

'ong and so quietly as they did. Why should they have wished to be separated from England? Was not all her glory in the pursuits of peace and war, theirs also? True it is that for sometime before the signal gun was fired, the patriots had been gathering and secreting military stores in readiness for active resistance, if England persisted in her designs. All was done however in the hope that a repeal would be granted, and Englishmen in America would be placed on an equal footing with Englishmen in England. Numerous petitions were sent from America to England. The Assemblies to the Parliament, the people to the people, and from all to the King. But only additional insults, and indignities, were heaped upon the embassies. Not a word of sympathy, not a word of encouragement. Everything looked dark and dreary for the colonies. The Boston tea party had occurred, the port of Boston had been closed, and the commons and greenswards of that peaceful city were infested by a swarm of British soldiers under the command of General Gage. The Americans now clearly understood that peaceful measures would not suffice and that the horrible ravages of civil war would soon desolate their country. So they resolved that so far as possible, nothing should be found wanting in the defence of their rights.

At all points military stores were collected, companies of minute-men enrolled, disciplined and drilled. Every native officer who had served in the Indian war threw himself heart and soul into the cause. Every orator found upon his lips words of burning eloquence with which to incite his hearers to deeds of bravery and patriotism. But

still they hesitated, and why? In hope of redress. But none came, and in fact, the commanding general of the British army was ordered to take the offensive.

The hot bed of the rebellion was in Massachusetts, and therefore, the first conflicts were fought there. The first conflicts, bravery opposed to discipline, raw farmers opposed to soldiers inured to the horrible sights of a battle field's carnage. What memories do the mere mention of the names of the first battles recall? Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill. The green fields, the modest churches in the background, the wives, children of the minute-men, all appear before us as in a dream.

At last after a long period of inactivity Gage determined to march forth from Boston with great pomp and ostentation. He purposed to proceed to Lexington and Concord, there to destroy the military stores; then to return victorious to Boston, receive the Americans coming with petitions for clemency, and tell them that with the gracious consent of his Majesty their lives would be spared. What visions of triumphs, of fetes, of honors, must have danced before the eyes of his imagination. But alas doomed was he to disappointment, bitter lasting disappointment.

The vigorous manner in which the Americans were arming themselves, proved to his lordship that no gleaming bayonet, or scarlet coat could frighten our soldiers, raw and undisciplined even as they were. Accordingly his military promenade was to be postponed until a later date owing to the unfavorableness of the American atmosphere.

So, on the night of the eighteenth of April, 1775, the flower of the