determine on measures of safety," saying in the summons: "The wisdom of the joint committees has been very conspicuous. The fullest exertion of the same wisdom is necessary at this excited time." Indeed it was a period of unrest and uncertainty. Rumors of the Regulars' expedition had spread as far as Leicester² and Colonel Henshaw and Joseph Allen anxiously walked to Worcester over the snowdrifts, on "rackets" in hope of learning further particulars. Allen at this time had his knapsack and his trunk with his wedding suit both packed, "not knowing whether he should first be called to battle or his marriage."

As a result of the Faneuil Hall conference on the 31st, a committee was formed, as we learn from Parson Gordon,³ which, — "waiting upon the Provincial Congress, then at Concord, on the point of adjourning, — prevented their adjournment, and lengthened out the session till the news of what Parliament had done reached them on April 2nd, by a vessel from Falmouth." Fortunately this was before the Governor had received his despatches, so that "obnoxious persons

¹ *Siege of Boston*, 52. Frothingham.

² *Hist. of Worcester County*, I, 696. Hurd.

³ *American Revolution*, I, 474. Gordon.

took the advantage of withdrawing from Boston, or keeping away, that they might not be caught by the General were orders for that purpose given him from home, as there is much reason to suppose was the case, from a hint in an intercepted letter of Mr Mauduit's to Commissioner Hallowell, and from subsequent intelligence." ¹

Lieutenant Barker's ² last entry in March is: "The Works at the Lines are enclosing in the rear with Pickets; the Gorges of the Bastion are shut up; the General would employ but 20 Men, and as a further saving made the Guard work for nothing, which was a hardship on them as they worked in their good things; it was represented to him, and there is now a Sub. and 20."

April 9th, we find Governor Hutchinson ³ writing to Mr. Paxton: "I had no idea of the procrastination in all sorts of business here. It is peculiarly the character of the present time. Besides this, there never was more attention to securing parliamentary interest; and what does not tend to this, is no more than a business by the by. I am treated as civilly as anybody; but I think I shall be thoroughly tired of Levées and Court attention before I shall be able to return to America. April 20, Mr Pownall communicated the dispatches from General Gage, the principal part of which is a narrative from a person whose name he does not mention, of the Proceedings of the Provincial Congress, which they have not published; which is all that is material in his letter, except a short account of his sending Col. Leslie to seize some cannon which he had an account of in this paper of the proceedings &c.; but it proved an erroneous information, and they were a parcel of old guns belonged to a ship, which they removed, probably to make a noise, and increase appearances of preparation. The *Cerberus* sailed today from Spithead. 22nd, In the evening Mr Mauduit brought Mr Parker of the City, and a friend of Dr Calet [or Calef] of

¹ *American Archives*, II, 4th ser., 626. Force.

² *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1877.

³ *Diary*, I, 431-2.

Ipswich. Parker shewed me Petitions from the people of Fox Island, Deer Islands, etc. praying the King . . . to quiet them in their possessions.”

A letter¹ to a gentleman in Massachusetts is of this period.

London, April 25, 1775. A steady friend to America called upon me this afternoon with the following intelligence, communicated to him by——this day, which you may rely upon as a fact. The——said that the Administration, on Friday received advices from General Gage to the 18th March, wherein he acknowledges the receipt of the King's order to apprehend Messrs Cushing, Adams, Hancock, &c. and sending them to England to be tried; but that the second orders, which were to hang them in Boston, he said the General had not then received. The General expressed his fears on the occasion; and in hopes of their being reversed, he should delay the execution a while longer, because he must, if the orders were fulfilled come to an engagement, the event of which he had every reason to apprehend would be fatal to himself and the King's troops, as the Massachusetts government had at least 15,000 men ready trained for the onset, and besides, had every publick and private road occupied by the Militia, so as to prevent his marching into the country . . . and that he now believed America would carry their point. . . . He said Lord North was evidently uneasy, and that Government dreaded the news by the April Packet; that they had suppressed this intelligence from General Gage, because of the instant effect it would have on Stocks . . . the information was confidential. I shall only add that my Country may be free if she will; and that she may have the virtue to play the man, is the aspiration of Sir, your most obdt. serv.

Another¹ runs:

London, April 25, 1775.

. . . The Petition from the Assembly of New Jersey

¹ *American Archives*, II, 4th ser., 386-7. Force.

is arrived, but Lord Dartmouth, on pretence that it would be improper to forward it to the King, without its being brought to him by the Agent of the Province, refuses any attention to it. When Dr Franklin is here, Ministry will receive no Petition by him. When he is not here, they refuse Petitions because they are not offered by him. However, all this is in perfect unison with the rest of their conduct.

April 26th, says Hutchinson:¹ "Col. Pickman of Salem came in just after breakfast, having left Salem the 11th of March, and arrived at Bristol in 36 days. He gives this reason for his coming — that the new chosen Militia officers, three days before he came away, posted up Advertisements requiring all persons liable by law to bear arms, to appear the 14th at the place of Parade: that he was in doubt whether to remove to some other town, or to come to England, but determined on the latter, this vessel being ready. . . .

"29th, Pickman mentions the soldiers having tarred and feathered a countryman for tampering with one of the troops, to sell his gun in Boston two days before Pickman sailed, but were stopped in their progress by the General's order."

May 2d, he records, "The transports from Ireland had put out three or four times, and put back by the violence of West winds."

We gather the panicky state of the atmosphere from his next entry, May 3d. "Report has been current today that there has been a battle, and that Gage has lost 1,000 men, &c. 4th, The April Mail¹ arrived to-day from New York. Letters to the Secretary of State from Gage of March 28th. The Congress had been sitting six days, and he sends one of their Resolves: tells the story of the countryman . . . thinks Government cannot be restored without a grand convulsion.

"12th, called upon Lord Hillsborough who finds fault with measures: thinks Lord Dartmouth has too much humanity — too much religion. Lord North indolent, etc., etc.

¹ *Diary*, I, 433, 435-6, 444-6, 450.

“15th, the Remonstrance from New York to the House of Commons . . . rejected by 180 odd against 60 odd. . . . I hinted to Mr Jenkinson a day or two ago the expediency of pointing out the cause of rejecting the Petition, as the Americans always complained of their not being heard; and he said if anything could be done he should be glad: and Ld. North moved for an amendment upon the Motion for rejecting; it being derogatory to the supreme authority of Parliament — which was carried.” A few days later Governor Hutchinson sent by Colonel Dalrymple, on the eve of leaving England for America, the following note, which shows his abiding interest in Harvard College:

To Rev. Dr. Eliot, at Harvard University.

London, St. James's street, 26 May, 1775,

Sir, — I have desired Col. Dalrymple to take with him two folio and one quarto vols., all which contain 4 different translations of the Old Testament and five of the New, into the Latin tongue. I have desired him to deliver them to you for the College Library, hoping that they may be acceptable and useful. I have seen two or three other translations which I believe I can obtain.

I send likewise for the Museum, a small box containing a fish converted into chalk, which I brought from under a chalk cliff in Sussex, and was perfect, but by handling, the tail is broke off. It is a sole, a fish well known here for its delicate taste. There is also part of another, which being dug into, the belly discovers the grain of the fish. To some persons they will be curious. In the same box there are two small pieces of cloth made by the Otahitee Indians from the rind or inner bark of a tree, and a long string of braided hair, which they work into ornaments for their foreheads. Omiah, a Native, now in England, gave them to me. I wish it may be in my power to evidence my attachment to the College, by something of greater Value. I am &c.

Returning to Boston, Lieutenant Barker¹ mentions,

¹ *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1877.

April 1st, the death of Lieutenant Jackson of the 5th Regiment by fever, and an accident in which Captain Hamilton, of the 18th, fell from his horse, broke two or three ribs, and was nearly killed.

On this day the Provincial Congress¹ voted if "writs should be issued, in form as the law directs, for calling a general assembly in May, the towns ought to send members, but let them be instructed to transact no business with the Mandamus Councillors."

On the 2d, word came that Parliament² would back the King, and that the New Englanders must quit fishing in their own waters; moreover, that reinforcements were on the way. This news led to the following Call being published in the *Salem Gazette*:

In Provincial Congress, Concord, April 3, 1775:

Whereas several members of this Congress are now absent by leave of the Congress, and as the important intelligence received by the last vessels from Great Britain renders it necessary that every member attend his duty, — Resolved That the absent members be directed forthwith to attend in this place, that so the wisdom of the Province may be collected.

By order of the Provincial Congress,

John Hancock,

President.

At this moment of intense anxiety Dr. Joseph Warren wrote¹ to Arthur Lee:

Boston, April 3, 1775,

Dear Sir, . . . If America is an humble instrument of the salvation of Britain, it will give us the sincerest joy; but, if Britain must lose her liberty, she must lose it alone. America must and will be free. The contest may be severe; the end will be glorious. We would not boast, but we think, united and prepared as we are, we have no reason to doubt

¹ *Life of Warren*, 444, 447. Frothingham.

² *Siege of Boston*, 51. Frothingham.

of success, if we should be compelled to the last appeal; but we mean not to make that appeal until we can be justified in doing it in the sight of God and man. Happy shall we be if the mother-country will allow us the free enjoyment of our rights and indulge us in the pleasing employment of aggrandizing her.

On the 4th, a London letter began to be quoted, containing a Black List¹ prepared for Gage, containing the names of such Rebels as were to be seized and executed — among the number Saml. and John Adams, Robert Treat Paine, and John Hancock of Massachusetts.

Parson Stiles writes, “Nothing is now talked of but immediately forming an American army at Worcester and taking the Field.”² As for the Regulars, it was said in the journals that a considerable number of army wagons were ready for use, that blacksmiths were employed in making crows’-feet, and that the army seemed preparing for a march. It was now openly published in the newspapers that reinforcements² might be expected as well as the declaration of the Parliament to the King that the opposition to legislative authority in Massachusetts constituted rebellion,² and the “solemn assurances” of the King to the Parliament that the “most speedy and effectual measures”² should be taken to put the rebellion down.

On the 5th, the Provincial Congress adopted rules for forming an army,² and a circular was sent on the 7th to the Committees of Correspondence “most earnestly recommending” them to see to it that “the militia and minutemen” be ready, but to act only on the defensive.² As a specimen of others the accompanying Enlistment Roll³ of Captain Locke of Arlington may prove interesting:

We, the subscribers, do hereby solemnly and severally engage and enlist ourselves as soldiers in the Massachu-

¹ *Diary of the American Revolution*, 60. Frank Moore.

² *Siege of Boston*, 54. Frothingham.

³ *History of the Town of Arlington*, 57. Benjamin and William R. Cutter. Boston, 1880: David Clapp and Son.

setts service, for the preservation of the liberties of America, from the day of our enlistment to the last day of December next, unless the service should admit of a discharge of a part or the whole sooner, which, shall be at the discretion of the Committee of Safety; and we hereby promise to submit ourselves to all the orders and regulations of the army, and faithfully to observe and obey all such orders as we shall receive from time to time, from our superior officers.

Parson Cook of Arlington, in a sermon addressed to Captain Benj. Locke and fifty of his men, on the sixth, heartened them as follows: "We cannot indeed expect to be saved, but in the way of duty and in a prudent, manly, resolute defence of our rights, dearer to us than our lives dragged along in cruel slavery. . . . How was the yoke of barbarous oppression suddenly broken under the rule of that despotic *monster*, Sir Edmund Andros! How have we seen Louisburg, that thorn in our sides, brought to the dust, to the astonishment of the world, by New England troops. How were we the following year delivered, by the Providence of God, from a formidable fleet and army, who perished at the Divine rebuke, and sunk as lead in the mighty waters [Duc D'Anville's]. How was the detested Stamp Act and other cruel impositions, prevented having their baneful effect, by our spirited and united opposition. . . . Let none, under any provocations, thirst for blood, but let your breasts strongly beat for the Liberty of your Country!"

The pay of the Framingham¹ troops, which is probably representative, at this time was at the rate of 4/10 a day for a captain, 2/10 for a lieutenant, 1/10 for a sergeant, 1/7 for a corporal, 1/6 for a musician, and 1/5 for the privates.

¹ *History of Framingham*, 279. Temple.

CHAPTER IX

A SPY'S JOURNAL. REVERE AND DAWES GIVE EARLY
WARNING OF PROPOSED RAID

APRIL 5th the Charlestown ¹ committee of distribution aided forty-three suffering from the Port Bill and adjourned to April 19th at 5 P.M. This meeting was naturally never held. Under the same date we read in Deacon Tudor's diary, "Uncomon dry weather, ever since the 19 March, for the time of the Year, til this morning a N. E. storm of Snow, which fell very fast, that by 8 O'Clock A.m. it was 5 Inches deep, 12 began to stop after it had snow'd fast from 10 to 11."

This brings us to:

A JOURNAL KEPT BY MR. JOHN HOWE WHILE HE
WAS EMPLOYED AS A BRITISH SPY ²

On the 5th of April, 1775, General Gage called on me to go as a spy to Worcester to examine the roads, bridges and fording places, and to see which was the best route to Worcester to take an army to destroy the military stores deposited there. Accordingly Col. Smith and myself dressed ourselves as countrymen with grey coats, leather breeches, and blue mixed stockings, with silk flagg handkerchiefs round our necks, with a small bundle tied up in a home-spun checked handkerchief in one hand, and a walking stick in the other.

Thus equipped we set out like countrymen to find work. We travelled to Cambridge, about two miles, and

¹ *Beneath Old Roof Trees*, 306. Abram English Brown. Boston, 1896: Lee and Shepard.

² *History of Middlesex County*, II, 579-84. Hurd. "Concord," by Hon. John S. Keyes.

found the roads good. Nothing extraordinary took place until we got to Watertown, about six miles; here we called for breakfast at the tavern. While at breakfast there came in a negro woman to wait on the table. Col. Smith asked her where we two could find employment. She looked Col. Smith in the face and said, "Smith, you will find employment enough for you and all Gen. Gage's men in a few months."

This conversation about wound up our breakfast. Smith appeared to be thunderstruck, and my feelings were of the keenest kind. Directly the landlord came in and asked how our breakfast suited. Smith replied "Very well, but you have a saucy wench here." The landlord asked what she had said. Smith repeated very near what she had said, the landlord then replied that she had been living in Boston and had got acquainted with a great many British officers and soldiers there, and might take you to be some of them. Then we paid our reckoning as soon as possible, the landlord said it was likely that we could find work up the road. We bid him good morning and set off, traveled about one mile, found the road very good; here we were out of sight of any house and got over the wall to consult what was best to be done.

I told Smith that for us to go any farther together would be imprudent. Smith said he thought so, and would return back to Boston, if I would pursue the route. He then gave me up the journal-book and pencil, and ten guineas with several letters to tories between Boston and Worcester. Smith said if he came out with a regiment that road, he would kill that wench. He told me if I would pursue the route and got through he would insure me a commission. So we parted. The last I saw of Smith was running through the barberry bushes to keep out of sight of the road.

I then set out towards Waltham Plains, and found the roads good. When I got to the head of the plain, being about four miles from where we breakfasted, I called at a

tavern and inquired if they wanted to hire. The landlord asked me where I was from, I told him from the eastward, he asked me what kind of work I could do. I told him farming work, but that I should rather work at gunsmithing for that was my trade.

When I mentioned that, he told me I could get employment at Springfield, for they were in want of hands to work at that business, and said that I had better get there as soon as possible for they were in want of guns, for they expected the regulars out of Boston, and they meant to be ready for them. He asked me if I would take some spirit, I told him I would take some New England and molasses, for I well knew that to be a Yankee drink, and the good man wished me prosperity in my business and I set off.

I found the roads hilly, stony and crooked for about three miles, when I came to a hollow with a narrow causeway over it; here I left the road and went below to see if there was any place where our artillery could cross, but finding none there I examined above and found it bad. Here I saw a negro man setting traps. The negro asked me what I was looking for, I told him for sweet flagroot for the stomach ache. He said it did not grow here, but he had a piece he would give me; he walked out to the road with me. About ten feet from this narrow road stood the largest tree I ever saw. I asked the black man what kind of wood that tree was. He said buttonwood [this tree has been identified with one near Stony Brook station on the Fitchburg road], and further said that the people were going to cut it down to stop the regulars from crossing with their cannon. I asked him how they would know when the regulars were coming in time enough to cut the tree down. He said they had men all the time at Cambridge and Charlestown looking out. This tree would completely blockade the road should they do it. I asked this negro how far it was to a tavern. He said one mile to a tavern by Weston meeting house, another tavern half a mile above. I asked him which was the best, and what their names were. He

said the first was kept by Mr Joel Smith, a good tavern, and a good liberty man; the other by Capt. Isaac Jones, a wicked tory, where a great many British officers go from Boston to his house.

Here I left the negro man and proceeded on my way one mile, found the road hilly, stony and crooked. Came to Smith's tavern, where the teamsters were tackling their teams. I asked them if they knew of any one who wanted to hire, one of them answered and said he did not know of anybody who wanted to hire Englishmen, for they believed I was an Englishman. I asked them what reason they had for thinking so. They said I looked like them rascals they see in Boston, here I wished myself at Capt. Jones's, but to start off then I thought would not do. So I walked into the house, called for some rum and molasses, one of them followed me in, and told the landlord he guessed I was a British spy. The landlord then questioned me very closely, where I was from and where I was going. I told him I was going to Springfield to work at the gunsmithing business as I understood arms were very much wanted, but I should like to work a few days to get money to bear my expenses. The landlord told me he believed Capt. Jones would hire.

I asked him where he lived, he said about half a mile above and kept a tavern at the sign of the Golden Ball. This seemed to pacify the teamsters. I now went on to Capt. Jones', here I handed him a letter from Gen. Gage. After perusing it, he took me by the hand, and invited me upstairs. There I made him acquainted with all that had taken place from Boston here, it being fourteen miles.

He informed me it would not do for me to stay over night for his house would be mobbed and I should be taken. Here I got some dinner, then he said he would send his hired man with me to the house of one Wheaton in a remote part of the town where I must remain till he sent for me. After dinner I set out with the hired man for Mr

Wheaton's, I arrived there about sunset. The hired man informed Mr Wheaton of my business, and that I was a British spy, and Capt. Jones wished him to keep me secure until he sent for me. Then I was conducted into a chamber with a table furnished with a bottle of brandy, candles, paper, etc. Now I went to work to copy from my head on a journal. I remained here all night, the next day being the sixth, the good hired man came to see me early in the morning. He informed me that the news of the conversation which took place at Watertown between Col. Smith and a black woman reached Capt. Jones's last evening by the same teamsters you saw at Smith's tavern yesterday. They insisted that there were British spies in the house. The news spread and by eleven o'clock there were thirty men collected. Capt. Jones gave them leave to search the house, which they did, in part, then they went into the kitchen and asked the black woman if there were any strangers or Englishmen in the house. She replied she thought not. They asked if there had been any there that day. She answered, one or two gentlemen dined upstairs this afternoon. They asked her where they went to. She answered, they sent them off to Jericho Swamp, a dismal swamp, about two miles from Jones' tavern. By this time their fury was subsided, Capt. Jones set on a bottle of spirits to drink, which they drank, and all retired.

Now the hired man went home, saying he should call again in the evening. After breakfast I went to work upon my journal, here I set down the number of militia, arms and ammunition of this place, sent to me by the hired man from Mr Jones. After dinner Mr Wheaton introduced his two daughters, stating to them that I was a British officer in disguise. Here we sat and played cards till tea time. After tea the ladies retired and I lie down, being very tired and expected company. That evening about eight o'clock the hired man called for me, and said he was going with me to Marlborough, but said we could not go by Captain Jones', for

they were lying in wait for me there. So I bid Mr Wheaton and his family Good bye, and off we set on the back road, coming out above Captain Jones one mile on the Worcester road. Here I found the roads good to Sudbury River. Here I found myself twenty-five miles from Boston. Here we examined the river for a fording place, providing the bridge should be moved. We found a place which was fordable in Framingham, a town opposite from here. We proceeded for Esquire Barnes', in Marlborough, and found the roads bad. We traveled all night, examining the roads as well as possible, and arrived at the house of Esquire Barnes at two o'clock in the morning of the 7th. Here we knocked at the door, the Esquire put his head out of the window and asked who was there. My guide answered Captain Jones' hired man. He struck a light and let us in. I gave him a letter from General Gage. My guide likewise gave him one from Captain Jones. After reading them he took me by the hand, saying he wished me good luck in my undertaking, and promised to assist me all in his power. He set on the table a bottle of brandy and some victuals. After refreshing ourselves I asked him if he had heard of the affair of the spies at Watertown and Weston. He answered he had, but it was not believed in that quarter. Here my guide bid me good morning, and left me. The Esquire said I had better go to bed and rest myself, and that he would find means to help me to Worcester. I went to bed about four o'clock and slept till nine. Then the Esquire waked me, informing me that he had been to the tavern [one is said to have stood over the way a little east of the house, near where the road forks], and reports were there that two men supposed to be spies by their examining a small bridge near the house where a woman, being up with a sick child, saw them. She said they went on toward Worcester.

The Esquire told me I must remain there that day, make out the plan of the road so far as I had come, and any other writing I wished to do. He said he would go back to the tavern and see if there was any stir about the spies. If

there was, he would let me know seasonably enough so that I could be conveyed to the swamp. Here the table was furnished with victuals and drink, pen, ink and paper, and the Esquire left me to go to the tavern. About four o'clock in the afternoon he returned and said all was quiet, the stories had turned out to be negro stories. I must wait till dark, when he would let me have a horse, as he concluded I was tired, to go to Worcester, when I must examine the roads and bridges as well as I could in the night, and I must remain in Worcester till the next night.

About eight o'clock in the evening I started for Worcester on the Esquire's horse. I rode all night and it snowed all the time. I arrived in Worcester about an hour before sunrise, found the roads very hilly and bad. I had slow work getting along for I had to get off my horse to examine the road and bridges. Here I delivered a letter to Mr — from Esquire Barnes, and one from General Gage. After reading them, he ordered my horse put up, and conveyed me to a private chamber, where he said I must remain all day. Here I was furnished with all things which were comfortable. I was informed of the number of militia, and of the quantity of military stores in this place. Nothing particular took place during the day. After dark Mr — took me to the place where the military stores were deposited, showed me the place where I could break in; also two old wells where I could throw in them the flour and ammunition. Now I returned to the chamber, after he had looked over my papers, I asked him what he thought of an army coming from Boston to Worcester. He said he did not think a man would dare lift a gun to oppose the regulars, and asked me what was my opinion. I told him if he would keep it a secret, I would give him my opinion. He frankly declared he would. I then told him if General Gage sent five thousand troops with artillery from Boston to Worcester, they would never one of them get back. Then he answered, We, his Majesty's friends, are in a bad situation.

Then I collected up my papers, ordered my horse, and started from Worcester about nine o'clock in the evening to go to Esquire Barnes. The night was clear and cold. I was now fifty miles from Boston and in danger of being captured every moment. The night was long and dismal. I often wished that night that I had never undertaken the business of a spy. Nothing particular took place during that night. I arrived at Esquire Barnes' about the break of day on the 9th, where the Esquire kindly received me.

Here I had some hot sling and a warm breakfast. Soon after breakfast I gave the Esquire my papers. He told me I must go to rest and lie till one o'clock and he would go to the tavern and see if he could make any discoveries which would operate against me. At one o'clock he called upon me and informed me that all was safe, but it would not do for me to tarry in his house that night. I got dinner and then I collected my papers, after the Esquire had given me an account of the militia and ammunition from there to Worcester, and from this place to Weston, and all this he found out while I was gone to Worcester. Now he took me to his garret window and pointed the way [northeast of the house] for me to go to Concord. He said I must go across the lots and roads. He said I must start about eight o'clock. Then we retired to a private chamber; we conversed about the British coming to Worcester. Then I got my papers and tied them up in a bundle and threw them on a table all ready for a start, then he set on a bottle of brandy and we drank. Now, it being about eight o'clock, we heard a knocking at the front door. The Esquire told me if he did not return in one moment to make my escape out of the chamber window upon the shed and from there into the swamp, and make for Concord. I heard a man say Esquire, we have come to search your house for spies. I heard him say I am willing. I then hoisted the window, leapt upon the shed, which being covered with snow, my feet flew up and I fell flat on my back in the garden. [The land slopes steeply

up at the back of the house.] I recovered a little from the fall, picked up my bundle and hat, and made for the swamp, though considerably lame. Here I was afraid they would track me, the snow lying about six inches deep. When I got into the swamp I looked back to the house, and could see lights dodging at every window. I heard horses feet in the road as if great numbers were collecting at the Esquire's house.

Now, I traveled, as near as I could judge, four miles, the snow being on the ground. It was tolerably light. I came to a negro's house, where I found a black man and his wife. I told them I believed I had got out of my way and enquired the way to Concord. The man said I had better stay all night and he would show me the way in the morning. I told him my business was urgent, and if he would show me the way to the road which led to Concord I would pay him, showing him a silver dollar. He asked me what my business was, that I wished to go that night. I told him I was going to make guns to kill the regulars, for I thought they would be out of Boston in a few weeks. Now the man consented to go. The woman observed, she wished I could make guns to kill the regulars, as she understood there had been a number about Esquire Barnes' a day or two. I asked her if Esquire Barnes was a tory. She said he was. I said I hoped they would catch him and hang him.

Then I set out with my black guide. We proceeded on to Concord River; my guide went to a black man's, a little above, where he borrowed a canoe, and carried me safe over. He said he would go with me a mile farther if I would give him a half a dollar, which I readily granted. When we arrived there he went up to a house and said we could buy some rum here if I wanted. I told him I should be glad of it, and if he would go in I would follow him. Then he knocked and they bid us come in. Here my guide told them about my coming to his house, and our route across the lots, and my business. The people in the house appeared to be very glad. I called for some brandy and it was set on. I told my guide to help himself, which he did quite freely. The

man of the house said I better tarry till morning and he would go to Concord with me, it being now nearly daylight. By this time my guide was fast asleep. I slept till about sunrise, and I called for some breakfast. I set out for Concord, which was in sight. Mr Wetherby accompanied me to Concord, where he introduced me to Major Buttrick and several other gentlemen, and informed them that I wanted to get into business, which was gunsmithing. They said I was the very man they wanted to see, and would assist me all they could, and immediately went to hire a shop. Here they brought me several gun locks for me to repair, which I repaired with neatness and despatch, considering the tools I had to work with.

I was now invited to take dinner at the tavern [supposed to have been Wright's] with a number of gentlemen. The conversation at dinner was respecting the regulars at Boston, which they expected out. I asked them if there were many tories in the place. The answer was, they expected there were, but not openly. I was asked by a gentleman where I was from. I answered Pownalborough, down east. The gentleman asked what I might call my name. I answered him, Wood. He asked if I was a relation of Col. Wood of Pownalborough. A distant relation, I said. He asked me whether he was called a liberty man. I answered him it was doubtful which way he would be. He said he would write the Colonel a letter immediately to stand his hand. He asked me when I was going to return there. I answered him that I was going right down to get some tools to carry on my business here. Inform the Colonel when you see him, that you have seen old Major Parmenter of Sudbury; tell him I say, that if he turns tory I will seek his life at the risk of my own.

By this time we had got through dinner. After dinner we walked up to the store house [presumably Mr. Surette's residence in 1886] to examine some guns, they asked me if I could make such guns, I told them I could make any kind they wished. Here I found a quantity of flour; arms and

ammunition. After examining the gates and doors attached to yard and store house, I returned to the tavern, where, after taking some brandy and water, I took leave of them, and set off for Pownalborough after my tools as they supposed.

Now I set out on the road to Lexington, I traveled about two miles, here I called at a small house a small distance from the road. I found it inhabited by an old man and his wife. The old man was cleaning his gun. I asked him what he was going to kill, as he was so old I should not think he could take sight at any game. He said there was a flock of red coats at Boston which he expected would be here soon, he meant to try and hit some of them, as he expected they would be very good marks.

I asked him when they were expected out, he said he should not think it strange if they should come before morning, he said some supposed they would go up through Watertown to Worcester for we hear they have sent our spies that road. I asked the old man how he expected to fight. He said open field fighting or any way to kill them red-coats. I asked him how old he was? he said seventy-seven and never was killed yet. The old man asked me what parts I was from, and what my business was, I repeated the same story I did at Concord. I asked the old man if there were any tories nigh there. He said there was one tory house in sight, and he wished it was in flames. I asked what the man's name was. He said it was Gove. I very well knew where I was now, being the very house I wanted to find, it was situated in Lincoln, about four miles from Concord, Mr Gove being one of his Majesty's friends. Here the old gentleman told the old lady to put some balls in the bullet pouch. She asked him how many. He said thirty or forty, perhaps I shall have an opportunity to give some to them that have not got any. The old woman pulled out an old drawer and went to picking out. The old man says, Old woman, put in a handful of buck shot as I understood the English like an assortment of plumbs. Here

I took leave of them. I travelled on the Lexington road about one mile, then I turned out west for Mr Gove's house, arrived there about half hour after sunset, inquired for the man of the house, he immediately came forth. I told him I wanted to speak to him in private. He took me to a private room. I informed him of my business and told him I put my life in his hands. I laid my papers on the table and asked him to examine them. He told me to give myself no uneasiness for he was my friend. He informed me he was at Southboro at the time I escaped from Esquire Barnes', he informed me the mob were supplied with tar and feathers to apply to the Esquire, if they found me in the house.

I was furnished with refreshment and apparatus for continuing my journal. I wrote until about ten o'clock when Mr. G. came into the chamber and informed me he must remove me to an out house he had at a small distance to lodge, for fear the plot would be found out at Concord, and his house would be immediately searched. Accordingly I did, and retired to rest. He called me about break of day, this being the 11th day, and said I might return to my chamber, and he would go to Concord, and see if he could hear anything new.

He returned from Concord about ten o'clock, and said they were very much pleased with the prospect of having an armory established there. He said I must stay until evening, and he would convey me to Charlestown which was about twelve miles. Accordingly about eight o'clock in the evening we set out for Charlestown, both on horseback, and examined the road through Lexington to Charlestown, and arrived there about twelve o'clock. I took leave of Mr. G. and he took the horse I rode and returned back. I went to the ferry, and took a boat and crossed over to Boston the 12th [April], about two o'clock in the morning and retired to my quarters to rest. [Deacon Tudor¹ says: "12th a terable Storm of snow & Rain. Wind

¹ *Diary.*

abt. East & cold.”] About sunrise I turned out, threw by my yankee dress and put on my British uniform, and walked down King street, and directly met Colonel Smith, he took me by the hand, and said How do you do, John? We heard you broke your neck jumping out of Barnes’ chamber window. Smith further said Come, go up to the General’s quarters. I told him I should rather go after breakfast.

Tell me nothing about your breakfast; you are under me now. Accordingly we went to the general’s quarters, where the officers were generally collected. I thought they had been taking their bumpers rather too freely by their actions. The general said “Good morning, John. How do you like the Rebels?” I replied I should not like to fall into their hands. I took my papers out and presented them to the general. I asked him after he had perused them if he would return them to me. He told me he would, with fifty guineas with them. The general said, Adjutant take charge of the papers. He took the papers, handed me a guinea. He said, take that, John, and go and get some liquor; you are not half drunk enough for officers’ company. The general told me to call at his quarters at eleven o’clock. Accordingly I did. The general said, “John, we have examined your journal; you are well deserving the name of a good soldier and a lucky and expert spy. How large an army will it take to go to Worcester and destroy the stores and return safe?” By answering that question I must stand or fall, but I was determined to give my opinion in full, turn as it would. I said, if they should march 10,000 regulars and a train of artillery to Worcester, which is forty-eight miles from this place, the roads very crooked, stony and hilly, the inhabitants generally determined to be free or die, that not one of them would get back alive. Here Smith exclaimed, “Howe has been scared by the old women.” Major Pitcairn says, “Not by a negro wench, John,” which caused a great laughter. The general asked me what I thought of destroying the stores at Concord, only eighteen miles. I stated that I thought 500 mounted

men might go to Concord in the night and destroy the stores and return safe; but to go with 1000 foot to destroy the stores the country would be alarmed; that the greater part of them would get killed or taken. The general asked me what I thought of the Tories? I stated that they were generally cowards, and no dependance could be placed on them.

The general asked me how old I was. I told him I was twenty-two. He said my judgement was very good for a beardless boy of twenty-two. Here are your papers and money, John. You shall be exempt from carrying a firelock; and I was dismissed for that day. He said I must call again the next day at nine o'clock.

We must now take up what happened while Howe was out of town. April 6th, Lieutenant Barker¹ describes a "Burlesque" on the Congress, gotten up "by 3 officers from each Regt., and 1 from the Navy," called the "*Grand Congress of Controul*." Andrews² found this jest very "childish. Their procession," he goes on, "was from the coffee house to the Cock loft in the town house, where they stew'd in one room, or rather hovel, scarce sufficient to contain them standing. Their *silly* parade consisted of a president with a *borrow'd* scarlet cloak and perriwig, with a wand in one hand and a book in the other, follow'd by six others, alike apparell'd, who stil'd themselves (however improperly for a congress) the selectmen, together with about thirty others in their uniforms walking two and two — with much greater courage, I imagine, than they would face an enemy."

On the 8th of April, Lord Percy again wrote home:

Dear Doctor,

Though I have wrote so lately both to my Father and Mother, yet I always take every opportunity of letting some of you at Northumberland House hear from me. Things now every day begin to grow more and more serious; a vessel is arrived by accident here that has brought us a

¹ *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1877.

² *Letters*, April 11.

Newspaper in which we have the joint Address of the two Houses of Parliament to His Majesty; this has convinced the Rebels (for we may now legally call them so) that there is no hopes for them but by submitting to Parliament; they have therefore begun seriously to form their Army and have already appointed all the Staff. They are every day in greater numbers evacuating this Town and have proposed in Congress, either to set it on Fire and attack the troops before a reinforcement comes, or to endeavor to starve us. Which they mean to adopt time only can show. The General however, has received no account whatever from Europe, so that [on] our side no steps of any kind can be taken as yet. The Weather here for the last three weeks has been cold and disagreeable, a kind of second winter, however as this day is remarkably warm and fine. I flatter myself our good Weather is now beginning.

Thank God, I still continue to enjoy my health perfectly and have very much surprised the Inhabitants here by going constantly all Winter with my bosom open without a Great Coat. They own however that this was a remarkably mild Winter. I think I have felt it colder in England. Adieu, my Dear Doctor, my Duty agreeable to my Father and Mother, and be assured,

I ever am

your sincere Friend,

Percy.¹

The Duchess of Northumberland, Earl Percy's mother, as we learn from Hutchinson,² about this time was "an old lady, just able to rise and receive the compliments of her company, leaning on her cane." She had been fond of merrymaking in her time — so that Walpole³ could write, by way of comparison, "as junkettaceous as my Lady Northumberland" — and maintained, he tells us,² high state, surrounded by her own drummers, pipers, and Swiss

¹ *Boston Public Library Bulletin*, January, 1892.

² *Diary*, II, 54.

³ *Letters*, IV, 403. Ed. Toynbee. And *Memoirs*, I, 333-4.

porters, at the same time throwing her house open quite promiscuously; but this was nearly over, as she died the following year.

In his *Life of Warren*,¹ Frothingham refers to a doubtful story of the day, given in Moore's *Diary of the Revolution* on the authority of George Chalmers, who had access to General Gage while writing a history of the war. The account runs: "On the arrival of two vessels at Marblehead, April 8th, an unusual hurry and commotion was perceived among the disaffected. It being on a Sunday morning Dr Cooper, a notorious rebel, was officiating in his meeting house, and on notice given him . . . pretended sudden sickness, went home, and sent to another clergyman to do his duty in the evening. He, with every other chief of the faction, left Boston before night, and never returned to it. The cause at the time unknown, was discovered on the 14th of said month, when a vessel arrived with Government despatches, which contained directions to seize the persons of certain notorious rebels. It was too late. They had received timely notice of their danger and were fled." Hutchinson's² version of this incident, received through Treasurer Gray, was to the effect that a short time before April 19th Dr. Cooper on a Sunday afternoon was in conference during church time with Warren "and the rest," returning toward the end of the sermon to baptize a child.

A letter written by Thomas Ellison, Jr.,³ to his father, on the 9th, reflects the spirit of the times:

New York, April 9th, 1775.

The Boston post brought us last night disagreeable news respecting our public affairs. The Parliament have voted the Bostonians in actual rebellion, and the other provinces aides and abettors: 260 against 80, so that there was a great majority against those who will support His Majesty with their lives and fortunes. It is said that all ports on the Continent are to be blocked up with men of war, and we

¹ Page 452.

² *Diary*, II, 156.

³ *Magazine of American History*, August, 1890.

are to be permitted to trade only with England and with no foreign port. It is reported as a certainty that there are six regiments of foot, and two of light horse coming over immediately; and also twenty small men of war to block up all the ports.

Undaunted by such formidable news Colonel Dagget, of Attleborough,¹ on April 9th, having heard that the British were accumulating arms for the Loyalists in Assonet village, led some companies from Attleborough, reinforced by militia from Rehoboth, to seize their stores. The expedition met with success, forty stands of arms and nine Tories being taken. The Tories were marched to Taunton, threatened with being sent to Sullivan's mines in Connecticut, and afterwards permitted to take an oath of allegiance and slink away.

It was now suggested as highly probable that the Regulars would march out to Worcester² very shortly, in order to protect the courts sitting under the Regulating Act. In any case, an attempt at disarming the people seemed to be close at hand, and a New York² letter, remarking on the criticalness of the situation, adjures the Massachusetts Patriots, "For Heaven's sake, be watchful and firm, as all, under God, depends on your conduct at this time."

April 10th, the day Howe dined in Concord, John Goddard³ mentions carting two ox and two horse cart-loads of canteens to Concord with the help of three men. It was increasingly difficult to get stores out of Boston, for an officer detained⁴ all wagons at the Neck — while casks were either bored into, in search of contraband goods, or opened outright.

Andrews,⁴ writing on the 11th, says, in his fond way: "Ruthy has lately finish'd a landscape which she drew with

¹ *History of Attleborough*, 129. John Daggett. Edited and completed by his daughter. Boston, 1894: Press of Samuel Usher.

² *Life of Warren*, 453. Frothingham.

³ *Brookline Historical Publication Society*, No. 15.

⁴ *Letters of John Andrews*, April 11.

a pen that's equal to any copper plate that I ever saw. . . . It is so much admir'd that it is sent for to all quarters to see. She has received the compliments of Earl Piercy upon the occasion, who express'd his very great admiration of it." Mentioning the death of "young Ned Hill of the camp fever," the fourth and last son the old father had lost in two years, he adds respecting the town: "All in confusion, the streets and Neck lined with waggons carrying off the effects of the inhabitants, who are either affraid, mad, crazy or infatuated — *which term you please, Bill* — imagining to themselves that they shall be liable to every evil that can be enumerated, if they tarry in town. For my own part, am determin'd to stay at all events, though I look upon my outstanding debts in the country . . . to be totally lost, as if the army moves into the country (which by all their maneauvries at present, there remains no dispute of) the country are determined to oppose 'em, at least if they proceed in a hostile manner; and to expect better times, *very speedily*, is wishing against hope." How accurately this gauged the army's intentions is indicated by Barker's¹ entry on the 12th, the day of Howe's return. The British officers being then "order'd to provide themselves with Baggage saddles, at least 3 pr. compy., 1 for the Captain, 1 for the Companies Tents, &c., and 1 for the two Subns."

"14th, To day's orders say, 'As the Contractors *decline* giving fresh Meat for the present,' the Troops will receive salt provisions 'till further Orders.' This is because Meat happens now to be a trifle dearer than usual." This self-same day Billerica² passed a vote which would tend to make meat scarce, viz., prohibiting the killing of any lamb until after August 1st, as there was such need of wool. In the interest of economy they further resolved that no gloves should be given at funerals "whatever;" since a sterner use was to be made of their slowly gathered cash, and "cartridge boxes were to be furnished." With the intent of

¹ *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1877.

² *Hist. of Middlesex County*, II, 342-3. Hurd.

preventing supplies reaching the British, this little town, all up in arms because of the abuse offered to Ditson, firmly voted: ¹ without certificate from the Committee of Correspondence no Team should load in, or after being loaded, pass through the town with Timber, Boards, Spars, Pickets, Tent-poles, Canvas, Brick, Iron, Waggons, Carts, Carriages, Intrenching Tools or Oats."

This same Good Friday in the year 1775 John Goddard ² was again pressing up to Concord with one ox and one horse cartload of additional canteens. By a fortunate chance we have the amount of warlike stores in Massachusetts at this time, as follows: ³ Firearms, 21,549, pounds of powder, 17,441, pounds of ball, 22,191, number of flints, 144,699, number of bayonets, 10,108, number of pouches, 11,979. The whole of the town stocks: number of firearms, 68, barrels of powder, 357½, pounds of ball, 66,781, number of flints, 100,531. A return was made from the several towns in all the counties, except Duke's and Nantucket. There was a little more than half a pound of powder to a man.

There had also been accumulated 15,000 canteens, 1,100 tents, 1,000 iron pots, wheelbarrows, spades, pickaxes, bill-hooks, shovels, axes, hatchets, crows, as well as 17,000 pounds of salt fish, 18 tons of rice, besides beef and pork, representing a goodly amount of energy. The surely expected blow could not be much longer deferred. General Gage was said to be in receipt of despatches from Lord Dartmouth urging "that all cannon, small arms and stores ought to be seized; and such as had committed acts of treason in the opinion of His Majesty's Attorney and Solicitor General ought to be arrested." This was sufficiently plain, and the citizens of Boston were advised to consult their safety and move into the country. During the same day the *Somerset*,⁴ sixty-four guns, was hauled into Charles

¹ *Hist. of Middlesex County*, II, 343. Hurd.

² *Brookline Historical Publication Society*, No. 15.

³ *Mass. His. Soc. Coll.*, 1st ser., I, 232.

⁴ *Life of Warren*, 454. Frothingham.

River and moored between the ferry ways. Shortly before this Parson Stiles¹ notes in his diary: "Warm affairs with Col. [Thomas] Gilbert of Freetown, who has procured from General Gage 56 small Arms & Ammunition & raised a Company of 102 Men against our Liberties." On the 11th of the present month he tells us that "Col. Gilbert of Freetown has fled to the Man o' War in this port. [*i.e.* Newport.] Yesterday above a Thousand Men assembled in Arms at Freetown to lay Col. G. . . . They came from all parts round as far as Middleboro', Rochester &c. They took about 30 of his Men and disarmed them, though they had lately taken the King's Arms." Now under the 14th, he enters: "Some of Col. Gilbert's Men, it is said, seized a Soldier of the Regulars, a Deserter, who was teaching military Exercises at Freetown, and were about carrying him to General Gage at Boston. The night before last 50 men marched from Dartmouth to joyn a large Body with a View to rescue the soldier. By a Letter from Boston I am informed that ppl are removing out of Boston very fast: and that Mr H. and Mr A. in particular, who are at the Provincial Congress now sitting at Concord, do not design to return into Boston." Three days later he writes: "Captain Hathaway of Freetown Militia being in Newport, was this day seized and carried aboard the *Rose*, Man o' War, as was said, to be sent to General Gage for taking away the King's Arms from Colonel Gilbert's Men. They detained him about—Hours and dismissed him. He is about commencing an Action against the Officers." The 15th of April, Saturday, was appointed for a Day of Fasting and Prayer,² at the close of which the Congress stood adjourned. With a keen eye for the signs of hostility everywhere prevalent, Dr. Warren,³ as he returned to town, stopped at the Clark parsonage in Lexington and expressed his firm belief that

¹ *Diary*, I, 529, 533.

² *Siege of Boston*, 54. Frothingham.

³ *An Address delivered at Lexington, April 19, 1835*, 32. Edward Everett. Charlestown, 1835: William W. Wheildon.

an outbreak would soon occur. Under these circumstances it was deemed advisable for Sam Adams and John Hancock to continue lodging for the present with Mrs. Clark, who was the latter's cousin, at the parsonage. The same day meanwhile, in town, the transports, which had been laid up all winter, were put in repair and a General Order was issued which awakened fresh suspicions. "The Grenadiers and Light Infantry," writes one of the officers in his diary,¹ "in order to learn Grenadiers Exercise and new evolutions are to be off all duties 'till further orders. This, I suppose, is by way of a blind. I dare say they have something for them to do."

Indeed the Patriots suspected as much. Revere² tells us: "In the winter, towards the spring, we frequently took turns, two and two, to watch the soldiers, by patrolling the streets all night. The Saturday night preceding the Nineteenth of April, about 12 o'clock at night, the boats belonging to the transports were all launched, and carried under the sterns of the men-of-War." This occasioned his being despatched on Sunday² to Hancock and Adams to confirm Dr. Warren's conjectures, and to see that measures for removing the stores were set afoot on Monday the 17th; Dr. Warren, in the interval, having received definite notice that there was an immediate prospect of a raid being effected. It has been supposed his informant was General Gage's wife,² daughter of Peter Kemble, Esq., President of the New Jersey Council, whose sympathies were naturally enlisted for her native land.

On the same ride Revere,³ under instructions or by his own quick wit, found means to be independent of a new British regulation framed with a view to check communication between the Patriots. By its provisions it was required that at nine P.M. the ferry-boats should henceforth be moored alongside the *Somerset*, and all further passing

¹ *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1877.

² *Life of Revere*, I, 184, 187, 234-5. Goss.

³ "Col. Revere's Letter." *Collections Mass. His. Soc. for 1798*.

was forbidden until morning. Delaying his return until dark, Revere went home through Charlestown, where he saw Colonel Conant and some other gentlemen. With them, as he says, it was agreed that, "If the British went out by water, we would show two lanthorns in the North church steeple; and if by land, one as a signal; for we were apprehensive it would be difficult to cross the Charles River, or get over Boston Neck."¹ Well provided against all contingencies, he now sought his home.

The town watches in Boston, Charlestown, and Cambridge were ordered to look well to their landing-places² that night, and Monday came, bringing much urgent work upon the Patriots; upwards of twenty votes³ being passed during this day and the next for the removal of stores.

"On the 16th of April," writes Dr. Cooper⁴ of the Brattle Street Church, *i.e.*, Easter Sunday, "the troubles in Boston increasing and having received several menaces and insults, particularly at Mrs Davis's from an officer, I left Boston and came with my wife to Mr Savage's at Weston, designing to ride in the country for the recruiting of my health, and to return to Boston in a few weeks, where I left my dear child, all my plate, Books, furniture &c." From his further account it appears that he remained in Weston several days, riding about the country on horseback, and dining at the Clark parsonage in Lexington on the 18th in company with Madam Hancock. The Committee of Safety had met at Concord⁵ on the 1st, 5th, 14th, and now again on the 17th. On this last date Colonel Barrett was ordered to mount two cannon, and raise an artillery company, at the same time sending four cannon to Groton and two to Acton. It was further —

Voted,⁶ That all the Ammunition be distributed in nine

¹ "Col. Revere's Letter." *Collections Mass. His. Soc. for 1798.*

² *Diary of the Revolution*, 63. Frank Moore.

³ *History of the U. S.*, III, 384. Bryant and Gay.

⁴ *Hist. of the Brattle Street Church*, 102-3. Rev. Samuel Kirkland Lothrop, 1851.

⁵ *History of Concord*, 99. Shattuck.

⁶ *American Archives*, II, 4th ser., 743. Force.

different Towns in this Province. That Worcester be one of them; that Lancaster be one (N.B. Col. Whitcomb is there); that Concord be another; that Groton be another; that Stoughtonham is another; that Stow is another; that Mendon is another; that Leicester is another; that Sudbury is the other. [In this connection it is interesting to find that the arrangements connected with securing the supplies at Leicester were made at this time under assumed ¹ names.]

Voted,² That part of the Provisions be removed from Concord, viz., fifty barrels of beef from thence to Sudbury, with Deacon Plympton; one hundred barrels flour to ditto, of which what is in the malt-house in Concord, be part; twenty casks rice to ditto; fifteen hogsheads molasses to ditto; ten hogsheads rum to ditto; five hundred pounds candles to ditto.

Voted, That there be by the Committee of Supplies provided six ammunition carts, one to be in each Town where a company of Matrosses is fixed.

Voted, That one Company of Matrosses be stationed at Worcester; one ditto at Concord; one ditto at Stoughtonham; one ditto at Stoughton; one ditto at Stow; and one ditto at Lancaster.

Voted, That thirty-three rounds of Round-Shot, thirty-three rounds of Grape-Shot and thirty-three Cannisters of Langrage, be provided and lodged with each of the twelve field pieces belonging to the Provinces, together with one hundred Cartridges of Powder, one hundred and sixteen Tubes, one hundred Wads, together with all necessary materials.

Voted, That the Towns of Worcester, Concord, Stow and Lancaster, be furnished with two iron Three-Pound Cannon each.

Voted, That four hundred and fifty Four-Pound Cannon Ball be carried from Stoughtonham to Sudbury.

¹ *Hist. of Worcester County*, I, 696. Hurd.

² *American Archives*, II, 4th ser., 743. Force.

Voted, That one ton of Grape-Shot be carried from Stoughtonham to Sudbury.

Voted, That one ton of Three-Pound Cannon Balls be [ditto].

Voted, That one half the Two-Pound Cannon Balls now at Stoughtonham exclusive of what is for the use of the Matrosses, be carried from ditto to ditto.

Voted, That the vote of the 14th inst., relating to the Powder being removed from Leicester to Concord, be reconsidered, and that the clerk be directed to write to Col. Barrett accordingly, and to desire he would not proceed in making it up into Cartridges.

Voted,¹ That half the Musket-Cartridges be removed from Stow to Groton.

Voted, That the Musket-Balls, under the care of Colonel Barrett, be buried underground, in some safe place; that he be desired to do it, and let the Commissary only be informed thereof

Voted, That the Spades, Pick-Axes, Bill-Hooks, Shovels, Axes, Hatchets, Crows and Wheelbarrows now at Concord, be divided and one third remain at Concord, one third at Sudbury, and one third at Stow.

Voted, That five hundred iron pots be deposited at Sudbury, five hundred at Concord, and one thousand at Worcester.

Voted, That the two thousand Wooden Bowls be deposited [as the above.]

Voted, That the fifteen thousand canteens be deposited as the above.

Voted, That the Weights and Measures be put into the Commissary's hands.

Voted, That two Medicinal Chests still remain at Concord, at two different parts of the Town; Three of said Chests at Sudbury, in two different parts of the Town; ditto at Groton, Mendon, and Stow, two in each Town, and in different parts; two ditto in Worcester, . . . two ditto at

¹ *American Archives*, II, 4th ser., 744. Force.

Lancaster. That sixteen yards of Russia linen be deposited in seven parts, with the Doctor's Chests; That the eleven hundred Tents be deposited in equal parts in Worcester, Lancaster, Groton, Stow, Mendon, Leicester, and Sudbury.

On this busy Monday a letter was addressed to Captain Timothy Bigelow by the Committee's clerk as follows:

Newton, April 17,

Captain Timothy Bigelow,

Sir:

The Committee desired me to write you, to desire the favour of your company next Wednesday, the 19th inst., at Mr Wetherby's, at the Black Horse, in Menotomy, on business of great importance.

Sir, your most humble serv.t,

J. Pigeon, clerk

P. S. The Committee meets at ten o'clock.

Doubtless a further redistribution of the Colony stores was contemplated, but this meeting was destined never to convene.

Revere's ride of the 16th of April was possibly even more fruitful than the later one which has made him famous. Notwithstanding every effort, during Tuesday information continued to leak out respecting the British plans, as they themselves discovered. Colonel Smith knew at this time that he was to march out, but nothing further, Gage having entrusted to Lord Percy and "one other" (presumed to be his wife) alone the expedition's object. Lord Percy going from a Council meeting the evening of the 18th, overheard eight or nine men on the Common in close talk; catching the words,¹ "They will miss their aim," he asked, "What aim?" and was startled at the reply: "The cannon at Concord." He at once retraced his way to the Province House to tell Gage that suspicions had been roused; but the Patriots' determination and bravery was yet to be proved,

¹ *The Memorial History of Boston*, III, 68. "The Siege of Boston," by Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D.

and the plans went forward without pause. In point of fact every movement on the part of the British was jealously watched and instantly reported. Much was noticed from a combination of sources to mark the crisis as imminent. The British advance guard attracted their attention first. We learn through a contemporary, Dr. Belknap¹ of Dover, New Hampshire, writing the following October, that: "In the afternoon of April 18th, an uncommon number of officers were seen walking up and down the Long Wharf; and a party of nine rode out of town with their blue surtouts, and passed through Cambridge just before night, riding very slowly; and, being followed by a person who suspected some bad design, they d—d him, and told him not to keep so near them." In reference to these men Dr. William Gordon² of Roxbury writes: "The Tories had been for a long while filling the Officers and Soldiers with the idea that the Yankees would not fight, but would certainly run for it, whenever there was the appearance of hostilities on the part of the Regulars. They had repeated the story so often, that they themselves really believed it, and the military were persuaded to think the same in general so that they held the country people in utmost contempt. The Officers had discovered, especially since the warlike feat of tarring and feathering, a disposition to quarrel, and to provoke the people to break the peace that they might have some colour for opening hostilities. This desire was much increased upon hearing of the action taken by Parliament; the people, however, bore insults patiently, firmly resolved to avoid being the aggressors. At length the General fixed upon sending a detachment to Concord, to destroy the stores, having been, I apprehend, worried into it by the native Tories that were about him, and confirmed in his design by the opinion of his officers; about ten of whom, on the 18th of April, passed over Charlestown Ferry, or by the Neck through Roxbury, armed with swords and pistols, and

¹ *Mass. Hist. Soc. Pro.*, June, 1858.

² *American Archives*, II, 4th ser., 626. Force.

placed themselves on different parts of the road in the night to prevent all intelligence and the country's being alarmed."

Further information leaked out through a Province House groom who told John Ballard or Bullard,¹ a hostler, "There'll be h—l to pay to-morrow." Bullard on hearing this could hardly hold his curry-comb, but asked with as indifferent a voice as he could manage, "What's up?" If excited before, his state may be imagined at the answer: "Why, the troops march with three days' rations." The present Bromfield Street occupies the site of the stable and grounds which ran back to Milk Street. From here, Bullard, at the earliest possible moment, hurried to a friend of liberty in Ann Street, supposed by some to have been Wm. Dawes, with his tidings. Rumor ran swiftly that day and on carrying the message to Revere, Dawes was told he "had already heard of it from two persons."

Dr. John Stedman² then lived on Winter Street near the corner of Washington Street. Two years before he had married Henry Quincy's daughter Mary. She was only twenty-three at this time, and had living in her family, as help, the wife of a British soldier named Gibson. On the evening of April 18th a comrade in full uniform called, and left word that Gibson must be on the Common equipped with a day's provisions and thirty-six rounds of ammunition, in marching order at eight P.M. This brought swift alarm to the household. "Oh Gibson!" exclaimed young Mrs. Stedman anxiously, "What are you going to do?" "Ah, Madam," was the reply, "I know as little as you do. I only know that I must go." Mrs. Stedman was equally clear as to what was her duty, and her husband immediately carried word of what had taken place to Dr. Benjamin Church, who lived on Washington Street. An English gunsmith named Jasper³ kept a shop in Hatter's Square,

¹ *Historic Mansions and Highways*, 354. Drake. And *Hist. of Norfolk County*, 953-4. Hurd. "Dover," by Mrs. G. D. Everett.

² *Mem. Hist. Boston*, III, 68, and *New Eng. Mag.*, October, 1897.

³ "The Concord Fight." Frederick Hudson. *Harper's Monthly*, May, 1875.

or Creek Square,¹ near Blackstone Street; from a sergeant-major quartered on him he too learnt something of the proposed movement, all of which information was quickly communicated to Captain Josiah Waters of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

Late in the evening a Light Infantry² man was seen in a retail shop with his accoutrements on, and again no time was lost in telling Dr. Warren. Finally the goal of the expedition was made sure by a half tipsy woman quartered with the 23rd Regiment — since, going on an errand to Hall's distillery in Cole's lane (now Portland Street) she unguardedly told a twenty-three year old Haverhill lad, William Baker, working there, that the troops were off privately³ for Concord. Baker started at once to find Warren with this piece of news, and on the way was stopped again and again by sentinels, but as he was supposed to be engaged on Hall's business he was allowed to go on. When he reached Warren's house, on the site of the present American House in Hanover Street, the Doctor was not there, and Baker turned to Adjutant Devens — a fellow member with his master⁴ of the Sons of Liberty. Devens knew exactly what steps to take and after two efforts succeeded in getting across to Charlestown, where he arranged at once that Deacon Larkin's fast horse should be held in readiness for Revere. The little group of Patriots who were most nearly concerned passed an anxious evening, awaiting the expected departure of the troops. Dr. Belknap,⁵ already cited, tells us that:

“They had a design upon the store at Concord the week before, and dressed victuals for their men; but, by the dressing an extraordinary quantity in the barracks, the design was discovered. They *then* marched out only as

¹ “Nomenclature of Streets,” *City Document No. 119*. Boston, 1879.

² “Dr. Belknap's Journal,” *Mass. His. Soc. Pro.*, June, 1858.

³ *Harper's Monthly*, May, 1875.

⁴ *The Boys of '76*, 26-7. Charles Carlton Coffin. New York and London, 1876: Harper and Brothers.

⁵ *Mass. His. Soc. Pro.*, June, 1858.

far as Watertown, as they had frequently done before in the day-time, for an airing, and returned before night. But on the night of April 18th, they took every imaginable precaution to prevent discovery. Their meat was dressed on board a transport-ship in the harbor. Their men were not apprised of the design, till, just as it was time to march, they were waked up by the sergeants putting their hands on them, and whispering gently to them; and were even conducted by a back-way out of the barracks, without the knowledge of their comrades, and without the observation of the sentries. They walked the streets with the utmost silence. It being about ten o'clock, no sound was heard but of their feet: a dog, happening to bark, was instantly killed with a bayonet. They proceeded to the beach: under the new powder house, — the most unfrequented part of the town; and there embarked on board the boats, which had their oars muffled to prevent a noise, and landed on Phipps's Farm, where they were met by the infamous Captain Beeman, and conducted to Concord."

Dr. Belknap¹ says further: "Mr. Mansfield informed me that it has been discovered, by means of a captain of a man-of-war who was stationed at Nantasket, that General Gage's plan, in the spring, was to call an Assembly to deliberate on Lord North's proposal, and, before they met, to destroy the magazine at Concord; the troops, on their return, to be reinforced, and to halt on Cambridge Common, where they were to encamp and fortify themselves, after destroying the Colleges, Meeting House, and other buildings. This, it was imagined, would strike a terror into the country, and induce them to send their representatives with instructions to submit; and they were to be kept prisoners in Boston till they had made such a compliance as would be acceptable. How much of this plan is true, I cannot determine; but, happily, it has never taken place."

The Back Bay then came to the foot of the Common, and about where Park Square is now, the detachment of

¹ *Mass. His. Soc. Pro.*, June, 1858.

twenty-one companies — some 800 strong — under command of Colonel Francis Smith of the 10th Foot and Major Pitcairn of the Marines, embarked in the long boats. In rowing across to East Cambridge they followed the present line of Arlington Street ¹ and with the force of the current brought up on Lechmere's Point. Parson Gordon ² tells us they were the flower of the army, the companies "having been filled up." He adds, "Several of the inimical torified natives" went with them, and just as they entered the boats the moon rose; up to then the night had been very dark.

Lieutenant John Barker,³ a young officer of the 4th Regiment, was of the party; he tells us they landed on the salt marshes and as the moon rode up, passing behind the clouds of early nightfall, the troops made many missteps in the uncertain light, being "wet up to their knees," when halted in a dirty road. Here they stood till two o'clock in the morning, waiting for provisions to be brought from the boats and divided amongst them. Since most of the men had already provided themselves with rations they are said to have impatiently thrown aside this fresh supply; and at length at two actually began their march, by wading through a very long ford thigh-deep.

Having seen the troops under way, it is time to turn back and see what means were taken to lessen the success of their undertaking. Revere says:⁴ "About 10 o'clock, Dr Warren sent in great haste for me, and begged that I would immediately set off for Lexington & inform Mr Sam. Adams & the Hon. John Hancock Esq. that there was a no. of soldiers, composed of Lgt. troops, & Grenadiers, marching to the bottom of the Common, where was a no. of Boats to receive them; it was supposed, that they were going to Lexington, by the way of Cambridge (Watertown) River, to take them (Messrs Adams & Hancock) or to go

¹ *Mem. Hist. Boston*, III, 67.

² *American Archives*, II, 4th ser., 626. Force.

³ *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1877.

⁴ *Mass. His. Soc. Pro.*, November, 1878.

to Concord, to destroy the Colony stores. I found," he adds, "he had sent an express by land to Lexington — a Mr William Dawes." Dr. Belknap¹ says that two expresses were sent by land, passing the guards on the Neck just before a sergeant arrived with orders to stop passengers. "The last Express," writes Parson Gordon,² "had not got out of Town more than about five minutes before the order arrived." Warren, at length assured that he was spreading no false report, had sent for Dawes,³ the first messenger, and giving him a note despatched him by the long route, over Boston Neck into Roxbury, across Brighton Bridge, and up through Cambridge, to Parson Clark's in Lexington. As he neared the gate which barred the way across the Neck, between the present Dedham and Canton Streets, there was a movement on the part of the British soldiers, like a change of guard. Taking advantage of the stir, Dawes drew near as if an idle spectator, when, being on friendly terms with some of the guard, he was by their connivance allowed to slip past the gate with the small body of Regulars, and once on the road, made all haste to deliver his message. It is related that at one time during the ride, being followed, he tried to mislead his pursuer into a belief that he had been joined by friends, through flapping his leather breeches noisily. His portrait owned in Brookline shows him to have had a ruddy face, brown hair, and merry blue eyes. He was then thirty years of age, and had often ridden out, scouring the country disguised as a miller, helping to organize resistance. Ebenezer Dorr,⁴ a leather dresser, thirty-six years of age, and one ⁵ of the Sons of Liberty, lent himself to a similar disguise on this occasion, setting forth over the Neck dressed like a peddler with saddlebags, on a jogging horse, to aid in spreading the alarm.

Captain Waters of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery

¹ *Mass. His. Soc. Pro.*, June, 1858.

² *American Archives*, II, 4th ser., 626. Force.

³ Miss Julia Goddard of Brookline, a granddaughter.

⁴ *Harper's Monthly*, May, 1875.

⁵ *The Boys of '76*, 26-7. Coffin.

Company, already mentioned, a cousin of Dawes, is said to have followed Dorr¹ on foot until he had seen him safely by the sentinels. To return to Revere, after leaving Dr. Warren's, he tells us that he "called upon a friend, and desired him to make the Signals." This opens nearly as great a controversy as that respecting the firing of the first shot. It seems safe to conclude both the sexton of Christ Church and John Pulling, Jr., a sea captain, or shipping merchant, took part in what follows. Most probably "the friend" to whom the matter was entrusted was Captain Pulling, one of the Committee of Safety.² He and Revere had been friends from boyhood and often served² on committees together. Moreover Pulling's father had been a warden² of Christ Church in the past, and he would know how to go about the business. He was a man of thirty-eight, and both he and Robert Newman, the sexton, twenty-three years of age, are said to have been Sons³ of Liberty. The steeple of Christ Church,² originally 191 feet high, lifted well above the neighboring Copp's Hill, was the very best place for hanging the lanterns so that the light could be seen by Conant, and also be concealed from the British, who were mainly in an opposite direction. The meeting-house in North Square, which has sometimes been mistaken for the one referred to, had a small open belfry immediately opposite the British barracks; from which moreover the lights could not possibly have been seen⁴ at Charlestown.

Robert Newman⁵ lived on Salem Street, on the corner of

¹ *Harper's Monthly*, May, 1875.

² *Paul Revere's Signal. The True Story of the Signal Lanterns in Christ Church, Boston*, 5, 17. Rev. John Lee Watson, D.D. New York, 1880: Trow's Printing and Bookbinding Company.

³ H. H. *Boston Evening Transcript*, date not kept, but about May 20, 1899, probably. Taken exception to by A. C. L., *Boston Evening Transcript*, September 16, 1899.

⁴ "Where the Lanterns were hung," by Alexander Corbett, Jr. *The Boston Globe*, April 19, 1901. And *True Story*, 19. Rev. J. L. Watson.

⁵ *Rambles in Old Boston New England*, 149-151. Rev. Edward G. Porter. Boston, 1887: Cupples, Upham and Company.

Sheafe and opposite Bennet, in a house only recently torn down. English officers were quartered on him here so that in order to avoid suspicion he took his candle early as if for bed.¹ Presently from an upper chamber in the rear, on the Sheafe Street side, he climbed down by a sloping roof to the yard below; where — in order to reconcile both traditional accounts — he would be joined by Pulling bringing word that the detachment was off and crossing the river. Newman had with him the church keys and two lanterns. Probably each carried one to disarm suspicion, and on reaching the church one or both entered, the door was locked securely, the steep ladder at the head of the dark stairway was climbed, and the lights planted high, at an “upper window” in the steeple, and left a while, that the signal might be surely marked across the dividing waters. Longfellow² has written of the lantern-bearer and how he took his way

Up the wooden stairs with stealthy tread
 To the belfry chamber overhead,
 And startled the pigeons from their perch
 On the sombre rafters that round him made
 Masses and moving shapes of shade;
 Up the light ladder slender and tall
 To the highest window in the wall.

It was quite a hazardous thing to carry through successfully, for Pulling³ doubted much that some “old woman would see the light and scream ‘fire!’” His mission achieved, the sexton hurried down to the floor below. Leaving the door in front undisturbed, lest any should be approaching to inquire into the lights, he made his way out by a back window opening on Unity Street, now concealed by the bust of George Washington, and took Bennet Street home, entering by a rear window. Here it is related a British squad found him abed in pretended⁴ sleep and,

¹ *Rambles in Old Boston*, 151. Porter.

² *Paul Revere's Ride*, 1860.

³ *True Story*, 6. Rev. J. L. Watson.

⁴ S. H. Newman cited. *Ibid.*, 25.

in spite of his precaution¹ in hiding his wet boots and putting dry ones out in sight, bore him away to jail. Another account runs that the lights were noticed, and an officer sent with a few men to look into the matter. As they pressed up the stairway Newman² crouched into a corner and after they had passed on made for the vaults, where he lay securely until there was opportunity of slipping home unobserved. A few days later, while engaged in his duties at a funeral, he was arrested upon suspicion. When brought before the British authorities he is said to have defended himself under oath by declaring, "the keys of the Church were demanded of me, the sexton, at a late hour by Mr. Pulling,³ who being a vestryman, I thought had a right to them; and, after I had given them up, I went to bed again, and that is all I know about it." Having heard this plausible tale, since nothing was proven against him, he was released. In the meanwhile, friends were alert to protect Captain Pulling; he lived³ at the corner of Ann and Cross Streets, and when the British paid a visit to search his house he escaped them by hiding under an empty beer-butt in the cellar. Not long after, Mrs. Malcom,³ a Scotch neighbor, was sent by her husband to tell the Captain "he had better leave town as soon as possible with his family." A small kettle⁴ still exists that was hastily packed into a sea chest at this time, and many particulars are related of how the escape was made. Disguised as a fisherman, and his wife, Sally Thaxter, as a widow,⁵ Captain Pulling took passage the same night by a small craft loaded with beer for the man-of-war lying in the harbor. Mrs. Pulling used to laugh⁶ in her old age at the extraordinary figure she must have cut going aboard and of the effect it had on the sailors, for she had no intention of losing the family plate and had various

¹ Caretaker's version at the Church, 1901.

² *Oration delivered at Concord, April 19, 1835.* Edward Everett. Note A.

³ *True Story*, 7, 27, 8. Watson.

⁴ *Boston Evening Transcript.* A. R. L. June 4, 1898.

⁵ *Ibid.* S. D. K. April 29, 1899.

⁶ *Ibid.* Caroline H. Dall. May 21, 1898.

pieces of silver knotted about her waist and tied to her hoop skirts under her clothing, notably a pepper box¹ and cream pitcher given her by Revere. It is just barely possible that this boat was delivering goods from Hall's distillery, since, it will be remembered, Hall was a Son of Liberty, and members of that committee stood staunchly shoulder to shoulder. At all events Mr. Pulling felt free to ask one of the crew, known to him, to arrange his escape, who replied:² "If the skipper of the craft should be on board, he would not allow of any delay; but if the mate, who was a good natured fellow, should have the command, he would be willing to put them ashore on his return." Happily for the Pullings the mate had command, and after doing her errand the skiff started for Nantasket. Once while passing under a man-of-war's hawser, they were challenged,² but pursued their course, and effected a landing near a cooper's shop on the beach. Here they were temporarily in hiding and the same evening a baby, Sally,³ was born. Captain Pulling died 1787; his family settled down in Hingham, his widow, who is said to have been a niece¹ of Governor Hancock, living on until 1843. To return once more to Paul Revere: feeling perfect confidence that the signalling would be satisfactorily performed, Revere tells us he returned home a moment, where he seems to have left his surtout and exchanged his ordinary boots for riding boots.⁴ He then went to the north part of the town, where he kept a boat. It is said that it was kept hidden under a cob-wharf,⁵ near the present Craigie bridge; on his way he had joined Thomas Richardson⁵ and Joshua Bentley⁵ — who willingly undertook to do the rowing. Close to the Ochterlony-Adan house,⁵ so long a landmark at the corner of North and North Centre Streets, they fell into

¹ S. D. K. *Boston Evening Transcript*, June 31, May 13, 1899.

² *True Story*, 8, 27. Rev. J. L. Watson.

³ "Lanterns hung in the steeple, not by Newman but by Pullman." *Boston Sunday Globe*, April 19, 1908.

⁴ "Col. Revere's Letter." *Mass. His. Soc. Coll.*, 1st ser., Vol. V.

⁵ *Life of Revere*, I, 189, 190. Goss.

anxious discussion as to what could be found to muffle their oars. At last they turned to this house, and parleyed cautiously with an ancestor of the late John R. Adan, who promptly accommodated them with a petticoat.¹ There is another remarkable tale that at the water's edge Revere missed his spurs,¹ and tying a note to his dog's collar sent him back to North Square, whence they were fetched in the same manner! Revere's narrative continues: "Two friends rowed me across Charles Rivere, a little eastward [of] where the *Somerset*, man-of-war lay. It was then young flood, the ship was winding, and the moon was rising. They landed me on the Charlestown side near the Battery. When I got into town, I met Colonel Conant, and several others; they said they had seen our signals." While the horse was being fetched from Deacon Larkin's barn, in the neighborhood² of Water Street, Revere told his interested hearers "what was acting"³ in Boston, and Richard Devens, Esq.,⁴ a member of the Committee of Safety, found time to relate that in returning at sundown from the tavern in Menotomy where the committee had met, he had encountered the British advance guard. After parting from Mr. Watson, a fellow-member, at his house in Cambridge, he kept on to Charlestown. Here he "soon received intelligence from Boston [probably through Adjutant Devens] that the enemy were all in motion, and were certainly preparing to come out into the country. Soon afterward, the signal agreed upon was given." When the double lights of the "lanthorns" flashed out from "the upper window of the tower of the north church towards Charlestown," Devens started off an express without delay to inform the three members of the committee who were sleeping the night at Weatherbee's that the

¹ *Life of Revere*, I, 189, 190. Goss.

² *Old Charlestown*, 99. Timothy T. Sawyer. Boston, 1902: James H. West Company.

³ *Mass. His. Soc. Coll.*, Vol. V, No. 2, 1798.

⁴ *Siege of Boston*, 57. Frothingham.

British were moving; from thence the rider was to keep on to the Clark parsonage. The name and fate of this messenger are both unknown, unless he can have been the express referred to by Dr. Ripley¹ as "Mr. Lincoln" who "bore a written message." Shortly after, he had the satisfaction of greeting Revere and making his report.

Revere, on his part, reported the British troops to be actually embarked and eagerly awaited his horse; once it had come he set out. It was about eleven, the moon shone bright and the night was pleasant. His route was at first by Main Street—then a country lane; beyond the Neck he took leftward through Sullivan Square; and then the Cambridge road, now Washington Street. Near Crescent² Street and the present Somerville line, probably just beyond the Boston and Maine Railroad, he narrowly escaped capture. Aside from the nature of his errand and the disturbed times, the place in itself was disquieting. There had been a terrible tragedy in Charlestown in 1749, when Mark,³ a negro slave, had poisoned his master, Captain John Codman, and afterward set fire to the buildings in order to conceal his crime; but his guilt became known and he was hung on a gibbet in irons. Two negro women were found accomplices, one of them, Phillis, had been burnt alive; the other, Phœbe, was transported to the West Indies. The horrible story was then freshly in mind and the north side of Cambridge road, a trifle west of the present stone quarry, yet recalled as the site of the gibbet. Revere⁴ says that he had almost crossed Cambridge Common (now Jackson Park⁵), and arrived "nearly opposite where Mark was hung in chains," when suddenly he discovered two men seated on their

¹ *A History of the Fight at Concord on the 19th of April, 1775*, 12. Rev. Ezra Ripley, D.D. Concord, 1827.

² *Somerville Past and Present*, 49. Samuels.

³ *Historic Mansions*, 169-70. Drake.

⁴ *Life of Revere*, I, 215, and version in MS. Goss.

⁵ *Historic Pilgrimages in N. Eng.*, 335. Bacon.

horses motionless, under the shade of a tree, in the narrow part of the road. He rode near enough to see that they were officers and observe their holsters and cockades.¹ What follows is best told in his own words: "When I got near, one of them Started his horse towards me, [and] the other up the road, as I supposed, to head me should I escape the first. I turned my horse very quick, [short about, and rid upon a full gallop,] towards Charlestown Neck and then pushed for the [Mystic or] Medford Road. The one who chased me followed about 300 yards, endeavoring to cut me off, [he] got into a clay pond, near where the new tavern (Mr. Russell's) is built. I got clear of him, and went through Medford, over the bridge, and up to Menotomy. In Medford, I awakened [Isaac Hall ²] the Captain of the Minute men and after that, I alarmed almost every house, till I got to Lexington." From Medford Square Revere's route leads up High Street through West Medford to Arlington or Menotomy. Just before crossing the bridge he passed the Royall house on his left, and on the right, a house occupied by Mrs. Sally Bradley Fulton,³ already mentioned in connection with the Boston Tea Party. She was roused by the galloping feet, but Isaac Royall⁴ was not at home to be disturbed. He had gone into town on the Sunday, to make preparations for a proposed trip to Antigua, and had not returned, indeed never returned.

At the junction of Broadway and Main Street in Somerville is a tablet marked:

Paul Revere
Passed over this road in his
Midnight Ride
To Lexington and Concord.
April 18, 1775.

¹ *Life of Revere*, I, 222. Goss.

² *Historical Register*, January, 1899. Pub. by the Medford Historical Soc.

³ *Paul Revere Souvenir*. "Sarah Bradlee Fulton Chapter, D. A. R." 1902.

⁴ *Historic Mansions*, 123-4. Drake.

Well might Longfellow write of this deed:

A hurry of hoofs in the village street,
 A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
 And beneath from the pebbles in passing a spark
 Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet:
 That was all. And yet, through the gloom and the light
 The fate of a nation was riding that night,
 And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight
 Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

By some accounts Revere is said to have met a Medford physician, Dr. Martin Herrick,¹ who spread the alarm in other quarters.

Perhaps a digression here may not be amiss since it pictures the way in which the private life of the times was affected by the public calamities. It is in the form of a letter from [Mrs. Sarah Winslow Deming² to her "Dear niece, Sally Coverly." Mrs. Deming was fifty-three years old and much of an invalid. It was written after her departure from Boston. She begins:

I engaged to give you and by you your Papa and Mamma some account of my peregrinations with the reasons thereof. The *cause* is too well known to need a word upon it.

I was very unquiet from the moment I was informed that *more troops* were coming to Boston. 'Tis true that those who had wintered there, had not given us *much molestation* but an *additional strength* I dreaded and determined if possible to get out of their reach, and to take with me as much of my little interest as I could. Your Uncle Deming was very far from being of my mind, from which has proceeded those difficulties which peculiarly related to myself — but I now say not a word of this to him; we are joint sufferers and no doubt it is God's will that it should be so.

Many a time have I thought that could I be out of Boston together with my family and my friends, I could be content with the meanest fare and slenderest accommodation. Out of

¹ *History of Lynnfield*. Thomas B. Wellman. Boston, 1895: The Blanchard Watts Engraving Company.

² *American Monthly Magazine*, July, 1894.

Boston, out of Boston at almost any rate — away as far as possible from the infection of small pox & the din of drums & martial musick as it is called and the horrors of war — but my distress is not to be *described* I attempt not to describe it.

On Saturday the 15 April p.m. I had a visit from Mr Barrows. I never saw him with such a countenance.

The Monday following, April 17, I was told that all the boats belonging to the men of war were launched on Saturday night, while the town inhabitants were sleeping, except some faithful watchmen who gave the intelligence. In the evening Mr Deming wrote to Mr Withington of Dorchester to come over with his carts the very first fair day (the evening of *this* day promising rain on the next, which accordingly fell in plenty) to carry off our best goods.

On Tuesday evening 18 April we were informed that the companies above mentioned were in motion, that the men of war boats were rowed round to Charlestown ferry, Barton's Point and bottom of ye Common, that the soldiers were run through the streets on tiptoe (the moon not having risen) in the dark of ye evening, that there were a number of hand cuffs in one of the boats, which were taken at the Long Wharf, & that two days provisions had been cooked for 'em on board one of the transport ships lying in ye harbor. That whatever other business they might have, the main was to take possession of the bodies of Messrs Adams Hancock whom they & we knew where they lodged. We had no doubt of the truth of all this, and that expresses were sent forth both over the Neck and Charlestown ferry to give our friends timely notice that they might escape.

N. B. I did not git to bed this night till after 12 o'clock, nor to sleep till long after that, and then my sleep was much broken as it had been for many nights before.

This fitly concludes the story of that eventful Tuesday in Boston, and it remains to go back a little and pick up the threads of what took place out of town as the day drew in and the time of the impending struggle drew nigh.

CHAPTER X

LEXINGTON GREEN ENCOUNTER

AS General Heath was riding home from a meeting of the Committee of Safety, about sunset of the 18th, he met¹ eight or nine British officers on horseback, with their swords and pistols, sauntering along with a “musing, contemplative”² air and headed toward Lexington. Owing to the hour and distance from town, Heath regarded them with some suspicion. The committee, at the close of the day, had adjourned, to meet on the morrow at Woburn. Three of the members, the vice-president, Elbridge Gerry, Colonel Orne, and Colonel Lee, had decided to stop on and sleep there at Arlington, in Weatherbee’s Black Horse Tavern, for the night.³ Two others, Richard Devens⁴ and Mr. Watson, started home together by chaise. They too met and passed the group of British officers with their servants, and were made so uneasy by it that they finally turned back, drove through them, and told their friends at the tavern; delaying there until the party went by toward Lexington. Fearing for the safety of Hancock and Adams, Gerry⁴ wrote to the former, “eight or nine officers are out, suspected of some evil design.” The messenger took a by-path and delivered his letter, to which Hancock replied:⁵

Lexington, April 18, 1775,

Dear Sir: I am much obliged for your notice. It is said

¹ *Memoirs of Major-General Heath*, 11. Written by himself. Boston, 1798. Published according to Act of Congress.

² *Opening of the War of the Revolution 19th of April, 1775. A Brief Narrative of the Principal Transactions of That Day.* Jonas Clark, Pastor of the Church in Lexington. Appended to a Sermon preached by him in Lexington, April 19, 1776.

³ *History of Arlington*, 59. Cutter.

⁴ *Siege of Boston*, 57. Frothingham.

⁵ *Beneath Old Roof Trees*, 20. Brown.

the officers are gone to Concord, and I will send word thither. I am full with you that we ought to be serious, and I hope your decision will be effectual. I intend doing myself the pleasure of being with you to-morrow. My respects to the committee. I am your real friend,

John Hancock.

An earlier, verbal message¹ had also been received from the Committee of Safety. Others² along the road took notice of the mounted officers; as they passed Amos Muzzey's³ door at dusk, the wind blew back their coats and he could see their uniforms and swords beneath. The Russell house in Lexington stands on the site of the former Matthew Mead⁴ house. Here were three children, Rhoda, who was eighteen, and a sixteen and fourteen year old brother, all of whom were obliged to go short for their supper that evening as three of the passing officers helped themselves freely to their brown bread and beans. They too caught sight of the scarlet of their uniforms showing under the muffling cloaks. A little later, about eight, a maid was picking up chips in Samuel Hartwell's⁵ yard for the morrow's kindlings, when all at once the advance guard, nine mounted men, came in sight, riding two and two. On that quiet road such a number seemingly had but one meaning and the girl ran inside, exclaiming, "Oh, Mrs. Hartwell, there's a funeral going by!" and then the two of them watched the cavalcade as they passed. After riding some distance beyond, the British countermarched.

After this they probably broke up into smaller groups, for we find⁶ that several officers stopped a woman and asked

¹ *Siege of Boston*, 57.

² *Narrative of Parson Clark*.

³ *Reminiscences and Memorials of Men of the Revolution and their Families*, 361. A. B. Muzzey. Boston, 1883: Estes and Lauriat.

⁴ *Proceedings of Lexington Historical Society*, I, 50-2. Lexington, Mass., 1890. Published by the Historical Society.

⁵ "The British Regulars' Rout." *Boston Evening Transcript*, April 18, 1900.

⁶ *The Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution*, I, 553. Benson J. Lossing. New York, 1851.

for Mr. Clark's house. She at first pointed toward the parsonage, but the next minute, seized with misgivings, called after them, "Is it Mr. Clark's tavern you mean?" The officers, not knowing Hancock to be a cousin of the Rev. Mr. Clark's wife, took it for granted that the Patriots would lodge at a tavern and set off contentedly in the direction indicated toward East Lexington. The woman meanwhile hastened the other way to warn Parson Clark that suspicious inquiries were being made.

Jonathan Harrington, living at East Lexington, a lad of sixteen, was fifer of the local company. That same evening, while out fifying¹ "for the boys" in the bright moonlight, he encountered several officers, probably the party just come from Concord. Solomon Brown, son of Deacon Benj. Brown,² a youth of eighteen and a member² of Parker's company, returning late from Boston market, had been continually passing the officers and being overtaken by them as he urged his horse along the uneven road. He had seen, like the others, their uniforms under the fluttering blue greatcoats, and reaching Lexington first, reported his having met strange horsemen on the road. Realizing that the British might attempt to restrain the Patriots by capturing their leaders, a guard of ten or twelve armed men was hastily collected to protect the parsonage, under Orderly Sergeant William Munroe, a short, stocky man,³ thirty-three years old; and a number gathered at Buckman's tavern to discuss the situation. Perhaps forty of the Militia company got together in all, Joseph Underwood, who married⁴ Deliverance Parker, the Captain's sister, then a young man of twenty-six, among them. Captain Parker was himself present, and arranged in case of a disturbance in the night who should spread the alarm. Then having done all that

¹ *Oration by Robert Rantoul, Jr., and Account of the Union Celebration at Concord, Nineteenth April, 1850.* Governor Briggs's response, p. 100. Boston, 1850.

² *Proceedings of Lexington Historical Society*, II, 123-4. G. W. Brown. Lexington, 1900. Published by the Historical Society.

³ *Ibid.* 56. "Lexington Sixty Years Ago." Albert W. Bryant, 1890.

⁴ *Reminiscences*, 384-5. Muzzey.

he could for the time, he returned to his home between two and three miles southwest of the village, in the portion called "Kite End,"¹ on the Waltham road. His house¹ faced due south and stood two stories high in front, sloping to one at the back. It was reached by a lane from Concord Avenue. Elijah Sanderson,² also of Parker's company, a young man of twenty-three, living on the main road about three-quarters of a mile east of the village, had seen, like so many others, the officers ride by. Thinking something unusual must be on foot, he took his gun and cartridge-box and walked up to John Buckman's tavern. Here he listened to the talk, and finally when an old gentleman advised that some one should follow after the British officers and try to discover their object, he volunteered to go, for one, if he could have the loan of a horse. Thaddeus Harrington had his horse there and lent it at once. Sol Brown, already mentioned, said that he would keep Sanderson company if he had a fresh horse — his had been in use all day. Parson Clark¹ at once offered his own and Jonathan Loring, another of Parker's men, said he would go with them. Between nine and ten they rode away together, taking the road for Concord, and agreeing if they could find the officers they would return with information.

What happened can best be told in Sanderson's own words:² "Just before we got to Brook's in Lincoln [that is, three³ miles above Lexington], while riding along, we were stopped by nine British officers, who were paraded across the road. They were all mounted, one rode up and seized my bridle, and another my arm, and one put his pistol to my breast, and told me if I resisted, I was a dead man. I asked what he wanted. He replied he wanted to detain me a little while. He ordered me to get off my horse. Several of them dismounted, and threw down the wall, and led us into the field. They examined and questioned us Where

¹ *Lexington His. Soc.*, II, 99, 102, 124.

² *The Independent Chronicle and Boston Patriot*, April 27, 1825.

³ *Boston Evening Transcript*, April 18, 1900.

we were going, &c. Two of them staid in the road, and the other seven with us, relieving each other from time to time. They detained us in that vicinity till a quarter past two at night. An officer, who took out his watch, informed me what the time was. It was a bright moonlight after the rising of the moon, and a pleasant evening. During our detention, they put many questions to us, which I evaded. They particularly inquired where Hancock and Adams were: also about the population. One said: 'You've been numbering the inhabitants, hav'n't ye?' I told him how many it was reported there were. One of them spoke up and said, 'There were not so many, men, women, and children.' They asked as many questions as a Yankee could." Among other things they questioned¹ whether the bridges were up, if guards were posted, and bragged that four or five regiments would soon seize the Concord stores. Sanderson also tells of the officers' detaining a one-handed peddler, named Allen, who came later along the highway. Either before or after Sanderson's party were stopped by the officers, they had had an encounter with Josiah Nelson,² whose home was in northeast Lincoln on the Bedford side of the Lexington boundary. Nelson, roused by the advance party, ran out partly dressed. He took them at first to be countrymen returning late from town and asked eagerly for news. For reply he received a three-inch gash about the head and was left prisoner in care of some Tory guides. When the officers were gone the Tories gave Nelson his liberty, but told him to go inside, and show no light, for if he gave any warning his house should burn for it. Nelson had agreed to carry any alarm, and now only stopped to dress his wounds before he took word to Bedford, two miles distant, thus insuring the early presence of its company at Concord.

While all this was taking place Paul Revere and William Dawes had been straining their horses to bear the message of warning to the Lexington parsonage. This historic old

¹ *History of Concord*, 102. Shattuck.

² *Hist. of Middlesex County*, II, 619. Hurd. "Lincoln," by Wm. F. Wheeler.

building still stands, although it has been latterly removed to the opposite side of the street. The Rev. Jonas Clark,¹ a native of Newton, had been settled already twenty years in the town. As previously stated, his wife and John Hancock were cousins, and owing to the troublous times, Hancock and Adams had both made the parsonage their headquarters during the sitting of the Provincial Congress, in preference to sleeping in Boston. At this time, Mrs. Lydia Hancock, John's aunt, was also visiting there, and with her, Miss Dorothy Quincy, to whom Hancock was engaged. About midnight Revere galloped unceremoniously up to their door, causing Sergeant Munroe to cry, "Do not make so much noise." "You'll have noise enough before long," answered Revere,² "the Regulars are coming!" Roused by his voice, Hancock and Adams, who were sleeping in the west room on the lower floor, called out: "Come in, Revere, we are not afraid of you." Once inside, Revere told the others how nearly he was intercepted and that he feared some mischance had befallen his fellow rider, but in about half an hour's time,³ Dawes joined them, and after taking some refreshment the two set forth toward Concord. Soon after starting they were overtaken by Dr. Samuel Prescott of Concord, who had been courting a Miss Mulliken⁴ and was just returning home. He proved to be "a high Son of Liberty" and a helpful comrade. Revere, as they rode along, told what he had heard from Devens in regard to the advance party and thought it not unlikely that the ten officers would divide in such a way as to keep all communication from reaching Concord. They must be wary, and perhaps it would be well to notify houses beside the road. Prescott entirely agreed and offered to vouch for their message as his face and voice were known thereabouts.

¹ *Hist. of Middlesex County*, I, 613-14. Hurd.

² *History of the Battle at Lexington on the morning of the 19th April, 1775.* Elias Phinney. Boston, 1825.

³ *Mass. His. Soc. Coll. for the year 1798.*

⁴ *Life of Revere*, I, 200, 199. Goss.

When nearly half way to Concord, near Hartwell's tavern, Prescott and Dawes being behind alarming a house, Revere suddenly had his expectations realized. The road bent sharply each way and just before him stood two officers under a tree. Revere called out, "Here are two, we will have them." But before Dawes and Prescott, two hundred yards behind, could come up, two more officers joined the first, and all four rode up, pistols in hand. As they came they cried, "G—d d—d you, stop, if you go an Inch farther, you are a dead Man."¹ Prescott, starting forward, tried to force his way through, using the butt¹ of his whip; their line was too strong, however, and he, together with Revere, was crowded into a pasture on the north side of the road, where they had let the bars down and two of their number stood under a tree. "Put on!" Prescott exclaimed. Then taking to the left, he used his spurs, and jumping his horse over a low stone wall, outdistanced his pursuers. In the confusion Dawes also gave them the slip. One of the officers is said to have followed him quite two miles, and come near enough to draw his pistol and tell him he was a dead man if he did not stop. Dawes, however, rode on until he came to a house and turned into the farmyard. Here, his tired horse checked his pace so abruptly he was thrown headlong, his watch² shooting out of his pocket as he fell. Keeping his presence of mind, he hallooed, "Turn out! turn out! Here, boys, I have one of them!" Whereupon the officer immediately wheeled and retreated as fast as he had come. It proved afterwards that the farmhouse was deserted by its owners and only Dawes' confident manner saved him from being taken. After waiting a little he continued his ride. Some days later he returned and recovered his watch. Dawes' grave in King's Chapel Burying Ground has been recently marked as follows:

¹ *Life of Revere*, I, MS. version, 223. Goss.

² *William Dawes' Ride with Paul Revere*. Read before N. E. His. & Geneal. Soc., 1876. Henry W. Holland. Boston, 1878. Privately printed. John Wilson & Son.

WILLIAM DAWES JR.
 PATRIOT, SON OF LIBERTY,
 AND FIRST MESSENGER SENT BY
 WARREN FROM BOSTON TO LEXINGTON
 ON THE NIGHT OF APRIL 18-19 1775
 TO WARN HANCOCK AND ADAMS
 OF THE COMING OF THE BRITISH TROOPS.
 BORN APRIL 6 1745
 DIED FEBRUARY 25 1799
 PLACED BY THE

MASSACHUSETTS
 SOCIETY

[SEAL]

SONS OF THE
 REVOLUTION

APRIL 19 1899.

When Prescott escaped, Revere, unacquainted with the country, turned to the right, making for a wood at the bottom of the pasture, where he purposed to leave his horse and run afoot. Just as he thought he was quit of his pursuers, six officers started from the thicket, seized his bridle, put their pistols to his breast, and the whole twelve soon surrounded him and made him dismount. "One of them," Revere tells us, who "appeared much of a Gentleman asked me where I came from. I told him. He asked if I was an express.¹ I answered in the affirmative. He asked what time I left, I told him, he seemed surprised. He said 'Sir, may I crave your name?' I answered my name is Revere. 'What,' said he, 'Paul Revere?' I said Yes. The others abused me much, but he told me not to be afraid.² No one should hurt me." Revere had now been brought within half a rod of Sanderson,³ who heard him "speak up with energy, 'Gentlemen, you've missed your Aim!'" The officers said they should not, they were only waiting for some deserters they expected down the road. "I told him," was Revere's reply, "I knew better, I knew what they were after;" and added, "I came out of Boston an hour after your troops had come out of Boston and landed at Lechmere's Point, and if I had not known people had

¹ *Mass. His. Soc. Coll. for the year 1798.*

² *Life of Revere, I, 224.* Goss.

³ *The Independent Chronicle and Boston Patriot, April 27, 1825.*



WILLIAM DAWES

been sent out to give information to the country, and time enough to get fifty miles, I would have ventured one shot from you, before I would have suffered you to stop me." Revere then told them that "Their Boats were catch'd a-ground," and that he "should have 500 men there soon. One of them said they had 1,500 coming; he seemed surprised and rode immediately up to the road, and informed them that took me. They came down immediately on a full gallop, one of them, whom I have since learned was Major Mitchell of the 5th Regt., Clap^d. his Pistol to my head, and said he was going to ask me some questions, and if I did not tell the truth, he would blow my brains out. I told him I esteemed myself a Man of truth, that he had stopped me on the highway, & made me a prisoner, I knew not by what right; I would tell him the truth; I was not afraid. He then asked me the same questions that the others did, and many more, but was more particular; I gave him much the same answers; after he and two more had spoke together in a low voice,¹ he then ordered me to mount my horse, they first searched me for pistols. When I was mounted, the Major rode up and took the reins out of my hands, and said, 'By G—d, Sir, You are not to ride with reins, I assure you; and gave them to an officer on my right to lead me. I asked him to let me have the reins & I would not run¹ from him, he said he would not trust me. He then Ordered 4 men out of the bushes." Sanderson, in reference to this, says: "They then ordered me to untie my horse which was tied to a little birch and mount. They kept us in the middle of the road, and rode on each side of us. The officer said to Revere, 'We are now going towards your friends, and if you attempt to run, or we are insulted, we will blow your Brains out.' I told him he might do as he pleased.¹ When we had got into the road they formed a circle and ordered the prisoners in the centre & to lead me in the front. We rid down towards Lexington, a pretty smart pace." So rapidly, indeed, Sanderson tells us, —

¹ *Life of Revere*, I, 225-6. Goss.

his horse not being swift, — “one of the officers pressed my horse forward, by striking him with his hanger.” As they rode, Revere says, “I was often insulted by the officers calling me damned Rebel &c., &c. The officer who led me said: I was in a d—m—d critical situation. I told him I was sensible¹ of it. After we had got about a mile, the major rode up to the officer who was leading me and told him to give me to the sergeant to lead, who was ordered to take out his pistol, he rode with a hanger, and if I should run to execute the Major’s sentence.” When we had arrived within fifty or one hundred rods of the meeting house, “Loring,” as Sanderson heard later, “told the officers ‘The bell’s a-ringing, the town’s alarmed, and you’re all dead men.’” Revere says that hearing a gun fired within about half a mile of the meeting house he was asked what it was for, and told the officer, to alarm the country. Sanderson says: “They then stopped, conferred together. One then dismounted, and ordered me to dismount, and said to me ‘I must do you an injury’ I asked what was he going to do with me now? He made no reply, but with his hanger cut my bridle and girth. Loring, Brown and Allen were served the same way and when their horses had been driven off the four were told they might go about their business. The officer then mounted, and they “rode in a good smart trot on toward Boston. We then turned off to pass through the swamp, through the mud and water, intending to arrive at the Meeting House before they could pass, to give information to our people. Just before they got to the Meeting House, they had halted, which led us to hope we should get there first; but they soon started off again at full speed, and we saw no more of them.” Revere asked to be set free with the others, but was hurried along, the Major saying “he would carry me let the consequence be what it will.” The pause noticed by Sanderson was when they were come within sight of the meeting-house, and heard a volley of guns fired, as Revere supposed, at the tavern.

¹ *Life of Revere*, I, 226. Goss.

It alarmed the British very much. Revere says: "The Major inquired of me how far it was to Cambridge, and if there were any other road? After some consultation, the Major rode up to the sergeant, and asked if his horse was tired? He answered him he was. — He was a sergeant of Grenadiers and had a small horse — then said he, take that man's horse, which he did. I dismounted, the sergeant mounted my horse; they cut the bridle and saddle off the sergeant's horse, and they told me they should make use of my horse for the night, and rode off for Cambridge down the road."

It is now necessary to return to the Clark parsonage and see what took place after Revere left for Concord. The message sent by Dr. Warren was to the effect that they must take care of themselves, and give the alarm through the country, for General Gage had ordered a force, supposed to be a brigade of about 1,200 or 1,500 men, to march that night to Concord, "it was shrewdly suspected,"¹ to destroy the stores. Hancock gave the alarm immediately, and the village bell rang out, summoning the neighbors. The tongue² of this bell can now be seen in the Cary Library at Lexington. The bell, which was in use until 1801,³ weighed about 463 pounds and probably gave a sharp, shrill note. It has been lost, but the small wooden belfry is still standing on a hill just above the new school-house, to which place it has been lately removed.⁴ The men who had been told to call the Militia if an emergency arose, now hastened on their rounds, and two messengers, probably Amos Muzzey⁵ and Thaddeus Bowman, were sent in the direction of Cambridge as scouts. Although he had gone late to bed

¹ *Harper's Monthly*, May, 1875.

² *Lexington His. Soc. Pro.*, I, 25.

³ *Lexington, the Birthplace of American Liberty. A Handbook, etc., etc.* Fred S. Piper. Lexington, 1902. Copyright, Irving P. Fox. Lexington Publishing Co.

⁴ *Lexington. A Hand-Book of its Points of Interest, Historical and Picturesque*, 18. Published under the direction of the Lexington Historical Society. Boston, 1891: W. B. Clarke & Co.

⁵ *Reminiscences*, 361. Muzzey.

and was ill at the time,¹ Captain Parker when roused at two in the morning quickly took command on the Green. Every moment the Militia were arriving. Corporal John Munroe² was wakened about the same time as his captain by Sergeant Francis Brown, who brought him to his feet with the words: "The British have left Boston and are on their march to Lexington." There were between sixty and seventy under arms when he reached the Green, and this out of a population³ of about seven hundred. Mrs. Harrington of East Lexington called to her boy of sixteen, "Jonathan, Jonathan, get up! The British are coming and something must be done."⁴ Catching up his fife he soon joined the company under the command of his uncle,⁵ Captain Parker. The same bell brought Amos Locke³ 'cross lots over the hill, by George Wright's house and Warren Duren's.

Captain Parker ordered the men to load with powder and ball and the roll to be called. About one hundred and thirty men answered to their names, including exempts, armed and equipped; so Daniel Harrington, clerk of the company, stated to Parson Gordon.⁶ After remaining on parade some time, and there being no further tidings of the approach of the Regulars, the Rev. Theodore Parker⁷ tells us: "As the intelligence was not quite certain," his grandfather, "sent out other scouts to obtain information of the advance of the enemy, and dismissed the soldiers, telling them to be within call, and assemble again at beat of drum." The night air was chilly enough to be uncomfortable, and the company parted, those who lived near, to their homes, others to the public house at the corner of the Common.

¹ Rev. Theodore Parker's Letter to Mr. James S. Loring, dated February 16, 1858. *Historical Magazine*, July, 1860.

² *Independent Chronicle and Boston Patriot*, April 27, 1825.

³ *Lexington His. Soc. Pro.*, II, 86, 69.

⁴ *Reminiscences*, 390. Muzzey.

⁵ *Life of Theodore Parker*, I, 9. John Weiss. New York, 1864.

⁶ *American Archives*, II, 4th ser., 625-631. Force.

⁷ *Historical Magazine*, July, 1860.

The volley fired by the Militia as they broke ranks is supposed to have been the same that caused the advance guard with Revere so much anxiety.

In the lull which followed, the Lexington villagers left the Green for the tavern, the British officers galloped back to join the advancing troops, and Revere¹ went across the burying ground and some pastures to the Rev. Mr. Clark's. Here he told of his treatment, and finally succeeded in persuading Hancock to seek safety elsewhere. Dorothy Quincy² is described as having been at this time a slight and sprightly young girl with laughing eyes. She used to tell in after years how earnestly she and Aunt Lydia pled with Hancock to keep him from running into danger.

Hancock,³ ever since the bell had been set ringing, had busied himself in cleaning his gun and sword and was with difficulty convinced that he would serve New England best by withdrawing from the field. At length Adams clapped him on the shoulder with the words: "That is not our business; we belong to the cabinet," and he reluctantly allowed himself to be guided by their advice. This was to take a cross-road to the late Mr. Jones's⁴ parsonage in Woburn precinct, or Burlington, about four miles distant. Some accounts make them wait on a hill, southeast of the parsonage, until the troops had left Lexington, and a rock on which they are said to have stood is shown. Revere went with them and a Mr. Lowell, Hancock's clerk. As they set forth Adams exclaimed,² "What a glorious morning is this!" Seeing that the others did not at first take his meaning, he added, "I mean for America!" After a short rest, Revere and Lowell started back. Revere's narrative¹ continues: "Mr. Lowell and myself returned to Mr. Clark's, to find what was going on. When we got there, an elderly man came in; he said he had just come

¹ *Mass. His. Soc. Coll. for 1798.*

² *Old Landmarks and Historic Fields of Middlesex*, 366-7, 367-8. Samuel Adams Drake. Boston, 1876: Roberts Brothers.

³ *Harper's Monthly*, May, 1875.

⁴ *Siege of Boston*, 60. Frothingham.

from the tavern, that a man had come from Boston who said there were no British troops coming." This was between three and four A.M. according to Parson Clark;¹ the express reported no appearance of the troops on the road, either from Cambridge or Charlestown; and thought the movements noted in the army a mere feint to cause alarm. This the British had most certainly occasioned, and the folk were astir for miles around.

One of the Minute-men, Sanderson,² took his wife, baby, and the little girl who lived with them, with hand parcels, by lantern light to his father-in-law's, William Munroe, Jr.'s, in northeast Lexington, a region known locally as "Scotland." In sight of the Munroe lights he set his bundles down, and hurried back to stand on the Green. Mrs. William Munroe was getting breakfast, and one of her two sons was loath to be up so early, thinking the alarm a hoax. John Parker, Jr., fourteen years of age, was posted down near the highway to be handy for tidings.³ Captain Parker was ill when he started and it made his mother uneasy. She had given the boy some spoons and treasures to hide, which he put in a hollow apple trunk. And then he stood by the wall on a hillside and heard the bell ringing and wished to keep on to the Green and see what was on foot, but nevertheless stayed where he had been set. Although this day he could carry home word of the father's safety, very shortly Captain Parker's² health gave way under continued exposure, and he died in September of consumption, induced by exertion and excitement.

Robert Douglass, Jr.,⁴ about sixteen years of age, who lived on the corner of Cambridge and Locust Streets in Woburn, was disturbed before dawn by a horseman knocking and saying, "There is an alarm — the British are coming out, and if there is any soldier in the house, he must turn out

¹ *Narrative appended to Anniversary Sermon, 1776.*

² *Lexington His. Soc. Pro.*, I, 60-1, 46.

³ *Lexington His. Soc. Pro.*, II, 102, and *Beneath Old Roof Trees*, 38. Brown.

⁴ *A History of the Fight at Concord, 19th of April, 1775.* Rev. Ezra Ripley, D.D.

and repair to Lexington as soon as possible." That meant a tramp of three miles, and it pleased him not a little when half a mile on his way, near the present corner of Cambridge and Russell Streets, he saw a light in Deacon Obadiah Kendall's. Sylvanus Wood,¹ a young fellow of twenty-three living here, had heard the Lexington bell about an hour before the break of day, and fearing trouble, immediately rose, took his gun, and now hurried forward in Douglass's company. Wood tells us: "When I arrived there I enquired of Captain Parker, what was the news. Parker told me he did not know what to believe, for a man had come up about half an hour before, and informed him that the British troops were not on the road. But while we were talking a messenger came up and told the Captain that the British troops were within half a mile. Parker immediately turned to his drummer, William Diman, and ordered him to beat to arms, which was done. Captain Parker then asked me if I would parade with his company. I told him I would. Parker then asked me if the young man with me would parade. I spoke to Douglass, and he said he would follow the Captain and me. By this time many of the company had gathered around the Captain at the hearing of the drum, where we stood, which was about half way between the meeting house and Buckman's tavern. Parker says to his men, 'Every man of you who is equipped, follow me, — and those of you who are not equipped, go into the meeting house, and furnish yourself from the magazine, and immediately join the company.' Parker led those of us who were equipped to the north end of Lexington Common, near the Bedford road, and formed us in single file. I was stationed about in the centre of the company, while we were standing, I left my place, and went from one end of the company to the other, and counted every man who was paraded, and the whole number was thirty eight and no more."

Revere² meanwhile, eager for the latest news, set out

¹ *A History of the Fight at Concord, 19th of April, 1775.* Ripley.

² *Mass. His. Soc. Coll. for the year 1798.*

with Lowell for the tavern. On the way, he says, they were met by a man "on a full gallop who told us the troops were coming up the 'Rocks' [*i.e.* where the road mounts toward Lexington on the skirts of Arlington]. We afterwards met another [probably Captain Thaddeus Bowman¹], who said they were close by. Mr Lowell asked me to go to the tavern with him, to git a trunk of papers belonging to Mr Hancock. We went up chamber; and while we were getting the trunk, from a Chamber window² I saw the Ministerial troops coming up the road. We made haste & had to pass thro' our militia."

Elijah Sanderson,³ tired out by the night's excitement and exposure, tells us: "I went to the tavern. The citizens were coming and going; some went down to find whether the British were coming; and some came back, and said there was no truth in it. I went into the tavern, and after awhile, went to sleep in my chair by the fire. In a short time after, the drums beat, and I ran out to the Common, the militia were parading. The Captain ordered them to fall in. I then fell in. 'Twas all in the utmost haste. The British troops were then Coming on in full sight. I had no musket, having sent it home, the night previous by my brother, before I started for Concord; and, reflecting I was of no use, I stepped out again from the company, about two rods, and was gazing at the British coming on in full career." The time was now about half after four. Parson Gordon⁴ of Roxbury states "the remains of the company who were at hand—collected together; to the amount of between sixty or seventy, by the time the Regulars appeared; but were chiefly in a confused state, only a few of them being drawn up, which accounts for other witnesses making the number less."

Theodore Parker⁵ says that his grandfather "ordered

¹ *Lexington Address*, 38. Edward Everett.

² *Life of Revere*, I, 228. Goss.

³ *The Independent Chronicle and Boston Patriot*, April 27, 1825.

⁴ *American Archives*, II, 4th ser., 627. Force.

⁵ *Historical Magazine*, July, 1860.

the drum beat in front of the tavern, close by the Common. [The first ¹ to follow it was Ebenezer Munroe.] In all seventy men appeared, were formed into platoons, and marched on to the Common. His nephew, Jonathan Harrington [who lived to be the last survivor of the battle, dying in 1854], played the fife, which, with a drum, was the only music. [Parker] formed them in a single line, then wheeled the first and fourth platoons at right angles, stepped in front and ordered every man to load his piece with powder and ball. When this was done he said, 'Don't fire unless fired upon. But if they want a war, let it begin here.' He then wheeled the two wings into a continuous line, and stood a little in front of the end of the right wing. Soon the British came close upon them, and some were soon terrified, and began to skulk off. He drew his sword, and called them by name to come back, and said he should order the first man shot who should run away." It was then daylight, and Revere ² and Lowell, passing to the rear with Hancock's trunk, heard Parker charging his men. Parker was forty-six years old, a large-boned,³ stocky man, six feet two in height; a French war veteran, he had been with Wolfe to the citadel of Quebec and knew what war was. He had a large family,⁴ a wife, four girls, and three boys, their ages ranging from fourteen to four, and here he stood in the forefront of that martial little village of kinsfolk, to make good his words, and let the war begin there, in the midst of their homes, if so it must be.

After their night of broken rest the men of Lexington had hurried forth from the warm hearth at John Buckman's tavern, and ranged themselves by Parker's side in the dim roadway to meet they scarcely knew what. And now the sun of that ever to be remembered Nineteenth of April had risen and showed a little triangular village green; at its

¹ "Deposition." *History of the Battle at Lexington*. Elias Phinney. Boston, 1825.

² *Life of Revere*, I, 228. Goss.

³ *Life and Correspondence of Theodore Parker*, I, 9, 12. Weiss.

⁴ *Lexington His. Soc. Pro.*, I, 43, 45.

point the meeting-house,¹ dating from 1714; at the broad end, facing down toward the meeting-house, this small, determined body of armed Patriots—back of them curious neighbors, some afoot, others mounted. On either side of the Green veered off a road; that on the Patriots' right led on to Concord, that on their left to Bedford. The tavern,² built in 1690 and painted¹ buff and white with a green roof, was also on their left and a knot of men, mostly Tories, lingered in the doorway. With them was a little boy, Rufus Merriam, holding fast to his toy gun.³ Directly behind the Minute-men there were two houses, and between them a blacksmith's shop.⁴ The house nearest the Concord road belonged to Daniel Harrington, clerk of the company; the one nearest the Bedford road belonged to Jonathan Harrington, Sr. Two houses also stood on the Concord road almost across the Green from the tavern. And continually advancing up the road which passed by them to Concord came the steady tramp of the disciplined British redcoats. The Province had long been on the verge of war. Was the clash to come here or was it to be narrowly averted as so often before?

Before telling of what so swiftly took place, it is needful to take up the story of the Regulars' march from the time they had reached the Cambridge shore until this moment when they found in their path a group of middle-aged farmers and village boys.

It is curious that Petersham,⁵ a place so patriotic as to be known as Volunteer's Town, was also the home of Captain Thomas Beaman, a Tory, who piloted the British from Boston to Concord. Three other Tories are known to have accompanied them. These were Edward Winslow of Plymouth, Daniel Bliss of Concord, and Samuel Murray of

¹ *Lexington His. Soc. Pro.*, I, 20, 74.

² *Lexington Handbook*, 20. Piper.

³ *Old South Loan Collection*. Fifth edition of the catalogue, p. 27. Mrs. Stetson's note. Boston, 1876.

⁴ *Old Landmarks and Historic Fields of Middlesex*, 361-2. Drake.

⁵ *Hist. of Worcester County*, I, 469-70. Hurd. "Petersham," by Lyman Clark.

Rutland. Lechmere Point (now East Cambridge¹), six miles northwest of Charlestown ferry, toward which the boats were headed, took its name from the Lechmere family. Lord Lechmere's brother, the Honorable Thomas Lechmere, who died 1765, had been surveyor-general for the northern district of America. Through the marriage of Richard Lechmere,² the latter's son, to a daughter of Lieutenant-Governor Spencer Phips, the Phips farmhouse on the Point had come to be known indifferently by either name. A Red-coat³ left behind ill is said to have gone to this solitary house for aid, enabling its inmates to spread the alarm; it is significant that the Cambridge militia are credited with marching twenty-eight miles "out and home." At high water the Point was an island, reached by Bullard's bridge across Willis Creek or Miller's River; its present site being the north side of Spring⁴ Street, between Third and Fourth Streets, East Cambridge. It could also be reached on the north by means of a causeway slightly raised, along the lines of the present Gore Street.⁵ The Point was covered with little birches, and the marshes fuller than common, owing to the spring tides. Lieutenant John Barker,⁶ as we have already seen, tells how wet they all got in landing; "At 2 o'clock," he continues, "we began our March by wading through a very long ford up to our Middles," and adds, "after going a few miles we took three or four people who were going off to give intelligence." The East Cambridge Court-house stands very nearly on the spot where their march began. Ralph Inman's mansion house — marked by a tablet on Inman Street — with its cluster of out-buildings, surrounding fields, willow-shaded pond, and

¹ *War in America*, I, 439. Murray.

² *Historic Mansions*, 179. Drake. And *Cambridge Two Hundred Years Ago*, 14, 18. Simpson.

³ *History of Cambridge*, 408. Lucius R. Paige. Boston, 1877: H. O. Houghton and Company.

⁴ *History of Middlesex County*, II, 310-12. Samuel Adams Drake. "Somerville," by E. C. Booth, M.D.

⁵ *Historic Mansions*, 180. Drake.

⁶ *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1877.

locust-bordered lanes, formed a small hamlet¹ in the angle of the road at this time, where it turned sharply to the right, at about the foot of Prospect Hill, for the colleges. Inman had been a councillor,¹ and agent¹ for Sir Charles Henry Frankland. His eldest daughter, Sukey, was married to Captain John Linzee,¹ R.N., of whom we shall hear further. In 1771 he was himself married to the widow of James Smith, who was born a Murray. Mrs. Inman, it will be remembered, was a warm friend of the Marlborough Tories, Henry Barnes and his wife. A little before this, she had written¹ to them: "The Governor I do not doubt will do everything in his power to protect, but he cannot prevent fears. Therefore I beg the favor of you to fly to Cambridge." The visit so hopefully undertaken was broken up by the events of this day and Mrs. Barnes, presumably, flew back faster than she came.

Somerville then had a population² of about two hundred and fifty, occupying some thirty houses, chiefly on the Cambridge, Winter Hill, and Milk Row roads. The hills were pastures overgrown with red cedars; nearly all the residents were milkmen. The British having landed successfully at this retired spot, joined the West Cambridge and Milk Row road, *i.e.*, Washington Street, at or near Prospect Street, and the men proceeded to get over the effects of wading thigh-deep in the Charles by a steady all-night march. First on to Union Square, Somerville, on by Bow Street, and Somerville Avenue, then up Elm Street,³ turning to the left, and along by Beech Street, turning at North Avenue, and on by Arlington Avenue, Appleton Street, Vine Street, and Main Street to their goal at Lexington. They had no drumbeat to help them, and for the most part kept silence, but some of them were heard to call Ben Piper's² tavern by name as they passed. This stood⁴ on

¹ *Historic Mansions*, 187-9. Drake. And *James Murray*, 180, 142, 181-2. Ed. Tiffany.

² *Hist. of Middlesex County*, II, 310, 312. Drake.

³ *Somerville Past and Present*, 50. Samuels.

⁴ "The Taverns of Boston in Ye Olden Time." *Bay State Monthly*, November, 1884.

Main Street, corner of Alford. Where Hotel Warren now stands the soldiers attracted the attention of Captain John Stone's daughter Lydia.¹ The Widow Smith² owned or occupied a house on Bow Street, east of the present Wesley Park, later known as the Adams house, and here the troops were seen to drink from the well. Samuel Tufts³ occupied an old gambrel-roofed house, later General Green's headquarters, on the west side of the road, near Laurel Street. He was running bullets with his negro, in a small hut back of the house, and did not hear the Regulars, but Widow Elizabeth Rand,³ who lived on the northwest corner of Central Street, did, and is said to have run in her night-clothes to tell Tufts. He instantly saddled his horse and galloped across his farm to Cambridge with the news, her son Thomas,⁴ aged fifteen, at the same time alarming the neighbors. The twin brothers Hunnewell³ were beyond, at the turn of the road, on the east side between Craigie and Lowell Streets. They were deaf and could not hear the trampling feet. After this there was no dwelling until Timothy Tufts's³ was reached on Elm Street, near Willow Avenue. There the dog barked and Mrs. Tufts roused and saw from her bed the gun-barrels glistening in the moonlight. She woke her husband and they saw the soldiers halt and drink from their well. Then they turned into Beech Street and disappeared. At the corner of North Avenue (now Massachusetts Avenue) and Beech Street the British passed the old Davenport Tavern,³ St. James's Episcopal Church now occupying its site. This was then the only open passage-way between the Milk Row road and North Avenue. Natl. Prentice,⁵ living near Porter's Hotel in the neighborhood of Harvard Square, was roused by the news that

¹ Local tradition. Mrs. John Vinal, 1903.

² *Somerville Past and Present*, 50. Samuels.

³ *Hist. of Middlesex County*, II, 311-12. Drake.

⁴ *Ibid.* 50, and local tradition.

⁵ *An Historic Guide to Cambridge compiled by members of the Hannah Winthrop Chapter National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution*, 144. Cambridge, 1907. Copyright, 1907, by Hannah Winthrop Chapter, N. S. D. A. R.

“the redcoats have gone up and no time must be lost.” He at once tossed his watch aside on the bed, and telling his wife Abigail to take the children to the Prentice house on Garden Street off the high road, reported to Captain Thatcher for duty. The British soon after entered Menotomy, or Arlington, under the two great elms that formed the gateway to the town for many years. At one house¹ near the brook the inmates were awakened; the owner, finding his yard full of men, stole down and took his gun from the chimney, and when the march was resumed, packed up his valuables and sent his family off to George Prentiss’s on the hill beyond Spy Pond. Cuff Cartwright,² a negro slave, is said to have taken a dollar from the soldiers to hold his peace, but spread the alarm once they had passed on. The widow of Captain Philip Carteret,³ with whom he lived, in the neighborhood of Fresh Pond, hid her silver⁴ in the ash heap, and sewing her money up in a leather apron threw it into the well. Many took like precautions; the Russell⁵ family, by one account, burying their pewter plates in the woods. About half a mile below the Arlington Meeting-house on the northern side of Massachusetts Avenue, nearly opposite Linwood Avenue and Spy Pond, may be seen a tablet marking the site of the Black Horse Tavern. General Heath⁶ thinks that the British had been informed of the committee’s meeting there on the 18th, for they halted before it. But Gerry and Orne and Lee were also posted as to the British movements, thanks to Revere, and stood at the window⁷ to see them pass. The head of the column went by, but just before the rear guard came up, a sergeant’s squad was detached to search the house. Gerry,¹ in a flurry

¹ *West Cambridge in 1775*, 17. Rev. Samuel Abbot Smith. Boston, 1864.

² *Old Landmarks and Historic Fields of Middlesex*, 358. Drake.

³ *History of Arlington*, 202. Cutter.

⁴ *Henry Dunster and his Descendants*, 44. Samuel Dunster. Central Falls, R. I., 1876: E. L. Freeman & Co.

⁵ *Medford Historical Register*, July, 1899.

⁶ *Memoirs*, 12.

⁷ *Lexington Address*. Edward Everett. A.D. 1835.



COLONEL JEREMIAH LEE

of excitement, would have thrown the door open in their face, in his effort to escape, had not the landlord hurried all three to the back. They had not stopped to dress, and had only their night-clothes for protection. Once outside Gerry tripped in the stubble and called to Orne, "Stop, wait! I can't get up. I'm hurt." This fall suggested to the others that perhaps they had best all lie low, and so they did till the danger from the British was over. But the danger from exposure was more than Colonel Jeremiah Lee could withstand, and on the following 10th of May he died at his country seat in Newburyport from its effects, leaving £5,000 to the Province.¹ The soldiers meanwhile found the recently left beds, but no sign of Hancock and Adams, the special objects of their expedition. Miss Orne,² the Colonel's great granddaughter, mentions a gold watch left under a pillow remaining untouched. Gerry came off less fortunately, meeting with a loss, either through these Regulars or the retreating body later in the day, and advertised³ as follows in the *Essex Gazette*: "Lost by the Subscriber on the morning of the 19 of April, a silver Watch, with a steel charm, and silver Seal engraved E. G.; also a few Days after, an outside Garment usually called a French great coat, with a Crimson velvet Cape. Any Person who will cause the same to be returned, shall be rewarded by Elbridge Gerry. P. S. The watch is marked on the Face 'Ellis, London,' if the owner rightly remembers. Watertown, May 25." One of the Lexington scouts, Amos Muzzey,⁴ was at the tavern while the British were outside and narrowly escaped capture. His horse was loosed and injured, but not disabled.

At William Cutler's tavern, later on known as 'Tufts', above the Public Library, to the right of the road, the British made another halt. The story is² best told by the

¹ "Jeremiah Lee," J. H. O. *The Marblehead Centennial Almanac*, 1876.

² *Arlington Advocate*, March 20, May 1, 1875.

³ June 1, 1775.

⁴ *Reminiscences and Memorials*, 361. A. B. Muzzey.

landlord's daughter Rebecca, who married successively James Tufts and James Russell. During the night of April 18th her mother was sitting up with her brother James in the westerly end of the upper tavern, he being ill. Suddenly, in came black Dinah, who exclaimed, "Laws a-Massy, Missus, the Regulars is all 'round the house, the yard's full of um." "I guess not, you are frightened." "Yes, they is; dey sit right down as still as de Grave!" She had spied them through a hole in the wooden shutters; the only noise was from their accoutrements. Mrs. Cutler shut the light into the cupboard and went into the next room, where the hired girl and her beau were sitting up, now side by side fast asleep. She shook him awake and told him to hold the latch, but not to slip the bolt, lest it should be heard. After twenty minutes of silence, the soldiers went to the barn where were four horses, it was supposed to take them, but they were undisturbed. Mrs. Cutler tried to have her husband sleep through the trouble, lest he should make matters worse by action. When roused he called for his gun; to her relief this had been lent a few days before. Going outside he met four officers riding back, probably to see if any had wakened. They asked for water. The man, Tidd, brought some, while Cutler talked of the weather, and asked where they were riding. To his question, why did they choose the night to move, they answered, "It is none of your business, go to bed and get your rest when you can have a chance," and immediately cantered after the vanishing column. When they were gone Landlord Cutler carried the alarm without delay to the lower part of the town, *i.e.*, Belmont, Waltham, and Watertown, and by about sunrise the waiting villagers heard guns at Lexington.

Lieutenant Solomon Bowman,¹ of the Minute-men, was awake and had come to the door as the troops passed his home, near the present Soldiers' Monument. A Regular asked for a drink of water, but was refused, Bowman remark-

¹ *Hist. of Middlesex County*, III, 178. Hurd.

ing pointedly, "What are you out at this time of night for?" By some accounts the opposite house here is said to have had white chimneys,¹ "the mark of a Tory," and the troops are said to have been directed on their way by this family. After they had gone on, Lieutenant Bowman began at once to warn² his company for immediate service, with so good effect Captain Benjamin Locke, who lived near the Lexington boundary, led fifty Minute-men to Lexington in the early dawn; two negroes,¹ Cuff Whittemore and Cato Wood, are included in his roll.

Further up the road the Regulars disturbed a party of young men, it is said, who were playing cards¹ in a shop. At the foot of "the Rocks," a light showed through the shutter of a house³ on the upper corner of the road to Winchester, and a soldier was sent to inquire the reason at that unusual hour. Inside, Captain Benjamin Locke's parents, Samuel Locke,⁴ a shoemaker,¹ and his wife Mehitable, were busily engaged melting their pewter plates into bullets. At the sudden knock, the man threw himself on the bed, the woman emptied the skillet of melted pewter upon the turf ashes, and then going to the door explained to the soldier's satisfaction she was making herb tea for her sick husband. As the teller⁵ of the story concludes, "It was a kind of herb tea the British had reason to dread after that day."

At this point, about a mile above Arlington Centre, the troops were met by the twelve advance officers. Learning from their report that the countryside was on the alert and Lexington forewarned, a messenger⁶ was sent back to Gage for reinforcements, and Major Pitcairn hurried ahead with six companies to hold the bridges at Concord

¹ *West Cambridge in 1775*. Rev. S. A. Smith.

² *History of Arlington*, 59. Cutter.

³ *Arlington Advocate*, March 27, 1875.

⁴ *Boston Globe*, April 19, 1907.

⁵ "The Old Men of Menotomy." Henry A. Kidder. *Young People's Magazine*, June, 1895.

⁶ *Hist. of Middlesex County*, II, 584. Hurd.

and prevent communication.¹ "Soon after they heard many signal Guns, and the ringing of Alarm Bells repeatedly, which convinced them that the Country was rising." In a note to General Gage's "Circumstantial Account" we find, "at this time the advanced Lgt. Inf. Companies loaded but the Grenadiers were not loaded when they received their first fire." Two soldiers were kept lurking in advance of the main column, beside the road, their plan being to let any wayfarers pass by and then close back on them; we know of at least four captures made, of whom Simon Winship was one. He had gone from Lexington early as a scout, and, according to his great grandson's account,² had waited at Cambridge until he learned that the troops were moving, when he brought back word and had the Arlington bells rung. Going out a second time to reconnoitre, he was captured about 4 A.M. some two and a half miles from Lexington, dismounted, and brought along. The British questioned him sharply whether he was out to warn Minute-men. He told them "No, he had been out courting and was returning home to his father's." Possibly before this, Asahel Porter, a young Woburn farmer, and Josiah Richardson had been stopped.

Porter³ had been asked by Richardson to keep him company on the way to Boston market, and at three in the morning they left home; "near Arlington" they were halted by the enemy's column, and brought along in the ranks. The last capture made, and the first prisoner taken in arms, was Benjamin Wellington,⁴ a young man of thirty-two; this was in East Lexington at the junction of Pleasant Street and Massachusetts Avenue, a tablet marking the site. The British officer who took him asked, "What are you going to do with that firelock, where are you going now?"

¹ *Mass. His. Soc. Coll.*, Vol. II, 2d ser., and *Memorial History of Boston*, III, 73, note.

² "The Third Rider." H. M. Lane. April 30, 1894. *Boston Evening Transcript*.

³ *Hist. of Middlesex County*, I, 392. Hurd.

⁴ *Reminiscences and Memorials*, 382-3. A. B. Muzzey.

He replied, "I am going home. I thought within myself," he used to say, "but not until I have been upon the Common." Satisfied by his reply, he was required to give up his gun, and dismissed. Undeterred by this adventure, Wellington waded through a swamp, headed the Regulars off, and joined Parker before the fight with a fresh gun. Close by here at about 4.30 Thaddeus Bowman¹ had a narrow escape from capture. His horse balked at the figures of two soldiers squatting by the fence either side the road and he had barely time to wheel and make off with his tidings that the British were above the "Rocks." The object of the British was, as Captain Amos Barrett² says, to hold "every man they saw" lest they "should Larum the people, but somehow they got word at Lexington that they was a-coming." This was through this last scout, the same that Revere met on his way to the tavern. On retracing his way past the Militia, he turned his head, as he hurried toward the parsonage, and saw the British troops coming forward on both sides of the meeting-house; six to ten rods behind them, the Patriots awaiting them; in the front, an officer on horseback. They made a short halt, two seconds perhaps, when twelve or thirteen rods apart, when "I saw," says Revere,³ "and heard a gun fired which appeared to be a pistol. Then I could distinguish two guns and saw smoke in front of them, [the troops] immediately gave a great shout, ran a few paces, and then the whole fired." A house here cut off his view from the cross-road and amid a "continual roar of musquetry," Revere and Lowell made off hastily with the trunk. Having nothing to defend himself with, Revere is said by Parson Gordon⁴ to have

¹ *History of the Town of Lexington*, 176. Charles Hudson. Boston, 1868.

² *Journal and Letters of Rev. Henry True, of Hampstead, N. H., Who was Chaplain in the N. H. Regiment of the Provincial Army in 1759 and 1762. Also an account of the Battle of Concord by Captain Amos Barrett, a Minute Man and Participant.* Printed for Henry True, great grandson of Rev. Henry True and of Amos Barrett. Marion, Ohio, 1900: Star Press.

³ *Mass. His. Soc. Coll. for the year 1798 and Life of Revere*, I, 228-9. Goss.

⁴ *American Archives*, II, 4th ser. Force.

thence run into a wood, where he halted and heard the firing for about a quarter of an hour.

From the very first it has been a disputed point as to which side fired the opening shot. Captain Parker¹ in his deposition said they had determined not to "meddle or make unless first molested, but they were furiously rushed at by the regulars." The British commander, Pitcairn, was sixty years old, a good-tempered officer, and equally alive to the responsibility of being the aggressor. Each side from the outset maintained they had acted in self-defence, and probably both were honestly convinced in their several statements. Lieutenant Barker,² of the King's Own, says, being forewarned "about 5 miles" before reaching Lexington that there were some "hundreds of People collected together intending to oppose us," they continued to advance "prepared against an attack, tho' without intending to attack them." He also says, "on our coming near them they fired one or two shots, upon which our Men without any orders rushed in upon them, fired and put 'em to flight; several of them were killed, we cou'd not tell how many, because they were got behind Walls and into the Woods." Lieutenant-Colonel Smith,³ reporting officially to General Gage, April 22d, says: "I think it proper to observe, that when I had got some miles on the march from Boston, I detached six light infantry companies to march with all expedition to seize the two bridges on different roads beyond Concord. On these companies' arrival at Lexington, I understand, from the report of Major Pitcairn, who was with them, and from many officers, that they found on a green, close to the road, a body of the country people drawn up in military order, with arms and accoutrements, and, as appeared after, loaded; and that they had posted some men in a dwelling

¹ *Journal of the Proceedings of the Congress, held at Philadelphia, May 10, 1775.* London. Re-printed for J. Almon, opposite Burlington-House in Piccadilly, 1776.

² *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1877.

³ *Mass. His. Soc. Pro.*, May, 1876.

and Meeting House. Our troops advanced towards them, without any intention of injuring them, further than to inquire the reason of their being thus assembled, and, if not satisfactory, to have secured their arms; but they in confusion went off, principally to the left." Further along he adds: "Rather earlier than this, on the road, a countryman from behind a wall had snapped his piece at Lts. Adair and Sutherland, but it flashed and did not go off."

An intercepted letter¹ from one of the soldiers, on the other hand, says: "Colo. Smyth of the 10th ordered us to rush on them with our Bayonets fixed; at which time some of the Peasants fired on us, and our then returning the fire, the Engagement began."

DeBernière² in his account describes Parker's men as "drawn out in divisions, with intervals as wide as the front of the divisions;" after stating that Pitcairn twice called on the "rebels" to throw down their arms and disperse, he continues: he then "ordered our light infantry to advance and disarm them, which they were doing, when one of the rebels fired a shot, our soldiers returned the fire and killed about fourteen of them; some of them got into the Church and fired from it, but were soon drove out."

General Gage,² in his Circumstantial Account, tells of a man on the skirts of the town "presenting his Musquet" and attempting to shoot at the troops, but the piece flashed in the pan. Major Pitcairn galloped forward to the head of the advanced companies, when two officers told him of what had taken place. On this the Major gave directions to the troops to move forward, but on no account to fire, nor even to attempt it without orders. "When they Arrived at the end of the Village they observed about 200 armed Men drawn up on a Green, and when the Troops came within one hundred yards of them, they began to file off towards some stone walls on their right Flank: the Light Infantry observing this, ran after them, the Major

¹ *Essex Gazette*, May 12, 1775.

² *Mass. His. Soc. Coll.*, Vol. IV, II, 2d ser.

instantly call'd to the Soldiers not to fire, but to Surround and disarm them, some of whom had jumped over a Wall, then fired 4 or 5 shot . . . and at the same time several Shots were fired from a meeting House on the left. Upon this, without any order or regularity the Light Infantry began a Scattered Fire, and Killed several of the Country People, but were Silenced, as soon as the Authority of the Officers could make them.

“After this Col. Smith Marched up with the remainder of the detachment, and the whole Body proceeded to Concord.” It is added in a note that “notwithstanding the Fire from the Meeting House, Col. Smith and Major Pitcairn with the greatest Difficulty kept the soldiers from forcing in and putting all those in it to Death.”

According to Parson Stiles,¹ “Pitcairn riding up to them [*i.e.* the Patriots] he ordered them to disperse; which they not doing instantly, he turned about to order his troops to draw out so as to surround and disarm them. As he turned, he saw a gun in a peasant's hand, from behind a wall, flash in the pan, without going off, and instantly, or very soon, two or three guns went off, by which he found his horse wounded, and also a man near him wounded. These guns he did not see; but believing they could not come from his own people, doubted not, and so asserted, that they came from our people, and that thus they began the attack. The impetuosity of the King's troops was such, that a Promiscuous, uncommanded, but general fire took place, which Pitcairn could not prevent; though he struck his staff or sword downwards with all earnestness, as the signal to forbear or cease firing.”

Lieutenant Gould,² while prisoner, deposed, “which party fired first I cannot exactly say, as our troops rushed on shouting and huzzaring previous to the firing.”

Without going the length of a contemporary of the battle and assuming that the British quibbled about the Yankee

¹ *Siege of Boston*, 62. Frothingham.

² *Journal of Congress*, 1775, 37.

firing first, because "they procured¹ three or four traitors to their God and Country, born among us, and took with them; and *they* first fired upon their countrymen, which was immediately followed by the regulars. It is said also that these wretches were dressed in Soldiers' Clothes." Without accepting this solution, it would seem that both the foregoing accounts and those which follow can be reconciled, if we may suppose that the British were misled by a signal gun, or that possibly some motion from out the crowd of spectators was mistaken for an attempted discharge by one of the Militia. The crowd was continually shifting and augmenting, and, in part composed of outsiders, it would be irresponsible like other crowds.

Less than a month after the battle Parson Gordon² of Roxbury was interested to ride over and question those engaged on either side. He was told by a prisoner in Concord jail, James Marr, 4th Regiment, a native of Aberdeen in Scotland, who was upon the advance guard, consisting of six besides a sergeant and corporal, that "they were met by three men on horseback, before they got to the Meeting House a good way; an officer bid them stop; to which it was answered: You had better turn back, for you shall not enter the Town; when the said three persons rode back again, and at some distance one of them offered to fire, but the piece flashed in the pan without going off. I asked Marr," says Mr. Gordon, "whether he could tell if the piece was designed at the soldiers or to give an alarm? He could not say which." The likelihood is that the flash of an alarm gun was mistaken for a shot, since in the early dawn the flash could be seen a considerable distance, although the light would be insufficient to show whether the musket were aimed at the British or not, and officers in the centre or rear might easily go astray. One incident is given as taking place near Amos Muzzey's house in the central part of the town. It will be remembered that Amos

¹ *Diary of the American Revolution*, 67. Frank Moore.

² *American Archives*, II, 4th ser., 627. Force.

was acting early as scout. His wife, Sergeant William Munroe's eldest daughter, thought it well to take her two little sons to a neighbor's. The elder was nine that very day, the younger but four. "A foot-weary soldier had fallen behind the column, and as the sun was rising, he met and saluted my grandmother," relates the Rev. A. B. Muzzey, "with the words: 'Good morning, Madam, the King's troops are paying you an early visit this morning,' Her reply in the custom of those days was from Scripture. In the language of the elders of the town of Bethlehem who met Samuel and 'trembled at his coming,' she said, 'Come ye peaceably?' 'Ah, Madam,' retorted the soldier, 'you have carried the joke rather too far with his Majesty.'" Mrs. Muzzey's¹ anxious question was only too soon to be answered by the scenes on the Green.

Simon Winship,² brought along with the main body as prisoner, says about half or quarter of a mile from the meeting-house the British troops were ordered to halt, prime, and load. They then marched on till they came within a few rods of Captain Parker's company. According to family tradition, at a short halt, a soldier gave Winship his gun to hold and he drew out the bullet, which he kept as a memento. An officer, perhaps perceiving this, struck him with his sword, when Winship is said to have hit him back between the eyes, sprung into the alder bushes, and made good his escape.

Levi Harrington, "a youth of fourteen the past November," told Parson Gordon,³ that being upon the Common, and hearing the Regulars were coming up, he went to the meeting-house and saw them down the road (which then rose toward the Green), on which he returned to the Lexington company. Four of Parker's men had gone inside the meeting-house to remove a quantity of powder stored there,

¹ *Reminiscences and Memorials of the Men of the Revolution*, 362. A. B. Muzzey.

² "The Third Rider," H. M. Lane. April 30, 1894. *Boston Evening Transcript and Journal of Congress*, 1775, 23.

³ *American Archives*, II, 4th ser., 628. Force.

it being customary to keep the town-stock in churches in those days, since they stood often near the Green and were unheated and apart from dwellings, and thus securer from fire than any private house. The rapid advance of the British now brought them between these men and their command, so that they were cut off from rejoining Parker.

The events which follow so crowd one another that it is hard to realize how swiftly all took place.

Assuming that they were defied by the little group on the Green and that their drum beat to a challenge, Pitcairn's impatient order rang out in the still morning air, "Lay down your arms, you d—d rebels, and disperse." The line of redcoats was in "full career" at his back, and Pitcairn, with, as Sanderson recollected, four other mounted officers, rode in the advance. As he gave the order he had cantered forward, pistol in hand, to within about eight or ten rods of the company. When the last survivor of the battle, Jonathan Harrington, was asked in after years by Theodore Parker "how he felt as he marched on to the spot," he said,¹ "I felt well enough then; but when we saw the reg'lars march up, I felt kind o' queer." Captain Parker's brother-in-law, Joseph Underwood,² says: "When the regulars had arrived within about one hundred rods of our line they charged their pieces, and then moved toward us at a quick step. Some of our men on seeing them proposed to quit the field, one of the company saying, 'There are so few of us it would be folly to stand here.'³ Captain Parker drew his sword and gave orders for every man to stand his ground, and said he would order the first man shot that offered to leave his post. I stood very near Captain Parker when the regulars came up, and am confident that he did not order his men to disperse, till the British troops had fired upon us the second time."

Finding that Parker's men kept their ground, the Brit-

¹ *Life of Theodore Parker*, I, 12. Weiss.

² *History of the Battle at Lexington*. Elias Phinney.

³ *A History of the Fight at Concord*, "Deposition of Robert Douglass." Ripley.

ish commander ordered his troops to fire. "This order," says Corporal John Munroe,¹ "not being obeyed, he then said to them, 'G—d d—d you, fire!' and he fired his own pistol;" the other officers, one crying, "D—n them we will have them," soon fired, and with that, says Sanderson,² "the main body came up and fired, but did not take sight. They loaded again as soon as possible. All was smoke when the foot fired. I heard no particular orders after what the Commander first said. I looked and seeing nobody fall, thought to be sure they couldn't be firing balls, and I didn't move off." Corporal Munroe had the same feeling that this could not actually be the beginning of a war. "After the first fire of the regulars," he tells us, "I thought, and so stated to Ebenezer Munroe, Jr., [his brother] who stood next] to me on the left, that they had fired nothing but powder." But on the second firing Eben declared that they had fired something more than powder, for he had received a wound in his arm. "And now," said he, to use his own words, "I'll give them the guts of my gun." "After I had fired the first time," John goes on, "I retreated about 10 rods, and then loaded my gun a second time with two balls." He and his brother then both took aim at the main body of the British troops, although as he says, "the smoke prevented our seeing anything but the heads of some of their horses." The strength of this second charge took off about a foot of his gun-barrel. The "balls flew so thick,"³ Eben used to say, his feeling at the time was that there "was no chance of escape and I might as well fire my gun as to stand still." As he fired this last time, he tells us, "another ball passed between my arm and my body and just marked my clothes; one ball cut off a part of my earlocks which were pinned up." Later he received a grant of £4 compensation from the Provincial treasury for six

¹ *A History of the Fight at Concord.* Ripley.

² *Independent Chronicle and Boston Patriot*, April 27, 1825.

³ "The Boys of '75," Clara Lee Bowman. *The Bristol Press*, Conn., June 6, 1895. Also *History of the Battle at Lexington.* Phinney.

weeks' loss of time and expenses, through injury to his right arm at the elbow.¹ Ebenezer Munroe believed that Benjamin Sampson also fired as he turned to run. "Such was the general confusion," the corporal concludes, "and so much firing on the part of the British, that it was impossible for me to know the number of our men who fired immediately on receiving the second fire of the British troops; but that some of them fired besides Ebenezer and myself I am very confident. The regulars kept up a fire, in all directions, as long as they could see a man of our Company in arms."

Asahel Porter, son of William Porter of Woburn, was killed early in the day. It will be remembered that he was captured and dismounted by the British near Arlington. When the firing on the Green began, Porter and his friend Josiah Richardson of Stoneham were doubly anxious to be released. Richardson asked one and another to set him free and in the end both received leave to be off. Richardson² had been warned by a friendly soldier that they had best quit at a walk lest they should be mistaken for deserters. Growing nervous as he made slowly off, Porter, not having heard this advice, instinctively quickened his gait and was fired upon, falling, as he ran, near a wall east of the tavern, below the plot formerly called Rufus Merriam's garden. His body was found close to the wall by Amos³ and Eben Lock, who secured it and fired on the British but twenty rods distant. The British fire was "very heavy and close" and taking effect. Corporal Munroe⁴ states: "I distinctly saw Jonas Parker struggling on the ground, with his gun in his hand, apparently attempting to load it. In this situation the British came up, ran him through with the bayonet, and killed him on the spot." His ammunition lay handy in his hat⁵ between his feet, and when wounded he strove to load on his knees, while so engaged meeting his death, pierced

¹ *American Archives*, IV, 4th ser., 1235. Force.

² *Hist. of Middlesex County*, I, 392. Hurd. And *Ibid.* II, 479.

³ *Lexington His. Soc. Pro.*, I, 69.

⁴ *Independent Chronicle and Boston Patriot*, April 27, 1825.

⁵ *Lexington Address*, 42. Edward Everett.

with ball and bayonet. He was the strongest wrestler¹ in Lexington. Several days before the battle he had been with Elijah Sanderson² and expressed his determination never to run before the British troops.

There were eight killed in all and nine wounded. Isaac Muzzey, Jonathan Harrington, and Robert Munroe, the corporal's father, were found dead near the place where their line was formed, the others at a considerable distance from each other. Jonathan Harrington³ was shot in the chest. His wife, watching at her window, saw him fall and ran to meet him. He put out his arms toward her and fell again, crawled across the street to his threshold and fell to die. Isaac Muzzey was thirty-one years old, his father, John, and brother, Thaddeus, were also on the Green. Amos Muzzey was a cousin.

When Parker gave the command to disperse, most of the company broke for cover and thence replied to the enemy's fire. In 1895 Amos Lock's grandson, of the same name, pointed out the place in the wall north of the Buckman Tavern where his grandfather leaped over. "At that time," as the Rev. Joseph Esterbrook⁴ of Athol says, "all was confusion and distress." James Brown told Parson Gordon⁵ that, "two pistols were fired from the party of the soldiers towards the Militia-men as they were getting over the wall to be out of the way, and that immediately upon it the soldiers began to fire their guns; that being got over the wall, and seeing the soldiers fire pretty freely, he fired upon them, and some others did the same." Lieutenant-Colonel Smith⁶ wrote to General Gage, "only one of them fired before he went off, and three or four more jumped over a wall and fired from behind it among the soldiers." Sanderson² says: "After our militia had dispersed, I saw them

¹ *Life of Theodore Parker*, 10. Weiss.

² *Independent Chronicle and Boston Patriot*, April 27, 1825.

³ *Reminiscences and Memorials*, 365. A. B. Muzzey.

⁴ Letter to Rev. Dr. Ripley. *Concord Gazette and Middlesex Yeoman*, April 22, 1826.

⁵ *American Archives*, II, 4th ser. Force.

⁶ *Mass. His. Soc. Pro.*, May, 1876.

firing at one man [Solomon Brown] who was stationed behind a wall. I saw the wall smoke with the bullets hitting it. I then knew they were firing balls. After the affair was over, he told me he fired into a solid column of them, and then retreated. He was in the cow yard. The wall saved him. He legged it just about the time I went away." Indeed there was much scattering hither and thither when hostilities were actually begun. Some Tories,¹ "who wouldn't stand up for their country" and reckoned the British "brothers," had stood at the tavern door to watch the soldiers' advance. Finding the shots thick they made haste to attic and cellar, the thirteen year old Merriam boy following to the attic. Behind the shutter of the tavern-window nearest the doorstep may still be seen the trace of where a bullet gouged its way into the clapboard. The Loyalists had said, "Oh, they wont fire on us, for we are their friends," so Rufus Merriam tells us. We also² learn from him that Landlord Buckman, aged thirty, of Parker's company, asked some of the men to stop firing from the house, as it led the British to fire back. These shots may possibly have been mistaken for shots from the meeting-house. Thomas Rice Willard,³ according to his deposition, said that half an hour before sunrise he saw the advance of about four hundred Regulars in one body, from Daniel Harrington's window. Daniel Harrington's wife, Anna, was a daughter of Ensign Robert Munroe,¹ who in 1758 had forced his way over the ramparts at Louisburg, bearing the standard. He was now sixty-three years old and soon to lie dead on the Green. Levi, her fourteen year old boy, had lingered about the Common until the opening volley, "upon which," says Gordon,⁴ "hearing the bullets whistle, he ran off and saw no more of the affair." Benjamin Tidd³ of Lexington and Joseph Abbot of Lincoln were mounted spec-

¹ *Lexington His. Soc. Pro.*, I, 75, 39.

² *Reminiscences and Memorials*, 367. Muzzey.

³ *Journal of Congress, 1775*, 22, 25.

⁴ *American Archives*, II, 4th ser. Force.

tators on the Green; the first shot fired started their horses, and they rode off. Timothy Smith¹ says he was looking on, and a volley was discharged at him, but "immediately ran," and was in "imminent danger of losing his life." William Draper¹ of Colrain, Hampshire county, was another bystander who testified to the British firing first. Another, Thomas Fessenden,¹ from his post in a pasture near the meeting-house, saw the redcoats go speedily by, three officers riding in advance. According to his story, within six rods of the Patriots, one of the officers called, "Disperse, you rebels," immediately swinging his sword three times, his men cheering. The second officer, about two rods behind him, fired his pistol; the first pointed his sword down at the Militia, the troops fired, and he ran as fast as he could, and the Militia every way, as fast as they could, dispersed; the Regulars all the while firing incessantly.

Doubtless the large number, not of Parker's company, that sought shelter at the first fire caused some to suppose the Patriots gave way directly. The Regulars were too many to contend with; the Patriots were not disposed to dispute their passage under such great odds. In refusing obedience to the King's troops and drawing their fire as they slowly withdrew returning it, Captain Parker's little company had done all in their power for the maintenance of New England liberty.

It has been well said "They² stood up as one family to offer resistance." "They confronted," says G. W. Curtis, speaking at Concord,³ "the mightiest empire in the world, invincible on land, supreme on the sea, whose guns had just been heard in four Continents at once, girding the Globe with victory. And that empire was their mother-land." "They had been a loyal and proud and high-spirited part of that Nation," points out Governor Greenhalge.⁴ "Those

¹ *Journal of Congress, 1775, 27-9.*

² *Arlington Advocate, March 27, 1875.*

³ *Oration delivered at the Centennial Celebration of Concord Fight, April 19, 1775. Orations and Addresses of George William Curtis.* Ed. by Charles Eliot Norton, III, 103. New York, 1894: Harper & Brothers.

⁴ *Boston Evening Transcript, April 20, 1891.*

battalions glittering in the morning sun were even more terrible than power and majesty of a physical sort could make them, because, to the Anglo-Saxon freemen standing with Parker those battalions represented the supreme law of the land." Well might James Russell Lowell¹ say:

Here English law and English thought
'Gainst the self-will of England fought;
Schooled the soul's inward gospel to obey,
They felt the habit-hallowed world give way
Beneath their lives, and on went they,
Unhappy who was last.

"The hard, laborious past of the little town, flowered after a century's toil and privation into an hour of supreme heroism," writes W. D. Howells;² "it was sublime for forty unwarlike farmers to stand up and take the fire of six hundred disciplined troops in defence of what they believed their right: it was English to do that, it was American, and these plain martyr folk were both." Lanier has pictured the scene for us:³

Good men in fustian, stand ye still;
The men in red come o'er the hill.
Lay down your arms, damned Rebels! cry
The men in red full haughtily.
But never a grounding gun is heard;
The men in fustian stand unstirred;
Dead calm, save may be a wise blue bird
Puts in his little heavenly word.
O men in red! if ye but knew
The half as much as blue birds do,
Now in this little tender calm
Each hand would out, and every palm
With patriot palm strike brotherhood's stroke
Or e'er these lines of battle broke."

But alas! this was not to be.

¹ *Ode read at the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Fight at Concord Bridge, 19th April, 1875.* James Russell Lowell. *Poetical Works*, IV. Boston and New York, 1890: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

² *Three Villages.* "Lexington," by William Dean Howells. Boston, 1884: J. R. Osgood and Co.

³ *The Poems of Sidney Lanier.* "Psalm of the West," 114', new edition. New York, 1903: Charles Scribner's Sons.

We have the names ¹ under oath of fourteen who deposed that they faced the troops while others in their company were dispersing or coming up with their backs to the advancing Regulars. These men were:

Nath. Parkhurst,	John Bridge, Jr.,
Jonas Parker,	Ebenezer Bowman,
John Munroe, Jr.,	William Munroe, 3rd,
John Winship,	Micah Hagar,
Solomon Pierce,	Saml. Saunderson,
John Muzzey, [father of the Isaac who fell]	Saml. Hastings, an exempt, aged fifty-four.
Abner Meeds,	James Brown.

Another list ¹ of thirty-four men depose to the effect that they had begun dispersing and were turned to go when the firing caught them. Suddenly, taking advantage of the general confusion, two men darted forth from the meeting-house and attempted to escape in the direction of the Marrett Munroe house on the Patriots' right. These men were Joseph Comee and Caleb Harrington. Harrington was killed as he ran. Probably it was he whom John Bateman ¹ of the 52d saw lying dead "nigh the meeting house," according to his testimony taken at Lincoln, April 23. Comee ² got away, running through the Marrett Munroe house and continuing his flight over the hill in the rear, receiving, however, a wound in his left arm, "having the cords and arteries cut in such a manner as to render his arm entirely useless for more than three months." He petitioned ³ for relief the following December, and received £12 7s. 0d. to meet his "great charges in Surgery, nursing and board." One bullet meant for these men went in at the window over the Munroe door and lodged in a bureau ⁴ said to be preserved by a descendant at Chicopee. Old Mr. Marrett Munroe ⁵ it is said stood at one of the windows, an

¹ *Journal of Congress, 1775, 26-7, 25, 30.*

² *History of Lexington, 180.* Hudson, And *Boston Journal, April 19, 1875.*

³ *American Archives, IV, 4th ser., 1226.* Force.

⁴ *Lexington. A Hand-book of its Points of Interest, 18.*

⁵ *Boston Evening Transcript, April 16, 1900.*

eager spectator of the scenes on the Green, and by his side his daughter Deliverance, aged twenty, whose lover was facing the British. The house which sheltered this anxious group still fronts on the Green. It was built¹ in 1729 by Lieutenant John Munroe, a French war veteran, the father of Marrett, and is marked as follows:

BIRTHPLACE OF
DELIVERANCE MUNROE
DAUGHTER OF
MARRETT AND DELIVERANCE MUNROE
AND WIFE OF
ENSIGN JOHN WINSHIP
THIS TABLET PLACED BY DELIVERANCE MUNROE
CHAPTER DAUGHTERS OF REVOLUTION
MALDEN, 1900

There still remained in the meeting-house a lad and Ensign Joshua Simonds, a next² door neighbor of Parson Clark's, and a man of great resolution. On first entering the building two quarter casks of powder had been brought to the gallery from the upper loft. These had been opened and the men were hurriedly supplying their needs by Parker's orders, when the British surrounded them on the outside. After Comee and Caleb Harrington made their dash for liberty, and his comrade had concealed himself in the opposite gallery, Simonds cocked his gun and laid down by an open cask determined never to surrender. While waiting³ in suspense he heard the order outside, "clear that house," then came the order "right about face," and approaching steps. Presently the commander's head rose above the casement as he inquired, "Are there any more rebels in this house?" They marched nearer yet, were halted, and then, satisfied that the men had all escaped, went right about face once more to the Concord road, as Simonds could see from the window.

John Tidd was one of the last to leave the Common.

¹ *Lexington His. Soc. Pro.*, II, 135, 139.

² *History of Lexington*, 181. Hudson.

³ *Beneath Old Roof Trees*, 33-4. Brown.

He was hotly pursued, and brought senseless to the ground by a cutlass wound received in the head from a mounted officer. "At which time," he states in his petition¹ of the following January, "they took from me my gun, cartridge-box, powder-horn &c." He asked compensation for the same and six weeks loss of time, expenses, etc., for which he received £4 10s. 0d. in full. A cousin of his, Lieutenant William Tidd,² second in command, a short, compact, active man, escaping up Hancock Street toward the Tidd homestead, was threatened by an officer, supposed to have been Pitcairn, who called after him: "Stop, or you are a dead man!" But Tidd, leaping a pair of bars, was the first to fire, and the officer wheeled and made off.

Benjamin and John Tidd, sons of Joseph, were both in Parker's company. It has been related that a Scotchman, a great grandson of Major Pitcairn, once came to Lexington with his wife, a descendant of Joseph Tidd,³ to see the relics.

Samuel Hadley and John Brown were pursued and fell after leaving the Common. Brown's⁴ body lay beside the wounded slave, "Prince" Esterbrook, as he was called, after his master's family. He is said to have been a finely built man "with a carriage⁵ justifying his name." He recovered to take part in nearly every campaign of the war, obtaining his freedom as a reward for his military prowess.

The following petition has not been published to my knowledge and tells its own story:⁶

To the Hon. Council etc. assembled at Watertown, April 19, 1776. Timothy Blodgett of Shutsberry, Hamp-

¹ *American Archives*, IV, 4th ser., 1260. Force.

² *Reminiscences and Memorials*, 374-5. A. B. Muzzey.

³ *Hist. of Worcester County*, I, 685. Hurd. "New Braintree," by George K. Tufts.

⁴ *Lexington Centennial Celebration, April 19, 1875*. Opening Address, Thomas Meriam Stetson.

⁵ *Life and Correspondence of Rev. Theodore Parker*, I, 12, note. Weiss.

⁶ *Mass. State Archives*, Vol. 180, p. 409.

shire county, Begs leave humbly to shew That he, on the 19 April 1775, belonged to Lexington company commanded by Captain John Parker and was embodied with said company on said day in the Morning. And being closely pursued by the King's Troops when the guard of his Musquet caught in a Fence and wraisted the same out of his Hand, which he could not recover. The gun valued at Saven Dollars.

The Petitioner therefore prays etc.

{ Thomas Parker
 { John Chandler
 { Nathan Simonds
 { Philip Russel

Selectmen of Lexington.

Solomon Brown,¹ when Captain Parker ordered his men to quit the Green, went to the right across the Bedford road and jumped over a stone wall. As he landed on the far side a ball passed through his coat, cutting his waistcoat. Another struck the wall and he dropped down behind it so it might serve for cover. As soon as possible he "took a circuit in their rear around to the Buckman tavern expecting to find many of the company." Entering by the back door and glancing through the rooms he discovered nobody except the peddler, who had been a short time since fellow-prisoner with him by the roadside. Finally he took a peep out of the front door and was startled to find "the rear portion of the enemy stood in his front," as they had come to a halt. Almost directly a bullet struck midway on the door-jamb at his side and another hit the upper part of the door itself. Sol stepped back, put his gun "near the muzzle against the door casing" and fired deliberately at an officer, and then cleared out by the back door for the fields. He is said to have fired from the kitchen as well, and this last shot appears to have been seen by John Richardson² of Newton, who tells of someone's

¹ *Lexington His. Soc. Pro.*, II, 127.

² *A History of the Fight at Concord*, 51. Ripley.

firing from the back door. A shower of bullets followed Brown's flight, and at some forty rods' space he stumbled and fell unwounded, although his clothes bore traces of the narrowness of his escape. When the British took up their march for Concord, Brown returned to the Common, where he joined Abijah Harrington. On examining the spot where the officer had stood, two pools of blood were seen. On leaving the Green after the firing Sergeant Francis Brown¹ hurried back towards the parsonage in advance of a squad sent to search the house. He was asked by a mounted officer to surrender, but kept the horse at the length of his musket, and caught a thrust from the officer's sword on his gun-barrel. At length, leaping a high rail-fence, he ran into a swamp. Here shot "clicked" among the tree-leaves over his head, and a few more in hiding there. Brown was thirty-seven years old and married since 1764 to Mary Buckman.¹ They lived near Munroe's brook and his wife and others of the household saw the British march up the street that morning. Fearing trouble would follow, Mrs. Brown² had an old man about the place carry things from the house to the woods at the back, and bury them in a hole, scattering leaves on top. The eldest boy, James, a child of two years, used to say that, small as he was, he remembered that hasty flight to the woods.

At last the Green was cleared of its brave little company, and in their stead remained a mass of scarlet-coated soldiers who gave three cheers for their seemingly swift victory, and were then allowed a brief interval to rest and take some of their rations for breakfast;³ before resuming the march they satisfied their thirst at Daniel Harrington's⁴ well. An express was despatched at this time to Gage, and at about seven he received word of what

¹ *Reminiscences and Memorials*, 140-1, 139. A. B. Muzzey.

² *Lexington His. Soc. Pro.*, II, 31.

³ *Historical Magazine*, July, 1860.

⁴ *Old Landmarks and Historic Fields of Middlesex*, 361-2. Drake. Edition.

had taken place. The troops were reported in the Press of the day as laughing, and d—ing the Yankees who “could not bear the smell of gun powder.”¹ For their part they had come off lightly and were scarce touched by the return fire. Pitcairn’s horse is said by Gage² to have been struck in two places, and Ebenezer Munroe³ was told by a prisoner that one of their men was wounded in the thigh and another in the hand. DeBernière⁴ tells us one of the light infantry men was shot through the leg; he belonged to the 10th, which was in the advance.⁵ Parson Clark, who was an eye-witness of this halt, “not more than 70 or 80 rods from them” ends an outburst of indignation with, “That there is a God with whom is the power, and the glory, and the victory, is certain: but whether he will *set his seal* to the triumph, made upon this most *peculiar* occasion by following it with further successes, and finally giving up *this people* into the hands of those who have thus *cruelly* commenced hostilities against them, must be left to time to discover.”⁶

“In about twenty minutes the British music struck up, and their troops paraded, and marched right off for Concord,” says Sanderson.⁷ “We formed with some difficulty,” writes Lieutenant Barker,⁸ “the Men were so wild they cou’d hear no orders.” Sanderson claims that he “saw blood where the column of British had stood when Sol Brown fired at them. This was several rods from where any of our militia stood; and I then supposed, as well as the rest of us, that that was the blood of the British.”

¹ *American Archives*, II, 4th ser., 438. Force.

² *Mass. His. Soc. Coll.*, Vol II, 2d ser., 225.

³ *History of the Battle at Lexington*. Phinney.

⁴ *Mass. His. Soc. Coll.*, IV, 2d ser.

⁵ *The Evelyms in America*: “The Historical Record of the 52d Regiment.” G. D. Scull.

⁶ From the *Narrative* appended to Parson Clark’s Anniversary Sermon, April 19, 1776.

⁷ *Independent Chronicle and Boston Patriot*, April 27, 1825.

⁸ *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1877.

Abijah Harrington,¹ son of Robert and cousin of the fifer, a lad of fourteen, had two brothers in the fight. He had been sent by his mother to watch from a safe point and bring her word of his brothers. With Levi Mead, who had watched the progress of the fight from the Harrington barn,² he too "was on the spot"³ where the red coats stood after the battle, and saw in one place a large pool of blood."

After the British were gone Captain Parker and his men came back, took up the dead, and looked after the wounded. Sanderson, who had been home and found his brother was using his gun, returned to the Green and helped carry the dead into the meeting-house. Sylvanus Wood⁴ says that he saw Robert Munroe and Jonas Parker lying dead at the north corner of the Common, near the Bedford road, and helped carry the injured into the meeting-house. He was told by "a Lexington man" that he gave the "guts of his gun" to the British. This would be Eben Munroe, the ensign's son.

It has been pointed⁵ out that there were no less than fourteen Munroes and eleven Harringtons on the rolls, ten Smiths, seven Reeds, and four Tidds. The little community was so bound together and mutually related by long neighboring and intermarriage that the sudden loss of Ensign Munroe and the elder Harrington in their ripe age, and Muzzey and the younger Harrington in their early manhood, was felt in every household. Besides the slain there were a number of severely wounded men. One, Nathaniel Farmer⁶ (not Fearoux), a cordwainer, had the bone of his right arm fractured so badly that he petitioned the following December, stating that sundry pieces had been taken out, causing him to suffer much pain. Thereupon the House of Representatives, after inspecting his doctor's bills, deposited

¹ *Field Book of the Revolution*. Lossing.

² "Wayside Happenings, in 1775." Rev. E. G. Porter.

³ *Reminiscences and Memorials*, 366, 389. A. B. Muzzey.

⁴ *A History of the Fight at Concord*. Ripley.

⁵ *American Archives*, IV, 4th ser., 1225. Force.

£13 15s. 0d. with Deacon Stone for his relief. Thomas Winship,¹ besides losing his musket, received a comparatively slight wound which kept him from work a couple of weeks, as stated in his petition the following February. Sol Pierce,¹ who filed a claim in January, represents that he was rendered unable to labor for upwards of a month.

While the more seriously injured men were having their wounds dressed by Dr. Joseph Fiske,² — whose house still stands on Hancock Street, — somewhere in the excited crowd was David Comee³ rejoicing in his narrow escape, having had his cue shot off, but being otherwise untouched. Jedediah Munroe,⁴ who carried a claymore as well as his musket into the fight, met with a wound, notwithstanding which, and his age, fifty-four years, he joined in the pursuit of the retreating Regulars later in the day and was again wounded, this time mortally. It has been stated⁵ that after his earlier wound was dressed, in the forenoon, he rode to a neighboring town rallying the citizens. Others say that the messenger was Ebenezer Munroe,⁶ and indeed it is not improbable that both may have ridden on the same errand.

John Robbins, who had stood in the front rank, was so seriously wounded as barely to escape with his life.

The following petition,⁷ so far as I know, has not been published heretofore: "The humble petition of John Robbins of Lexington, begs leave to shew to the Honorable Council, and House of Representatives of the State of Massachusetts Bay; that your Petitioner, has been a Subject of your Honors Kind Bounty since the memorable 19th of April, 1775 in

¹ *American Archives*, IV, 4th ser., 1431, 1441, 1421. Force.

² *Lexington. Hand-Book of Points of Interest*, 50.

³ *Historical and Genealogical Register*, April, 1896.

⁴ *History of Lexington*, 179. Hudson.

⁵ *History of Middlesex County*, II, 21. Drake. "Lexington," by Hon. Charles Hudson.

⁶ "The Boys of '75." Clara Lee Bowman. *The Bristol Press*, Conn., June 6, 1895.

⁷ *Mass. State Archives*, Vol. 184, pp. 353-4. Revolutionary Petitions.

Consequence of a grievous wound then received from the British King's Troops, by which he is almost unable to perform the slightest Manual Labour or contribute to the Maintenance of a Wife and six small children Your Petitioner is still under the disagreeable necessity of requesting such further grant as your Honors great Wisdom and Humanity may Suggest, either by an order to your Commissary for Rations or such a sum of Money as will afford Him a bare subsistence, which your Honors last grant would by no manner procure, in consequence of a depreciation which your Honors by no means imagined or conceived of, which consequently threw your petitioner heavily upon the Benevolence of his Friends; and has obliged your unfortunate Petitioner to trouble your Honors with this distressing Representation, and humbly beseeches your Honors to afford him that certain Relief and Assistance as your Honors known Humanity and Justice may dictate: and your Petitioner as in duty bound shall ever pray. Lexington, June 20, 1777." Already,¹ in the November following the battle, after deducting six shillings from Dr. Spring's account, twelve shillings from Dr. Mason's, and one pound six from Dr. Robbins's, a sum of £23 17s. 8d. had been granted; October 5th, 1779, this petition bore fruit, as a grant of £26 13s. 4d. was then consented to, in addition to his former pension.

The Clark parsonage was about one hundred rods distant from the Green and on learning that the British were halting by the meeting-house, Parson Clark² urged his family to seek a safer spot. As they set forth the British fired, and one of the first bullets very nearly struck Mrs. Thomas Hancock in the head, as she was looking from the door. She was by birth Lydia Henschman,³ "as ladylike a woman as Boston ever bred," according to Miss Quincy. The bullet whizzed by and bedded itself in a barn, while the

¹ *Mass. State Archives*, Vol. 207, p. 217.

² *Life of Henry Ware, Jr.*, 4. By his brother, John Ware.

³ *John Hancock His Book*, 3. Brown.

startled old lady drew back, crying,¹ "What's that!" They told her it was a bullet and that she must take care of herself. It seemed a marvel that it had not struck some of the party, for it had passed between Mrs. Clark and her daughter Mary,² a child of thirteen, who were making their escape, one carrying a baby in her arms. Miss Quincy¹ meanwhile was looking from an upper window. She used to tell of two wounded men being brought into the house for treatment. One of them, whose head was grazed by a ball, insisted that he was dead; the other, who was shot in the arm, behaved better. The first was more scared than hurt.

Shortly after the British had passed on to Concord, the ladies received a letter¹ from Mr. Hancock desiring that they would join him and Mr. Adams in Woburn. We know through John Ware that his Uncle Jonas, son of the parson, was their guide when driven thither earlier in the day. We know too that Revere went with them and was but just returned. It would seem quite possible that the stop on the hillside, previously noted, was by way of a last look on the way over to Mr. Reed's,³ their first retreat in Burlington, and that Revere and young Clark — now definite quarters had been arranged for — returned by coach together, bearing the note. In any case the ladies were soon under way. Burlington, lying to the north of Lexington, was very generally resorted to by the women and children as it lay off the main route; many going to Mr. Reed's⁴ there. Others sought shelter in the William Smith⁴ house towards Waltham. Others again crossed a swamp to rising ground⁵ north of the Common.

While Miss Quincy was driving from town, Loammi

¹ "Incidents in the Life of John Hancock." From the diary of Gen. W. H. Sumner, after meeting at dinner, November, 1822, Hancock's widow. *Magazine of American History*, June, 1888.

² *Life of Henry Ware, Jr.*, 5.

³ *History of Lexington*, 173. Hudson.

⁴ *Lexington His. Soc. Pro.*, I, 52. *Ibid.* II, 118.

⁵ *Siege of Boston*, 64. Frothingham.

Baldwin, noted as introducing the apple bearing his name, was hastening from Woburn, four miles distant, with the greater part of his townsmen. "The town turned out extraordinary,"¹ he tells us himself. The alarm reached them a little before break of day by an express sent from Mr. Stedman of Cambridge. With the others was Lieutenant Joseph Winn,² of Welsh descent. He kept a tavern still standing in 1898, nicknamed the Broiled Chickens from a clumsily painted sign of the Winn Arms, three spread eagles on a shield, and a human hand, cut off at the wrist, figuring in one corner. It was quite nine in the evening before Winn saw the old sign again. Riding somewhat in advance Baldwin was "nigh Jacob Reed's" when he heard a great firing, and soon met flying rumors of the encounter; pushing forward as fast as possible, he came up to the Green and saw the killed and the many wounded.

A number of stragglers, six in all, from the main column of Regulars were made prisoners about this time. Just which was taken first it is a little hard to say. Writing to James S. Loring in 1860 Theodore Parker³ states: "Captain Parker saw a British soldier who had loitered behind, a little drunk, seized him and made him a prisoner. He was completely armed, having the musket you saw, a knapsack, blankets, provisions, cartouch box, with 60 rounds of ball cartridges &c., &c. Captain Parker kept (the gun) as the *spolia opima* as did also his son, and so now likewise does
yours truly

Theodore Parker."

The gun here referred to was subsequently presented to Governor John A. Andrew to be preserved in the Massachusetts State Senate Chamber, where it hangs crossed with the one carried by Captain Parker in 1756 at the capture of Quebec. The gun taken at Lexington weighs 11 lbs. and was manufactured by Grice of London in 1762 for the

¹ *Hist. of Middlesex County*, I, 447. Hurd.

² *Boston Evening Transcript*, July 2, 1898.

³ *Historical Magazine*, July, 1860.

Royal Regiment, 43d. It has been stated that the gun was actually seized by Joshua Simonds¹ from a straggler six feet tall, and that he gave it to Captain Parker. John Parker, the son, kept it over his door, and old Mr. Eli Simonds when a boy used to go to the Belfry shop and borrow the gun for a squirrel hunt. He was a grandson¹ of the captor and Parker used to hand it down with the playful remark, "You may take our gun."

Corporal John Munroe² says, "Two of the British soldiers, who were in the rear of the main body of their troops, were taken prisoners and disarmed by our men, and, a little after sunrise, they were put under the care of Thomas R. Willard and myself, with orders to march them to Woburn precinct, now Burlington. We conducted them as far as Captain James Read's [about two miles] where they were put into custody." Edward Reed of Burlington died in 1902 where his grandfather received these early prisoners. A jack-knife said to have been taken from one of the soldiers and a watch taken by Francis Locke are in the Clark parsonage collection³ at Lexington. Ebenezer Munroe tells us that he carried the arms of the two first prisoners into the Buckman tavern, where some of "our men" without guns seized on them. Abijah Harrington, whose deposition is likewise given in Phinney, says a prisoner, quite possibly one of the foregoing, was captured a few rods below the meeting-house by Benjamin Brown.

The road which the British followed on that day was sharper in grade than the present highway. It went up Fiske Hill after leaving Lexington and branched before Hartwell's or Brooks' tavern, three miles distant, by an abandoned lime-kiln. Burdened by their equipments, wearied, and perhaps with but little heart in the object of the

¹ *Beneath Old Roof Trees*, 34, 36. Brown.

² *Independent Chronicle and Boston Patriot*, April 27, 1825.

³ *Guide Book to the Hancock-Clark House, Arlington*. 1902. Published by the Lexington Historical Society. The Enterprize Print.

expedition, this part of the way was the scene of several easy captures. Sylvanus Wood's¹ narrative gives the story of one. After helping as he could on the Green, "I then proceeded," he writes, "towards Concord with my gun, and when I came near the tavern in Lexington, now kept by Mr Viles, I saw a British soldier seated on the bank by the road. I went to him, with my gun in readiness to fire, if he should offer to resist. I took his gun, cutlass and equipments from him. I then proceeded with him towards Lexington, and meeting a Mr Welch and another person, I delivered the prisoner to them. After Welch arrived in Lexington with the prisoner, I understood that another prisoner was taken by Mr John Flagg, and that they were conducted to Burlington, and put under the care of Captain James Reed. I believe that the soldier who surrendered his gun to me was the first prisoner taken by the Americans that day."

The tavern to which reference is made was about one mile from the meeting-house upon or near Parkhurst Hill. In Sewall's "History of Woburn" it is stated² that Sylvanus Wood kept the soldier's gun, but left his own piece with Welch, who was unarmed, and that the soldier is thought to have secured his liberty by a bribe, as he is not traced afterward. Captain Reed's³ deposition, however, would tend to disprove this supposition. It is as follows: "Soon after the British . . . had taken up their march towards Concord, I arrived at the Common, near the meeting-house, where I found several of the militia dead, and others wounded. I also saw a British soldier march up the road near said meeting-house [possibly the one who had spoken with Mrs. Muzzey], and Joshua Reed of Woburn met him, and demanded him to surrender. He then took his arms and equipments from him, and I took charge of him, and

¹ *A History of the Fight at Concord.* Ripley.

² *History of Woburn*, 364. Samuel Sewall. Boston, 1868. Compare his deposition in Ripley.

³ *History of the Battle at Lexington.* Phinney.

took him to my house then in Woburn Precinct. I also testify that E. Welsh brought to my house, soon after I returned home with my prisoner, two more of said British troops; and two more were immediately brought, and I suppose, by John Munroe and Thomas R. Willard of Lexington; and I am confident, that one more was brought, but by whom, I don't now recollect. All the above prisoners were taken at Lexington immediately after the main body had left the common, and were conveyed to my house early in the morning, and I took charge of them. In the afternoon five or six more . . . were taken . . . on the retreat and put under my care. Toward evening, it was thought best to remove them from my house. I, with the assistance of some others, marched them to one Johnson's in Woburn Precinct, and there kept a guard over them during the night. The next morning we marched them to Billerica; but the people were so alarmed, and not willing to have them left there, we then took them to Chelmsford, and there the people were much frightened; but the Committee of Safety consented to have them left, provided that we would leave a guard. Accordingly some of our men agreed to stay."

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