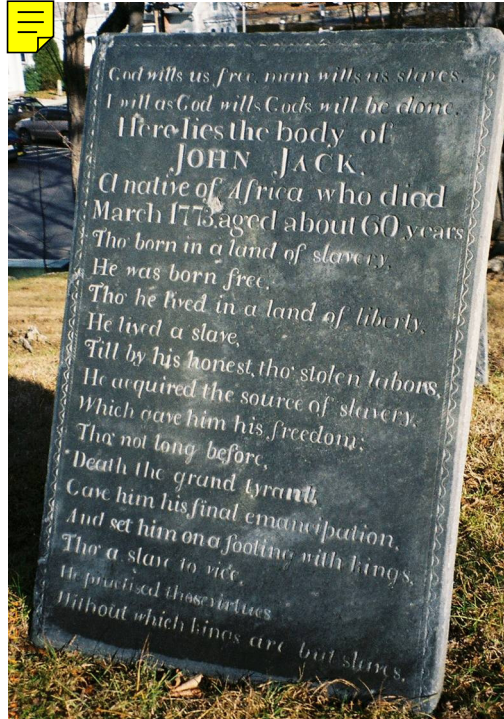


## THE PEOPLE OF CONCORD: JOHN JACK



There is an Emerson family history behind this famous tombstone in Concord. John Jack the slave who had purchased his freedom after being valued at £120 in his master's will (along with "One Negro maid named Vilot, being of no value"), had been an Awakening convert and had been a legal client of the Concord attorney Daniel Bliss who composed his epitaph. Bliss had returned to Concord from Worcester County to practice law in 1772 and had been a leading supporter of the King in opposition to the Boston revolutionary Committee of Correspondence. In this epitaph Bliss was seeking to heap disgrace upon the American notion of liberty, on account of this notion being so invidiously compatible with race slavery. Slavery gave the lie to this idle chatter he was hearing, that America was all about freedom.<sup>1</sup>



## THE PEOPLE OF CONCORD:

JOHN JACK

1. Refer to George Tolman's JOHN JACK, THE SLAVE, AND DANIEL BLISS, THE TORY (Concord MA: Concord Antiquarian Society, 1902):

**“GOD WILLS US FREE; — MAN WILLS US SLAVES.  
I WILL AS GOD WILLS; GOD’S WILL BE DONE.  
HERE LIES THE BODY OF  
JOHN JACK,  
A NATIVE OF AFRICA, WHO DIED  
MARCH, 1773, AGED ABOUT SIXTY YEARS.  
THOUGH BORN IN A LAND OF SLAVERY,  
HE WAS BORN FREE.  
THOUGH HE LIVED IN A LAND OF LIBERTY,  
HE LIVED A SLAVE;  
TILL BY HIS HONEST THOUGH STOLEN LABOURS,  
HE ACQUIRED THE SOURCE OF SLAVERY,  
WHICH GAVE HIM HIS FREEDOM:  
THOUGH NOT LONG BEFORE  
DEATH, THE GRAND TYRANT,  
GAVE HIM HIS FINAL EMANCIPATION,  
AND PUT HIM ON A FOOTING WITH KINGS.  
THOUGH A SLAVE TO VICE,  
HE PRACTICED THOSE VIRTUES,  
WITHOUT WHICH KINGS ARE BUT SLAVES.”**



## THE PEOPLE OF CONCORD:

## JOHN JACK

1713

→ Jack was born in about this year, the [Concord](#) church's record listing him as "Jack, Negro." His owner was Benjamin Barron, a farmer and cordwainer (shoemaker) who lived at 53 Lexington Road. He would take the given name "John" after being granted his freedom, making himself "[John Jack](#)," having been before that late-life [manumission](#) merely another black [slave](#) with no need for more of an identity than this "Jack."

1754

→ In [Concord](#), Benjamin Barron the farmer and cordwainer (shoemaker) of 53 Lexington Road died, leaving a substantial estate. His will listed not only the usual stuff such as beds, but also:

*One Negro servant named Jack ... £120:0:0  
One Negro maid named Vilot, being of no value.*


Soon after Barron's death his black slave Jack, who was in his early 40s, would be able to purchase [manumission](#) from Barron's inheritor, his daughter Susanna Barron, for this set price of £120:0:0, and would be able to announce that hereafter as a freeman he was to be known as "[John Jack](#)."

There are some problems with the following table. The first problem is that it makes it appear that there were considerably fewer persons of color in [Concord](#), than there actually were, because it counts only heads of households. The second problem, more important, is that it makes the magic date 1780 of the “Massachusetts Bill of Rights” far more significant, in the elimination of Northern slavery, than actually it had been. Precious little seems actually to have happened in that year to improve the lives of persons of color in Massachusetts, or their societal standing!

**Concord MA Population**

1679	?	480 whites
1706	?	920 whites
1725	6 slaves	1,500 whites
1741	21 slaves	?
1754	19 slaves	?
<b>1780: Passage of the Massachusetts Bill of Rights</b>		
1783	15 blacks	1,306 whites
1790	29 blacks	1,556 whites
1800	38 blacks	1,641 whites
1810	28 blacks	1,605 whites
1820	34 blacks	1,754 whites
1830	28 blacks	1,993 whites

**1761**

 By this point [John Jack](#), the former [slave](#) of Benjamin Barron in [Concord](#), having purchased his freedom out of his deceased master’s estate, had also purchased out of this estate “four acres of plow land in the great or common field so-called.” Adjacent to this he also purchased two acres of another party, and eventually he would possess a total of 8<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> acres. His home was near Merriam’s Corner on a path close to the ridge.

Meanwhile, during this year and the next, a mammoth 3-story, 15-room Georgian Colonial house was being erected at what is now 168 Derby in Salem, the street which also would have in 1819 the Salem Custom House in which [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#) eventually would become the supervising Surveyor. This mansion was being erected by Richard Derby for his son Elias Hasket Derby and bride Elizabeth Crowninshield (it is now the oldest surviving brick house in Salem). This Richard Derby who could afford such a wedding present had begun as a captain for the “codfish aristocrats.” It would be Richard’s son John Derby who would carry the



## THE PEOPLE OF CONCORD:

JOHN JACK

first news to England of the fighting at Lexington and [Concord](#) between the army and the militia, aboard the *Quero* which would sail from Salem Harbor on April 26, 1775. This Elias Hasket Derby, who kept his eye on the shipping in the port and had one blue eye and one brown one, would come to be characterized both as King Derby and as the “father of American commerce with [India](#).” The most expensive mansions in America, *circa* the turn of the 19th Century, would be the mansion of Peter Stuyvesant overlooking the Hudson River, and this codfish mansion in Salem MA. These homes would each be listed on the special housing-taxation census of that time at over \$30,000.<sup>00</sup> Derby had built a large wharf and was trading not only with India but also with China and Russia. By Hawthorne’s day, this merchant would have been succeeded by others –Simon Forrester was the richest– but Salem trade would have for various reasons very much dwindled: there had been disputes with the British navy, the harbor had had silting problems not shared with Boston or New-York, and of course there was a dearth of bulk commodity-transport connections with the interior.

THE SCARLET LETTER: In my native town of Salem, at the head of what, half a century ago, in the days of old King Derby, was a bustling wharf – but which is now burdened with decayed wooden warehouses, and exhibits few or no symptoms of commercial life; except, perhaps, a bark or brig, half-way down its melancholy length, discharging hides; or, nearer at hand, a Nova Scotia schooner, pitching out her cargo of firewood – at the head, I say, of this dilapidated wharf, which the tide often overflows, and along which, at the base and in the rear of the row of buildings, the track of many languid years is seen in a border of unthrifty grass – here, with a view from its front windows adown this not very enlivening prospect, and thence across the harbour, stands a spacious edifice of brick. From the loftiest point of its roof, during precisely three and a half hours of each forenoon, floats or droops, in breeze or calm, the banner of the republic; but with the thirteen stripes turned vertically, instead of horizontally, and thus indicating that a civil, and not a military, post of Uncle Sam’s government, is here established. Its front is ornamented with a portico of half-a-dozen wooden pillars, supporting a balcony, beneath which a flight of wide granite steps descends towards the street. Over the entrance hovers an enormous specimen of the American eagle, with outspread wings, a shield before her breast, and, if I recollect aright, a bunch of intermingled thunderbolts and barbed arrows in each claw. With the customary infirmity of temper that characterizes this unhappy fowl, she appears by the fierceness of her beak and eye, and the general truculency of her attitude, to threaten mischief to the inoffensive community; and especially to warn all citizens careful of their safety against intruding on the premises which she overshadows with her wings. Nevertheless, vixenly as she looks, many people are seeking at this very moment to shelter themselves under the wing of the federal eagle; imagining, I presume, that her bosom has all the softness and snugness of an eiderdown pillow. But she has no great tenderness even in her best of moods, and, sooner or later – oftener soon than late – is apt to fling off her nestlings with a scratch of her claw, a dab of her beak, or a rankling wound from her barbed arrows.


What was the big difference between these two New England homeowners, [John Jack](#) and King Derby? Well, as a first approximation — one was poor and the other white.



## THE PEOPLE OF CONCORD:

JOHN JACK

1773

 March: The voters of Lincoln pledged, as they had in 1770, to honor the [Boston](#) boycott on the import of foreign goods.

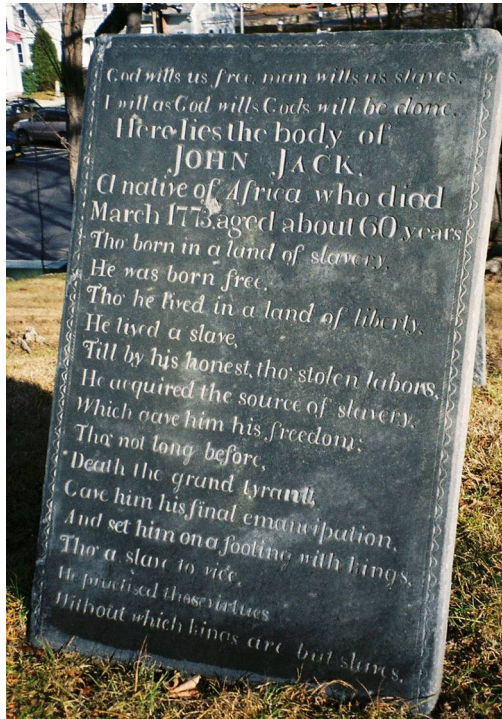
[John Jack](#) died. His memorial is in the Old Hill Burying Ground near [Concord](#)'s Milldam:

**“GOD WILLS US FREE; — MAN WILLS US SLAVES.  
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THE PEOPLE OF CONCORD:

JOHN JACK

Professor Elise Lemire’s mom, Virginia Lemire, took a photo in Sleepy Hollow recently, getting the lettering of John Jack’s 1835 replacement memorial stone to stand out admirably by rubbing it with snow (see blowup on following screen).



1775

April 19, Wednesday: The inscription on the memorial to [John Jack](#) in the hill on the Old Hill Burying Ground near [Concord](#)’s Milldam was copied by a British officer, and would appear in an English magazine.<sup>2</sup>

**“GOD WILLS US FREE; — MAN WILLS US SLAVES.  
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HE ACQUIRED THE SOURCE OF SLAVERY,  
WHICH GAVE HIM HIS FREEDOM:**

2. According to Concord account, the British officers had selected this spot in a grove of young locust trees “as a point of observation from which they could watch the movements of the Americans and indicate by signals to their own soldiery sent in different directions, the plan of operations which circumstances might require them to pursue.”



## THE PEOPLE OF CONCORD:

JOHN JACK

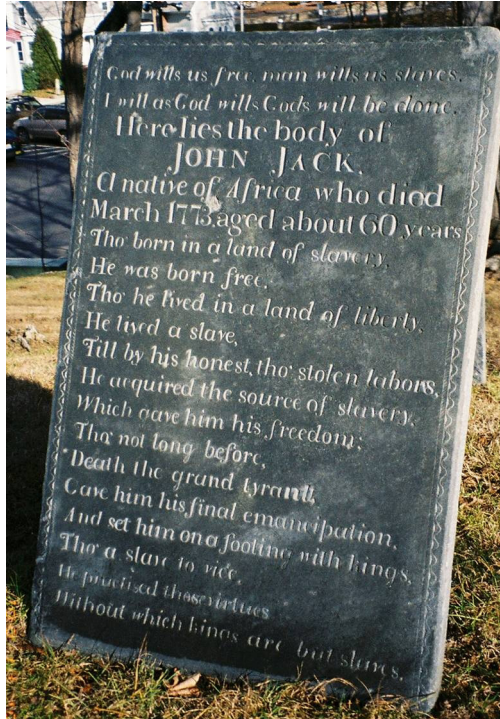
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So, it would appear, regardless of what our naysayers might choose to believe, it appears that we did teach the Brits something or other about American freedom on this day — taught something by a Concord Tory!

## THE PEOPLE OF CONCORD:

## JOHN JACK

Professor Elise Lemire's mom, Virginia Lemire, took a photo in Sleepy Hollow recently, getting the lettering of John Jack's memorial stone to stand out admirably by rubbing it with snow (see blowup on following screen).



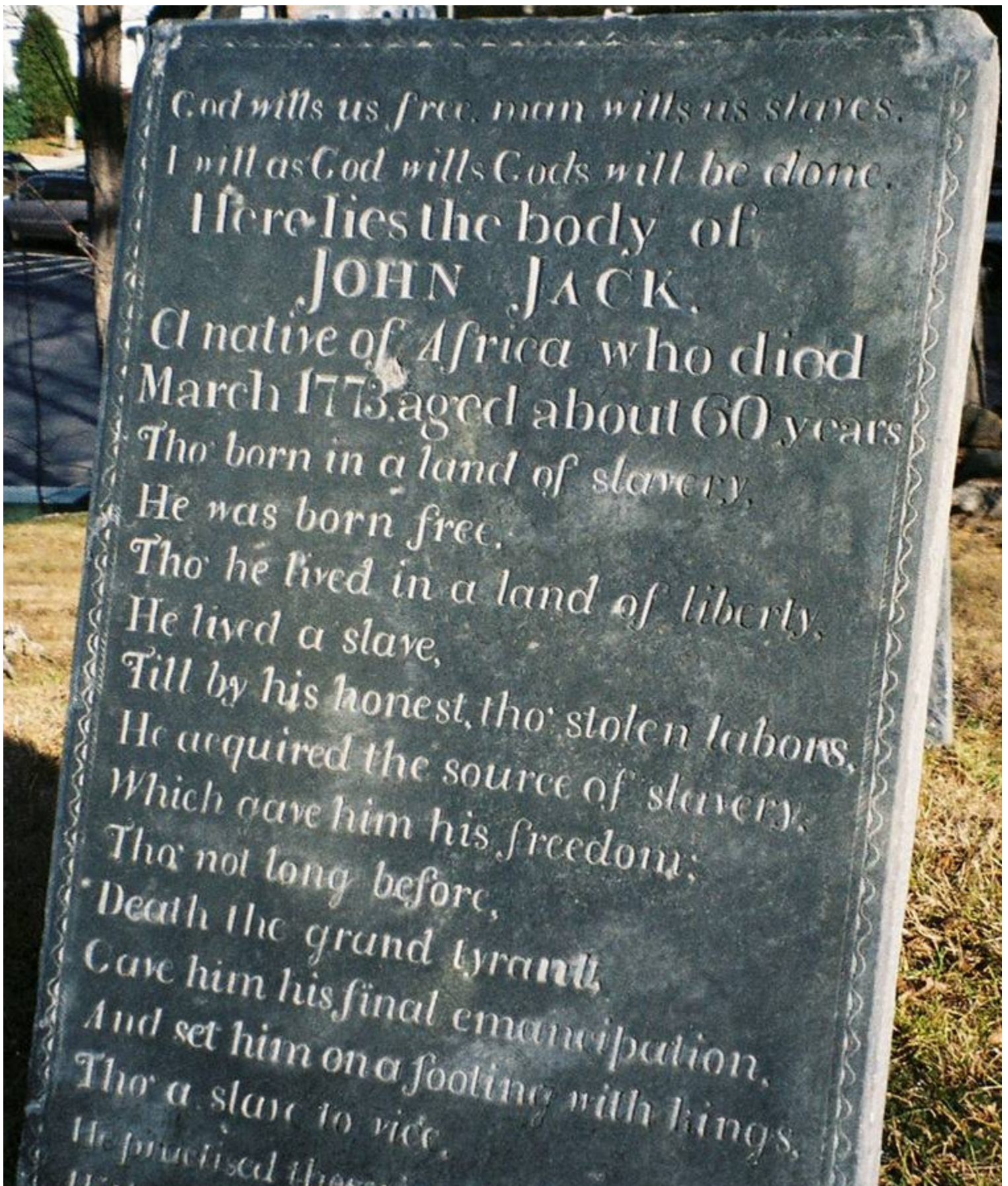
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WHAT?

INDEX

THE PEOPLE OF CONCORD:

JOHN JACK



There has been some derogatory talk about the accuracy of American riflefire. During the march back to Boston, the militia is said to have discharged some 75,000 rounds at the men of the army and to have hit them only approximately 274 times, which gives a “batting average” of approximately .365 for the day.

[A batting average of 365 would be, in baseball, a quite good batting average, but note, there is a decimal point in front of this particular “.365” number, indicating that it differs by a full three orders of magnitude from that fine batting average. If you ask me, that’s some shootin’ — it takes some doin’, to accomplish that many misses without someone looking over your shoulder and accusing you of missing on purpose!]

Another way to say this is that on that scorcher of an afternoon a militiaman Jonathan managed to rest his rifle on a stone wall and discharge it at a clump of army Johns walking down a road in the distance in the open in red jackets, without actually hurting anyone, a sum total of 74, 726 times.

We know that the tune to “Yankee Doodle,” which appears to date back to medieval times, had during the French and Indian campaigns been provided, by a British army surgeon, with lyrics in disparagement of American militias. On the march out to Concord in the morning this tune had been fified to the regular army redcoats, and, while the army was on its panicked afternoon trip back to the safety of Boston, it is said that the colonial militia were singing those derogatory words<sup>3</sup> back to them as they fired into the massed ranks from behind their stone fences.

What would be [Henry Thoreau](#)’s reaction to living on this blood-stained ground sacred to human liberty? He would enter in his Journal on July 21, 1851:



Excepting the omnipresent butcher with his calf cart –followed by a distracted & anxious cow– Be it known that in Concord where the first forcible resistance to British aggression was mad[e] in the year 1775 they

3. Brother Ephraim fold his Cow  
 And bought him a Com-mifion,  
 And then he went to Canada  
 To Fight for the Nation;  
 But when Ephraim he came home  
 He prov’d an arrant Coward,  
 He wou’d n’t fight the Frenchmen there  
 For fear of being devour’d.

Punk in Pye is very good  
 And fo is Apple Lantern,  
 Had you been whipp’d as oft as I  
 You’d not have been fo wanton:  
 Uncle is a Yankee Man  
 'Ifaith he pays us all off,  
 And he has got a Fiddle  
 As big as Daddy’s Hogs Trough.

Sheep’s Head and Vinegar  
 Butter Milk and Tanfy,  
 Bofton is a Yankee town  
 Sing Hey Doodle Dandy:  
 Firft we’ll take a Pinch of Snuff  
 And then a drink of Water,  
 And then we’ll fay How do you do  
 And that’s a Yanky’s Supper.

Seth’s Mother went to Lynn  
 To buy a pair of Breeches,  
 The firft time Vathen put them on  
 He tore out all the Stitches;  
 Dolly Fufhel let a Fart,  
 Jenny Jones fhe found it,  
 Ambrofe carried it to Mill  
 Where Doctor Warren ground it.

Aminadab is juft come Home  
 His Eyes all greaf’d with Bacon,  
 And all the news that he cou’d tell  
 Is Cape Breton is taken:  
 Stand up Jonathan  
 Figure in by Neighbour,  
 Vathen ftand a little off  
 And make the Room fome wider.

Our Jemima’s loft her Mare  
 And can’t tell where to find her,  
 But fhe’ll come trotting by and by  
 And bring her tail behind her  
 Two and two may go to Bed;  
 Two and two together,  
 And if there is not room enough,  
 Lie one a top o’to’ther.

Chriftmas is a coming Boys  
 We’ll go to Mother Chafes,  
 And there we’ll get a Sugar Dram,  
 Sweeten’d with Melaffes:  
 Heigh ho for our Cape Cod,  
 Heigh ho Nantafket,  
 Do not let the Bofton wags,  
 Feel your Oyfter Bafket.

## THE PEOPLE OF CONCORD:

JOHN JACK

chop up the young calves & give them to the hens to make them lay –it being considered the cheapest & most profitable food for them– & they sell the milk to Boston.

And, of course, [Thoreau](#) would make a reference to this battle in [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#), comparing it caustically with a battle he had observed between some red *Camponotus* ants and some black *Monomorium* ants during the administration of President James Knox Polk, five years before the passage of [Daniel Webster](#)'s fugitive-slave bill. Even the son of Deacon Jonathan Hosmer, Abner the 21-year-old drummer for the Acton Minutemen whose face was half shot away in the first volley, figures in that battle between the ants who dismember each other to the strains of military music (text from [WALDEN](#) on following page, with added **boldface** to show the relevant sections).



After April 19, 1851 entry in [Thoreau](#)'s JOURNAL: In '75 2 or 300s of the inhabitants of Concord assembled at one of the bridges with arms in their hands to assert the right of 3 millions to tax themselves, & have a voice in governing themselves– About a week ago the authorities of Boston, having the sympathy of many of the inhabitants of Concord assembled in the grey of the dawn, assisted by a still larger armed force – to send back a perfectly innocent man –and one whom they knew to be innocent into a slavery as complete as the world ever knew Of course it makes not the least difference I wish you to consider this who the man was – whether he was Jesus christ or another –for in as much as ye did it unto the least of these his brethen ye did it unto him Do you think *he* would have stayed here in *liberty* and let the black man go into slavery in his stead? They sent him back I say to live in slavery with other 3 millions mark that –whom the same slave power or slavish power north & south –holds in that condition. 3 millions who do not, like the first mentioned, assert the right to govern themselvs but simply to run away & stay away from their prison-house. Just a week afterward those inhabitants of this town who especially sympathize with the authorities of Boston in this their deed caused the bells to be rung & the cannons to be fired to celebrate the courage & the love of liberty of those men who assembled at the bridge. As if *those* 3 millions had fought for the right to be free themselves –but to hold in slavery 3 million others Why gentlemen even consistency though it is much abused is sometimes a virtue.



## THE PEOPLE OF CONCORD:

JOHN JACK

WALDEN: I was witness to events of a less peaceful character. One day when I went out to my wood-pile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants, that it was not a *duellum*, but a *bellum*, a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two reds ones to one black. The legions of these Myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black. It was the only battle which I have ever witnessed, the only battle-field I ever trod while the battle was raging; internecine war; the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so resolutely. I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noon-day prepared to fight till the sun went down, or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vice to his adversary's front, and through all the tumblings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members. They fought with more pertinacity than bull-dogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle-cry was Conquer or die. In the mean while there came along a single red ant on the hillside of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had despatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle; probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs; whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it. Or perchance he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus. He saw this unequal combat from afar, -for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the red,- he drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right fore-leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame. I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference. And certainly there is not the fight recorded in Concord history, at least, if in the history of America, that will bear a moment's comparison with this, whether for the numbers engaged in it, or for the patriotism and heroism displayed. For numbers and for carnage it was an Austerlitz or Dresden. Concord Fight! Two killed on the patriots' side, and Luther Blanchard wounded! Why here every ant was a Buttrick, -"Fire! for God's sake fire!"- and thousands shared the fate of Davis and Hosmer.



## THE PEOPLE OF CONCORD:

JOHN JACK

WALDEN: ... There was not one hireling there. I have no doubt that it was a principle they fought for, as much as our ancestors, and not to avoid a three-penny tax on their tea; and the results of this battle will be as important and memorable to those whom it concerns as those of the battle of Bunker Hill, at least.

I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window-sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first-mentioned red ant, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the near foreleg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breast-plate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity such as war only could excite. They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler, and when I looked again the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and the still living heads were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddlebow, still apparently as firmly fastened as ever, and he was endeavoring with feeble struggles, being without feelers and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them; which at length, after half an hour more, he accomplished. I raised the glass, and he went off over the window-sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some Hotel des Invalides, I do not know; but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and carnage, of a human battle before my door.

Kirby and Spence tell us that the battles of ants have long been celebrated and the date of them recorded, though they say that Huber is the only modern author who appears to have witnessed them. "Æneas Sylvius," say they, "after giving a very circumstantial account of one contested with great obstinacy by a great and small species on the trunk of a pear tree," adds that "This action was fought in the pontificate of Eugenius the Fourth, in the presence of Nicholas Pistoriensis, an eminent lawyer, who related the whole history of the battle with the greatest fidelity." A similar engagement between great and small ants is recorded by Olaus Magnus, in which the small ones, being victorious, are said to have buried the bodies of their own soldiers, but left those of their giant enemies a prey to the birds. This event happened previous to the expulsion of the tyrant Christiern the Second from Sweden." The battle which I witnessed took place in the Presidency of Polk, five years before the passage of Webster's Fugitive-Slave Bill.

**KIRBY AND SPENCE**

ANTS




## THE PEOPLE OF CONCORD:

JOHN JACK

Politics makes strange bedfellows: After the confrontation at [Concord](#)'s North Bridge, Dr. John Cuming, a local slavemaster and revolutionary activist, treated wounded British soldiers in the home of local Royalist sympathizer Daniel Bliss — who was a Royalist at least in part because he abhorred human [enslavement](#) as it was practiced in America.

At some point during this eventful day Major John Pitcairn visited the home of Squire Duncan Ingraham's stepson and upon "seeing one of Mr. Ingraham's negroes standing by the large pear tree in the rear of the house, with his hand behind him, commenced on him, as he did on the rebels at Lexington Common a few hours previously, by pointing a pistol at his head, and, in a loud tone of voice, ordering him to give up his arms; but as the unfortunate bondsman replied to order by holding up both his hands over his head, and saying 'Dem is all the arms I have, massa,' the serious consequence of the Lexington order was not repeated in Mr. Ingraham's backyard."

1835

 June 20, Saturday: Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

*On Seventh day Joshua Lynch finding his mind released from further service at present - disposed of his carriage & horses & returned in the Afternoon boat to NYork on his way to his home in Ohio, thinking way for further service in New England may open again at some future period. -*

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

## THE PEOPLE OF CONCORD:

## JOHN JACK

In the Capitol rotunda, a would-be assassin fired a percussion-cap pistol at President Andrew Jackson from a distance of approximately six feet. The cap failed to ignite the pistol's charge of powder and balls. As the aged Chief Executive took after him with a cane, the assailant produced a second pistol, but was wrestled to the floor before he could fire, by Congressman David Crockett. I don't know whether Congressman Davy was wearing his trademark coonskin at the time, or not. The failure of the pistol's charge to ignite excited the religious fervor of some Americans, who would term this a providential miracle of God.



By 1830 the tombstone inscription of [John Jack](#) in the Old Hill Burying Ground near the Milldam had become weathered and worn, and Concord residents had decided that it needed to be replaced. The replacement gravestone was being written up in the [Concord Freeman](#):

SLAVERY

God wills us free, Man wills us Slavers;  
I will as God wills, Gods will be done.

HERE LIES THE BODY OF  
JOHN JACK,  
A NATIVE OF AFRICA, WHO DIED  
MARCH 1773, AGED ABOUT 60 YEARS.

Though born in a land of Slavery,  
He was born free.  
Though he lived in a land of Liberty,  
He lived a Slave,  
Till by his honest, though stolen labours,  
He acquired the source of Slavery,  
Which gave him his freedom —  
Though not long before,  
Death, the grand tyrant,  
Gave him his final emancipation,  
And set him on a footing with Kings.  
Though a slave to vice,  
He practiced those virtues,  
Without which Kings are but slaves.

We have copied from a tombstone in one of the burying places in this town the above inscription, which we thought might please some one of the many who at this time are deeply interested in the welfare of the slaves. The writer of it is understood to have been the late Hon. DANIEL BLISS, who for a time was in the practice of Law here and administered on the "goods and effects" of the slave; but at the commencement of the Revolution his principles inclining him to the side of Royalty, he left the country and lived and died a subject of the British government.

The stone that originally indicated the grave of JOHN JACK was broken some years since by accident; but afterwards, at the suggestion of RUFUS HOSMER, Esq. of Stow, in this county, a native



## THE PEOPLE OF CONCORD:

JOHN JACK

of this town and a gentleman of pure and generous feelings, a subscription was commenced by members of Middlesex Bar, which was completed by the people of this town and was sufficient to procure a very seemly and durable monument as a memorial to Jack the Slave.

Those who are acquainted with the localities of this neighborhood will recollect, that the burying place is situated upon an abrupt rising ground. On the memorable 19th of April, 1775, the British officers who commanded the troops sent out from Boston to destroy the material of war collected at Concord, and whose was the first blood shed by American hands in the revolutionary struggle,<sup>4</sup> selected this spot as a point of observation from which they could watch the movements of the Americans and indicate by signals to their own soldiery sent in different directions, the plan of operations which circumstances might require them to pursue. Whilst thus occupied, this humble inscription caught the eye of one of those officers who was observed to copy it, and sometime afterwards it appeared in an English Magazine which made its way across the great waters and was read in this country.

The grave of this forgotten African is in a retired spot surrounded by a cluster of beautiful young locust trees — where his ashes will quietly repose, till the grand inquest of this world shall be summoned and its decisions proclaimed. It will then be known by what right this son of immortality was torn from his mothers arms, his native land, his home, and upon this soil of the free reduced to the condition of the beast that perisheth. It will then be known by what right millions of the race have been stolen from their father land and here converted into beasts of burden, into goods and chattels and retained in that condition of sorrow by human legislation from [*sic*] mere reasons of state.

We have met with no one who recollects JACK; the tradition however is, that he belonged to a family by the name of Barns who lived on the Boston road some ways below the village, and that he died at the house of some member of that family to whom he gave his property.

4. On this point we are inclined to believe that an erroneous impression very extensively prevails. We know it was long the claim that British blood was first shed at Lexington, and we suppose from some circumstances of the late celebration in that town that the claim is still urged. We can only say that the fact may have been so, but as far as we have investigated the subject we can find no evidence of it. We take this opportunity to commend to our fellow citizens the perusal of a pamphlet prepared by the Rev. Dr. RIPLEY of this town and published in 1828. The respected writer has enjoyed the very best opportunity to acquire correct information on this subject — he has lived in this community more than half a century, been intimate with all classes of society and familiarly conversed with great numbers who took an active part in the scenes of that eventful day.

## THE PEOPLE OF CONCORD:

## JOHN JACK

Professor Elise Lemire's mom, Virginia Lemire, took a photo in Sleepy Hollow recently, getting the lettering of John Jack's 1835 replacement memorial stone to stand out admirably by rubbing it with snow (see blowup on following screen).



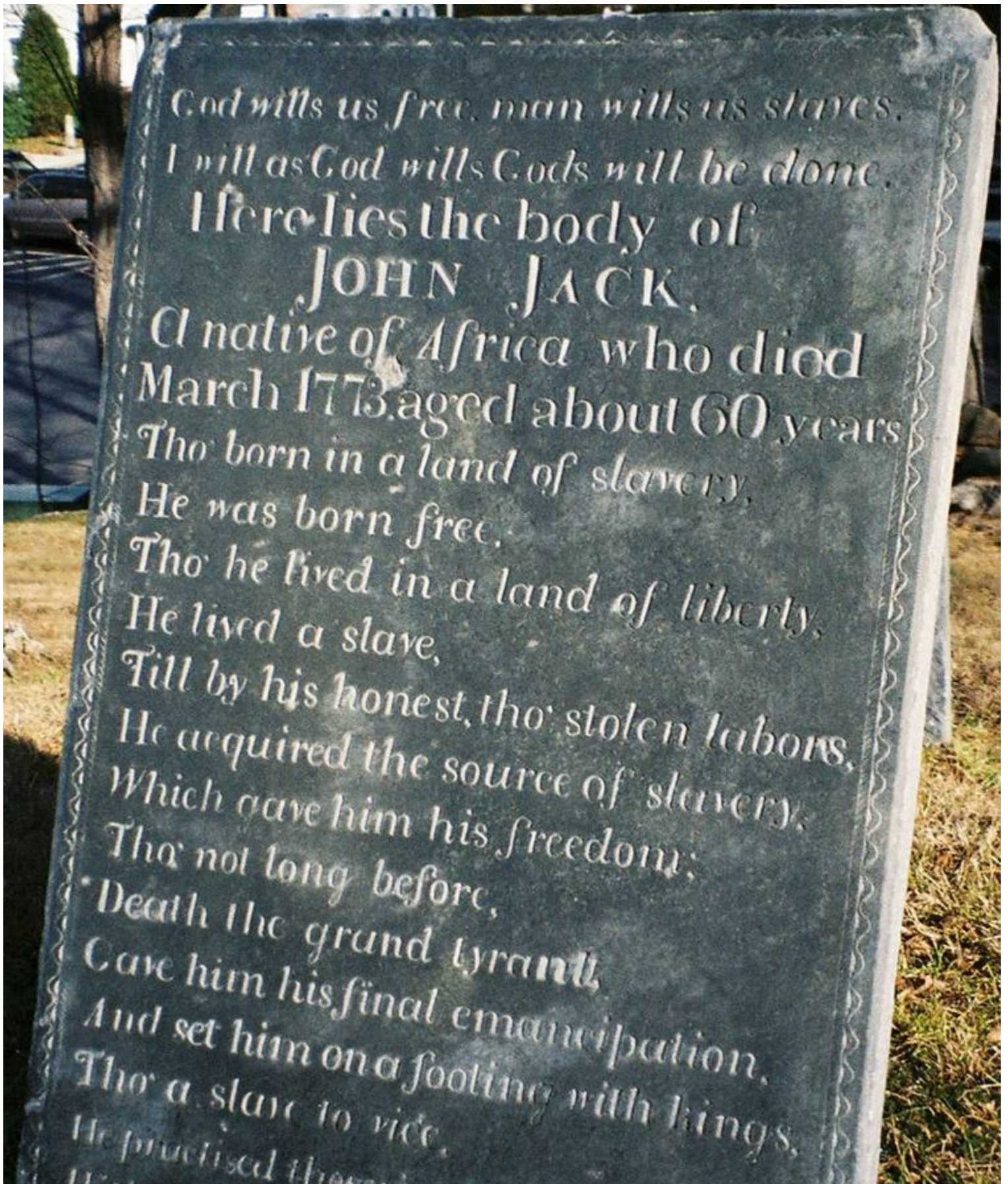
HDT

WHAT?

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"It's all now you see. Yesterday won't be over until tomorrow and tomorrow began ten thousand years ago."

- Remark by character "Garin Stevens"  
in William Faulkner's INTRUDER IN THE DUST



Prepared: November 7, 2013

ARRGH AUTOMATED RESEARCH REPORT

GENERATION HOTLINE



This stuff presumably looks to you as if it were generated by a human. Such is not the case. Instead, upon someone's request we have pulled it out of the hat of a pirate that has grown out of the shoulder of our pet parrot "Laura" (depicted above). What these chronological lists are: they are research reports compiled by ARRGH algorithms out of a database of data modules which we term the Kouroo Contexture. This is data mining. To respond to such a request for information, we merely push a button.



## THE PEOPLE OF CONCORD:

JOHN JACK

Commonly, the first output of the program has obvious deficiencies and so we need to go back into the data modules stored in the contexture and do a minor amount of tweaking, and then we need to punch that button again and do a recompile of the chronology – but there is nothing here that remotely resembles the ordinary “writerly” process which you know and love. As the contents of this originating contexture improve, and as the programming improves, and as funding becomes available (to date no funding whatever has been needed in the creation of this facility, the entire operation being run out of pocket change) we expect a diminished need to do such tweaking and recompiling, and we fully expect to achieve a simulation of a generous and untiring robotic research librarian. Onward and upward in this brave new world.

First come first serve. There is no charge.  
Place your requests with <Kouroo@kouroo.info>.  
Arrgh.