

WILLEY'S SEMI - CENTENNIAL BOOK

... OF ...

MANCHESTER

1846



1896

AND MANCHESTER EDITION OF THE BOOK OF NUTFIELD.

Historic Sketches of that Part of New Hampshire Comprised Within the
Limits of the Old Tyng Township, Nutfield, Harrytown, Derryfield,
and Manchester, From the Earliest Settlements
to the Present Time.

- - - - BY - - - -

GEORGE FRANKLIN WILLEY

BIOGRAPHICAL, GENEALOGICAL, POLITICAL, ANECDOTAL

ILLUSTRATED WITH FIVE HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS.

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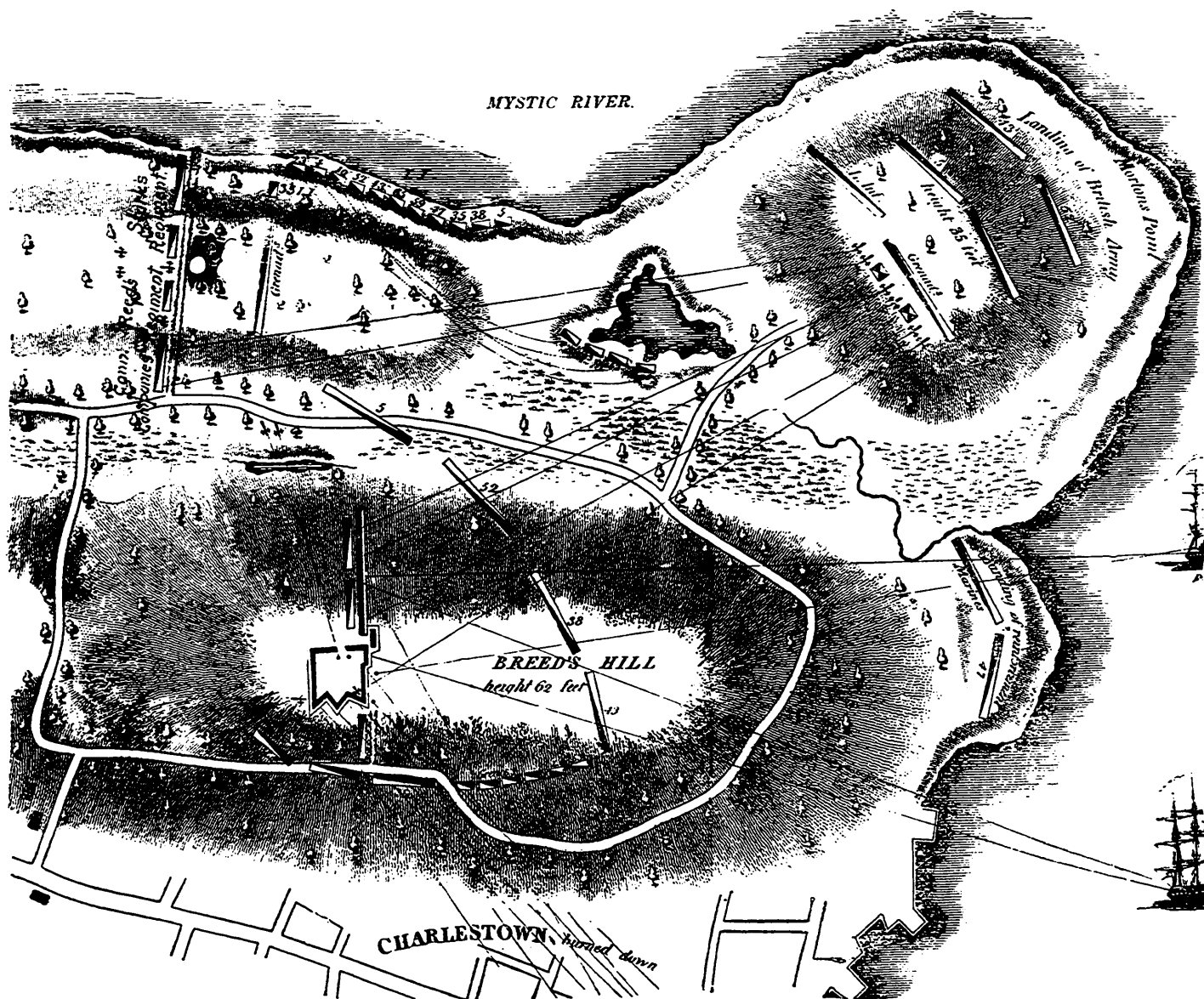
STARK AT BUNKER HILL, AT BENNINGTON, AND AT HOME.

STARK AT BUNKER HILL.—John Stark's services to the cause of American freedom on the memorable 17th of June, 1775, can scarcely be overestimated. Although the fascinating story of the battle of Bunker Hill has been told and retold a hundred times, it never loses its interest to the sons of New Hampshire because of the role which Granite State men played in that great struggle. According to the best authorities, they formed about two thirds of all the American forces engaged in the conflict, and had there been any deficiency in their numbers, their energy, efficiency, and freshness would have counterbalanced it. During the forenoon of that day Stark's regiment was ordered to the relief of Prescott. The men were without powder. It was too valuable to be trusted to new levies until they went into action. Stark's troops marched at once to their arsenal, and each man received a spare flint, fifteen bullets and a gill cup of powder for his flask or horn. Their fowling-pieces had few or no bayonets, and were of different calibres. A little time was lost in fitting or exchanging bullets or in hammering them down to suit their guns. By one o'clock Stark's regiment was on the march and was joined on its way by the Third New Hampshire, under Col. James Reed, and they bore to Prescott's weary men the important accession of at least nine hundred hardy troops in homespun dress, without a cartridge, and with few bayonets, but with some experience in war under veteran officers. Before two o'clock Stark, with his regiment, had reached the narrow causeway which crossed Charlestown Neck, less than a mile from the redoubt. His march and bearing on that day are thus described by Dear-

born, one of his captains: "When we reached Charlestown Neck we found two regiments halted in consequence of a heavy enfilading fire across it of round, bar and chain shot from the frigate *Lively*, from floating batteries anchored in Charles river, and a floating battery lying in the river *Mystic*. Major McClary went forward and said to the commanders that if they did not intend to move on, he wished them to open and let our regiment pass. This was immediately done. My company being in front, I marched by the side of Col. Stark, who was moving with a very deliberate pace. I suggested the propriety of quickening the march of the regiment, that it might sooner be relieved from the galling cross-fire of the enemy. With a look peculiar to himself, he fixed his eyes upon me and observed: 'Dearborn, one fresh man in action is worth two fatigued ones,' and continued to advance in the same cool and collected manner." When Stark reached the battlefield he saw that the British troops, now reinforced, were preparing to advance, and were marshalling a large body of light infantry and grenadiers to turn the left flank of the Americans. Col. Knowlton and his 120 men from Connecticut were posted at the south end of the grass fence. Stark saw at a glance the point of danger, and directed his men to extend the grass fence to the beach on the *Mystic* and rear a stone wall across the beach to the water, taking stones from the beach and adjacent fences. He then placed his large force in three rows behind the fence and wall, directing the first rank with the best marksmen to fire, and the second and rear ranks to load rapidly as they knelt upon the ground; then, stepping in front of his line, he planted a stake sixty yards in advance of his fence,

and returning to his men, told them that he should shoot the first man who fired before the British passed the stake. At half-past three o'clock British reinforcements landed, and Lord Howe

New Hampshire provincials in homespun clothes to fly at the first onset. But they remained behind the fence and wall as still as death. The British passed the stake planted by Stark, and then came



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL, SHOWING THE STAND MADE BY STARK'S AND REED'S NEW HAMPSHIRE REGIMENTS.

EXPLANATION OF THE PLAN.— At the top appears the Mystic River. At the right is Moulton's (or Morton's) Point, where the British troops first landed and formed. Extending downward from the shore of the Mystic, on the left, appear the rail fences, behind which were posted in their order Col. Stark's New Hampshire regiment, Col. Reed's New Hampshire regiment, and Capt. Knowlton's Connecticut companies. In front of the rail fences are represented the eleven companies of British Grenadiers, in line, advancing to the attack; and on the beach of the Mystic River the eleven companies of the British Light Infantry, marching with a narrow front, in their attempt to flank the American left. The numbers of the regiments to which the Light Infantry companies severally belonged are given in the figures, as in the plan of De Berniere. The Light Infantry company of the Thirty-Fifth Regiment appears both on the river beach and on the higher bank at the right of the Grenadiers. It is supposed that in one attack it occupied one position and in the other attack a different one. Below the rail fences and a little at their right appear the earthworks of Col. Prescott. Charlestown Neck is not represented on the plan. It would be much further to the left.

arrayed his men for the attack. At least 3000 men moved forward to assail the breastworks and the fence. They were the flower of the English soldiery, and doubtless expected those half-armed

a fire, so intense, so continuous, and so deadly, that officers and men went down before it. They rallied again and again, only to recoil. Nearly every officer on Howe's staff was killed or

wounded. Stark and Reed lost but ninety men, but in front of the one company from Derryfield, under Capt. John Moore, at the stone wall on the beach, ninety-six dead bodies of the foe were counted. Stark's forces were assailed by the Welch Fusileers, a crack regiment that had fought at Minden with distinction. They entered the field at Bunker Hill seven hundred strong, and the

next morning only eighty-three answered at roll-call. The ammunition of the Americans was fast giving out, and retreat soon became imperative. With a few rounds more of ammunition, Stark and Reed might have turned the fortunes of the day. They brought off, however, their forces in good condition, and returned like victors from the field. (See "Nutfield in the Revolution," page 103).



STARK AT BUNKER HILL.

STARK AT BENNINGTON.—As Stark and the New Hampshire forces had prevented the battle of Bunker Hill from resulting disastrously to the American cause, and almost succeeded in turning the defeat into victory, so, two years later, it was again the same leader with New Hampshire men who contributed most materially to the defeat of Burgoyne. For there can be no doubt that the success of the American arms in the battles near Bennington led to the subsequent surrender of the British at Saratoga, which was one of the turning points in the great struggle of the colonies for liberty. The following brief chapter in American Revolutionary annals, dealing with Stark's victories near Bennington, has been written by H. W. Herrick, a recognized historical authority:

In the spring of 1777, Stark, while engaged in recruiting and forwarding his regiment to Ticonderoga, learned that his name had been dropped by Congress from the list of colonels recommended for promotion. This was the second indignity of the kind offered him since the opening of the war. Conscious of patriotic motives and of success in his position, he ascribed the action of Congress to the jealousy of enemies, and declared that honor forbade his remaining any longer in the service. Notwithstanding the appeals made to him to remain in the army, he resigned his commission and retired. But he did not relax his efforts as a citizen in the patriot service: he sent his own sons to the field, and urged on enlistments for the army. Four months changed the aspect of affairs in the Northern military department. The fall of Ticonderoga, the repulse of Hubbardton, the exposed situation of the young settlements in Vermont, and the rumors of the advance of Burgoyne through eastern New England, spread alarm in

every quarter threatened. The delegates to the colonial Assembly of New Hampshire, stimulated by the spirit and liberality of John Langdon, their presiding officer, voted to raise two brigades, the command of one for the immediate exigency being offered to Stark.

No time was to be lost. A messenger was dispatched to bring the retired officer before the committee of military affairs, and the command was tendered to him. It was accepted on condition that the troops should act independently of Congress or of officers appointed by that power. A commission as

brigadier was therefore issued, giving Stark discretionary powers to act in connection with the main army or independently, as circumstances might require. Recruiting for three months' service was now carried forward briskly: a day sufficed to enlist and organize a company in the larger towns, and Gen. Stark was enabled in about a week to start with a large portion of his force for the rendezvous at Charlestown, on the Connecticut river. Two weeks only had passed since the first alarm from the capture of Ticonderoga, and yet Stark was organizing and drilling his force for action. The last week in July he sent forward a detachment of a few hundred men to the support of Warner's broken regiment of Continentals at Manchester—a town twenty-two miles north of Bennington. On the 4th of August a scout of one hundred men, under Col.

Emerson, was sent to

the valley of Otter Creek, north of Manchester, with directions to rendezvous at the latter place, whither Stark himself marched with the remainder of his force, after leaving two hundred men at Charlestown as a garrison. The column, in its march across the Green Mountains, was augmented by militia under Col. Williams.

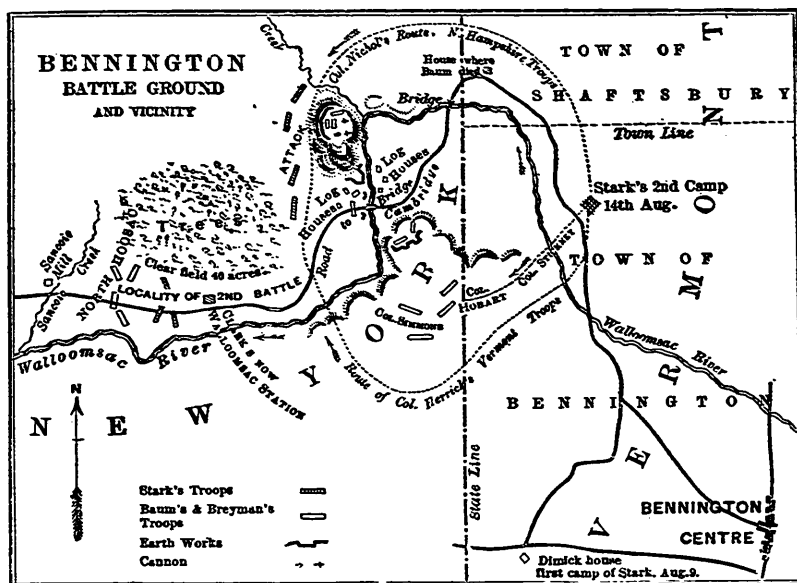
The Vermont Council of Safety, a committee of twelve, sitting at Bennington, had acted with such vigor in recruiting and correspondence that Gen. Schuyler anticipated great assistance from the militia. When Stark, therefore, arrived at Manchester, he found Gen. Lincoln, acting under orders from Schuyler, ready to march the whole force to "the Spruces,"



STARK AT BENNINGTON.

a rendezvous at the mouth of the Mohawk. High words passed between the commanders, and Stark, showing that his commission gave him plenary powers, flatly refused to leave Bennington uncovered. He, however, wrote to the commander of the

On the 9th of August Stark encamped in the west part of the town, a few miles from the village, but soon judged it prudent, from the report of scouts, to move to a point better adapted for attack, on the Walloomsack river, nearly north from his former position, and near the road leading from Bennington to Cambridge, N. Y. This was hardly accomplished, on the 13th, when he received the information of the arrival of a force of about one hundred and fifty Indians at Cambridge, twelve miles distant. A force of two hundred men, under Lieut.-Col. Gregg, was immediately sent against the enemy. At night a courier arrived with the intelligence that the Indians were but the advance guard of a force of the enemy advancing, with artillery, under Col. Baum, assisted by Gov. Skene. Swift couriers were now sent to Manchester for Warner's and Emerson's men, and tidings forwarded to Bennington, six miles distant, for the immediate help of all the militia in the vicinity. Leaving a camp guard, Stark, on the morning of the fourteenth, moved his whole force westward across the Walloomsack, on the road to Cambridge, to meet the enemy; but he had advanced only a short distance when he met Gregg falling back in good order before a superior force half a mile distant. A line of battle was immediately



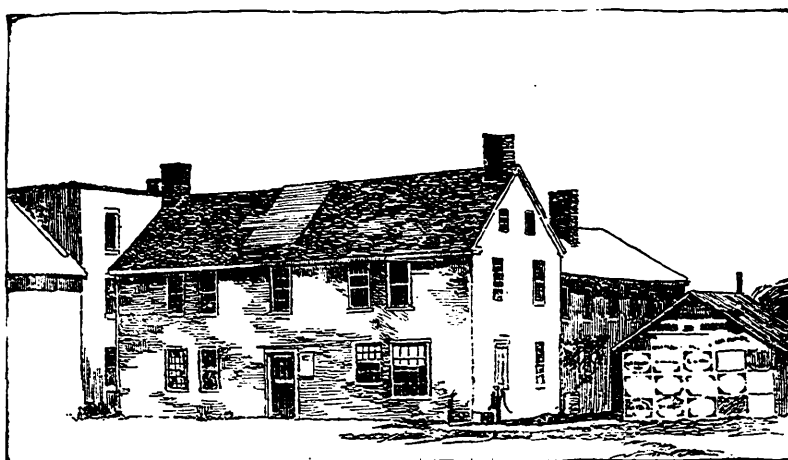
Northern army offering to co-operate in any manner with him when the immediate danger to Bennington was over. Lincoln left only two days before the battle, to report his failure.

Rumors of a foray by Burgoyne in the direction of the Continental stores at Bennington now became frequent: Stark, therefore, on the 8th of August, left Manchester with his brigade for the former place. His whole force was but about nine hundred, the scouts under Emerson not having arrived, and several companies being detained at Charlestown. Col. Warner now sent out a small force under Capt. Chipman, to bring in a quantity of muskets left stacked in the forest by the enemy near Hubbardton at the breaking up of Hale's regiment in the retreat; then leaving the remainder of his force to await orders, he went forward with Stark to assist by his counsel and knowledge of the country.

Bennington was at this time a frontier town having about 1,500 inhabitants. It was named in compliment to Gov. Benning Wentworth of New Hampshire, under whose auspices it was settled about twenty years preceding, being then included in the towns surveyed on the disputed boundary line between New York and the New Hampshire Grants. The Council of Safety had been in session here about a month, having their headquarters at the Green Mountain House, afterward better known as the Catamount Tavern—a name given it from the stuffed skin of a catamount placed on the summit of the pole supporting the landlord's business sign. The council chamber of the committee was a busy place; Stark was in daily consultation with the members, and scouts were several times a day sent out on all roads leading to the north and west. The town was filled with militia, two regiments of Vermonters being in process of organization.

formed; seeing which, the enemy stopped pursuit and began manoeuvring with the evident purpose of avoiding a collision. Failing to draw the enemy onward, and the ground being unsuitable for general action, Stark retired his force a mile and encamped, intending to attack when the reinforcements came up the following day.

Scouts soon reported that the enemy was encamping west of the state line, on the banks of the little river, at a point easily fordable. At this place a bridge and six or eight rude log houses in a clearing gave them some advantages of shelter and position. The accompanying map, drawn by direction of ex-



OLD CONSTITUTION HOUSE, WINDSOR, VT.

Gov. Hall of Bennington, gives an accurate view of the battle-ground and camps. In this position, with scouts occupying the neutral ground, the belligerents slept on their arms.

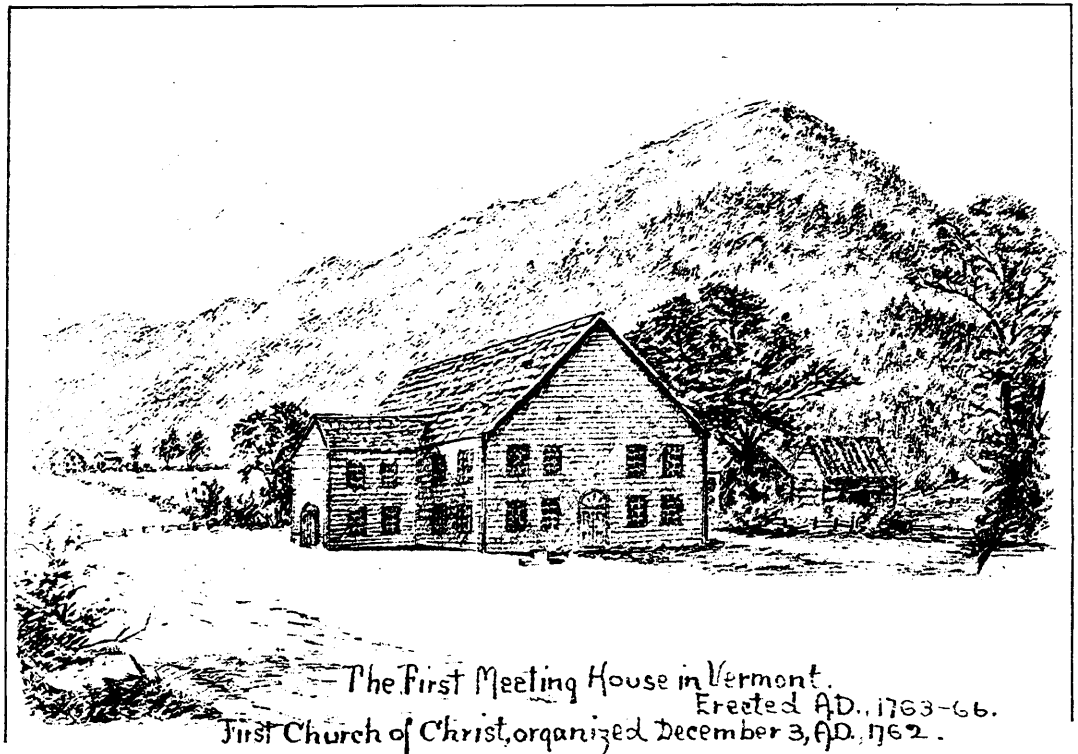
The morning of the 15th brought a terrible storm of wind

and rain, which the parties were in no condition to meet. Fighting in such pouring torrents was out of the question. Baum's force, after a semblance of parade, cowered for partial shelter in the log-houses: and Stark, after forming flanking parties, withdrew them and sheltered his men as well as possible in their brush huts and under the lee of fences. Tents there were none.

Surrounded by forests and concealed from each other by intervening hills, the opposing forces sent out numerous scouts who were lurking in the wet brush most of the day. The flint-lock muskets, with all care possible, were so drenched that few would explode, and by noon Fraser's marksmen, whom Baum had sent over the stream to support the Indians, withdrew to the bank and left the ground to the Americans. Our scouts now advanced, harried the enemy working on their entrenchments and, with no loss, killed before night about thirty, including two Indians, whose silver ornaments were brought as trophies into camp.

The scene on the ground occupied by Baum was a busy one despite the weather. The previous evening he had selected two hills by the river bank, which he proceeded at once to fortify, his troops working with alacrity in the storm. The position was about half a mile west of the line dividing Vermont from New York: the battle was thus fought in the latter state. The log-houses were partially demolished, and the lightest timbers, with logs cut on the ground, were drawn by the artillery horses or carried by the men to the highest of the two hills up the stream and placed in position, with earth filling the interstices. This was a work of difficulty, as often when the earth was banked against the logs, the rain would wash it back, rendering the labor fruitless. Nearly half a mile down the stream, on the opposite bank, the smaller of the hills was being rapidly prepared for the security of Peter's corps of Tories, under Col. Pfister. A breastwork was laid of rails, after the manner of a Virginia fence, and the whole filled in with flax pulled from an adjoining field. Slight defensive works were also built to defend the pass of the bridge and the ascent on the south of the redoubt. This labor extended far into the night of the 15th, when a short respite was given, the marksmen being called into the redoubt, and, with no fire to dry the troops, such rest taken as could be had with the wild whoops of the Indians or an occasional shot coming from the front. At midnight a dispatch from Breyman was received by Baum, stating that help would be forthcoming the next day. Thus affairs

remained at daybreak on Saturday, the 16th. The Berkshire militia had arrived in the night, and their chaplain, Parson Allen, immediately reported at headquarters. Stark had failed to get reliable accounts of Breyman's approach, but his energy of action saved him from the effects of Baum's confident strategy. A plan of attack had been decided in council by Stark, his officers, and the Bennington committee, and with the early dawn preparations were made to carry it into effect. The rain, after fourteen hours' duration, abated in the night, and the morning broke clear and pleasant; not a breath of wind stirred the dripping vegetation, and the swollen river showed by its turbid current the extent of the storm. Both camps were astir betimes preparing for the contest. It was a military axiom with Stark to strike only with a full preparation; accordingly, orders were given for the drying and cleansing of all arms, after which rations



The First Meeting House in Vermont.
Erected A.D. 1763-66.
First Church of Christ, organized December 3, A.D. 1762.

were served, and a deliberate review held of the condition of the troops.

While these events are occurring, let us take a glance at the personal appearance of the belligerents. The American troops comprised eight incomplete regiments: five companies from Berkshire county, Massachusetts, Col. Simmons; the Sixth New Hampshire, Col. Nichols; the Eleventh New Hampshire, Col. Hobart (incorrectly given Hubbard in the reports); the Twelfth New Hampshire, Col. Stickney; and a hundred scouts, Col. Emerson. Vermont was represented by a small force of militia, Col. Williams: a regiment from Bennington and the towns adjoining, Col. Brush; and the Green Mountain Rangers, Col. Herrick. The Continentals of Warner, one hundred and forty in number, and Emerson's men, were yet several miles distant. These organizations were in process of formation, few of them being half filled. None had a distinctive uniform except the

Rangers—a body of Davy Crockett men, dressed in frocks with green facings. In the tactics of the forest these Rangers were at home, being a good match for the Indians, whose whoop they nearly imitated in their night countersign, which was “three hoots of an owl.”

The commander of the Americans, with the trusty Warner at his side, moved rapidly through the camp. He was in the prime of life, forty-nine years old, dressed as a Continental brigadier, and mounted on a beautiful brown colt. His only staff officer was Warner, sixteen years his junior; and his medical department numbered but one or two surgeons. The entire force was about 1,750, of which New Hampshire furnished about 1,000; Vermont, 500; and old Berkshire, 250.

Baum's force comprised about 1,000, of whom 150 were Indians, 200 Tories, 100 Fraser's marksmen, 100 Canadian Rangers, 50 Chasseurs, and 370 Riedesel's dragoons, or Hessians, acting as infantry. The British prisoners and dead numbered the next day over 900, and Burgoyne's orderly book makes his loss in the two engagements over 1,200. The disposal of Baum's force was well made: the Tories, or Peter's corps, with a small platoon of Hessians, held the small hill, the Canadians were posted in the log houses, a few Hessians were posted in the breastworks west of the bridge, the chasseurs were at the east declivity of the large hill, while the remainder of the Hessians were in the redoubt surrounded by the Indian scouts in the forest. The German commander evidently wished to avoid battle; at half past nine he withdrew his outposts, leaving the Indians only in the forest to guard against surprise.

As mid-day approached, the Americans were massed to

receive orders: the locality was a large field, the entrance to which was by sliding bars and tall posts peculiar to the vicinity. Stark leaped to the topmost rail, steadied himself by the tall post, and harangued his troops in the well-known sentences: “Now, my men, yonder are the Hessians; they were bought for seven pounds tenpence a man. Are you worth more? Prove it.

Tonight the American flag floats over yonder hill, or Molly Stark sleeps a widow!” Throwing knapsacks, jackets, and all baggage in heaps, and placing a guard over them, the force started. Col. Herrick's Rangers, with the Bennington militia, three hundred strong, were sent to make a detour to Baum's right: Col. Nichols, with three hundred and fifty men, was sent to the rear of the enemy's left—the two forces, when joined, to make an attack: two hundred men, under Col. Stickney and Col. Hobart, including part of the Berkshire militia, were sent against the Tory works with directions to keep concealed in a corn field near by and await the opening of the action at Baum's hill. Foreseeing that there would be close work with the Tories, who were in citizens' dress, like his own force, Stark gave directions to the attacking party that a corn husk in the hat-band should be the badge of his own men. A guard under a sergeant was posted near the bridge to prevent communication between the two wings of the enemy during the



BENNINGTON BATTLE MONUMENT.

movements of the flanking parties, and the disposal of the forces was complete.

As a cover to his designs, Stark now moved forward his reserve and employed the time in marching slowly around a hill in full view of the enemy. This seemed to perplex Baum. As his servant, Henry Archelaus, afterward said: “He scanned the movement with a field-glass, and directed his artillery men to fire

on the column." This cannonade did no great harm, and the ruse was continued with a variety of movements for nearly three hours. At length, about three o'clock, the flanking parties had reached their coveted position and communicated with each



STARK RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.

(See page 16)

other. Nichols was the first to open fire. The Indians retired before the advancing line, and, panic-struck, fled to the redoubt, reporting that the forest was full of Yankees. Seeing the columns closing with a tightening coil around the hill, the savages dashed through the opening between the two detachments in single file, and, yelling like demons, made their escape, leaving a few of their number dead or prisoners. As the line pressed up to musket range, Baum opened a fire of small arms, and brought one of the cannons forward to the angle left exposed by the flight of his savage allies. The action became hot on both sides, but the assailants being sheltered by trees and brush, received little injury from the Hessian fire, delivered breast-high, without aim. New developments and attacks now rapidly ensued in every quarter; the discharge of musketry was rapid, continuous, and obstinately maintained for nearly an hour, when an explosion occurred in the redoubt that shook the hill by its violence, sending blinding smoke and flying fragments among the combatants. Appalled at the detonation, there was a momentary lull among both parties. The tumbril, or ammunition cart, of the Hessians had exploded. Comprehending

instantly the accident, the Americans, with a cheer along the whole line, made a dash for the parapet. No troops could withstand such a tide: it poured in at every angle with an impetuosity that defied resistance.

Muskets clubbed were opposed to bayonets: sabre and pike came into full play. Baum was driven back, unable to use his artillery, and all discipline in both forces seemed lost, except where the German commander and a few sturdy Hessians charged with sabre when unable to load muskets. Part of Fraser's marksmen rushed over the parapet and, leaving a few of their number dead and wounded, escaped. Baum was mortally wounded by a shot, and the force around him, panic-struck, fled down the hill to the south, where Stark's forces were advancing to meet them.

The action on the plain below, with the Tories under Pfister and the Canadians in the log houses, was but the sanguinary counterpart of the scene at the redoubt. At the first discharge from Nichols's column the concealed troops rushed through the corn, receiving three volleys, which they did not deign to return until they emerged from their cover upon a field of flax at the foot of the breastwork. Here girdled decayed trees gave them partial shelter, and behind these some of the men placed themselves, while others sought the cover of the rank flax and corn. A rapid and continuous fire now commenced on both sides. A small platoon of Hessians in the breastwork delivered at rapid intervals their fire, without aim, giving way at each discharge to the Tories who, with hankerchiefs tied as turbans, appeared, alternating their volleys rapidly with the regulars. At the explosion in the large redoubt up the stream a charge was made, with a whoop and hurrah, on the Tories. It was now corn husk against turban in a desperate death-grapple. Musket stocks supplied the place of bayonets on both sides. The enemy was pushed back; Pfister fell.



CATAMOUNT TAVERN, BENNINGTON, VT.

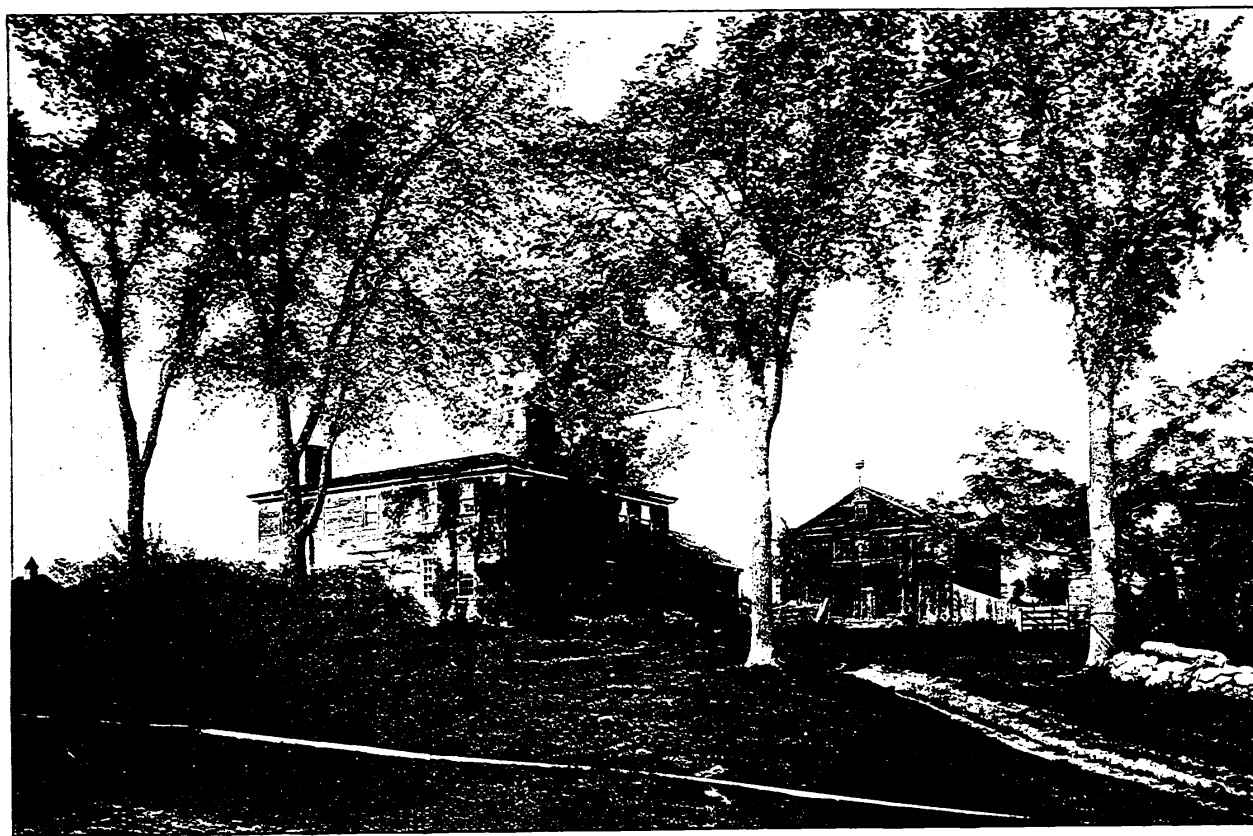
mortally wounded, and the remnant around him called for quarter. The Canadians, seeing the capture of the two strongholds, surrendered with the chasseurs, who, hemmed in, made little or no resistance. The first fight was won.

A hasty disposal was made of the prisoners. The Tories, numbering about one hundred and sixty, were tied by pairs to a leading rope, with a horse attached; the remaining captives, about four hundred and fifty, were permitted the honors of war, being marched in close ranks with a strong flank guard to Bennington. Here they were quartered in the church.

It was now nearly six o'clock. Stark and Warner hastened to the redoubt. Baum, attended by his faithful servant Henry and a Hessian surgeon, was being removed from the field. Looking around at the fearful work made in the redoubt, Stark remarked that the Americans had fought like hell-hounds. "Truly," said Baum, "they fought more like hell-hounds than

Col. Safford and Major Rann. Halting a few moments at the river to take a hasty draught and fill their canteens, the troops pressed forward to meet the new danger. Every available man was hurried to the front.

Skene had been posted by Baum about mid-day at the Sancoic Mill to communicate with Breyman and hurry forward the relief column. As the artillery in the redoubt had been playing on Stark's reserve for several hours, Skene appears to have taken the din of the battle for a continuance of the cannonade. Posted on the line of retreat of the few who escaped, it seems impossible that the guard at the mill should be in ignorance of the issue of the engagement; but Skene afterward averred



HOME OF ELIZABETH B. STARK, GEN. STARK'S GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER, MANCHESTER.

soldiers." Baum and Pfister were taken to the same house, a mile distant, in Shaftsbury, where both died the following day. The Hessian commander has always been held in great respect. The best surgical care and nursing failed to save him; but friend and foe uniformly testified that a braver man than Frederick Baum never lived.

The force now remaining on the field were somewhat separated. Random firing was heard on the Cambridge road, in the vicinity of Sancoic Mill, two miles distant, and tidings soon came that a body of Hessians, six or seven hundred in number, was advancing, with two cannon. Nearly at the same moment the drums of Warner's regiment announced its advance, with Emerson's scouts from Bennington, the column being led by Lieut.-

that he knew not, when Breyman arrived, that Baum's fate had already been decided. He accordingly pressed the innocent Breyman on to the rescue.

Groups of militia now appeared in the undergrowth near the road to the left of the Hessians; Skene declared them royalists, and galloped his horses into an intervening clearing, and hailed them. The answer was a volley of bullets. Instantly the column was halted, the cannon brought up to the front, and the whole force deployed across the road. The forest to the right and left now revealed bodies of militia, and both sides endeavored by flanking parties to get the vantage-ground. The Americans lacked unity of purpose in their movements, and officers were hurrying to and fro trying to form some semblance of a line of

battle; but before this could be accomplished the troops were obliged to fall back. When they had thus been pressed for half a mile, an officer from Warner's corps dashed among them, entreating them to hold out, for help was just at hand. Hardly were the words spoken ere a grape-shot tore the mouth of his horse; but notwithstanding the plunging of the animal, he kept his seat and urged on the wavering line. In a moment Warner's and Emerson's men, with strong flank guards, appeared advancing in line of battle. This was the nucleus wanted as a gathering point; it was at once made available, and a most obstinate and bloody contest ensued. A dash was made, and one of Breyman's cannon captured; a countercharge, and it was retaken. Our forces were pressed back to within three quarters of a mile of the captured redoubt; but the earnest efforts of Stark and Warner in bringing up Baum's captured cannon with more troops now gave strength for a brilliant charge, in which Breyman again lost a cannon, and began to fall back, contesting every inch of ground. In about a mile he deployed into a field on his left and made a desperate effort to use his remaining cannon; but the active militia were there before him in the undergrowth, skirting the clearing. Skene galloped to the cannon to encourage the artillery men, when his horse was shot, and fell, entangling his rider. Extricating himself, he seized one of the artillery horses, cut the traces that held the plunging animal to the pole, mounted, and fled, leaving behind him the Hessians and Breyman following in full retreat. The second fight was practically ended, and the day was won!

The fugitives pressed down the road, some falling in the mud before their pursuers, and begging in their foreign speech for mercy; others, entangled by their armor in the bushes, surrendered to the groups following them. The darkness had now become so great that friend could hardly be distinguished from foe. The pursuers were recalled.

The fruits of the victory were four brass cannon, about one thousand stand of arms, two hundred and fifty sabres, eight loads of army supplies, four ammunition wagons, twenty horses, and the instruments of two drum corps. Two of the cannon are now in the state capitol at Montpelier, one is held at New Boston, N. H., and the fourth is lost. The prisoners, aside from officers, surgeons, and servants, were about seven hundred, nearly

one hundred of whom were captured in the second action; two hundred and seven of the enemy were found the next day (Sunday) dead on the field of battle. Burgoyne's instructions to Baum and Skene were among the captured papers found on the officers.

The American loss was proportionately small to that of the enemy, a large part of it being before the Tory breastwork. Stark, in his official report to the New Hampshire authorities, states that his brigade—nearly two thirds of the fighting force—lost forty-two wounded and fourteen killed. If Vermont and Massachusetts lost in the same ratio, the aggregate would be less than one hundred.

Among the incidents of the battle not hitherto found in print is the loss of Stark's horse while he was engaged in a reconnaissance on foot during the action. Professor Butler records it, having found the advertisement in an old file of the Hartford Courant, of date Oct. 7, 1777. It is as follows:



Drill Master.

HESSIAN SOLDIERS.

Private Soldier.

[From the *Connecticut Courant*, Tuesday, Oct. 7, 1777.]

TWENTY DOLLARS REWARD.

STOLE from me the subscriber, from Walloomcock, in the time of action, the 16th of August last, a brown MARE, five years old, had a star in her forehead. Also, a doe skin seated fiddle, blue housing trim'd with white, and a curbed bridle. It is earnestly requested of all committees of safety and others in authority, to exert themselves to recover said thief and mare, so that he may be brought to justice, and the mare brought to me; and the person, whoever he be, shall receive the above reward for both, and for the mare alone one half of that sum. *How scandalous, how disgraceful and ignominious must*

it appear to all friendly and generous souls to have such fly artful, defigging villains enter into the field in the time of action in order to pillage, pilfer and plunder from their brethren when engaged in battle.

JOHN STARK, B. D. G.

Bennington, 11th Sept. 1777.

August 22, Stark sent his official report to Gates, thus recognizing the authority of his Continental superior officer; but he sent no report to Congress, "thus," says Everett, in his biography (Sparks), "disdaining to make his success the instrument of a triumphant accommodation."

The day before the news from Bennington was received at Philadelphia, Congress passed a resolution censuring Stark's course with Lincoln; shortly after, it made honorable amends by giving him his full rank as brigadier in the national forces, accompanied with a vote of thanks to himself, officers, and soldiers.

Stark left Bennington Sept. 14 with his brigade to join Gates, who had superseded Schuyler three days after the defeat of Baum and Breyman. Three days later the Northern army was again made glad by the news of the retreat of St. Leger from the investment of Fort Stanwix, and the union of Arnold's force with the garrison.

HESSIANS IN NUTFIELD.

The heroism of the force under Gen. Stark at Bennington is more apparent when it is considered that the greater part of the enemy were veterans of the seven years' war in Germany, and had been subjected to the severe discipline of the armies of Frederick the Great. The Hessians received their name from the Hesse provinces of central Germany, a mountainous region, producing a stalwart soldiery, brave and inured to the hardships of war. Seventeen thousand of these troops were obtained by King George III. at the reputed price of seven pounds tenpence a man, with a provision of further compensation to the families of such as should be killed or die of disease in the service.

The formidable part of the British force at Bennington was the Hessians, and their pertinacious bravery and efficiency might have given a different turn to the fortunes of the day if they had not been handicapped by the irregulars, who were attached to them as allies. The greater part of our prisoners were Hessians, and they were treated with due respect, being marched to Bennington Centre, with flank guards, while the Tories were tied in pairs to a long rope which, in front, was attached to a stout horse. The whole crowd of prisoners were taken into the village church with a relay of guards on the outside. The little edifice was not made for so large a congregation, and the floor timbers cracked ominously. A panic was created, and several prisoners rushed for the door. The guards, thinking it an attempt to escape, fired, and nine fell at the first volley. As soon as the true state of affairs was known and quiet restored in the crowd, great regret was expressed by the citizens and soldiers. The fallen prisoners were honorably buried in the church yard, and the position of their graves is still pointed out to visitors.

The Hessians of the Bennington battle were evidently a better class of soldiers, and morally superior to the troops captured by Washington at Trenton. Stark had evidently a good opinion of them, and when he returned to his own state with his

victorious troops, brought also a number of Hessian soldiers with him. Several of these formed a prosperous farming colony in Merrimack township, on the road leading to the centre of the town, and their descendants are yet living in that vicinity or in the confines of old Nutfield. The families of Longa, Ritterbusch, Schillenger, and Archelaus will be readily recalled by our older citizens. The last mentioned of these settlers, Henri Archelaus, was the body servant of Col. Baum, helped carry the wounded leader from the field, and attended him at his death the following day, Sunday, at the farmhouse hospital in the adjoining town of Shaftsbury. Archelaus lived in Weare, and died at an advanced age.

Gen. Stark sent examples of Hessian trophies, uniforms, armament, and band instruments, to the authorities of the several states represented by troops in the battle. For more than a hundred years Hessian caps, swords, drums, and muskets have been displayed in the senate chamber of Massachusetts at Boston. Two small bronze guns mounted are at the capitol in Montpelier, Vt., and one of the larger guns, "Molly Stark," as is well known, is at New Boston. Some of our old military records mention the remaining cannon, the mate of the last named, and assert that it was assigned to a privateer in the war of 1812, and lost at sea.

STARK AT HOME.—No personality has left a deeper impress upon New Hampshire than that of John Stark. His was one of those massive, rugged, robust natures that are great of themselves, not as the result of outward circumstances. He was one of the men who create events, not one of those who are created by events. His military career is more or less familiar to all readers, and has to some extent overshadowed the simple but interesting story of his home life, which is told by H. W. Herrick of Manchester:

The vigor and decision shown by Stark in military life are traceable in the management of his secular affairs. He was emphatically a worker, and had no patience with indolence, mental or physical. His plans for farm labor were comprehensive and far-reaching in results, and for the period in which he lived he effectively wielded a large capital. This good management was noticeable in the expenses he incurred for government in his military capacity. The financial cost to New Hampshire for the Bennington victory was, for mustering, mileage, rations, wages, and contingent expenses, a trifle over \$82,000 in the depreciated paper currency of the day, or \$2,500 in gold. Stark did not die a rich man, in the modern understanding of the term; he prudently used his resources, and thus answered the large demands on his hospitality and kept his estate intact. The interests of his farm and an extensive trade in lumber and tracts of woodland divided his time and labors. At one time he owned, with two partners, the present township of Dunbarton, then called Starkstown, and operated largely in lumber. The

facilities for getting logs and manufactured lumber to market were greatly increased by the completion of the Amoskeag canal in 1807, and Stark's property in timber tracts was made much more valuable. Early in life he erected a mill for sawing lumber on Ray's brook, at the present site of Dorr's pond, and it was this mill that was so suddenly stopped at the news of the battle of Lexington, and permitted to rot and rust during the eight years of the Revolution. The remains of the dam are yet to be seen at low water. After the Revolution, Stark, in connection with Judge Blodgett, erected a saw and grist mill on the east side of Amoskeag falls, near the present entrance of the company's large canal.

Notwithstanding the rough and stirring character of Stark's

to that of a modern poultry exhibitor. One enormous fowl was his pet and pride; the golden plumage, black breast, and fine sickle feathers were descanted on with true appreciation. This queer pet would eat corn from his master's hand, perch on his cane, crow at command, and was even admitted into the general's room, by his expressed wish, to while away the tedious hours when he could no longer sit on the lawn.

The farmhouse of Stark was a plain two-story structure, with an ell, a front door and entry dividing it into two equal parts; this, with four barns, and some smaller out-houses, comprised the farm buildings. They were erected a few yards above the junction of the present Reform School road with the River road, and the well, with its cover of plank, is still to be seen.



HOME OF GEN. STARK, MANCHESTER.

life, he had naturally a literary taste, and was never more happy than when reading a favorite author. Books were comparatively rare in his day, but his library represented the standard authors of contemporary literature. Dr. Johnson's works and the Scotch poets of the early part of the century were his favorites.

As second childhood came upon the old war veteran, after the age of four score and ten years, one of his great pleasures was the taming and fondling of his domestic and farm animals. Though always a lover of fine horses and cattle, he now found great satisfaction in petting and cherishing them. A very large bay family horse named Hessian was a special favorite, and he took pleasure, when sitting in his easy chair on the lawn, in the sun, in feeding and taming his poultry. One of his descendants describes the general's enthusiasm about his fowls as quite equal

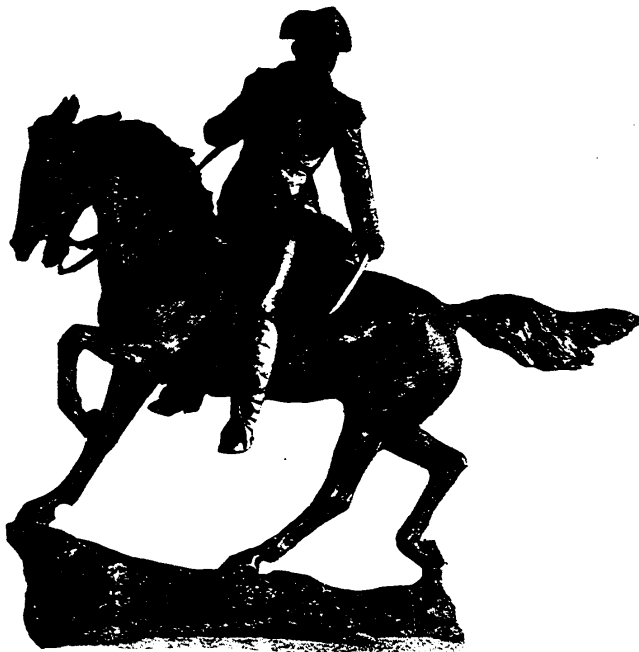
The house was erected by the general in the year 1765, and at that period was considered an edifice of notable qualities. It had handsome pediment caps to the windows and doors, and corner boards generously ornamented, and was, within, of large dimensions and careful finish. The taste of Stark, when applied to house building, was somewhat peculiar and erratic, for while he had his rooms finished with the best skill and most costly material of the period, he would never suffer paint or room paper to be seen inside of his house. He took great pride in pointing to the width and quality of native woods used in the large and sumptuous panels in the walls of the rooms, and in the wood carving of a large buffet, or French sideboard, filling one corner of his dining room. When age and infirmity confined him to the house, he chose one of the lower front rooms,



John Stow

where, from the window with an eastern exposure, he could see the first beams of the morning sun. To secure more sunlight he gave directions to have one of the front windows enlarged, making it double its former dimensions. The injury to the symmetry of the building was urged by his friends, but all remonstrance was useless; the capacity of the window was doubled, and until the alterations of the buildings many years afterward, the strange and whimsical window remained, a memento of the former proprietor. The house was burned about the year 1866, and the land adjacent, originally several hundred acres, diminished by sale and gifts to descendants, was purchased by the state as the site for the Reform School.

Mrs. Stark died in the year 1814, at which time the general was eighty-six years old. An anecdote is told of him, as occurring at the funeral ceremony. The minister officiating referred in his remarks to the general and made some very com-



EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF STARK.

Study for colossal work.—Rogers.

plimentary allusions to his patriotic services for his country. The old veteran rapped tartly with his cane on the floor, saying: "Tut! Tut! no more of that! and please you!" This sudden interruption of the ceremony was soon followed by the more appropriate allusions to the virtues of Molly. As the funeral procession left the lawn, the old man tottered into his room, saying sadly: "Good-bye, Molly; we sup no more together on earth!" Eight years after the death of his wife, Stark was called by the last summons of Providence. The latter years of his life were largely spent in his room, attended by two favorite granddaughters, Miss Molly Babson and Abby Stark. Though quite young at the time of his last sickness, Abby Stark was his constant nurse. Two weeks before the old veteran's death he was stricken with paralysis of one side of the body, the throat being so affected as to make it impossible to take nourishment. He could express his wishes only by signs and the expression of the eyes. Just before his last attack he had expressed to his son,

Caleb, his wish and readiness to depart whenever it was God's will. His mind had been much exercised for a few years on the realities of the last great change, and the Bible had been the constant companion of his sick room. While unable to speak or move one half of his body, he would give a motion to the sound leg, and look up in the face of his nurse with a playful expression, signifying that a little of the old general was animate yet. After a fortnight's suffering, the old hero passed away, May 8, 1822. The funeral ceremonies were observed two days later, and were, at the general's request, simple and unostentatious. The morning was beautiful, and the sun of early spring had so warmed vegetation for a few days previous that the grass was green and luxuriant, and the trees were fast expanding their buds into young and tender leaves. In front of the house, beyond the road, a line of infantry, leaning on reversed arms, under the fragrant budding of the orchard, waited the time of their escort service. The day was quite oppressive in its heat, and many of the soldiers suffered in their warm and close uniforms.

At the close of the religious service by Rev. Dr. Dana of Londonderry and Rev. Ephraim Bradford of New Boston, the procession was formed. The military moved in front and at the sides of the body as escort. Mr. Ray, a much respected neighbor, led the horse Hessian, decked in war trappings, and the long procession of mourners moved from the lawn, and, at the sad funeral pace, proceeded to the family burial ground in the field, about a quarter of a mile distant. The young people of the town had, unknown to their elders, obtained a small cannon and stationed it some distance from the grave, and fired minute guns as the procession approached. The body was deposited in its last resting place, and the infantry, filing right and left of the spot, fired three volleys as their last mournful tribute of respect to the memory of the beloved patriot and soldier. (See sketch of Gen. John Stark, page 15.)

STARK'S BIRTHPLACE IN DERRY.

The locality of this spot should be definitely described in a history of Nutfield, for as years pass, points of historical interest become harder of solution, where they are involved in doubt. In a national point of view, Stark was, for this province, the figure of greatest magnitude and interest in the colonial times, and rendered most invaluable service at the most critical point of the Revolution. The valuable historical manuscript of Robert C. Mack, the indefatigable collector for the local history of Nutfield, settled disputed points as to the early history of the Stark family in this country. In the winter of 1878, Mr. Mack sent a communication on this subject to a Boston newspaper, of which the following is an extract:

The precise spot where the Stark house stood is about two miles south of the village of East Derry, on the direct road to Kilrea, and was on land now in possession of Mr. Joseph White. A thrifty young apple orchard occupies the site and near surroundings. It is on the west side of the highway, and only a very few feet distant from it. Mr. White, aided by Mr. James Nowell, filled the old cellar about twenty-three years ago, and the space between the fourth and fifth rows of trees, reckoning from the lower side of the orchard, now marks the spot. Mr. Nowell, who was born and always lived near by, and whose knowledge of old landmarks is unquestioned, affirms this to be the place. He was so informed fifty years ago by an old lady, then nearly one hundred years of age, and the uniform traditions of the locality concur. In this connection I

append an interesting incident communicated to me by the Hon. Alexis Proctor of Franklin, a former near neighbor of Mr. White. He says: "I have had the White orchard pointed out to me a hundred times, by my father and many others, as the spot where Gen. Stark was born, and I do not have the slightest doubt as to the truth of it. In the summer of 1840 a party of fifty or sixty gentlemen, in half as many carriages, from Bradford, Newburyport, and other towns on the Massachusetts border, came along on their way to attend the great Harrison meeting at Concord. Gen. James Duncan of Haverhill, then or shortly after a member of Congress, desired to see the place where Gen. Stark was born. Accordingly my father went with them to the spot, and nearly all took a brick as a relic." In addition to the above testimony, I will state that a careful measurement of the original home lot of Jonathan Tyler, which subsequently, as we have seen, became the homestead of Archibald Stark, fully confirms the statements of Mr. Proctor and Mr. Nowell.

A picturesque old cellar, half a mile further down the Kilrea road, was pointed out with some doubt last autumn by the present writer to Charles M. Bliss, the genial secretary of the "Bennington Battle Monument Association," and the correspondent of a Manchester paper, as the Stark homestead, but later careful investigations clearly point to the White orchard as the veritable place. No harm, however, will result from the error, save, perhaps the wasting of a little cheap sentiment by our party over the grassy knolls and outcropping rocks that we fancied had witnessed the young sports of the future hero of Bennington.

Mr. H. W. Herrick of Manchester, the accomplished artist, has taken a sketch and will execute in water colors a representation of the site, at the desire of the wife of Gov. Fairbanks of Vermont, a native of Derry, who was born within half a mile of the place.

The neighborhood described in this letter is in the southeast corner of Derry, near the union of the Nashua and Rochester railroad with the Lawrence road, (Windham Junction), and locally is known by the whimsical name of "Derry Dock." It is said that this name was applied by the natives from the fact



STARK'S BIRTHPLACE, DERRY.

that two brothers named Taylor, with their families, early in this century moved to the vicinity from Boston or Charlestown, where they were formerly established as ship chandlers or ship carpenters. Their farms being in the same vicinity, the neighbors called this part of the town "The Dock," and the term was in time applied to the whole southeast part of the town.

Kilrea street, shown on the map, page 78, was a country road, on which these Taylor farms were located. The extract from Mr. Mack's letter makes plain the location, and his statement is confirmed by Mr. H. Johnson, an elderly resident, whose ancestors described to him the site of the house as it appeared nearly a hundred years ago.

Archibald Stark moved to Manchester in 1736, or, as the place was then known, Tyngstown, Harrytown, or Nutfield. At this time, John, the third child, was about eight years old. The father lived only about eight years on the new farm, now part of the State Industrial School land, when he died, leaving a young family, John being about sixteen years old. The burial of the father occurred in a small rural cemetery, south of Amoskeag Falls, east side, and near the present site of the locomotive works. The surface was a gentle rise of ground, or knoll, and the spot contained, in 1854, only a dozen or twenty rude headstones with a few bushes of birch and small pines interspersed. As the city advanced northward, these bodies were removed, in 1854, with the old slate headstones, to the Valley cemetery, that of Archibald Stark being thence transferred to the family lot in Stark Park a year or two since.

The Stark farm, after the death of its owner, was cared for by the brothers William and John, until twenty-four years after, when bounties and pensions received by John from the government for services in the old French wars on the border enabled him to take the farm into his own possession and build, in 1768, the house that was afterward known to be his headquarters for life. At this time, Stark was about forty years old, and he was busily engaged in farm work and lumber traffic for seven years, when the call to Lexington and Bunker Hill was the beginning of his years of hard field service for his country.

Stark's farmhouse has been described and engraved, and many of our elder citizens remember it well as it stood on the north River road, due east of the Industrial School buildings, and two or three rods west of the present road, where the old well, covered by plank, is still seen. The building was destroyed by fire in 1866.

When the news of the commencement of hostilities at Lexington reached Nutfield, Stark was in one of his sawmills, near the outlet of Dorr's pond, and it is said that at a low stage of water the remains of the old mill-dam are still visible. From this place the future hero went to his task of recruiting a company, and in two or three days, it is affirmed by one historian, he enlisted enough for a regiment, with two hundred men to spare for the nucleus of another.



STATUETTE OF STARK
At Bennington.—Rogers.

THE "MOLLY STARK" CANNON is now stored at New Boston, where it was photographed for this work. This piece of ordnance is very handsome, profusely ornamented about the breech and as smooth as when brought from the foundry in 1747, except a few small pits about the muzzle, made by sulphur corrosions from powder. The gun is of French origin, having been cast at the government foundry near Paris. It was brought to this country with other similar guns when the French held Canada. In the struggle between the French and English for supremacy a hundred and fifty years ago, this gun was captured by the victors and was held until 1777, when,

STARK'S PATRIOTISM.—The following characteristic letter was written in 1809 by Gen. Stark to the committee having charge of the celebration of the battle of Bennington :

AT MY QUARTERS,
DERRYFIELD, 31st JULY, 1809.

My Friends, and Fellow Soldiers:—

I received yours of the 22nd, instant, containing your fervent expressions of friendship, and your very polite invitation to meet with you, to celebrate the 16th of August, in Bennington.

As you observe, I "can never forget, that" I "commanded American Troops" on that day in Bennington,—They were men that had not learned the art of submission, nor had they been trained to the art of war. But our "astonishing success"



THE "MOLLY STARK" CANNON.

with others, it formed part of the armament of Burgoyne's artillery in his invasion of Vermont and New York.

The enemy under Col. Baum had only two small cannon, and the relief column under Breyman also had two, of heavier metal, one of which was "Molly." The smaller pieces were captured in the afternoon struggle in the redoubt, and the two larger guns in the battle at sunset. Gen. Stark placed the gun "Molly" with the artillery company connected with what was then the "Bloody Twelfth Regiment," having its annual field day at Goffstown, and which he was in the habit of reviewing each year. The company was composed of men living in Goffstown and New Boston.

taught the enemies of Liberty, that undisciplined freemen are superior to veteran slaves. And I fear we shall have to teach the lesson anew to that perfidious nation.

Nothing could afford me more pleasure than to meet "the Sons of Liberty" on that fortunate spot. But as you justly anticipate, the infirmities of old age will not permit : for I am now fourscore and one years old, and the lamp of life is almost spent. I have of late had many such invitations, but was not ready, for there was not oil enough in the lamp.

You say you wish your young men to see me, but you who have seen me can tell them, that I never was worth much for a show, and certainly cannot be worth their seeing now.

In case of my not being able to attend, you wish my sentiments,—then you shall have them as free as the air we breathe. As I was then, I am now — The friend of the equal rights of men, of representative Democracy, of Republicanism, and the Declaration of Independence, the great charter of our National rights :—and of course the friend of the indissoluble union and constitution of the States. I am the enemy of all foreign