

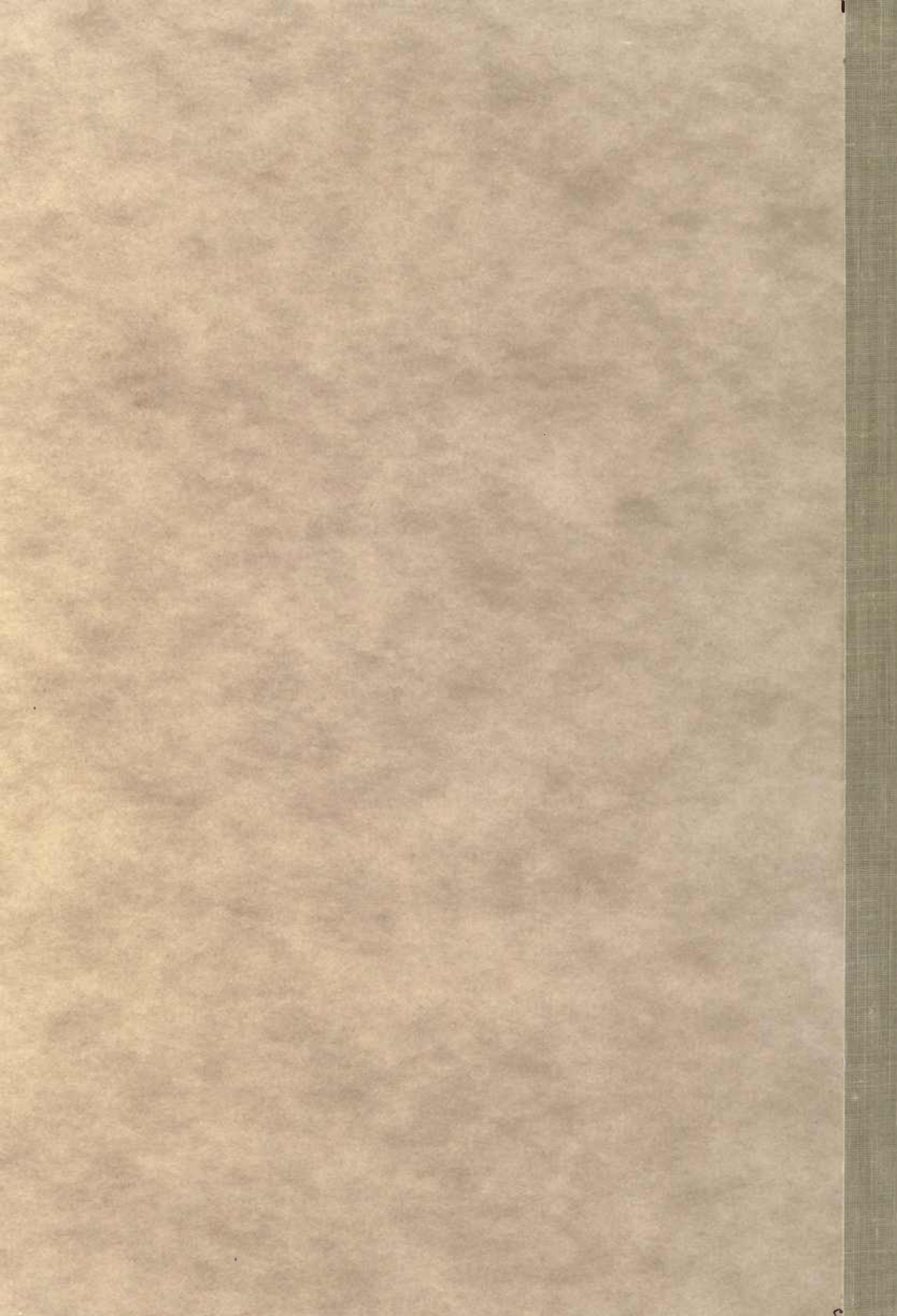
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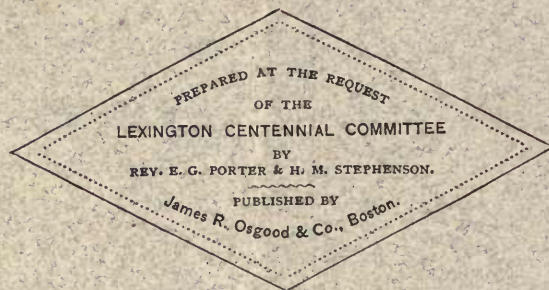
PORTER
Souvenir of Lexington.

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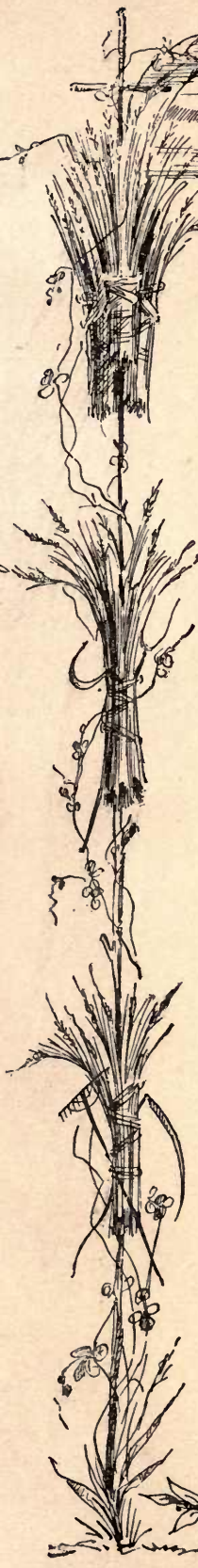


Souvenir





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LEXINGTON,—1775.

1.

No maddening thirst for blood had they,
No battle-joy was theirs who set
Against the alien bayonet
Their homespun breasts in that old day.

2.

Their feet had trodden peaceful ways,
They loved not strife, they dreaded pain ;
They saw not, what to us is plain,
That God would make man's wrath his praise.

3.

No seers were they, but simple men :
Its vast results the future hid ;
The meaning of the work they did
Was strange and dark and doubtful then.

4.

Swift as the summons came they left
The plough, mid-furrow, standing still,
The half-ground corn-grist in the mill,
The spade in earth, the axe in cleft.

5.

They went where duty seemed to call ;
They scarcely asked the reason why :
They only knew they could but die,
And death was not the worst of all.

6.

Of man for man the sacrifice,
Unstained by blood, save theirs, they gave.
The flowers that blossomed from their grave
Have sown themselves beneath all skies.

7.

Their death-shot shook the feudal tower,
And shattered slavery's chain as well :
On the sky's dome, as on a bell,
Its echo struck the world's great hour.

8.

That fateful echo is not dumb :
The nations, listening to its sound,
Wait, from a century's vantage-ground,
The holier triumphs yet to come, —

9.

The bridal time of Law and Love,
The gladness of the world's release,
When, war-sick, at the feet of Peace
The hawk shall nestle with the dove, —



10.

The golden age of brotherhood,
Unknown to other rivalries
Than of the mild humanities,
And gracious interchange of good,

11.

When closer strand shall lean to strand,
Till meet, beneath saluting flags,
The eagle of our mountain crags,
The lion of our Mother-land.

John G. Whittier.





One Hundred Years Ago.

DURING the spring of 1775, the colonists of Massachusetts, anticipating a possible rupture with the Royal Government, had taken the precaution to collect a few military stores at convenient points in the interior. Several leading patriots had also shown extraordinary independence in asserting their rights, and creating a public sentiment which was opposed to the policy of the government. Hearing of this, Gen. Gage, the governor, jealous of his prerogatives, and eager to maintain the authority of the crown, formed a plan to destroy the stores at Concord, and get possession, if possible, of the persons of John Hancock and Samuel Adams, who were known to be in the vicinity. Accordingly a secret expedition was organized, consisting of a detachment of eight hundred grenadiers, light infantry, and marines,

under the command of Lieut.-Col. Francis Smith, of the Tenth British Regiment, and Major John Pitcairn.

On the 18th of April, a number of officers in disguise were sent to Cambridge and Lexington on a tour of inspection, with orders to intercept all suspicious communications. That night, about ten o'clock, the fated expedition embarked from the foot of Boston Common in the boats belonging to the vessels-of-war at anchor in Charles River.

"They will miss their aim," said one of the citizens, who witnessed their departure.

"What aim?" asked Lord Percy, who chanced to be standing near.

"Why, the cannon at Concord," was the reply.

Percy, fearing trouble, at once reported to the governor what he had heard; and orders were immediately issued that no one should be allowed to leave the town. But it was too late. Joseph Warren had followed all these movements with sleepless vigilance, and had already sent two trusty couriers, by different routes, to Lexington with despatches. William Dawes was to go out through Roxbury, and

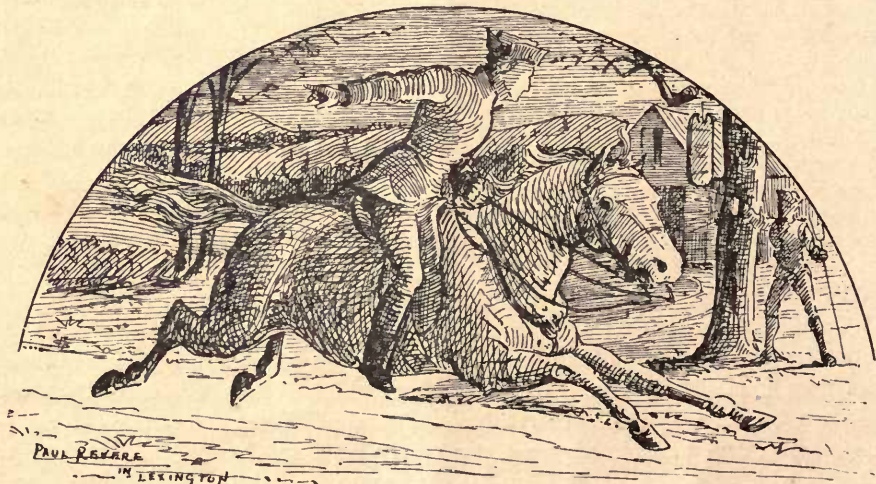
Paul Revere by way of Charlestown. Revere was ferried across under the very guns of the Somerset man-of-war. Having learned, by a preconcerted signal from the tower of the Old North Church, which way the king's troops had gone, he immediately started on a fleet horse upon his momentous errand.

"A hurry of hoofs in the village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a
spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and
fleet :

That was all ! And yet, through the gloom and
the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night ;
And the spark struck out by that steed in his
flight
Kindled the land into flame with its heat."

Passing Charlestown Neck, he narrowly escaped capture at the hands of a patrolling party, and pushed on through Medford and Menotomy (now Arlington), giving the alarm at every house upon the road. Shortly after midnight, he arrived at the parsonage in Lexington, where Hancock and Adams were staying with their intimate friend and fellow-patriot, the Rev. Jonas Clark. The house was guarded by a squad of eight minute-men under Sergeant Munroe. Revere rode up in great haste, and demanded admission. The sergeant objected, and said the family had retired, and must not be disturbed by any noise about the house. "Noise!" cried Revere, "you'll have noise enough here before long. The regulars are coming out!" As he knocked at the door, Mr. Clark opened a window, and inquired who was there. Just then Hancock rose from his bed, and, recognizing Revere's voice, shouted, "Come in, Revere, we are not afraid of you." Shortly after, the other messenger, Dawes, who had come out through Roxbury, Brookline, and Brighton, arrived with the same tidings.

Without stopping to rest, these faithful heralds mounted again, and started off for Concord. They were joined by young Dr. Prescott of Concord, who had been spending the evening at Lexington. Glad of each other's company, they rode on rapidly together, in the light of the full moon, spreading the alarm at every point. Just before reaching Brooks's Tavern, near the Concord line, they were surrounded

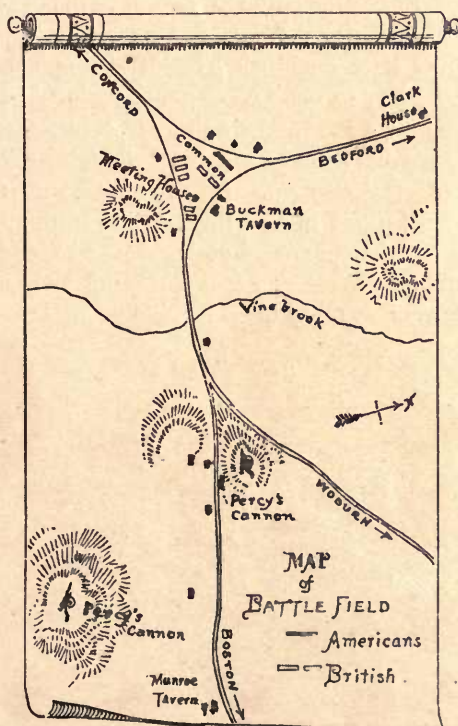


by a party of British officers; and Revere, who was riding, just then, a little in advance, was captured. Prescott, however, escaped over a stone wall, and succeeded in carrying the news to Concord. The officers questioned Revere closely, and soon decided, for their own safety, doubtless, to return towards Lexington, where, about three o'clock in the morning, they released their prisoners, in consequence of the general alarm which had spread throughout the village.

Meanwhile, the troops, who were the cause of all this excitement, had landed at East Cambridge, near where the Court House now stands, and proceeded stealthily over an unfrequented and difficult route across the marshes, guided by a young Tory named Murray, till they came to the old Charlestown Lane, now Milk Street. The rest of the march was by a well-travelled road, along North Avenue, where the old Davenport Tavern still stands, and by Wetherby's, in Menotomy, where the Committee of Safety, appointed by the Provincial Congress, had been in session the previous evening. As the British column passed the house, the commander sent a small guard to search the premises. So sudden was their approach, that Gerry, Orne,

and Lee, prominent members of the Committee, who were passing the night there, barely had time to escape, half-dressed, into the neighboring fields, where they lay concealed until the danger was over.

It was not long before Col. Smith found, to his dismay, that the news of his expedition had travelled before him. Though he had maintained profound silence, suppressing the ordinary drum-beat, and even all conversation amongst his men, he now perceived that the secret was out. Shadowy forms were hovering upon his flank; horsemen were galloping ahead; alarm-bells and signal guns rent the midnight air with their ominous sound. It was evident that the country for miles around was thoroughly aroused. Accordingly, after a brief halt, the colonel concluded to send forward six companies of light infantry and marines under Major Pitcairn, while he despatched an express to Boston for



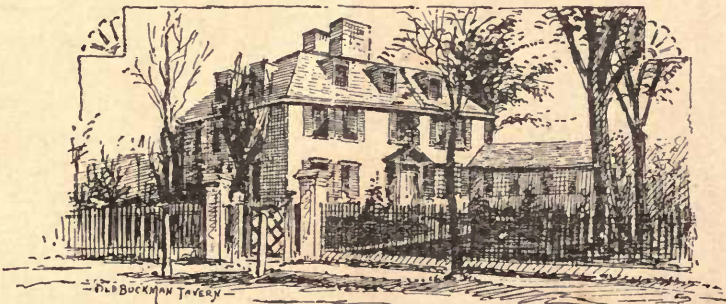


re-enforcements,— a prudent measure, which saved him from absolute defeat before the close of the day.

Pitcairn's troops had not gone far up the road, when they met the officers, who had released Revere, coming back in great haste with the news that hundreds of men had assembled on Lexington Green to oppose their march. The story was exaggerated, as such stories are apt to be ; but the alarm had spread with such rapidity, that the minute-men had turned out in full force, under Capt. John Parker, as early as two o'clock. The roll was called ; and, including the old men and all, one hundred and thirty answered to their names. Every man

was ordered to load his gun with powder and ball, but in no case to fire, unless they were attacked. They remained some time on parade, waiting for the enemy. Presently one of the messengers, who had been sent to ascertain the movements of the regulars, returned, with the report that they were nowhere to be seen : consequently the men were dismissed, with instructions to be in readiness to report at the call of the drum. Some of them returned to their homes near by ; others took refuge from the chilly night-air in Buckman's Tavern, a place of common resort, just opposite the old meeting-house. Quiet having been restored, no doubt many of them, after discussing the matter for some time, gradually fell asleep, in the confident belief that there would be no further disturbance.

About half-past four o'clock, however, just after daybreak, Thaddeus Bowman, one of the scouts sent to reconnoitre along the Boston road, came galloping into the village, with the news that the British were only a mile and a half away. Immediately the drum called to arms ; the signal guns were fired ; and the bell in the old belfry, near the meeting-house, rang out its fearful warning. All the militia within reach hastened to obey the call. They were formed in two lines on the northern side of the common. One of their number, Sylvanus Wood of Woburn, who was present in the ranks, says he counted all that stood there, and found only thirty-eight men under orders. It is known that there were as many more looking on who did not belong to the company.



BUILT ABOUT THE YEAR 1690.

It was a critical moment. The destiny of a nation was hanging in the scale. This little band of farmers, standing there on their own training-field, at sunrise, anxiously looking for the king's troops, were ready, every man of them, to defend their homes from invasion and insult ; but they



and Indian War, they preferred the quiet, inoffensive pursuits of industry at home. They did not follow the profession of arms, though they were always good marksmen with their flint-locks. It was a broad patriotism that animated them. They prized their liberties, and would not tamely submit to have them trampled under foot. In this they made common cause with their fellow-citizens in other parts of the country. And so, when the men of Lexington arose that night, and "nobly dared to be free," they struck a blow for liberty, which resounded through all the land.

As the British approached the village, they saw unmistakable signs of resistance, and heard the drum beat to arms. Supposing this to be a challenge, their commander ordered them to halt, load and prime, after which they doubled their ranks, and marched on rapidly, with a shout, up to the meeting-house, where a portion of their number left the road, and filed off in platoons upon the common. The provincials were astonished to see such an imposing force arrayed against them. There were, in fact, six or eight hundred altogether ; but, to the inexperienced eye of the militia, it seemed as if there were twelve or fifteen hundred. Major Pitcairn rode forward, at the left of his line ; and, drawing a pistol from his holster, he commanded the Americans, with mingled threats and oaths, to lay down their arms, and disperse. Capt. Parker, fearing lest, in the excitement of the moment, some of his men might discharge their guns too hastily, cried out, "Don't fire unless you are fired on ; but, if they want a war, let it begin here." At the same time he threat-



little knew what momentous interests were pending upon their action. They were not lawless adventurers, eager for a skirmish, or waiting for booty. They asked for nothing, save the privilege of enjoying what they had. Though many of them had seen service on the frontier, in the French

ended to shoot any one who should attempt to leave his post. Pitcairn, finding that his orders were not obeyed, and hearing, as he supposed, the report of a gun near the opposite wall, commanded his men, without further delay, to fire. Seeing them hesitate a moment, he brandished his sword, and discharged his own pistol ;

whereupon the first platoon fired, but without any apparent result. The order was instantly repeated; and a second volley was discharged all along the line, with deadly effect. The gallant little company was broken. Several of the men fell dead and wounded. Cries of distress rent the air. There was no question now as to their right to resist; and they immediately returned the fire.

The engagement continued on both sides for a moment, when Capt. Parker, to prevent further bloodshed, ordered a retreat. There was a scattering fire, however, some time longer. Jonas Parker had his ammunition in his hat, on the ground, between his feet. He was wounded, and fell. Raising himself up, he discharged his piece, and attempted to load again upon his knees. He had often said, that, whatever might happen, he would never run from the British. He was true to his word. He fought to the last. Such persistent courage attracted the attention of the enemy, and the brave fellow was transfixed by a bayonet. Jonathan Harrington fell in front of his own house, on the north side of the common. His wife, who was standing at the window, saw him fall, bleeding at the chest. She ran to meet him. He stretched out his hands to—

were killed after leaving the common. Asahel Porter of Woburn was not in the company, but had been captured by the regulars that morning, and released on parole just before the engagement. He was shot while running, a short distance east of the inn. Seven men were killed, and nine wounded,—more than a quarter of the whole company.



“Were these men true? We ask not, were they brave,—
Men who their lives thus to their country gave?

When such men fall, or put their foes to flight,
Resisting wrong, or battling for the right;
When they of freedom’s army lead the van,
Or fall, as martyrs in the cause of man,—
Man’s heart hath never willingly forgot
The holy day, the consecrated spot,
Marked by an act of valor or of faith,
Or by a noble deed or noble death.”

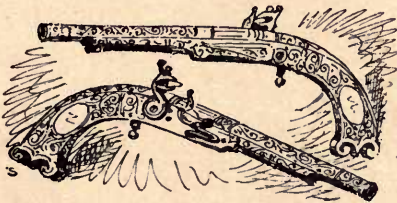
The engagement lasted less than half an hour. Only two of the British soldiers were wounded. Pitcairn’s horse was struck in two places. The officers occupied a conspicuous position for a marksman; but the smoke enveloped them to such a degree, that it was almost impossible, during the action, for the militia to see the



line; and, after the summary slaughter of so many of their own number, they saw the utter hopelessness of the contest, and wisely withdrew to seek shelter behind houses and stone walls.

It has been a disputed question, what part Col. Smith, the commander of the expedition, had in this engagement. The best evidence seems to show, that, after sending forward the greater portion of his command under the major, he halted some time on the road with the grenadiers, possibly to await an express from Boston, and also, it may be, to prevent any communication among the people, who, he must have noticed, were rapidly getting ready to oppose his march. It is generally believed, that, when he heard the alarm given at Lexington, he pressed on, and joined the troops drawn up on the common. The early prints of the battle represent files of regulars standing in the rear.

The old three-story meeting-house, which was such a prominent object at that day, was taken down in 1793. The detached belfry, which did such good service on the morning of the 19th, has also long since disappeared. Most of the other



The accompanying sketch represents a brace of pistols used by Major Pitcairn on Lexington Common. These pistols have a full and well-authenticated history. During the retreat, in the latter part of the day, Pitcairn's horse was shot under him, and he barely escaped with his life, leaving his equipage in the hands of the pursuing Americans. These pistols were then taken, and were subsequently presented to Gen. Israel Putnam, who used them through the war. At his

death, they were placed on the drapery of his coffin, as he was borne to the grave. They became an heir-loom in the Putnam family, and in 1827 were brought to Lexington, and shown to three members of Capt. Parker's company, one of whom, Col. Munroe, recognized them from their peculiar construction and ornament, and said he saw Major Pitcairn discharge one of them before any other shot was fired. It is, therefore, the first weapon used in formal action in the Revolutionary War. An additional certificate accompanies the pistols, signed by Col. Aaron Burr, aide-de-camp to Gen. Putnam. They are kindly loaned, for exhibition at the Lexington Centennial, by the widow of John P. Putnam of Cambridge, N.Y.



scene. The villagers immediately assembled in large numbers on the common. It was a strange, a horrible, spectacle that met their eyes. There lay the dead and dying, — honored sires, intrepid sons, heroic brothers, weltering in their own blood upon the tender grass. It had never been a gory field before. Such groans and sighs had never been heard in that peaceful village. All the people — men, women, and children — now ran to remove the dead, and assist the wounded. Grief and indignation filled their breasts. Words failed to describe the intensity of their feeling. Had it really come to this? Had the hated British dared to do it? Was there, then, no reason nor justice with the government? Were the king's troops thus to play the part of butchers? Then let it be so. On that desolated, but now holy, field the vow was made to avenge the blood of these martyrs. Would not "righteous heaven" approve the "solemn appeal"?

It was not long before Capt. Parker collected the remnant of his little band together, and marched on with them after the British, towards Concord. No holiday soldiers these, after such a fearful loss, to chase an enemy like that. Hirelings would never have done it; timid, cautious men would not have favored it: but these heroes were made of sterner stuff; and they had the honor of being the first in arms to show the world what Americans meant when they spoke of liberty and inalienable rights. They captured, at different times that morning,

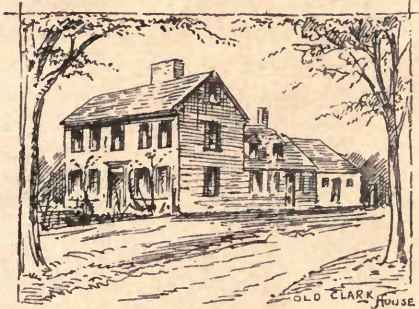
buildings, however, that stood that day around the common, are still to be seen. May they long be preserved as eloquent though silent witnesses of an event which they help so much to illustrate!

As soon as the firing ceased, a few of the red-coats, it is said, pursued the retreating farmers up Bedford (now Hancock) Street, and over into the adjacent fields. Some of them went to the neighboring houses to get water to drink. But they soon re-formed, fired a volley, and huzzaed three times, as if in token of victory. They then resumed their march towards Concord, six miles farther.

The sun was now rising over the



FROM AN OLD PLATE BY V. GREEN, ENGRAVER TO HIS MAJESTY. PUBLISHED IN LONDON, 1777.



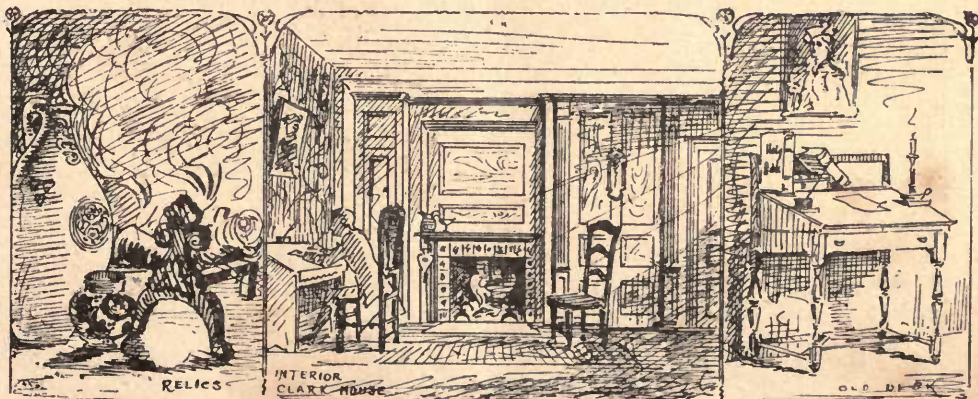
A part of this house was built by Rev. John Hancock in 1698. The present front was added about the year 1733, by one of his sons. Here the honored minister died, after his long pastorate, in 1755. Here his grandson, John Hancock, the distinguished patriot, spent several years of his boyhood. Rev. Jonas Clark, who succeeded the venerable Hancock,



lived in this house during his eventful ministry of fifty-one years. He was the intimate friend of Gov. Hancock, whose cousin he married. Dr. Warren and Samuel Adams were frequent guests here during the period preceding the outbreak of the war. The room in which these eminent patriots discussed grave questions of state is still to be seen, very much as they left it. The large fireplace, the ample wainscoting, and the hard-pine floors, have undergone no apparent change. The same figured paper adorns the walls. The old andirons, tables, chairs, and jugs may still be seen. The only existing likeness of Mr. Clark is a silhouette, taken in his wig, by his youngest son. It was on the ridge opposite, that Adams, hearing the approach of the British, uttered that prophetic exclamation, which has been inscribed as a classic upon the town seal. Washington, Lafayette, Kossuth, and other distinguished persons, have visited this ancient homestead.

seven of the regulars who had lingered behind. These were the first prisoners taken in the Revolutionary War.

The news of the tragedy at Lexington flew like the wind all over the country. Men and horses were not wanting to carry the tidings. Before noon, an express reached Worcester, shouting, as he passed through the streets, "To arms, to arms! the war has begun!" His horse fell exhausted by the church. Another was procured, and the rider went on. Alarm-bells were rung; cannon were fired; and messengers sent into every town. Newburyport received the news at about the same time; Newport, R.I., early the next day. The battle was fought on Wednesday, April 19. On Sunday, the 23d, between the church services, New York heard of it; and the people immediately arose, disarmed the soldiers, seized the fort and magazines, unloaded two transports bound to Boston, and forbade all pilots to bring any more king's ships into port. On Monday, the 24th, at five, P.M., a

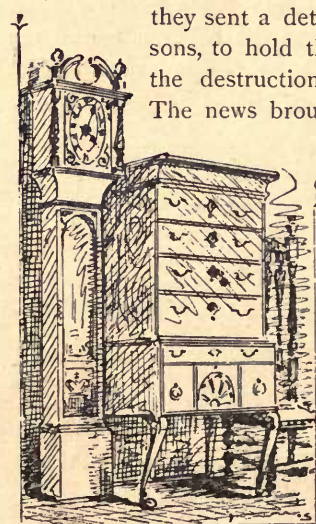


courier reached Philadelphia, with despatches from Lexington. The old Independence-Hall bell was rung; the news spread like wild-fire; and thousands of people assembled on the square, and took immediate action. Virginia accepted the royal challenge, and pledged her cordial support to Massachusetts. The citizens of Charleston, S.C., as soon as they received the news, seized the arsenal, and declared themselves, through their Provincial Congress, as "ready to sacrifice their lives and fortunes." From New Hampshire came a message, "The news from Lexington has pierced the ears of the coln, Bedford, and other towns. Messengers had arrived with exciting news from Lexington. Col. Barrett had improved the time by concealing a large portion of the military stores. About seven o'clock, some of the militia companies, after parading on the common, marched out on the Lexington road, until they saw the British within two miles of the village, approaching rapidly, with a force three times as large as their own. Accordingly the provincials retreated, and finally took up a position, under Major Buttrick, on a hill beyond the North Bridge, about a mile from the centre. The regulars entered Concord in two divisions. Col. Smith and Major Pitcairn remained in the town with the larger portion of the troops, while



inhabitants of our colony; and our men, fired with zeal in the common cause, are flying to your assistance." From Connecticut came an encouraging word, "The ardor of our people is such that they can't be kept back." And beyond the Alleghanies the news finally found its way. A party of hunters in the beautiful valley of the Elkhorn, in Kentucky, hearing of it, gave the name of Lexington to their encampment, in honor of the "birth-place of American liberty."

The British found the people of Concord ready to receive them. From an early hour, the militia had been pouring in from Acton, Lin-



they sent a detachment of about two hundred men, under Capt. Parsons, to hold the North Bridge. The chief object of the expedition, the destruction of military stores, was only partially accomplished. The news brought by Dr. Prescott, and the subsequent delay at Lexington, saved thousands of dollars to the colony, and nearly frustrated the whole design of the enemy. They succeeded, however, in knocking off the trunions of three iron cannon, and burning several gun-carriages. They also broke open sixty barrels of flour, half of which was afterwards saved. The liberty-pole was cut down, and the Court House set on fire; though the flames were afterwards extinguished.

This work of destruction was soon checked by the report of guns at the bridge. Companies of minute-men from the neighboring towns had been constantly arriving at the rendezvous on the hill, and they now numbered about four hundred and fifty. They saw

the depredations which the British were making in the town. The ascending smoke revealed the sad fact. It was enough. Brave men could not stand by, and witness such a sight. Without further delay, they descended towards the bridge, and soon received the first fire from the enemy. Other shots followed in rapid succession, by which the gallant Capt. Davis and Abner Hosmer, of the Acton company, were killed on the spot. The militia, being then ordered to fire, poured forth a deadly volley, killing two, and wounding at least eight, of the regulars. This was about ten o'clock. The firing soon ceased; and the enemy retreated in great haste



to the village, pursued by the provincials. Col. Smith collected his forces, and, seeing the imminent danger to which he was exposed, left Concord at noon on his return-march to Boston. The invaders now became fugitives; and the retreat soon turned into a flight. The whole county of Middlesex was out, every man with his powder-horn and musket, ready to do yeoman service. The deep resentment of an injured people was aroused. Without much order or discipline, they posted themselves behind houses, trees, and rocks, and poured an almost incessant fire into the enemy's ranks. Capt. Parker's company again appeared upon the scene; Wo-

burn "turned out extraordinary," with one hundred and eighty men; Reading and Billerica were there in force. The British column, exposed to such a galling fire in flank and rear, was thrown into the greatest confusion. The officers could hardly keep the troops in line, or prevent a general stampede. Col. Smith was severely wounded; many of his men were killed; and, had it not been that a large re-enforcement was close at hand, they must necessarily have soon surrendered.

Orders had been given by Gen. Gage very early that morning for three regiments of infantry, and two divisions of marines, with two field-pieces, to be ready to march at four o'clock, for the relief of the expedition. Owing to a series of blunders, they did not get away from the barracks in Cornhill until nearly nine o'clock. The brigade was under the command of Earl Percy, an accomplished young nobleman of the illustrious family of Northumberland. They went out over Boston Neck, through Roxbury and Brookline, and crossed Charles River on the old bridge

*by request I give the following I was involved
in the Company Commanded by Capt. John Parker
who was fired upon the memorable morning
of the 19th of April 1775 and the last survivor
that is left that was on the field of Battle that
Memorable morning.*

Lexington the 19th 1775

*Jona. Harrington
aged 89 the 8th July
1848*

AUTOGRAPH OF JONA. HARRINGTON, THE LAST SURVIVOR OF THE LEXINGTON MINUTE-MEN, WHO DIED IN 1854, AGED 95 YEARS.

THE PLEDGE AND ITS REDEMPTION.

RESPONSE OF LEXINGTON TO THE
APPEAL OF BOSTON,
DEC., 1773.

"WE TRUST IN GOD, THAT, SHOULD THE STATE OF OUR AFFAIRS
REQUIRE IT, WE SHALL BE READY TO SACRIFICE OUR ESTATES
AND EVERY THING DEAR IN LIFE, YEA, AND LIFE
ITSELF, IN SUPPORT OF THE COMMON CAUSE."

NAMES OF THE CITIZENS OF LEXINGTON

WHO FELL IN FREEDOM'S CAUSE, APRIL 19, 1775.

ENSIGN ROBERT MUNROE.
JONAS PARKER.
SAMUEL HADLEY.
JOHN BROWN.
ISAAC MUZZEY.

CALEB HARRINGTON.
JONATHAN HARRINGTON, JUN.
JEDEDIAH MUNROE.
JOHN RAYMOND.
NATHANIEL WYMAN.

"THEY POURED OUT THEIR GENEROUS BLOOD LIKE WATER, BE-
FORE THEY KNEW WHETHER IT WOULD FERTILIZE THE LAND OF
FREEDOM OR OF BONDAGE."—*Webster.*



near the colleges. The baggage-wagons fell behind, and were captured in West Cambridge. Percy had nearly reached the village of Lexington, when, about two o'clock, he met the returning troops, who had been terribly harassed all the way from Concord. The cannon were immediately planted at either end of the plateau, on which the combined

forces were drawn up; and for about an hour the tide was stayed. The Munroe Tavern was taken for headquarters, and used by the British as a hospital for their wounded. Six buildings in the vicinity were ruthlessly set on fire, and burned to the ground. Much damage was done to other property. Many defenceless persons were grossly insulted; and a feeble old man was killed. After a short rest, Lord Percy abandoned his position, and ordered a retreat. At every point on the road, he encountered increasing numbers of sharpshooters, who made havoc in his ranks. The dead, and many of the wounded, had to be left behind. His ammunition was nearly exhausted; and he made all haste to reach the end of his fatal journey.

Meanwhile Gen. Heath and Dr. Warren had arrived upon the scene of action, and did much, by their presence and counsel, to collect the scattered provincials, and form them into military order. Minute-men came in from every quarter. Dorchester, Milton, and Dedham sent large numbers, as did Charlestown, Medford, and

This building was dedicated April 19, 1871. It contains a large auditorium for public assemblies; a free library, named in honor of its chief benefactor, Mrs. Cary; a collection of Revolutionary relics; and a memorial hall, adorned with statues of a minute-man of 1775, and a soldier of the late war (furnished by Batterson). Appropriate marble tablets are placed upon the side walls. Statues of John



Hancock (by Gould) and Samuel Adams (by Millmore) have been executed in Italy for the vacant niches. Congress aided the cause by a grant of condemned cannon, one of which stands in the corridor. The following is the inscription over the portal:—

LEXINGTON CONSECRATES THIS
HALL AND ITS EMBLEMS TO
THE MEMORY OF THE FOUND-
ERS AND THE DEFENDERS OF
OUR FREE INSTITUTIONS.

THE SONS DEFENDED WHAT THE FATHERS WON.

NAMES OF RESIDENTS OF LEXINGTON,
AND OTHERS SERVING ON HER QUOTA, WHO GAVE
THEIR LIVES TO THEIR COUNTRY IN THE
WAR OF THE REBELLION.

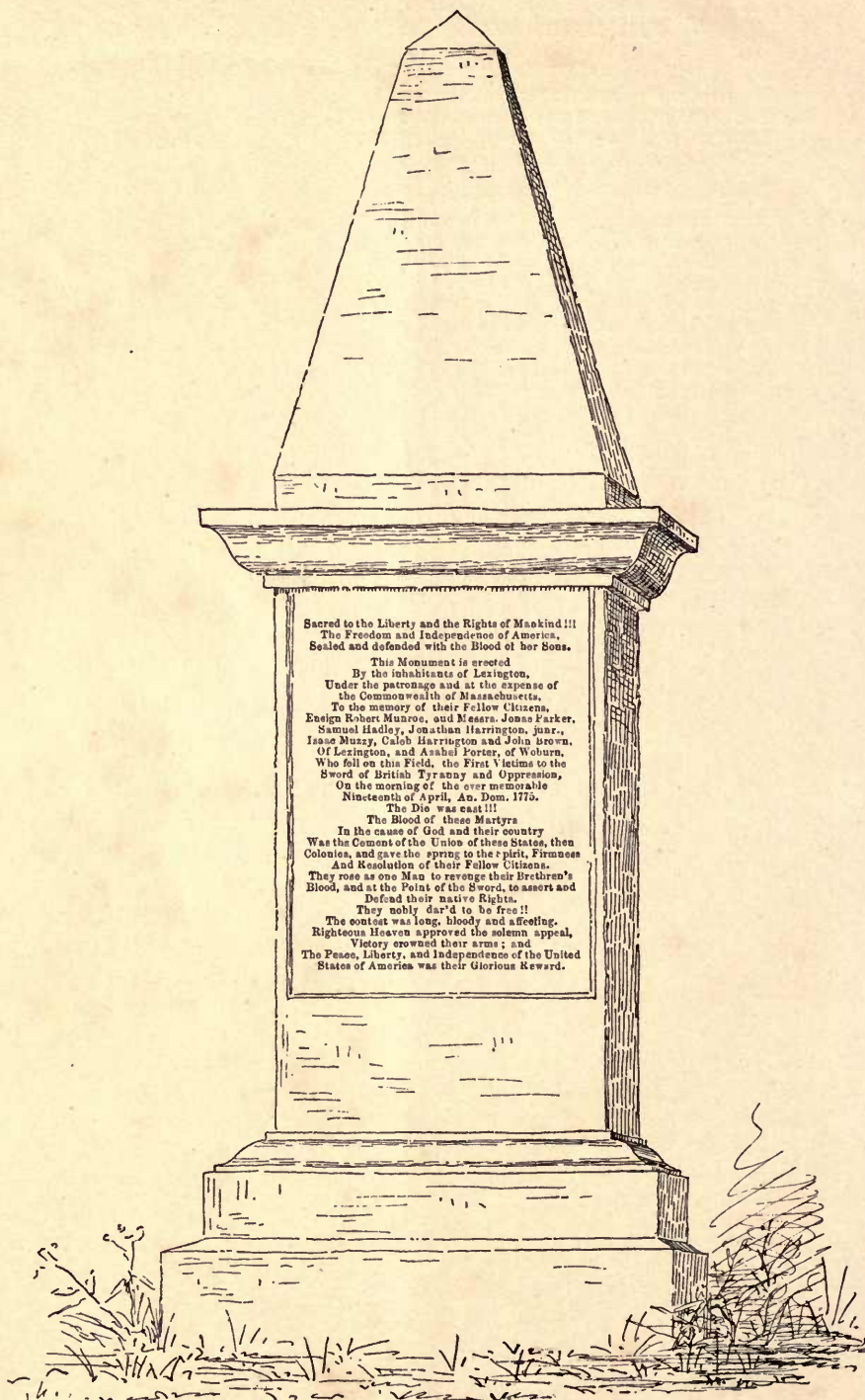
FREDERICK D. FISKE.
CHARLES H. FISKE.
BENJAMIN F. THORN.
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JOHN MANLEY.
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CHARLES CUTLER.
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THOMAS H. EARLE.
TIMOTHY LEARY.
WILLIAM GROVER.
CHARLES O. MUZZEY.



Lynn. The most distinguished company was that from Danvers, which marched sixteen miles in four hours, and suffered in the engagement more than any other company, except Capt. Parker's at Lexington. The famous Essex Regiment, under Col. Pickering, did not arrive in time to check the return of the British; and about sunset Lord Percy reached Charlestown, and crossed the river under cover of the guns of the ships-of-war. The Americans lost that day, in killed, wounded, and missing, 93; the British, 273. The day ended; but the sword did not return to its sheath. Throughout the Revolutionary War, the anniversary of this memorable day was "statedly observed" in Lexington, by "the militia in arms, and a solemn assembly of the whole congregation in the house of God." The sermons preached on these occasions, by Rev. Jonas Clark and neighboring clergymen, were all printed; and they form an important part of the literature of the war. On the cover of this "souvenir" are sketches of two muskets, drawn from the trophies hanging in the Senate Chamber of Massachusetts. On the upper one is inscribed, "The First Fire-arm captured in the War for Independence;" and on the other, "This Fire-arm was used by Capt. John Parker in the Battle of Lexington, April 19th, 1775."





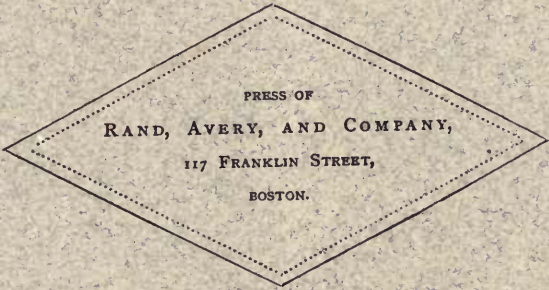
Sacred to the Liberty and the Rights of Mankind!!!
The Freedom and Independence of America,
Sealed and defended with the Blood of her Sons.

This Monument is erected
By the inhabitants of Lexington,
Under the patronage and at the expense of
the Commonwealth of Massachusetts,
To the memory of their Fellow Citizens,
Eschew Robert Munroe, and Messrs. Jonas Parker,
Samuel Hadley, Jonathan Harrington, junr.,
Isaac Muzzey, Caleb Harrington and John Brown,
Of Lexington, and Asahel Porter, of Woburn,
Who fell on this Field, the First Victims to the
Sword of British Tyranny and Oppression,
On the morning of the ever memorable
Nineteenth of April, An. Dom. 1775.

The Dio was cast!!!
The Blood of these Martyrs
In the cause of God and their country
Was the Cement of the Union of these States, then
Colonies, and gave the spring to the spirit, Firmness
And Resolution of their Fellow Citizens.
They rose as one Man to revenge their Brethren's
Blood, and at the Point of the Sword, to assert and
Defend their native Rights.

They nobly dar'd to be free!!
The contest was long, bloody and affecting,
Righteous Heaven approved the solemn appeal,
Victory crowned their arms; and
The Peace, Liberty, and Independence of the United
States of America was their Glorious Reward.





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