

New Hampshire



Minute Man

A bulletin issued in the interests of the New Hampshire Society, SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION and in tribute to the PATRIOTS OF THE THIRTEEN COLONIES, who pledged their lives and fortunes to establish the Republic.

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NH PATRIOTS HONORED AT BUNKER HILL DAY CEREMONY JUNE 17, 2003

Charlestown, MA – Members of the NHSSAR and John Stark Society, C.A.R. took part in the Bunker Hill Day ceremonies at the Bunker Hill Monument on Tuesday, June 17th. The ceremony marked the 228th Anniversary of the First Major Battle of the American Revolution. The ceremony began with an ecumenical service at Saint Francis de Sales Church in Charlestown. A procession led by the Middlesex County Volunteer's Colonial Fife & Drum Corps paraded to the grounds of the Bunker Hill Monument. It has been a tradition since the laying of the monument's cornerstone that an orator recounts the events of June 17, 1775 and the sacrifices and valor of those men who fought to win independence. The first orator to speak at the monument was New Hampshire's own Daniel Webster, a true son of the American Revolution. Daniel's father, Ebenezer Webster served as a colonel in the New Hampshire militia. The 2003 orator was Joyce Zakim, widow of civil rights leader Leonard P. Zakim, for whom the Leonard P. Zakim Bunker Hill Bridge is named. The President of the John Stark Society, CAR placed a wreath at the New Hampshire Gate to honor the memory of the New Hampshire troops that fought so bravely on June 17, 1775. Members of the New England Contingent SAR placed wreaths at the US, Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts Gates, and fired a three volley musket salute in tribute to the heroes of Bunker Hill. During the Battle of Bunker Hill (Breed's Hill) New Hampshire militia commanded by Colonel John Stark at the rail fence near the Mystic River repulsed the British infantry thrice. With the colonials running low on black powder, Stark marched off a measure and placed a stake in the ground to instruct his men not to fire until the enemy reaches the marked spot.



NH Compatriots and John Stark Society President at the New Hampshire Gate of the Bunker Hill Memorial



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Bunker Hill Oration

Daniel Webster: A True NH Son of the American Revolution

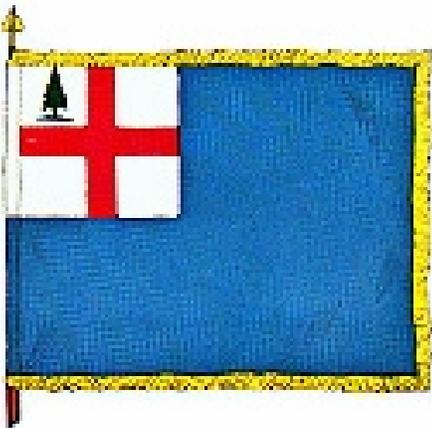
June 17, 1825

Source: Shewmaker, 99-104

This uncounted multitude before me and around me proves the feeling which the occasion has excited. These thousands of human faces, glowing with sympathy and joy, and from the impulses of a common gratitude turned reverently to heaven in this spacious temple of the firmament, proclaim that the day, the place, and the purpose of our assembling have made a deep impression on our hearts.

If, indeed, there be any thing in local association fit to affect the mind of man, we need not strive to repress the emotions which agitate us here. We are among the sepulchres of our fathers. We are on ground, distinguished, by their valor, their constancy, and the shedding of their blood. We are here, not to fix an uncertain date in our annals, nor to draw into notice an obscure and unknown spot. If our humble purpose had never been conceived, if we ourselves had never been born, the 17th of June, 1775 would have been a day on which all subsequent history would have poured its light, and the

eminence where we stand a point of attraction to the eyes of successive generations. But we are Americans. We live in what may be called the early age of this great continent; and we know that our posterity, through all time, are here to enjoy and suffer the allotments of humanity. We see before us a probable train of great events; we know that our own fortunes have been happily cast; and it is natural, therefore, that we should be moved by the contemplation of occurrences which have guided our destiny before many of us were born, and settled the condition in which we should pass that portion of our existence which God allows to men on earth.



Pictured above:

Lossing's version of New England/ Bunker Hill Flag



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We do not read even of the discovery of this continent, without feeling something of a personal interest in the event; without being reminded how much it has affected our own fortunes and our own existence. It would be still more unnatural for us, therefore, than for others to contemplate with unaffected minds that interesting, I may say that most touching and pathetic scene, when the great discovery of America stood on the deck of his shattered bark, the shades of night falling on the sea, yet no man sleeping; tossed on the billows of an unknown ocean, yet the stronger billows of alternate hope and despair tossing his own troubled thoughts; extending forward his harassed frame, straining westward his anxious and eager eyes, till Heaven at last granted him a moment of rapture and ecstasy, in blessing his vision with the sight of the unknown world.

Nearer to our times, more closely connected with our fates, and therefore still more interesting to our feelings and affections, is the settlement of our own country by colonists from England. We cherish every memorial of these worthy ancestors; we celebrate their patience and fortitude; we admire their daring enterprise; we teach our children to venerate their piety; and we are justly proud of being descended from men who have set the world an example of founding civil institutions on the great and united principles of human freedom and human knowledge. To us, their children, the story of their labors and sufferings can never be without its interest. We shall not stand unmoved on the shores of Plymouth, while the sea continues to wash it; nor will our brethren in another early and ancient Colony forget the place of its first establishment, till their river shall cease to flow by it. No vigor of youth, no maturity of manhood, will lead the nation to forget the spots where its infancy was cradled and defended.

But the great event in the history of the continent, which we are now met here to commemorate, that prodigy of modern times, at once the wonder and the blessing of the world, is the American Revolution. In a day of extraordinary prosperity and happiness, of high national honor, distinction, and power, we are brought together, in this place, by our love of country, by our admiration of exalted character, by our gratitude for signal services and patriotic devotion...

VENERABLE MEN! you have come down to us from a former generation.

Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same oceans roll at your feet; but all else how changed!



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Bunker Hill Flag as painted in John Trumbull's *The Death of General Warren at the Battle of Bunker Hill*

You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewn with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death; - all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity

of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seemingly fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defense. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you!... The great wheel of political revolution began to move in America. Here its rotation was guarded, regular, and safe. Transferred to the other continent, from unfortunate but natural causes, it received an irregular and violent impulse; it whirled along with a fearful celerity; till at length, like the chariot-wheels in the races of antiquity, it took fire from the rapidity of its own motion, and blazed onward, spreading conflagration and terror around.

We learn from the result of this experiment how fortunate was our own condition, and how admirably the character of our people was calculated for setting the great example of popular governments. The possession of power did not turn the heads of the American people, for they had long been in the habit of exercising a great degree of self control. Although the paramount authority of the parent state existed over them, yet a large field of legislation had always been open to our Colonial assemblies.



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They were accustomed to representative bodies and the forms of free government; they understood the doctrine of the division of power among different branches, and the necessity of checks on each. The character of our countrymen, moreover, was sober, moral, and religious; and there was little in the change to shock their feelings of justice and humanity, or even to disturb an honest prejudice. We had no domestic throne to overturn, no privileged orders to cast down, no violent changes of property to encounter. In the American Revolution, no man sought or wished for more than to defend and enjoy his own. None hoped for plunder or for spoil. Rapacity was unknown to it; the axe was not among the instruments of its accomplishment; and we all know that it could not have lived a single day under any well-founded imputation of possessing a tendency adverse to the Christian religion.

It need not surprise us, that, under circumstances less auspicious, political revolutions elsewhere, even when well intended, have terminated differently. It is, indeed, a great achievement, it is the masterwork of the world, to establish a government entirely popular on lasting foundations; nor is it easy, indeed to introduce the popular principle at all into governments to which it has been altogether a stranger. It cannot be doubted, however, that Europe has come out of the contest, in which she has been so long engaged, with greatly superior knowledge, and, in many respects, a highly improved condition. Whatever benefit has been acquired is likely to be retained, for it consists mainly in the acquisition of more enlightened ideas. And although kingdoms and provinces may be wrested from the hands that hold them, in the same manner they were obtained; although ordinary and vulgar power may, in human affairs, be lost as it has been won; yet it is the glorious prerogative of the empire of knowledge, that what it gains it never loses. On the contrary, it increases by the multiple of its own power; all its ends become means; all its attainments, helps to new conquests. Its whole abundant harvest is but so much seed of wheat, and nothing has limited, and nothing can limit, the amount of ultimate product.



NH Patriots Honored at Bunker Hill Day Ceremony; Members of the New England Contingent at the 2003 Bunker Hill Remembrance.

