

### The story starting on April 18<sup>th</sup> 1775

There is an old fashioned black house that stands at the entrance of the beautiful country village of WC.  
arches over the road that leads  
that looks as if it were ideal with the stately elms that form a magnificent gateway ^ to the town.

I seldom

pass that house but my mind is carried back to the scene of the winter morning that ushered in our glorious revolution. Seems that I have listened to a description of so often in my early years that it seems to me as if I was an actor in them. In seventeen hundred seventy five. That house was inhabited by quiet industrious farmer who with his family gained an honest and comfortable living from the farm but, who like all others at short time suffered from the oppressive taxes and enactments of the the mother country on the evening of the eighteenth of April of that year he gathered his family together in a peculiarly solemn and impressive manner to their evening worship and commended his dear ones his aged father and mother his beloved wife his children to the kind care and protection of the God of whom he served and who have promised to care for the widows and fatherless children committed to his care after the younger members of the family had received the paternal blessing and had retired. The father informed the remaining of the family that the time so long and fearfully looked forward to had arrived. That he had been informed that he and all men of New England must stand up and do battle for their rights. That a messenger from the neighboring area of Boston had warned those who had banded themselves as minute men must arm themselves. Secretly and quickly proceed to Concord about ten miles distance to protect some stores that the colony had there gathered together for case of emergency – for after that the messenger had certain intelligence that the British commander in Boston was making a detachment of soldiers to seize and destroy the supplies “now” said this noble man “I must go, I must leave you to join my brethren who have agreed to meet in Lexington there to resist if must be - to the death the power that seeks to unite the fetters on slavery on the limbs of free-born Englishmen - as much Britians as if born on the other side of the Atlantic and as much entitled to protection and not provison from British law” – for a few moments the little group bent their hands in silence at that sad but not all together unlooked for intelligence – The old grandfather and the sons rose and said “we will go too” – “no father” said the first speaker “you are too feeble you must not go with us now it would excite suspicion – we have got to go quickly and singly and round about ways as if on orderly business to our gathering fire if any of the cursed british scouts and spies should suspect any of us they have authority from Howe to put us on board the cursed prison ships in the harbor thus effectively preventing us from aiding our country and annoying them. But you my son” said to his oldest “you must go quickly as possible meet at Lexington Common before break of day if possible.” “ You Amos” – but where is the boy? – “Here father”

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said the bright lad – coming in from his little bedroom with three or four muskets “here Father look I have been getting ready to give the boasting regulars as good as they send” and sure enough the old arms that have done service in the old French war and were considered only at fitting as harmless toys for the boys he had been repairing and preparing for deadly service this accounted for the lad’s unsocial way of shutting himself up alone and bringing upon himself the reproof of his father and mother as being a profitless boy always spending his time in busy idleness. “Now Father take these and I will go with you and see if I have made the guns as good as new and see if they won’t shoot native at the red coats” “No Amos – you must not go You must stay and care for your mother and the little ones” “but Father” interrupted the disappointed boy - “I am old enough to fight I am sixteen tomorrow” “but my son you must obey me - you must see to the home and if we do not return by tomorrow noon you must yoke the oxen and carry all the folks to friend Reeds at Charlestown and – no more parley we and delay – where’s Russell?” Said he looking for his son-in-law. “He has gone to comfort Ann she is frightened almost to death poor girl “said her father – “but he must go with us no man that can do duty can be spared” Russell soon entered and said he was ready although the tears trembled from his right eye at the thought of leaving his young wife perhaps never to return taking nothing with them but the muskets prepared by Amos as if they were going after game



the father and his son and son in law left their weeping family and hustled to the place of rendezvous through all the evening of the eighteenth such scenes as this were acting in every house in the little settlement and every able bodied man left his home and household treasures to the care of the God they trusted to defend the right and went determined to make resistance any number of British troops that might come to take property they considered as their own that they had been hoarding up to enable them to defend their rights the settlement was a precinct of Cambridge then called Menotomy pretty thickly settled of each side of the road that run from Cambridge to Lexington the men had secretly formed a company called Minute men who were to hold themselves in readiness to be called out at any moment when the troops in possession of Boston should make any hostile incursion into the country their preparations had to be made or took the right

with the utmost secrecy for the soldiers had a right ^ to enter it all times the houses of the people and if they saw arms or ammunition or any quantity of provisions or any thing that looked like a preparation for war to take take them and if their suspicions were strongly aroused to carry off the men to Boston where they were kept in military durance or put as prisoners on board of the ships in the harbor.

The information of the unknown alarmist was indeed true. A little past midnight about 1<sup>00</sup> of Gage's troops marched in military order arms in deathlike silence beneath the green elms that shaded the fair road that led to Concord little did they know of the tearful eyes and beating hearts that were watching them from every dark casement little neither did they hear of the anxious prayers lips

that ascended from the ^heavy hearts and loving women and darling children for the safety of fathers husbands and sons, who they feared were ill prepared to meet such well disciplined foe and who they knew must either conquer in the struggle or if they lived and

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were successful had nothing to hope but the doom of traitors the Milelass farm of which was sad and terrible imprisonment. but God heard their prayers – my Father then a boy of eight years has often and often told the story of night how he waken by the anxiety of his distress mother got by the bright moonlight

out of his bed and standing at the window saw ^ the terrible regulars march up in the bright moonlight their heavy and strictly timed tread sounding in the solemn stillness like the tread of one man while the gleaming of their bayonets seemed in the clear and silvery moon beams like the sheen of a running rivulet

on they marched still as possible and thinking by the death like silence that brooded over everything that their movements were unobserved - once indeed they saw the gleaming of a light through the shutters of a window and one of the scouts knocked at the humble door to inquire the reason for the untimely light the woman answered to the inquiring that her old man was sick with the wlie and that she was preparing him some yarb-tea; he went on satisfied but some of that yarb tea carried death to more than one who marched up so proudly, before another midnight hour came round.

It was the dwelling of a shoemaker and he and his wife were melting their pewter plates and making them into balls when the knock came to disturb them in their midnight labors – quick as though the man threw himself on to the bed and the women upset the skillet of molten lead into the turf – ashes and covered up her molds and then went to satisfy the inquisitive intruder – as the door was partly open into their little room the Briton saw nothing to contradict her statement of her wakefulness, and he hastened to join his company by the time the sun rose they had searched Concord and been repulsed by the resistance of the courageous but untrained country men and with much loss and discomfiture were compelled to return to the quarters in a very hasty and undignified manner. The little village of Menotomy suffered much in their hasty retreat for they stopped at the houses of the inhabitants and pilfered and destroyed all they could and killed where they met resistance many antidotes of that return are now



remembered and are repeated by the inhabitants and many of the houses are now standing that were riddled by their bullets as they fired at them to revenge the kill of their companion who were shot down by invisible marks men concealed behind the wall and trees this skirted the road-side.

They entered

in the house of a Dea. of the church his wife lay sick in bed, with an infant of one fortnight old (this infant is still living). Her other children, eight in number, ~~hidden~~ crouching like frightened partridges, were concealed under her bed. A party of the retreating soldiers entered and proceeded to satisfy their hunger with whatever food they could find and then pillaged the house of the valuables it contained, one little boy on half a dozen years crept out of his concealment and followed them with wondering curiosity until utterly astonished to see them rudely taking away the communion service that he had been accustomed to see treated with religious awe he commanded them to desist for said the sturdy little rebel "if you don't Daddy will lick you" the soldiers laughed at the child's impertinence threat and proceeding in their pilfering. After they had sifted the house of every paper and article of value they piled up combustibles ~~virtually~~ in the middle of the room and set fire to them - before they left the house they went to the bedside of the affrighted and trembling Mrs. Adams and raising his bayonet proposed to kill her but another more merciful said and if she would leave the house she should be spared accordingly took her helpless babe and tottered to the corn barn - not however after the first ruffian carelessly thrust his uplifted bayonet thru the bed clothes at the risk of wounding both mother and child. Before their fire was well kindled they were obliged to leave and a daughter immediately succeeded in extinguishing the flame but they burnt a large hole through the floor and the place where of the fire was marked for many years after by the square boards that were put in to repair the damage. As they left that house instead

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of going down the road where they were exposed to be shot down on both sides went across the fields to the next house and here a bloody and fearful fray took place Mr. Jason Russell the owner of the house was determined to defend his castle for since he an English subjects house is his castle and I not be driven from my port. A load of shingles was lying in his yard and with them he has from inside his gateway and with some of his neighbors proposed to resist the entrance of the soldiers - but the party coming across from Deacon Adams house surprised them and a deadly conflict or rather butchery ensued. There is now now in the old graveyard a small old fashioned slate stone with the following inscription a short but true account of the deathly deed. Inscription

the floor on the principle room of

Tradition says that ^the house(still standing) was ankle deep in blood. - Two English soldiers lost their lives there in the dreadful scene. After this ~~sad and~~ they went on their way, entering the house from which the affrighted inhabitants so had fled finding that age nor sex were longer any protection from the rage of the soldiers irrespective to fury by the loss of their companions and inflamed by the blood they shed they stole - destroyed and fired all the houses between the Russell house and the tavern standing at the corner of the road leading to Milford some of them stopped there to rest and refresh themselves while sitting in the bar room some of the brutal men saw coming ~~up the rising inn~~ in the road a feeble and white haired old man it was the grandfather of the family that lived in the old black house who had been removed to their friend Reed as ordered by the father the night before - but anxiety to know the fate of his friends and the



desire to ~~anxious~~ to carry comfort to his affrighted children had impelled the old man to risk his life by returning to the great road and as he came in sight of it a shot from one of the soldiers in the tavern felled the old man to the ground – they saw him fall and run out to complete their work by stabbing the fallen man and then they threw the apparently lifeless body over the wall he was afterwards ~~found~~ and assisted to his friends and lived many years - after that thy left the tavern the soldiers had not time to stop any where else but were obliged to content themselves with firing into the houses as they hurried. The suffering of the inhabitants of Menotomy have seldom spoken of and the names but three of the victims to the British cruelty in the Russell house is remembered now - the little slate stone in the old grave yard was the only source of ~~them~~ except in the memory's of a few who are passing away.

*Written in Pencil*

Of the event until a few years ago when a beautiful granite monument was erected over the almost mainly and forgotten grave it stands in the simple beauty so retired from public view that it is scarcely noticed by the stranger as he passes by – but let it not be forgotten by us children of those humble ancestors and inheritors of the glorious men's died to us with their generous sacrifice and may we light ~~willing with~~ the same generous self determination, be as ready to sacrifice our lives even if called upon to prevent the growth of any amoral or political --- that may shatter the blight. The glory of our land bor?  
At each priceless cost



Our research identifies the following characters:

Captain Samuel B Whittemore 1696-1793 **Grandfather** who fought in the French & Indian war

Spouse: Elizabeth Spring 1701-1764

Children: (11) including

A. Thomas Whittemore 1729-1799 **Father**

Spouse: Anna Cutter 1731-1816

Children: (11) including

a. Anna Whittemore 1754-1819

Spouse: Thomas Russell 1751-1809, (son of **Jason Russell**)

Children: ( 5)

b. Amos Whittemore 1759-1828 **Boy of 16 years old in 1775**

Spouse: Helen Weston 1763-1829

Children: ( 12) including

**Henry** Whittemore 1797-1891

B. William Whittemore 1732-1818

Spouse: Abigail De Carteret 1730-1807

Children: (6) including

Philip Carteret Whittemore 1766-1855 **About 8 years old in 1775**

Author? Was an offspring of Philip C Whittemore. Most of them lived in Charlestown except

Abigail Whittemore 1797-1882 Lived in Arlington so she is the most likely author.

Deacon Joseph Adams Jr 1715-1794 **Father**

2<sup>nd</sup> Spouse: Hannah Hall 1730-1803 **Mother in bed**

Children: (12) including

1. Anna Adams born April 1<sup>st</sup> 1775-1855 **Baby in arms was one of 8 children remaining**

2. Daniel Adams 1768-1857 **Boy of 6 in 1775**



**Two partial Letters written between the lines of the other document**  
**Apparently written before that document**

West Cambridge Dec. 25, 1850

my dear Uncle Abjel  
you letter dated Dec. 19<sup>th</sup> last Saturday I was very  
much grieved at the melancholy intelligence it contained of the death of  
my respected Aunt Foster I had hoped to see her some time or another and  
and now she is no more - I am very much obliged to you for sending me word and  
I have notified our relatives in this place.

Our research on this letter yielded little.

From the writing it appears to be written by the same person as the other letter of the same date.

Possibly: Abiel Cutter 1794-1880+, Born Cambridge MA, died Maine

West Cambridge Dec 25 1850

Dear friend Henry

I wish you a merry Christmas I hope you have had as  
pleasant a day as we have here it has been a clear cold bright winter day  
with snow enough to allow the sleighs to run easily and it has been well  
improved - we have thought of you much today and wondered how you were  
enjoying yourselves supposing and hoping it to be in right good fashion -  
Miss C. received your letter last week and was much pleased with it fearing  
that you were agreeing to wait for her to assign your last - she has deputed me to  
answer this for her and wishes me to thank you for it as for the papers sent  
at the same time. I also wish to acknowledge the receipt of a bundle of books  
Mr Hardin's by Mr Clark - in due time and in good order - I should have  
written soon as on the receipt of it, but in the note accompanying it you say  
you were going to a distant court in your state and did not know when you  
should be back, so I did not like to write until I knew of your return  
was glad to hear of your release from the unpleasant business it seems to me  
to be the most unpleasant thing to have to go as witness in any case if you have to  
leave N.Y. I hope it will be this way for we should be very glad to see you and  
if you cannot leave in any other account we would not object too your being  
summons as a witness for the sake of bringing you this way.

Miss C. = Clarissa Chadwick 1775-1851 daughter of Capt. Nathaniel Chadwick 1747-1802  
Welch Letters

Possibly: Henry Chadwick Whittemore 1829-1890