

Vital Records

MARTIN: Thomas, s. Knott and Sarah, Jan. 24, 1732.	Birth Marblehead, MA	NICHOLSON: Martha, and Thomas Martin, Feb. 17, 1763.	Marriage Marblehead, MA
MARTIN: Knott, s. Knott and Sarah, Dec. 31, 1734.	Birth Marblehead, MA	BOWEN: Elizabeth, and Knott Martin, jr., Dec. 27, 1756.	Marriage Marblehead, MA
MARTIN: Sarah, d. Knott and Sarah, Jan. 24, 1736.	Birth Marblehead, MA	MARTIN Sarah, and William Bennett, Feb. 11, 1755. BENNET (Bennett) Sarah, and Robert Harris, June 12, 1767	
MARTIN: Arnold, s. Knott and Sarah, Feb. 26, 1738-9.	Birth Marblehead, MA	MARTIN: Arnold, and [Mrs. C. R. 2.] Sarah Mugford, July 13, 1777. <sup>1</sup>	Marriage Marblehead, MA
MARTYN (Martin)		MARTIN: John [Marstin. C. R. 2.], and Mercy Brooks, Dec. 29, 1768. <sup>1</sup>	Marriage Marblehead, MA
Eleanor, d. Knott and Sarah, bp. Mar. 29, 1741. C.R1		LECRAW: [William, int.], and Hanah Martin, Sept. 2, 1766. C. R. 3. <sup>1</sup>	Marriage Marblehead, MA
Hannah, d. Knott and Sarah, bp. Aug. 28, 1743. C.R1		MARTIN: Eleanor, and John Vickary, Aug. 23, 1759.	Marriage Marblehead, MA
John, s. Knott and Sarah, bp. Sept. 15, 1745. C.R1		MARTIN: Richard, and Hannah Crow [Cruff. C. R. 1.and int.], Mar. 14, 1771. <sup>1</sup>	Marriage Marblehead, MA
Mary, d. Knott and Sarah, bp. Oct. 15, 1752. C.R1		MARTIN: Mary, and John Goodman, int. Apr. 22, 1769.	Marriage Marblehead, MA
Richard, s. Knott and Sarah, bp. Nov. 22, 1747. C.R1		DOLIBER Thomas, and Elizabeth Martin, Aug. 3, 1783	
MARTIN: Bartholomew Jackson, s. Knot and Ann, bp. July 31,1768.C.R.3.	Birth Marblehead, MA	MARTIN: Bartholomew, and Mary Basset, May 28, 1789. <sup>1</sup>	Marriage Marblehead, MA
MARTIN: Knot, s. Knot and Ann, bp. May 20, 1770. C.R.3.	Birth Marblehead, MA		

MARTIN: Knott, Capt., July 7, 1822, a. 87 y. 6 m.	Death Marblehead, MA
MARTIN: Sarah, __ __, 1791, a. 56 y. 6. R. 2.	Death Marblehead, MA
LECRAW: Hannah, Oct. 13, 1835, a. 93 y. 1 m.	Death Marblehead, MA
MARTIN: Richard, Mar. 19, 1836, a. 88 y.	Death Marblehead, MA
MARTIN: Arnold, Capt. of a Billious Fever, Nov. 11, 1824, a. 75 y.	Death Marblehead, MA
MARTIN: Bartholomew J., suddenly, Nov. 16, 1826.	Death Marblehead, MA
VICKERY: Eleanor, Mrs. [mother William, cancer, C.R.1.], Dec. 4, 1821, a. 81 y. [bur. Dec. 4. C.R.1.]	Death Beverly, MA
MARTIN: Thomas, Capt., old age, Dec. 16, 1828, a. 97 y. [a. 96 y. G. R. 4.]	Death Marblehead, MA

Advertisement

Salem Gazette | Friday, Feb 09, 1810 | Salem, MA | Vol: XXIV | Issue: 1928 | Page: 4

**NOTICE** is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of **Capt. JOHN MARTIN**, late of **Marblehead**, in the county of **Essex**, coaster, deceased ; and as such requests of all persons who have demands upon said estate to exhibit them, and all those who are indebted thereto to make speedy payment to **KNOTT MARTIN**.  
**MERCY MARTIN**, adm'x.  
**Marblehead, Feb. 2, 1810.**

Marblehead. Light-house Appointment

Salem Observer | Saturday, Nov 17, 1860 | Salem, MA | Vol: XXXVIII | Issue: 46 | Page: 2

**MARBLEHEAD. Light-house Appointment.** Miss Jane C. Martin has been appointed Keeper of the Marblehead Light, vice Ezekiel Darling, resigned. Miss Martin is a daughter of the late Capt. Ambrose Martin, who kept the Baker's Island (Salem) Lights for a quarter of a century, and as assis!ant to her father has gained a thorough experience in light keeping.

Husband of Hannah

Captain William Lecraw

Excerpt from *Massachusetts Soldiers and Sailors in the Revolutionary War*, 17 Volumes, vol.9, p. 624

Lecraw, William, Marblehead.Petition dated Watertown, Oct. 1, 1776, signed by Joshua Orme, in behalf of himself and Capt. John Selman, both of Marblehead, asking that said Lecraw be commissioned as commander of the schooner "Necessity" (privateer), and that the Commissary General grant him 200 pounds of powder and 200 grape-shot from the laboratory at Boston as he could obtain none at the forge; ordered in Council Oct. 1, 1776, that a commission be issued, and that the Commissary General deliver 200 pounds of powder from the powder-mill at Andover and 200 grape-shot from the laboratory at Boston to said Orme, he paying for the same; *also*, Master, sloop "Morning Star," commanded by Capt. John Ravill; descriptive list of officers and crew, sworn to Oct. 17, 1780; age, 35 yrs.; stature, 5 ft. 10 in.; complexion, dark; residence, Marblehead.

 **Date:** 1776

 **Place:** Marblehead, Massachusetts

 **Description:** Excerpt from Massachusetts Soldiers and Sailors in the Revolutionary War, 17 Volumes, vol.9, p. 624

An Excerpt from the Will of Capt. William LeCraw

No. 16583

Leecraw  
William

1802, Oct. 13.

Item After the Decease of my said wife Hannah Lecraw  
I Give and Devise all the residue of my Real and  
Personal Estate that shall then be left by her  
unsold & expended to be Equally Divided to and  
among my Six Children, as follows, to my Son  
John Lecraw one Sixth part thereof to hold to him  
and his heirs & assigns forever, to my Daughter  
Abigail wife of John Hooper the 3<sup>d</sup> of said Marble  
head fisherman, one Sixth part thereof to hold  
to her & her heirs & assigns forever, to my Daughter  
Hannah one Sixth part thereof to hold to her and  
her heirs and assigns forever to my Daughter  
Sally one Sixth part thereof to hold to her and  
her heirs and assigns forever, to my Son William  
Lecraw one Sixth part thereof to hold to him &  
his heirs and assigns forever, and to my Son  
Ebenzer



James Mugford was a Revolutionary War hero in Marblehead. He was the first husband of Sarah Grist. The widow Sarah Grist Mugford married Arnold Martin, the son of our direct ancestor Knott Martin and his wife Sarah Arnold. The newspaper probably has most of the facts correct. In reality, the Mugfords had been married for six years before he was killed.

The Boston Weekly Globe (Boston, Massachu... • 27 Sep 1890, Sat •

## OLD HOMES, OLD FAMILIES.

### Historic Houses Dear to Yankeedom.

### Hearths That Still Blaze When Wintry Breezes Blow.

### Sturdy Stock That Has Survived Generations.

Fraught with great historic interest to the people of Marblehead is the large gambrel-roofed house next to the Unitarian church on Mugford st. It was the home of Capt. John Grist, who bought it in 1764.

Here, in 1775, his only daughter Sarah was married to the gallant James Mugford. Her wedded life was short. Almost before the honeymoon was over a press gang prowling about the streets of Marblehead seized the young man and impressed him into the British naval service on board the sloop-of-war Lively, then lying in Marblehead harbor.

The young wife appealed tearfully to the commander of the sloop-of-war telling him of her recent marriage and her agony of mind at being separated from her husband.

Her artlessness and grief touched the heart of the sturdy Briton, and Mugford was released.

But it was an unfortunate impressment for the British. While confined on the sloop-of-war Mugford heard his captors boasting that a powder ship was soon to sail for England with ammunition and stores for the British army.

Immediately upon his release he communicated the important intelligence to the proper authorities and requested permission to attempt the capture of the transport. After much importunity his request was granted.

Without delay the intrepid commander collected a crew, and fitting out the Continental schooner Franklin, then lying in ordinary at Beverly, pushed into the bay.

He had not long to wait. On the 17th of May, 1776, the British ship Hope of 300 tons, 6 guns and 17 men hove in sight. Notwithstanding the fact that a British fleet lay at anchor in Nantasket roads, only a few miles off and in full sight, Mugford at once bore down upon the ship and carried her by boarding.

While the crew of the Franklin were engaged in taking possession of their prize the captain of the Hope ordered his men to cut the topsail halyard ties, with a view to impede the sailing of the ship, and thereby give the boats of the squadron time to come

The prize was taken through Pudding Point gut—a channel then but little known—beyond the range of the guns of the British squadron, and arrived safely in Boston harbor.

This was the most valuable capture that had been made during the war. The cargo consisted of 1000 carbines, with bayonets, several carriages for field pieces, 1700 barrels of powder, and a complete assortment of artillery implements and pioneer tools.

Having seen his prize safely in port, the gallant commander of the Franklin took a supply of ammunition, and on the following Sunday put to sea.

In sailing through Pudding Point gut, the same channel through which the prize was brought up, the vessel grounded.

This being perceived by the officers on board the ships of the British fleet, 14 boats, manned by 200 sailors, fully armed, were sent to capture the unprotected schooner. Mugford, however, was prepared to meet them.

Waiting until they came within range of his guns, he fired, and with such deadly effect that two of the boats were immediately sunk.

The men in the remaining boats now surrounded the schooner and attempted to board. Seizing pikes and cutlasses, and whatever implements they could obtain, the heroic crew of the Franklin fought with desperation in defence of their vessel.

Many of the British were shot as soon as the boats came alongside, while others had their hands and fingers cut off with sabres, as they laid them on the gunwales of the schooner. The brave Mugford, who throughout the conflict had been fighting wherever his presence seemed most needed, encouraging and animating his men by voice and example, was shot through the breast by an officer in one of the boats. With the utmost composure, and with that presence of mind which ever distinguishes heroes, he called to his lieutenant and exclaimed:

"I am a dead man; don't give up the vessel; you will be able to beat them off!"

In a few minutes he expired.

The death of their gallant commander nerved the crew of the Franklin to still greater efforts, and in a short time the men in the boats were repulsed, and gave up the attack.

The engagement lasted half an hour. The British lost 70 men, while the only person killed on board the schooner was its heroic captain.

With the advancing tide the Franklin floated from the soft ground where she had struck and, taking advantage of a fresh breeze that had sprung up, the crew brought her into Marblehead harbor. The news of the capture of the powder ship, and of the death of the captain in the contest with the boat, had preceded the arrival of the schooner, and the wharves and headlands were thronged with people as the victorious seamen sailed up the harbor.

The body of the hero was conveyed to his sorrowing young wife, and laid in state in the house of her father, which forms the subject of this sketch. On the following Wednesday the remains were carried into the "new meeting-house" next door, where Rev. Isaac Story conducted the services.

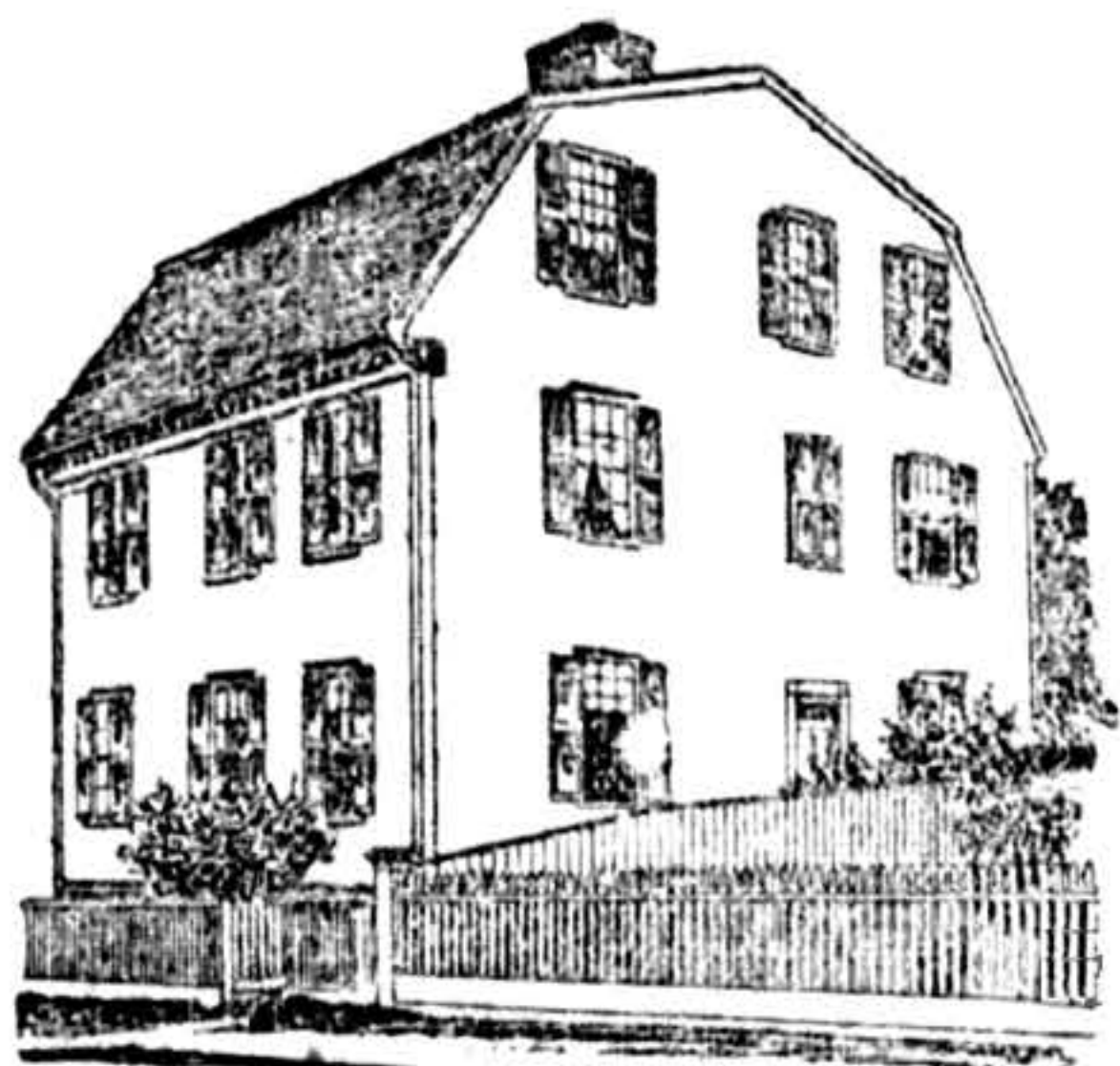
Amid the tolling of bells and the firing of minute guns the body was conveyed to its resting place on the "Old Burying hill," where a volley was fired by the Marblehead regiment, which did escort duty on the occasion.

Mugford was killed on the very day he was 27 years of age. One hundred years after, on the anniversary of his capture of the powder ship, the citizens of Marblehead dedicated a granite monument to record his exploit.

Mugford's widow married Arnold Martin, and their daughter Sarah became the wife of William Stacey. To their son, Capt. William Stacey, came the old house at their death, and his daughter, Sarah L., with her husband, John B. Lindsey, now owns and occupies it, letting a tenement on the lower floor to William H. Orne, who married their daughter.

The house has, therefore, sheltered six generations, including John Grist with his descendants.

John Grist and his wife died at the same time, March 2, 1794, were of the same age, 66 years, and were buried on the same day in the same grave in St. Michael's church yard.



GRISTE HOUSE, MARBLEHEAD.

up. Mugford sensible of the danger of the situation, threatened the captain and all on board with instant death should the order be executed. His resolute manner terrified them and they refused to obey the commands of their officers.



# The Republican.

## COMMONWEALTH SKETCHES.

### MARBLEHEAD AND ITS PEOPLE.—I.

**A Unique Coast Town—Some of the Local Peculiarities—Marblehead and Liberty—Dr Holyoke—Judge Story—Commodore Tucker and Minister Adams—Skipper Ireson and Whittier—Old People—Dialect—Superstitions in Marblehead and their Origin—Jeremiah Lee's Mansion.**

Bostonians say that whenever, twenty years ago, a stranger entered Marblehead streets, the boys at once turned out and threw stones at him, as an indignant hint for him not to bring present manners and customs into a town so thoroughly imbued with the past. The ancient fishermen gazed with wonder at a city gait and smartly brushed hat, and the village maidens cast their glances only slyly, showing that they knew full well what was interdicted by the custom of their community. The queer, crooked roofed old houses retained their perches on the rocks by the sounding sea; no innovator dared to buy them and blow them all up to make room for some seven-story hotel, or model street; the huge, old-fashioned mansions in the town's center held comfortable, sleepy, rich old fellows, who never went anywhere, and never cared to; shoe factories had not multiplied, and Marblehead bade fair to resist the encroachments of modernism, and always remain, as compared with its neighboring towns along the coast, unique, quaint, rather exclusive, and very attractive to the antiquarian.

A score of years has brought with it much more rapid changes than even the most ambitious for modern improvements could have prophesied. Already many of the town's peculiarities begin to be talked of as things of the past. The dialect, once so universal, is now heard with a supercilious smile; the young ladies flirt with strangers without any care for Marblehead's antique exclusiveness; the boys beseech you to allow them to serve you; and the places of the fishermen, such as old Ben Ireson, and the sailors, such as those high-minded, brave, and chivalric fellows who went privateering in the early wars, are now supplied by mudsills, who know very little of navigation, and less of the world about them.

From Salem a crooked and brief branch railroad line leads round a headland in the coast to the harbor of Marblehead. Approached from the land, the aspect of the town is anything but romantic; but from the sea it is picturesque as an Italian mountain village. In these days of sunshine and spring breezes, I have thought it worth my while to linger in this town which sent a Muckford and a Col Glover into the revolution; which was so rich and patriotic that it had a regiment of 1000 trained volunteers, heroes of the old French and Indian war, ready to enter the service of liberty in 1775; which was so early true to the cause of independence that it called upon all the officers of those volunteers, who thought they owed allegiance to King George, to surrender their commissions; whose citizens fought so bravely on the ocean that it entered the revolution with 15,000 tons of shipping, and came out with 1800; whose sons were so numerous in the naval engagements that at the war's close 600 of them were found in Dartmoor prison, in England. This was the town which furnished Harvard college with its first president, in Dr Holyoke; and from the same street where the Holyoke mansion stands came Judge Story, whose fame is now so conspicuous. This was the town which gave birth to old Commodore Tucker, who carried our first minister, John Quincy Adams, to England, after we had established our independence. The Marbleheaders like to tell anecdotes of this voyage of Commodore Tucker's. One is that when about half way to England, a French vessel engaged the Marblehead craft, and Tucker commanded Minister Adams, and all the rest of the passengers to retire below decks during the action. But Minister Adams said he preferred not to go, whereupon Tucker took him bodily, and carried him, kicking and protesting, down the companion-way. Adams staid where he was dumped until after the fight. This was the town where Jeremiah Lee built his famous mansion, the counterpart of that which Longfellow now owns in Cambridge, and for which all the building material and furnishings came from England. This was the town which first responded to the call for volunteers to put down the rebellion, Knott Martin, the village butcher, leaving the hog which he was about to kill half slaughtered, and rushing forth to offer himself a sacrifice, if need be, on the country's altar. Marblehead sent 1454 stalwart soldiers into the war which has just closed, and, after much controversy, has at last won the honor of having it recorded in history that hers was the first company which reached Boston, on the road to Richmond and glory.

The old people in Marblehead cling to life as firmly as seaweed to a rock, or scales to a fish scale. Ninety is not at all an uncommon age. The new postmaster, the same Capt Martin who was so in the forefront of liberty eight years ago, consulted the other day with an old gentleman of ninety-two, relative to the lease of a certain building. "Lease it to you; of course—fifteen or twenty years, if you want it!" cried the old boy, evidently with the utmost confidence that he should live to see the lease expire. One old lady of 82, whose grandfather helped to found the Warner line in this city, and who has remained in single blessedness her 82 years, has just closed out her business, and retired to rest in her old age. She was long one of the characters of the place, and in her little store sold thread, needles, candy, and brimstone for half a century. The Marblehead gamins were wont to bother her with useless questions, and so frequent were their demands for trinkets, that for years she had a huge sign in her window, on which was painted "I do not sell trinkets." For seventy years the old lady has lived in the same house, never extending her travels beyond Salem. Her two great particular aversions are thunder storms and church organs. When the former rage, she dresses in silk, and sits patiently in the middle of a room until they are over; and the presence of the latter in all the churches has resulted in her firm decision to worship God at home. She remembers distinctly seeing "Old Floyd Orson," as Whittier calls him in his ballad, dragged past the door of her house, half a century ago, suffering the vengeance which his fellow fishermen thought they were inflicting upon him for his so called inhumanity. By the way, there is a great diversity of opinion as to the story which the Quaker poet has pictured in his ballad. The version to which the older Marbleheaders cling, however, is most generally accepted, and causes some grumbling at Whittier's apparent liberty with historical facts.

#### SKIPPER BEN IRESON,

Say those who knew him long before the present generation was born, was a brave and good seaman, who went annually to the Grand Banks, and always returned lucky and contented. Like all Marbleheaders he was best known by the sobriquet which grew to him in that inexplicable way in which many "nick-names" arise. He was called "Flood," and thus, say the Marbleheaders, Whittier came to call him, "Old Floyd Orson," mistaking the sobriquet for his baptismal name. Once when sailing home at the end of a prosperous season, and in the gradual approach of a storm, his seamen showed the skipper three shipwrecked mariners clinging to the drifting fragments of their wreck, and he bade them go to their rescue. They refused to put off unless he went with them, being full of the gross superstitions which still linger among them: but he sternly refused, saying that a skipper should never desert his ship. Once more he ordered them to the rescue, which was practicable without danger, and when they refused again, set sail for home, feeling sure, as did the others, that the shipwrecked would be picked up by the vessels close behind. But when Ireson's vessel arrived in port, his whole crew swore that he had commanded them not to rescue the appealing wretches, that they had not dared to go, and were obliged to let them drown. Ireson denied the charge, but was taken by a hot headed rabble of the times, tarred and feathered, put into an old dory, and dragged about until the dory's bottom fell out. Men and women participated, and screamed vengeance upon the "hard hearted monster." Finally he was released, although many wished to kill him. The arrival of the mariners who came so near to death, a few days after, they having been picked up by another homeward vessel, somewhat mitigated the feeling against old "Flood," but the fishermen soon wove the story into doggerel, thus:—

#### KNOTT V. MARTIN.

Knott V. Martin was born in Marblehead July 11, 1820. His early education was received at the public schools of his native town. At the age of thirteen years he left school and learned the trade of shoemaking, at which he worked until his twenty-seventh year, when he was forced to abandon it on account of ill health. An out-of-door occupation of some kind being necessary for his recovery, he engaged in business as a butcher. A taste of military life led him while still a boy to join the Marblehead Light Infantry, as a member of which he became so proficient that he was rapidly promoted from one position to another, until on the 6th of October, 1852, he was commissioned as its captain. Under his command the company soon reached a high standard of excellence, and was recognized throughout the State as one of the best disciplined organizations in the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia.

It was while he was in command of this company that the Civil War broke out. Fort Sumter had been fired upon, and President Lincoln issued his famous call for troops to march to the defense of the National Capital. Late in the afternoon of April 15, 1861, Lieutenant-Colonel Hinks, of the Eighth Regiment, arrived in Marblehead, and notified the commanding officers of the three companies of that regiment located in that town to have their commands in readiness to take the first train for Boston on the following morning.

He found Captain Martin in his slaughter-house, with the carcass of a hog just killed and in readiness for the "scald." The captain was advised to have the bells of the town rung and to obtain as many recruits as possible. Taking his coat from a peg, he seemed for a moment to hesitate about leaving his work unfinished, and then, with the emphatic exclamation, "D—n the hog!" put the garment on, with his arms yet stained with blood, and his shirt sleeves half-rolled down, left the premises to rally his company. The patriotic impulse which inspired the words of the gallant captain was but a reflex of that which animated the men of the three Marblehead companies. The readiness with which they sprang to arms has been told again and again in the history of the opening days of the Rebellion. Leaving Marble-

"Old Flood Orson, for his hord heart,  
Was torred and feathered, and carr'd in a cyort.  
Orson, the wrack for passin' by,  
Was torred and feathered up to his oye."

These, and a few more lines, in the broad dialect which it is almost impossible to represent by spelling, were handed down from parents to children, and became the foundation of Whittier's poem. Whittier, however, makes Ireson a villain, who deserved condign punishment, and leads one to infer that the three shipwrecked sailors perished. One of the Marbleheaders called upon Whittier at Amesbury some years ago, and in telling the good poet of the dialect, and of the error he had been led into by it, was answered, "Thee does it well—there isn't but a native can do it." Skipper Ireson lived until quite recently, and when no longer seaworthy, used to peddle fish from door to door in a hand barrow. He was a pious attendant at one of the churches, and his vices were none which the recording angel could not willingly blot out.

Whittier was no more easily misled by the dialect than are the Marbleheaders themselves. The new generation is especially troubled. The dialect seems to focus in Marblehead. There is a smack of it all along the coast, but nowhere is it so strongly perceptible as in this old town. The original settlers of Marblehead were from the islands in the English channel, and the peculiarities of speech come from both the English and French languages. So do the superstitions. Victor Hugo, in his "Toilers of the Sea," has shown that the French channel islanders are among the most superstitious people on earth, and the Marbleheaders are certainly prone enough to believe the supernatural to justify the belief that there was a large sprinkling of French blood originally among them. English and French beliefs creep out in the words coined by the fishermen. When one steps out of doors in the dark from a light room, and hardly knows which way to turn for a moment, he is said to be "pixelated," and must wear his jacket inside out for a short time, or the "pixies," the naughty fairies, will be constantly misleading him. A ceiling is called a "planchement," which is essentially French. If one is caught suddenly and held by any person or thing, he is said to be "clitched." One who is a little chilly is called "crimmy," and "crims" are the fishermen's special aversion. Instead of "Hallo!" or "How are ye?" the street form of salutation is, "Hoy!" which degenerates in the mouths of boys to "Hoi-i-i!"—easily heard half a mile away. The real Marbleheader, descended in a straight line from the early settlers, cannot pronounce the letter v. A vessel is to him a "wessel," and "old Flood Ireson's" favorite phrase in prayer-meetings, when speaking of sinners, was, "this generation of wipers." The peculiarities of speech first noticed by a stranger are the broadness of the vowels in such words as time, which becomes "toime," cars, changed to "cyors," as in southern towns, the elision of many syllables commonly thought necessary to words, and the frequent use of nautical terms by people who know very little of the sea. The old lady who has lately retired from the above-mentioned store, in describing to me the shiftlessness of some folks, cried out, "Oh yes! there's plenty that 'll set in the long boat and be rowed, if anybody 'll row 'em."

The dialect absolutely changes men's names, now and then, or so fixes a corrupt pronunciation upon them, that in the course of one or two generations the spelling is changed. Mr Crowningshield's name may be properly spelled on a ballot, but his neighbor, the fisherman, would hardly understand it unless it were spelled "Grounsell," as that most properly represents the pronunciation. When Judge Story was practicing as a lawyer in the court at Salem, a witness from Marblehead, named as "William Florence," was called for. He did not appear after three calls, and the judge was about to order him arrested for not coming to court, when Judge Story, remembering the Marblehead version of the man's name, stood up and rolled out the words, "Skipper Bill Flurry, come into court!" The response was immediate: "Here, Portner, wot do you want?" Another curious case is that of a man named Jones, who had a very slow and peculiar gait, and whom the boys called "Slowcome." The name was at once adopted. Jones became a nonentity. "Slocum"—was the living being. The boys, who saw that Mr Jones suffered torture at the sound of his nickname, haunted the precincts of his store, calling it out so often that he asked the village constable to restrain them. "Perishin' seize 'em," said the worthy officer, using his favorite oath,—"I'll come down on 'em every day, Slocum, if you desire it!" Jones stood aghast at hearing "Slocum" in the officer's mouth, but found that his real name was lost, and gave up the useless fight to win it back.

The old mansion now occupied by the Marblehead bank, and built in 1765 by Jeremiah Lee, who was at that time a member of the committee of public safety, is one of the town's rarest relics. It is a large three-story stone building, with a queer cupola surmounting the gently sloping roof. The entrance hall must have been as fine as any in America at the time it was built, and is hung with paper painted by hand in Paris, with pictures from Roman and Grecian history and mythology, groups of armor, etc., and the decorations are still carefully preserved. The carvings of the hall walls and staircases are in solid, rich, dark mahogany. The chambers now occupied by the bank and its officers are luxuriant with ancient wainscoting, carved wreaths of flowers, scrolls and buds tediously wrought by hand, in England. It is rather difficult to gain admission to all the rooms of the mansion now-a-days, for some time ago burglars undertook to break in and steal, and the Marbleheaders do not intend to admit wolves into their sheepfold. One peculiar room in the second story, with huge old fireplace surrounded by Dutch tiles, was, until quite recently, occupied by a club of old shipmasters, who used to settle the affairs of the nation there every evening, and among whom were many queer characters. The walls in the upper stories are ornamented with painted paper in Chinese figures.

If any place can have crooked streets than Boston, it is Marblehead. The main avenues all run round corners, up little hills, down gullies, and across ledges. Along the harbor edge runs a huge line of rock, up which, in great storms, mountainous waves crawl, sometimes dashing to atoms the frail wooden houses near at hand. With these furies of the ocean the superstitious, who adhere to the traditions current in their youth, now and then bear mingled the unearthly voice of the "screeching woman of Marblehead," who shall be introduced in a future paper.

E. K.

#### History of Essex County, Massachusetts: With

#### Biographical Sketches of Many of Its Pioneers and

#### Prominent Men, Volume 2

Duane Hamilton Hurd

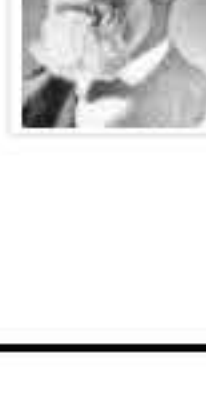
J. W. Lewis & Company, 1888 - Essex County (Mass.) -

2130 pages

head on the early morning train, they had the great distinction of being the first companies to reach Boston in response to the orders of Governor Andrew, and Captain Martin, with his sword-belt, was knocking at the door of Faneuil Hall before it was opened for their reception. At the close of the first three months' campaign Captain Martin returned with his company to Marblehead, having been mustered out of the service, and immediately recruited Company B, Twenty-third Regiment, which left Massachusetts for the seat of war November 11, 1861. While in command of this company he participated in the battles of Roanoke Island, Newbern, Kinston, Whitehall and Goldsborough, in North Carolina. In May, 1863, he resigned his commission. On the 24th of February, 1864, he re-enlisted in Fifty-eighth Massachusetts Regiment, but was transferred to the Fifty-ninth Regiment, in which he went to the front as acting first sergeant of Company I. In June of the same year he was again transferred; this time to Company K of the same regiment, being warranted as first sergeant. While a member of this regiment he took part in the battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna River, Cold Harbor and Petersburg, Va. In the battle before Petersburg, July 27, 1864, he was wounded by a spent ball, by which he became permanently disabled, losing eight inches from the main bone of the right leg.

Immediately after the close of the war Captain Martin was elected a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, serving the people of his district in that capacity during the years 1866 and 1867. He was then appointed messenger to the House of Representatives, a position which he held for two years.

In May, 1869, he was appointed postmaster of the Marblehead post-office, retaining his place by successive reappointments until May 16, 1885, when he resigned and engaged in the business of raising poultry for the market. On the 14th of November, 1858, Captain Martin was united in marriage to Miss Mary P. Thompson, of Marblehead. His last connection with the military, as a member of which he had spent so large a portion of his lifetime, was during a period from June, 1866 to January, 1868, when he had command of the Marblehead Sutton Light Infantry.



Knott V. Martin

Birthdate:	July 11, 1820 (78)
Birthplace:	Marblehead, Essex County, Massachusetts, United States
Death:	August 26, 1898 (78) Marblehead, Essex County, Massachusetts, United States
Immediate Family:	Son of Knott Martin, III and Hannah Goss Husband of Mary Pedrick Thompson