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THE CONCORD FIGHT.

By FREDERIC HUDSON.

"The first shot that is fired in America separates the two countries."—LORD CHATHAM.



THE MINUTE-MAN.

I.

ONE hundred years ago, on the 19th of April, a handful of the yeomanry of Massachusetts, hastily gathered together, met a regiment of British regular troops in Concord, fired upon them, put them to flight, and drove them to their intrenchments at Boston. It was the opening event of the

Revolutionary war, and may be ranked in history as one of the decisive conflicts of the world.

Half a century after this bold and gallant affair, in 1825, the corner-stone of a monument was laid in the centre of the village to commemorate the incident, and Edward Everett, in the freshness of his eloquence, delivered one of his splendid orations, which thrilled the heart of every patriot. On the expiration of the next decade, in 1836, a plain monument, with an inscription not to be surpassed in brevity and beauty, was erected on the west bank of the Concord River, at the historic spot where the old North Bridge crossed, where was

"Fired the shot heard round the world."

This is the inscription on the simple shaft standing over the spot where the first British blood was shed in the cause of freedom on this continent:

Here,
on the 19th of April, 1775,
was made
the first forcible resistance
to British aggression.
On the opposite bank
stood the American Militia.
Here stood the Invading Army;
and on this spot
the first of the Enemy fell
in the war of that Revolution
which gave
INDEPENDENCE
to these United States.
In gratitude to God
and
in the love of Freedom
this Monument
was erected
A. D. 1836.

On the inauguration of this modest monument the surviving children and grandchildren of the brave farmers who periled their lives on that memorable morning of '75 gathered around this memorial of the deeds of their ancestors, and united their sweet and grateful voices in singing the following beautiful hymn:

on this green bank, by this soft stream,
 We set today a votive stone;
 That memory may their deed redeem
 When, like our fires, our Sins are gone
 Spirit that made those heroes dare
 To die, and leave their children free,
 Bid Time and Nature gently spare
 The shaft we raise to them and Thee.
 By the rude bridge that arch'd the flood,
 Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
 Here, once the embattled farmers stood,
 And fired the shot heard round the world.
 The foe long since in silence slept;
 Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
 And Time the ruined bridge has swept
 Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On the 19th of April, a century after the event thus immortalized by Ralph Waldo Emerson in this epic song, the descendants of those "embattled farmers" meet again, not only around the "votive stone," but around a representative figure of one of the gallant minute-men who stood by that rude bridge, and fired the shot which opened the Revolutionary war, separated the American colonies from the mother country, and gave a free and independent nation to the world.

II.

Such is an epitome of the Concord fight and its consequences. But what led to the collision in that town? What were the details of that remarkable conflict?

III.

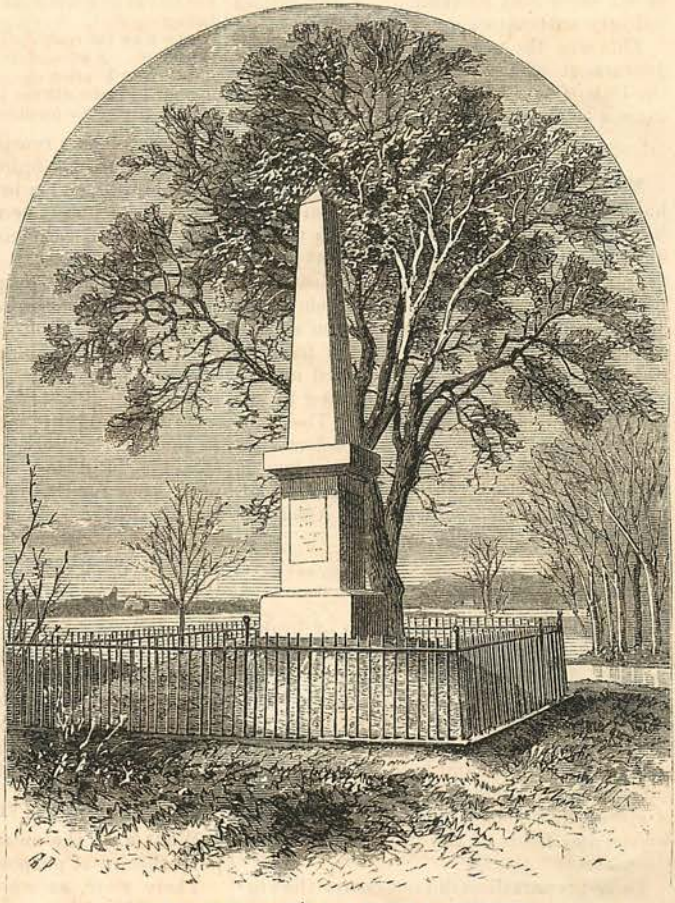
All the world is familiar with the causes which brought on the struggle for inde-

pendence in America. We all know the spirit which animated the people from the seizure of Sir Edmund Andros in Boston, in 1688, to the destruction of the tea in the harbor of that patriotic town in 1774. No one is ignorant of the efforts of Samuel Adams, Joseph Warren, Patrick Henry, Charles Carroll, Alexander Hamilton, Paul Revere, and others, as Sons of Liberty, in clubs, in pamphlets, in newspapers, in pulpits, in the streets, and in coffee-houses, to guide and prepare the people for the impending crisis. All the facts, from the beginning to the end, are fully and graphically detailed in school-books, as well as in more pretentious history. But the immediate cause of the march of the British troops from Boston to Concord, and the particulars of their reception on the route and in that old town, seem to be necessary to enable the reader to comprehend the significance of the movement.

IV.

After a century of annoyances and oppressions heaped upon the colonists by the mother country, the former were finally aroused to the determination to vindicate their rights. One of the steps taken for this purpose was the meeting of a Continental Congress in Philadelphia in September, 1774, where all distinctions between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers, and New Englanders were no more. "I am not a Virginian," exclaimed Patrick Henry, "but an American!" Another step was the assemblage in Concord, in October of the same year, of a Provincial Congress to provide ways and means to resist the tyranny of Parliament, and, with this holy object in view, the purchase of munitions of war was ordered and military organizations encouraged. So, with the spirit of union manifested in the Continental Congress and the practical measures of the Provincial Congress, the colonists prepared for a contest with one of the greatest military and naval powers of the world.

Massachusetts was to receive the first shock of the conflict. Additional troops from England had arrived in Boston, to garrison that town and overawe its inhabitants and those of the surrounding country. There were in that town, early in 1775, ten regiments of the flower of the British army, under the command of Major-General Thomas Gage, and this force was deemed sufficient by Parliament to subdue any rebellious spirit that might show itself in the thirteen colonies. It was believed, indeed, that the moral effect of such a force would be sufficient, and that there would be no further opposition. But the colonists were not to be intimidated. They made their preparations in spite of the threats of the mother country. Military stores were industriously collected, militia companies and minute-men



OLD MONUMENT, LEE'S HILL IN THE BACKGROUND.

were formed and hastily organized into regiments, and the inhabitants of the towns encompassing Boston were constantly on the watch for any movement of the British troops. Minute-men were always on the alert, each with gun and powder-horn, at home, with the plow in the field, at church, or at town-meeting.

Of the few places selected by the Provincial Congress as depôts of military stores, Concord was one. It was a shire town, and its inhabitants were patriotically alive to the vital interests of the country. It was considered necessary to have the cannon, ammunition, provisions, deposited at safe and convenient distances from Boston, to enable the Americans, should an attempt be made to capture these stores, to have timely notice of the movement in order to avert the calamity. The watch over these munitions of war was constant and faithful. Sentinels were stationed at all points on the public roads and at the bridges to warn the country of approaching danger; and the Sons of Liberty in Boston were wide awake

to all suspicious movements of the British military authorities.

This was the state of affairs on the adjournment of the Provincial Congress on the 15th of April, 1775, and thus Concord became a town of great importance.

V.

No better place for military stores could have been selected. In all the troubles of New England, in all the wars with the Indians, in all the expeditions to distant points, to Nova Scotia, Canada, Cuba, or elsewhere, Concord always cheerfully furnished her quota of men and her share of the sinews of war. In that town the love of freedom was ardent enough to be engraved on the tombstones which are still standing in her old-fashioned burying-grounds. There, in 1773, the first emancipation proclamation was uttered over the remains of an honest African, John Jack, the opening lines of which tell the whole story of the American Revolution:

"God wills us free; man wills us slaves;
I will as God wills: God's will be done."

There, in 1774, the Declaration of Rights was formulated. There, later in the same year, as already stated, the patriots of the province, headed by Samuel Adams and John Hancock, met and deliberated on the dangers of the country. There, too, the cannon, the powder and ball, the provisions, gathered with great difficulty, were secretly stored in the barns, cellars, corn-houses, woods, and fields of the prominent men of the place.

These preparations did not escape the vigilant attention of General Gage in Boston. Spies were frequently sent into the country to ascertain the quantity of stores, to gather facts in regard to the state of public feeling, and to obtain information of the roads and bridges. Two of these spies, Captain Brown and Ensign De Berniere, of the British army, visited Concord on the 20th of March, 1775, for this purpose. The ensign, in his narrative of the expedition, said:

"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, jail, 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 also have a store of flour, fish, salt, 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 Daniel Bliss, a friend of government. They 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, and 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 entered it. . . . 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."

These officers remarked to Bliss that the people would not fight; but he knew better, and pointing to his brother, then passing in sight of the house, he replied, "There goes a man who will fight you in blood up to your knees!"

Meanwhile the patriots of Concord were busy in manufacturing fire-arms, gun-carriages, cartouch-boxes, holsters, belts, saddlery, saltpetre, oatmeal, wooden plates, spoons, and various other articles suitable for camp and field; and meanwhile, too, the militia and minute-men had frequent drills to perfect themselves for the approaching struggle. But the British did not give them much time for this necessary instruction in the art of war.

It was important to the British that all these preparations should come to naught; that these stores should be destroyed; that those two patriots, Hancock and Adams, "whose offenses," in the words of General Gage, "were of too flagitious a nature to admit of any consideration than that of condign punishment," should be captured. It was vital to the interests of the crown that a blow should be struck that would crush the patriot cause effectively and forever.

VI.

What were the means adopted to accomplish this great purpose?

There were, as we have said, ten regiments of British troops stationed in Boston. On Saturday, the 15th of April, 1775, a detachment of these troops, consisting of grenadiers, light infantry, and marines, were taken off duty on pretense of learning a new military exercise, and encamped on Boston Common. About ten o'clock on Tuesday evening, the 18th, they were quietly embarked in boats and barges, and conveyed, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Francis Smith, of the Tenth Regiment, and Major John Pitcairn, of the marines, to Lechmere's Point, East Cambridge, where they were landed. After having received a day's rations and thirty-six rounds of ammunition, these troops, numbering eight hundred to one thousand men, began their march, in silence and under cover of night, toward Concord. Officers had previously been sent out over the same road to reconnoitre the route, to intercept any messengers from the friends of freedom in Boston, to prevent the spread of any intelligence of this military enterprise, and, if possible, to surprise and capture Hancock and Adams while *en route* from Concord. The main body of the troops were to proceed to that town and destroy



THE MIDNIGHT RIDE OF PAUL REVERE.

the stores there. The utmost secrecy was observed by the British in all their movements.

But the designs of the enemy could not be concealed from the vigilant Sons of Liberty in Boston. In various ways they became known, and in various ways was the intelligence of the movement of the troops communicated with the interior. On the evening of the 18th of April the following message was sent by express from the Committee of Safety, then sitting in Cambridge, to the "Hon. John Hancock, Esquire:—"

"Eight or nine officers of the king's troops were seen just before night passing the road toward Lexington in a musing, contemplative posture, and it was suspected they were out on some evil design."

Longfellow has truthfully described one of the ways by which information of the departure of the troops across the Charles River, late in the evening, was conveyed to the towns and villages in the country:

"Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five.
Hardly a man is now alive

*It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town,
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.*

Who remembers that day and year.
He said to his friend, 'If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal-light—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea—
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm.'"

The embarkation of the troops for Lechmere's Point immediately became known to Warren and his alert associates through several channels. William Baker, of Haverhill, then twenty years old, lived with Mr. Hall, who resided in Cole's Lane, afterward Portland Street, and worked in his distillery. Many of the British soldiers were Hall's customers. On the evening of the 18th of April a woman who quartered with the Forty-third Regiment went to the shop for some articles, and, being somewhat intoxicated, unguardedly mentioned that some of the troops were going to Concord that night on a private expedition. Hall, acquainted with the fact of the stores collected there, saw the urgency of advising General Warren of the proposed movement.

Baker offered to convey the information, although it was a hazardous undertaking to pass the sentries without the countersign. Warren being absent from home, Hall requested Baker to go to Adjutant Devens and notify him, in order to have the country prepared for the emergency. This was accomplished, and after two efforts the adjutant privately left town, safely reached Charlestown, and had Deacon Larkin's fast horse ready for Paul Revere. Baker was repeatedly stopped by the sentinels, but as the officers he wished to see lived on the way he usually went to the distillery, and as he was known to most of the sentries as a workman there, his excuses for being out on Hall's errands were accepted. With this and corroborative information, the signal "two, if by sea," was given; and messengers were dispatched to arouse the yeomanry to arms. Paul Revere left "the opposite shore" between ten and eleven o'clock that night, passed through Medford, awoke the captain of the minute-men there, and on his ride he thundered the news at every house on the way.

About the same hour Ebenezer Dorr started from Boston, and passed over the Neck and through Roxbury. Dorr was a leather-dresser; he was mounted on a jogging old horse, with saddle-bags behind him, and a large flapped hat upon his head to resemble a countryman on a journey, to be suspected at the time, and afterward mentioned in history, as a peddler. Colonel Josiah Waters, captain of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, followed on foot on the sidewalk a short distance from him, until he saw the brave messenger safely beyond all the sentinels. Waters had obtained his information from an individual named Jasper, an Englishman, a gunsmith by trade, whose shop was in Hatter's Square. He worked for the British, but sympathized with the patriots. It is related that a sergeant-major quartered in his family had confided to him the plans of the British so far as he knew them. Jasper repeated the facts to Waters, who in turn



EBENEZER DORR.



"THE REGULARS ARE COMING!"

communicated them to the Committee of Safety.

VII.

Paul Revere arrived at the residence of the Rev. Jonas Clark, where Hancock and Adams were visiting, in Lexington, about midnight. Sergeant Monroe and eight men were on guard. Revere was refused admittance, as the family did not wish to be disturbed by any noise. "Noise!" exclaimed he. "You'll have noise enough before long: the regulars are coming!" He requested to see Mr. Hancock. Mr. Clark said he must refuse to admit strangers at that time of night, but Hancock recognized Revere's voice, and called out, "Come in, Revere; we are not afraid of you."

Ebenezer Dorr, in his flapped hat, made his appearance soon after, with the annexed dispatch from General Warren:

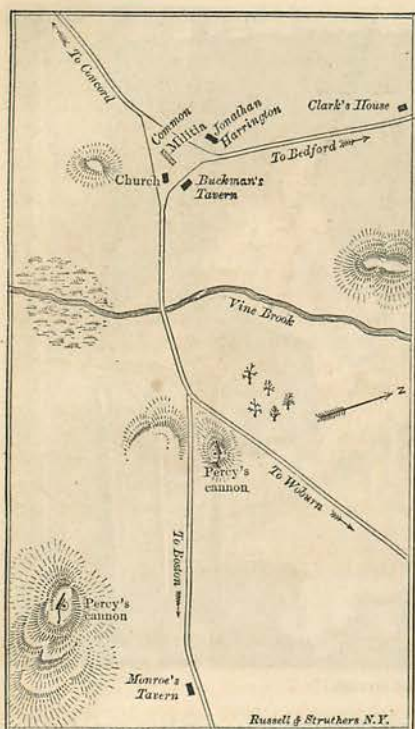
"A large body of the king's troops (supposed to be a brigade of about 1200 to 1500) were embarked in boats from Boston, and gone over to land on Lechmere's Point (so called) in Cambridge; and that it was shrewdly suspected that they were ordered to seize and destroy the stores belonging to the colony deposited at Concord."

Hancock immediately gave the alarm, and the village church-bell pealed forth its warning notes; and long before the dawn of the 19th one hundred and thirty or forty inhabitants of that town and neighborhood had collected on the common. Among the excited patriots was Jonathan Harrington, the fifer. About one o'clock his mother roused him from his sleep. "Jonathan, you

must get up; the regulars are coming; something must be done!" Hancock was full of resolution and happy. Adams was calm and placid and lively. Hancock occupied much of his time in cleaning his gun and sword, and putting his accoutrements in order, with the determination to act with the militia. It was with difficulty that he was dissuaded from this purpose. Adams clapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Hancock, this is not our business; we belong to the cabinet." It was nearly the break of day before he was persuaded not to throw himself into the hands of the enemy. It was made manifest that one of the objects of the expedition was the capture of Adams and himself. Indeed, the inquiries on the road of the officers who had preceded the main body of the enemy satisfied him of this fact. They were anxious to find "Clark's tavern," as they called the Rev. Mr. Clark's house, where the two patriots were visiting, with Mrs. Thomas Hancock, an aunt, and Miss Dorothy Quincy, the *fiancée* of John Hancock.

"Smooth square forehead, with uprolled hair,
Lips that lover has never kissed,
Taper fingers and slender waist,
Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade—
So they painted the little maid.

* * * * *
Hold up the canvas full in view;
Look! there's a rent the light shines through,
Dark with a century's fringe of dust—
That was a redcoat's rapier thrust.
Such is the tale the lady old,
Dorothy's daughter's daughter, told."



MAP ILLUSTRATING THE BRITISH ATTACK AT LEXINGTON.

To insure the safety of these rebel statesmen they were conducted to the house of James Reed, in Burlington, a small neighboring town, and it was while on their way thither that Adams, on hearing the volleys of fire-arms of the British, and beholding the rising sun, exclaimed to Hancock, "Oh, what a glorious morning is this!"

VIII.

The militia and citizens who had gathered on the common on the first alarm remained till three and four o'clock. They had sent out scouts to ascertain where the enemy were, but a reconnoitring party of the regulars had captured them. Every one on the road was taken and detained and closely questioned. The British were inquisitive as to bridges, guards, and military stores at Concord. Simon Winship was compelled to march with the troops till within a quarter of a mile of the church, where they halted to load and prime. All authentic news was thus kept from the provincials, and it was considered safe to dismiss the militia for a short time. Some went to their homes near the common, and some to Buckman's Tavern. But at last Thaddeus Bowman, who had escaped the enemy, arrived with tidings of the rapid approach of the redecoats. About half past four o'clock alarm-guns were fired, and drums beat to arms to recall the mili-

tia. Fifty to sixty armed men were on the common, with thirty or forty unarmed spectators, when the British arrived in sight. Immediately on the appearance of the enemy, Captain Parker, the commander of the militia company, ordered his men to disperse and not to fire. It was deemed useless and reckless to make a stand against such overwhelming numbers; but the boldness of the Americans appearing in arms exasperated the British officers, and they rapidly advanced. One of them was heard to say, "Damn them, we will have them!" The enemy shouted and cheered and rushed furiously toward the provincials. Colonel Smith, Major Pitcairn, and another officer rode forward, and when within five or six rods of the militia, one of them cried out, "Ye villains, ye rebels, disperse! damn you, disperse!" Major Pitcairn said, "Lay down your arms, damn you! why don't you lay down your arms?" and immediately discharged a pistol toward the few men before him, as they were retreating. Colonel Smith, then within a few yards of some of the provincials, brandished his sword and gave the order in a loud voice, "Fire! by God, fire!" The order was instantly obeyed, and a brisk fire was continued by the regulars as long as any of the half a hundred provincials were within range. Eight Americans were killed, and ten wounded. This was the result of this cowardly attack, and it was simply a cold-blooded massacre.

Mrs. Hancock and Miss Quincy remained at the residence of Mr. Clark after the departure of Adams and Hancock, and witnessed the brutal attack of the British. One of their bullets whizzed by Mrs. Hancock's head as she was looking out of the door, and became imbedded in a barn near by. "What's that?" she exclaimed, and immediately retired out of range. Miss Quincy was at a chamber window, a spectator to the tragical scene, the particulars of which she related, nearly half a century afterward, to General William H. Sumner.

On the march from Boston the sound of the alarm-bells and alarm-guns that came across the fields on the still air of that night from the different towns within ear-distance of Colonel Smith's route had admonished him of the necessity of prompt action. Those sounds were premonitions that his march was to be over a dangerous and rough road. While *en route* for Concord, therefore, he dispatched an express to Boston to apprise General Gage of the state of affairs, and urged immediate reinforcements.

IX.

While these exciting scenes were being enacted, the two patriot messengers, Revere and Dorr, alert and active, had proceeded on their important errand to arouse the inhabitants of Lincoln and Concord. They



THE LEXINGTON MASSACRE.

left Clark's house between twelve and one o'clock in the morning, and were on their way, when they were overtaken a short distance beyond the town by Dr. Samuel Prescott, of Concord, who had spent the previous evening at the house of his intended father-in-law. He was hastening home with the news of the coming of the British. The three rode on in company, giving the alarm at every house. When near the Lincoln line they were surprised by the reconnoitring party of the enemy previously mentioned. Revere and Dorr were immediately captured. Very fortunately for Concord, Prescott escaped, after he had the reins of his bridle cut, by jumping his horse over a wall and taking a circuitous route through Lincoln. Mounted on a fleet animal, he safely reached Concord.

The British officers closely interrogated Revere and Dorr. In reply Revere said, "Gentlemen, you have missed your aim." "What aim?" asked one of the officers. "I came out," replied Revere, "an hour after your troops left Boston. If I had not known that messengers had been sent to give information to the country, and have had time to carry it fifty miles, I would have ventured one shot from you before I would have suffered you to stop me." This intelligence startled the officers. On hearing distant bells, a scout, whom they had previously captured on the road, exclaimed, "The bells are ringing; the towns are alarmed: you are all dead men." They thereupon held a hurried consultation, and started toward Boston. When within a hundred rods of the meeting-house in Lexington, about two o'clock in the morning, they took Revere's

horse, cut the girths and bridles of the others, parted with their prisoners, and proceeded at full speed toward Boston, and joined the main body of the troops on the road.

On his way through Lincoln the intrepid Prescott gave the alarm there, which enabled the minute-men of that town, under Captain William Smith and Lieutenant Samuel Hoar, and the militia, under Captain Samuel Farrar, "a man of great energy of character and strength of mind," to arrive in Concord and report for duty almost as soon as the men of Concord were on the common.

X.

The British remained about twenty minutes in Lexington. No time was to be thrown away, in Colonel Smith's view of the situation. They re-commenced their march for Concord very soon after sunrise. They proceeded along the six or seven miles of road unmolested, disturbed only by the ominous sound of church-bells and signal-guns that fell upon their ears from the surrounding country as they advanced toward their destination.

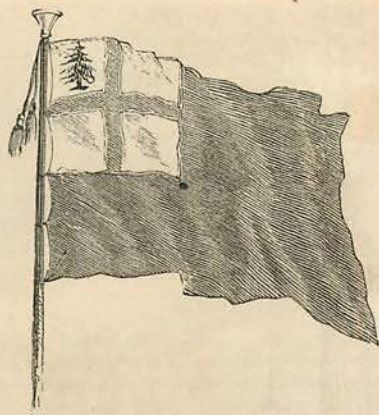
XI.

Concord, meanwhile, had been aroused from her slumbers by the gallant Prescott. The guard on duty at the court-house was Amos Melven. On hearing the exciting news, he discharged his gun and rang out the town bell loud and clear. This was between one and two o'clock in the morning. The Committee of Vigilance, the guard, the minute-men, the militia, the citizens generally, old and young, immediately began to assemble. The first man that made his ap-

pearance was the Rev. William Emerson, armed with his gun. This patriotic promptness of the pastor produced such an impression on the faithful sentinel that in naming his two boys, born after that event, he had one christened Emerson and the other William Melven.

No one was asleep in Concord at three o'clock. All were astir, and wide awake to the approaching danger. The village bell and the alarm-guns aroused Major John Buttrick, who lived half a mile, as the bee flies, across the river. He prepared for the emergency at once, called his son John, a lad of sixteen years and a fifer in Captain Brown's company of minute-men. "John, the bell's a-ringing; jump up, load your pistols, take your life; we'll start immediately for the village." They were there shortly after two o'clock. It was bright moonlight, which enabled every one to move with celerity, and act with promptness and vigor.

The neighboring towns were to be notified of the coming crisis. Special messengers, Abel Prescott and William Parkman among them, were sent forth on this mission. Samuel Prescott, without stopping to rest, started for Acton, where he notified Colonel Francis Faulkner, who immediately fired three guns, the preconcerted signal for an alarm, and at daylight the men of that town were in motion, with Orderly-Sergeant Seth Brooks at their head, till joined by Davis and Hayward. Major Buttrick requested Reuben Brown to proceed to Lexington, obtain what information he could, and return immediately. Another messenger was sent to Watertown on a similar errand. Brown reached Lexington just before the Americans were fired upon, but returned without the result of that sanguinary outrage. "Did the British fire bullets?" asked Major Buttrick. "I do not know," answered Brown, "but think it probable." Many

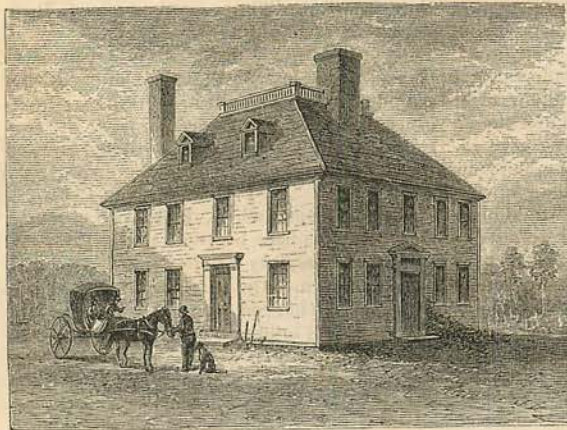


THE OLD PINE-TREE FLAG.

believed they fired blank cartridges merely to intimidate the people, as it was the general opinion that the only object of the expedition was the destruction of the colonial stores.

The Committee of Vigilance and the militia officers had been engaged on the preceding day in removing some of the stores to Sudbury and other towns, in accordance with instructions from the Provincial Committee of Safety, in consequence of the alarming rumors that had reached them. On the return of Brown from Lexington, orders were given for the safety of the remainder. This occupied the attention of Colonel James Barrett and a large number of citizens the early part of the morning. Colonel Barrett was a member of the Provincial Congress, Superintendent of the Public Stores, and commander of the militia in Concord. Cannon and ammunition were carried to Stow. Some was covered with hay, straw, and litter of all sorts. Stores were sent to Acton and other towns, and quantities were concealed in private dwellings and in the woods. All were changed about.

The road from Boston to Concord entered the town from the southeast along a ridge which commenced on the right one mile below the village, rose abruptly from thirty to fifty feet above the road, and terminated at the northeasterly part of the common. The top was plain, and commanded a view of the village and vicinity. About midway on this hill, in the rear of Reuben Brown's house, a liberty-pole had been erected, on which the flag of freedom, the old Pine-tree Flag, was first unfurled. Over this road the British were to enter Concord,



WRIGHT'S TAVERN.

and all eyes and thoughts were therefore strained in that direction.

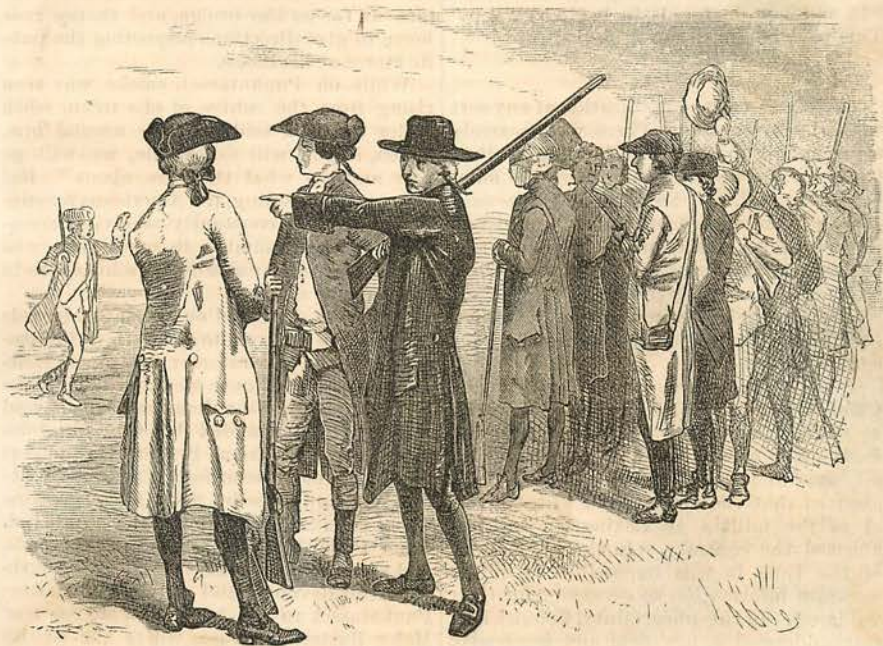
XII.

Minute-men were stationed as guards at the North and South bridges, at a point below Mrs. Jonathan Heywood's, on the Lincoln road, and in the centre of the town. Lieutenant Jonathan Farrar, son of Sergeant Farrar, who was taken prisoner and died at Fort Miller in 1758, was commander of the guard. In case of alarm, it was agreed to meet at Amos Wright's tavern, a building still in existence, and standing close by the immemorial town pump. Near the dawn of day a party of the company of minute-men commanded by Captain David Brown paraded on the common, but were dismissed to meet again at the tap of the drum. Soon after the militia and minute-men of other companies were provided with ammunition at the court-house. They then marched beyond the village, and in sight of the Boston road. There they were joined by a few men of the minute company from Lincoln. One hundred armed men in all had thus assembled in Concord to receive eight hundred to a thousand of the veteran soldiers of England on their approach from Boston! But reinforcements were on the road; the slogan was in the air; the surrounding villages were in arms.

XIII.

It was a few minutes before seven o'clock when the British were discovered marching toward town. The morning was a lovely

one. The previous winter had been an uncommonly mild winter. Spring opened warmly, and the farmers of the country had already commenced their field operations. Fruit trees were in blossom, and the grass and grain had grown sufficiently high to wave with the wind. The sun shone with peculiar splendor, and the morning was a glorious one. One small band of Americans, consisting of Concord, Acton, and Lincoln men, under the command of Captain George Minot, had taken their stand on the hill near the liberty-pole. "No sooner had our men," said William Emerson, "gained it, when they were met by the companies that had been sent out to meet the troops," who reported that the enemy were nearly upon them, and that the Americans must retire. The glittering bayonets of the king's troops were then seen as they marched up to the bend of the road at John Beaton's—a novel, imposing, alarming sight to the squad of militia collected there to meet this invading force. With such overwhelming numbers in sight, the Americans fell back, and took a new position upon an eminence on the same ridge, about eighty rods in the rear, where the men "formed into two battalions." They did not abandon the liberty-pole till the British light-infantry, who came over the hill as flanking parties, had arrived within a few rods' distance. But scarcely had the Americans formed in their new position when they saw "the British troops at the distance of a quarter of a mile, advancing with the greatest celerity."



"LET US STAND OUR GROUND."



THE PROVINCIALS ON PUNKATASSET.

What was to be done?

Some advised that they should face the enemy there, and abide the consequences. Of this opinion was William Emerson, the beloved pastor of the town. "Let us stand our ground," said he. "If we die, let us die here!" Some one spoke to Colonel Eleazer Brooks, of Lincoln, and said, "Let us go down and meet them at once. Now is our time." "No!" emphatically replied Brooks. "It will not do for us to begin the war." This view of the situation prevailed.

XIV.

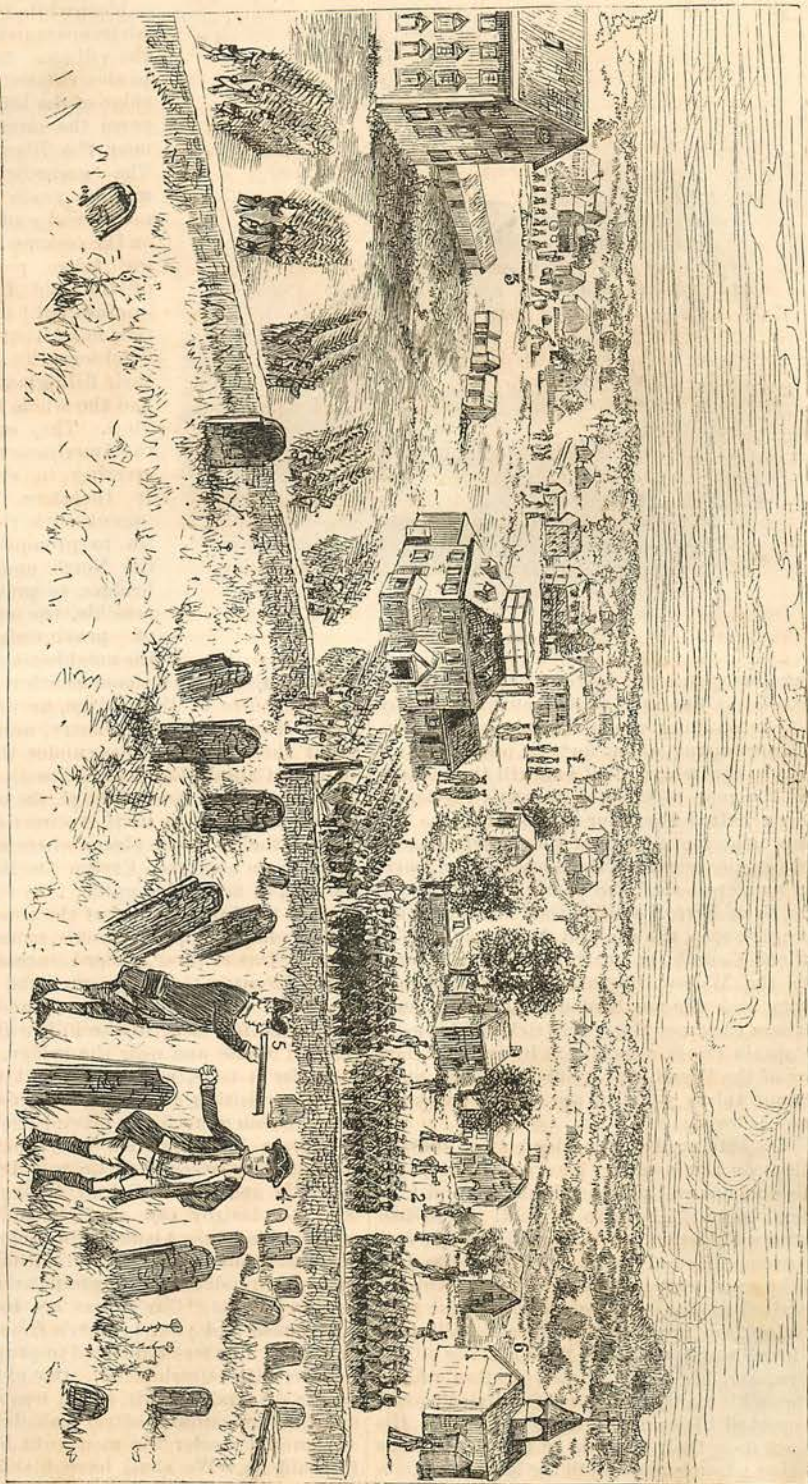
There was yet no organization of any sort with the Americans. There were scarcely men enough to organize; but Major Buttrick saw the necessity of this as the numbers increased, and he went to Lieutenant Joseph Hosmer, then in command of one of the companies, and requested him to act as adjutant. "My company will be left alone if I do," he said. "It must be so, then," replied Buttrick; "you must go." Hosmer became adjutant, and an organization was commenced.

While these movements were being made, Colonel Barrett, who had been incessantly at work in securing the stores, rode up. Individuals were continually arriving with all sorts of reports of the enemy. Some asserted that the British had killed several of the militia at Lexington. Others affirmed the contrary. In the hurly-burly of the time it was impossible to obtain accurate information so necessary for their guidance. In this uncertainty, Colonel Barrett addressed a few firm and impressive words to the men, and charged them not

to fire a shot unless the British first fired upon them. Seeing that the enemy had entered the village a few rods distant, Colonel Barrett ordered the Americans to take a new position, and await increase of numbers. They thereupon proceeded over the North Bridge, and marched, not yet over one hundred and fifty in all, to Punkatasset Hill, about a mile north of the meeting-house. Colonel Barrett accompanied the men as far as the bridge, and thence rode home to give directions respecting the public stores at his house.

While on Punkatasset, smoke was seen rising from the centre of the town, when Major Buttrick said to those around him, "Men, if you will follow me, we will go now and see what they are about." But the smoke subsiding, the Americans remained on the hill, constantly receiving accessions to their number in ones, twos, and threes, each man eager to take his share in the common danger.

Men were stationed on the several roads leading into Concord, to direct the reinforcements to the rendezvous; volunteers hastened forward. Minute-men and militia, the former under Captain Jonathan Wilson, and the latter commanded by Captain John Moore, arrived from Bedford. Numbers came in from Chelmsford, Carlisle, Littleton, Westford, Billerica, Stow, and elsewhere. Those from Billerica came with Captain Solomon Pollard. Some came by the roads, and some across the fields. Thus strengthened, this devoted band marched down from Punkatasset to the high land in front of Major Buttrick's house, where the British on guard at the North Bridge and the vil-



1. Companies of the Regulars marching into Concord. 2. Companies of the Regulars drawn up in order. 3. A Detachment destroying the Provincial Stores. 4. & 5. Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn viewing the Provincials, who were mustering on an East Hill in Concord. 6. The Court and Town House. 7. The Meeting-House.

THE BRITISH TROOPS ON CONCORD COMMON.—[FAC-SIMILE OF AN OLD ENGRAVING.]

XV.



MAJOR BUTTRICK'S HOUSE.

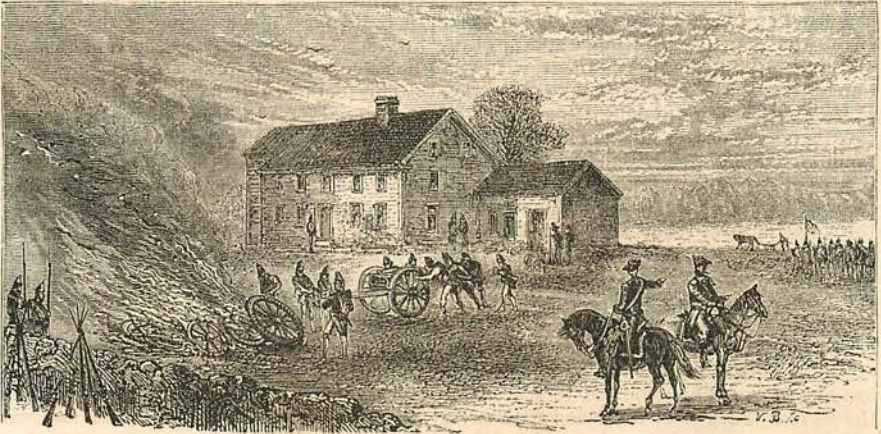
lage were in sight before them. On their arrival at the cross-road, they were met by the Acton minute-men, Captain Isaac Davis. This company, about forty in number, came by the Strawberry Hill road till they reached the rear of Colonel Barrett's residence. They halted there for a short time to observe the movements of the detachment of the enemy searching the house. Then, partly by a cross-road and partly over the fields north of Barrett's Mills, they marched with a quick step, the fife and drum playing *The White Cockade*, in nearly a straight course to the Widow Brown's Tavern. Thence they took the north road to the high land, where they met Major Buttrick and his men. Captain Davis, a gunsmith by trade, a Harry of the Wynd, was a fine, handsome man, about thirty years of age, brave, patriotic, and beloved.

On leaving Acton, an hour after sunrise, Captain Davis said, "I have a right to go to Concord on the king's highway, and I intend to go if I have to meet all the British troops in Boston." To his wife, as if he had a premonition of his fate, he said, "Hannah, take good care of the children." On his arrival at the scene of action, about nine o'clock, he proceeded at once to Adjutant Hosmer, and, with the fire of battle in his eye, and big drops of perspiration rolling down his manly face from his hurried march, reported his company ready for duty. His men took their position to the right of the other minute-men and to the left of the Concord companies.

Meanwhile the British troops marched into the village. Six companies entered on the ridge of the hill to disperse the minute-men near the liberty-pole. The grenadiers and marines came up the main road and halted on the common. Having taken possession of the Old Burying-ground Hill, the officers made that a post of observation. With their field-glasses they had the whole town in view. They saw that the Americans were increasing in strength. It therefore became urgent with the British to promptly seize the North and South bridges, to prevent, if possible, the entrance of provincials from the neighboring towns.

Accordingly, while Colonel Smith remained in the centre of the village, he detached six companies of light-infantry, numbering about three hundred men, under the command of Captain Lawrence Parsons, to take possession of the North Bridge, the only entrance to the town in that direction, and proceed thence to the places where military stores were secreted, Ensign De Berniere, the spy, to act as his guide. On their arrival at the bridge, three of the companies, commanded by Captain Lawrie, remained on guard. One of these, under Lieutenant Edward Thornton Gould, guarded the bridge, while the others, of the Fourth and Tenth regiments, fell back to the hill in front of the Old Manse and near the bridge. They were, for a time, scattered about in that vicinity, visiting the houses for food and drink, which were freely given them.

Captain Parsons, with the other three companies, proceeded to Colonel Barrett's, one mile and a half distant, to the northwest, to destroy the stores there. They reached his house about eight o'clock, and just after Colonel Barrett had left on his return to the rendezvous. Captain Parsons said to Mrs. Barrett, "Our orders are to search your house and your brother's from top to bottom." She was requested to provide the soldiers with refreshments. One of the sergeants demanded spirit, but it was refused, and the commanding officer forbade its use, as it would render the men unfit for duty, for, said he, "We shall have bloody work to-day: we have killed men in Lexington."



RESIDENCE OF COLONEL BARRETT.

Mrs. Barrett was offered compensation for the refreshments, but she refused to take any, remarking, "We are commanded to feed our enemies." They threw some money into her lap, which she finally retained, saying, "This is the price of blood." She was assured of good treatment, and that private property would be respected. Some musket-balls, cartridges, and flints had been concealed in casks in the attic, and covered with feathers. They were not discovered. Several cannon had been buried in the field in the rear of the house, and the field freshly plowed. So they were saved. The soldiers took fifty dollars in money from one of the rooms, although the officers had forced money on Mrs. Barrett for food and drink. On seeing Stephen, a son of Colonel Barrett, who had just entered the house, an officer demanded his name. "Barrett," said he. "Then you are a rebel;" and taking hold of him, said, "You must go to Boston with us, and be sent to England for trial." He was, however, released when Mrs. Barrett exclaimed, "He is my son, and not the master of the house." It was the intention to take Colonel Barrett a prisoner, as he was considered one of the prominent rebels of the province. Another son, James Barrett, Jun., was at the house, but being lame and inactive at the time, he was not molested. The soldiers had collected a few gun-carriages in a pile to burn. These were placed dangerously near the barn. Observing this, Mrs. Barrett reminded the officers of their promise not to injure private property. They promptly ordered the articles to be carried into the road, where they were consumed. Shortly after they were startled by the signal-guns at the bridge, and the troops immediately retreated toward the village.

While the enemy were at Colonel Barrett's, and just before their retreat, two companies, one of militia and one of minute-men, from

Sudbury, arrived within sight of the house. These were under the command of Captains Aaron Haynes and John Nixon; Jonathan Rice was a lieutenant in one of the companies. They were accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel Ezekiel How. Nixon was subsequently a general in the Continental army. On the arrival of these patriots within half a mile of the South Bridge, they were informed by Stephen Barrett, stationed there, that they were to proceed to the North Bridge. To reach that point they had to pass Colonel Barrett's house. Noticing the British there, they halted, and Colonel How exclaimed, "If any blood has been shed, not one of the rascals shall escape;" and, disguising himself, he rode on to ascertain the truth, and talked with the British officers. Stephen Barrett, who came along with the Sudbury men, on entering the house of his father was confronted as we have described. The Sudbury militia and minute-men followed in the rear of the British, and joined in the general pursuit from Concord to Charlestown.

With one of these companies was Deacon Josiah Haynes, eighty years of age. He was urgent to attack the British at the South Bridge, dislodge them, and march into the village by that route. Such was the spirit that every where prevailed among the people at that time. This aged patriot pursued the enemy with ardor as far as Lexington, and was killed there by a musket-ball.

On the way to town the British stopped for a few minutes at Widow Brown's Tavern, and three or four officers went in for some drink. Some was taken out to the soldiers on the road. The officers offered to pay for what they had, but Mrs. Brown declined all compensation. After a brief tarry, almost in sight of the scene of action, they resumed their march to the bridge, wholly ignorant of what had occurred there.

XVI.

Immediately after Captain Parsons started on the above expedition, Captain Monday Pole, of the Tenth Regiment, with one hundred men, was ordered to take possession of the South Bridge, and destroy such public provincial property as he could find in that vicinity. Mrs. Joseph Hosmer, in looking out of one of her eastern windows about seven o'clock that morning, saw the approach of the soldiers soon after they left the common, by the glistening of their bayonets in the bright sunlight. On their arrival at the bridge, Captain Pole stationed a guard there, and a detachment on Lee's Hill as a corps of observation, while the remainder of his command visited the houses in that locality for refreshments, and to search for the stores. They were furnished with milk, potatoes, meat, and bread for breakfast. They entered the house of Ephraim Wood to take him prisoner. He was an active patriot, and held the office of town-clerk. Energetically engaged in the important work of the morning in assisting to secure the public stores, he was fortunately not at home. In searching Amos Wood's house the officers were quite liberal, and gave a guinea to each of the women present, to compensate them for the trouble and annoyance inflicted upon them! One room was fastened, and an officer politely asked Mrs. Wood, "Are there not some women locked up there?" With quick wit, she gave an evasive answer, which led the officer to believe such was the case, for he im-

mediately said, "I forbid any one entering this room." Thus a large quantity of military stores concealed therein remained unmolested.

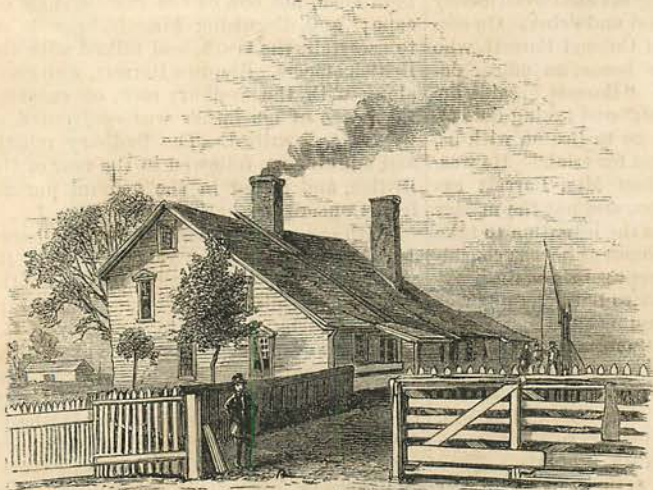
This detachment were also startled by the signal-guns at the North Bridge, and immediately recrossed the river. They removed the planks of the bridge to render it impassable, and hastened back to the centre of the town.

XVII.

While these operations were going on at the outskirts of the town, Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn were not idle in the village. There the grenadiers and marines broke open sixty barrels of flour, disabled two twenty-four-pounders, destroyed their carriages, their wheels and limbers, sixteen wheels for brass three-pounders, two carriages with limbers for two four-pounders, and a few barrels of wooden trenchers and spoons. They threw into the mill-pond and into wells about five hundred pounds of ball. The liberty-pole on the hill was cut down and burned. According to Shattuck they set fire to the venerable court-house and town-hall, the quaintly shaped vane on which bore the date of 1673; but the building and vane were saved, and the latter is still blown about by the winds near the spot where it has been the weather guide for two centuries. But tradition states that the building was fired by an indignant patriot, in retaliation for the destruction of some of the military stores of the province; and the tongs which carried the firebrand

into the building are said to be still in existence in Maine, in the possession of a descendant of the patriotic incendiary. Mrs. Martha Moulton, over eighty years of age, and Betty Hartshorne, who lived near where the Middlesex Hotel stands to-day, became alarmed, hastened to the soldiers, and said, "The top of the house is filled with powder: if you don't put out the fire, you'll all be killed." Several of the grenadiers thereupon extinguished the fire, and they worked with some alacrity.

The day was full of scenes and incidents of audacity and patriotism.



EBENEZER HUBBARD'S HOUSE.

Captain Timothy Wheeler had the care of a large quantity of flour belonging to the province, which, with a few sacks of his own, was stored in his barn. This he preserved by a little "innocent evasion." When the troops appeared, he, with affected simplicity, was glad to see them, and offered them bread-and-cheese and cider. After partaking of his hospitality they went to this corn-house, and were about to break in the door, when he requested them to desist. "If you will wait a minute, I will open it for you." On entering the building he said, "Gentlemen, I am a miller. I improve those mills yonder, by which I get my living, and every gill of this flour," putting his hand on a sack really his own, "I raised and manufactured on my own farm, and it is all my own. This is my store-house. I keep my flour here until such time as I can make a



JONES'S TAVERN.

market for it." After a moment's reflection the officer said, "Well, I believe you are a pretty honest old chap. You don't look as if you could do any body much hurt, and we won't meddle with you."

The soldiers then visited Ebenezer Hub-



MAJOR PITCAIRN STIRRING HIS BRANDY.

bard's place, next to Wheeler's. They discovered a quantity of flour in a malt-house near the spot now covered by the Orthodox Church. They beat off the boards of one end of the building, and seized the sixty barrels already mentioned, which they rolled out into the road, and some of them into the mill-pond. Some of the flour was scattered over the road, making it appear as if there had been a slight fall of snow.

Another scene occurred at the tavern of Captain Ephraim Jones. This was situated on the land which the residence of Mr. R. N. Rice now ornaments, near the Public Library. Henry Gardner, the Province Treasurer, had boarded there during the session of the Provincial Congress, and had left in Jones's custody a chest containing some important papers and some money. In an accidental collision Jones had knocked Major Pitcairn down, and was placed under a guard of five men for his carelessness! While thus a prisoner, his house was searched, and the soldiers went to the chamber where Gardner's chest was deposited. Hannah Burns, who lived with the family, met them at the door, and insisted that it was her apartment, and contained her property. After considerable conversation they left her, and the chamber was not touched. Needing refreshments, Captain Jones was released, that he might attend at the bar, but he declared that not a soldier should have a right without paying for it. But might was right there as elsewhere over the world.

While in the village the British seized and abused several citizens, aged men, who were not armed, some in mere wantonness. Among them was Deacon Thomas Barrett, a brother of Colonel Barrett. In his building there was a gun factory, carried on by his son, Samuel Barrett. The deacon was a man noted for his piety and for the mildness of his manners. Not terrified by the scenes around him, he protested against the violence of the soldiers, and alluded to the unkind treatment of the colonies by the mother country. When they threatened to kill him as a rebel, he calmly said, "You need not take that trouble, for I am old, and will soon die of myself." Touched a little by this remark, they said, "Well, old daddy, you may go in peace."

The historically famous and profane Major Pitcairn, afterward killed at Bunker Hill, called for a glass of brandy at Wright's Tavern, and, while stirring it with his finger, remarked, "I mean to stir the damned Yankee blood as I stir this, before night!" The Yankee blood, it subsequently appeared, was never more stirred than it was during the whole of that immortal day.

XVIII.

The Americans were not inactive while the British were thus engaged in searching

their private dwellings, insulting and threatening their fellow-townsmen, and burning and destroying their public stores. They were increasing in numbers on the hill near the North Bridge. Several hundred had assembled there, and affairs wore a serious and threatening aspect.

There were a regiment of militia and a regiment of minute-men, imperfectly organized, in the vicinity of Concord. There were also two small companies of horse, one in Concord and one in Sudbury, but the members were on duty on that day with the foot companies. The officers of the minute companies had no commissions. They derived their authority solely by the votes of their comrades in arms. They had no combined military organization. In the emergency like that on the 19th of April, aid and comfort were accepted as they came. Of the few hundred men that were engaged in the opening fight of the Revolution, two hundred belonged to Concord. They were volunteers, and no full list of their names has ever appeared. About one hundred names were collected, and we annex the roll of those we have been able to gather here and there in our researches.

NAMES OF CONCORD MEN AT THE FIGHT AT NORTH BRIDGE.

James Barrett.	Benjamin Prescott.
John Buttrick.	Ephraim Potter.
John Buttrick, Jun.	David Brown.
Reuben Brown.	William Parkman.
Josiah Brown.	William Emerson.
Purchase Brown.	Ephraim Wood, Jun.
Benjamin Clark.	James Cogswell.
Abel Davis.	John Cuming.
Thaddens Davis.	Jonathan Farrar.
John Eastbrook.	George Minot.
Benjamin Hosmer.	Jonathan Harris.
Elijah Hosmer.	Nathan Barrett.
Ebenezer Hardy.	Joseph Hosmer.
Joseph Merriam.	William Mercer.
Charles Miles.	John Robbuis.
James Russell.	Jonas Brown.
David Wheeler.	Zachariah Brown.
Thomas Davis, Jun.	Joseph Hayward.
Amos Melven.	Thaddens Blood.
John White.	Joseph Butler.
Francis Wheeler.	John Barrett.
Andrew Conant.	Ephraim Wood.

Among those early on the field from the neighboring towns was Lieutenant-Colonel John Robinson, of Westford, of the regiment of minute-men commanded by the brave Colonel William Prescott. He was accompanied by the Rev. Joseph Thaxter, Captain Joshua Parker, and private Oliver Hildreth. Mr. Thaxter had been preaching at Westford as a candidate. On the first tidings of danger he hastened to Concord, armed with a brace of pistols, and was in front to receive the first fire of the enemy; and he and William Emerson, the pastor of Concord, were the first chaplains of the Revolution.

Major Abijah Pierce, of Lincoln, who had just been elected colonel of a regiment of minute-men, came with only a walking-cane,

and had to wait to obtain a gun by capture from the enemy. In a few hours he was armed and equipped, and ready for active duty. Officers as well as men were armed with muskets in this initial engagement.

Acting Adjutant Hosmer, with characteristic energy, formed the Americans as they arrived on the hill near the bridge, westerly of the residence of the late Stedman Buttrick. This field was about fifty rods from the river. The minute companies were placed on the right, and the militia companies on the left, facing the bridge. They were formed in two lines, and while in position John Buttrick, the young fifer, counted the front line, and stated that there were 250 men. This made the force of Americans at nine o'clock in the morning about 500.

While these preparations were being made, to show the contiguity of the opposing parties, a minute-man of Lincoln, named James Nichols, an Englishman, who was represented as "a droll fellow and a fine singer," said, "If any of you will hold my gun, I will go down and talk to them." Some one took his gun, and he went down alone to the British soldiers at the bridge, and conversed with them for several minutes. On his return he said he was going home. Afterward he enlisted and joined the Americans on Dorchester Heights, whence he deserted to the enemy.

XIX.

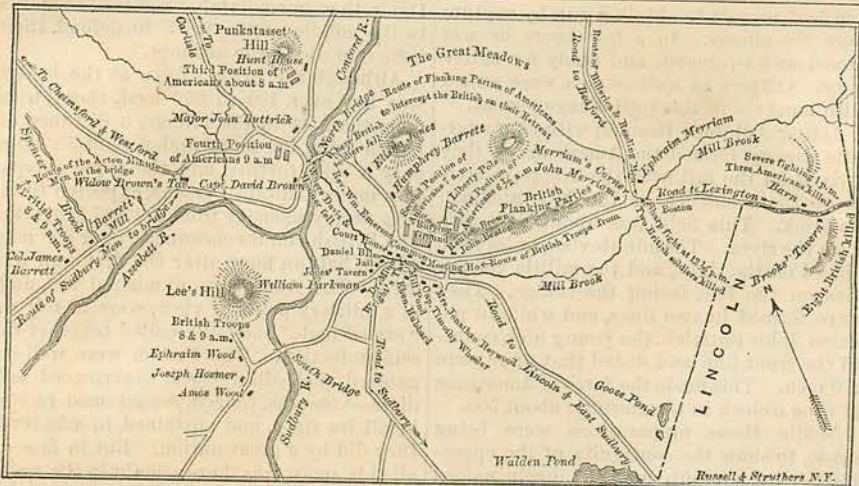
On the highest point of land where the Americans had assembled, the chief officers and citizens of Concord, with a few from the adjoining towns, held a council of war. There was an animated consultation on that historic spot. There Colonels Barrett, Robinson, Pierce, and Brooks, Major Buttrick, Captains Davis, Brown, Miles, Barrett, and Smith, citizens William Parkman, Ephraim Wood, and others, met and consulted on the course they would pursue. These patriots, requiring even more moral than physical courage to meet the regulars, armed with the power of a strong government, did not long hesitate. Indeed, the aggressions of the enemy soon provoked them to a decision. While these deliberations were absorbing their attention, the British were ruthlessly burning gun-carriages, wheels, the liberty-pole, and other spoils in the village, the smoke from which rose in a cloud over the common, and was plainly to be seen by those on the hill. It appeared as if the enemy had already set fire to the town. The sight sent a thrill of indignation through the ranks of the militia and minute-men gathered there. In the midst of the excitement the energetic Hosmer exclaimed, "They have set the village on fire! Will you let them burn it down?" With this danger in view, and urged by the bold and emphatic expressions of Major Buttrick and Captain

Davis, they immediately "resolved to march to the middle of the town to defend their homes, or die in the attempt."

Although the British force at the bridge was not over 150 to 200 men, there were more than 500 in the village, a distance of half a mile, 100 more under Captain Pole, only a mile further, and the three companies under Captain Parsons, expected to return at any moment from Colonel Barrett's. The British could concentrate over 800 men within half an hour after the first gun was fired. The Americans numbered 500, and, in a military point of view, were merely an "armed mob," suddenly called together for self-protection. The British were well-organized, well-disciplined, experienced soldiers—veterans, indeed, accustomed to war in all its rigor, and sustained in whatever they did by a great nation. But in face of all this array, was there a doubt in the ranks of the Americans? In the excitement of the hour Captain Smith, of Lincoln, full of patriotic impulses, volunteered to dislodge the enemy at the bridge with his single company. Smith had led his men to the field on the first alarm, and leaving his horse at Wright's Tavern in the village, took his position on the hill and joined in the council. Captain Davis, of Acton, animated with the same feelings, exclaimed, "I haven't a man that's afraid to go." This was the spirit shown by the provincials, and it was decisive. It was arranged that in the forward movement Captain Davis, as commander of the first company of minute-men, should take the right, which he did in a gallant manner. It was thought best that the minute-men should have the advanced position, because many of them had bayonets, and it was deemed best to be prepared for a charge and close fighting.

XX.

The crisis had come. The council broke up, the officers took their respective positions, as well as circumstances would permit, and Colonel Barrett gave the order to march to "the bridge and pass the same, but not to fire on the king's troops unless they were fired upon." They wheeled from the right, Luther Blanchard and John Buttrick, the young fifers, playing *The White Cockade*, advanced to the scene of action, and placed themselves in an exposed position on the rough, narrow highway. Approaching the road leading from Captain David Brown's house to the bridge, the Acton minute-men, under Davis, passed in front, and marched toward the bridge. In files of two abreast the Concord minute-men, under Brown, pushed forward, and came next in position. These companies were followed by those of Captains Miles and Barrett. The former marched to the battle-field "with the same seriousness and acknowledgment



MAP ILLUSTRATING THE CONCORD FIGHT.

of God which he always felt on going to church." The Acton militia company, under Lieutenant Simon Hunt, followed the Concord minute-men. Those from Lincoln and Bedford fell in under the direction of Colonel Barrett, who continued on horseback in the rear, giving orders to the volunteers as they came in from the other towns. It is impossible to state the precise position of all the Americans as they advanced. The lower road, leading to the bridge, was narrow and subject to inundations, and a wall had been built with large stones, on the upper side, in which posts were placed for a railing, to enable foot passengers to pass over when the river overflowed the road. It can be imagined that this was not a favorable place for the formation of many men in battle array, even if they had been drilled soldiers.

Major Buttrick took command of the Americans in the forward movement. He was accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel Robinson. Major Buttrick requested Colonel Robinson to act as his superior, as he was his senior in years and in rank, but Colonel Robinson modestly declined, and said he would go as a volunteer aid. "In the left hand they held their fuses trailed," and marched with Captain Davis and his men. Major Buttrick thus led this small band of patriots in double file to the scene of blood.

XXI.

The British, somewhat scattered in small groups on the bridge and on the west bank of the river, noticing the advance of the Americans, immediately formed and crossed to the east bank, taking up some of the planks of the bridge as they passed over. The soldiers under Captain Lawrie, who had previously retired to the hill, moved forward and joined their companions on the right

bank of the river. The attempt of the British to dismantle the bridge attracted the attention of Major Buttrick as the Americans were advancing, "two and two, and turning the corner of the cross-road." He remonstrated against the act in a loud and emphatic tone, and ordered his men to march in a quick step. Thereupon the enemy desisted from the destruction. They became alarmed at the menacing movement of the Americans; and it may have occurred to them at the time that whatever obstructions were placed in the way of the Americans would jeopard the safety of Captain Parsons's detachment.

It was, according to Captain David Brown, "between nine and ten of the clock in the forenoon." The British fired two or three guns in quick succession. These were preconcerted signal-guns for the distant detachments of the enemy to return at once. When the Americans arrived within ten or fifteen rods of the bridge, and were rapidly moving forward, one of the regulars, a sharp-shooter, stepped from the ranks and discharged his musket, manifestly aimed at Major Buttrick or Colonel Robinson, the ball from which, passing under the arm of the latter, slightly wounded Luther Blanchard, the fifer of the Acton company, in the side, and Jonas Brown, one of the Concord minute-men. This gun was immediately followed by a volley, which instantly killed Captain Isaac Davis and private Abner Hosmer, of Acton, a ball passing through the heart of the former, and another through the head of the latter, and slightly wounding Ezekiel Davis, a brother of Captain Davis, a ball passing through his hat and grazing his head. When he saw that his fifer was wounded, Captain Davis impulsively stepped to the wall by the road, and was in the act of sighting his gun, when he was



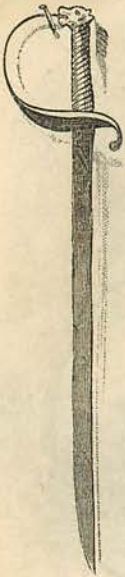
THE RUDE BRIDGE.

hit by the enemy's shot. He sprang two or three feet in the air, fell on the north side of the wall, and expired without uttering a word. Joshua Brooks, of Lincoln, was struck with a ball that cut through his hat and drew blood on his forehead. It appeared as if he had been cut with a knife; and "I concluded," said Private Baker, "that the British were firing jackknives."

Major Buttrick, then in front of Captain Brown's company, instantly jumped from the ground, and partly turning to his men, impetuously exclaimed, "Fire, fellow-soldiers! for God's sake, fire!" discharging his own gun at the same moment. Captain Brown, who never before nor after used a profane word, exclaimed, "God damn them, they are firing balls! Fire, men, fire!" drew up his own musket, deliberately aimed, and fired. One of the dead British soldiers, buried near the old monument, was believed to have been the result of that shot. Major Buttrick's order ran along the line of militia and minute-men, the word "Fire!" "Fire!" came from a hundred lips, and a general discharge instantly followed from the Americans. They fired as they stood, and over each other's heads. The fusillade continued for a few minutes only, when the British broke and fled in great alarm and confusion. Noah Parkhurst, one of the Lincoln men, said to one of his comrades, "Now the war has begun, and no one knows when it will end!"

XXII.

The fire of the Americans was destructive. Two British soldiers were instantly killed. Five officers, Lieutenants Gould, Hall, Sunderland, and Kelly, and a sergeant and six privates, were reported to have been wounded at the same time. It has never been accurately ascertained how many privates suffered in this engagement. More than a dozen had their wounds dressed in the village by Drs. Minot and Cummings, and, of course, there were surgeons with the expeditionary force. Many of the troops were covered with blood as they passed the houses on their retreat to the village, and were seen in this condition from the windows. The sudden flight of such veteran soldiers showed that the fire of the Americans must have been very severe. Lieutenant Hall was taken prisoner on the road, and died the next day. His remains were delivered to General Gage. Lieutenant Gould was also captured, and committed to the kind care of the Rev. Edward Brooks, of Medford. Money was Gould's hope and guide, for he offered \$10,000 for his liberty. On the 28th of May he was exchanged for Josiah Breed, of Lynn, who was wounded in the afternoon of that day. Lieutenant James Potter, of the marines, was also a prisoner, and confined for some time at Reuben Brown's. The black-handled and brass-hilted sword of one of these officers is now in the curious *bric-à-brac* collection of antiques in the rooms of



SWORD CAPTURED
AT CONCORD,
APRIL 19, 1775.

Charles E. Davis, an enthusiastic archaeologist in Concord. On the hilt the characters X° RG° C° VI. N° 10 are engraved.

Two or three of the prisoners were confined in Concord jail. Sergeant Cooper, one of the party who assisted in the search of Colonel Barrett's house, and one of the prisoners, subsequently married a woman who lived with Dr. Cuming. Another, Samuel Lee, who afterward lived in Concord, always asserted that he was the first British soldier captured in that town. The jail was close by Jones's Tavern, and a sketch of the building was drawn by General Sir Archibald Campbell, who was captured off Boston by a French privateer, and confined in it in 1777, till exchanged for Ethan Allen.

The two soldiers killed at the bridge were left on the ground where they fell, and afterward buried by Zachariah Brown and Thomas Davis, Jun., and the spot marked by two rude stones to point out "the place where the first British blood was shed in a contest which resulted in a revolution the mightiest in its consequences in the annals of mankind;" and the stones have remained there to this day. One of the wounded soldiers, John Bateman, died, and was buried at the end of the ridge on the common.

Of the wounded Americans there is only this additional incident to relate. On feeling that he had been hit, Blanchard went, after the action, to the house of Humphrey Barrett, where Mrs. Barrett, on examining the wound with a mother's solicitude, remarked, "A little more, and you'd been killed." "Yes," said Blanchard, "and a little more, and t'wouldn't have touched me at all," and then immediately rejoined his company.

Several of the minute-men were detailed to convey the bodies of Davis and Hosmer to the house of Major Buttrick, whence they were taken that afternoon to Acton.

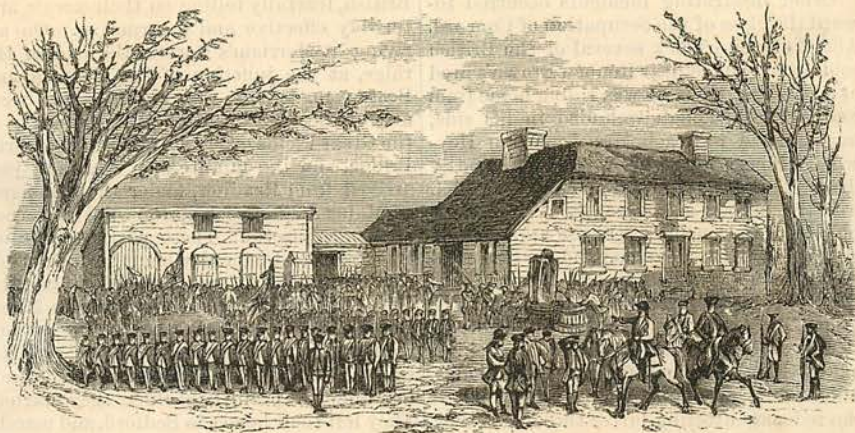
On the retreat of the enemy most of the Americans crossed the bridge in pursuit. Many, including the Concord minute-men and the Acton minute-men, the latter under the command of Lieutenant John Hayward after the fall of Davis, went to the eminence in the rear of Elisha Jones's house, now the residence of John S. Keyes, Esq., and stood behind a wall forty rods or more from where the retreating British were joined by a reinforcement from the village. One of the bullets fired by the enemy during the retreat passed through the shed of Jones's house. The shed and bullet-hole have been carefully preserved by the present owner of the place, and they continue to be an object of patriotic attraction to the many pilgrims who annually visit the scene of the fight.

The result of the affair at the North Bridge, in figures, was as follows :

	Killed.	Wounded.	Total.
Americans.....	2	4	6
British.....	4	13	17



OLD JAIL.



HALT OF TROOPS NEAR ELISHA JONES'S HOUSE.

XXIII.

What was the effect of this repulse on the British?

The fire of the Americans astonished and undecieved them. It was wholly unexpected, for they did not believe the colonists would fight. They did not recover from the shock it gave them, and they continued their retreat to the hill on the north side of the village, on the edge of the common, notwithstanding the reinforcement of grenadiers pushed forward by Colonel Smith to their relief. They reached the main body about the time Captain Pole and his detachment arrived. Shortly after, and in the midst of the utmost confusion and excitement, Captain Parsons reached the bridge from Colonel Barrett's. When his soldiers saw the dead bodies of their comrades on the bank of the river, they were seized with a panic, and "ran with great speed" to the centre of the town. "Their conduct was observed by the Rev. Mr. Emerson and his family, who had witnessed the whole tragical scene from the windows of his house near the battleground." It has been asserted that if the Americans had not become somewhat confused and scattered by the occurrences that had just taken place, this detachment of the enemy would have been captured; but it is as probable that the Americans did not wish to run the risk of having the village burned in retaliation. And what could they have done with so many prisoners?

XXIV.

This short and sharp action changed the position of affairs in Concord. The British had held possession of the town from seven o'clock in the morning. With the first shot the Americans had assumed the offensive.

It is believed that by half past ten o'clock the British had their entire force concentrated in the village. "For half an hour," said William Emerson, "the enemy, by their

marches and counter-marches, discovered great fickleness and inconstancy of mind, sometimes advancing, sometimes retreating to their former posts." It has been supposed that Colonel Smith was in hopes that the reinforcements he had sent for would join him at Concord. But whatever were his expectations, his delay nearly proved fatal to his entire command. It was finally decided to retreat to Boston. It became clear to Colonel Smith that his only safety was in the immediate evacuation of Concord. The British thereupon arranged for the care of the wounded, and hastily collected their material together for the retrograde movement. One of the officers, in his hurry-scurry, left his gold watch at Dr. Minot's, where several of the wounded had been placed. It was found by an old black servant, who, with honest simplicity, called out, "Hollo, Sir, you have left your watch."

The British, in order to carry off some of their disabled officers, confiscated a chaise belonging to Reuben Brown, and another owned by John Beaton. These stolen vehicles were furnished with bedding taken from the neighboring houses. They also appropriated several horses, and among them was the animal that Captain Smith, of Lincoln, had left at Wright's Tavern. One of the chaises was subsequently recaptured by Lieutenant Hayward and returned to its owner, and the following advertisement, which appeared in the *Essex Gazette* of the 10th of August, 1775, tells us about one of the horses, and describes the stolen bedding:

"Lieut. Joseph Hayward, of Concord, gives Notice that on the 19th of April last, in the Fight, he took from the Regulars in Menotomy a Horse and Chaise. The Chaise was owned by Mr. Reuben Brown, of Concord. What remains in his hands is a mouse-colored Horse, near 13 hands high, old, poor, and dull; a good Bed Quilt, Tammy on both sides; a good Camlet Riding-hood, brown color; one Pillow; and a piece of Bed-Tick. The owner may have them by telling the marks and paying the Charge of this Advertisement."

Other interesting incidents occurred toward the close of the occupation of Concord. About eleven o'clock several of the British soldiers stationed near Reuben Brown's fired at Abel Prescott as he was riding home from Sudbury. Although wounded in his side, he managed to reach Mrs. Jonathan Heywood's house, where his wound was hastily dressed by Mrs. Heywood and her son Abiel, a lad then, but subsequently a prominent physician in Concord. On the approach of the soldiers, Mrs. Heywood and her son gathered all the family silver and threw it into the well, and then sought a place of greater safety. Prescott ran up stairs and concealed himself in a cask in a dark place behind one of those enormous chimneys which half filled every house in those days. He heard the redcoats uttering bitter threats, as they unsuccessfully searched for him. In their disappointment they smashed the windows of the house. Abel was a brother of Samuel Prescott, who brought the first news of the British early in the morning, and they were a pair of noble brothers.

XXV.

The British left the village at twelve o'clock. They retreated in the same order as they entered, the infantry on the ridge of the hill on their left, and the grenadiers and marines on the road, but with more numerous flanking parties, and thrown out further from the main body. They evidently felt that the return on the home stretch was to be a hazardous one, and Colonel Smith acted with caution. The whole country had been aroused, and it seemed as if "men came down from the clouds."

After the first conflict there was no military order with the Americans. They became almost at one blow an independent people. On the pursuit each man was his own general, chose his own time, his own position, and his own mode of attack. This was a new style of fighting to most of the

British, fearfully telling on their *morale*, and terribly effective and destructive. On arriving at Merriam's Corner, the end of the ridge, at the junction of the Bedford and Boston roads, the retreating enemy were met by the Americans who had crossed over the Great Fields or Meadows from the North Bridge, and the minute-men who had just arrived from Reading, under the command of Major John Brooks, afterward Governor of Massachusetts. These patriots were on their way to Concord when the ball opened. When the alarm reached Reading, the Rev. Edmund Foster ran directly to Major Brooks, and asked, "Are you going to Concord, and when?" "Immediately," was the reply. With the militia company of Reading, under Captain Bachelder, they started. They left their horses in Bedford, and marched to Merriam's Corner, and arrived there shortly before the British flanking parties came over the hill. There they united with the men fresh from the fight, flushed with excitement and the smoke of battle. General Ebenezer Bridge, of Chelmsford, with a few men from Bedford, was also there; and Colonel William Thompson, with a company of militia from Billerica, added their strength to the others. There was also a company from East Sudbury in time for the second conflict. On came the enemy down the road and over the hill, and a sharp and serious engagement was fought there. It was thus described by Foster:

"Before we came to Merriam's Hill we discovered the enemy's flank guard of about eighty or a hundred men, who, on the retreat from Concord, kept the height of the land, the main body being in the road. The British troops and the Americans at that time were equally distant from Merriam's Corner. About twenty rods short of that place the Americans made a halt. The British marched down the hill with a very slow but steady step, without music, or a word being spoken that could be heard. Silence reigned on both sides. As soon as the British gained the main road, and passed a small bridge near the corner, they faced about suddenly and fired a volley of musketry upon us. They overshot, and no one to my knowledge was in-



MERRIAM'S CORNER, ON THE LEXINGTON ROAD.

jured by the fire. The fire was immediately returned by the Americans, and two British soldiers fell dead at a little distance from each other in the road near the brook. Several of the officers were wounded, including Ensign Lester."

There was another spirited affair on Hardy's Hill, a short distance beyond, where one of the Sudbury companies, Captain Cudworth, came up and vigorously attacked the enemy. Colonel John Ford, of Chelmsford, was also conspicuous in this fight. He had been a ranger in the French wars, and knew how to handle his rifle.

There was also a severe action below the well-known tavern with the quaint swinging sign of those days, with a picture of an Indian on one side and of King George on the other, afterward known as the Brooks Tavern, with the effigy of King George changed to that of General Washington. Foster described this conflict as a very severe one to the British. There was "a wood at a distance which appeared to lie on or near the road where the enemy must pass. Many leaped over the walls and ran for that wood." They "arrived just in time to meet the enemy. There was on the opposite side of the road a young growth of wood filled with Americans. The enemy were now completely between two fires, renewed and briskly kept up. They ordered out a flank guard on the left to dislodge the Americans from their posts behind the trees, but they only became better marks to be shot at." One side of this road was in Concord and the other in Lincoln. The result of this action was that eight of the British were killed, and were buried the next day in the Lincoln burying-ground. One from his dress was supposed to have been an officer. Some were killed in the woods, and some near a barn on the Concord side of the road. Of the Americans three were killed—Captain Jonathan Wilson, of Bedford, Nathaniel Wyman, of Billerica, and David Thompson, of Woburn. Over the grave of the latter, where it is mentioned that he was "slain at the Concord battle," is this epitaph:

"Here, passenger, confined, reduced to dust,
Lies what was once Religion, wise and just;
The cause he engaged did animate him high,
Namely, Religion and dear Liberty.
Steady and warm in Liberties' defense,
True to his Country, loyal to his Prince;
Though in his breast a thirst of glory fired,
Courageous in his Country's cause expired.
Although he's gone, his name embalmed shall be,
And had in everlasting Memory."

The British had reached the limits of Concord, where the Concord Fight, pure and simple, ceased, and where the conflict assumed the proportions of a revolution, which rolled on for the next seven years, with Concord men in nearly every battle, till the struggle ended at Yorktown in Peace and Independence.

The total number of killed, wounded, and



SIGN—BROOKS TAVERN.

prisoners in the several fights and skirmishes in Concord was as follows:

	Killed.	Wounded.	Prisoners.
Americans.....	5	3	—
British	14	20	3

The number of wounded on the British side is an approximation only. There were probably twice as many as these figures indicate.

XXVI.

Over the remainder of the road the British "were driven before the Americans like sheep," and had to "run the gantlet." It was a race for life with them. The highway was lined with Americans, whose accurate aim generally produced the desired result. They were accustomed, as individuals, to the handling of guns; they were sharpshooters; they had been taught from early youth to hit an Indian, or a wolf, or a wild-cat, or a partridge, at sight; they could hit higher game when necessity and patriotism forced it upon them. They made up in courage and accurate shooting what they lacked in military organization and discipline. Most of them were without cartridges and cartridge-boxes; they had to rely upon muskets and powder-horns. With their military drill, the British could, perhaps, load and fire more rapidly than the Americans, but not with the same execution, as the British soldiers fired from the breast and not from the shoulder. With this experience as marksmen, the Americans intercepted the enemy at every point and at every turn on the highway. Shots were fired from behind every house, barn, wall, fence, tree, and corner. After firing from one position the Americans would fall back, run forward across the fields, and repeat the

manceuvre at a lower point on the road. Their knowledge of the country gave them this immense advantage, while the British were compelled to keep together on the highway, which made the retreat a more disastrous one to them. Any one can imagine how terribly they suffered in all these engagements, ambuscades, and skirmishes on that bright and glorious day for America. Several of the enemy were killed near Viles's Tavern. Colonel Smith was wounded in the leg at Fiske's Hill, and Major Pitcairn hit in the arm and unhorsed there. His charger, a fine animal, ran over the fields, riderless, till captured by an American, and, with the accoutrements, was subsequently sold at auction in Concord. Captain Nathan Barrett bought the holsters and pistols, marked with Pitcairn's name, and gave them to General Israel Putnam.

Among the tragic incidents on that long line of battle was one between James Hayward, of Acton, and a British soldier at the foot of this hill. Hayward, on going to the rear of a house for a draught of water, was seen by a Briton, who had gone into the building for plunder. The Briton went to the door to cut Hayward off as he passed the corner. Hayward's eye caught sight of the regular the moment he opened the door; they leveled their guns and fired at the same instant, the Briton remarking, "You are a dead man." "And so are you," said Hayward. The British soldier was instantly killed. Hayward was mortally wounded, the ball of his antagonist passing through his powder-horn, driving the splinters into his body. He lingered eight hours, and in the midst of his sufferings exclaimed, "I am happy to die in defense of the rights of my country."

On the run down the hill an old fellow was alarmed at the sight, and he soon created a sensation in an unexpected quarter. Shortly after the British left Lexington for Concord a note from John Hancock was received at Mr. Clark's, stating where he and Adams were located, and requesting Mrs. Hancock and Miss Quincy to come to them in their carriage, and bring the fine salmon that had been sent to them for dinner. The ladies went over to Burlington with the fish. They had it nicely cooked, and were on the point of sitting down to enjoy it, when this frightened and excited countryman rushed in, exclaiming, "The British are coming! the British are coming! My wife's in eternity now." Hancock and Adams, supposing that the British were upon them, slipped out of the house and passed over a by-road into a swamp, and thence to the residence of Mrs. Thomas Jones, where they remained concealed till the alarm and danger were over.

On his return to Lexington—indeed, before he had fairly got out of Lincoln—Colonel Smith was met by the militia of Lexington,

the men who had been so barbarously treated by his troops nine or ten hours previously. It was now their opportunity to retaliate, and it was improved. Captain Parker and his men, smarting under the tragical affair of the morning, were there, and gave the enemy a warm reception; but, while the British suffered severely, three more of Parker's company were killed and one wounded in the encounter. But there was now a brief lull in the storm that had raged around the British from the North Bridge to this point; there was a brief respite for the worn-out and demoralized redecoats. The reinforcements which Colonel Smith had so urgently demanded early in the morning had made their appearance.

XXVII.

About nine o'clock in the morning a brigade of eleven hundred men, with two field-pieces and a provision train, marched out of Boston to the relief of their suffering comrades in Concord. They were under the command of Lord Hugh Percy. They reached Lexington about two o'clock in the afternoon, and entered that town to the music of *Yankee Doodle*. Percy placed his cannon on two hills, one on each side of the road, near Munroe's Tavern, and checked for half an hour the eager pursuit of the Americans. This movement, and the presence of such a large reinforcement of regular troops, saved Colonel Smith's regiment from annihilation. It was well known before the arrival of Percy that if Colonel Smith could have found any one in authority to whom he could have handed his sword, he would have surrendered his entire command to have prevented further slaughter. This respite was his rescue. According to Stedman, who accompanied Percy, when Smith's distressed soldiers reached the hollow square formed by the fresh troops for their reception, "they were obliged to lie down upon the ground, their tongues hanging out of their mouths like those of dogs after a chase."

When the two field-pieces opened fire upon the Americans, it staggered many of them, as they were unaccustomed to such warfare. The plunging fire from the bluffs produced a stunning effect on them. Jonathan Harris, one of the Concord minute-men, said that the crashing of the balls through the woods, the falling branches, startled him, and for a moment induced him to think that there was no place like home, and that the sharp sound of the cannonade was fearfully full of panic; but they soon became used to the noise, and were again prepared to follow and harass the British on their stampeade down the road after the brief rest given to Smith's exhausted soldiers.

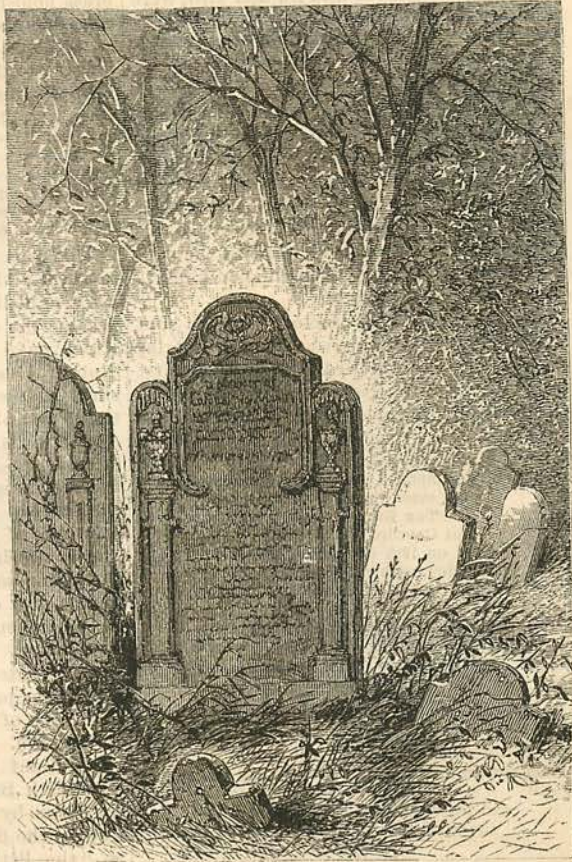
Quite a number of Americans who had pursued the enemy as far as Lexington were compelled to return home for want of am-

munition. They had fired their powder-horns and bullet pouches empty. The case of Hayward, who had the encounter with the Briton, was that of many others—"of a pound of powder which he had taken with him, nearly the whole was fired away, and but two or three of the forty bullets with which he had started remained. This fact shows the extraordinary severity of the pursuit."

Meanwhile the British burned several houses, barns, and shops in Lexington, and many "dwelling-houses were abused, defaced, battered, shattered, and almost ruined." Others were set on fire in Cambridge and along the road-side, and would have been destroyed had not the close pursuit of the Americans prevented such a catastrophe. The unarmed, the aged, and the infirm, who were unable to flee, were bayoneted and murdered in several instances in their habitations. Even "women in child-bed, with their helpless babes in their arms, did not escape the horrid alternative of being either cruelly murdered in their beds, burned in their houses, or turned into the streets to perish with cold, nakedness, and distress."

With the aid of Percy's brigade the enemy were enabled to reach Bunker Hill without being entirely captured or destroyed. There they were covered by the guns of the vessels of war in the harbor. By the time they came in sight of Boston, the force of the Americans had largely increased from all quarters, and some military order began to show itself. One hour more of delay, and both detachments of the British would have fallen into the hands of the Americans. They arrived in Charlestown at seven o'clock in the evening. Smith's regiment had marched thirty-six to forty miles in twenty hours, and endured incredible suffering on their retreat. Percy's brigade were ten hours on the road, and had marched twenty-six miles, and for half that time and half that distance they too were a target for the enraged American sharpshooters. Nearly all the provisions they had they obtained by purchase or plunder, as the provision train sent out with Percy had been captured in Cambridge.

The Americans who joined in the pursuit, beginning at the old North Bridge, and fell in along the road to Charlestown, came from



GRAVE OF COLONEL JOHN BUTTRICK.

Acton, Bedford, Billerica, Brookline, Beverly, Concord, Carlisle, Chelmsford, Cambridge, Charlestown, Danvers, Dedham, Dorchester, Framingham, Lexington, Lincoln, Lynn, Littleton, Medford, Milton, Needham, Newton, Pepperell, Roxbury, Reading, Sudbury, Stow, Salem, Woburn, Watertown, and Westford. "Two companies from Stow, under Captains Hapgood and Whitcomb, marched for Concord at noon, passed the North Bridge, and arrived at Cambridge at sunset." Thirty-one towns! This is the roll of honor represented in the opening fight of the Revolution.

The men of Concord, with Major Buttrick among them, kept in the heat of pursuit until they reached Charlestown Neck, and many of them remained there during the night. None of them were killed, and only a few were wounded. Among the wounded were Captain Charles Miles, who was injured in one hand by a musket-ball, and Captain Nathan Barrett, who received a slight injury.

The total casualties on both sides, be-

tween Concord River and Bunker Hill, were as follows :

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
Americans.....	49	36	5
British.....	73	172	26

The commanders of the Americans at Concord—Colonel Barrett and Major Buttrick, as well as Captain Davis, of Acton—have been remembered, and their names handed down to posterity in the epitaphs over their graves. That over Colonel Barrett states that “he early stepped forward in the contest with Britain, and distinguished himself in the cause of America.”

On the tombstone erected over the spot where Major Buttrick was buried, not far from where the Americans took their first position in Concord, is the following inscription, written by Governor Sullivan :

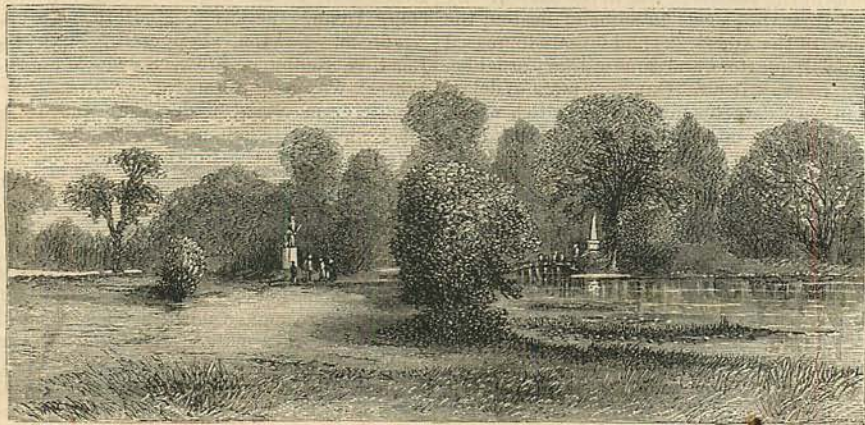
In memory of
COLONEL JOHN BUTTRICK,
who commanded the militia companies
which made the first attack upon
THE BRITISH TROOPS
at Concord North Bridge,
on 19th of April, 1775.
Having, with patriotic firmness,
shared in the dangers which led to
American Independence,
he lived to enjoy the blessings of it,
and died May 16, 1791, aged 60 years.
Having laid down the sword
with honor,
he resumed the plough
with industry;
by the latter to maintain
what the former had won.
The virtues of the parent, citizen, and Christian
adorned his life,
and his worth was acknowledged by
the grief and respect of all ranks
at his death.

Other symbols mark the event. Monuments stand in Acton, Lexington, West Cambridge, now Arlington, and Danvers. Two

brass field-pieces, placed in an upright and conspicuous position in Doric Hall, in the State-house in Boston, and two cannon belonging to the artillery company in Concord, bear this inscription :

“The Legislature of Massachusetts consecrate the names of Major John Buttrick and Captain Isaac Davis, whose valor and example incited their fellow-citizens to a successful resistance of a superior number of British troops at Concord Bridge, the 19th of April, 1775, which was the beginning of a contest in arms that ended in American independence.”

This was the result, officially expressed in a few plain words, of this important military expedition; and the Concord Fight became the opening conflict of the contest which gave independence to these United States. One hundred years have rolled by since that event, and Concord celebrated the centennial anniversary on the 19th of April by appropriately unveiling a statue of a Minute-Man at the plow at early morning receiving the news of the approach of the British. It is a spirited figure, in heroic size, of young America a century ago, and is the inspiration of Daniel C. French, the young sculptor of Concord, who, full of genius, has caught the spirit of the incident, and embodied it in this representative image. It is cast in bronze from cannon presented to Concord by Congress by a resolution passed on the ninety-ninth anniversary of the birthday of the American Revolution. The statue is placed where the gallant Davis and Hosmer fell at the old North Bridge. This spot was marked for years by a bush, which Emerson idealized on the fiftieth anniversary of the fight as “the little bush that marks the spot where Captain Davis fell. 'Tis the burning bush where God spake for his people.” There the Minute-Man will stand.



“BURNING BUSH”—THE TWO MONUMENTS.