

ILLUSTRATED

BALLAD HISTORY

OF THE

AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

1765-1783.

BY

FRANK MOORE,

AUTHOR OF THE "DIARY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION," "REBELLION RECORD," "WOMEN OF THE WAR,"
"AMERICAN ELOQUENCE," "ANECDOTES, POETRY AND INCIDENTS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

VOLUME I.

NEW YORK:
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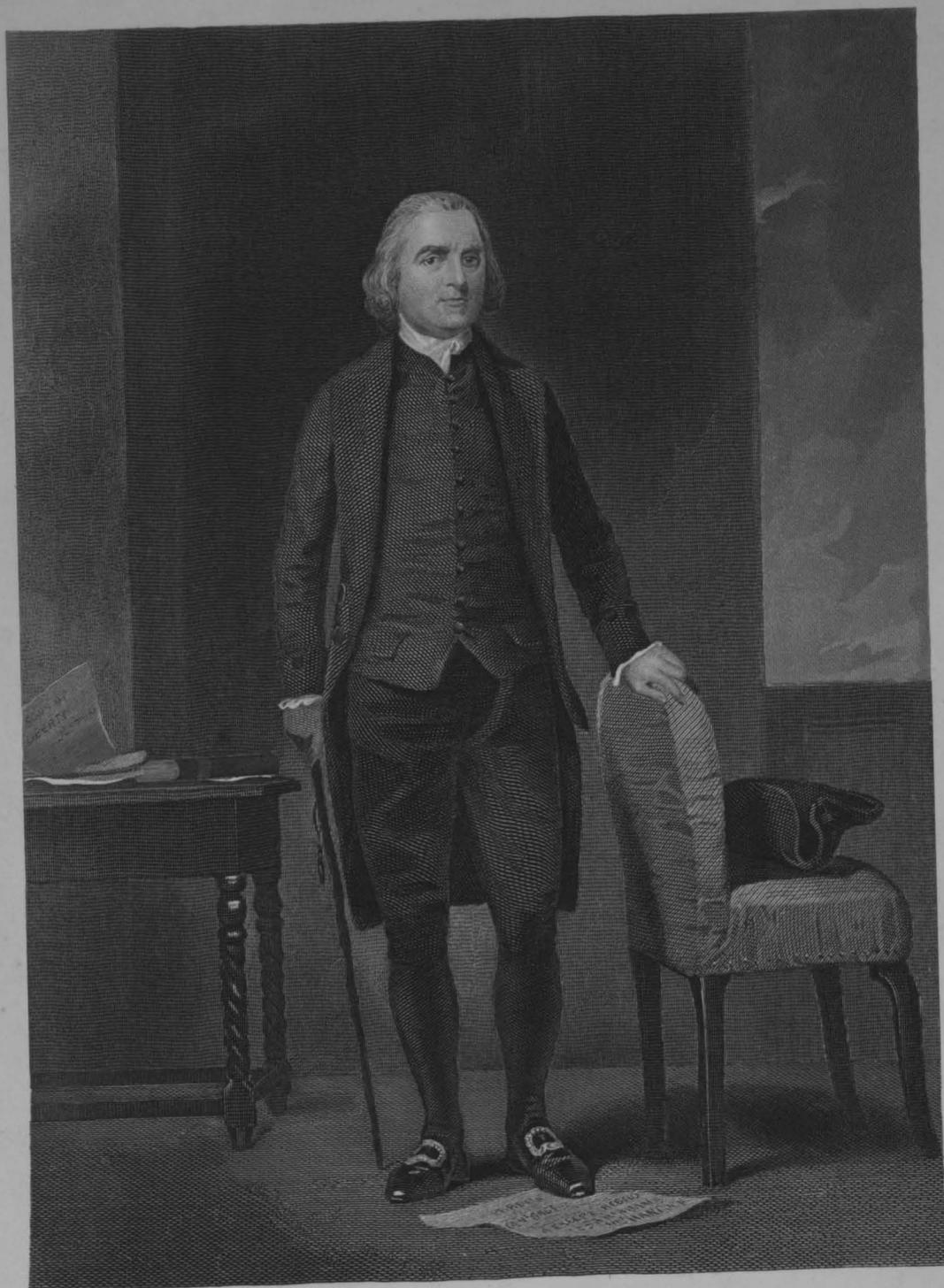
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Sam Adams

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CAPTURE OF FORT TICONDEROGA, 1775.

From an original drawing.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.



THE Publishers in presenting to the public these patriotic, poetic, and partisan pictures of the American Revolution, feel justified in declaring that apology is not needed. A work embodying the acts of those who developed, fought for, and matured the principles of our government, cannot fail to meet with the hearty approval of every one who desires to be familiar with History as said and sung by the actors in it. The idea of preparing a BALLAD HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION occurred to FRANK MOORE, the well-known author of the "Rebellion Record," "American Eloquence," and other standard historical works, many years ago, and since then he has been engaged in collecting material for it. The libraries of the Historical Societies in America, of the British Museum at London, and of the Bibliotheque Imperial at Paris, have been thoroughly examined, as well as public and personal repositories of manuscripts and historical records in the possession of private families. The result of this indefatigable research and labor will be found in this work.

Sentimental, Serious, and Sarcastic Songs, Ridiculous Rhymes, and Burlesque Ballads, all commemorating and illustrating the half-hidden as well as prominent events of the Revolution, are given in these pages, and to them are added such notes and comments, epigrams, pasquinades, and personalities, by writers of the period, as are necessary to a full and sufficient understanding of the allusions, insinuations, and facts made use of by the contemporary poet in his historic verses.

The Illustrations are exact reproductions in fac-simile of portraits, battle scenes, maps, and caricatures drawn and engraved at the time by artists of the time, and, in some instances, by those who were actual witnesses of and actors in the scenes their pencils have celebrated.

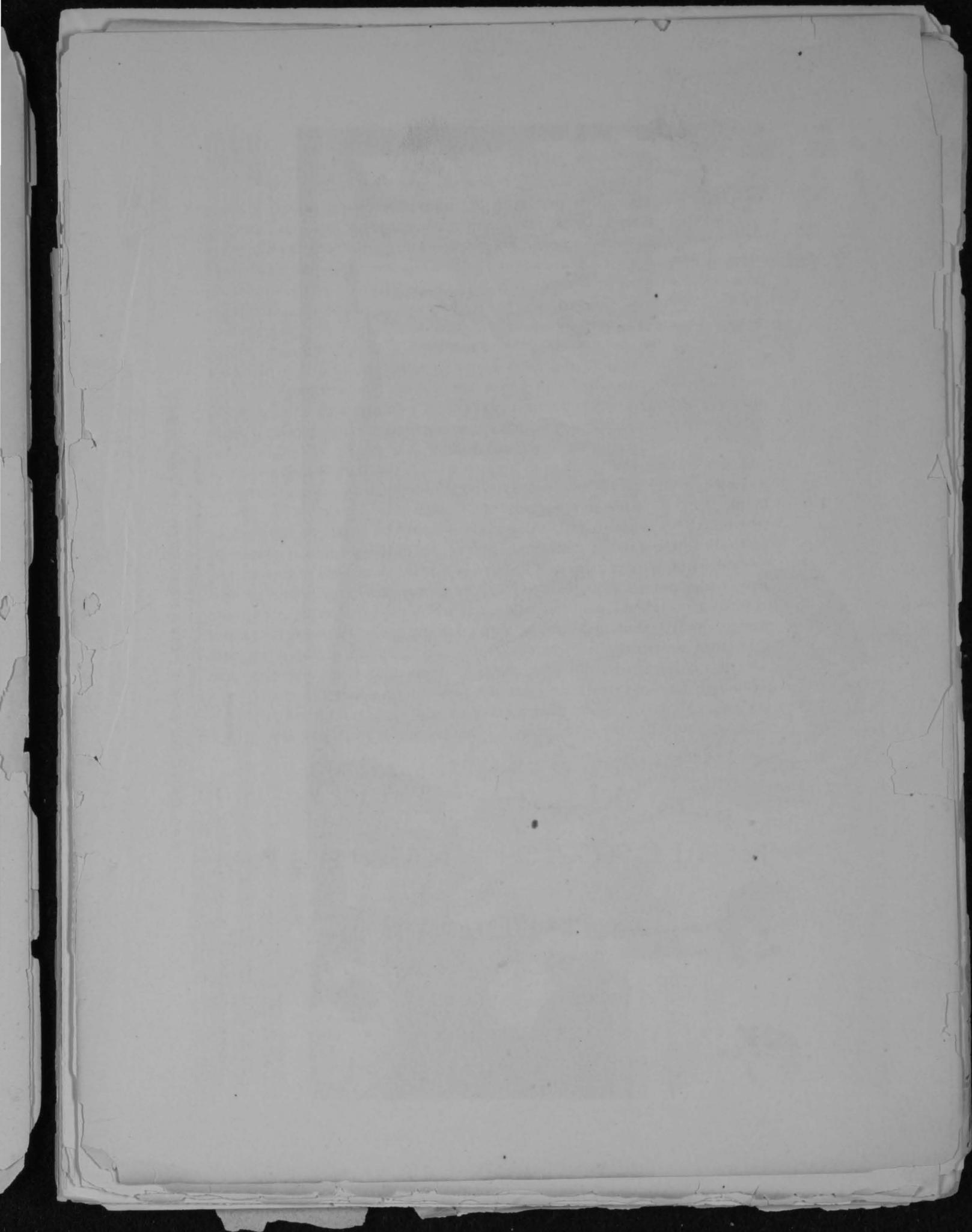
PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

It would be impossible for the historian, who merely writes after authorities, to impart so vivid an impression of the occurrences of the Revolution, as are found in this work. By giving the Patriotic and Royal Songs side by side, Mr. Moore presents a fresh and living picture, not only of men, women, and events, but of the varying sentiments and opinions of the time. All the great characters of the war, who are now so venerable in our estimation that they seem rather demi-gods than men, pass before us as they lived, and are seen as they were seen by their contemporaries. Washington presents himself, not merely as the noble and successful leader of a great people struggling for their rights, but as the rebel and the partisan, having many and bitter enemies, who were capable of associating his name with ridicule and abuse. And so with all the actors in the Revolution. The men were not all on one side; were not all patriots, nor all saints. Many engaged in trade dreaded the disorders and losses which might follow a rupture with the Mother Country: many were loyal to the king from principle, and cherished a sincere though mistaken admiration for the Lords and Commons, and many were hot-headed and turbulent zealots, who often injured the good cause they designed to promote. "Rebels" and Loyalists like these, together, have a place in our publication, and the History of the Revolution the reader receives is from their own lips and pens, as they spoke, wrote, and acted it.

In the concluding pages of the volumes Mr. Moore gives a complete and exhaustive resumé, embracing accounts of the songs, song-writers, and musical composers of the period to which his work refers, thus presenting a complete History of the War which terminated in the establishment of American Liberty and Independence.

JOHNSON, WILSON & COMPANY.

NEW YORK, *January*, 1876.





THE REPEAL, or the Funeral Procession, of MISS AMERIC-STAMP.

Over the Vault, are placed two Golden Heads, their elevation on Poles, and the dates of the two Revolution Years, sufficiently show what party they espoused, and in what cause they suffered an ignominious fate.

The reverend Mr. Ambrose, who under that signature hath been his pen in support of the Stamp, leads the procession as officiating Priest, with the burial service, and funeral sermon in his hands.

Next follow two eminent Pillars of the Stamp, supporting two black flags, on which are delineated the Stamp, with the White Rose, and a white interwoven an emblem, were design, supposed to have been originally contrived on the 10 of June: This significative motto deeper is preserved, but the Price of the Stamp, is changed

to three farthings, an important sum taken from the Budget, The numbers 1722 and 1745 declare the memorial which fought under these Banners.

Next appears the honorable, Mr. George Stamp, full of grief and despair, carrying his favourite Child, Miss America Stamp, who was born in 1705, and died hard in 1766.

Immediately after, follows the chief Mourner, Sejanus. When his grace of Artil, Bidd, and Lord Gawker.

After these comes Twister with a latch, by way of funeral anthem, Nigh his wife his friend, and partner, Mr. Falconer Donaldson of Glasgow.

The row is brought up by two right reverend Fathers of the Church.

These few mourners are separated from the joyful scene which appears on the River Thames, where three first rate ships are riding, viz. the Conway, Rockingham, and Grafton. Along the opposite shore, stand eight Warehouses for the several goods of different manufacturing towns, from which Goods are now shipping for America. Among these is a large case containing the Statute of Mr. Pitt, which is leaving on board a Boat, N° 250, there is another Boat taking in goods, near the first Pillow, but is N° 105. These Nations will ever be held in esteem by the true Sons of LIBERTY.

(FAC-SIMILE COPY OF A PRINT PUBLISHED AT THE TIME.)

BALLAD HISTORY
OF THE
AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

THE FUTURE GLORIES OF AMERICA.

IT was not until a late period of American colonial history, that the British government was awakened to a sense of its growing importance; and, with but very few exceptions, all those who influenced and directed the public mind of England, either by their literary or political talents, agreed in regarding their North American provinces, rather as possessions affording certain means of commercial advantage, than as integral parts of a great empire. It had scarcely occurred to any of them, that whether fame or the good of mankind were their object, there was no mode by which they could reap so quick and so abundant a harvest of honor and usefulness, as by sowing the seeds of science and of virtue on the soil of their American colonies. This arose, in the main, from mere negligence, for the statesmen of England in those days, like the common-place politicians of every age and nation, were too much engrossed by the little objects about them, to look forward upon the grand and bright prospects of futurity. Sometimes, moreover, that narrow policy which regards the ignorance of the people as the firmest foundation of power, shed its malignant influence over the colonial governments. Sixty-four years after the first settlement of Virginia, Sir William Berkeley, then governor of that province; in an official communication to the commissioners sent to inquire into the condition of the colony, observed, "I thank God that there are no free schools nor printing-presses here; and I hope that we shall not have them here these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world, and printing hath divulged them in libels against the best governments. God keep us from both."

Such was the disposition of the rulers of the American colonies, when a liberal scheme for diffusing light and truth over the American

continent and the West India Islands, was proposed by Dean Berkeley, a name which will be venerable as long as learning is held in honor, or virtue has reverence among men.

Berkeley was born and educated in Ireland. In his youth he had been patronized by the Earl of Peterborough; he was also the intimate friend of Pope and Swift, whose wit and genius he honored without participating in their pride and selfishness; he gained a very high reputation in the learned world, by several of those works which still entitle him to be classed among the most profound and original inquirers into the philosophy of mind and the first principles of knowledge. He was equally distinguished for the exuberance and gracefulness of his imagination, the elegance of his conversation and manners, and the purity of his life.

It was about the fortieth year of his age, that he conceived the project of founding an University in the Island of Bermuda, on so liberal a scale as to afford the amplest means of diffusing scientific and religious instruction over the whole of the British possessions in America. At that time he held the richest church preferment in Ireland, and had the fairest prospects of advancement to the literary and ecclesiastical dignities of that country, or even of England. All these, with a disinterestedness which excited the astonishment and sneers of Swift and his literary friends, he proposed to resign for a bare maintenance as principal of the projected American University. He obtained a charter from the crown, and the grant of a large sum of money, to be raised from the sale of certain lands in the Island of St. Christophers, which had been ceded by the treaty of Utrecht to the British government, but had since been totally forgotten or neglected, and of the real value of which he had with great industry acquired an accurate knowledge.

To describe Berkeley's confident anticipations of the future glories of America, we must have recourse to his own words—words familiar to the people of the colonies and to their successors in the Revolution of 1765 and 1776.

VERSES ON THE PROSPECT OF PLANTING ARTS AND LEARNING
IN AMERICA.

The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
Producing subjects worthy fame:

In happy climes where from the genial sun
And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
And fancied beauties by the true:

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides and virtue rules;
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
The pedantry of courts and schools;

There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empires and of arts,
The good and great, inspiring epic sage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay,
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The first four acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day,
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

Confiding in these magnificent auguries, and animated by the pure ambition of contributing to hasten forward this "rise of empire and of arts," Berkeley sailed from England in 1728. He went first to Rhode Island, where he determined to remain for a short time, for the purpose of purchasing lands on the American continent as estates for the support of his college, as well as in order to gain a more intimate knowledge of the Northern colonies. He became convinced that he had erred in his choice of Bermuda, and he applied for an alteration of his charter, empowering him to select some place on the continent for the site of the University. But in the succeeding year, all his sanguine hopes were at once extinguished by an unexpected court-intrigue, and a large sum which had been paid into the treasury from funds pointed out by Berkeley, and part of which had been solemnly appropriated to the projected institution, by a vote of Parliament, was seized by Sir Robert Walpole, to pay the marriage portion of the Princess Royal. "The liberal and catholic" Berkeley returned to Europe mortified and disappointed, but as there was nothing selfish or peevish in his nature, the

failure of this long-cherished and darling project could not abate the ardor of his philanthropy. The rest of his history belongs to Ireland. Never had that ill-governed and injured country a purer or more devoted patriot. He died at Oxford, in 1753.¹

These verses of Berkeley were not published in America, as far as can be ascertained, until several years after the death of the author. The date of their publication in England is unknown. A year previous to the passage of the Stamp Act, they appeared in the *Antigua Gazette*, and during the excitement consequent upon the passage of that Act they were printed in the Poet's Corner of the *Pennsylvania Chronicle*, with a line introducing them as "proper reading for the present crisis." They were generally copied into the American journals during the Revolution, and to this day are favorite with "the wisest heads and noblest hearts."

AMERICAN TAXATION.

THE English Parliament after a heated debate, on the tenth day of January, 1765, passed the Stamp Act. The disposition to tax the Americans, unless they would tax themselves equal to the wishes of the ministry, was undoubtedly strengthened by the reports of their gayety and luxury which reached the mother country: it was said that the planters lived like princes, while the inhabitants of Britain labored hard for a tolerable subsistence.² The passage of the Act was the signal for action on the part of the colonists. It was subversive of the peculiarly American principle of that time, that money was not to be raised on English subjects without their consent. On Monday, the 8th day of April, 1765, the ship *Edward* arrived at New York, bringing the "terrible" news of the passage of the Act. The people immediately declared their determination to resist it, and the newspapers of the day declaimed against it, saying, "the account of these resolves must make the ears of every American, who conceives himself to be a freeman, according to the British Constitution, to tingle and to fill him with astonishment. The whole of the Act is so artfully contrived and so cautiously guarded, that there is no way to elude the design of it, but by rejecting the whole as an unconstitutional attempt upon our liberties, and by nobly opposing every effort that may be made to put it in execution."

¹ Gulian C. Verplanck's Discourse before the New York Historical Society, December 7, 1818.

² Gordon's History of the American War and of the Thirteen Colonies, 1788.

Peter St. John, the author of the following ballad, was a native of Norwalk, Connecticut. During the early struggles of the Revolution, he kept a school in his native town, where he won much renown for the bold principles he avowed and inculcated. He wrote many pieces during the war, some of which are the finest of that period. At a later time he composed a poem entitled the "Death of Abel," in which are related "many things which might probably take place both before and after that barbarous fratricide."

AMERICAN TAXATION.

While I relate my story, Americans give ear;
Of Britain's fading glory you presently shall hear;
I'll give a true relation, attend to what I say
Concerning the taxation of North America.

The cruel lords of Britain, who glory in their shame,
The project they have hit on they joyfully proclaim;
'Tis what they're striving after our rights to take away,
And rob us of our charter in North America.

There are two mighty speakers, who rule in Parliament,
Who ever have been seeking some mischief to invent;
'Twas North, and Bute his father, the horrid plan did lay
A mighty tax to gather in North America.

They searched the gloomy regions of the infernal pit,
To find among their legions one who excelled in wit;
To ask of him assistance, or tell them how they may
Subdue without resistance this North America.

Old Satan the arch traitor, who rules the burning lake,
Where his chief navigator, resolved a voyage to take;
For the Britannic Ocean he launches far away,
To land he had no notion in North America.

He takes his seat in Britain, it was his soul's intent
Great George's throne to sit on, and rule the Parliament;
His comrades were pursuing a diabolic way;
For to complete the ruin of North America.

He tried the art of magic to bring his schemes about,
At length the gloomy project he artfully found out;
The plan was long indulgèd in a clandestine way,
But lately was divulgèd in North America.

These subtle arch-combiners addressed the British court,
All three were undersigners of this obscure report—
There is a pleasant landscape that lieth far away
Beyond the wide Atlantic in North America.

There is a wealthy people, who sojourn in that land,
Their churches all with steeples most delicately stand;
Their houses like the gilly, are painted red and gay:
They flourish like the lily in North America.

Their land with milk and honey continually doth flow,
The want of food or money they seldom ever know:
They heap up golden treasure, they have no debts to pay,
They spend their time in pleasure in North America.

On turkeys, fowls and fishes, most frequently they dine,
With gold and silver dishes their tables always shine.
They crown their feasts with butter, they eat, and rise to play;
In silks their ladies flutter in North America.

With gold and silver laces they do themselves adorn,
The rubies deck their faces, refulgent as the morn!
Wine sparkles in their glasses, they spend each happy day
In merriment and dances in North America.

Let not our suit affront you, when we address your throne,
O King, this wealthy country and subjects are your own,
And you, their rightful sovereign, they truly must obey,
You have a right to govern this North America.

O King, you've heard the sequel of what we now subscribe,
Is it not just and equal to tax this wealthy tribe?
The question being askèd, his majesty did say,
My subjects shall be taxèd in North America.

Invested with a warrant, my publicans shall go,
The tenth of all their current they surely shall bestow;

If they indulge rebellion, or from my precepts stray,
I'll send my war battalion to North America.

I'll rally all my forces by water and by land,
My light dragoons and horses shall go at my command;
I'll burn both town and city, with smoke becloud the day,
I'll show no human pity for North America.

Go on, my hearty soldiers, you need not fear of ill—
There's Hutchinson and Rogers,¹ their functions will fulfil—
They tell such ample stories, believe them sure we may,
One half of them are Tories in North America.

My gallant ships are ready to waft you o'er the flood,
And in my cause be steady, which is supremely good;
Go ravage, steal and plunder, and you shall have the prey;
They quickly will knock under in North America.

The laws I have enacted, I never will revoke,
Although they are neglected my fury to provoke.
I will forbear to flatter, I'll rule the mighty sway,
I'll take away the charter from North America.

O George! you are distracted, you'll by experience find
The laws you have enacted are of the blackest kind.
I'll make a short digression, and tell you by the way,
We fear not your oppression in North America.

Our fathers were distressèd, while in their native land;
By tyrants were oppressèd, as we do understand;
For freedom and religion they were resolved to stray,
And trace the desert regions of North America.

Heaven was their sole protector while on the roaring tide,
Kind fortune their director, and Providence their guide.
If I am not mistaken, about the first of May,
This voyage was undertaken for North America.

¹ Jeremiah Dummer Rogers, one of the barristers and attorneys who were addressers of Governor Hutchinson, on his departure for England in 1774. After the battle of Breed's Hill, he took refuge in Boston, and was appointed commissary to the royal troops who continued to occupy Charlestown. At the evacuation of Boston in 1776, he accompanied the royal army to Halifax, where he died in 1784.

If rightly I remember, this country to explore,
 They landed in November on Plymouth's desert shore.
 The savages were nettled, with fear they fled away,
 So peaceably they settled in North America.

We are their bold descendants, 'for liberty we'll fight,
 The claim to independence we challenge as our right;
 'Tis what kind Heaven gave us, who can it take away,—
 O, Heaven sure will save us, in North America.

“Liberty, Property, and No Stamps,” was “the united voice of all His Majesty's free and loyal subjects in America.” The following verses appeared in Holt's Gazette, No. 1169, during the excitement caused by the “odious act,” accompanied with the remark that “the stanzas are indeed not very poetical; but there is no doubt that the zeal of the author for the cause of liberty will atone for publishing the laudable attempts of an unpractised muse.”

Cursed be the man who e'er shall raise
 His sacrilegious hand,
 To drive fair liberty, our praise!
 From his own native land.

O may his memory never die,
 By future ages curst;
 But live to lasting infamy,
 Branded of traytor's worth.

But happy! happy! happy they,
 Who in their country's cause
 Shall cast reluctant fear away,
 Immortal in applause!

Who with their conscious virtue girt,
 Shan't dread oppression's voice;
 But boldly dare those rights t'assert,
 In which all men rejoice.

VIRGINIA HEARTS OF OAK.

AMONG the earliest of the songs indicating the spirit of revolution and opposition to the authority of the government of Great Britain, is the following, which was printed in the Virginia Gazette early in May 1766, without a title. It became well known as the "Virginia Hearts of Oak"¹ and was issued in Trenton, New Jersey, in a ballad sheet, in 1778.

Sure never was picture drawn more to the life,
Or affectionate husband more fond of his wife,
Than America copies and loves Britain's sons,
Who conscious of Freedom, are bold as great guns.
Hearts of Oak are we still, for we're sons of those men,
Who always are ready, steady, boys, steady,
To fight for their freedom again and again.

Though we feast and grow fat on America's soil,
Yet we own ourselves subjects of Britain's fair isle,
And who's so absurd to deny us the name?
Since true British blood flows in every vein.
Hearts of Oak, &c.

Then cheer up my lads, to your country be firm,
Like kings of the ocean we'll weather each storm,
Integrity calls out, fair liberty, see,
Waves her Flag o'er our heads and her words are *be free*.
Hearts of Oak, &c.

To King George, as true subjects, we loyal bow down,
But hope we may call Magna Charta our own.
Let the rest of the world slavish worship decree,
Great Britain has ordered her sons to be free.
Hearts of Oak, &c.

Poor Esau his birthright gave up for a bribe,
Americans scorn the mean soul-selling tribe;

¹ The original song, "Hearts of Oak," was composed by David Garrick. It was very popular during the American wars, both of 1776 and 1812, among the British, and at the present day is sung by many of "our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen" in "merrie old England."

Beyond life our freedom we choose to possess,
 Which, through life we'll defend, and abjure a broad S.
 Hearts of Oak are we still, and we're sons of those men,
 Who fear not the ocean, brave roarings of cannon,
 To stop all oppression, again and again.

On our brow while we laurel-crown'd Liberty wear,
 What Englishmen ought we Americans dare;
 Though tempests and terrors around us we see,
 Bribes nor fears can prevail o'er the hearts that are free.
 Hearts of Oak are we still, for we're sons of those men
 Who always are ready, steady, boys, steady,
 To fight for their freedom again and again.

With Loyalty, Liberty let us entwine,
 Our blood shall for both flow as free as our wine;
 Let us set an example, what all men should be,
 And a Toast give the World,—“Here's to those who'd be free.”
 Hearts of Oak are we still, &c.

BOSTON LIBERTY TREE.

DURING the Stamp Act excitement there arose a practice of signifying public sentiment in a very effectual way; though without any responsible agent, unless the inanimate Liberty Tree may be so considered. This tree was a majestic elm that stood in front of a house opposite the Boylston market, on the edge of the “High street,” in the town of Boston. On the 14th of August, 1765, an effigy representing Andrew Oliver, a gentleman appointed to distribute the stamps, was found hanging upon this tree, with a paper before it, on which was written in large characters,

“Fair freedom's glorious cause I've meanly quitted,
 For the sake of pelf
 But ah! the Devil has me outwitted,
 And instead of *stamping* others, I've *hang'd* myself.

“P. S.—Whoever takes this down is an enemy to his country.” On the right arm was written “A. O.,” and on the left,

“What greater pleasure can there be,
 Than to see a *stamp man* hanging on a tree!”

STAMP ACT REPEAL.

II

On another part of the tree a leaf was suspended: the emblem of the

STAMP ACT REPEAL.

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THE REPEAL OF THE ACT.

In Greece and Rome renowned for art and arms,
 Whose every bosom felt fair Freedom's charms,
 Those manly breasts which generous ardor fired,
 When public weal their swords or care required;
 When peace abroad their conquering arms procured,
 At home, when wisdom, Liberty secured:
 Greatly unbending o'er the social bowl,
 Indulged the transports of a genial soul.
 So we, nor second to those sons of Fame,
 In love of freedom, tho' of humbler name;
 Or dauntless courage, bravely to oppose
 Domestic tyranny, or foreign foes;—
 We, who far foremost *here*, a virtuous few,
 Dare to our country and ourselves be true;
 Who dare, in spite of ev'ry venal frown,
 Assert our rights, and lawless power disown;
 Spite of each parasite, each cringing slave,
 Each cautious dastard, each oppressive knave;
 Each gibing Ass, *that reptile of an hour*,
 The supercilious pimp of abject slaves in power;
 Spite of those empty boasters, who conceal
 Their coward fear with circumspection's veil,
 Are met, to celebrate in festive mirth
 The day that gives our *second* freedom birth;
 That tells us, *Britain's Grenvilles* never more
 Shall dare usurp unjust, illegal power,
 Or threat *America's* free sons with chains,
 While the least spark of ancient fire remains;
 While records bid the virtuous sons admire
 The godlike acts of each intrepid sire.
 Exult *America!* each dauntless son
 Will ever keep fair Liberty their own;
 Will base submission, servile fear despise,
 And Freedom's *substance*, not her *shadow* prize.
 Triumph *America!* thy patriot voice
 Has made the greatest of mankind rejoice,
 Immortal PITT!—O ever glorious name!
 Far, far unequalled in the rolls of fame!

What breast, for virtue is by all approved,
 And freedom even by Asia's slaves beloved,—
 What breast but glows with gratitude to thee,
 Boast of mankind, great prop of Liberty!
 To thee, the best of parents and of friends,
America with grateful homage bends,
 Her thanks, her love, unable to express,
 To thee, great patron of her happiness.
 Raised by thy hand, beneath thy guardian care,
 Luxuriant blooms adorn her vernal year;
 And, when rapacious harpies would devour
 The infant fruit, and blast the tender flower,
 Shielded by thee, she mocks the abortive wiles;
 Beneath thy shade, again her verdure smiles.

Would 'twere in pity to mankind decreed,
 That still a PITT should to a PITT succeed:
 When proud oppression would subvert the laws,
 That still a CAMDEN should defend the cause.
 Nor let's forget the gallant BARRE'S merit,
 His TULLY'S periods and his CATO'S spirit;
 His, too, an honest independent heart,
 Where fear, nor fraud, nor avarice have part:
 Or generous MEREDITH, our worthy friend,
 The first our injured freedom to defend;
 Who nobly, not by powerful wrath deterred,
 Our just remonstrance and complaints preferred.

Proceed, great names! your mighty influence join,
 Your country's arts, and policies refine:
 Assist great CONWAY, and reform the state;
 Bid peaceful commerce reassume her seat;
 Bid BRITISH navies whiten ev'ry coast,
 And BRITISH freedom ev'ry country boast.
 Let us then, emulous of each great name
 Conspicuous in the ancient page of fame,
 Resolve, that freedom to our sons be sped,
 Not worse than when our valiant fathers bled:
 Emerging glorious from our late distress;
 Let ev'ry bosom hail returning peace:
 This day let nought but jocund mirth employ,
 Relax each brow, and give a loose to joy.

And you, ye fair, on whom our hopes depend,
 Our future fame and empire to extend;
 Whose fruitful beds will dauntless myriads yield,
 To fight for freedom in some future field;
 Resign each fear.

To-day, let gladness beam in every face,
 Soften each smile and brighten every grace;
 While the glad roofs with lofty notes resound,
 With grace harmonious move the mazy round.
 Make our hearts feel the long-forgotten fire
 Wake into flame each spark of soft desire.
 Too long indignant tumults and alarms
 Have made us heedless of your lovely charms:
 But now, beneath the downy wings of peace,
 With freedom blest, our care shall be to please;
 Each day the genial pleasure to improve,
 And add new sweetness to connubial love.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

THE incident which gave rise to the following satirical parody of Pope's second pastoral, occurred during the debates in Parliament early in the year 1766, which took place on occasion of the repeal of the famous Cider-tax, a measure which gave to the inhabitants of the cider-counties a "taste of the same pleasure, which their brethren in America about the same time enjoyed" in the repeal of the Stamp Act. George Grenville, then leader in the Commons, came to the rescue of Bute, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and spoke strongly on his favorite theme, the profusion with which the late war had been carried on. That profusion, he said, had made taxes necessary. He called on the gentleman opposite to him to say where they would have a tax laid, and dwelt on this topic with his usual prolixity. "Let them tell me where," he repeated in a monotonous and somewhat fretful tone. "I say, sir, let them tell me where. I repeat it, sir, I am entitled to say to them, Tell me where." Unluckily for him, Pitt had come down to the House that night, and had been bitterly provoked by the reflections thrown on the war. He revenged himself by murmuring in a whine resembling Grenville's, a line of a well-known song, "Gentle Shepherd, tell me where." "If," cried Grenville, "gentlemen are to be treated in this

way—" Pitt, as was his fashion when he meant to mark extreme contempt, rose deliberately, made his bow, and walked out of the House, leaving his brother-in-law in convulsions of rage, and everybody else in convulsions of laughter. It was long before Grenville lost the nickname of "Gentle Shepherd."

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

A GENTLE SHEPHERD—that's his proper name—
Retired to Stow, far distant from the Thame;
Where dancing fishes in the basin play'd,
And crowded columns form'd a marble shade:
I'here, while he mourn'd by streams that never flow,
The statues round a dumb compassion show;
The worthies listen'd in each sculptur'd hall;
My lord, consenting, sat and heard it all.

Ye stubborn York, ye fierce New England crew,
Free from Excise, but not from Customs too,
To you I mourn, nor to the deaf I sing,
Your woods shall answer, and your cities ring.
Quebec and Georgia, my stamp duties pay;
Why are you prouder, and more hard than they?
The gay Creoles, with my new tax agree,
They parch'd by heat, and I inflam'd by thee;
The sultry Sirius burns their sugar-canes,
While in thy heart a wholesome winter reigns.

Where stray ye, members, in what lane or grove,
While to enforce the act I hopeless move?
In those fair rooms where Royal G— resides,
Or where the Cockpit's ample hall divides,
As in the gilded sconce I view my face,
No rising blushes stain the faithful glass;
But since my figure pleases there no more,
I shun the levee which I sought before.
Once I was skill'd in every fund that went,
From India bonds to humble cent per cent.
Ah, Gentle Shepherd, what avails thy skill
To frame a tax for D—w—ll to repeal?

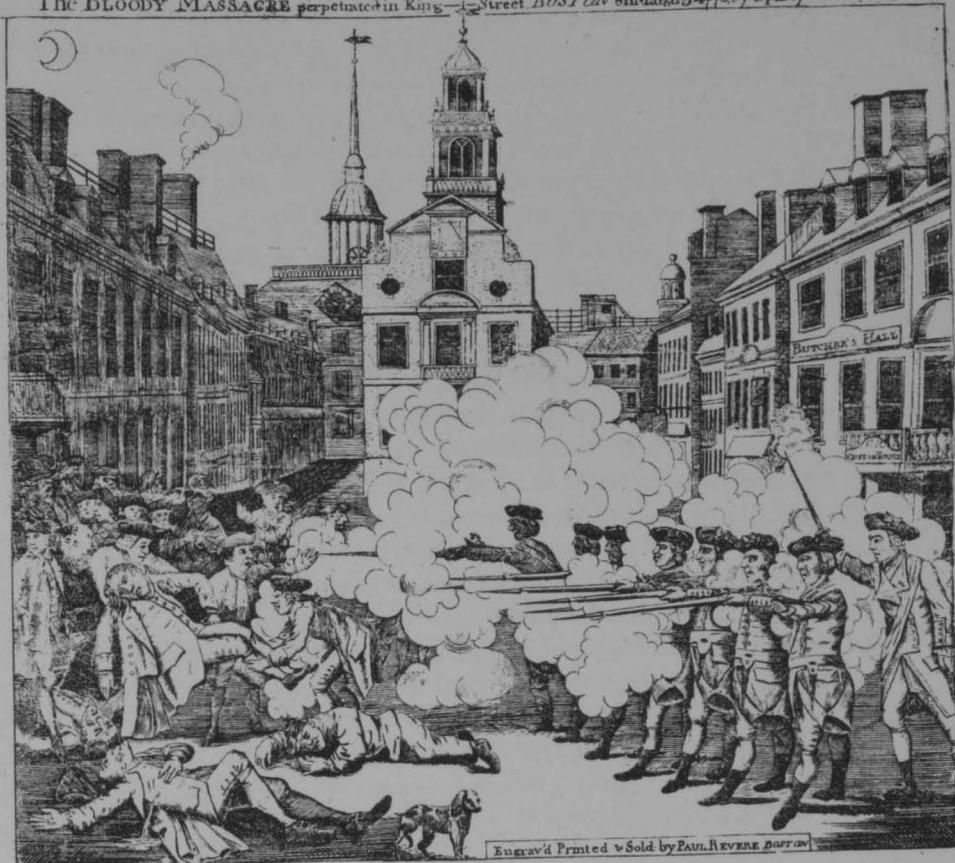
Let — proud preside at C—l B—d,
 Or wily H—l—d still desire to hoard;
 But in the Treasury let me spend *my* days,
 And load the sinking fund a thousand ways,
 That wand was mine, which B—, with panting breath,
 Into my hands, resigning did bequeath:
 He said, G— G—v—le, take this rod, the same
 That to the cider-counties taught my name;
 But R—k—ham may sway the wand for me,
 Since I'm despisèd and disgrac'd by thee.
 Oh! were I made, by some transforming power,
 The smooth-tongued P— that speaks in yonder bower,
 Then might my voice the listening ears employ,
 And I, the pension he receives, enjoy.

And yet my speeches pleased the Tory throng,
 Rough R—gby grinn'd, and N—l—n prais'd my song;
 The Cits, while Bow church bells forgot to ring,
 In milk-white wigs their kind addresses bring.
 But their addresses are preferred in vain,
 On P—t their thanks are now bestow'd again:
 For him the richest boxes are designed,
 And in one parchment all their freedom's join'd.
 Accept their wreaths, allow your partners none,
 Claim all their praise as due to you alone.

See what strange things in the repeal appear:
 Discordant Earls have form'd a union here:
 In opposition B— and T—p—e join,
 And wicked Twitcher¹ with good —.
 Come, matchless Jemmy! bless the cool retreats,
 When Peers from voting quit their scarlet seats;
 When weary Commons leave the sultry town,
 And, drown'd with debts, to finger rents go down.
 This harmless grove no lurking bailiff hides
 But in my breast the serpent *rage* abides.
 Oh, how I long with you to pass my days,
 Drink our own healths, and sound each other's praise:
 Your praise the press shall bear through all the town,
 And evening posts from London waft it down:

¹ Lord Sandwich was universally known by the sobriquet of "Jemmy Twitcher."

The BLOODY MASSACRE perpetrated in King Street BOSTON on March 5th 1770 by a party of the 29th REG^t

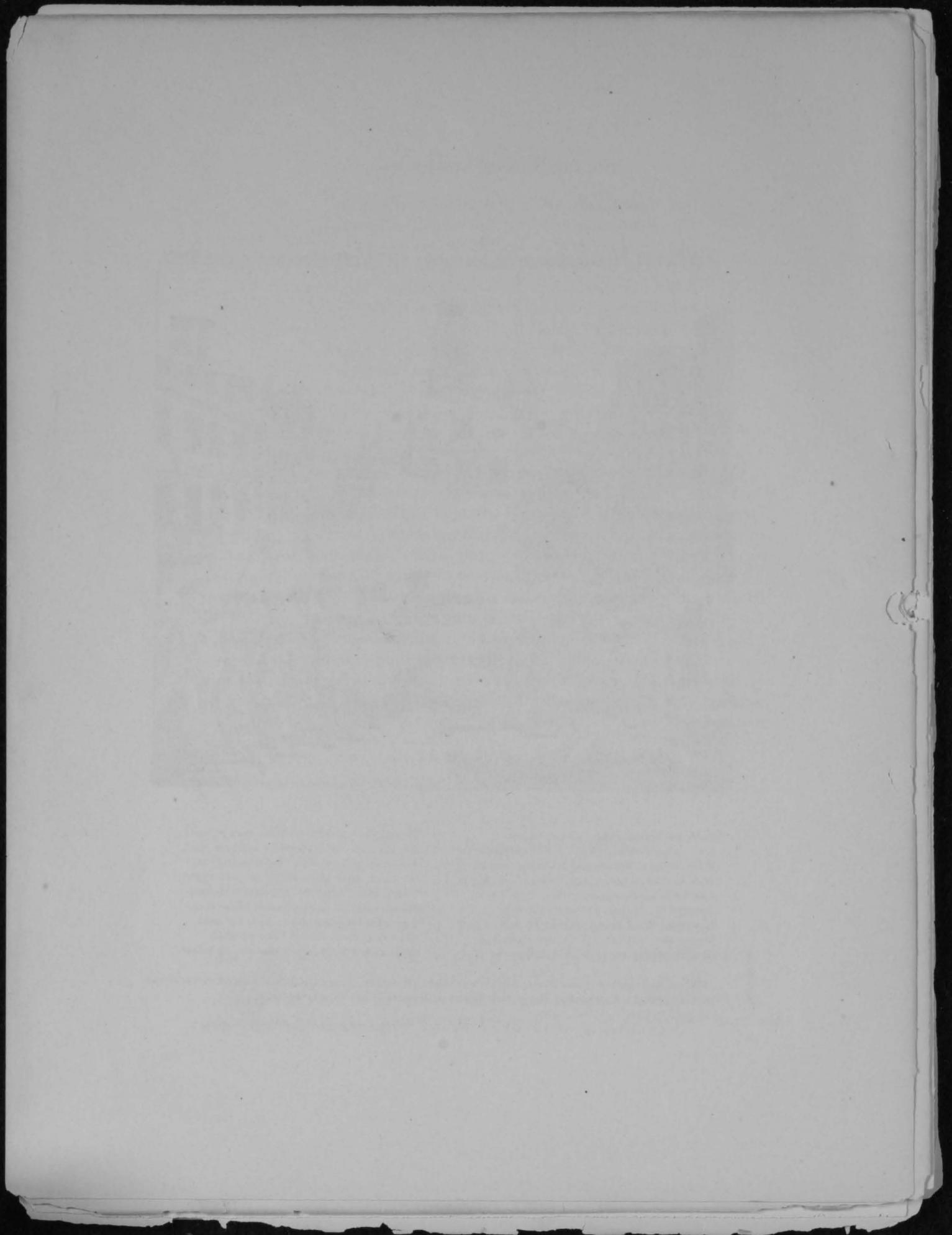


"Unhappy Boston! see thy sons deplore
 Thy hallowed walks besmear'd with guiltless gore.
 While faithless Preston and his savage bands,
 With murderous rancor stretch their bloody hands;
 Like fierce barbarians grinning o'er their prey,
 Approve the carnage and enjoy the day.
 If scalding drops, from rage, from anguish wrung,
 If speechless sorrows, lab'ring for a tongue,
 Or if a weeping world can aught appease

The plaintive ghosts of victims such as these;
 The patriot's copious tears for each are shed,
 A glorious tribute which embalms the dead.
 But know, Fate summons to that awful goal,
 Where justice strips the murderer of his soul:
 Should venal C—ts, the scandal of the land,
 Snatch the relentless villain from her hand,
 Keen execrations on this plate inscrib'd
 Shall reach a judge who never can be bribed."

The unhappy sufferers were Messrs SAML. GRAY, SAML. MAVERICK, JAMES CALDWELL, CRISPUS ATTUCKS AND PATK. CARR, killed. Six wounded, two of them (CHRISTR. MONK and JOHN CLARK) mortally.

FAC-SIMILE COPY OF A PRINT PUBLISHED AT THE TIME.



But would you write, and rival Anti's strain,
The wondering mob his lies would read again;
The moving carman hear the powerful call,
And pots of beer hang listening in their fall.

But see, the ladies shun the noontide air,
And hungry lords to dinner fast repair:
At table all to places fix'd resort—
Ye gods, and is there then no place at court?
But soon the sun with milder rays descends
To western climes, where my stamp duty ends:
On my poor effigy their furies prey,
By night they burn me, as they hang by day.

Effigies of the obnoxious members of the British government and Parliament during the Stamp Act excitement, were publicly carted through the principal towns and villages in the Colonies, taken to conspicuous places and there burned. The people could not sufficiently degrade such "perverters of the public weal." Epigrams, pasquinades, and scurrilous verses appeared at every corner in flaming capitals, and Britain's dishonor was published from the pulpit. While the colonists loved King George they hated his ministers. When the news of the change in the English ministry reached Boston, in September, 1765, a number of persons well affected to liberty and their country, met together and fixed their standard on the TREE OF LIBERTY, being the Union flag, inscribed, *Pitt, the supporter of Liberty and the Terror of Tyrants*, on the other side—

To Bute and Grenville, mark the event,
Both Heaven and Earth are foes,
While curses on each Wretch are sent
By every wind that blows.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

THE OLD WOMAN TAUGHT WISDOM.

THE ballad entitled "The World Turned Upside Down, or The Old Woman Taught Wisdom," was published, originally, in the Gentleman's Magazine, and afterwards on a music sheet, set to the tune "Derry Down." The anonymous author says it is "an humble

attempt to reconcile the parent and her children, made by a peace-maker to Great Britain and her Colonies."

THE WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN.

GOODY BULL and her daughter together fell out,
Both squabbled, and wrangled, and made a — rout,
But the cause of the quarrel remains to be told,
Then lend both your ears, and a tale I'll unfold.

The old lady, it seems, took a freak in her head,
That her daughter, grown woman, might earn her own bread:
Self-applauding her scheme, she was ready to dance;
But we're often too sanguine in what we advance.

For mark the event; thus by fortune we're crossed,
Nor should people reckon without their good host;
The daughter was sulky, and wouldn't come to,
And pray, what in this case could the old woman do?

In vain did the matron hold forth in the cause,
That the young one was able; her duty, the laws;
Ingratitude vile, disobedience far worse;
But she might e'en as well sung psalms to a horse.

Young, froward, and sullen, and vain of her beauty,
She tartly replied, that she knew well her duty,
That other folks' children were kept by their friends,
And that some folks loved people but for their own ends.

Zounds, neighbor! quoth Pitt, what the devil's the matter?
A man cannot rest in his house for your clatter;
Alas! cries the daughter, here's dainty fine work,
The old woman grown harder than Jew or than Turk.

She be —, says the farmer, and to her he goes,
First roars in her ears, then tweaks her old nose,
Hallo, Goody, what ails you? Wake! woman, I say;
I am come to make peace, in this desperate fray.

Adzooks, ope thine eyes, what a pother is here!
You've no right to compel her, you have not, I swear;

Be ruled by your friends, kneel down and ask pardon,
You'd be sorry, I'm sure, should she walk Covent Garden.

Alas! cries the old woman, and must I comply?
But I'd rather submit than the huzzy should die;
Pooh, prithee be quiet, be friends and agree,
You must surely be right, *if you're guided by me.*

Unwillingly awkward, the mother knelt down,
While the absolute farmer went on with a frown,
Come, kiss the poor child, there come, kiss and be friends!
There, kiss your poor daughter, and make her amends.

No thanks to you, mother; the daughter replied:
But thanks to my friend here, I've humbled your pride.

THE LIBERTY SONG.

A SHORT time after the refusal of the Massachusetts Legislature to rescind the Circular Letter of February 11, 1768, relating to the imposition of duties and taxes on the American colonies, John Dickinson of Delaware, the celebrated author of a series of essays entitled "The Farmer's Letters," wrote to James Otis of Massachusetts, as follows: "I enclose you a song for American freedom. I have long since renounced poetry, but as indifferent songs are very powerful on certain occasions, I venture to invoke the deserted muses. I hope my good intentions will procure pardon, with those I wish to please, for the boldness of my numbers. My worthy friend, Dr. Arthur Lee, a gentleman of distinguished family, abilities, and patriotism, in Virginia, composed eight lines of it. Cardinal de Retz always enforced his political operations by songs. I wish our attempt may be useful." This song was published in the Boston Gazette of July 18, 1768, to which paper Mr. Otis, and other early advocates of political and religious liberty, often contributed. It also appeared in the various newspapers of New England, where it soon became very popular.

On the sixth of July, two days after the date of his first letter, Mr. Dickinson wrote again to Mr. Otis, saying, "I enclosed you the other day a copy of a song composed in great haste. I think it was rather too bold. I now send a corrected copy which I like better. If you think the

bagatelle worth publishing, I beg it may be this copy. If the first is published before this is come to hand, I shall be much obliged to you if you will be so good as to publish this with some little note, 'that this is the true copy of the original.' In this copy I think it may be well enough to add between the fourth and fifth stanzas these lines:

*How sweet are the labors that freemen endure,
That they shall enjoy all the profit, secure—
No more such sweet labors Americans know,
If Britons shall reap what Americans sow.
In freedom we're born—"*

A SONG NOW MUCH IN VOGUE IN NORTH AMERICA.

COME join hand in hand, brave Americans all,
And rouse your bold hearts at fair Liberty's call;
No tyrannous acts shall suppress your just claim,
Or stain with dishonor America's name.

In freedom we're born, and in freedom we'll live;
Our purses are ready,
Steady, Friends, steady,
Not as *slaves*, but as *freemen* our money we'll give.

Our worthy forefathers—let's give them a cheer—
To climates unknown did courageously steer;
Thro' oceans to deserts, for freedom they came,
And, dying, bequeath'd us their freedom and fame.

Their generous bosoms all dangers despis'd,
So highly, so wisely, their birthrights they priz'd;
We'll keep what they gave, we will piously keep,
Nor frustrate their toils on the land or the deep.

The Tree their own hands had to Liberty rear'd,
They lived to behold growing strong and rever'd;
With transport they cried,—“Now our wishes we gain,
For our children shall gather the fruits of our pain.”

How sweet are the labors that freemen endure,
That they shall enjoy all the profit, secure,—
No more such sweet labors Americans know,
If Britons shall reap what Americans sow.

Swarms of placemen and pensioners soon will appear,
 Like locusts deforming the charms of the year:
 Suns vainly will rise, showers vainly descend,
 If we are to drudge for what others shall spend.

Then join hand in hand brave Americans all,
 By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall;
 In so righteous a cause let us hope to succeed,
 For Heaven approves of each generous deed.

All ages shall speak with amaze and applause,
 Of the courage we'll show in support of our laws;
 To die we can bear,—but to serve we disdain,
 For shame is to freemen more dreadful than pain.

This bumper I crown for our sovereign's health,
 And this for Britannia's glory and wealth;
 That wealth, and that glory immortal may be,
 If she is but just, and we are but free.
 In freedom we're born, &c.

JOHN DICKINSON occupies a prominent position in the early history of the Revolution. He was a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly in 1764; of the Congress of 1765, and also of the first Continental Congress, which met in Carpenter's Hall at Philadelphia on the fourth of September, 1774. Of the important and eloquent state papers of that Congress, he wrote the principal part. Though so little a republican at the commencement of the Revolutionary difficulties as to oppose the Declaration of Independence, because he doubted the policy of Congress, "without some preclusory trials of our strength," he fully proved the sincerity of his attachment to the liberties of his country by marching to Elizabethtown, at the head of his regiment, a short time after the declaration, to repel the invading enemy. In November, 1767, the first of a series of communications written by him, entitled "Letters from a farmer in Pennsylvania, to the inhabitants of the British Colonies," appeared in the Pennsylvania Chronicle. Dickinson died February 14, 1808.

ARTHUR LEE was a bold and fearless patriot. At the commencement of the troubles with the mother country, he went to England, from whence he rendered most important services to his country, by sending to the patriots the earliest intelligence of the plans of the Ministry. His

writings are numerous, chiefly political; among them, the most celebrated are the letters under the signature of "Junius Americanus." In a letter to Samuel Adams he says, "The first wish of my heart is, that America may be free—the second is—that we may ever be united with this country. But this union, however desirable, must not be upon dishonorable and slavish terms."

In the Pennsylvania Chronicle, published at Philadelphia, July 4-11, 1768, the amended copy of this song appears; but is not found complete in any of the Boston papers. It is probable that the request of the author was never complied with, and if there was any alteration in the copy published after July 18, it was done without any note or comment. Late in September it appeared in a ballad sheet, set to the majestic air "Hearts of Oak," and was sung in the streets of Boston and the villages of New England by all the sons of freedom, who "promised themselves that all ages would applaud their courage."

A PARODY

UPON A WELL-KNOWN LIBERTY SONG.

THIS parody upon the preceding song was first published in the Boston Gazette, on the twenty-sixth of September, 1768, with the subjoined brief notice. "Last Tuesday, the following song made its appearance from a garret at Castle William." The author is unknown.

THE PARODY.

COME shake your dull noddles, ye pumpkins, and bawl,
 And own that you're mad at fair Liberty's call;
 No scandalous conduct can add to your shame,
 Condemn'd to dishonor, inherit the fame.
 In folly you're born, and in folly you'll live,
 To madness still ready,
 And stupidly steady,
 Not as men, but as monkeys, the tokens you give.
 Your grandsire, old Satan, now give him' a cheer,
 Would act like yourselves, and as wildly would steer:
 So great an example in prospect still keep,
 Whilst you are alive, Old Belza may sleep.

Such villains, such rascals, all dangers despise,
And stick not at mobbing when mischief's the prize;
They burst thro' all barriers, and piously keep
Such chattels and goods the vile rascals can sweep.

The Tree, which the wisdom of justice hath rear'd,
Should be stout for their use, and by no means be spar'd:
When fuddled with rum the mad sots to restrain,
Sure Tyburn will sober the wretches again.

Your brats and your bunters by no means forget,
But feather your nests, for they're bare enough yet;
From the insolent rich sure the poor knave may steal,
Who ne'er in his life knew the scent of a meal.

When in your own cellars you've quaff'd a regale,
Then drive, tug and —, the next house to assail;
For short is your harvest, nor long shall you know
The* pleasure of reaping what other men sow.

Then plunder, my lads, for when red coats appear,
You'll melt like the locust when winter is near;
Gold vainly will glow, silver vainly will shine,
But, faith, you must skulk, you no more shall purloin.

Then nod your poor numskulls, ye pumpkins, and bawl,
The de'il take such rascals, fools, whoresons and all;
Your cursèd old trade of purloining must cease,
The dread and the curse of all order and peace.

All ages shall speak with contempt and amaze,
Of the vilest banditti that swarm'd in these days;
In defiance of halters, of whips and of chains,
The rogues would run riot,—fools for their pains.

Gulp down your last dram, for the gallows now groans,
And, over depress'd, her lost empire bemoans;
While we quite transported and happy shall be,
From mobs, knaves and villains, protected and free.

THE PARODY PARODIZED;

OR THE MASSACHUSETTS LIBERTY SONG.

THIS loyal song is much the best of those composed during the earliest struggles of the Colonists, and is forcibly illustrative of the nature and spirit of the times in which it was written. It was published in the St. James Chronicle, at London, on the eighth of November, 1768, as well as in America, and intended as a rejoinder to the foregoing parody.

THE PARODY PARODIZED.

COME swallow your bumpers, ye tories, and roar,
That the sons of fair Freedom are hamper'd once more;
But know that no cut-throats our spirits can tame,
Nor a host of oppressors shall smother the flame.

In freedom we're born, and, like sons of the brave,

We'll never surrender,

But swear to defend her,

And scorn to survive, if unable to save.

Our grandsires, blest heroes! we'll give them a tear,
Nor sully their honors, by stooping to fear;
Thro' deaths and thro' dangers, their trophies they won,
Who dare be their rivals, nor will be outdone.

Let tyrants and minions presume to despise,
Encroach on our rights, and make freedom their prize:
The fruits of their rapine they never shall keep;
Tho' vengeance may nod, yet how short is her sleep!

The tree, which proud Haman for Mordecai rear'd,
Stands recorded, that virtue endanger'd is spar'd,
That rogues whom no bonds and no laws can restrain,
Must be stript of their honors, and humbled again.

Our wives and our babes, still protected, shall know,
Those who dare to be free, shall for ever be so;
On these arms and these hearts they may safely rely,
For in freedom we'll live, or like heroes we'll die.

Ye insolent tyrants! who wish to enthrall,
Ye minions, ye placemen, pimps, pensioners, all,

How short is your triumph! how feeble your trust!
Your honors must wither and nod to the dust.

When oppress'd and reproach'd, our king we implore,
Still firmly persuaded our rights he'll restore;
When our hearts beat to arms, to defend a just right,
Our monarch rules there, and forbids us to fight.

Not the glitter of arms, nor the dread of a fray,
Could make us submit to their chains for a day;
Withheld by affection, on Britons we call,—
Prevent the fierce conflict which threatens your fall!

All ages shall speak, with amaze and applause,
Of the prudence we show in support of our cause;
Assur'd of our safety, a Brunswick still reigns,
Whose free loyal subjects are strangers to chains.

Then join hand in hand, brave Americans all!
To be free is to live, to be slaves is to fall;
Has the land such a dastard, as scorns not a lord,
Who dreads not a fetter much more than a sword.

In freedom we're born, and like sons of the brave,
We'll never surrender,
But swear to defend her,
And scorn to survive, if unable to save.

AN APPEAL TO THE LADIES.

IN the year 1768, the people of the Colonies resolved that they would not import any tea, glass, paper, or other commodities commonly brought from Great Britain, until the act imposing duties upon all such articles should be repealed. This poetical appeal to the ladies of the country, to lend a "helping hand" for the furtherance of that resolution, appeared in the Boston News Letter, anonymously.

TO OUR LADIES.

YOUNG ladies in town, and those that live round,
Let a friend at this season advise you;
Since money's so scarce, and times growing worse,
Strange things may soon hap and surprise you.

First, then, throw aside your topknots of pride;
 Wear none but your own country linen;
 Of economy boast, let your pride be the most
 To show clothes of your own make and spinning.

What if homespun they say is not quite so gay
 As brocades, yet be not in a passion,
 For when once it is known this is much worn in town,
 One and all will cry out—'Tis the fashion!

And, as one, all agree, that you'll not married be
 To such as will wear London factory,
 But at first sight refuse, tell 'em such you will choose
 As encourage our own manufactory.

No more ribbons wear, nor in rich silks appear;
 Love your country much better than fine things;
 Begin without passion, 'twill soon be the fashion
 To grace your smooth locks with a twine string.

Throw aside your Bohea, and your Green Hyson tea,
 And all things with a new-fashion duty;
 Procure a good store of the choice Labrador,
 For there'll soon be enough here to suit you.

These do without fear, and to all you'll appear,
 Fair, charming, true, lovely and clever;
 Though the times remain darkish, young men may be sparkish,
 And love you much stronger than ever.

Then make yourselves easy, for no one will tease ye,
 Nor *tax* you, if chancing to sneer
 At the sense-ridden tools, who think us all fools;
 But they'll find the reverse far and near.

About the time of the publication of these verses a party of young ladies, calling themselves "Daughters of Liberty," met at the house of a "distinguished minister, in Boston, where they amused themselves with spinning two hundred and thirty-two skeins of yarn, some very fine, which were given to the worthy pastor, several of the party being members of his congregation. The party was concluded with many agreeable

tunes, anthems and liberty songs, with great judgment; fine voices performing, which were animated, in all their several parts, by a number of the Sons of Liberty."

Notwithstanding the spirited and laudable endeavors of some among us to promote the weaving of American manufactures, (wrote a correspondent of the Newport Mercury,) yet many seem very averse to it; though I am credibly informed that women's shoes are now made cheaper and better than the renowned makers of the mother country. Boots and shoes are made in every quarter of the Colonies better than the English made for foreign sale. Thread stockings are wove in sundry places; the making of linen, woollen and cotton stuffs increase fast among us; gloves, hats, carriages, harness and cabinet work we have good and plenty. Ale, cheese and butter, enough and to spare. Are we desirous that our petitions and remonstrances against the late duties and taxes should have weight, and make an impression at home? We may be most certainly assured that the most effectual means is to abstain from buying English goods of all sorts, till these restrictions and taxes are taken off; and I hope no true friend to his country will pretend we are under any necessity, with the helps above-mentioned, to buy or import English goods; few of us are so destitute as to be in immediate want of clothes, and what with homespun and turning our old clothes, both of which reflect honor on the wearer, we can make shift for years to come, and we hope the dry-goods merchants will be cautious how they import their wares among us, lest they lie on hand and the *power of attorney* overtake them:—LIBERATE ET NATALE SOLUM.

The following quotation, from Murray's United States, shows the effect of the resolution and action of the Colonists upon the trade of Great Britain with her American possessions. The exports from England, which, "in 1768 amounted to \$11,890,000, declined, in 1769, to \$8,170,000."

THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

TWO regiments of British troops under command of Colonels Dalrymple and Carr, arrived at Boston in the month of September, 1768. The people of Boston desired that they should be stationed at the Castle, on Castle Island, in the harbor, but "they landed with all the appearance of hostility! They marched through the town with all the ensigns of triumph, evidently designed to subject the inhabitants to the severe discipline of a garrison, and continued their enormi-

ties by abusing the people." On the second day of March, 1770, a quarrel arose between two soldiers of the 29th regiment, and the workmen at a ropewalk not far distant from the barracks. The soldiers being repulsed, soon made another attack, having increased their number to ten or twelve, but these were also successfully resisted. In consequence of these quarrels the soldiery declared they would be avenged. The following account of their proceedings is taken from the Boston Chronicle of March 8, 1770. "Last Monday about 9 o'clock at night a most unfortunate affair happened in King Street. The sentinel posted at the Custom House, being surrounded by a number of people, called to the main-guard, upon which Captain Preston, with a party, went to his assistance, soon after which some of the party fired, by which the following persons were killed:—Samuel Gray, rope maker, a mulatto man named Attucks, and Mr. James Caldwell. Early the next morning Captain Preston was committed to jail, and the same day eight soldiers. A meeting of the inhabitants was called at Faneuil Hall that forenoon, and the Lieutenant-Governor and council met at the council-chamber, where the Colonels, Dalrymple and Carr, were desired to attend, when it was concluded upon that both regiments should go down to the barracks at Castle William, as soon as they were ready to receive them."

The funeral of the victims of the massacre was attended the 8th of March. On this occasion the shops of the town were closed, and all the bells were ordered to be tolled, as were those of the neighboring towns. The procession began to move between 4 and 5 o'clock, P. M., the bodies of the two strangers, *Caldwell* and *Attucks*, being borne from Faneuil Hall, and those of the other victims, from the residence of their families,—the hearses meeting in King Street, near the scene of the tragedy, and passing through the main street, to the burial ground, where the bodies were all deposited in one vault. Patrick Carr, who was wounded in the affair, died on the 14th, and was buried on the 17th, in the same vault with his murdered associates. Shortly after the occurrence, Paul Revere, of Boston, engraved and printed a large handbill, giving a sketch of the scene, and accompanied it with the following lines:

“Unhappy Boston! see thy sons deplore
Thy hallowed walks besmear'd with guiltless gore.
While faithless Preston and his savage bands,
With murderous rancor stretch their bloody hands;
Like fierce barbarians grinning o'er their prey,
Approve the carnage and enjoy the day.

If scalding drops, from rage, from anguish wrung,
 If speechless sorrows lab'ring for a tongue,
 Or if a weeping world can aught appease
 The plaintive ghosts of victims such as these;
 The patriot's copious tears for each are shed,
 A glorious tribute which embalms the dead.
 But know, Fate summons to that awful goal,
 Where justice strips the murderer of his soul:
 Should venal C—ts, the scandal of the land,
 Snatch the relentless villain from her hand,
 Keen execrations on this plate inscrib'd
 Shall reach a judge who never can be bribed."

The following verses appeared in a broadside a short time after the "massacre," as a "new song much in vogue among the friends to arbitrary power, and the soldiery at Castle Island, where it was composed, since the troops have evacuated the town of Boston."

THE CASTLE ISLAND SONG.

You simple Bostonians, I'd have you beware,
 Of your Liberty Tree, I would have you take care,
 For if that we chance to return to the town,
 Your houses and stores will come tumbling down.
 Derry down, down, hey derry down.

If you will not agree to Old England's laws,
 I fear that King Hancock will soon get the *yaws*:
 But he need not fear, for I swear we will,
 For the want of a doctor give him a hard pill.

A brave reinforcement, we soon think to get;
 Then we will make you poor pumpkins to sweat:
 Our drums they'll rattle, and then you will run
 To the devil himself, from the sight of a gun.

Our fleet and our army, they soon will arrive,
 Then to a bleak island, you shall not us drive;
 In every house, you shall have three or four,
 And if that will not please you, you shall have half a score.
 Derry down, down, hey derry down.

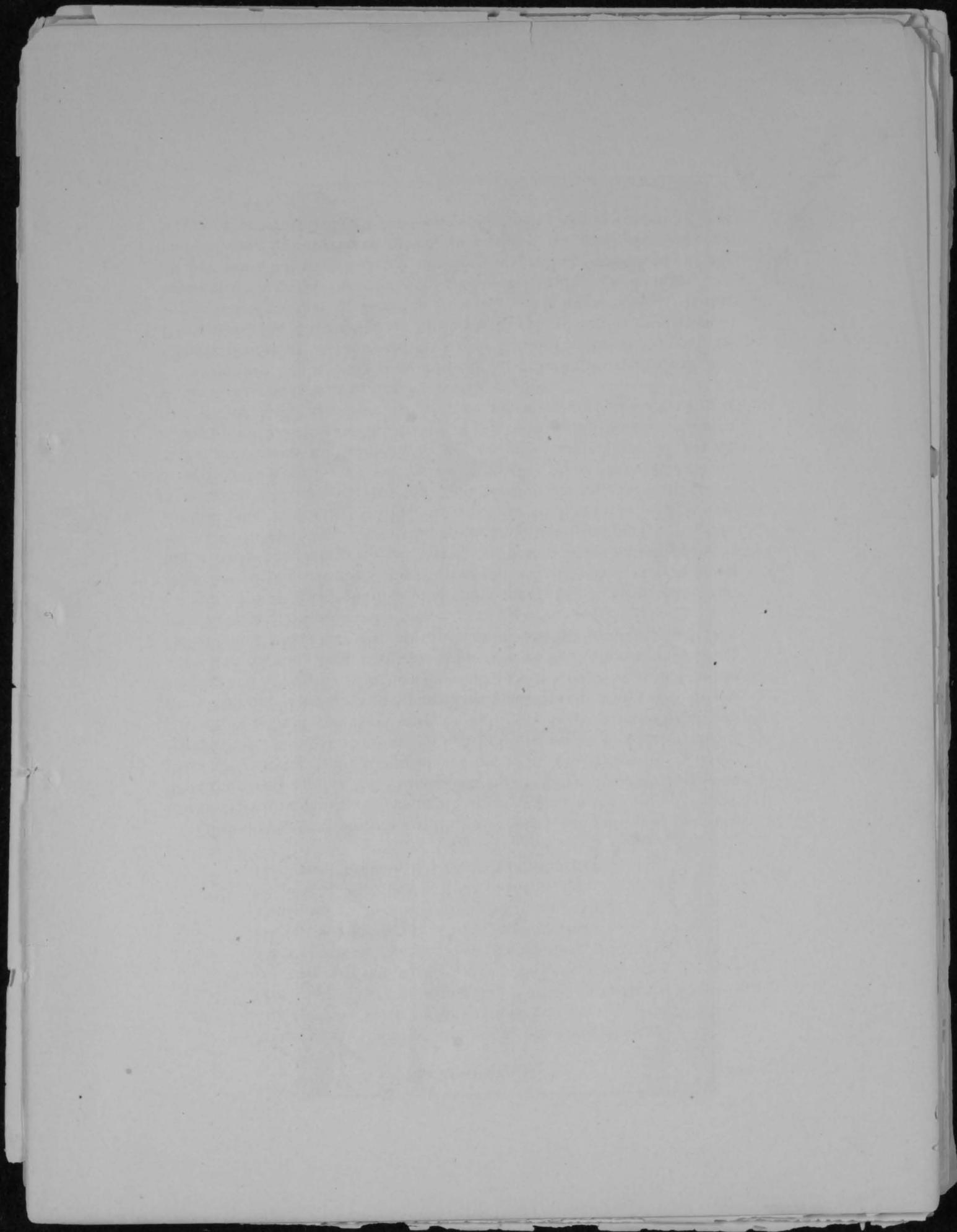
The Boston Gazette, of March 12th, gave the subjoined account of the "Bloody Massacre," as it was called and continues to be known: "On the evening of Monday, being the 5th current, several soldiers of the 29th regiment were seen parading the streets with their drawn cutlasses and bayonets, abusing and wounding numbers of the inhabitants. A few minutes after nine o'clock four youths named Edward Archbald, William Merchant, Francis Archbald, and John Leech jr., came down Cornhill together, and separating at Dr. Loring's corner, the two former were passing the narrow alley leading to Murray's barrack, in which was a soldier brandishing a broadsword of an uncommon size against the walls, out of which he struck fire plentifully. A person of a mean countenance armed with a large cudgel bore him company. Edward Archbald admonished Mr. Merchant to take care of the sword, on which the soldier turned round and struck Archbald on the arm, then pushed at Merchant and pierced through his clothes inside the arm close to the armpit and grazed the skin. Merchant then struck the soldier with a short stick he had, and the other person ran to the barrack, and brought with him two soldiers, one armed with a pair of tongs, the other with a shovel. He with the tongs pursued Archbald back through the alley, collared and laid him over the head with the tongs. The noise brought people together, and John Hicks, a young lad, coming up, knocked the soldier down, but let him get up again, and more lads gathering, drove them back to the barracks, where the boys stood some time as it were to keep them in. In less than a minute ten or twelve of them came out with drawn cutlasses, clubs and bayonets, and set upon the unarmed boys and young folks, who stood them a little while, but, finding the inequality of their equipment, dispersed.

On hearing the noise one Samuel Atwood came up to see what was the matter, and entering the alley from Dock Square, heard the latter part of the combat, and when the boys had dispersed he met the ten or twelve soldiers aforesaid running down the alley towards the square, and asked them if they intended to murder people. They answered "Yes, by God, root and branch!" With that one of them struck Mr. Atwood with a club, which was repeated by another, and, being unarmed, he turned to go off, and received a wound on the left shoulder which reached the bone and gave him much pain. Retreating a few steps Mr. Atwood met two officers and said, "Gentlemen! what is the matter?" They answered, "You'll see by and by." Immediately after those heroes appeared in the square, asking where were the boogers? Where were the cowards? But notwithstanding their fierceness to naked men, one of them



NEW YORK IN 1765.

FAC-SIMILE COPY OF A PRINT PUBLISHED AT THE TIME.



advanced towards a youth who had a split of a raw stave in his hand, and said, "Damn them! here is one of them!" But the young man seeing a person near him with a drawn sword and a good cane, ready to support him, held up his stave in defiance, and they quietly passed by him up the little alley by Mr. Silsby's to King Street, where they attacked single and unarmed persons till they raised much clamor, and then turned down Cornhill Street, insulting all they met in like manner, and pursuing some to their very doors. Thirty or forty persons, mostly lads, being by this means gathered in King Street, Captain Preston with a party of men with charged bayonets, came from the main guard to the Commissioner's house, the soldiers pushing their bayonets, crying "Make way!" They took place by the Custom-House, and continuing to push, to drive the people off, pricked some in several places, on which they were clamorous, and, it is said, threw snowballs. On this the Captain commanded them to fire, and more snowballs coming, he again said, "Damn you, Fire! be the consequence what it will!" One soldier then fired, and a townsman with a cudgel, struck him over the hands with such force that he dropped his firelock, and rushing forward, aimed a blow at the Captain's head, which grazed his hat and fell pretty heavy upon his arm. However the soldiers continued the fire successively; till seven or eight, or as some say, eleven guns were discharged.

By this fatal manœuvre three men were laid dead on the spot, and two more struggling for life; but what showed a degree of cruelty unknown to British troops, at least since the House of Hanover has directed their operations, was an attempt to fire upon or push with their bayonets the persons who undertook to remove the slain and wounded. Mr. Benjamin Leigh, now undertaker in the Delph Manufactory, came up, and after some conversation with Captain Preston, relative to his conduct in this affair, advised him to draw off his men, with which he complied.

The dead are—Mr. Samuel Gray killed on the spot, the ball entering his head and beating off a large portion of his skull;—a mulatto man, named Crispus Attucks, who was born in Framingham, but lately belonged to New Providence and was here in order to go for North Carolina, also killed instantly; two balls entering his breast, one of them in special goring the right lobe of the lungs and a great part of the liver most horribly;—Mr. James Caldwell, mate of Capt. Morton's vessel, in like manner killed by two balls entering his back;—Mr. Samuel Maverick, a promising youth of seventeen years of age, son of the widow Maverick, and an apprentice to Mr. Greenwood, ivory turner, mortally wounded; a ball went through his belly and was cut out of his back. He died the

next morning;—a lad named Christopher Monk, about seventeen years of age, an apprentice to Mr. Walker, shipwright, wounded; a ball entered his back about four inches above the left kidney, near the spine, and was cut out of the breast on the same side; apprehended he will die;—a lad named John Clark, about seventeen years of age, whose parents live at Medford, and an apprentice to Captain Samuel Howard of this town, wounded; a ball entered just above his groin and came out at his hip, on the opposite side; apprehended he will die;—Mr. Edward Payne, of this town, merchant, standing in his entry door, received a ball in his arm; shattered some of the bones;—Mr. John Green, tailor, coming up Leverett's Lane, received a ball just under his hip, and lodged in the under part of his thigh, which was extracted;—Mr. Robert Patterson, a seafaring man, who was the person that had his trowsers shot through in Richardson's affair, wounded; a ball went through his right arm and he suffered great loss of blood;—Mr. Patrick Carr, about thirty years of age, who worked with Mr. Field, leather-breeches maker in Queen Street, wounded; a ball entered near his hip and went out at his side;—a lad named David Parker, an apprentice to Mr. Eddy the wheelwright, wounded; a ball entered his thigh.

The people were immediately alarmed with the report of this horrid massacre; the bells were set a-ringing and great numbers soon assembled at the place where this tragical scene had been enacted. Their feelings may be better conceived than expressed; and while some were taking care of the dead and wounded, the rest were in consultation what to do in these dreadful circumstances. But so little intimidated were they, notwithstanding their being within a few yards of the main guard, and seeing the Twenty-ninth regiment under arms and drawn up in King Street, that they kept their station and appeared, as an officer of rank expressed it, ready to run upon the very muzzles of their muskets. The Lieutenant-Governor soon came into the town-house, and there met some of his Majesty's Council, and a number of civil magistrates; a considerable body of the people immediately entered the council-chamber and expressed themselves to his Honor with a freedom and warmth becoming the occasion. He used his utmost endeavors to pacify them, requesting that they would let the matter subside for the night, and promising to do all in his power, that justice should be done and the law have its course. Men of influence and weight with the people were not wanting on their part to procure their compliance with his Honor's request, by representing the horrible consequences of a promiscuous and rash engagement in the night, and assuring them that such measures should be entered into

in the morning as would be agreeable to their dignity and a more likely way of obtaining the best satisfaction for the blood of their fellow-townsmen. The inhabitants attended to these suggestions, and the regiment under arms being ordered to their barracks, which was insisted upon by the people, they then separated and returned to their dwellings by one o'clock. At three the next morning Capt. Preston was committed, as were the soldiers who fired, a few hours after him."

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE GASPÉE.

ON the night of Tuesday, June 9, 1772, "as His Majesty's schooner, the Gaspée, lay aground on a point of land called Namquit, a little below Pawtuxet, Rhode Island, she was boarded in a hostile manner by a number of persons unknown, who, in the attack, dangerously wounded the commander, William Dudingston, by firing a pistol or musket ball through his arm, from whence it passed and entered near his groin, and is now lodged in some part of his body. As soon as they had secured the possession of the vessel, they took out the captain with all the people, the greater part being first pinioned, put them into boats, and then put them ashore on the main land near Pawtuxet, after which they put fire to the schooner, which soon reduced her to ashes, down to the water's edge."

Such is the brief account of the destruction of the Gaspée, as given by Deputy-Governor Sessions, in a letter to the Governor of Rhode Island, dated June 11, 1772. The schooner had been placed in the waters of the Narragansett Bay "to prevent breaches of the revenue laws, and to stop the illicit trade, so long and so successfully carried on in the colony." The commander of her, in the exercise of his office, transcended his duties, stopping all vessels, including small market-boats, without showing his authority for so doing, and the result was the burning of his vessel by the enraged colonists.¹

BURNING OF THE GASPÉE.

'Twas in the reign of George the Third,
Our public peace was much disturbed
By ships-of-war that came and laid
Within our ports to stop our trade.

¹ History of the destruction of the Gaspée, in Narragansett Bay, in 1772, by John Russell Bartlett, Secretary of the State of Rhode Island.

Seventeen hundred and seventy-two
In Newport harbor lay a crew,
That played the part of pirates there
The Sons of Freedom could not bear.

Sometimes they weighed and gave them chase,
Such actions sure were very base;
No honest coaster could pass by
But what they would let some shot fly;

And did provoke to high degree
Those true-born Sons of Liberty,
So that they could not longer bear
Those sons of Belial staying there.

But 'twas not long 'fore it fell out,
That William Dudingston, so stout,
Commander of the Gaspée tender,
Which he has reason to remember,
Because, as people do assert,
He almost had his just desert.

Here, on the tenth day of last June,
Betwixt the hours of twelve and one,
Did chase the sloop called the Hannah,
Of whom, one Lindsay was commander.

They dogged her up Providence Sound,
And there the rascal got aground;
The news of it flew that very day,
That they on Namquit Point did lay.

That night about half after ten
Some Narragansett Indian men,
Being sixty-four, if I remember,
Which made the stout coxcomb surrender.

And what was best of all their tricks,
They in his breech a ball did fix;
Then set the men upon the land,
And burned her up, we understand.

Which thing provoked the King so high
He said those men shall surely die;
So if he could but find them out
The hangman he'll employ no doubt;
For he's declaréd, in his passion,
He'll have them tried a new fashion.

Now for to find these people out
King George has offered very stout
One thousand pounds to find out one
That wounded William Dudingston.

One thousand more he says he'll spare,
For those who say the sheriffs were;
One thousand more there doth remain
For to find out the leader's name;
Likewise five hundred pounds per man
For any one of all the clan.

But let him try his utmost skill,
I'm apt to think he never will
Find out any of those hearts of gold
Though he should offer fifty fold.

LIEUTENANT DUDINGSTON'S ACCOUNT.

In a letter to Admiral Montagu, dated Pawtuxet, 12th June, 1772, the commander of the *Gaspée* gives the following account of her destruction:—“On Wednesday morning, about one o'clock, as His Majesty's schooner was lying upon a spit of land called Namcutt, the sentinels discovered a number of boats coming down the river towards us. As soon as I was acquainted with it, I came upon deck and hailed the boats, forbidding them to come near the schooner, or I should order them to be fired upon. They made answer they had a sheriff with them, and must come on board. I told them the sheriff could not be admitted on board at that time of night; on which they set up a halloo, and rowed as fast as they could towards the vessel's bows. I was then using every means in my power to get the guns to bear upon them, which I could not effect, as they came right ahead of the vessel, she being aground. I then ordered the men to come forward with their small arms and prevent them from

boarding. As I was standing myself to oppose them, and making a stroke with my sword at the man who was attempting to come up, at that instant I found myself disabled in my left arm, and shot through the groin. I then stepped from the gunwale, with an intention to order them to retire to close quarters, but soon saw that most of them were knocked down, and myself twice, after telling them I was mortally wounded.

They damned me and said I was not wounded; if I was, my own people had done it. As loss of blood made me drop down on deck, they ordered me to beg my life, and commanded the people to surrender. As I saw there was no possibility of defending the vessel against such numbers, who were in every respect armed and commanded with regularity, by one who personated the sheriff, I thought it best for the people's preservation, to propose to them that I would order them to surrender, if they assured me they should not be hurt; which they did. I then called out, which was echoed by the people round me, that I had given them orders to surrender. They hurried all the people below, and ordered them up one by one, and tied their hands behind their backs, then ordered them into different boats. I then begged they would either dispatch me, or suffer my wounds to be dressed; upon that they allowed my servant to be unbound, to get me things for dressing, and carried me below. But what was my surprise, when I came down in the cabin, two surgeons were ordered down from the deck, to dress me, who were furnished with drops, and began to scrape lint for that purpose. During this time I had an opportunity of observing the persons of about a dozen who were in the cabin. They appeared to me to be merchants and masters of vessels, who were at my bureau, reading and examining my papers. They promised to let me have the schooner's books and my clothes; instead of which, as they were handing me up to go into the boat, they threw them overboard, or into some of the boats. I was soon afterwards thrust into a boat almost naked.

During the time they were rowing me on shore, I had an opportunity of observing the boat, which appeared to me to be a very large long-boat. I saw by the man who steered her, a cutlass lying by him, and directing the men to have their arms ready. As soon as they put off, the sheriff gave them orders to land me on some neck, and the boat to come off immediately; and told me if I did not consent to pay the value of the rum I must not expect to have anything belonging to me saved. I made answer, whatever reparation the law would give, I was ready and willing; as to my things, they might do with them as they pleased. They were accordingly going to land me on this neck, when I told them they had

better throw me overboard. One man, who had a little more humanity than any of the rest, said they had better land me at the point at Pawtuxet. As I was unable to stand, they unbound five of the men, and gave them a blanket to carry me up. When I was half way on shore, I heard some of the schooner's guns go off, and heard the people say she was on fire. I had not been carried far when the people exclaimed, I was on an island, and they saw no house; on which they laid me down and went in quest of one. Soon after they came to acquaint me they saw one, which I was carried to; a man was immediately dispatched to Providence for a surgeon. A little after the people joined me, with the midshipman: all of whom, that I could persuade, are sent on board His Majesty's sloop Beaver. The schooner is utterly destroyed, and everything appertaining to her, me, and the schooner's company. If I live I am not without hope of being able to convict some of the principal people that were with them. The pain, with the loss of blood, rendered me incapable of informing you before of the particulars. There are none of the people any ways wounded, but bruised with handspikes.

W. DUDINGSTON.

ANTI-MINISTERIAL REWARD.

UNDER this title the following French epigram, with its translation and an imitation, was published in a broadside dated August, 1773. Holt's Journal, No. 1598, also contains it with the following introduction signed "A NEW YORKER":—

"About the time when I heard of the disappointment of several, who had suffered through the just public resentment they had brought upon themselves, in their ridiculous application to the colony assemblies for reimbursement of their losses during the Stamp Act contention, though they had all at that time, otherwise met with some ministerial reward for their treachery except Dr. Moffat and Zachary Hood, I happened to meet with the following French epigram, which excited the idea of a ridiculous resemblance between the case of those geniuses and *Blaise* and produced the following imitation or extension of the thought, which has lain by me for some years; but as the secret correspondence lately brought to light, has brought the names of these anti-patriots upon the carpet again, it reminded me of the epigram, which I send you."

EPIGRAMME.

Blaize voyant à l'agonie
 Lucas, qui devoit cent francs,
 Lui dit, toute honte bannie
 Ca payez moi, il en est tems!
 Laissez moi mourir à mon aise,
 Repondit faiblement Lucas,
 O parblieu! vous ne mourez pas
 Que je ne fois payé, dit Blaize.

TRANSLATION.

Sick on his bed and struggling hard for breath,
 Poor Lucas lay in agonies of death;
 Blaize, with a countenance and tone severe
 Approached the bed and thundered in his ear,
 " 'Tis time to pay the hundred francs you owe:
 You have no conscience, sure, to serve me so!"
 Poor Lucas faintly cries—"For pity, cease,
 O spare me now and let me die in peace."
 "No, no," says Blaize, "whatever may be said,
 I swear you shall not die till I am paid."

IMITATION.

On death-bed, despairing, as George Grenville lay,
 And the devil stood waiting to take him away,
 In rush'd Doctor Moffat and Zachary Hood,
 And urged, he, their loss, ere he died would make good.
 "Since our country's resentment upon us we drew
 "By supporting the schemes of the devil and you,
 "And for striving to make them a nation of slaves,
 "Have been treated and deemed as vile traitors and knaves,
 "Like thieves have been hunted, our substance destroyed,
 "And as fuel for raising of bonfires employed;
 "While we have, as victims on Liberty's altar,
 "Been in danger of breaking our necks in a halter;
 "And for all we have suffered and all we have lost,
 "Since our country refuses to pay us the cost;
 "'Tis but just that yourself should those losses repay,
 "Before you go hence with the devil away;"

"Oh," faintly says Grenville, "in peace let me lie,
"And the devil will pay you your due when I die:"
"No, no," they both cried, "we will not be so sham'd,
"First pay us, and then you may die and be —."

Doctor Moffat and Mr. Hood were ardent advocates for the enforcement of the Stamp Act. The latter being appointed stamp distributor for the colony of Maryland, to avoid resigning his office fled to New York, but he was finally compelled to sign a paper, declaring his absolute and final resignation. Doctor Moffat resided at Newport, Rhode Island. The following circumstantial account of the manner in which he and his followers were treated gives a correct idea of the disturbances that took place in most of the colonies, at the time England attempted to enforce the Stamp Act:—

By a gentleman just arrived from Newport, Rhode Island, says the editor of the New York Journal, we have an account of the late disturbances in that town:—Mr. Johnson, the appointed stamp officer, having, contrary to the inclination and advice of his acquaintance and the whole body of the people, declared that he was determined to act in that office; and Mr. Martin Howard, a lawyer of some eminence, and Doctor Moffat, who had made themselves busy in defending the Stamp Act, and were the supposed authors of several paltry pieces in favor of the right of Parliament of Great Britain to tax the colonies, and particularly in opposition to a pamphlet entitled the "Rights of Colonies," &c., on Tuesday morning (the 27th day of August, 1765,) three figures were exhibited, representing the above three persons, and made extremely like them, with the same kind of clothes and dress in all respects, that they have of late most commonly appeared in. The same morning a gallows about twenty feet high had been erected in the main street, just before the town house. About ten o'clock the figures were put into a cart, with ropes round their necks, and conveyed through the town amidst a vast concourse of people to the said gallows and there hanged; Johnson in the middle between the other two. In his right hand he held a stamp and on his breast a label, I AM THE STAMP-MAN. The other two figures had many labels pinned on different parts of them. After hanging till about four o'clock, several tar barrels and other combustibles were brought under the gallows and the whole consumed together; after which the mob dispersed and all was quiet. The three persons, expecting mischief, had removed most of their effects, but finding all quiet they

thought the affair was all over, appeared abroad and replaced their goods. The next evening, about eight o'clock, a prodigious multitude suddenly assembled, and proceeding with loud huzzas to the house of Martin Howard, first entirely demolished the windows, then shattered the doors to pieces, broke all the looking-glasses, chairs, tables, desks, book-cases, and entirely destroyed every article of furniture and scattered them about the streets, together with all the books and papers; broke open all the chests, trunks, &c.; took out all the clothes they could find, tore them into small pieces, so as to be useless, and scattered them abroad; tore down all the partitions, wainscotting, stair-cases, tops of the chimneys, and, in short, after destroying everything valuable in the house, reduced it to a ruin.

They next proceeded to the house of Doctor Moffat, which they served in the same manner, destroying everything and emptying his cellars of a large quantity of fine old wine. They were then making to the house of Mr. Johnson, but as it was the property of another man who was somewhat popular, at his intercession they agreed to spare the house till next day, provided he would use his interest with Johnson to get him to resign, which he promised, and they declared, that if Johnson did not the next day give them full assurance that he never would act in the Stamp-office, or do anything in favor of it, that his house and effects would be treated as those of the other two. The mob then proceeded to the house of the collector of customs, who had likewise been busy in the affair, and had otherwise incensed them. Him they determined to put to death, and they surrounded the house where he boarded; but, apprehending the danger, he had got on board a man-of-war in the harbor. They did no manner of mischief to the house, nor to any other persons, but suddenly dispersed and all was quiet. None of the people were in the least disguised;—Next day Mr. Johnson sent about a paper which he had subscribed, wherein he promised never to act in the Stamp-office, unless by consent of the town and people; and some say he was obliged to make oath to this declaration before a magistrate."

A correspondent writing from Providence, said, "when the news of this exploit arrived here, a small collection of people of low rank, desirous to manifest their zeal by the only act of patriotism in their power, for the preservation of *American* liberty, endangered by the Stamp Act, and in emulation of their brethren in Newport, last night about twelve o'clock suspended over the great bridge an effigy which they called *the Rhode Island Stamp man*, and a boot with a cat's head peeping out of the top of it, which, after some time, was cut down and burnt by a gang of

boys and negroes, without one mark of approbation from the respectable inhabitants of the town, who, on the contrary, were apparently disgusted at the whole proceeding. It may be depended upon, notwithstanding, that the people of this town would exert themselves to the utmost in support and defence of public liberty, but they would do it in a manner consistent with the good of their neighbors, as well as the community in general."—Martin Howard and Doctor Thomas Moffat, who imprudently drew upon themselves the popular resentment, have left their asylum, the Cygnet man-of-war, and departed for Great Britain.

In Maryland the "Liberty Boys" celebrated the case of Mr. Hood as follows:—"A considerable number of people, ASSERTERS OF BRITISH-AMERICAN PRIVILEGES, met at Annapolis, to show their detestation of, and abhorrence to, some late tremendous attacks on LIBERTY and their dislike to a certain late-arrived officer; A NATIVE OF THIS PROVINCE! They curiously dressed up the figure of a man, which they placed in a one-horse cart, malefactor-like, with some sheets of paper in his hands before his face. In that manner they paraded through the streets of the town till noon, the bell at the same time tolling a knell. Then they proceeded to the hill, and after giving it the MOSAIC LAW at the whipping-post, placed it in the pillory, from whence they took it and hung it to a gibbet there erected for that purpose, and then set fire to a tar-barrel underneath and burnt it, till it fell into the barrel. By the many significant nods of the head, while in the cart, it may be said to have gone off very penitently."

Another correspondent, speaking of the flight of Mr. Hood to New York, remarks: "It is said he was in such an exigence as to be under a necessity of making his escape over the top of a house at midnight and to flee out of town in nothing but his breeches and shirt. It is very certain that he was 'footsore and weary, as he sat himself down' in New York."

STAMP ACT RIOT ANNIVERSARY.

The people of the Colony of Massachusetts, for several years after the repeal of the Stamp Act, celebrated the anniversary of the outbreak in Boston of the fourteenth of August, 1765. The newspapers of the day give the following account of the celebration which was held in 1773:—"Saturday last, being the anniversary of the memorable fourteenth of August, 1765, when the primitive free and independent spirit of uncorrupted British subjects in America, made a second successful effort against tyranny and oppression, the sons of liberty with their fathers and friends,

from Boston and the neighboring towns, convened at Roxbury Common, to the number of four hundred gentlemen. There was a superb tent erected, sufficiently capacious to contain the numerous guests. Unfortunately the forenoon was wet, which prevented a considerable number of gentlemen, who had engaged their company, from sharing the festivity of the day; but at the hour of dinner it ceased to rain and two ranges of tables were filled. During the entertainment a select band of music patrolled the tent and gladdened the hearts of the patriots with the celebrated songs of the farmer. The banquet was worthy the occasion; the rich and fertile fields of America were profuse of their bounties to "the sons of those venerable Britons who conquered and possessed the grateful soil." After an elegant repast, patriotic toasts were drunk, succeeded by a *feu de joie* and the soft sympathy of collected music. Mirth and decency shook hands during the whole festival; smiling joy animated every countenance, and a determined resolution to oppose to death every attempt to rob or enslave them, gave a superlative dignity to the whole. At six o'clock the company retired; having, by their deportment during the day, established this sacred character, that the enemies to *usurpation* and *oppression* are the great examples of order and decency:—"Early in the morning," says another writer, "a number of true friends of Liberty assembled under a spacious elm, near Stony River, which they ornamented by hoisting an Union flag thereon and named it Liberty Tree, by fixing an inscription on the trunk. After breakfasting together, and firing several salutes by the discharge of a number of pieces of cannon, a number of loyal and patriotic toasts were drunk."

The following "Anti-Patriot's Soliloquy on the memory" of this festival, was published in the New York Journal of Sept. 9, 1773:

Behold the Heavens in lowering sables drest,
 No sultry radiance burns the brazen East,
 The hoodwink'd Sun from torrid fields retires,
 And genial showers succeed to fervid fires.
 The kindly flash now darts its lambent ray
 From blue sulphurous streams to purge the day.
 Alas, how blest are Freedom's envied race!
 Whose guiltless hearts pour rapture in each face.
 Attun'd to joy they hail the jocund morn,
 The vocal hills re-echo to the horn,
 The festive Band the plausive music pours,
 While Heaven relenting melts in timely showers.

And must I be unblest? say, Conscience, why
The tear of anguish scalds the envious eye?
Whence start these groans, and why this tremor? tell!
This bosom why a miniature of hell?
Ye murky skies, your deepest shades display.
O hide me, shield me from the face of day.
Ye pendant clouds, assist me with your tears.
Array'd in gloom, sad semblance of my fears.
O could a flash of joy like lightning fly,
And dart one gleam of comfort ere I die!
Once was I happy, plum'd with honor's crest,
Gay, with the gay companions of the feast,
But curst ambition shook her rattle near,
I felt like Eve, the serpent at her ear.
Caught with the snare my paradise I lost,
How small the purchase and how dear the cost!
How changed! how fallen! now I curse the hour
That once seduced me with a lust of power,
I curse the day (abandon'd and forlorn,
Deserted, hated) that a wretch was born.
While you, blest Freedom's sons, associates meet,
Consign to mirth the day of our defeat.
Methinks I see you crowd the ample plain,
Clothed with new verdure from the recent rain.
Earth breathes fresh incense, nature blooms around,
While Heaven consenting bids your joys abound.
O'er the convivial board, much envied state!
That board now groaning with its generous freight,
I see you, hear you laugh at our expense,
Our *mimic virtue*, or our *lame defence*,
While nervous toasts to plausible worlds proclaim
Your glorious triumphs, and our lasting shame.
While we, a haggard, disappointed few,
Must mourn and curse, 'tis all we have to do.
Not the gay *chariot*, nor the *pension* brings
Balm to a conscience rankling with its stings.
Not all the spoils our blackest treason brought,
Nor all the trappings mad ambition sought,
Can give that peace which springs from honest fame,
Or shield a traitor from the shaft of shame.

THE TAXED TEA.

ON the tenth day of May, 1773, the East India Company were authorized, by Act of Parliament, to export their tea, free of duty, to England, but with a tax of threepence a pound to all ports in the American Colonies. This was considered by the colonists as a scheme of the ministry to prepare them for an unlimited taxation. Advice having been received, that the company had resolved to send out large quantities of tea on their own account, to be sold in the various colonies, the people immediately resolved to send it back to England, in the same ships in which it should come. The pilots were directed how to proceed with the ships on their arrival, and were required to bring them no farther than within the entrance of the harbor. The consignees were summoned to appear at Liberty Tree and resign their office; but to this they replied in letters "daringly affrontive to the town," declining to resign. On the morning of the twenty-eighth of November, the ship Dartmouth, with one hundred and fourteen chests of the long-expected tea, came to anchor near the Castle in Boston harbor, and on the following morning came up and anchored off Griffin's wharf. At the same time, near seven thousand persons, from the several towns around Boston, "respectable for their ranks and abilities, and venerable for their age and character," assembled and unanimously adhered to their former resolution, that the tea should not be landed. "During the session of this meeting, a number of persons, disguised as Indians, approached near to the door of the Assembly, and gave the war-whoop, which was answered by a few in the galleries of the house. The savages then repaired to the ships [now numbering three], which harbored the pestilential teas, and began their ravage. They applied themselves in earnest, and in about two hours, broke up three hundred and forty-two chests of tea and discharged their contents into the sea." This song appeared a short time after the occurrence, in the Pennsylvania Packet, under the name of "A new Song, to the plaintive tune of 'Hozier's Ghost.'"

A NEW SONG.

As near beauteous Boston lying,
On the gently swelling flood,
Without jack or pendant flying,
Three ill-fated tea-ships rode.

Just as glorious Sol was setting,
On the wharf, a numerous crew,
Sons of Freedom, fear forgetting,
Suddenly appeared in view.

Armed with hammers, axe and chisels,
Weapons new for warlike deed,
Towards the herbage-freighted vessels,
They approached with dreadful speed.

O'er their heads aloft in mid-sky,
Three bright angel forms were seen;
This was Hampden, that was Sidney,
With fair Liberty between.

"Soon," they cried, "your foes you'll banish,
Soon the triumph shall be won;
Scarce shall setting Phœbus vanish,
Ere the deathless deed be done."

Quick as thought the ships were boarded,
Hatches burst and chests displayed;
Axes, hammers, help afforded;
What a glorious crash they made.

Squash into the deep descended,
Cursèd weed of China's coast;
Thus at once our fears were ended;
British rights shall ne'er be lost.

Captains! once more hoist your streamers,
Spread your sails, and plough the wave;
Tell your masters they were dreamers,
When they thought to cheat the brave.

During the operations of the savages on board the tea-ships, a watch was stationed to prevent embezzlement, and not a single ounce of the commodity was suffered to be purloined by the populace. One or two persons being detected in endeavoring to pocket a small quantity, were "stripped of their acquisitions and very roughly handled. Although a considerable quantity of merchandise, of different kinds, remained on board the vessels, no injury was sustained. Such attention to private property was observed, that a small padlock, belonging to the captain of

one of the ships, being broke, another was procured and sent to him."—*Freeman's Journal*.

The following, entitled "A Lady's Adieu to her Tea Table," was published a short time after the destruction of the tea at Boston:

Farewell the tea-board, with its gaudy equipage
Of cups and saucers, cream-bucket, sugar-tongs,
The pretty tea-chest also, lately stored
With Hyson, Congo, and best double fine.
Full many a joyous moment I've sat by ye,
Hearing the girls tattle, the old maids talk scandal,
And the spruce coxcomb laugh at—may-be—nothing.
No more shall I dish out the once-loved liquor,
Though now detestable
Because I'm taught, and believe it true,
Its use will fasten slavish chains upon my country.
For Liberty's the goddess I would choose
To reign triumphant in America.

During the last days of November, 1773, a handbill, of which the following is a copy, was distributed very generally in Philadelphia:

TO THE DELAWARE PILOTS.

A ship loaded with tea is now on her way to this port, being sent out by the ministry for the purpose of enslaving and poisoning all the Americans; and as she cannot be brought to anchor before this city without your assistance, we beg to have a few words with you.

You know that you live in full enjoyment of true old English liberty, and that it is your right and interest to live so forever. You know that you are represented in government by some of your countrymen, who are called your Assemblymen, who are well acquainted with your circumstances, and, of course, know how taxes for the support of your own government may be laid most to your ease and convenience, and who are, by virtue of your appointment, the only men on the face of the earth possessed of the right and power to tax you. You no doubt have heard, that the Parliament of Great Britain, a set of men you have never seen; men you know nothing of, and who know as little about you, have lately *pretended to be your Assemblymen*, and to convince you they are so, they have taken upon them the business of taxing you in their own way and manner; and for that purpose have prevailed on the India Company to send to America large quantities of tea, which they have charged with

a duty, and which they now endeavor to *make you buy* and so pay the tax which, without your consent, they have laid upon you.

Now it is clear if the Americans buy any of this tea, they must pay the Parliament's duty, and acknowledge their right to tax us as often and as high as they think proper, than which nothing can be more disgraceful and injurious to a free people. All agree that trade flourishes most in a free country. This might be proved in many instances; but that of Quebec, a place we have all heard of, will be sufficient for our purpose. So long as Canada remained in the hands of the French, who are all slaves, little else than furs and peltry were exported. The land, which is very good, was uncultivated and no such thing as grain of any kind was exported. But since the English have had possession of it, affairs have taken a different turn, and it is most certain that in the last year they have exported four hundred thousand bushels of wheat, which must employ, at least, forty sail of vessels, and greatly benefit your business. You live by navigation, and the more that flourishes the better for you and your families. But navigation can never flourish when unjust and oppressive regulations of trade are allowed to take place, which will be the case if the tea-ship finds her way here and lands her cargo.

The merchants of Philadelphia have therefore determined to prevent, if possible, the landing of the tea, and expect that you will lend your assistance for that purpose. You have much in your power, and we trust you will behave on this occasion as becomes the free, honest, and hardy class to which you belong.

We need not point out to you the steps you ought to take, if the tea-ship falls in your way. You cannot be at a loss how to prevent, or, if that cannot be done, how to give the merchants of this city timely notice of her arrival.

But this you may depend on, that whatever pilot brings her into this river, such pilot will be marked for his treason and will never after meet with the least encouragement in his business. Like Cain, he will be hung out as a spectacle to all nations, and be ever recorded as the *darned traitorous pilot who brought up the Tea-Ship*.

This, however, cannot be the case with you. You have proved a scourge to evil-doers, to infamous informers and tide-waiters, and we may venture to predict that you will give us a faithful and satisfactory account of the Tea-Ship, if you should meet with her; and that your zeal on this occasion will entitle you to every favor it may be in the power of the merchants of Philadelphia to confer upon you.

THE COMMITTEE FOR TARRING AND FEATHERING.

VERSES BY A DAUGHTER OF LIBERTY.

These lines were sent to the meeting at Boston, on the 29th of November, 1773. At this meeting it was "resolved *nem. con.* that the tea imported by Captain Hall shall, at all events, be returned to the place from whence it came, and no duty be paid on it in America. That it be sent back in the same bottom; that the owner, Mr. Rotch, be informed that at his peril he do not enter the said tea, and that Captain Hall be informed that at his peril he is not to suffer any of the tea in his ship to be landed:—That fair copies be taken of the whole proceedings of the meeting, and sent to New York and Philadelphia, and that Mr. Samuel Adams, the Hon. John Hancock, Esq., William Phillips, Jonathan Rowe and Jonathan Williams be a committee to transmit the same." During the session of this meeting the tea was thrown overboard into Boston Harbor.

Parliament an Act has made,
That will distress and ruin trade,
To raise a tax as we are told,
That will enslave both young and old.
Look out poor Boston, make a stand,
Don't suffer any tea to land;
For if it once gets footing here,
Then farewell Liberty, most dear!

GRAND INDIA OPERA.

In a communication to the printer of the New York Journal, published March 10, 1774, the writer says: "It is not certainly known here who was the author of the curious East-Indian farce, lately prepared in England to be played in America for the entertainment of the British Colonies. It is generally ascribed to Lord North; at least the finishing and preparing of it for exhibition on the American stage. It was intended only as a kind of an overture, prelude or introduction to a grand performance (I don't know whether to call it Comedy or Tragedy) in which the whole British nation were intended to be actors. The parts allotted for Boston, Philadelphia, and Charleston, have already been acted with great applause, notwithstanding some mistakes in the latter place, owing to inadvertency or want of experience in the American actors; whose faults, however, may pass off without any material disadvantage to the general performance and design.

The part assigned to New York we had prepared to act as well as we were able, hoping we should not have fallen behind our sister colonies;

but by some means or other, the piece has not yet been brought upon our stage. After so long a delay we began to think that either the design was dropped or that Providence had interposed to prevent its exhibition or our having anything to do with our performance. But by our advices this week, we find that though the subject of our entertainment has proceeded in an indirect course, having, after its arrival on our coast, touched at Antigua, in its way to us; yet that we may shortly expect it (unless, indeed, that it should make another excursion in its passage, and come by the way of England), so that it behooves us to be prepared to give it a proper reception. It does not appear that the people at home have furnished it with suitable musical decorations; this it seems they have left to us. That we may not be wholly destitute, in case of a sudden emergency, I desire you will publish, in your Poet's Corner, the following

ODE SUNG AT THE OPENING OF THE GRAND INDIA OPERA, PERFORMED
AT BOSTON, 16TH OF DECEMBER, 1773. BY SIGNIORA BOHETI.

Sweep all! Sweep all!
'Tis Liberty's call,
From the Temple her echoes resound;
Away to the Port
My vot'ries resort,
Oppression's worst arts to confound.

Sweep all! Sweep all!
'Tis a glorious call,
Let North rage and hector,
Vain, Statesmen arouse;
Fear, India's director!
The fall of your house.

Sweep all! Sweep all!
'Tis our Country's call;
Court factors assemble—
Believe now and tremble,
No Hutchinson saves your detestable drug:
No longer amused,
With passport refused,
Free Flot-sons and Jet-sons discharge ye all snug.

Away then, away!
To harbor repair;

Plunge all in the sea
 Their Green and Bohea.
 Sweep all! Sweep all!
 'Tis America's call;
 And tyrants to chain her may ever despair.

PROCEEDINGS IN NEW YORK.

"The long-expected tea-ship Nancy, Captain Lockyer, from Antigua, where she had been driven from the American coast, arrived at Sandy Hook on the fourteenth of April, 1774. Ever after her departure from England she met with a continued succession of misfortunes, having on board somewhat worse than a Jonah, which, after being long tossed in the tempestuous ocean, it is hoped, like him, will be thrown back upon the place from whence it came. May it teach a lesson there, as useful as the preaching of Jonah was to the Ninevites.

"On Captain Lockyer's arrival, after anchoring his ship at the Hook, the pilot thought it best not to bring him up till the sense of the city should be known. As soon as the pilot gave notice, the committee were informed of the ship's arrival, and that the Captain asked for liberty to come up, to provide necessaries for his return, the ship to remain at the Hook. Notice of all this was distributed in handbills all over the city and a select committee of fourteen or fifteen citizens, in a sloop, were dispatched to lie near the ship till her departure. The Captain arrived on the fifteenth, and though very respectfully treated, was followed from his landing by a great concourse of people. The gentlemen to whom the tea was assigned having refused to receive it, the Captain is preparing with all possible expedition for his departure, and it is fixed that he is to depart from this city on Saturday morning, and that the ship is to sail for London the first fair wind."

At noon of Friday the 22d, the ship London, under the command of Captain Chambers, came into the Hook. Advice had been received from Philadelphia of the departure of this ship, and that she had on board several chests of tea. The pilot asked the Captain if he had any tea in his cargo. He declared he had none. Two of the committee went on board and informed him of the advices received of his having tea on his vessel and demanded a sight of all his cockets, which was accordingly given them, but the cocket for the tea was not found among them, nor was the mark or number on his manifest. About four P. M. the ship came to the wharf, when she was boarded by a number of the citizens. Captain Chambers was interrogated relative to his having the tea on board,

but he still denied it. He was then told it was vain to deny it, for there was good proof of its being on board; for it would be found, as there were committees appointed to open every package, and that he had better be open and candid about it; and demanded the cocket for the tea; upon which he confessed it was on board, and delivered the cocket. The owners and committee immediately met at Mr. Francis', where Captain Chambers was ordered to attend. Upon asking him who was the shipper and owner of the tea, he declared he was sole owner of it. After the most mature deliberation, it was determined to communicate the state of the matter to the people, who were convened near the ship; which was accordingly done. The Mohawks were prepared to do their duty at a proper hour, but the body of the people were so impatient, that before it arrived, a number of them entered the ship about eight P. M., took out the tea which was at hand, broke the cases and started their contents into the river, without doing any damage to the ship or cargo. Several persons of reputation were placed below to keep tally, and about the companion to prevent ill-disposed persons from going below the deck. At ten the people all dispersed in good order, but in great wrath against the captain; and it was not without some risk of his life that he escaped. Saturday, at eight o'clock in the morning, all the bells in the city rang, pursuant to a notice published on Friday. About nine a great concourse of people appeared at and near the Coffee-House, and at quarter past nine the committee came out of the Coffee-House with Captain Lockyer, upon which the band of music attending, played God Save the King. Immediately there was a call for Captain Chambers—"Where is he?—Where is he?—Captain Lockyer must not go till we find Captain Chambers to send him in the tea-ship!" This produced marks of fear in Captain Lockyer, who imagined some mischief was intended him; but upon assurances being given him to the contrary, he appeared composed. The committee, with the music, conducted him through the multitude to the end of Murray's wharf, where he was put on board the pilot-boat, and wished a safe passage; upon which the multitude gave loud huzzas and many guns were fired, expressive of their joy at his departure. The committee of observation at the Hook, who had cognizance of him till his departure, on Sunday evening returned and reported that he sailed that morning with a fair wind for London.

Thus, to the great mortification of the secret and open enemies of America, and the joy of all the friends of Liberty and human nature, the Union of these colonies is maintained in a contest of the utmost importance to their safety and felicity. Happily for Captain Chambers,

he was concealed till his departure, early on Sunday morning, and we are assured he got on board the Nancy, Captain Lockyer, and sailed with him for England.—*New York Journal*, April 21 and 28.

In the paper containing the foregoing account of the "patriotic proceedings" of the people of New York, was published the following verses, adapted to the tune of the "British Grenadiers:"

A SONG ON LIBERTY.

That seat of science, Athens, and earth's proud mistress, Rome,
Where now are all their glories? we scarce can find their tomb.
Then guard your rights, Americans, nor stoop to lawless sway,
Oppose, oppose, oppose, oppose it, for North America.

Proud Albion bow'd to Cæsar, and numerous lords before,
To Picts, to Danes, to Normans, and many masters more,
But we can boast Americans have never fall'n a prey,
Huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza for free America.

We led fair freedom hither, and lo! the desert smil'd,
A paradise of pleasure now open'd in the wild;
Your harvest, bold Americans, no power shall snatch away.
Preserve! preserve! preserve your rights in free America.

Torn from a world of tyrants, beneath this western sky
We form'd a new dominion, the land of liberty;
The world shall own we're freemen here, and such we'll ever be,
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza for love and liberty.

God bless this maiden climate, and through her vast domain,
May hosts of heroes cluster that scorn to wear a chain,
And blast the venal sycophants who dare our rights betray;
Assert yourselves, yourselves, yourselves for brave America.

Lift up your hearts my heroes, and swear with proud disdain,
The wretch that would ensnare you shall spread his net in vain;
Should Europe empty all her force we'd meet them in array,
And shout huzza! huzza! huzza for brave America

The land where freedom reigns shall still be masters of the main,
In giving laws and freedom to subject France and Spain;
And all the isles o'er ocean spread shall tremble and obey
The prince who rules by freedom's laws in North America.¹

¹ A song entitled "Free America," and said to have been written by Doctor Joseph Warren, contains several of the verses found in the foregoing spirited production. Whether "Free America" was the original of "A Song on Liberty," or *vice versa*, remains to be discovered. General Warren may have been the author of both.

GAGE'S PROCLAMATION.

THOMAS HUTCHINSON was recalled to England early in 1774, and General Gage appointed as his successor in the office of governor of Massachusetts Bay. On his arrival at Boston, on the 13th of May of that year, Gage immediately issued a proclamation, calling upon the inhabitants to be loyal, and again return to the friendship of an injured sovereign, assuring them at the same time that the royal authority would be supported at all hazards. This proclamation was versified in many parts of the colonies, and in various instances published as a ballad. The following first appeared in the Virginia Gazette, as a "friendly warning."

AMERICA! thou fractious nation,
Attend thy master's proclamation!
Tremble! for know, I, Thomas Gage,
Determin'd came the war to wage.
With the united powers sent forth,
Of Bute, of Mansfield, and of North;
To scourge your insolence, my choice,
While England mourns and Scots rejoice!

Bostonia first shall feel my power,
And gasping midst the dreadful shower
Of ministerial rage, shall cry,
Oh, save me, Bute! I yield! and die.
Then shall my thundering cannons rattle,
My hardy veterans march to battle,
Against Virginia's hostile land,
To humble that rebellious band.

At my approach her trembling swains,
Shall quit well-cultivated plains,
To seek the inhospitable wood;
Or try, like swine of old, the flood.
Rejoice! ye happy Scots rejoice!
Your voice lift up, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness on each tongue,
The mighty praise of Bute be sung.

The praise of Mansfield, and of North,
 Let next your hymns of joy set forth,
 Nor shall the rapturous strain assuage,
 Till sung's your own proclaiming Gage.
 Whistle ye pipes! ye drones drone on!
 Ye bellows blow! Virginia's won!
 Your Gage has won Virginia's shore,
 And Scotia's sons shall mourn no more.

Hail Middlesex! oh happy county!
 Thou too shalt share thy master's bounty,
 Thy sons obedient, naught shall fear,
 Thy wives and widows drop no tear.
 Thrice happy people, ne'er shall feel
 The force of unrelenting steel;
 What brute would give the ox a stroke
 Who bends his neck to meet the yoke?

To Murray bend the humble knee;
 He shall protect you under me;
 His generous pen shall not be mute,
 But sound your praise thro' Fox to Bute.
 By Scotchmen lov'd, by Scotchmen taught,
 By all your country Scotchmen thought;
 Fear Bute, fear Mansfield, North and me,
 And be as blest as slaves can be.

General Thomas Gage was the last royal governor of Massachusetts. He was appointed governor of Montreal in 1760, and in 1763 was commissioned commander-in-chief of all the royal forces in North America. In the government of Massachusetts, he inflicted the people of Boston with the most rigorous laws and restrictions, thinking it a duty he owed his king, and his departure for England in the fall of 1775, was hailed, by those people, with unbounded joy. He died in 1787. In this proclamation he made especial reference to Boston and Virginia, whose people had at all times resisted the attempts of Parliament to tax them without their consent. The bold declaration of Patrick Henry before the House of Burgesses, in 1764, that "Cæsar had his Brutus—Charles the First his Cromwell; and George the Third may profit by their example," still rang in the ears of royalty, and the patriots were looked upon as a "rebellious band that must be broken." An inconsiderable number of the inhabitants

of the county of Middlesex, in Virginia, during the early part of 1774, undertook to make some resolves, contradictory to the general sentiment of that colony. That gave occasion to the following production, written by a "Lady of Pennsylvania."

To manhood he makes a vain pretence,
 Who wants both manly force and sense;
 'Tis but the form and not the matter,
 According to the schoolmen's clatter;
 From such a creature, Heaven defend her
 Each lady cries, no *neuter gender*!
 But when a number of such creatures,
 With woman's hearts and manly features,
 Their country's generous schemes perplex,
 I own I hate this Middle-sex.

THE AFFAIR AT WESTMINSTER, VERMONT.

A DISTURBANCE took place at Westminster, on the thirteenth day of March, 1775, in which a party of citizens took possession of the court-house in that town and compelled the adjournment of the court to a future term. In an attempt to subdue the "rioters," as they were called in the newspapers, one William French was killed. The following record can be seen at the present time, 1875, upon the headstone, in the burial place at Westminster:—"In memory of William French, son to Mr. Nathaniel French, who was shot at Westminster, March ye 13th, 1775, by the hands of cruel ministerial tools of Georg ye 3d, in the corthouse at a 11 o'clock at night in the 22d year of his age.

Here William French, his body lies;
 For murder his blood for vengeance cries.
 King Georg the Third his Tory crew
 Tha with a bawl his head shot threw.
 For Liberty and his country's good,
 He lost his life his dearest blood."¹

¹ See Diary of the American Revolution, volume 1, page 51.

LEXINGTON AND CONCORD.

THE following account of the affairs at Lexington and Concord, is taken from a letter dated Boston, April 19, 1775. "Last night, at about eleven o'clock, one thousand of the best troops, in a very secret manner, rowed up the Cambridge River, and landed. From whence they marched to Lexington, where they saw a number of men exercising. They ordered them to disperse, and immediately fired on them; killed eight men on the spot, and then marched to Concord. This alarmed the country so, that it seemed as if men came down from the clouds. This news coming to town, General Gage sent out another thousand men, with a large train of artillery. In the meantime, those troops at Concord had set fire to the court-house. There an engagement ensued, and the King's troops retreated very fast, until they were reinforced with the troops the General had sent: but they did not stand long before the whole body gave way; retreating, and our men keeping up at their heels, loading and firing, until they got to Charlestown, when our people thought it not prudent to come any further, fearing the ships in the harbor would be ordered to fire on Boston and Charlestown. Our men behaved gallantly. One poor fellow, who had received a wound in his breast, in following up the retreat, was offered assistance by a brother soldier, when he remarked, 'I am beyond your assistance—pursue the enemy!'—and with these words on his lips, fell back and died."—*Virginia Gazette.*

THE IRISHMAN'S EPISTLE TO THE TROOPS IN BOSTON.

By my faith, but I think ye're all makers of bulls,
 With your brains in your breeches, your guts in your skulls,
 Get home with your muskets, and put up your swords,
 And look in your books for the meaning of words.
 You see now, my honies, how much you're mistaken,
 For Concord by discord can never be beaten.

How brave ye went out with your muskets all bright,
 And thought to be-frighten the folks with the sight;
 But when you got there how they powdered your pums,
 And all the way home how they peppered your bums!
 And is it not, honies, a comical crack
 To be proud in the face, and be shot in the back?

How come ye to think, now, they did not know how,
 To be after their firelocks as smartly as you?
 Why, you see now, my honies, 'tis nothing at all,
 But to pull at the trigger, and pop goes the ball.

And what have you got now with all your designing,
 But a town without victuals to sit down and dine in;
 And to look on the ground like a parcel of noodles,
 And sing how the Yankees have beaten the Doodles.
 I'm sure if you're wise you'll make peace for a dinner,
 For fighting and fasting will soon make you thinner.

Puns upon the word Concord were numberless, after the action of the nineteenth of April. The following appeared as "an anecdote": "When the emigrants and adventurers first came to America, they met on the shore with Calvinists, Huguenots, Papists and Protestants. Such a medley of people, of different tenets and persuasions, promised much discord; however, good sense prevailed, and they unanimously agreed that no difference in opinion should disturb the public tranquillity, but that they would live in all brotherly love with each other, and they named the first founded spot, and town, *Concord*. Is it not whimsical, that upon this spot they should first draw blood, and gallantly contend for the rights and liberties of America?"

The subjoined verses entitled "*A Funeral Elegy to the Immortal Memory of those Worthies who were slain in the Battle of Concord, April 19, 1775,*" were published in a ballad-sheet soon after the battle, and afterwards in many of the anti-ministerial newspapers of the time:

Aid me, ye nine! my muse assist a sad tale to relate,
 When such a number of brave men met their unhappy fate.
 At *Lexington* they met their foe, completely all equipped,
 Their guns and swords made glittering show, but their base scheme
 was nipped.

Americans, go drop a tear where your slain brethren lay!
 O! mourn and sympathize for them; O! weep this very day!
 What shall we say to this loud call from the Almighty sent;
 It surely bids both great and small seek God's face and repent.

Words can't express the ghastly scene that here presents to view,
 When forty-two brave countrymen sure bid their friends adieu.
 To think how awful it must seem to hear widows relent
 Their husbands and their children, who to the grave was sent.

The tender babes, nay those unborn, O! dismal, cruel death!
 To snatch their fondest parents dear, and leave them thus bereft.
 O! *Lexington*, your loss is great! alas! too great to tell,
 But justice bids me to relate what to you has befall.

Ten of your hardy, bravest sons, some in their prime did fall;
 May we no more hear noise of guns, to terrify us all.
 Let's not forget the *Danvers* race, so late in battle slain,
 Their courage and their valor shown upon the crimsoned plain.

Seven of your youthful, sprightly sons, in the fierce fight were slain,
 O! may your loss be all made up, and prove a lasting gain.
Cambridge and *Medford's* loss is great, though not like *Acton's* town,
 Where three fierce military sons met their untimely doom.

Monotomy and *Charlestown* met a gore and heavy smoke,
 In losing five young brave townsmen, who fell by tyrant's yoke.
 Unhappy *Lynn* and *Beverly*, your loss I do bemoan,
 Five of your brave sons in dust doth lye, who late were in their
 bloom.

Bedford, *Woburn*, *Sudbury*, all, have suffered most severe,
 You miss five of your choicest chore, on them let's drop a tear.
Concord, your Captain's fate rehearse, his loss is felt severe;
 Come, brethren, join with me in verse, his memory here revere.

O! Squire Gardner's death we feel, and sympathizing mourn,
 Let's drop a tear when it we tell, and view his hapless urn.
 We sore regret poor Pierce's death, a stroke to *Salem* town,
 Where tears did flow from every brow, when the sad tidings come.

The groans of wounded, dying men, would melt the stoutest soul,
 O! how it strikes through every vein, my flesh and blood run cold.
 May all prepare to meet their fate at God's tribunal bar,
 And may war's terrible alarm for death us now prepare.

Your country calls you far and near, *America's* sons awake,
 Your helmet, buckler, and your spear, the Lord's own arm now
 take.
 His shield will keep us from all harm, tho' thousands 'gainst us
 rise,
 His buckler we must sure put on, if we would win the prize.

The Boston Evening Traveller, on the anniversary of the battle, in 1856, reproduced this ballad with the following notes:—

The seven Lexington men,—Jonas Parker, Robert Munroe, Samuel Hadley, Jonathan Harrington, Jr., Isaac Muzzey, Caleb Harrington, and John Brown,—were killed at the first firing of the British troops in the morning, and three others,—Jedediah Munroe, John Raymond, and Nathaniel Wyman,—were killed in the afternoon, as the troops were returning from Concord.

The seven "youthful, sprightly sons" of Danvers, who were killed, and to whose memory a monument is erected in that town, were Samuel Cook, Benjamin Daland, George Northwick, Jotham Webb, Henry Jacobs, Ebenezer Goldtwait, and Perley Putnam. Danvers was among the most patriotic of the Massachusetts towns in the Revolution. Two companies from thence were actively employed in the battle of Lexington.

Cambridge lost six killed—Mm. Marcy, Moses Richardson, John Hicks, Jason Russell, Jabez Wyman, and Jason Winship. Two from Medford were killed—Henry Putnam and William Polly.

The three "fierce military sons" of Acton, were Captain Isaac Davis, Abner Hosmer, and James Hayward.

Monotony was what is now called West Cambridge.

James Miller and C. Barber's son were the only ones killed belonging to Charlestown.

Lynn lost four—Abednego Ramsdell, Daniel Townsend, Wm. Flint, and Thomas Hadley; and Beverly one—Reuben Kenyme.

Bedford lost one—Jonathan Wilson. Woburn, two—Asahel Porter, Daniel Thompson. Sudbury, two—Josiah Hayes, Asahel Reed.

There were none killed belonging to Concord, and the 'Squire Gardner referred to was no doubt Isaac Gardner, Esq., of Brookline.

"Poor Pierce" was Benjamin Pierce of Salem.¹

¹ For Doctor Gordon's, General Gage's, and other accounts of this battle, see Appendix.

TICONDEROGA AND CROWN POINT.

CAPTAINS Edward Mott and Noah Phelps, set out from Hartford, on Saturday the 29th of April, in order to take possession of the fortress of Ticonderoga and the dependencies thereunto belonging; they took with them, from Connecticut, sixteen men unarmed, and marched privately through the country till they came to Pittsfield, without discovering their design to any person till they fell in company with Colonel Ethan Allen, Colonel Easton and John Brown, Esq., who engaged to join themselves to said Mott and Phelps, and to raise men sufficient to take the place by surprise, if possible. Accordingly the men were raised and proceeded as directed by said Mott and Phelps. Colonel Ethan Allen commanding the soldiers, on Tuesday they surprised and took the fortress, making prisoners the commandant and his party. On Wednesday morning they possessed themselves of Crown Point, taking possession of the ordnance stores, consisting of upwards of two hundred pieces of cannon, three mortars, sundry howitzers, and fifty swivels. All the prisoners were sent to Hartford. The captures were performed "without the loss of life, or a drop of blood on our side," wrote a contemporary, "and but very little on that of the King's troops." —*Rivington's Gazette.*

ON TAKING THE FORT AND STORES OF TICONDEROGA, BY THE
PROVINCIALS.

Brave race of men! that lately shew'd,
The British fire in you renew'd;
May God your land secure defend!
[Your constant guardian, your best friend.]
Unite your hearts, your councils bless,
And grant your just designs success!

These lines were first published in the Morning Chronicle at London, July 14, 1775, and were very generally copied into the colonial journals: —Ethan Allen, in the narrative issued by him in 1779, gives the following account of the surprise of these fortresses:—"The first systematical and bloody attempt, at Lexington, to enslave America, thoroughly electrified my mind and fully determined me to take part with my country; and while I was wishing for an opportunity to signalize myself in its behalf, directions were privately sent to me from the Colony of Connecticut, to

raise the Green Mountain Boys, and, if possible, with them to surprise and take the fortress, Ticonderoga. This enterprise I cheerfully undertook; and, after first guarding all the several passes that led thither, to cut off all intelligence between the garrison and the country, made a forced march from Bennington, and arrived at Lake Champlain, opposite to Ticonderoga, on the evening of the ninth day of May, 1775, with two hundred and thirty valiant Green Mountain Boys, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I procured boats to cross the lake. However, I landed eighty-three men near the garrison and sent the boats back for the rear guard, commanded by Colonel Seth Warner; but the day began to dawn and I found myself under a necessity to attack the fort, before the rear could cross the lake; and as it was viewed hazardous, I harangued the officers and soldiers in the following manner: 'Friends and fellow-soldiers, you have, for a number of years past, been a scourge and terror to arbitrary power. Your valor has been famed abroad, and acknowledged, as appears by the advice and orders to me from the General Assembly of Connecticut to surprise and take the garrison before us. I now propose to advance before you, and, in person, conduct you through the wicket-gate; for we must this morning either quit our pretensions to valor, or possess ourselves of this fortress in a few minutes; and, inasmuch as it is a desperate attempt, which none but the bravest of men dare undertake, I do not urge it on any contrary to his will. You that will undertake voluntarily, poise your firelocks.'

The men being, at this time, drawn up in three ranks, each poised his firelock. I ordered them to face to the right; and at the head of the centre-file, marched them immediately to the wicket-gate aforesaid, where I found a sentry posted, who instantly snapped his fusee at me. I ran immediately towards him, and he retreated through the covered way into the parade within the garrison, gave a halloo and ran under a bomb-proof. My party, who followed me into the fort, I formed on the parade in such a manner as to face the two barracks which faced each other. The garrison being asleep except the sentries, we gave three huzzas which greatly surprised them. One of the sentries made a pass at one of my officers with a charged bayonet, and slightly wounded him. My first thought was to kill him with my sword; but in an instant I altered the design and fury of the blow to a slight cut on the side of the head; upon which he dropped his gun, and asked quarter, which I readily granted him, and demanded of him the place where the commanding officer kept; he shewed me a pair of stairs in the front of a barrack, on the west part of the garrison which led up to a second story in said

barrack, to which I immediately repaired, and ordered the commander, Capt. Delaplace, to come forth instantly, or I would sacrifice the whole garrison; at which the captain came immediately to the door, with his breeches in his hand; when I ordered him to deliver to me the fort instantly. He asked me by what authority I demanded it: I answered him, 'In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress.' The authority of the Congress being very little known at the time, he began to speak again; but I interrupted him, and, with my drawn sword over his head, again demanded an immediate surrender of the garrison; with which he then complied and ordered his men to be then forthwith paraded without arms, as he had given up the garrison. In the meantime some of my officers had given orders, and in consequence thereof, sundry of the barrack doors were beat down, and about one-third of the garrison imprisoned, which consisted of the said commander, a Lieutenant Feltham, a conductor of artillery, a gunner, two serjeants, and forty-four rank and file; about one hundred pieces of cannon, one thirteen-inch mortar, and a number of swivels. This surprise was carried into execution in the gray of the morning of the tenth day of May, 1775. The sun seemed to rise that morning with a superior lustre, and Ticonderoga and its dependencies smiled on its conquerors, who tossed about the flowing bowl, and wished success to Congress, and the liberty and freedom of America.

Colonel Warner with the rear guard, crossed the lake and joined me early in the morning. I sent him off without loss of time, with about one hundred men to take possession of Crown Point, which was garrisoned with a serjeant and twelve men. He took possession the same day, and captured upwards of one hundred pieces of cannon." ¹

DOCTOR BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

ON HIS ARRIVAL FROM ENGLAND, MAY 6TH, 1775.

WELCOME! once more,
 To these fair western plains—thy native shore;
 Here live belov'd and leave the tools at home,
 To run their length and finish out their doom;
 Here lend thine aid to quench their brutal fires,
 Or fan the flame which Liberty inspires,

This adventure, with the capture of Ticonderoga, is fully described in a number of verses celebrating the later operations of General Arnold in Canada, which will be found in their proper place in this work.

Or fix the grand *Conductor*, that shall guide
 The tempest back, and 'lectrify their pride.
 Rewarding Heav'n will bless thy cares at last,
 And future glories glorify the past.

Why staid apostate Wedderburn behind,
 The scum, the scorn, the scoundrel of mankind?
 Whose heart at large to ev'ry vice is known,
 And ev'ry devil claims him for his own;
 Why came he not to take the large amount,
 Of all we owe him, due on thine account?

Philadelphia, May 8, 1775.

In the autumn of 1764, Doctor Franklin failing in re-election to the Assembly of Pennsylvania, through the disaffection and jealousy of politicians, was sent by that colony to act as its agent in England. He left Philadelphia on the seventh of November, accompanied by a cavalcade of three hundred citizens who attended him to Chester, where he embarked. After a voyage of a month he reached London, and the news of his safe arrival was celebrated in America by the ringing of bells and other joyous demonstrations. In an examination before the House of Commons he showed so much power, wisdom and common sense, as to thwart the designs of the ministerialists, and became "blessed with their enmity." The people of Boston made him their agent, and the petition to remove Governor Hutchinson from that colony, in 1774, was presented to the King by him. "Doctor Franklin," says a correspondent writing from London, "attended at the Privy Council on the occasion, and got most heartily abused by Wedderburn, the Solicitor General, who took the opportunity of mentioning his avowal of transmitting the Governor's and other letters to Boston; called him in plain terms a thief, and said a man capable of such a breach of private trust, was not fit for a public one. In short, he was guilty of downright scurrility."¹ This treatment of Dr. Franklin aroused the anger of the people of the colonies, which was shown in more ways than that displayed in Philadelphia, on the 2d day of May, 1774:—"About three o'clock in the afternoon of that day the effigies of Alexander Wedderburn, Esq., convicted of traducing the

the letters sent to Boston by Dr. Franklin," says another correspondent, "have made much noise, and he has been roughly handled for the same; but it is pretty well known with us, that said letters were given by Mr. Whately to the late Hon. George Grenville, at whose house they fell into the hands of Lord Temple, who gave them to the Hon. Mr. Fitzherbert, and a gentleman given to Dr. Franklin." These letters of Hutchinson were published, and proved that their author had been for years opposing the colonists and urging the force the supremacy of Parliament.—*New York Journal*. No. 1634.

honorable Benjamin Franklin, before His Majesty's Privy Council, for doing his duty, and of Thomas Hutchinson, Esq., Governor of Massachusetts Bay, convicted of an attempt to incense Great Britain against her colonies, were put into a cart and conducted through the streets of the city:—On the breast of Wedderburn was the following label:

THE INFAMOUS WEDDERBURN.

*A pert prime prater, of a Northern race,
Guilt in his heart and famine in his face.
Similis Proteo mutet, et fallacior Catalina
Hunc vos, Britanni cavete!*

He availed himself of the license of the bar to insult the venerable Dr. Franklin, whose knowledge in philosophy, universal benevolence, just sentiments of Liberty, and indefatigable labors to promote harmony between Britain and her colonies, entitle him to the esteem of the learned of every nation, the love of all good men, and the sincere affection of every honest Briton and American. But the base-born Solicitor, who attempted to turn his learning, benevolence and patriotism into ridicule, is, like Hutchinson, a parricide of the first rank, who would sacrifice his country, his liberty, and his *God*, and delight in the carnage of the most faithful British subjects in America, to gain promotion at court.

Such horrid monsters are a disgrace to human nature, and justly merit our utmost detestation, and the gallows, to which they are assigned, and then to be burnt by electric fire."

With several other inscriptions were the following lines from Hudibras:

So a wild Tartar when he spies
A man that's handsome, valiant, wise,
If he can kill him, thinks t'inherit
His wit, his beauty, and his spirit;
As if just so much be enjoy'd
As in another is destroy'd.

Governor Hutchinson, who was represented with a double face, had affixed on his breast the following label:—"Governor Hutchinson, whom we now consign to the gallows and flames, as the only proper reward for double dealing and treachery to his native country."

After being exposed for several hours, they were hung on a gallows erected near the Coffee House, set in flames by electric fire and consumed to ashes about six o'clock, amidst a vast concourse of people, who expressed their resentment against the originals by the loudest acclamations.
Pennsylvania Packet.

per of verses
found in their



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