

**AUNT POLLY
SHEDD'S BRIGADE,
AND OTHER STORIES**

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Aunt Polly Shedd's Brigade, and Other Stories by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

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AND
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Illustrated



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TELL ME MY LITTLE MAN WHERE YOU SAW THE BRITISH UNIFORM.

AUNT POLLY SHEDD'S BRIGADE.

SOMETHING about the Battle of Hampden?" Grandma took off her spectacles and wiped them reflectively. "It seems to me already I have told you everything worth telling; but there!" in a sudden burst of recollection, "did I ever tell you about Aunt Polly Shedd's Brigade? That was quite an affair to those of us that belonged to it!"

"Oh, no! do tell us about it!" called out the three childish voices in chorus; and grandma only waited to knit by the seam needle.

"I've told you all about it so many times that I don't need to describe again that dreadful morning when the British man-of-war came up the river and, dropping her anchor just opposite our little village of Hampden, sent troops ashore to take

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possession of the place in the King's name. So what I am going to tell you now is how, and where, we youngsters spent the three days that the British occupied our houses. I was about twelve years old at the time. I remember that it was just as we were getting up from the breakfast-table that one of our neighbors, Sol Grant, old General Grant's youngest son, rushed in without knocking, his face as white as a sheet, and his cap on hind-side before, and called out hurriedly :

“ ‘ Mr. Swett, if you love your family, for God's sake find a place of safety for 'em ! The British are coming ashore — three boat-loads of 'em, armed to the teeth — and they won't spare man, woman nor child. ’

“ Mother's face grew very pale, but she stepped quietly around, with her baby on her arm, close to where father was standing, and laid one hand on his arm, while she said, in a firm, clear voice :

“ ‘ *My* place is with you, Benjamin, but we must think of some place of safety for the children. Where can they go ? ’

“ Sol was just rushing out of the door as uncer-

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moniously as he had rushed in, but he stopped when he heard her ask that, long enough to say :

“I forgot to tell you that Aunt Polly Shedd will take all the children put in her charge out to Old Gubtil's ; that's so out of the way they won't be disturbed, 'specially as the old man's a tory himself.’

“Mother kissed us all round, with a smile on her face that couldn't quite hide the tears with which her dear eyes were filled, and as she hastily bundled us in whatever garment came to hand, she bade us be good children, and make aunt Polly and the Gubtils as little trouble as possible. Then we followed father out-of-doors and into the school-house yard where a score or more of children were already gathered — still as mice for intense terror. Aunt Polly, in her big green calash, and a pillow-case of valuables under one arm, was bustling to and fro, speaking an encouraging or admonitory word, as the case might be, and wearing upon her pinched, freckled little face such a reassuring smile that I soon felt my own courage rise and, dashing back the tears that had filled my eyes a moment