

This account of what occurred at Falmouth was written on May 30th, 1775, for Admiral Graves, then in command of the British ships in Boston Harbor.

On the 15th of April he wrote to the wardens, vestry and parishioners of his church as follows:—

“There are none of the misfortunes to which I am abandoned that more sensibly afflicts me than being forced from my flock in the day of distress. It shall be my continued prayer to Him who alone is able to still the madness of the people, to protect you by His good providence, to preserve you in peace and unity, to sanctify the persecution which you endure for the gospel’s sake, to your improvement in virtue and crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord.”

On the fifth of July, his wife and three children were able to leave Falmouth and in a vessel under convoy of a man-of-war come to Boston. He had heard nothing from his home until August, except the tidings brought by his wife. She reported that the affairs of Falmouth were in the greatest confusion, the people in general in open rebellion, the friends to the government in the greatest distress and consternation. Of the principal persons belonging to his church, some had left the town and country; some came up to Boston with his wife, and others were preparing to leave America.

He further says:—“The people of Falmouth detained all my property and my library, which was a very good one. All my household furniture and my estate they appropriated for the maintenance of their army, which they have raised to join the continental army, by which Boston was besieged. They permitted my wife to bring off only two days’ provisions for herself and children, her wearing apparel and bedding.” A few days after her arrival in Boston, greatly fatigued and exhausted in both body and mind, she and her only daughter fell sick, and, after a few days of extreme suffering, passed to their rewards, leaving Mr. Wiswall and his two young sons in an agony of bereavement, relieved, however, by the assurance that his beloved wife and little Elizabeth were in the land of rest beyond the rage of the revolutionary tempest.