

8.1.17 Mary Prescott Barrett Interview with Shattuck 1831

EVENTS AT COL. BARRETT'S FARM AND CONCORD, APRIL 19, 1775

Mrs. Peter Barrett [Mary Prescott] Interview with Lemuel Shattuck, 1831

Transcribed from the original at the New England Historic and Genealogical Society.

"Mrs. Peter Barrett says (Nov. 3, 1831) that at her...father [in-law¹] Barrett's, there had been 8 men employed several days in making cartridges. That there had been two field pieces carried sometime before from there to Springfield.² That there were carriages still remaining there - that they were alarmed about 4 o'clock AM - immediately carried several loads of cartridges, paper and other stores down towards the river and some guns back into the woods. Mrs. Barrett threw stores out of the window into the cart which stood under it. Col. Barrett was very infirm and was accustomed to lie down on a bed very frequently - most of the stuff was secreted before they arrived. When they came up they opened the door and said: 'our orders are to search your house and your brother's from top to bottom.' [She replied] 'You may do it if you please.' They accordingly went past - looked in almost every department for stores, but happened to overlook such places where they were. Some were covered in casks of feathers &c. and eluded their search.

"They asked for refreshment - She gave them milk, bread and cheese. They asked for spirit - one man a sergeant whose name was Cooper said he must drink. She told them the people did not keep much in the country - the commanding officer told them they must not drink any - it would set hell into them - they told Mrs. Barrett there would be bloody times before night - that they had killed 8 at Lexington. Stephen Barrett the Col.'s son was there - they took him by the collar, kicked him and said 'Now we have got you' supposing it was the Col. himself - 'You must go to Boston with us and be sent to England for your trial.' Mrs. Barrett informed them that he was not the Col. but his son, on which they released him.

They stole \$50 from a pocket book purse in a bedroom, and carried off some clothes. They asked what was to pay - 'Nothing', said she, 'We are commanded to feed our enemies.' They then threw down some silver into her lap - she protested some time about accepting it and finally said: 'This is the price of blood.' They stayed there about an hour - took a firebrand from the fire. She asked them what they were about to do with it. They said burn up the carriages, she begging they would not set them afire where they thus, wherefore it would burn the barn down, on which they turn their back into the open on which they were about to set them afire when they heard the report of guns at the bridge and immediately fled. They did no other damage there than to cut the carriages to pieces.

When they went out they proford [proffered?] in sight of Col. Barrett, but being dressed in an

¹ Shattuck says "grandfather" but Col. Barrett was her father-in-law)

² Mrs. Peter Barrett may have heard they were sent to Springfield, but Shattuck in his 1835 *History of Concord*, on p.99 states that on April 17th the Committee of Safety: "...directed Colonel Barrett to mount two cannon, and raise an artillery company, and to send four cannon to Groton and two to Acton..... Continuing on p. 104 Shattuck states of the morning of April 19th: "The committee of safety in Concord had been engaged the preceding day [April 18th], according to the direction of the provincial committee, in removing some of the military stores to the adjoining towns, and securing such as yet remained. This occupied the attention of Colonel Barrett and a large number of citizens a considerable portion of the morning. Four cannon were carried to Stow, six to the outer parts of the town, and some others covered with hay, straw, manure, &c...."

old coat, flopped hat and leather apron, they did not suspect it was he - The Col. rode back and forth several times that morning giving directions about the stores.

Eight men were wounded and carried into the house that stood near Capt. [John] Stacy [?] and returned as prisoners some time and doctored by Dr. Cummings [Dr. John Cuming]. Sergeant Copoor [Cooper] was one - he was taken home and married the servant girl of Dr. Cummings [Cuming]. He ever after said he could not forgive Mrs. Barrett for not giving him some spirit that day. None of them returned to the British.*

Mrs. Knowlton put the fire out of the Court House. D. Minot's home was ransacked and several articles of female apparel taken. Mr. Avery White saw one wounded behind town and lying in a puddle of water so much in distress that he was trying to drown himself and begged someone to kill him - he did kill him by cutting his head open. They took refreshment at Dea[con Thomas] Barrett's also that morning and paid for it."

Transcribed from the original at New England Historic and Genealogical Society by Charlene Lyle and Frederic C. Detwiller, August 2006

* Note: Col. Barrett was in charge of ten British prisoners kept in the Concord Gaol after the battle; they petitioned the legislature for better provisions.

8.1.18 Maj. James, Prescott Barrett in Lossing's Book 1848-50

Below is the 1850 New Atlantic Monthly preview of Lossing's description of Major James (Col. Barrett's grandson)'s part in the events of April 19th, 1775. The home of Major Barrett is shown on the 1830 map and identified on the MHC survey form as the one at 612 Barrett's Mill Road (photo attached), that we need to compare with the Barrett Farm. Apparently it is where Millicent lived with her brother, the future Major James Barrett. According to Shattuck, Col. Barrett had 6 barrels of powder, James Chandler across the street had 5 barrels, and James Jr. had 6 barrels. Here is Lossing's account of his visit with Major James Barrett that agrees quite well with that of Mrs. Peter Barrett in 1831:

HARPERS NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. No. VI. NOVEMBER, 1850.VOL. 1.

PILGRIMAGE TO THE CRADLE AMERICAN LIBERTY.

WITH PEN AND PENCIL. BY BENSON J. LOSSING.*

* This sketch of Revolutionary scenes and incidents in and about Boston, is part of an unpublished chapter from Lossing's Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution, now [1850] in course of publication by Harper and Brothers.

[Here, garbled by OCR, is inserted a poem in the original]

T'was a glorious October morning, mild and brilliant, when I left Boston to visit Concord and Lexington. A gentle land-breeze during the night had borne the clouds back to their ocean birth-place, and not a trace of the storm was left except in the saturated earth. Health returned with the clear sky, and I felt a rejuvenescence in every vein and muscle when, at dawn, I strolled over the natural glory of Boston, its broad and beautifully-arbored Common. I breakfasted at six, and at half-past seven left the station of the Fitchburg railway for Concord, seventeen miles northwest

of Boston. The country through which the road passed is rough and broken, but thickly settled.

I arrived at the Concord station, about half a mile from the centre of the village, before nine o'clock, and procuring a conveyance, and an intelligent young man for a guide, proceeded at once to visit the localities of interest in the vicinity. We rode to the residence of **Major James Barrett**, a surviving grandson of **Colonel Barrett**, about two miles north of the village, and near the residence of his venerated ancestor. **Major Barrett** was eighty-seven years of age when I visited him and his wife, with whom he had lived nearly sixty years, was eighty. Like most of the few survivors of the Revolution, they were remarkable for their mental and bodily vigor. Both, I believe, still live. The old lady a small, well-formed woman was as sprightly as a girl of twenty, and moved about the house with the nimbleness of foot of a matron in the prime of life. I was charmed with her vivacity, and the sunny radiance which it seemed to shed throughout her household; and the half hour that I passed with that venerable couple is a greed spot in the memory.

Major Barrett was a lad of fourteen when the British incursion into Concord took place. He was too young to bear a musket, but, with every lad and woman in the vicinity, he labored in concealing the stores and in making cartridges for those who went out to fight. With oxen and a cart, himself, and others about his age, removed the stores deposited at the house of his grandfather, into the woods, and concealed them, a cart-load in a place, under pine boughs. In such haste were they obliged to act on the approach of the British from Lexington, that, when the cart was loaded, lads would march on each side of the oxen and goad them into a trot. Thus all the stores were effectually concealed, except some carriage-wheels. Perceiving the enemy near, these were cut up and burned; so that Parsons found nothing of value to destroy or carry away.

From **Major Barrett's** we rode to the monument erected at the site of the old North Bridge, where the skirmish took place. The road crosses the Concord River a little above the site of the North Bridge. The monument stands a few rods westward of the road leading to the village, and not far from the house of the Rev Emerson...

[He apparently did the drawing of Col. Barrett's house on the way to the North Bridge]

[In a later publication, *Our Country*, 1877, Benson J. Lossing quotes **Major Barrett**:]

"CONCORD had been aroused. Dr. Prescott had reached the town twenty minutes after he left Revere and Dawes in the hands of their captors. He told Amos Melvin, the sentinel at the Court-house, that the regulars were coming. It was then about two o'clock in the morning of the 19th of April, 1775. That scion of a heroic family, who had battled with the French and Indians in recent wars, seized the bell-rope and rung out such a vehement alarm that the villagers were all aroused from their slumbers, and soon filled the streets. The first man who appeared with a gun was William Emerson, the beloved pastor there. He was very soon surrounded by Minute-men on the Green; and when the guns at Lexington were heard before sunrise, the Committee of Safety and the principal people of the town had assembled for consultation. They soon made arrangements for the reception of the invaders. Couriers had been sent to the neighboring towns to stir up the people; and the men, women and children of Concord engaged vigorously in the removal of the cannon and stores to a place of safety. *"I was then a lad fourteen years old,"* said the venerable **Major James Barrett** to me in 1848, when he was eighty-seven years of age. *"I could not carry a musket, but I could drive oxen. Stout men and women would load carts with stores, and then*

boys and girls of my age would go, one on each side of the oxen, with long goads, and whip them into a trot, and so we carried away the stores, and hid them under pine boughs before the British regulars appeared."

Men from Lincoln, Acton and other places hurried toward Concord, and in the gray of early morning these, with the local Minute-men, were drawn up in battle array on the Common, under the general command of **Colonel James Barrett**, a soldier of the French and Indian war. Guards were placed at the bridges which spanned Concord River, a sinuous, sluggish stream, and at the centre of the village; and some militia were sent toward Lexington to gain information about the invading regulars, of whom they had uncertain stories. At about seven o'clock the militia men came hurrying back with the startling news that the regulars were near, and in number three times that of the Americans then assembled. The whole force of defenders now fell back to a hill about eighty rods from the centre of the village, where **Colonel Barrett** formed them in two battalions. This was scarcely done when the flashing of bayonets and of scarlet uniforms in the early morning sun, not more than a quarter of a mile distant, showed the immediate presence of the enemy. A short consultation of officers was held. Some were for giving fight on the spot where they stood, while others, more wise, perceiving that it would be simple murder of the men to cause them to fight against such odds, proposed to fall back a little distance and wait until they were made stronger by the militia from the surrounding towns, who were then flocking in. They did so, and took post upon rising ground beyond the North Bridge, about a mile from Concord Common.

The British entered Concord in two divisions; one by the main road and the other over the hill from which the Americans had retired. Smith and Pitcairn remained in the town, and sent six companies to secure the bridges, prevent the militia from crossing them, and to discover and destroy the secreted stores, the hiding-places of which had been revealed by Tories. A party went to the **house of Colonel Barrett** to destroy stores supposed to be there, but were disappointed. The inhabitants had worked so industriously for the salvation of the treasure, that very little was left for the marauders. A few gun-carriages were there, and those they burned. They demanded refreshments at the hands of **Mrs. Barrett** and offered to pay for it. She refused the money, saying, "We are commanded to feed our enemy, if he hunger." In the village they broke open sixty barrels of flour, one-half of which was afterwards saved. They broke off the trunnions of their iron twenty-four pound cannon, burned sixteen cannon carriage-wheels, a few barrels of wooden trenchers and spoons, cut down and burned the Liberty-Pole, set the Court-house on fire, and cast about five hundred pounds of balls into a mill-pond. Mrs. Moulton put out the fire at the Court-house. The articles named were all the spoils gained by the expedition which produced a seven-years-war and the dismemberment of the British empire.

Rumors of the events at Lexington, vague and uncertain, had reached the Minute-men at Concord. All Middlesex was awakened. The militia were flocking in from Carlisle, Chelmsford, Weston, Littleton, and Acton; and before ten o'clock the force amounted to full four hundred men--about one-half that of the regulars. They were drawn up in line by **Joseph Hosmer** of Concord, acting adjutant, and Major Buttrick of the same village took the immediate command. When they saw the smoke ascend from the town, the question pressed itself upon the heart and judgement of every man; "What shall we do?" There was no Continental Congress; they had no orders from the Provincial Congress; they were a little army of Middlesex farmers gathered for the defence of their homes and their rights: by what authority might they attack British troops acting under lawful orders? Would it not be treason? But the troops were trampling upon their

rights, and the smoke of their burning property was rising before their eyes. They took counsel of duty, and acted promptly. In the burying-ground on a hill near by, was the following epitaph on a stone over the grave of a slave:

"God wills us free; man wills us slaves: I will as God wills; God's will be done."

Acting in the spirit of these lines, Isaac Davis of Acton drew his sword, and, turning to the company of which he was captain, said: "I haven't a man that's afraid to go." Then **Colonel Barrett** gave the word march, and the Acton company, followed by others, all under the command of Major Buttrick, pressed forward, in double file with trailed arms, to drive the British from the North Bridge. The latter began to destroy it, when Buttrick urged his men forward to save it. As they approached the river, they were fired upon by the regulars. Captain Davis and one of his company were killed, when Buttrick Shouted: "Fire, fellow-soldiers; for God's sake fire!" Immediately a full volley was given by the Minute-men, which killed three of the British and wounded several. Some other shots were fired, when the invaders retreated and the Minute-men took possession of the bridge.

The war begun at Lexington that morning was seconded at Concord at the middle of the forenoon, and at meridian the same day, British power in America began to wane, when British regulars made a hasty retreat before an inferior number of provincial militia. Colonel Smith, hearing the firing at the bridge, sent out reinforcements. These met the retreating detachment. Seeing the increasing strength of the Minute-men, they turned about, and at noon the whole invading force retreated toward Lexington, the main column covered by strong flanking parties. It was soon perceived that the whole country was in arms. Minute-men appeared with muskets everywhere. They swarmed from the woods and fields, from farm-houses and hamlets. It appeared as if the old fable of the sowing of dragons' teeth, that resulted in a crop of full-armed men, had become history. "The Americans," wrote a British officer, "seemed to drop from the clouds." The blood shed at Lexington and Concord loosed the bands of conscience, and wiped out all the scruples of those who had been governed by a nice sense of the duties of a subject, and of honor and discretion. War had begun. In open highways the exasperated yeomanry attacked the retreating invaders; behind stone-walls, fences, buildings and in wooded ravines they ambushed, and assailed their foes with the single shots or deadly volleys; and man after man fell dead in the British ranks or was badly wounded, until great wagons were filled with the slain and the maimed. The heat was intense, and the dust in the roads was intolerable. Exhausted by want of sleep, fatigue of marching, famine and thirst, the eight hundred men--the flower of the British army in Boston--must have surrendered to the armed yeomanry of Middlesex, soon after reaching Lexington had not relief arrived. It came in the form of reinforcements under Lord Percy, and met the fugitives within half a mile of Lexington Common...."

TRADITIONS AND REMINISCENCES OF CONCORD, MA, Dr. Edward Jarvis's:

"David Loring made lead pipe at the site of Warner's pail factory [from] about 1830 to after 1847. Nathanael Munroe made 8-day clocks on the dam. He had eight hands [employees] to help him. He removed to Baltimore about 1818. Lemuel Curtis made time pieces, [and] wall clocks, on the dam. He moved to Burlington about 1820. Benjamin R. Hagggar made seaman's compasses in a building on the spot where Mrs. Barber now (1876) lives. He moved to Baltimore about 1818. Peter Wheeler exported beef and pork, packed and salted, to the West Indies until his death in May 1813, aged 58. He lived in the house now occupied by Nathan Stow. Andrew

Edwards made organs in a shop where William Monroe afterwards made pencils. H. David Hubbard made pencils previously in an old shop on the north corner of Walden and Heywood streets next east of Mr. [John] Vose's tan yard. **Major James Barrett** and Jonathan Hildreth made bellows for family use and sold them in Boston, 1822. Nathan Barrett carried on coopering and sent a large quantity of barrels to Boston and Brighton for the beef and pork packers. Stephen Wood had a tan yard on the mill dam. John Vose had one on Walden St. near Heywood St. next to the pond. Stephen Barrett also on his farm near the Carlisle line.... Mr. Joshua Jones drew wire in his shop by use of the trip hammer wheel. Small rods were drawn through steel plates with holes successively smaller until he reached the desired size. At the same time Mr. Jones made cut nails, cutting [them] by machine from the end of iron plates of proper thickness and width. Then these header pieces were put into a vice with a [indecipherable] and the upper end pounded by hand and a head made."

Copyright ©2006 Austin Meredith **THE 19TH CENTURY**

8.1.19 Barretts in "The Concord Fight" Harper's New Monthly Magazine 1875

The Committee of Vigilance and the militia officers had been engaged on the preceding day in removing some of the stores to Sudbury and other towns, in accordance with instructions from the Provincial Committee of Safety, in consequence of the alarming rumors that had reached them. On the return of Brown from Lexington, orders were given for the safety of the remainder. This occupied the attention of **Colonel James Barrett** and a large number of citizens the early part of the morning. **Colonel Barrett** was a member of the Provincial Congress, Superintendent of the Public Stores, and commander of the militia in Concord. Cannon and ammunition were carried to Stow. Some was covered with hay, straw, and litter of all sorts. Stores were sent to Acton and other towns, and quantities were concealed in private dwellings and in the woods. All were changed about....

... There was yet no organization of any sort with the Americans. There were scarcely men enough to organize; but Major Buttrick saw the necessity of this as the numbers increased, and he went to Lieutenant Joseph Hosmer, then in command of one of the companies, and requested him to act as adjutant. My company will be left alone if I do, he said. It must be so, then, replied Buttrick; you must go. Hosmer became adjutant, and an organization was commenced. While these movements were being made, **Colonel Barrett**, who had been incessantly at work in securing the stores, rode up. Individuals were continually arriving with all sorts of reports of the enemy. Some asserted that the British had killed several of the militia at Lexington. Others affirmed the contrary. In the hurly-burly of the time it was impossible to obtain accurate information so necessary for their guidance. In this uncertainty, Colonel Barrett addressed a few firm and impressive words to the men, and charged them not to fire a shot unless the British first fired upon them. Seeing that the enemy had entered the village a few rods distant, **Colonel Barrett** ordered the Americans to take a new position, and await increase of numbers. They thereupon proceeded over the North Bridge, and marched, not yet over one hundred and fifty in all, to Punkatasset Hill, about a mile north of the meetinghouse. **Colonel Barrett** accompanied the men as far as the bridge, and thence rode home to give directions respecting the public stores at his house.....

The Provincials on Punkatasset.

... Men were stationed on the several roads leading into Concord, to direct the reinforcements to the rendezvous; volunteers hastened forward. Minute-men and militia, the former under Captain Jonathan Wilson, and the latter commanded by Captain John Moore, arrived from Bedford. Numbers came in from Chelmsford, Carlisle, Littleton, Westford, Billerica, Stow, and elsewhere. Those from Billerica came with Captain Solomon Pollard. Some came by the roads, and some across the fields. Thus strengthened, this devoted band marched down from Punkatasset to the high land in front of Major Buttricks house, where the British on guard at the North Bridge and the village were in sight before them. On their arrival at the cross-road, they were met by five Acton minute-men, Captain Isaac Davis. This company, about forty in number, came by the Strawberry Hill road till they reached the rear of **Colonel Barrett's residence**. They halted there for a short time to observe the movements of the detachment of the enemy searching the house. Then, partly by a cross-road and partly over the fields north of **Barretts Mills**, they marched with a quick step, the fife and drum playing The White Cockade, in nearly a straight course to the Widow Browns Tavern. Thence they took the north road to the high land, where they met Major Buttrick and his men....

... It therefore became urgent with the British to promptly seize the North and South bridges, to prevent, if possible, the entrance of provincials from the neighboring towns. Accordingly, while Colonel Smith remained in the centre of the village, he detached six companies of light-infantry, numbering about three hundred men~ under the command of Captain Lawrence Parsons, to take possession of the North Bridge, the only entrance to the town in that direction, and proceed thence to the places where military stores were secreted, Ensign De Berniere, the spy, to act as his guide. On their arrival at the bridge, three of the companies, commanded by Captain Lawrie, remained on guard. One of these, under Lieutenant Edward Thornton Gould, guarded the bridge, while the others, of the Fourth and Tenth regiments, fell back to the hill in front of the Old Manse and near the bridge. They were, for a time, scattered about in that vicinity, visiting the houses for food and drink, which were freely given them. Captain Parsons, with the other three companies, proceeded to **Colonel Barretts**, one mile and a half distant, to the northwest, to destroy the stores there. They reached his house about eight oclock, and just after **Colonel Barrett** had left on his return to the rendez-vous. Captain Parsons said to **Mrs. Barrett**, Our orders are to search your house and your brothers from top to bottom. She was requested to provide the soldiers with refreshments. One of the sergeants demanded spirit, but it was refused, and the commanding officer forbade its use, as it would render the men unfit for duty, for, said he, "We shall have bloody work to-day: we have killed men in Lexington."

The Concord Fight

Mrs. Barrett was offered compensation for the refreshments, but she refused to take any, remarking, We are commanded to feed our enemies. They threw some money into her lap, which she finally retained, saying, This is the price of blood. She was assured of good treatment, and that private property would be respected. Some musketballs, cartridges, and flints had been concealed in casks in the attic, and covered with feathers. They were not discovered. Several cannon had been buried in the field in the rear of the house, and the field freshly plowed. So they were saved. The soldiers took fifty dollars in money from one of the rooms, although the officers had forced money on **Mrs. Barrett** for food and drink. On seeing **Stephen, a son of Colonel Barrett**, who had just entered the house, an officer demanded his name. **Barrett**, said he. Then you are a rebel ~ and taking hold of Idm, said, You must go to Boston with us, and be sent to England for trial. He was, however, released when **Mrs. Barrett** exclaimed, He is my son, and not the master of the house. It was the intention to take **Colonel Barrett** a prisoner, as he was

considered one of the prominent rebels of the province. Another son, **James Barrett, Jun.**, was at the house, but being lame and inactive at the time, he was not molested. The soldiers had collected a few gun-carriages in a pile to burn. These were placed dangerously near the barn. Observing this, **Mrs. Barrett** reminded the officers of their promise not to injure private property. They promptly ordered the articles to be carried into the road, where they were consumed. Shortly after they were startled by the signal-guns at the bridge, and the troops immediately retreated toward the village. While the enemy were at **Colonel Barrett's**, and just before their retreat, two companies, one of militia and one of minute-men, from Sudbury, arrived within sight of the house. These were under the command of Captains Aaron Haynes and John Nixon; Jonathan Rice was a lieutenant in one of the companies. They were accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel Ezekiel How. Nixon was subsequently a general in the Continental army. On the arrival of these patriots within half a mile of the South Bridge, they were informed by **Stephen Barrett**, stationed there, that they were to proceed to the North Bridge. To reach that point they had to pass **Colonel Barrett's house**. Noticing the British there, they halted, and Colonel How exclaimed, If any blood has been shed, not one of the rascals shall escape, and, disguising himself, he rode on to ascertain the truth, and talked with the British officers. **Stephen Barrett**, who came along with the Sudbury men, on entering the house of his father was confronted as we have described. The Sudbury militia and minute-men followed in the rear of the British, and joined in the general pursuit from Concord to Charlestown....

... While in the village the British seized and abused several citizens, aged men, who were not armed, some in mere wantonness. Among them was **Deacon Thomas Barrett, a brother of Colonel Barrett. In his building there was a gun factory, carried on by his son, Samuel Barrett.** The deacon was a man noted for his piety and for the mildness of his manners. Not terrified by the scenes around him, he protested against the violence of the soldiers, and alluded to the unkind treatment of the colonies by the mother country. When they threatened to kill him as a rebel, he calmly said, You need not take that trouble, for I am old, and will soon die of myself. Touched a little by this remark, they said, Well, old daddy, you may go in peace... On the highest point of land where the Americans had assembled, the chief officers and citizens of Concord, with a few from the adjoining towns, held a council of war. There was an animated consultation on that historic spot. There **Colonels Barrett, Robinson, Pierce, and Brooks, Major. Buttrick, Captains Davis, Brown, Miles, Barrett, and Smith, citizens William Parkman, Ephraim Wood, and others, met and consulted on the course they would pursue.** These patriots, requiring even more moral than physical courage to meet the regulars, armed with the power of a strong government, did not long hesitate. Indeed, the aggressions of the enemy soon provoked them to a decision. While these deliberations were absorbing their attention, the British were ruthlessly burning gun-carriages, wheels, the liberty-pole, and other spoils in the village, the smoke from which rose in a cloud over the common, and was plainly to be seen by those on the hill. It appeared as if the enemy had already set fire to the town. The sight sent a thrill of indignation through the ranks of the militia and minute-men gathered there. In the midst of the excitement the energetic Hosmer exclaimed, They have set the village on fire! Will you let them burn it down? With this danger in view, and urged by the bold and emphatic expressions of Major Buttrick and Captain Davis, they immediately resolved to march to the middle of the town to defend their homes, or die in the attempt. Although the British force at the bridge was not over 150 to 200 men, there were more than 500 in the village, a distance of half a mile, 100 more under Captain Pole, only a mile further, and the three companies under Captain Parsons, expected to return at any moment from **Colonel Barrett's**. The crisis had come. The council broke up, the officers took their respective positions, as well as circumstances would permit, and

Colonel Barrett gave the order to march to the bridge and pass the same, but not to fire on the kings troops unless they were fired upon. They wheeled from the right, Luther Blanchard and John Buttrick, the young fifers, playing The White Cockade, advanced to the scene of action, and placed themselves in an exposed position on the rough, narrow highway. Approaching the road leading from Captain David Browns house to the bridge, the Acton minute-men, under Davis, passed in front, and marched toward the bridge. In files of two abreast the Concord minute-men, under Brown, pushed forward, and came next in position. These companies were followed by those of Captains Miles and [**Nathan**] **Barrett**. The former marched to the battle-field with the same seriousness and acknowledgment of God which he always felt on going to church. The Acton militia company, under Lieutenant Simon Hunt, followed the **Colonel Barrett**, who continued on horseback in the rear, giving orders to the volunteers as they came in from the other towns..... ... What was the effect of this repulse on the British? The fire of the Americans astonished and undeceived them. It was wholly unexpected, for they did not believe the colonists would fight. They did not recover from the shock it gave them, and they continued their retreat to the hill on the north side of the village, on the edge of the common... Shortly after, and in the midst of the utmost confusion and excitement, Captain Parsons reached the bridge from **Colonel Barrett's**.... ... Colonel Smith was wounded in the leg at Fiskes Hill, and Major Pitcairn hit in the arm and unhorsed there. His charger, a fine animal, ran over the fields, riderless, till captured by an American, and, with the accoutrements, was subsequently sold at auction in Concord. **Captain Nathan Barrett** bought the holsters and pistols, marked with Pitcairns name, and gave them to General Israel Putnam....

... The men of Concord, with Major Buttrick among them, kept in the heat of pursuit until they reached Charlestown Neck, anti many of them remained there during the night. None of them were killed, and only a few were wounded. Among the wounded were Captain Charles Miles, who was injured in one hand by a musket-ball, amid **Captain Nathan Barrett**, who received a slight injury....

... The commanders of the Americans at Concord **Colonel Barrett** and Major Buttrick, as well as Captain Davis, of Acton have been remembered, and their names handed down to posterity in the epitaphs over their graves. That over **Colonel Barrett** states that he early stepped forward in the contest with Britain, and distinguished himself in the cause of America.

8.1.20 Meliscent Barrett Swain Anvil, Scissors Letter, 1875, Little Maid of Concord

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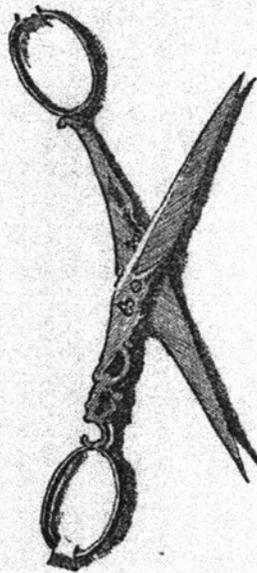
APPENDIX.

to make cartridges. She replied that they would use their powder-horns and bullets, just as they shot bears. "That," says the young man, "would be too barbarous; give me a piece of pine, and I will show you how." After whittling the stick to the proper form, he took these scissors, which I now present to the town of Concord, and cut the paper for the pattern cartridge.

The sequel shows how apt a scholar she was, for all the cartridges were made under her superintendence by the young ladies of Concord; her only male assistant was her younger brother, the late Major James Barrett, who drove the last load of cartridges from the house after the British came in sight on the 19th of April, 1775. After the war, Joseph Swain returned to Concord, and married Meliscent Barrett, and took these relics to Halifax, Vt., where I came in possession of them.

Yours,

JAMES P. SWAIN.



MELISCENT BARRETT'S SCISSORS.
(Now in the Public Library, Concord.)

NOTE.—The name "Meliscent" is spelled in various ways in different documents and genealogical records. The author has chosen the one given above. "Meriam" was the old way of spelling this family name, now written "Merriam."

APPENDIX.

I.

THE framed manuscript copy of this letter, to which the scissors are appended, hangs in the Public Library at Concord.

CHARLES THOMPSON, ESQ.;
BRONXVILLE, N. Y., *March 24, 1875.*

Dear Sir,—About one hundred and one years ago, Dr. Warren sent a young man, his nephew by marriage, Joseph Swain, son of Rev. Joseph Swain, of Wenham, to Concord, to take charge of the rebel armory. After repairing the guns generally in use, he attempted to make some new ones. For this purpose he returned to Salem, to the edge-tool factory of Mrs. Proctor, where he had previously had charge, and secured such tools as were to be had; and among them this anvil, which I now, through you, present to the town of Concord. On this anvil the first gun-barrel was welded in Concord.

Colonel James Barrett and his son James had, during the French war, furnished, through the commissary department in Boston, oatmeal and some other provisions. This continued on until near 1774. It was a common occurrence for a young staff officer to come to Concord on this business, and, while waiting a reply, would amuse himself by talking loyalty with James Barrett's oldest daughter, Meliscent, to hear her rebel replies. He asked her what they would do if it should become necessary for the Colonies to resist, as there was not a person who even knew how

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A Little Maid of Concord, 1775. By Margaret Sidney, AKA Harriet Lothrop. (Concord: Lothrop Lee & Shepard, 1898, 1900)

8.1.21 Barrett Farm Extracts from Old Concord: Her Highways and Byways 1888/92

OLD CONCORD

HER HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS

Revised and Enlarged Edition

BY

MARGARET SIDNEY

Author of *The Pettibone Name, Five Little Peppers, The Golden West, Hester, and others.*

ILLUSTRATED BY

MISS MARY WHEELER, A. W. HOSMER OF CONCORD

L. J. BRIDGMAN and H. P. BARNES.

BOSTON:

LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY.



THE OLD BARRETT HOUSE.

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envy, not even surprise. She knows it all, being keenly alive to what is going on in Church or State. With a not unpleasing indifference to material progress, she adjusts her opinions on every subject, considers this adjustment final, and rests by her river, gentle, sluggish and persistent as herself.

To accommodate the restless ones within her, it is said the neighboring city of B—— was founded. Hither go at early dawn, to seek a more stirring life among men, such as find their craving strong upon them, but they return at night, with a glad gleam in the eye, breathe "Concord" gratefully, and are satisfied.

The best way to see Old Concord is to take a low phaeton and an easy-going horse; with a superb indifference to time, to start without the worry of choosing your road. In any direction you will find rich fields. Arrange that the expedition be made in a day with a smart turn-out, and you will return at night, your mind filled with a surprising array of tablets, inscriptions, a Minute Man, a battlefield, a glimpse it may be of the river, a curiosity shop, an alarming number of graveyards, a sculptor's studio, homes of famous writers,

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as badly mixed up as the children in "Pinafore;" and you call all this Concord, and wonder that people make such a fuss over it, and why you took the trouble to come over to see it, and wish you had struck off something from the list your well-meaning friend in town had given you of things you must not fail to see, so that you might have reserved time "to do" Lexington also.

No; the carriage must be easy to ride in, and easy to get out of, for frequent studies; it must only hold two persons, you and your appreciative friend, who beside a little knowledge of the town must also possess the rare gift of occasional silence. The horse must not be ambitious to get on. He must be reasonable, and not take it ill if occasionally you forget his existence and leave him tethered beyond the time, while you gather the secrets of the town. It will take several days to "do" Concord in this manner; lazy driving about here and there, as your spirit wills, interviewing the old residents, who, in the seclusion of their ancient homesteads, are delightful indeed, and most valuable to you in your search for authentic records.

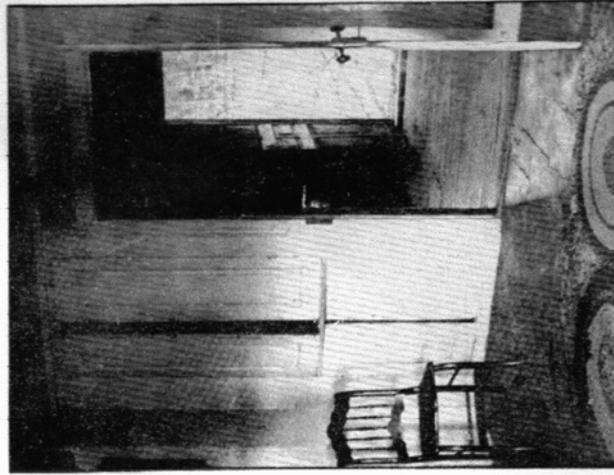
There are no hazy "may-bes" about the town

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and its history; no elaborate dressing up of tradition. Everything is as open as the day for your inspection, and the bright sunlight of truth shines through it all. You are left free to study, search, and explore to your heart's content. No one is surprised that you have come; no one urges you to stay. Here, if in any spot on earth, each is master of his own movements, and lord of his time.

The indulgent reader will kindly understand that these sketches will not attempt to re-write Concord's history, nor estimate anew her literary life. They will treat of some of the old town's unwritten spots, and much that might escape the general sight-seer. But any study of Concord, however slight and methodless, must contain much of the past century's life so closely intertwined with that now going on in these quiet streets, and recognize the subtle influence of the immortal three who wrote, lived and are sheltered here in death.

No sound greets us other than the crooning and clucking of the fowls, picking their way across the road, one eye on the carriage and its occupants, and the occasional "caw" of the adventurous crow hungrily threatening the adjacent meadow. The



ONE CORNER OF THE "MUSTER ROOM" LOOKING INTO KITCHEN.

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old gnarled apple-trees cast picturesque shadows on the grass of the door yard, which is guiltless of fencing, and over the old homestead as guiltless of paint. We draw rein; quick footsteps are heard in the little entry; the door is thrown back, and our hospitable hostess smilingly bids us enter.

“Do let us see the ‘Muster Room,’*” we cry, “and tell us the story there,” for this is the Colonel James Barrett house, and we have come for the record of the old homestead during the activities of the eventful nineteenth of April, 1775.

With the directness of a child, and the quick utterance of one who knows her story well, and enjoys telling it, Miss A. ushers us in, and offers for our acceptance high-backed rockers, but we hasten to the delightful window-niches, and very soon we are no longer living in to-day, but a past century claims us.

Colonel James Barrett, her great-grandfather (whose father lived before him in this old house), was born in 1710. He went through the French

*The “Muster Room” is the lower front room as seen in the accompanying view of the house. It has two front windows and one on the side. The age of the house is not known; it has always been in the possession of the Barrett family.

War, to come out with impaired health. In the threatening times preceding the historic nineteenth, the important duty of buying the provincial stores was entrusted to him; he kept a portion of them carefully under his personal supervision. He held also the responsibility of examining the soldiers and of enlisting them. This work was always done in the room in which we were sitting. Hence its name—the "Muster Room." (There is a curious hole, shaped like a three-leaved clover, over the door; Miss A. pauses in her description, to tell us that her father said it was cut there when the house was built—for what purpose, other than ventilation, the visitor cannot imagine.)

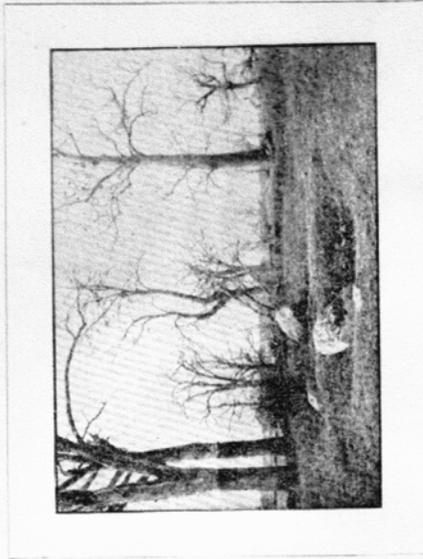
When the British soldiers (a detachment under Captain Parsons being sent to the Barrett house for the stores, and to take Colonel James) were heard coming, the old mother of the Colonel was alone in the house. The family had urged her to flee to a place of safety, but the plucky old lady said, "No, I can't live very long anyway, and I rather stay and see that they don't burn down the house and barn."

One of the descendants of the Colonel gives it as his opinion that probably two companies were

sent to the house—about one hundred and fifty men. (Shattuck's History states three companies.)

Captain Parsons stepped up, "Madam, I have orders to search your house."

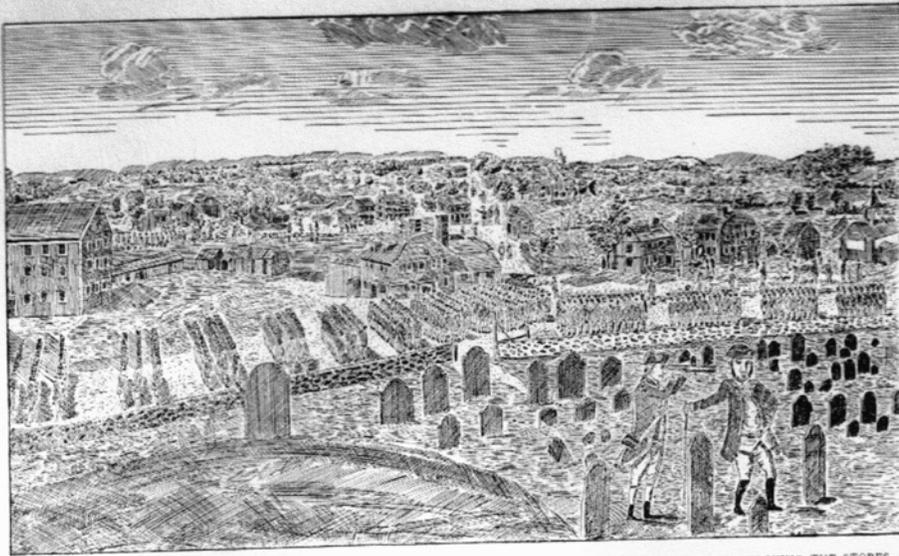
"You won't destroy private property?" asked the old lady, not flinching.



SITE OF THE OLD HOUSE, WHERE THE BRITISH SOLDIERS DRANK FROM THE WELL, AND "TORY BLESS" WAS SEEN.

"No; we will not destroy private property, but we shall take anything and everything we find that can be made into ammunition, or any stores, and our orders are to take Colonel James Barrett."

Early in the morning, when the first news of



FAC-SIMILE OF AN OLD ENGRAVING OF THE CENTRE OF THE TOWN, SHOWING THE BRITISH SOLDIERS DESTROYING THE STORES IN THE "EBBY HUBBARD" HOUSE, BY THROWING THEM INTO THE OLD MILL-POND.

The two figures in the burying-ground (Old Hill) are Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn viewing the Provincials who are mustering on an east hill in Concord (this east hill being Punkawtasset). The three-storied building on the extreme left, is the Unitarian Church, which at that time had its side toward the street. Next to it is the Wright Tavern, which is easily recognized. Between the two, and across the mill-pond, can be seen the British destroying the stores. The small building is the old mill (on the site at present occupied by Mr. Flint's grocery store). Just back and to the right of it, is the Block house, and beyond that can be seen the roof of the jail. The building with a cupola, on the extreme right, is the old Town-house. The soldiers in the foreground are the British marching to victory!

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trouble to come, was heard, the men in the Barrett family ploughed up the land south of the old barn, in what is now the kitchen garden, a space of about thirty feet square, and while one led the oxen, the others followed and dropped into the furrow the muskets that were stored in the house—then went back and turned the earth over them, thus concealing them. They carried the musket balls into the attic and threw them into an empty barrel; near by was another barrel about three quarters full of feathers; these they turned over the balls. When searching the house, a soldier, spying the barrel, thought he had a prize, and thrust his hand into the feathers, stirring them up. An officer exclaimed crossly, "You fool you! What do you expect to find there!" Jeers instead of commendation being the soldier's lot, he stopped short in his investigations, and our forefathers had cause to bless that laugh of the Briton.

There was a little trunk holding some pewter plates, very near the barrel. A soldier seized one end of this, lifted it and cried out, "This is heavy," preparing to break it in. The Colonel's old mother said immediately, "This is private property; it belongs to a maiden lady in the family"—so.

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according to the promise fortunately secured from the commander, it remained undisturbed.

On the first alarm, the Colonel's son Stephen (who, the family record in the old Bible tells us, was born in 1750) was sent to Price Place (the cross roads where four roads meet, now called Prison Station) to tell the minute men who were hurrying from Stow and Harvard, and the vicinity, not to go down the road by the Barrett House, but to take the great road into town to the North Bridge. How long he waited at his post, tradition saith not, but when he came back he passed around the house and entered the kitchen door. A British officer met him as his foot crossed the threshold, laid his hand on the young man's shoulder, and said, "I have orders to take you in irons to England."

His quick-witted grandmother started up and cried: "No, this is my grandson. This is not Colonel James Barrett; you may take him if you can find him."

The soldiers, hungry and defiant, asked the old lady for something to eat. She, with manner as kindly as if ministering to the necessities of friends, brought out pans of milk and set before them, ac-

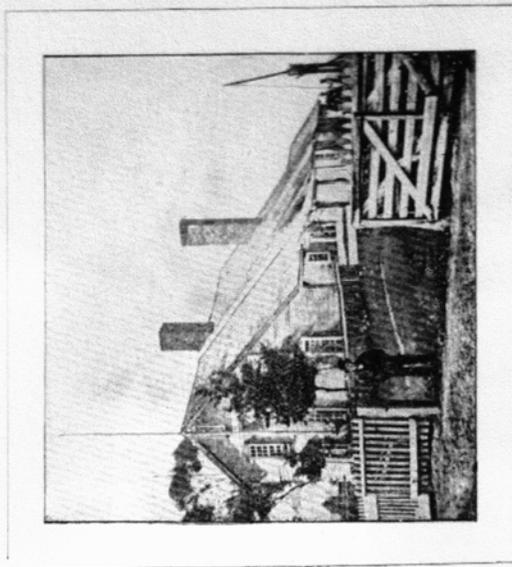
complicated by sweet loaves of brown bread, saying, 'We are commanded in the Bible to feed our enemies.' After they had eaten the bread and milk, one soldier offered her money. She refused with dignity, saying, "It is the price of blood." He then threw it into her lap.

The old barn that was then standing, was about forty feet distant from the house. The lane was the same as the present driveway, which is quite close to the homestead. The soldiers were going to burn the gun carriages there (the best ones had been saved by carrying them to Spruce gutter), but the old lady begged them not to do so, for she feared they would set fire to the barn. Her pluck had conquered their respect, and her kindness had made them gentle; and they drew them to the side of the corn barn, a small building about ten feet square, nearer to the road, and close to the lane. Here they had their conflagration to suit themselves.

The tradition is that one of the soldiers who searched the house came back and stayed several weeks with Colonel James. His name is believed to be Trott.

And now Miss A.'s voice held a tremor of tender

sentiment as she related the story of the pretty daughter of the house of Barrett. Millicent was the granddaughter of Colonel James, the daughter of his son James who married and settled in the



THE "EBBY HUBBARD HOUSE" WITH "EBBY" AT THE GATE.

next house toward Price Place. Milly, being young and pretty, it must be acknowledged, had learned how to coquette, and, so the story goes, had captivated, while on a visit to relatives in Cambridge, the hearts of some British soldiers

Old Concord.

whom she met in the cotillion and minuet, the dances of the day, especially fascinating one of the officers.

She used to tease him, woman-like, to tell her how they managed their military affairs, and how they made their cartridges.

He, man-like, told her the manner in which they made cartridges, adding if they should find out in England that he had given her the secret, he would, on his return, lose his head. (But it seems he had already lost that!)

After the eventful nineteenth of April, she came home to her father's house and, woman-like again, at once proceeded to put her knowledge into good results. She gathered all her mates about her, and told them the secret; and! busily the young fingers flew, forming after the directions given by her British swain, the cartridges that were to save her brave countrymen. The scissors that she used were in the Old South Meeting House, but have been given to the Concord Library by a cousin of the heroine.

The shadows on the grass are lengthening fast; the fowls that have been so noisily busy, begin to trail back across the road, thinking of twilight and

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rest, when we come into the present century once more, and realize that we must leave the charming old house.

"But first you must hear the story of that knoll yonder," cries Miss A., pointing out the side window. We can see nothing but some trees in the distance, and we say so.

"It is the site of another stopping-place of the British soldiers," she said in her quick, earnest way, determined to leave nothing untold that we might need to know. "At that time there was on the rise of ground next to this homestead a house occupied by Samuel Barrett and family. He was the only gunsmith living in this vicinity, and made the flint-lock guns for the minute men. It is said that at early dawn of the nineteenth of April a man on horseback, supposed to be 'Tory Bliss,' stopped by this old house, and pointed significantly to Colonel James Barrett's house.

"There was a well near the dwelling at the foot of the tree. Here the British soldiers stopped and took long refreshing draughts; as they drank, a woman in the house held up one of the children to let him see the troops.

"Tradition says," continued Miss A., "an old



FAC-SIMILE OF AN OLD ENGRAVING SHOWING THE FIGHT AT THE OLD NORTH BRIDGE. THE "PROVINCIALS" ARE ON THE FURTHER SIDE.

Old Concord.

man in the family who was down in the village that morning, in the midst of the sudden tumult when those quiet farmers became determined fighters, expressed himself very plainly about the British; instantly a rough soldier threatened to kill him — to be met with the reply, 'There is no need of your doing that, for the Lord will save you the trouble in a very short time, for I am too old to live long.'

We seem to be hearing the fearless words of the old patriot as we drive by the quiet meadows, so eloquent of deeds. We have dropped helplessly into the past. Every inch of ground traversed brings us nearer to a mine of history and tradition — the town's centre.

The sites of the mill-pond, the mill, the old block-house and town-house, are now covered by the business of the town. Trade has taken possession of historic ground. To this centre, where the throbbing secrets of those perilous times were whispered with bated breath, the farmer of to-day comes to talk over, at the post-office and the store, the affairs of the whole world, discussed in the last newspaper.

The "Ebby Hubbard house," as it was called,

8.2 Suggested Maintenance Schedule

Historic Property Maintenance Schedule

Item	Procedure	Frequency
1. Site, drainage	Check fencing, utilities, plantings Clean gutters, downspouts, drains Repair drains, pump septic, prune	Spring, Fall Yearly
2. Foundation, Masonry	Check basement, chimney, wall mortar joints, dampness, sump well Repair, repoint, dehumidify, pump	Spring, Fall, Yearly
3. Structure	Inspect sills, rafter feet, plates, posts Fumigate, preserve, conserve, repair	5-10 years
4. Roofing, Flashing	Check for leaks, caulk, patch Renovate, Replace Roof	Spring, Fall 25-30 years
5. Exterior Walls	Check for cracks, loose elements Repair, caulk, repoint	Yearly, Spring
6. Windows - Exterior, Interior	Check for cracks, leaks, locks Repair, caulk, lubricate Replace sash ropes, weatherstrip	Yearly, Spring 5-15 years
7. Doors - Exterior, Interior	Check for cracks, leaks, hardware Repair, caulk, lubricate Replace locks, weatherstrip	Yearly, Spring 5-15 years
8. Interior Walls, Ceilings, Floors	Check for cracks, loose elements Repair, caulk, repoint	Yearly, Spring
9. Finishes - Exterior, Interior	Check cracks, woodwork, plaster Caulk cracks, holes, touchup paint Repaint exterior, interior	Yearly 5-10 years
10. Mechanical - Systems, Fixtures	Inspect chimney, flue, pipes, tanks washers for leaks, clogs, corrosion Repair, open, drain as required Replace valve washers, fixtures	Spring, Fall Yearly 5-15 years
11. Electrical - Systems, Fixtures	Inspect for breaks, wear, corrosion Repair, rewire, replace as required Replace wiring, outlets, fixtures	Spring, Fall Yearly 10-25 years
12. Specialties	Check elevator, alarms, batteries Replace equipment, appliances	Yearly 5-25 years

8.3 Barrett Farm National Register of Historic Places Information

Property Description (Outdated, not entirely accurate - FCD)

Concord. **BARRETT, COL. JAMES, FARM**, 448 Barrett's Mill Rd., 1705. Frame, clapboarding; 2 1/2 stories, gabled roof; E section is original (1705) 1-story, 1-room structure; 2nd story and W section added, 1720; 3-story W wing added, 1760; 1 1/2-story E shed added, mid- 19th C., numerous 19th C. alterations; original interior details include 1720's paneling, feather edge stair sheathing and chamfered beams. Home of Col. James Barrett, Revolutionary War patriot who stored military supplies on his property and became the subject of British search during their march on Concord, Apr. 19, 1775. He later served as representative to Massachusetts General Court, 1768-1777. *Private; not accessible to the public.*

Barrett, Col. James, Farm *** (added 1973 - **Building** - #73000290)

448 Barrett's Mill Rd., Concord

Historic Significance:

Person, Architecture/Engineering, Event

Architect, builder, or engineer:

Unknown

Architectural Style:

No Style Listed

Historic Person:

Barrett, Col. James

Significant Year:

1720, 1760, 1705

Area of Significance:

Military, Politics/Government, Architecture

Period of Significance:

1700-1749, 1750-1799

Owner:

Private

Historic Function:

Agriculture/Subsistence, Domestic

Historic Sub-function:

Agricultural Outbuildings, Single Dwelling

Current Function:

Agriculture/Subsistence, Domestic

Current Sub-function:

Agricultural Outbuildings, Single Dwelling

The National Register and Property Owners

Established under the National Historic Preservation Act of 1966, the national historic preservation program is a partnership between the Federal, State, Tribal and local governments; private organizations; and the public. The Act and its provisions establish the framework within which citizens plan, identify, evaluate, register, and protect significant historic and archeological properties throughout the country. Central to this framework is the National Register of Historic Places--the Nation's official list of cultural resources worthy of preservation, administered by the National Park Service (NPS), Department of the Interior. Historic places listed in the Register

include districts, sites, buildings, structures, and objects that are significant in American history, architecture, archeology, engineering, and culture.

Historic places are nominated to the National Register by nominating authorities:

- the State Historic Preservation Officer (SHPO) of the State in which a property is located,
- or the Federal Preservation Officer (FPO) for properties under Federal ownership or control,
- or the Tribal Historic Preservation Officer (THPO) if a property is on tribal lands.

Anyone can prepare a nomination to the National Register:

- generally nomination forms are documented by property owners, local governments, historical societies or SHPO, FPO or THPO staff.
- find help evaluating and documenting the significance of the range of diverse historic places recognized in the National Register with the [National Register bulletin series](#).

Review and Public Participation:

During the time that the SHPO, FPO or THPO reviews proposed nominations, property owners and local officials are notified of the intent to nominate and public comment is solicited.

- Owners of private property have an opportunity to concur in or object to the nomination. If the owner of a private property, or the majority of private property owners for a property or district with multiple owners, objects to the nomination, the historic property cannot be listed in the National Register. In that case, the nominating authority may forward the nomination to the NPS only for a determination of eligibility. If the historic property is listed or determined eligible for listing, then the Advisory Council on Historic Preservation is afforded the opportunity to comment on any Federal project that may affect it.
- Nominations submitted through the States are first approved by a Review Board appointed by the SHPO (unless otherwise provided for by state law) before submission to the National Park Service. Nominating authorities forward nominations to the NPS to be considered for registration only if a majority of private property owners has not objected to listing.
- During the National Register's evaluation of nomination documentation another opportunity for public comment is published in the *Federal Register*.

There are no Federal historic property designations that place Federal restrictions on private property owners:

- States and localities may have laws to encourage the preservation of their historic places. Some have enacted their own identification procedures; some use listing in the National Register as an indicator of historic significance. State and local historic preservation programs often provide some protection against the possible harmful effects of State funded, licensed, or assisted projects. Some provide limited financial assistance to owners in the form of grants, loans, or tax benefits. They may establish other protections for preservation purposes. Programs differ from State to State, and within States; your SHPO or local planning department can provide more information.

Key Points about the National Register Process for Property Owners:

- Listing in the National Register honors the property by recognizing its importance to its community, State, or the Nation.

- Many property owners propose National Register nominations.
- Under Federal law, private property owners can do anything they wish with their National Register-listed property, provided that no Federal license, permit, or funding is involved.
- Owners have no obligation to open their properties to the public, to restore them, or even to maintain them, if they choose not to do so.
- To ensure public participation in the nomination process, property owners and local officials are notified of proposed nominations to the National Register and provided the opportunity to comment. In addition, once a nomination is submitted to the National Park Service another public comment period is published in the *Federal Register* .
- Private property owners may object to the proposed nomination of their property to the National Register. If a majority of private property owners objects to a nomination, then the property cannot be listed in the National Register.
- Federal agencies whose projects affect a listed property must give the Advisory Council on Historic Preservation an opportunity to comment on the project and its effects on the property.
- Owners of listed properties may be able to obtain Federal historic preservation funding, when funds are available. In addition, Federal investment tax credits for rehabilitation and other provisions may apply.

For further detailed information about the meaning of National Register listing see our [Results of Listing](#) page and our publication entitled [My Property's Important to America's Heritage, What Does That Mean: Answers to Questions for Owners of Historic Properties](#) . For further information on discussing a property's eligibility, pursuing the nomination of a historic place, or State or local programs assisting owners in preserving their historic property, follow these links:

[SHPO Websites](#) [Tribal Historic Preservation Office](#) [Federal Preservation Office](#)