

Part 5.

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BALLAD HISTORY of the

American Revolution.



BY CONTEMPORARY POETS
AND
PROSE WRITERS.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED
BY

FRANK MOORE.

1765 — 1783

5366

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The ignorance of these people is of the deepest sort. Ignorance of the true nature, conditions and ends of government, and of the application of general doctrines to particular circumstances, in which they resemble certain bold empirics who, by administering excellent and efficacious medicines unseasonably, and in too large doses, throw their patients into convulsions and destroy them. There are three or four pamphlets, said to be written in America, within these twelve months, by gentlemen called whigs. These gentlemen appear by their writings to be men of sense and candour. They are proofs, in the author's opinion, how frequently men are led by youth, inexperience, confinement to narrow scenes, want of leisure, and general enlarged knowledge, to form false and fatal conclusions, from the noblest principles. This epidemic, may it not prove the mortal disease of this country. *Esto perpetua* :— There is a pamphlet likewise lately written by a gentleman who calls himself a whig, under the title of *Strictures*, very different from the former in its design, if not in its effect.

From Curio's frothy declamation,
 Decide on trade, on legislation,
 On charter'd rights, and dread taxation;
 (That nauseous cant of old and young,
 That theme of every booby's tongue;) .
 Like pettifoggers, pert and raw,
 Who grope in indexes for law,
 Prating of books they never read,
 Toiling o'er parchment for their bread;
 Form'd at the most to scrawl a lease,
 Yet dare to judge of war and peace;
 Whom God for scriv'ners only meant,
 Yet dare to ape high Parliament.

The author has been assured that no less than twenty-eight members of the Sanhedrim¹ were lawyers; he expressed astonishment on hearing this, but on enquiring, he found they were what they call in England, attorneys-at-law, his astonishment ceased. When he recollected the observation of the celebrated Judge Blackstone, "On gentlemen placed at the desk of some skillful attorney, *ita lex scripta est* is the utmost his knowledge will arrive at, he must never aspire to form, and seldom expect

¹ The Continental Congress in session at Philadelphia.

to comprehend, any arguments, drawn *a priori* from the spirit of the laws, and the natural foundations of justice." In the same page he admits one or two shining exceptions in all Great Britain; how many he might admit here, the author is no judge. By the abuse of certain words of an ill sound, much debated about in this country, he is afraid there are many among them, who are not well acquainted even with *lex scripta*, nor much versed in English dictionaries.

Scorning o'er mouldy books to pore,
 And learn what passed in days of yore,
 With wise, important lessons fraught,
 How patriots acted, sages thought.
 How Greece, that seat of every art,
 That charms the eye and mends the heart;
 By Phœbus, by the muses chaste,
 Inspir'd with genius, wit and taste:
 Of heroes erst, the blest abode
 Of many a sage and demi-god;
 Source of a long illustrious line
 Of sculptors, painters, bards divine,
 Favor'd of Heaven, immortal land,
 Form'd to enchant, to teach, command;
 Whose various, wise, instructive page,
 (Fond theme of every land and age)
 With sense sublime, with truth replete,
 With precepts wise, examples great;
 Midst ign'rance dark and deep as night,
 Diffus'd its kind, refulgent light;
 From Goths and Vandals, fierce and blind,
 From slav'ry, rescu'd half mankind.
 How, even wise Greece, illustrious Greece,
 Wanton with plenty, wealth and peace,
 To lawless mobs resign'd its power,
 Chang'd men and measures ev'ry hour.
 For ev'ry whim, Town-meetings call'd,
 In greasy, tattered troops, cabal'd,
 Conven'd, intrigu'd, harangu'd, resolv'd,
 The laws of God and man dissolv'd,
 Till Liberty was prostrate laid,
 By hireling demagogues betray'd:

Her offspring now, a hapless race,
Expos'd to want and dire disgrace,
Extinguish'd, all those sacred fires
Which warm'd the bosoms of their sires;
Each trace of ancient worth effac'd,
Their souls by servitude debas'd;
See all around with brutish eye,
Stupendous arts in ruin lie:
The vast, magnificent, sublime,
The prey of rage, and mould'ring time;
Yet when, or why, erected there
The wretched slaves, nor know, nor care,
Unconscious that a noble race,
Renown'd for valor, genius, grace;
Chosen of Heav'n, the world's great pride,
Their ancestors did there reside;
There, where their hapless offspring lurk,
The abject slaves of haughty Turk.

How dreadful! awful, was the doom
Of wise, imperial, haughty Rome,
Freedom's and honor's glorious school,
Ordain'd by Heaven for sovereign rule;
Where glorious deeds through many an age
Adorn th' Historian's wondrous page;
Whose sons were taught from earliest youth
To fear the Gods, to reverence truth,
The syren pleasures to oppose,
Wisdom's and valor's mortal foes,
To look on danger with disdain
And smile at want, at grief and pain;
To shrink from naught but mean disgrace,
Heroes of more than mortal race:
In battle fierce as thund'ring Jove,
In peace as mild as timid dove;
As gentle, modest, and as plain
As artless child or simple swain;
In all th'endearing scenes of life
To friend or parent, child or wife,
To love, to pity, taught to yield,
And only dreadful in the field;

Yet fir'd with noble patriot zeal,
 Prefer to all, the public weal,
 Their own, their wives', their children's blood,
 The sacred pledge to general good.

How manners simple, morals pure,
 Fair Liberty and peace insure.
 How arts voluptuous, soon efface
 The virtues of the happiest race,
 By wealth from foreign lands acquir'd,
 How knaves to fame and power aspir'd,
 For plunder won from conquer'd Greece,
 Their honor sold, their ease and peace,
 Wanton and vain, and turbulent,
 Fit for no form of Government:
 Assum'd the patriot's sacred guise,
 By bold harangues and specious lies,
 Allurements false, and sordid bribes,
 Seduc'd the poor plebeian tribes;
 Taught them their fav'rite darling theme,
 To spurn the rights of power supreme,
 The sacred bonds of peace dissolve,
 To meet, to plot, cabal, resolve,
 At Cinna's beck, at Sylla's nod,
 Trample on every law of God,
 At will of each alternate Lord,
 To plunge (as ruffians gave the word)
 In kindred breasts, the murdering sword:
 How, by ambitious Tribunes led,
 Deluded millions fought and bled,
 And see to mad sedition prone,
 The mistress of the world undone.

Sad mournful truths! Examples great!
 Mirrors to every happy state!
 Faithful, unerring guides to shew!
 How plans ideal, doctrines new,
 Blind zealots, void of worth and sense
 To patriot love, how false pretence,
 Ambition, lies and impudence,
 How vain desires and fond conceit,
 Treach'ry, revenge and mean deceit;

Fair fortunes squander'd, debts unpaid ;
 Profusion, but, unprosp'rous trade.
 Wild mobs, to mad sedition prone,
 And liberty licentious grown,
 Must make the fatal hour draw near,
 Of civil discord's wild career,
 Must cause one general anarchy,
 Must end in loss of liberty ;
 And this free country soon become,
 Like Carthage, Florence, Greece and Rome,
 Unless some god should interpose
 And save it from domestic foes.

Men to Atlantic empire born
 Look down on Greece and Rome with scorn ;
 Disdain their maxims, laws or rules,
 To take from any states or schools,
 Prefer their Mohawks, and their Creeks,
 To Romans, Britons, Swiss or Greeks,
 Their nobler souls, no systems please
 But savage life of Shawanese ;
 Or monsters fierce of woods and seas.

The Shawanese are a tribe of North American Indians. The Americans wish to live in populous towns or cultivated countries, to have manufactures to clothe them or money to buy clothes; their regular meals; good beds to lie on; to be protected from foreign and domestic violence, in their own persons and property and the persons of their wives and children, without paying for it. To have their injuries redressed without the risk of shedding their own blood, and to enjoy at the same time, the native unrestrained freedom of a savage. They are not contented with being men. "Men would be angels, angels would be gods!"

Such notions crude the fools retail,
 As paramount to Coke and Hale ;
 Hold — — — stuff as sound, and true
 As Blackstone, Grotius, Montesquieu :
 Scorning to tread the beaten road,
 To take a hint from any code ;
 And while they act like imps from Hell
 Ween they're as wise as Machiavel,

The gentlemen of the Sanhedrim have acted in direct contradiction to the first maxim of that extraordinary man, "never to do anything by halves." They have employed his flagitious and atrocious means, wantonly and without remorse, with as much ferocity as Cæsar Borgia, his hero, but without regard to his ends.

So oft the giddy Eton Boys,
Disturb, O Heavens, thy peaceful joys,
With sullen murm'ings, loud complaints
Of studies hard, of sad restraints;
Calling their comrades knaves and fools
Who tamely crouch to college rules,
Wanton and bold, in pride of youth,
Deaf to remonstrance, blind to truth,
Fond premature, to play the man,
They meet and form their little plan;
Talk not of task, they scorn to learn it,
They know what's what, as well as Barnet.

Doctor Barnet, Master of Eton College, very generally respected, both on account of his exemplary virtues as a man, and of his uncommon attention and kindness to his scholars as a master. His scholars were much more numerous than they had ever been known to be under the direction of any of his predecessors.

Scarcely five fleeting years revolve,
But they cabal, harangue, resolve,
Rebel, associate, run away;
Exult in Anarchy's short day.
At Dormer's Arms,¹ in congress meet,
A medley herd of small and great,
Their little sufferings to redress,
They pen some petulant address;
The general tenor of it runs,
That fathers shan't control their sons,
That none but downright, sneaking fools
Will tamely sit and drudge in schools,

¹ A noted Inn, on the river Thames, some miles distant from Eton; their usual rendezvous when the boys rebel and run from the College.

There o'er their cups, on usher, master,
 Denounce some terrible disaster,
 "D—n all his threat'nings, never fear,
 "We'll starve the dog in half a year,
 "By this bold vig'rous stroke we've made
 "The churl will soon lose all his trade;
 "Square-Toes, no doubt, will call it treason,
 "No matter, he'll be brought to reason."
 Swear they're as wise, more stout and bold,
 Than men infirm, and weak and old.
 They curse, and rail, and roar, and bluster,
 With flowing bowls their senses fluster;
 Forget the impending pain and sorrow,
 The floggings dire of sad to-morrow;
 And while they're jovial round the table,
 "Think they're august and venerable,
 "And to preserve th' Association,
 "All swear religious observation."
 Enjoy the dear, delusive instant,
 While masters, fathers, all are distant;
 Thoughtless, how void of all resource,
 How weak their plans, how scant their purse:
 Gay as at cricket, play or ball,
 Defenceless, weak, a prey to all.
 In three short days, not worth three groats,
 They fall to cut each other's throats,
 Upbraid, recriminate, retort,
 "You brought us here, you'll answer for't:
 "Ye little scoundrels, York and Penn,
 "Take care, boys, how you talk to men."

York's a very genteel, good-natured, sensible, generous young gentleman; once a great favorite, and on his part very fond of Doctor Barnet, but had lately taken a pique to him, was continually pouting and had grown very refractory. The Doctor, it seems, had given orders that for the future no scholar should deal with Mother Bat, the apple-woman. She had been detected in bringing the boys, by stealth, brandy and rum, to make punch, the commodities of the green canister, serpents, crackers, etc., etc., all which were absolutely forbidden by the rules of the college.

As Goody Brit, who was recommended by the Doctor in her room, was a very decent woman, who scorn'd to get her livelihood in any way but an honest one, she could not afford to sell quite as cheap as Mother Bat. Poor York was very much nettled at these orders, for he was a very kind-hearted boy, and used to lay out a great deal of money upon oranges and cheesecakes, etc., to treat his comrades; moreover Mother Bat happened to be a near relation of his grandmother. However, he never would have join'd the scholars if he had not been afraid of the great boys. He was forgiven upon condition that, for the future, when he thought himself ill-treated by the præpostors or servants, he would come and tell his complaints to the Doctor, and not run up and down as he used to do, telling stories against him to all the bargemen, cobblers, tinkers, blacksmiths, newspaper-carriers, pedlars, etc., of the parish.

Penn is a descendant of an illegitimate son of Admiral Penn, who, with Venables, conquered the Island of Jamaica. His paternal relations, according to the benevolent spirit of their virtuous ancestor, the celebrated legislator of Pennsylvania, treated him with as much kindness as if he had been legally descended: he was, not long ago, the very best boy of the college; a plain, modest, amiable, sweet-tempered youth, so very inoffensive in his behaviour, that he was never known to quarrel with anybody, for he had often heard his relations, who were excellent exemplary men, remark that it was preposterous and horrible for creatures who pretended to be rational, to be one moment bowing, scraping, cringing and flattering, and the next damning one another's blood for scoundrels, knocking each other's eyes out, and running one another through the body, for every trifle. It is said, however, that he is of late very much altered, by keeping company with Vir, Car, Mar, and Mass, and by the conversation, during the holidays, of some foreign merchants, who frequent his uncle's house upon business; and is grown a fop; swears, drinks, bullies and talks of duels, to the extreme grief of his venerable relations. However, as early impressions are not easily wholly effaced, it is hoped a little gentle correction and his uncle's remonstrances, may have reclaimed him. His pique to the Doctor was for much the same reason as York's, excepting that he was not related to Mother Bat; he was uncommonly tall for his age, of which he was not a little vain, and would mutter now and then, that the Doctor durst not touch a hair of his head, he was a match for the old fellow.

“None of your sneaking, shirking farces,
“Or hark'ee, lads! we'll whip ——;

“You smutty urchins, dare to sham,
“Car, Vir, Mar, Con, Rhode, Mass, and Ham!
“With half an eye, one may discern it,
“You’d sugar plums, from Doctor Barnet.”

Carolina, Virginia and Maryland are much alike; very accomplished, sprightly, sensible lads, but the sauciest boys of the whole college, and proud as Lucifer. They were nicknamed, by the rest of the scholars, your Honor, your Grace, your Majesty. They had been accustomed from their infancy to wear tawdry clothes, to ride in coaches-and-six, to eat and drink what they liked, to be waited upon by a great number of servants, whom they saw every day goaded like oxen and beat like dogs. At college they were pert and idle, and of course much disliked by the Doctor. They were hated by the dame with whom they lodged, for they used to curse her, because she did not cure her bacon with saltpetre and put cinnamon and mace into her mince pies. Their holidays were spent at Sadler’s Wells, Mary-le-Bone Gardens, taverns and low houses, where they hectorred and swore like the bullies of the house. At college they distinguished themselves by robbing the barn-yards, quarrelling with the bargemen, forming a maccaroni club, gaming, drinking, — and talking of New Market meetings. Several reasons were given for their running from college. They were in debt to all the public-houses, b—y houses, shopkeepers, tailors, pastry-cooks and fruit-shops at Windsor:—Carolina took a pique to the usher, and stole behind him one day as he was going into the school, and with a piece of blue crayon slyly marked on his back, R. I., in capital letters, to the great diversion of all the boys, especially of Mass, Con, Ham and Rhode: another time he miched into the Doctor’s kitchen, and while the cook was winding up the jack, threw a paper of jalap into a rice pudding. A servant who happened to pass by the kitchen window, observing what he was about, informed the Doctor, who invited him to dine with him that day, gravely recommended to him a slice of the pudding and sent him home with a horrible fit of the gripes:—Virginia was obliged to run off. His master, it seems, had threatened to flog him for some fault or another, if he did not mend his manners; upon which he had the impudence to throw a chew of tobacco in his face, take to his heels and call to the boys to follow him. These young gentlemen would have been all expelled, if some of their very near relations, well known to the Doctor, and highly respected by him, as they well deserved to be, had not interceded for him; telling the Doctor, it was a pity to ruin the poor lads utterly for a few boyish tricks,

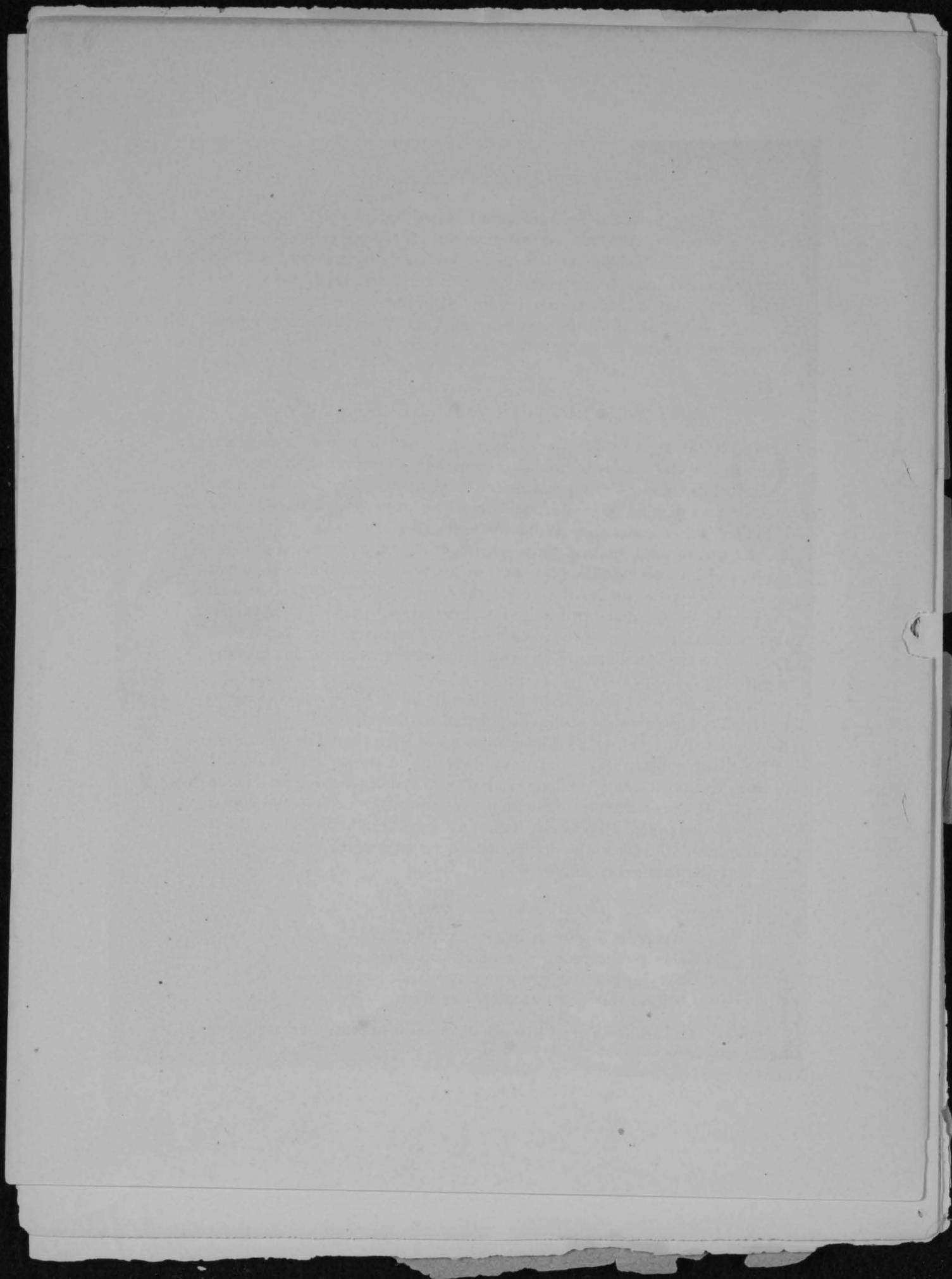
which age and reflection might make them ashamed of after very severe correction, and, begging hard for forgiveness, they were permitted to remain at college.

Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire and Rhode Island—the character of either of these boys will serve for a description of the rest. They are among the oldest boys of the school. Their fathers being often at sea, or constantly employed on their farms, had left them in the earlier parts of their life to the care and tuition of their grandmothers and maiden aunts, who made them read, every morning and evening, some select chapters of the Old Testament, entertained them in the winter evenings with stories of the bloody Queen Mary, the Gunpowder Plot, the Irish Massacre, the Act of Uniformity, etc. Told them what a wicked profane monster Charles the First was, to let people take a walk, play at cricket, and go a-skating on the Sabbath. Made them read Prynne's *Histrio Martic*, *Killing no Murder*, etc. Repeated to them the crying sin of fornication, swearing, and taking the Lord's name in vain. Made them get by heart, how Mr. Pride, the drayman, Mr. Hewson, the cobbler, came to be colonels. Mr. Praise God Barebones, the felmonger, a member of Parliament, and farmer Cromwell of the Isle of Ely, Lord High Protector of Great Britain and Ireland. They led them to church every Sabbath, where they spent five hours twice a day, hearing the minister preach about David's rebellion against Saul; about Agag and the Amalakites; binding kings in chains and nobles in fetters of iron. The glorious achievements of Joshua at the siege and surrender of Jericho; the priests of Baal, etc. Their fathers were a sagacious sort of men, and hearing that boys sometimes made acquaintances at Eton, that proved very advantageous to them when they engaged in business and the world, sent them there contrary to the customs of their ancestors and of their relations. These boys did not appear to be as bad as Car, Mar, and Vir, but somehow or other they were much less beloved by the whole college. They rarely mixed with the rest of the boys, if they did, it was only to set them against the Doctor, calling him a cruel, abominable tyrant; that he designed to give them harder tasks, flog them more than ever, and keep them at Eton all the holidays. If a boy happened to take the Lord's name in vain, they would give him a mark in the face, and tell him the devil would carry him to hell in his sleep. They never played at cricket, fives, leap-frog or any other game with the rest. When they bought apples they stole into a corner and eat them by themselves. If they saw any of the youngsters with an orange or a cheesecake, they would snatch it out of his hand, vow it was theirs, that



Battle of Lexington

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



it had been stolen out of their pockets, and if he dared to complain they gave him a kick and told him to go and complain to the Doctor; they did not care a gush for the Doctor and that he might — do as he pleased.

These boys would have been infallibly expelled, but they had a great number of very near relations, very unlike themselves, to whom the Doctor had the highest obligations, who condemned their undutiful behaviour, as much at least as himself. They had been confined several months to their chambers, to hard study, when the author last heard of them; and were not to be released till they had publicly acknowledged their faults on their bare knees, asked the Doctor's forgiveness, solemnly promised to be good boys for the future, and received a very severe and exemplary flogging.

There was at the college a young gentleman of the name of Canada, the only scholar of any consequence, who was not invited to the Dormer's Arms; because it was known it would have been to no purpose. Can was a very polite, good-natured, sprightly young cavalier; danced the best minuet of any boy in the school, had rode the great horse; very brave, and an excellent fencer. He had lately been removed from another public school, where he had been very hardly used; seldom had his belly full, was flogged unmercifully by the master, ushers and præpostors, for the slightest mistake, and kicked and cuffed about by all the servants of the college, of whom he never durst complain, for fear of worse treatment. Finding this so very different from the school he had left, he conceived a great affection and reverence for Doctor Barnet, and behaved so modestly and dutifully, that there never was a single complaint against him. Can was much liked by the boys who were acquainted with him; always cheerful and obliging; laughing, singing and dancing, never complaining. If at any time Marid'ève, Malagorge, Navire-gage, Dick-fils, Oyseau-blue, Temps-cuilier, or any other of the discontented boys, began to insinuate anything in a round-about way against the Doctor, his ushers or præpostors, or the rules of the college; it was a sort of gibberish he had never been used to; he would stare, shake his head, shrug up his shoulders, mutter *nontong pan, comprong reing de too slau, allong, juong*. If Massachusetts spoke out and called the Doctor tyrant, and the ushers scoundrels, in plain terms, he fell in a furious passion, *sacre bleu ventre bleu*, and kicked 'em and cuffed 'em like a madman. At last they let him alone; flattered him always to his face, and abused him behind his back; for he had given many of them a black eye and they were more afraid of him than of the Doctor, ushers, præpostors and servants, all joined in a body.

With all this bullying rant and noise,
 They're giddy, thoughtless, helpless boys;
 Ah! cruel fate, alas! how soon
 Their idle, truant race is run.
 Lo! father comes with wild affright,
 Their glorious noon is changed to night;
 Question'd, poor things, they cry and pray,
 "'Twas HANCOCK, ADAMS led the way."

The characters of these young gentlemen are too well known to need any description, as their fellow-creature, the author, sincerely pities them, as a real friend to the Doctor and his scholars: he wishes them repentance, euthanasia, and the forgiveness of the Father of Mercies.

"They call'd the masters rogues and fools,
 "Swore 'twas a shame to be such tools;
 "That ushers all, were hellish imps,
 "The servants, scoundrels, rogues and pimps!
 "Combin'd the scholars to defraud,
 "To pamper, cozen, —— or ——;
 "That boys were all by nature free,
 "And college laws rank slavery.

* * * * *

"For naughty language he had held,
 "Foresaw he must be soon expell'd;
 "Laugh'd at our idle, boyish fears,
 "Set us, with ushers, by the ears,
 "Let fly in master's face ——
 "And cried ——, let's desert."

Cowards when sober, bold when drunk,
 At thoughts of birch their spirits sunk,
 Their shillings, prodigally spent,
 Conscious of weakness, they relent;
 Acknowledge they have play'd the fool,
 Repent, return, are flogg'd at school;
 And by their sufferings, wiser grown,
 Their just subordination own.
 Some of the lads perchance have sense,
 Talents and wit and eloquence:

But want experience, practice, knowledge,
 And think the cockpit, Eton College.
 Like them, the men whom worlds unborn,
 Shall name with horror, grief and scorn;
 Their mem'ries and their deeds detest,
 Who robb'd a land supremely blest,
 Of sacred rights their sires possest.
 As savage fierce, as savage raw,
 Averse from order, power and law;
 Less fit for senates than for toys,
 In politics at best but boys.
 Are these the men to bring salvation
 To a distress'd, unhappy nation?
 Ah! surely no, it cannot be,
 'Tis license this, not liberty.

The men who make revenge their rule,
 By which to judge of knave and fool;
 Who, tho' no kingdom can exist
 Without at least some civil list,
 Swear that all mortal men in place,
 Are void of honor, sense and grace.
 Forget what once they learn'd at school,
 That BURRHUS was nor knave nor fool;
 That BARNEVELT, COLBERT, SULLY too,
 All claim'd their pensions, as their due;
 That SOMERS, CHATHAM, MANSFIELD, MORE,
 Heroes and statesmen, many a score
 Receiv'd rich salaries, or what's worse,
 Titles and pensions, (rogues of course.)
 That HAMPDEN, PYM and fierce ST. JOHN,
 Were all with place and pension won;
 But like true patriots, did resign,
 And scorn'd to act like Cataline.

See Whitelock, the most candid historian or journalist of the times
 of which he writ.

Forget that high rewards are due
 To men who're able, just and true;
 That they themselves, each passing year,
 Their —— take, with conscience clear;

Griev'd only 'cause 'tis much below
 The hidden talents they could show:
 Who swear no honor, virtue, grace,
 So proof against a bribe or place;
 Leave us full fairly to conclude,
 (What else would be unjust and rude)
 That being but poor frail men at best,
 Their virtue ne'er had stood the test:
 That title, pension, power or place,
 Or rank, had alter'd quite the case.
 Made opposition fiends accurs'd,
 Made BUTE a saint, made MANSFIELD just:
 Made NORTH the gift of bounteous Heaven,
 And Virtue dwell with pure St. Stephen,¹
 Made them all foam and swear by —
 "A better King on earth ne'er trod;
 "A better King, ye rebel crew,
 "Than ——— your ——— ye ever knew."

Can men disguised in virtue's mien,
 To wreak their mad, vindictive spleen;
 Who spurn religion, law, obedience,
 And damn as slav'ry, just allegiance,
 Who fume and fret and dart their stings
 Like wasps, 'gainst ministers and kings;
 Who roar 'tis glorious to oppose
 The patron, by whose love they rose.
 Virtuous and grateful, just and fair,
 To starve the sire, to please the heir;
 Unfit for court, or camp, or city,
 Without remorse, or love, or pity;
 Squand'ring a wretch'd, frantic life,
 In sowing jealousies and strife;
 Can men who all subjection hate,
 Prove subjects true to any State,
 Submit their furious, boisterous souls
 To legal pow'r or just controls?
 Ah! surely no, it cannot be,
 They wear the mask of Liberty.

¹ The chamber where the Commons of Great Britain sit.

Some of the features described in the following lines are common to many of the author's intimate friends and acquaintances, for whom he feels the sincerest affection and respect. Men possessed of all the heathenish virtues in the highest degree; if they do not possess every virtue, it is the fate of humanity. He supposes their liberal tastes and habits to be incompatible with the manners of the covenanters of New England. "Oh! my soul, come not thou into their Assemblies; to their Councils, mine honor, be not thou united."

The men who like a trooper swear,
 And neither God nor devil fear;
 Who shake their sides at Holy Writ,
 Sport smut and blasphemy for wit:
 And while they damn their souls to hell,
 Swear hell's a lie the parsons tell,
 Can they with covenanters dine,
 Get drunk with rum instead of wine;
 Preserve unmov'd a jovial face
 While snuffing fanatics say grace?
 To Puritanic modes conform,
 Whom God nor man could e'er reform;
 Long hours in conventicle sit,
 For taverns, brothels only fit;
 Hear ghostly pastors cant and chide,
 With texts and comments they deride;
 Midst bawdy catches, nurtur'd long,
 In chorus join of heavenly song!
 Curb their impetuous, lawless fires,
 When artless maidens raise desires.
 Will they those charter'd rights maintain,
 They treated erst with high disdain;
 To legal power, who drink damnation,
 Truckle to HANCOCK'S proclamation,
 And march, encamp, retire or stand,
 As GENERAL PUTNAM shall command.
 Ah! surely no, it cannot be,
 They'd damn —— such Liberty.
 The men whose envious souls repine
 Unless they're rais'd aloft to shine;

Who think no place their proper sphere,
 Save where they rule and domineer;
 Men vain, aspiring, insolent,
 On lawless pow'r and int'rest bent.
 Prone by defect of head and heart,
 To act each bold, flagitious part,
 To whom sweet, humble Peace serene,
 Appears a dull, insipid scene:
 And deaf to Pity's sacred voice,
 In tumults, riots, broils rejoice,
 Intent as hunger dire on food,
 On rapes, adult'ry, spoils and blood;
 With wild ambition raving mad,
 Tyrants in garb of Freedom clad,
 The laws of God and man defy,
 With furious mien and bloodshot eye;
 Haggard, from Discord's fatal lap,
 Display the sacred staff and cap.

Ensigns of Liberty, not as they are engraved on the front of a certain American newspaper. It would be an affront to the understandings of such consummate politicians as the printer, designer and engraver, employed in that paper, to insinuate that they were ignorant even of the very ensigns of legal liberty; possibly therefore they were designed as hieroglyphics to signify that particular species of liberty for which they and their friends, the Chartres, the Renaults, and Lotharios of this country, so nobly contend. The hint may, peradventure, have been taken from the pathetic complaint of the indignant Belvidera to her husband, in the tragedy of "Venice Preserved or a Plot discovered" * * *

*Quincunque, impudicus, adulter, ganes, manu, ventre pere, bona Patria, laceraverat; quique alinum œs grande conflaverat.*¹

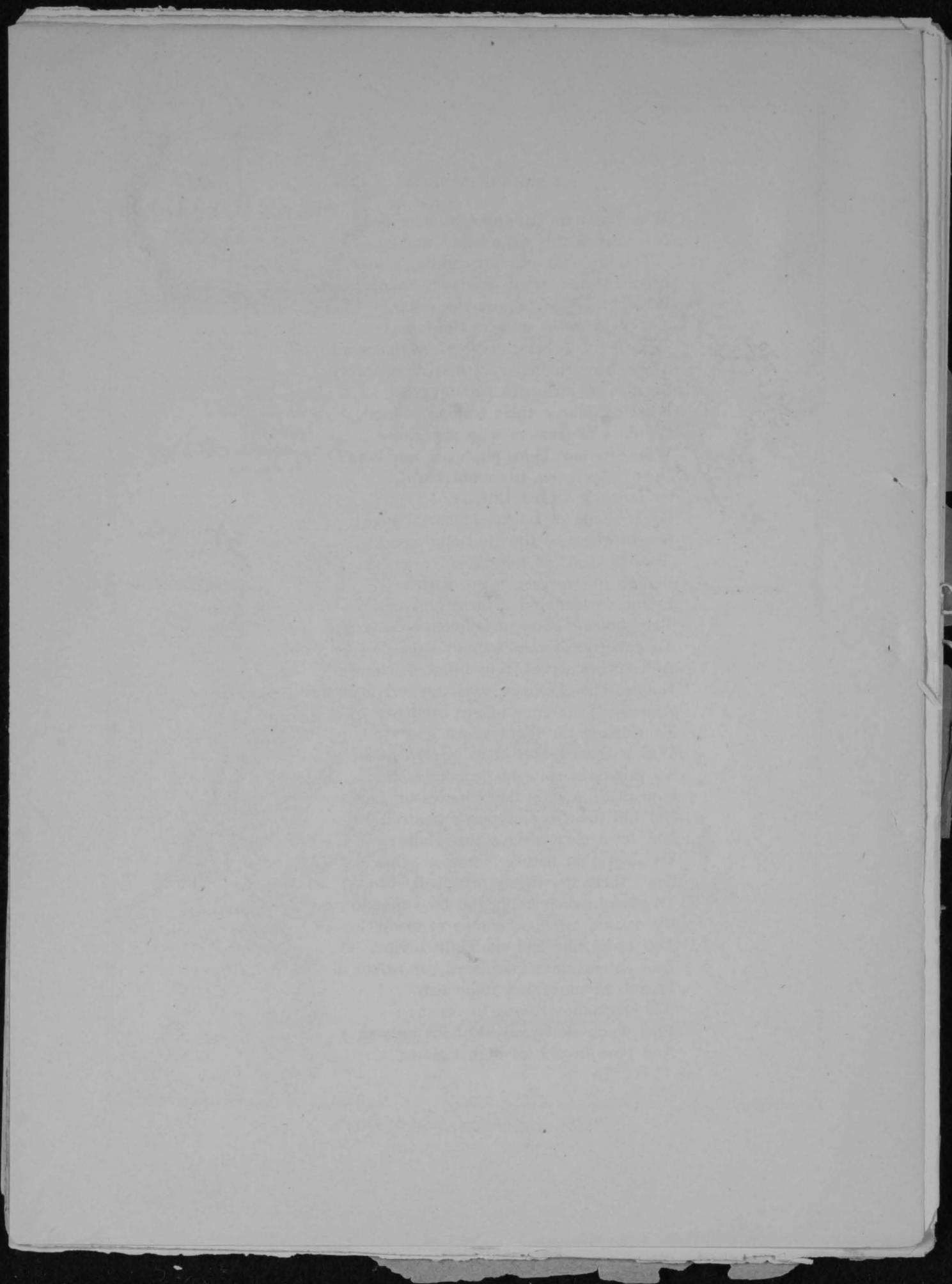
And freedom's ensigns fair pervert,
 To pierce fair freedom to the heart;
 Who bid us all to arms resort
 That they may reap delicious sport;
 Who'd rather see us all in hell,
 Than wisely scruple to rebel,

¹ For an illustration and description of the head-piece of Holt's New York Journal, to which the author refers, see subsequent pages in this work.

A New PLAN
of
BOSTON HARBOUR
from an Actual
SURVEY.



FROM A CONTEMPORARY PRINT.



Who boast no daughter, wife or son,
Nor care if this dear land's undone.

Thirsting for war for fighting's sake,
Alike to them what part they take;
Whether unjust or just the cause,
To shield or to subvert the laws.

As GAGE or HANCOCK gives the word
They draw th' impartial murd'ring sword:
Be men or measures bad or good,
Fond to imbrue their hands in blood;
Would you trust men in any cause
Who love not God, nor man, nor laws?

Ah! surely no, it cannot be,
Or farewell sacred Liberty;
Great shade of Locke, immortal sage!
Bright glory of the land and age.
Apostle blest! of toleration!
Benign to every sect and nation:
Friend to mankind in mercy given,
The choicest boon of bounteous heaven;
To curb the lawless tyrants rule,
And rescue slaves from Filmer's school;
Refute what Hobbes, what Oxford dreamt,
And shew the ends of government;
To ridicule the bigot rules,
Which knaves devis'd to govern fools;
To prove, in spite of pedant claims,
God made not me for Charles or James.
But bid them tyrant pow'r control,
Nor let a part enslave the whole;
To shew that nature, common sense
Gave them the rights of self defence.
To prove, when kings the laws invade
By nature, God, or compacts made,
And claim like hell the right divine,
To treat mankind like heads of swine;
To rob or murder as they list,
'Tis just and virtuous to resist.
That James full justly lost his crown,
And laws of old, of high renown,

By valor, wisdom, all restor'd,
 Made great NASSAU our lawful Lord.
 Patriot! and legislator wise!
 Look down with pity from the skies!
 Behold a vain, deluded race,
 Thy venerable name disgrace;
 As casuists false, as savage rude,
 With glosses weak, with comments crude,
 Pervert thy fair, instructive page,
 To sanctify licentious rage;
 To form some wild ideal plan
 And break the laws of God and man.
 Oh! let thy bright example shew
 What subjects to their sov'reigns owe;
 Thou liv'dst when Britain's glorious land
 Was torn by faction's daring hand.
 When foreign gold, when Gallic bribes
 Seduc'd the sordid, venal tribes;
 When William's self, that land to save,
 Was forc'd to bribe each factious knave:

See Burnet, whose authority the author presumes is rarely called in question by the whigs of this country.

When every sect by turns complain'd
 And curs'd the hour that William reign'd.
 Call'd Freedom's guardian, Virtue's pride,
 Usurper, tyrant, parricide;
 Stunn'd gaping crowds with tales of woe,
 Of Darien's host and sad Glencoe.
 Midst these mad conflicts, vain alarms,
 Say, didst thou call the land to arms?
 Declare the solemn compact broke
 And subjects free from William's yoke.
 Thou know'st that subjects, statesmen, kings,
 Are frail, impure, imperfect things;
 The polish'd town, the savage wood,
 Comparatively, bad or good.
 That More's, St. Pierre's, and Plato's themes,
 Are all but flattering, golden dreams;

Know'st that a perfect, legal plan,
 No more exists than perfect man.
 That wisdom warns us not to grieve
 For ills that wisdom can't relieve;
 Thou know'st to mark the gradual lines
 From Nero, to the Antonines,
 That freedom, e'en in Gallia reigns,
 Compar'd with Asia's hapless plains;
 Compar'd with Gallia's boastful page,
 Great William's was a golden age;
 Compar'd with that, still happier this,
 The age of freedom, age of bliss.
 Blind superstitious zeal, no more,
 Bids hoodwink'd, timid fools adore,
 And crouch to usurpation dire,
 On pain of God's eternal ire.
 No more deluded mortals fight
 For vain, hereditary right;
 No more the murd'ring sword is drawn
 For pastor's cloak or prelate's lawn.
 Now Whig and Tory, country, court,
 No longer make the rabble sport;
 Now subjects, monarchs all combine
 To laugh at cant of right divine.
 Appeal to common sense for all
 And think, like thee, of good St. Paul;
 Thy general truth's by all confest
 And noisy faction lull'd to rest.

General as these reflections are on the doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance, it has occurred to the author since he writ them, that they may be wrested to gratify the malignity of party zeal into a personal reflection. Even the name of the gentleman who wrote the Friendly Address is unknown to him; he never read a pamphlet truer to its title or that appeared to be written with a more benevolent intention. It would be well for this country, if they could distinguish their true friends. It is vulnerable in one small part only; in the rest invincible. No man who has read the *Citizen* of Hobbes, the decrees of Oxford, the wretched shifts that Bishop Burnet had recourse to, in order to accommodate the doctrines of his church to the revolution, or the bungling of the learned

Grotius in endeavoring to reconcile capital punishments, war and resistance, with the meekness of the Gospel. No man of candor and good will can wonder at, or be angry with, the author of the Friendly Address. It is one of the sad effects of such times as these, to force men of certain tempers to fly for refuge into the gloomy regions of passive obedience and non-resistance. This was the case of Hobbes and of the University of Oxford, of many other men and of bodies of men, possessed of too much benevolence, virtue, learning and abilities, to be treated with petulant or arrogant contempt. Such men fly from anarchy into these dismal but peaceful retreats; they do not wish to remain there. Under a James the Second, Oxford and others retracted.

Naturam expelles furca: tamen usque recurret.

With the good leave of St. Peter and St. Paul, had the author lived in the days of Nero, with his present opinions and feelings, he would have united with Mr. Adams, Mr. Hancock, yea, even with the generation of vipers, and under the auspices of —— (could he have been assured that he would not have deserted them and gone over to the enemy) have done his utmost to tumble Nero from his misund. Thank God,

*Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis
Tempus eget.*

Some ray of thy pervading mind,
Oh! shed on mortals weak and blind;
Their wand'ring steps to truth recall,
Oh! save them, save them, e'er they fall.
Teach them to view the historic page,
To trace the scenes of every age;
To look o'er Asia's, Afric's coast,
And see mankind in slav'ry lost.
Born to fair Nature's equal law,
Doom'd to hew wood and water draw;
The weak, the strong, the young, the old
Like cattle bought, like cattle sold;
Their wives, their daughters, bed and board,
At will of some imperious lord.
Fawning like spaniels, train'd and link'd,
And every freeborn thought extinct;

The book of knowledge fair conceal'd
And heaven's most sacred laws repeal'd.

See even in Europe's happier climes
Popes, emperors, kings, immersed in crimes;
Deaf to kind love, to mercy's call
Th' industrious, good and wise enthrall;
Form'd from the same Promethean clay,
To nobles, hirelings, priests a prey.

Bid them some few short leagues advance
From Albion's shores to polish'd France;
Alas! how soon, how great the change!
There bid their contemplation range.
There view the blind, sequacious herds,
Govern'd by cowls and monkish beards;
See the poor Gaul, whose merry soul,
Nor priests, nor tyrants can control;
Give him his onion, soup and bread,
No idle cares perplex his head.
Intendants, farmers, soldiers, spies,
Unnumbered pass before his eyes,
He sees them all and never sighs.
Judges corrupt, and racks and wheels,
Hang o'er his head, he nothing feels;
Contented in his humble sphere,
To mind his work, the laws revere.
As sprightly as the wine he quaffs,
Midst dire oppression, sings and laughs.

Woes of next cent'ry ne'er revolves,
Nor breaks his rest with town resolves:
Of slav'ry nor of want complains,
But sings and dances in his chains.
Such bliss a freeborn Briton scorns,
His breast with gen'rous ardor burns;
He scorns to be the tool or slave,
Of king or priest, of fool or knave.
All that grimace, mirth and glee,
Is mere insensibility;
That animal in human shape
Is but at best a merry ape;

Plunder'd of every natural right,
And plung'd in ignorance dark as night.
His intellects as gross and dull
As bear or ass or horse or bull;
Doom'd to the same insipid state,
Born but to feed and propagate.
Is this the boasted happy Gaul!
How blest then every animal!
Yet e'en an ape, a bear, a goose,
Is happier much than men let loose;
From all restraints of God and man,
In search of wild, ideal plan.
Satiated with pleasure, wealth and ease,
And left to do whate'er they please;
Yet even in France, in shackl'd France,
Midst want and slav'ry, song and dance;
E'en there the friends to truth and you,
Helvetius, Diderot, Montesquieu;
D'Alembert, Rosseau, Marmontel,
In spite of slav'ry lov'd to dwell.
Yet there the wise, the gay Voltaire,
Freedom's and Candor's lineal heir;
There form'd his sweet instructive page,
To curb the priest's, the tyrant's rage,
To scourge, divert and mend the age.
Nor chang'd for Brunswick's wild command,
The pleasures of his native land:
Midst power despotic, monkish cells,
Thy Beccaria peaceful dwells.
These chosen few, the wise, the great,
Lament their hapless country's fate;
View all with philosophic eyes,
See through the gaudy, thin disguise.
Vile Tartuffes, Sorbonne, all combin'd,
To check the freeborn gen'rous mind;
Like harpies grieve to lose their prey,
Like goblins, fly at dawn of day;
And damn philosophy to hell,
That dares to break the magic spell.

They know why men from woods and caves,
Consented to be partial slaves;
United int'rests, hopes and fears,
Rather than live like wolves and bears,
Resign'd their wills to just control,
And gave a part to guard the whole.
They see the social compact broke,
They feel the heavy galling yoke;
See virtue, honor, prostrate laid,
Fair, equal liberty betray'd.
See vice triumphant, worth disgrac'd,
Truth, mercy, justice, all effac'd;
Men born to freedom, abject slaves,
The property of fools and knaves.
See kings, whom God and men design'd,
The friends and fathers of mankind;
The laws of God and man oppose,
And treat their subjects as their foes.

Yet e'en in wretched lands like these,
True wisdom finds content and ease;
Knows that these ills, are gentler far
Than horrid discords, civil war.
Fatal resource! sad last relief!
From just, substantial, real grief;
From woes that urge to wild despair,
From ills that patriots scorn to bear.
On wisdom's arm, great sacred shield,
Not made for vulgar hands to wield;
Not made for sport, like idle toys
For peevish, froward, thoughtless boys.
For lies, which factious knaves obtrude
On the poor ign'rant multitude;
For wild chimeras, idle dreams,
Causeless complaints and airy schemes.
To combat windmills, wage with sheep,
Reserv'd our sacred rights to keep,
When giant power makes millions weep.
When tyrants fierce, give just alarms,
The gallant patriot calls to arms;

Reluctant calls, from patriot love,
Lest arms, alas! successful prove.

Wisdom recalls the League, the Fronde,
The thousands slain on Gallic ground;
Recalls that black, infernal night,¹
Recalls and shudders at the sight,
When Cath'rine, Charles and fierce Tavanne
To deeds of horror led the van,
Where Seine's fair stream, his banks o'erflow'd
All swoll'n with native, kindred blood:

See Thuanus, Davila, Brantome, Henriade, L'Esprit de la Ligue, De Retz, Rochefaucault, Jolly, Nemours, and others. It is much to be wished that the details of civil war were more generally known in America than they appear to be; the horror of a civil war is become a standing joke among a very numerous body of Americans. The author has been assured that it is very common to the wild geese of this country to fly against a lighthouse in the night and dash themselves to pieces. The same cause may perhaps be assigned for both.

Recalls mad Clement, fierce Chatel,
Ravaillac, arm'd with powers from hell,
When virtuous, godlike Bourbon fell.
Alas! the liberties they sought,
For which Coligny, Condé fought,
Subdu'd and prostrate, still remain,
And wretched millions fell in vain.
Recalls Phillippi's fatal field,
Where Virtue's self was forc'd to yield;
Where heroes found untimely graves,
And left free Romans, abject slaves.

Oh! didst thou live in George's reign,
And heard'st the knaves and fools complain,
The fools deluded by the knaves;
Complain they're worse than galley slaves,
The mad, the ign'rant knaves complain,
Midst ease and wealth, of want and pain,
With doctrines borrowed from the clouds,
Delude the stolid, gaping crowds:

¹ The night of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Doctrines absurd, and crude, and new,
 And swear they learn'd them all from you.
 How would thy breast indignant feel
 Alternate scorn and patriot zeal!
 Alas! vain men, how blind, how weak!
 Give them the liberty they seek;
 Grant all their vain, their fond desires,
 Grant all that ev'ry fool requires.
 Let them convene in vagrant bands,
 To play at questions and commands,
 In tatter'd garb and squalid mien,
 Like children play at king and queen.
 Let them round Freedom's sacred pole,
 Quaff toddy from the flowing bowl.
 The Tylers, Cades and Straws debate,
 The dread Arcanas of the state,
 Issue their mandates near and far,
 On pain of feathers and of tar,
 Pierce thro' dark night, with gummy eyes,
 And see an empire vast arise.
 (Since 'tis by truth, by all confess'd,
 That Arts and Empires travel West.)

A very cogent argument, frequently urged with much gravity to prove the approaching splendor of North America.

An Empire vast by heaven declared,
 With which each other state compar'd
 From Delly to renowned Calcut,
 Is not much bigger than a nut,
 From Ispahan to Neuchatel,
 Is but the veriest bagatelle.
 That isle, so blest by George's sway.
 Is but the needle in the hay.

A very prevailing mode of thinking and talking of the insignificant little island of Britain.

Claim power supreme by right divine,
 From Acady to Caroline.

The power, the glory of a state,
By quantities of acres rate.

If the author does not mistake, it was a remark of Dean Berkeley, that a man might possess fifty thousand acres of land in North America, and not know where to get a dinner. The Dean was in the right. It is the melancholy case at this day of innumerable American landholders. *Experto crede Roberto*. This pre-eminence so much boasted of, will, in the author's humble opinion, prove for many centuries to come, fatal to the establishment of manufactories, to permanent independence, to mutual defence and to lasting peace.

Let them, great legislators, sit,
Instruct, advise, forbid, permit,
Sole judges, of their private weal,
As they demand, enact, repeal.
Fleets, armies, hirelings, viceroys, all
The pension'd slaves of courts, recall.
Let cobblers, tinkers, butchers prate
At will, of deep affairs of state;
Relate their sufferings o'er and o'er,
Of tea and tax and compacts roar,
Till power supreme to babes devolves,
And every suckling lisps resolves.

Poor giddy wights, without pretence
To age, experience, parts or sense:
Yet dare to judge of men and things,
And think themselves as great as kings,
Leave them, their idle course to run,
In two short years they'd be undone.

Thus oft a cocker'd, pamper'd child,
By fond, maternal love is spoil'd.
Froward and petulant and rash,
Neglects his books and feeds on trash;
Flies in his aged parents' face,
For whims that age and sense disgrace.
A weak, ungrateful, booby son,
Sullen controll'd; if pleas'd undone:
Let him pursue his idle way,
'T would be one glorious holiday;

Let the poor thing his fancy please,
He'd perish soon by dire disease.
Unconscious of the woes to come,
Unmindful of his future doom,
How rough the world compar'd with home.
When left alone on Life's sad stage,
When anxious cares his thoughts engage,
Of parent's fost'ring aid bereft,
To the wide world an orphan left.
Too late the fatal truth perceives,
Too late reflects and vainly grieves.
His parent fondly was beguil'd,
He spared the rod and spoiled the child.

Teach them, wise patriot, to obey
The mild commands of Brunswick's sway;
Bid them the tyrant's power defy,
In freedom live, in freedom die:
But oh! instruct them first to know
Tyrants from sov'reigns, friend from foe,
Freedom from wild licentious schemes,
Just, legal rights, from idle dreams,
The golden mean from mad extremes.
Like prophets erst in mercy sent
To bid offending worlds repent.
Recall their wand'ring steps to truth,
Look down with pity on their youth.
Wanton and proud in Nature's bloom,
Unconscious of impending doom.
Whilst George's fond paternal hand,
Ling'ring, suspends the stern command;
Ere hostile, conquering fleets appear,
Benignant check their mad career.
Ere yet avenging hosts prepare
To shake the land with horrid war.
Save them from that sad scene of woes,
Where thankless sons their sires oppose,
Where sires and sons are mortal foes,
Where moonstruck zealots fierce, despise
Nature's endearing, sacred ties;

Where ruffians gain unblest applause,
 By violated faith and laws.
 Where fair-earned wealth, possessions fair
 Are torn from many a rightful heir;
 Where lust of power and guilty joys,
 Sweet peace and innocence destroys;
 Impostors vile to pow'r aspire,
 Honor and worth abash'd retire.
 Retire and see their native lands
 Plunder'd by bold, rapacious hands.
 Unpitying bands fair seats destroy,
 Of dear, domestic, social joy;
 In many a field and fertile plain,
 Cover'd with kindred nations slain.

See friends, companions once belov'd
 By dire contagious madness mov'd;
 Frantic and ruthless, pierce the breast,
 Once with mutual love possessed.
 Triumphant crimes pollute the land,
 Consign'd to every butcher's hand;
 Spread desolation like a flood,
 And brothers shed their brothers' blood.
 Rouse these dear lands from torpid sleep,
 Ah! rouse them, lest they wake to weep;
 With anguish weep, alas! in vain
 For thousands ruin'd, thousands slain.
 Let not their fatal rage despise
 The orphan's tears, the widow's sighs.
 Kind agéd parents left forlorn,
 Their hapless, murdered sons to mourn;
 Dear, pious sons, whose frantic eye,
 Behold their sires untimely die;
 And ruffians rushing to destroy
 Soft charms reserved for virtuous joy.

Snatch this short fleeting interval
 Their wand'ring senses to recall,
 Warn them of their impending fate
 Lest sad repentance comes too late.
 Bid them survey the realms above,
 The blissful seats of peace and love,

Yet there, e'en there a rebel crew
 That peace, that love could joyless view;
 See God immortal joys prepare,
 Yet joys immortal scorn to share.
 Plac'd by the side of pow'r divine
 Yet midst that glory could repine.
 View power supreme with envious eye,
 And God's omnipotence defy:
 To envy, rage and malice prone,
 Invade th'indulgent Father's throne
 Till by just wrath, the traitors fell
 Headlong from Heav'n to endless hell.

 THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEERS.

UNDER the title of "An Elegy to the memory of the American Volunteers, who fell in the engagement between the Massachusetts-Bay Militia and the British Troops, April 19, 1775," by Sylvia, a contributor to the Pennsylvania Magazine, the following was published in that periodical for June of that year.

Let joy be dumb, let Mirth's gay carol cease,
 See plaintive sorrow comes bedewed with tears,
 With mournful steps retires the cherub Peace,
 And horrid war with all his train appears.

He comes, and crimson slaughter marks his way,
 Stern famine follows in his vengeful tread,
 Before him pleasure, hope and love decay,
 And meek-ey'd mercy hangs the drooping head.

Fled like a dream are those delightful hours,
 When here with innocence and peace we rov'd
 Secure and happy in our native bowers,
 Blest in the presence of the youths we lov'd.

The blow is struck, which through each future age
 Shall call from Pity's eye the frequent tear;
 Which gives the brother to the brother's rage,
 And dyes with British blood the British spear.

Where'er the barb'rous story shall be told,
The British cheek shall glow with conscious shame,
This deed in bloody characters enroll'd
Shall stain the lustre of their former name.

But you, ye brave defenders of our cause,
The first in this dire contest called to bleed,
Your names, hereafter crown'd with just applause,
Each manly breast with joy-mixt woe shall read.

Your memories, dear to every free-born mind,
Shall need no monument your fame to raise,
Forever in our grateful hearts enshrin'd,
And blest by your country's united praise.

But O! permit the muse with grief sincere,
The widow's heartfelt anguish to bemoan,
To join the sister's and the orphan's tear,
Whom this sad day from all they lov'd has torn.

Blest be this humble strain if it imparts
The dawn of peace to but one pensive breast,
If it can hush one sigh that rends your hearts,
Or lull your sorrows to a short-liv'd rest.

But vain the hope; too well this bosom knows
How faint is glory's voice to nature's calls,
How weak the balm the laurel-wreath bestows
To heal our breasts, when love or friendship falls.

Yet think, they in their country's cause expir'd
While guardian angels watch'd their parting sighs,
Their dying breasts with constancy inspir'd,
And bade them welcome to their native skies.

Our future fate is wrapt in darkest gloom
And threat'ning clouds, from which their souls are free'd
E'er the big tempest burst they press the tomb,
Not doom'd to see their much-lov'd country bleed.

O let such thoughts as these assuage your grief,
 And stop the tear of sorrow as it flows,
 Till Time's all-powerful hand shall yield relief,
 And shed a kind oblivion o'er your woes.

But oh! thou Being infinitely just,
 Whose boundless eye with mercy looks on all,
 On thee alone thy humbled people trust,
 On thee alone for their deliv'rance call.

Long did thy hand unnumber'd blessings shower,
 And crown our land with Liberty and Peace,
 Extend, O Lord, again thy saving power,
 And bid the horrors of invasion cease.

But if thy awful wisdom has decreed,
 That we severer evils yet shall know,
 By thy Almighty justice doom'd to bleed,
 And deeper drink the bitter draughts of woe.

O grant us, Heav'n, that constancy of mind
 Which our adverse fortune rises still;
 Unshaken faith, calm fortitude resign'd,
 And full submission to thy holy will.

To thee, Eternal Parent, we resign
 Our bleeding cause, and on thy wisdom rest;
 With grateful hearts we bless thy power divine,
 And own, resign'd, "*Whatever is, is best.*"

This piece was republished very generally in England in the newspapers sympathizing with the Americans and their cause. The Middlesex Journal issued it in a Supplement together with the following, without a title.

While Pleasure reigns unrivalled on this shore,
 The streets of *Boston* stream with *British* gore.
 While, like fall'n Romans, for new joys we sigh,
 Our friends drop breathless, or for mercy cry;

Perhaps the soldier, lost to pity's charms,
 Now stabs the infant in the mother's arms;
 Perhaps the husband sees his better part
 Weltering in gore, and bleeding from the heart:
 Perhaps the lover, plung'd in bitter woe,
 Is torn from her, whom most he loves below,
 And sees the life, he values as his own,
 Yielding in pangs, or hears the dying groan!
 Perhaps the son, O! agony of pain,
 Sees, fatal sight! his aged parent slain;
 Perhaps whole families, together hurl'd,
 See the dread confines of an unknown world.
 O! scene of slaughter, fiends alone enjoy,
 Fiends who love death, and wait but to destroy.
 Are widow's tears, that never cease to roll,
 Are mother's pangs that penetrate the soul,
 Are shrieks of infants sacrificed to rage,
 The horrid trophies of the present age?
 Eternal Father, in thy mercy quell
 The flames of faction that arise from Hell;
 Pour into British hearts the balm of Peace,
 And bid! O bid! this cruel carnage cease;
 Like Isaac's sons, let Britons meet again,
 Nor be one brother by another slain.

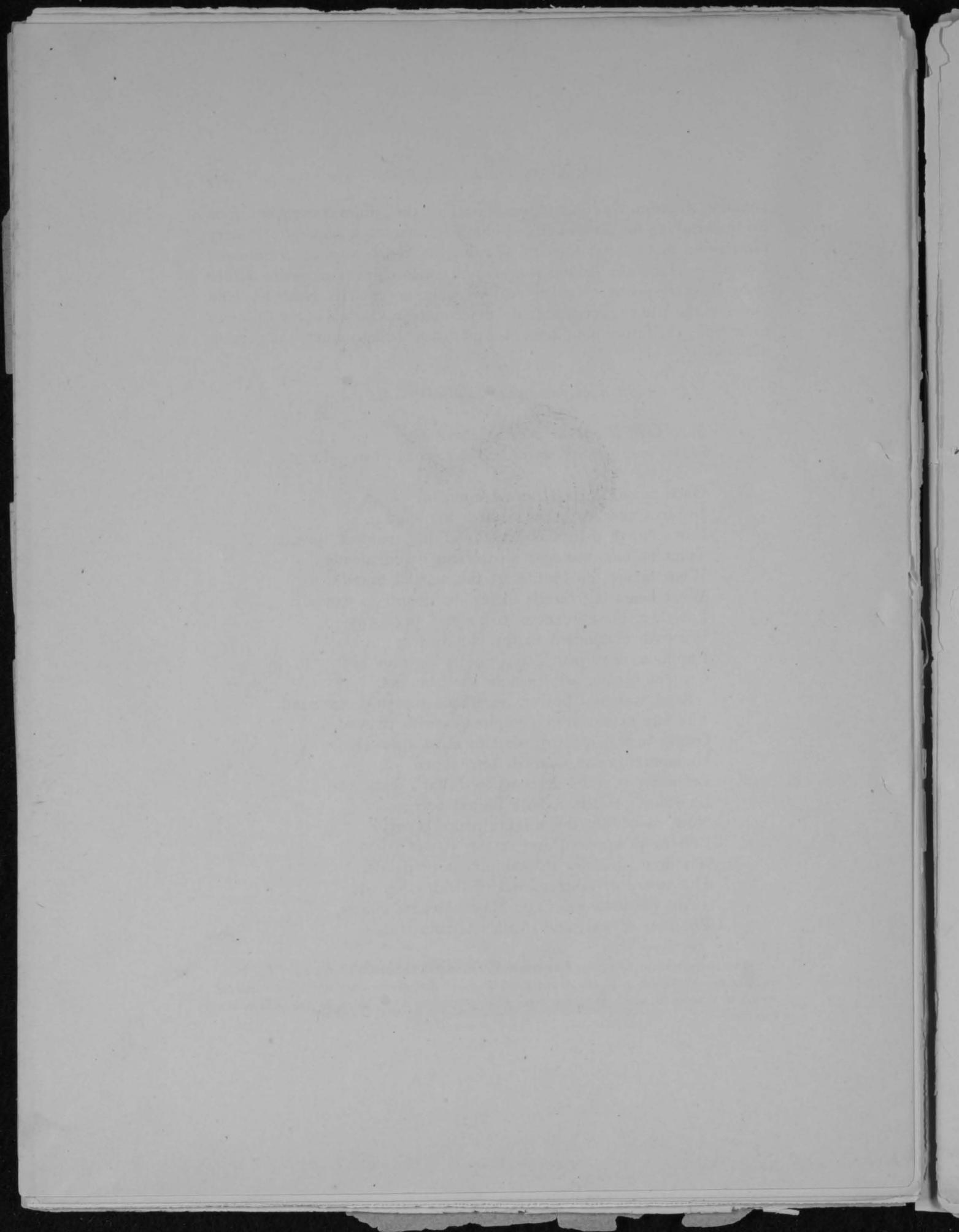
 AMERICAN LIBERTY—A POEM.

JOHAN ANDERSON, printer and publisher, of Beekman's Slip, New York, issued this poem on the sixth day of July, 1775, and "humbly addressed" it "to all true lovers of this once flourishing country, whether they shine as soldiers or statesmen. In it Ciceronian eloquence and patriotic fire are happily blended." The *argument* of the piece is the "Present Situation of affairs in North America; Address to the Deity—Unhappy situation of New England in particular; the first emigration of the colonists from Europe; cruelties of the Indian natives; all our hopes of future safety depend secondarily on our present revolution and activity; impossible for British soldiers to join heartily for the purpose of enslaving us; present happy unanimity among the Colonies: the baseness of pensioned writers against their native



"THE SYMPATHETIC GAUL."

From a Pen and Ink Drawing by Major André.



country; General Gage's late proclamation; the odium consequent upon his undertaking his present office; character of a weak monarch: Popery established in Canada; General Washington, the honorable Continental Congress, Hancock, Adams; invitation to foreigners to retire hither from their respective slavish regions; bravery of the New England forces in the late engagements; the determined resolution of the Colonies to be free; the future happiness of America if she surmounts the present difficulties."¹

Sit mihi fas audita loqui.—VIRGIL.

*Jove fixed it certain, that whatever day
Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.*—POPE.

Once more, Bellona, forc'd upon the stage,
Inspires new fury, and awakes her rage,
From North to South her thund'ring trumpet spreads
Tumults, and war and death, and daring deeds.
What breast but kindles at the martial sound?
What heart but bleeds to feel its country's wound?
For thee, blest freedom, to protect thy sway,
We rush undaunted to the bloody fray;
For thee, each province arms its vig'rous host,
Content to die, ere freedom shall be lost.

Kind, watchful power, on whose supreme command
The fate of monarchs, empires, worlds depend,
Grant, in a cause thy wisdom must approve,
Undaunted valor kindled from above,
Let not our souls descend to dastard fear,
Be valor, prudence, both united here;
Now, as of old, thy mighty arm display,
Relieve th'opprest, and saving power convey.
'Tis done, and see th'omnipotent befriends,
The sword of Gideon, and of God, descends.

Ah, see with grief fair Massachusetts' plains,
The seat of war, and death's terrific scenes,

¹ This poem, written by Philip Freneau, was reprinted in London, with the title "The Present Situation of Affairs in North America. A Poem;" the present copy is printed from the American edition, to which marginal notes and corrections were added by the author, Mr. Freneau.

Where darling Peace with smiling aspect stood,
 Lo! the grim soldier stalks in quest of blood:
 What madness, heaven, has made Britannia frown?
 Who plans her schemes to pull Columbia¹ down,
 See Boston groan beneath the strong blockade,
 Her freedom vanish'd and destroy'd her trade,
 Injur'd, opprest, no tyrant could exceed
 The cruel vengeance of so base a deed.

New Albion's² sons whom honest freedom moves
 (My heart admires them and my verse approves)
 Tir'd of oppression in a Stuart's reign,
 A Popish faction, ministerial train;
 Bravely resolv'd to leave their native shore
 And some new world, they knew not where, explore,
 Far in the West, beyond where poet's said
 The Sun retir'd, and Cynthia went to bed;
 Few then had seen the scarce discovered bourne,
 From whence, like death, yet fewer did return;
 Dire truths from thence the wand'ring sailor brought
 Enlarg'd by terror and the power of thought,
 With all the forms that pict'ring fancy gives,
 With all the dread that in idea lives,
 Fierce cannibals that sought the blood of man,
 Vast cruel tribes that through the desert ran,
 Giants whose height transcends the tow'ring oak,
 Brutes with whose screams the trembling forests shook—
 All these, and more, they held no cause of fear,
 Since naught but Slavery dreadful could appear.
 Ah, see the day distressful to the view,
 Wives, husbands, fathers, bid a long adieu!

Dear native land, how heav'd the heavy sigh,
 When thy last mountains vanish'd on the eye,
 Then their frail barks, just enter'd on the sea,
 Pursued the long uncomfortable way:
 But pitying Heaven the just design surveys,
 Sends prosp'rous gales, and wafts them o'er the seas.

¹ America is sometimes so called, from Columbus the discoverer.

² New Albion, properly New England, but is often applied to all British America.

Behold the shore; no rising cities there,
To hail them welcome from the sea appear,
In the wild woods the exil'd hosts were spread,
The heavens their cov'ring, and the earth their bed:
What expectations but a life of woe?
Unnumber'd myriads of the savage foe,
Whose brutal fury rais'd, at once might sweep
The adventurers all to death's destructive sleep;
Yet midst this scene of horror and despair,
Stout industry began his office here,
Made forests bend beneath his sturdy stroke,
Made oxen groan beneath the oaken yoke
Till half the desert smil'd and look'd as gay
As northern gardens in the bloom of May.

But ah, review the sorrows interwove,
How the fierce native with the stranger strove;—
So heaven's bright lamp, the all-reviving sun,
Just as his flaming journey is begun,
Mists, fogs and vapors, spring from damps of night,
Mount up and strive to dim th' approach of light;
But he in triumph darts his piercing ray,
Scatters their forces and pursues his way.

Oft when the husband did his labor leave
To meet his little family at eve,
Stretch'd in their blood he saw each well-known face,
His dear companion and his youthful race;
Perhaps the scalp with barb'rous fury torn,
The visage mangled, and the babe unborn
Ripp'd from its dark abode, to view the sun
Ere nature finish'd half she had begun.

And should we now, when spread thro' ev'ry shore
Submit to that our fathers shunn'd before?
Should we, just Heaven, our blood and labor spent,
Be slaves and minions to a parliament?
Perish the thought, nor may one wretch remain,
Who dares not fight, and if needs be, be slain;
The cause of freedom daunts the hireling foe,
And gives each Samson's strength toward the blow,
And each, like him, whom fear nor force confines,
Destroys a thousand modern Philistines.

Who fights to take our liberty away,
 Dead-hearted fights, and falls an easy prey;
 The cause, the cause, most cruel to enslave,
 Disheartens thousands, and unmans the brave:
 Who could have thought that Britons bore a heart,
 Or British troops to act so base a part?
 Britons of old, renown'd, can they descend
 T'enslave their brethren in a foreign land?
 What oath, what oath, inform us if you can,
 Binds them to act below the worth of man?
 Can they, whom half the world admires, can they
 Be advocates for vile despotic sway?
 Shall they, to every shore and clime renown'd,
 Enforce those acts that tyranny did found?
 "Yet sure if this be their resolv'd design,
 "Conquer they shall where'er the sun doth shine;
 "No expedition prov'd unhappy yet,
 "Can we Havana's bloody siege forget,
 "Where British cannon the strong fortress tore,
 "And wing'd whole legions to th' infernal shore.
 "Or does the voice of fame so soon forego
 "Gibraltar's action, and the vanquish'd foe,
 "Where art and nature both at once combin'd
 "To baffle all, our hardy troops design'd?—
 "Yet there Britannia's arms successful sped,
 "While haughty Spaniards trembled, felt and fled."
 So say the pension'd tools of slavery,
 So say our traitors, but so say not I—,
 (Tories or traitors, call them which you choose,
 Tories are rogues, and traitors imps broke loose)
 But know ye few, the scandal of our land,
 On whom returns the blood that we expend.
 Those troops whose feats are told on every shore,
 Here lose their spirit and are brave no more;
 When armies fight to gain some cruel cause,
 Establish tyrants or destructive laws,
 True courage scorns t'inspire the hateful crew,
 Recall past fame, or spur them on to new;
 Dark boding thoughts the heavy soul possess,
 And ancient valor turns to cowardice.

Dark was the prospect, gloomy was the scene,
When traitors join'd to break our union chain:
But soon, by heaven inspir'd, arose the cry,
Liberty or death, unite or die.

Now far and wide a manly spirit reigns,
From Canada to Georgia's sunburnt plains;
Few now insult with falsehood's shameless pen,
Monsters from Tophet driv'n, in shapes of men:
Few pension'd scribblers lift the daring head,
Some have turn'd lunatics and some have fled—
Some late converted, scarce their pensions hold,
And from mere force disdain the charms of gold.

What deep offence has fir'd a monarch's rage,
What mountebank madness seiz'd the brain of Gage?
Laughs not the soul, when an imprison'd few
Affect to pardon those they can't subdue?
Tho' twice repuls'd and hemm'd up to their stations,
Yet issue pardons, oaths and proclamations,
As if at sea some desperate madman crew
Should threat the tempest with what they'd do,
And, like proud Xerxes, lash the angry waves,
At the same instant that they find their graves.

But not the pomps and favors of a crown,
A nation's anger or a statesman's frown,
Could draw the virtuous man from virtue's way,
To chain by force whom treach'ry can't betray,
Virtue disdains to aid tyrannic laws,
Takes part with freedom, and assumes its cause,
No part had she, her fiercest forces own,
To bring so far this heavy vengeance on;
She stood with Romans while their hearts were true,
And so she shall, Americans, with you.

Should Heaven in wrath decree some nation's fall,
Whose crimes from thence for sacred vengeance call,
A monarch first of vulgar soul should rise,
A sure forerunner of its obsequies,
Whose heart should glow with not one gen'rous thought,
Born to oppress, to propagate and rot,
Whose lengthen'd reign no deed of worth should grace,
None trusted, but a servile, pension'd race;

Too dull to know what saving course to take,
That heaven in time its purpose might forsake,
Too obstinately will'd to bow his ear
To groaning thousands, or petitions hear,
Dare breaks all oaths that bind the just like fate,
Oaths that th' Archdevil would blush to violate,
And, foe to truth, both oaths and honor sell,
To establish principles, the growth of hell,
Style those who aim to be his truest friends,
Traitors, insidious rebels, madmen, fiends,
Hoodwink'd and blind, deceived by secret foes,
Whose fathers once with exil'd tyrants rose,
Blest with as little sense as God e'er gave,
Slave to wrong schemes, dupe to a noble knave;
So odd a monarch heaven in wrath would plan,
And such would be the fury of a man.

See far and wide o'er long Canadia's plains,
Old popish fraud and superstition reigns;
The scarlet whore who long hath heaven withstood,
Who cries for murder and who thirsts for blood,
Establish'd there, marks down each destin'd name,
And plants the stake impatient for the flame,
With sanguinary soul her trade begins,
To doom her foes to hell, or pardon sins;
Her crafty priests their impious rites maintain,
And crucify their Saviour once again;
Defend his rights, who, scattering lies abroad
With shameless front usurps the seat of God:—
Those are, we fear, who his vile cause assert,
But half reform'd and papists at the heart.

Bear me, some power, as far as winds can blow
As ships can travel or as waves can flow,
To some lone isle beyond the southern pole,
Or lands round which pacific waters roll,
There, should oblivion stop the heaving sigh,
There should I live at least with liberty;
But honor checks my speed and bids me stay,
To try the fortune of the well fought day,
Resentment for my country's fate I bear
And mix with thousands for the willing war.

See Washington, New Albion's freedom owns
And moves to war with half Virginia's sons;
Bold in the fight, whose actions might have aw'd
A Roman hero or a Grecian god.
He, he, as first, his gallant troops shall lead,
Undaunted man, a second Diomede,
As when he fought at wild Ohio's flood,
When savage thousands issued from the wood,
When Braddock's fall disgrac'd the mighty day,
And Death himself stood weeping o'er his prey,
When doubting vict'ry chang'd from side to side
And Indian soil with Indian blood was dy'd,
When the last charge repuls'd th'envenom'd foe,
And lightnings lit them to the shades below.

See where from various distant climes unites
A generous council to protect our rights,
Fix'd on a base too steadfast to be mov'd,
Loving their country, by their country lov'd;
Great guardians of our freedom, we pursue
Each patriot measure as inspir'd by you;
Columbia, nor shall fame deny it, owes
Past safety to the counsels you propose,
And if they do not keep Columbia free,
What will, alas! become of Liberty?
What though the tools of power, a servile tribe,
A Hancock or an Adams dare proscribe?
Great souls grow bolder in their country's cause,
Detest enslavers and despise their laws.

O Congress fam'd, accept this humble lay,
The little tribute that the muse can pay,
On you depends Columbia's future fate—
A free asylum or a wretched state;
Fall'n on disast'rous times we push our plea,
Heard or not heard, and struggle to be free,
Born to contend, our lives we place at stake,
And grow immortal by the stand we make.

O you, who far from liberty detain'd,
Wear out existence in some slavish land,
Fly thence from tyrants and their flattering throng
And bring the fiery, freeborn soul along;

Neptune for you shall smooth the hoary deep
 And awe the wild tumultuous waves to sleep;
 Here vernal woods and flow'ry meadows blow,
 Luxuriant harvests in rich plenty grow,
 Commerce extends as far as waves can roll,
 And freedom, godlike freedom crowns the whole.

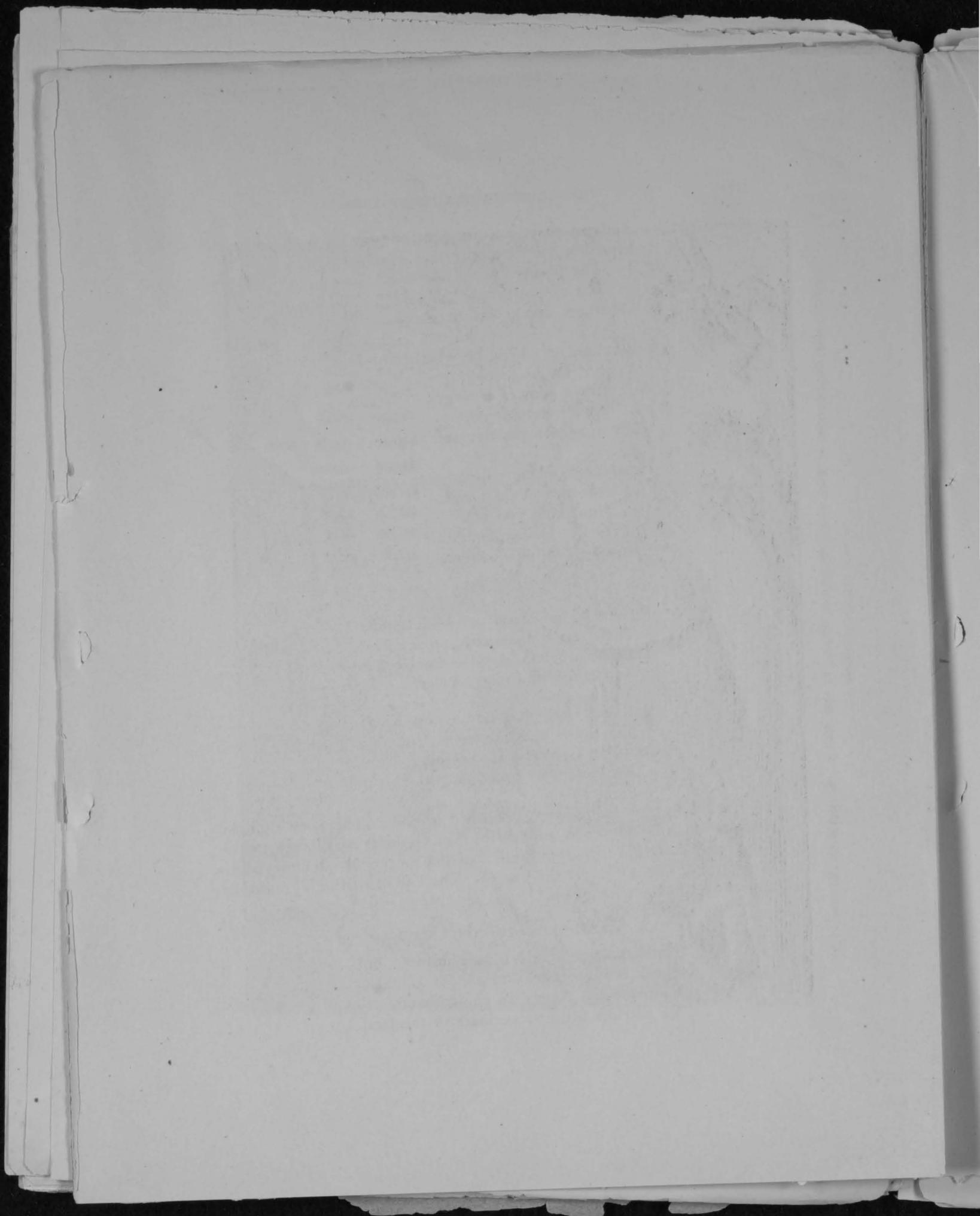
And you brave men who scorn the dread of death
 Resolv'd to conquer to the latest breath,
 Soldiers in act, and heroes in renown,
 Warm in the cause of Boston's hapless town.
 Still guard each pass, like ancient Romans, you
 At once are soldiers, and are farmers too;
 Still arm impatient for the vengeful blow,
 And rush intrepid on the yielding foe;
 As when of late, midst clouds of fire and smoke,
 Whole squadrons fell, or to the centre shook,
 When e'en the bravest to your arms gave way,
 And death exulting, ey'd the unhappy fray.
 Behold your WARREN bleeds, who both inspir'd
 To noble deeds, and by his action fir'd,
 What pity heaven!—but you who yet remain
 Affect his spirit as you lov'd the man:
 Once more, and yet once more for freedom strive,
 To be a slave what wretch would dare to live?
 We too, the last, last drop our blood will drain,
 And not till then shall hated slav'ry reign,
 When every effort, every hope is o'er,
 And lost Columbia swells our breasts no more.

Oh, if that day, which heaven avert, must come,
 And fathers, husbands, children meet their doom
 Let one brave onset yet that doom precede
 To shew the world Americans can bleed,
 One thund'ring peal raise the last midnight cry,
 And one last flame send Boston to the sky.

But cease foreboding muse, nor strive to see
 Dark times decreed by fatal destiny;
 If ever heaven befriended the distress'd,
 If ever valor succor'd those oppress'd,
 Let the loud trumpet animate to war;
 America rejoice, thy standard rear,



TARRING AND FEATHERING A MAN FROM BILLERICA, MASS., BY THE BRITISH SOLDIERS IN BOSTON, 1775
From a contemporary Print.



Thy guardian genius haste thee on thy way,
To strike whole hosts with terror and dismay.

Happy some land, which all for freedom gave,
Happier the men whom their own virtues save;
Thrice happy we who long attacks have stood,
And swam to liberty thro' seas of blood:
The time shall come when strangers rule no more,
Nor cruel mandates vex from Britain's shore;
When commerce shall extend her short'ned wing
And her free freights from every climate bring;
When mighty towns shall flourish free and great,
Vast their dominion, opulent their state;
When one vast cultivated region teems
From ocean's edge to Mississippi's streams;
While each enjoys his vineyard's peaceful shade,
And e'en the meanest has no cause to dread:
Such is the life our foes with envy see,
Such is the godlike glory to be free.

THE CAUSES OF TAKING UP ARMS.

EARLY in July, 1775, the following "Declaration by the Representatives of the United Colonies of North America, now met in General Congress at Philadelphia, setting forth the Causes and Necessity of their taking up Arms," was adopted, and on the sixth of the same month it was published to the world:

IF it was possible for men, who exercise their reason to believe, that the Divine Author of our existence intended a part of the human race to hold an absolute property in, and an unbounded power over others, marked out by his infinite goodness and wisdom, as the objects of a legal domination, never rightfully resistible, however severe and oppressive, the Inhabitants of these Colonies might at least require from the Parliament of Great Britain, some evidence, that this dreadful authority over them has been granted to that body. But a reverence for our Great Creator, principles of humanity, and the dictates of common sense, must convince all those who reflect upon the subject, that government was instituted to promote the welfare of mankind, and ought to be adminis-

tered for the attainment of that end. The legislature of Great Britain, however stimulated by an inordinate passion for a power not only unjustifiable, but which they know to be peculiarly reprobated by the very constitution of that kingdom, and desperate of success in any mode of contest, where regard should be had to truth, law, or right, have at length, deserting those, attempted to effect their cruel and impolitic purpose of enslaving these Colonies by violence, and have thereby rendered it necessary for us to close with their last appeal from Reason to Arms.—Yet, however blinded that assembly may be, by their intemperate rage for unlimited domination, so to slight justice and the opinion of mankind, we esteem ourselves bound by obligations of respect to the rest of the world, to make known the justice of our cause.

Our forefathers, inhabitants of the island of Great Britain, left their native land, to seek on these shores a residence for civil and religious freedom. At the expense of their blood, at the hazard of their fortunes, without the least charge to the country from which they removed, by unceasing labor and an unconquerable spirit, they effected settlements in the distant and inhospitable wilds of America, then filled with numerous and warlike nations of barbarians.—Societies or governments, vested with perfect legislatures, were formed under charters from the crown, and an harmonious intercourse was established between the colonies and the kingdom from which they derived their origin. The mutual benefits of this union became in a short time so extraordinary, as to excite astonishment. It is universally confessed, that the amazing increase of the wealth, strength and navigation of the realm, arose from this source; and the minister who so wisely and successfully directed the measures of Great Britain in the late war, publicly declared, that these colonies enabled her to triumph over her enemies.—Towards the conclusion of that war, it pleased our sovereign to make a change in his counsels.—From that fatal moment, the affairs of the British empire began to fall into confusion, and gradually sliding from the summit of glorious prosperity to which they had been advanced by the virtues and abilities of one man, are at length distracted by the convulsions, that now shake it to its deepest foundations.—The new ministry finding the brave foes of Britain, though frequently defeated, yet still contending, took up the unfortunate idea of granting them a hasty peace, and of then subduing her faithful friends.

These devoted colonies were judged to be in such a state, as to present victories without bloodshed, and all the easy emoluments of statuteable plunder.—The uninterrupted tenor of their peaceable and

respectful behaviour from the beginning of colonization, their dutiful, zealous and useful services during the war, though so recently and amply acknowledged in the most honorable manner by his Majesty, by the late king, and by Parliament, could not save them from the meditated innovations.—Parliament was influenced to adopt the pernicious project, and assuming a new power over them, have in the course of eleven years given such decisive specimens of the spirit and consequences attending this power, as to leave no doubt concerning the effects of acquiescence under it. They have undertaken to give and grant our money without our consent, though we have ever exercised an exclusive right to dispose of our own property; statutes have been passed for extending the jurisdiction of courts of Admiralty and Vice-Admiralty beyond their ancient limits: for depriving us of the accustomed and inestimable privilege of trial by jury in cases affecting both life and property; for suspending the legislature of one of the colonies; for interdicting all commerce of another; and for altering fundamentally the form of government established by charter, and secured by acts of its own legislature solemnly confirmed by the crown; for exempting the “murderers” of colonists from legal trial, and in effect, from punishment; for erecting in a neighbouring province, acquired by the joint arms of Great Britain and America, a despotism dangerous to our very existence; and for quartering soldiers upon the colonists in time of profound peace. It has also been resolved in parliament, that colonists, charged with committing certain offences, shall be transported to England to be tried.

But why should we enumerate our injuries in detail? By one statute it is declared, that parliament can “of right make laws to bind us IN ALL CASES WHATSOEVER.” What is to defend us against so enormous, so unlimited a power? Not a single man of those who assume it, is chosen by us; or is subject to our control or influence: but on the contrary, they are all of them exempt from the operation of such laws, and an American revenue, if not diverted from the ostensible purposes for which it is raised, would actually lighten their own burdens in proportion as they increase ours. We saw the misery to which such despotism would reduce us. We for ten years incessantly and ineffectually besieged the Throne as supplicants; we reasoned, we remonstrated with parliament in the most mild and decent language. But administration, sensible that we should regard these oppressive measures as freemen ought to do, sent over fleets and armies to enforce them. The indignation of the Americans was roused it is true; but it was the indignation of a virtuous, loyal, and affectionate people. A Congress of Delegates from the united

colonies was assembled at Philadelphia, on the fifth day of last September. We resolved again to offer an humble and dutiful petition to the King, and also addressed our fellow-subjects of Great Britain. We have pursued every temperate, every respectful measure, we have even proceeded to break off our commercial intercourse with our fellow subjects, as the last peaceable admonition, that our attachment to no nation upon earth should supplant our attachment to liberty.—This, we flattered ourselves, was the ultimate step of the controversy: but subsequent events have shewn, how vain was this hope of finding moderation in our enemies.

Several threatening expressions against the colonies were inserted in his Majesty's speech; our petition, though we were told it was a decent one, that his Majesty had been pleased to receive it graciously, and to promise laying it before his Parliament, was huddled into both Houses amongst a bundle of American papers, and there neglected. The Lords and Commons in their address, in the month of February, said, that "a rebellion at that time actually existed within the province of Massachusetts Bay; and that those concerned in it had been countenanced and encouraged by unlawful combinations and engagements, entered into by his Majesty's subjects in several of the other colonies; and therefore they besought his Majesty, that he would take the most effectual measures to enforce due obedience to the laws and authority of the supreme legislature."—Soon after, the commercial intercourse of whole colonies, with foreign countries and with each other, was cut off by an act of Parliament; by another, several of them were entirely prohibited from the fisheries in the seas near their coasts, on which they always depended for their sustenance; and large reinforcements of ships and troops were immediately sent over to General Gage.

Fruitless were all the entreaties, arguments and eloquence of an illustrious band of the most distinguished Peers and Commoners, who nobly and strenuously asserted the justice of our cause, to stay or even to mitigate the heedless fury with which these accumulated and unexampled outrages were hurried on.—Equally fruitless was the interference of the city of London, of Bristol, and many other respectable towns in our favour. Parliament adopted an insidious manœuvre calculated to divide us, to establish a perpetual auction of taxations where colony should bid against colony, all of them uninformed what ransom would redeem their lives, and thus to extort from us at the point of the bayonet, the unknown sums that should be sufficient to gratify, if possible to gratify, ministerial rapacity, with the miserable indulgence left to us of raising in our own

mode the prescribed tribute. What terms more rigid and humiliating could have been dictated by remorseless victors to conquered enemies? In our circumstance, to accept them would be to deserve them.

Soon after the intelligence of these proceedings arrived on this Continent, General Gage, who, in the course of the last year, had taken possession of the town of Boston, in the province of Massachusetts Bay, and still occupied it as a garrison, on the 19th day of April, sent out from that place a large detachment of his army, who made an unprovoked assault on the inhabitants of the said province, at the town of Lexington, as appears by the affidavits of a great number of persons, some of whom were officers and soldiers of that detachment, murdered eight of the inhabitants, and wounded many others. From thence the troops proceeded in warlike array to the town of Concord, where they set upon another party of inhabitants of the same province, killing several and wounding more; until compelled to retreat by the country people suddenly assembled to repel this cruel aggression. Hostilities thus commenced by the British troops, have been since prosecuted by them without regard to faith or reputation. The inhabitants of Boston being confined within that town by the General their Governor, and having, in order to procure their dismissal, entered into a treaty with him, it was stipulated that the said inhabitants, having deposited their arms with their own magistrates, should have liberty to depart, taking with them their other effects. They accordingly delivered up their arms, but in open violation of honor, in defiance of the obligation of treaties, which even savage nations esteem sacred, the Governor ordered the arms deposited as aforesaid, that they might be preserved for their owners, to be seized by a body of soldiers; detained the greatest part of the inhabitants in the town, and compelled the few who were permitted to retire, to leave their most valuable effects behind.

By this perfidy, wives are separated from their husbands, children from their parents, the aged and the sick from their relations and friends, who wish to attend and comfort them; and those who have been used to live in plenty, and even elegance, are reduced to deplorable distress.

The General further emulating his ministerial masters, by a proclamation bearing date on the 12th day of June, after venting the grossest falsehoods and calumnies against the good people of these colonies, proceeds to "declare them all, either by name or description, to be "rebels and traitors, to supersede the course of the common law, and "instead thereof to publish and order the use and exercise of the law "martial."—His troops have butchered our countrymen; have wantonly

burnt Charles-Town, besides a considerable number of houses in other places; our ships and vessels are seized; the necessary supplies of provisions are intercepted, and he is exerting his utmost power to spread destruction and devastation around him.

We have received certain intelligence that General Carleton, the Governor of Canada, is instigating the people of that province and the Indians to fall upon us; and we have but too much reason to apprehend, that schemes have been formed to excite domestic enemies against us. In brief, a part of these colonies now feels, and all of them are sure of feeling, as far as the vengeance of administration can inflict them, the complicated calamities of fire, sword and famine.—We are reduced to the alternative of choosing an unconditional submission to the tyranny of irritated ministers, or resistance by force.—The latter is our choice.—We have counted the cost of this contest, and find nothing so dreadful as voluntary slavery.—Honor, justice, and humanity forbid us tamely to surrender that freedom which we received from our gallant ancestors, and which our innocent posterity have a right to receive from us. We cannot endure the infamy and guilt of resigning succeeding generations to that wretchedness which inevitably awaits them, if we basely entail hereditary bondage upon them.

Our cause is just. Our union is perfect. Our internal resources are great, and if necessary foreign assistance is undoubtedly attainable.—We gratefully acknowledge, as signal instances of the Divine favour towards us, that his Providence would not permit us to be called into this severe controversy, until we were grown up to our present strength, had been previously exercised in warlike operations, and possessed of the means of defending ourselves. With hearts fortified with these animating reflections, we most solemnly, before GOD and the world declare, that, exerting the utmost energies of those powers, which our beneficent Creator hath graciously bestowed upon us, the arms we have been compelled by our enemies to assume, we will, in defiance of every hazard, with unabating firmness and perseverance, employ for the preservation of our liberties, being with one mind resolved, to die Freemen rather than to live Slaves.

Lest this declaration should disquiet the minds of our friends and fellow subjects in any part of the empire, we assure them, that we mean not to dissolve that Union which has so long and so happily subsisted between us, and which we sincerely wish to see restored.—Necessity has not yet driven us into that desperate measure, or induced us to excite any other nation to war against them. We have not raised armies with

ambitious designs of separating from Great Britain, and establishing independent States.—We fight not for glory or for conquest. We exhibit to mankind the remarkable spectacle of a people attacked by unprovoked enemies, without any imputation, or even suspicion, of offence. They boast of their privileges and civilization, and yet proffer no milder conditions than servitude or death.—

In our own native land, in defence of the freedom that is our birth-right, and which we ever enjoyed till the late violation of it—for the protection of our property, acquired solely by the honest industry of our fore-fathers and ourselves, against violence actually offered, we have taken up arms. We shall lay them down when hostilities shall cease on the part of the aggressors, and all danger of their being renewed shall be removed, and not before.

With an humble confidence in the mercies of the supreme and impartial Judge and Ruler of the universe, we most devoutly implore his divine goodness to conduct us happily through this great conflict, to dispose our adversaries to reconciliation on reasonable terms, and thereby to relieve the empire from the calamities of civil war.

By Order of CONGRESS,
JOHN HANCOCK, PRESIDENT.

Attested,

CHARLES THOMSON, Secretary.

Philadelphia, July 6th, 1775.

This declaration was issued as a broadside and circulated throughout the colonies and Great Britain. A copy, found among the papers of Deacon Daniel Hough, a well-known loyalist who lived and died near Bennington, Vermont, has the following endorsement in the handwriting, possibly, of the Deacon himself.

The bubbling pot of patriots
Has boil'd above the brim,
And down the sides
In glory glides
The sediment and skim.

The fiat's out, the froth it floats,
A Declaration's 'made.
To fight the King
Is just the thing,
The Congress runts have said.

And yet they say, 'tis fight or play,
 Into it we must pitch;
 The liberty
 We cannot see,
 Whether, which way or which.

Whether or which, or whether or how,
 'Tis not for us to call,
 Brave sons of George
 No "fetters forge,"
 But use black powder and ball.

Lawyers and louts, pug-noses and snouts,
 Congressmen all in a row,
 Mind how you act,
 You're plainly distract!
 Howe!—Clinton!—command here below.

Shades of our sires, our soul inspire
 Their threat'nings to despise;
 Let's do what God, what laws require,
 And laugh at Congress lies.

But, oh! God bless our honest King,
 The Lords and Commons true,
 And if a Congress is the thing,
 Oh, bless that Congress too.

The lines which follow were published in Philadelphia soon after the Declaration, as a supposed address by the Goddess of Liberty to the Congress. Later, in 1776, they were included in the introductory pages of a "tragi-comedy" under the title of "The Fall of British Tyranny, or American Liberty triumphant."

ADDRESS TO CONGRESS.

Hail! Patriots, hail! by me inspiréd be!
 Speak boldly, think and act for Liberty,
 United Sons, America's choice band,
 Ye patriots firm, ye saviours of the land.

Hail! Patriots, hail! rise with the rising sun
 Nor quit your labor till the work be done.
 Ye early risers in your country's cause,
 Shine forth at noon, for Liberty and Laws.
 Build a strong tower, whose fabric may endure,
 Firm as a rock, from tyranny secure.
 Yet would you build my fabric to endure,
 Be your hearts warm—but let your hands be pure.
 Never to shine, yourselves, your country sell;
 But think you nobly, while in place act well.
 Let no self-server general trust betray,
 No picque, no party, bar the public way.
 Front an armed world, with union on your side;
 No foe shall shake you, if no friends divide.
 At night repose and sweetly take your rest;
 None sleep so sound as those by conscience blest:
 May martyr'd patriots whisper in your ear,
 To tread the paths of virtue without fear;
 May pleasing visions charm your patriot eyes;
 While Freedom's sons shall hail you blest and wise.
 Hail! my last hope, she cries, inspired by me,
 Wish, write, talk, fight, and die—for LIBERTY.

 OH, WHAT A PITY!

UNDER this title these verses appeared in the April number of the Pennsylvania Magazine for 1775.

When Britain, teeming like an o'erstor'd hive,
 Bade her young swarms look about and live,
 The wise advice was relish'd by the brood
 And each, in distant lands, pursu'd the public good.
 Some to the rosy east convey'd their all
 And glean'd the pearly shores of rich Bengal;
 Others, the Indies of the West explor'd,
 And found a world with rare productions stor'd:
 While some, preferring scenes of peace and rest
 These milder regions of the north possess'd,

Like swains of rural cares, they liv'd by toil,
 And as they purchased, they improv'd the soil :
 Clear'd the rude wilds, releas'd the wood-bound clay,
 And shew'd the long hid earth the face of day ;
 Taught nature order, and the heedless flood,
 To stand embay'd, where grew perhaps a wood.

Look here or there, each alter'd spot declares
 It owes its change and fortune to their cares ;
 Where this fair city stands, the howling bear
 And savage panther shared their nightly fare,
 The hungry wolf, beset the trav'ler's way,
 And the sly fox purloined till break of day :
 While the pale moon, in midnight state beheld
 The circled Indians dancing round the field,
 Who nightly tun'd their rude unletter'd lays
 In many a barb'rous concert to her praise.

Look mildly down ye ministers of fate
 Who fix the seal to deeds of future date ;
 Or ye whose tender office 'tis to mourn
 With friendly sorrows o'er a nation's urn ;
 Or ye, whose kindness watching o'er mankind
 Prevent those mischiefs man for man design'd :
 Ye, one, or all, whatever be your name
 Look kindly down, and check the barb'rous flame.
 Teach British hearts the power of nature's law,
 And kings to know a murder from a war.

Shall these fair plains just rescu'd from woods
 And fertile meadows from the lawless floods,
 Become so soon abandon'd and accurs'd
 And change to scenes more wretched than at first.
 Shall these fair piles, the work and pride of those
 Whose painless heads are sunk in dark repose ;
 Who, when they laid the first foundation stone
 Cried, " Bless these labours when we're dead and gone."
 Shall these to ruin fall, consume and burn,
 And hide with ashes their erector's urn ?
 And Rachel's doleful voice add woe to woe ?
 Shall street with street unite in gory streams
 And house with house communicate in flames ?
 Shall genuine love in British hearts expire

And nature cease to act 'tween son and sire?
 While hell, exulting in the mischief, cries,
 There drops a Briton, there a Buckskin dies.

Forbid it heav'n, nor let the hasty hand
 Of barb'rous pow'r depopulate the land;
 Lest hoary swains in ages yet unborn
 Beneath some village shade, or lonely thorn,
 To list'ning sons the horrid tale proclaim,
 And brand a BRITON with a NERO'S name.

Yet if the parent with a brutal joy,
 Proceed in arms to murder and destroy,
 May all that's noble call our armies hence
 To stand like men, or fall in brave defence,
 Whilst I disown the place that gave me birth,
 And call my native home *A hell on earth.*

THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.

WHEN mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food,
 It ennobled our veins and enliven'd our blood;
 Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good.

When good Queen Elizabeth sate on the Throne,
 Ere coffee and tea and such slip-slops were known,
 The world was in terror if e'er she did frown.

Our Lawyers were virtuous, ne'er sought for applause,
 By confounding with purport and tenor the Laws,
 Nor framing of Bills against Liberty's cause.

Our Bishops were zealous,—Religion their care,
 And honestly spoke when in Senate they were,
 That no Traitor dar'd offer a Popish Bill there.

They boldly asserted—the Prince on the Throne
 If he broke thro' the Oath that he took with the crown
 'Twas no act of justice, but one of his own.

Our nobles had honor, in records of fame
 Their sons are but shadows, and know but the name,
 Their fathers eat beef, their sons drink and game.

With beef and their charters, how happy and free,
 Their sons, if they've charters, must live upon Tea,
 And cringe to a venal majority.

The Britons that once were inuréd to fight
 Now tamely sit down their Petitions to write,
 Which serve for a laugh, and the boys for a kite!

The return of the Seasons are settled by Fate,
 The Tories may tremble, tho' now so elate,
 And Freedom revive with the new coming State.

TO THE SONS OF LIBERTY—WATCH THE TORIES!

PLACARDS containing the following were posted at and in the vicinity of Watertown, Massachusetts, in August, 1775:

"'Tis said Ben. Faneuil and a number of other
 Tories, have purchased or chartered a
 large vessel, to transport their
 families and effects to

.

Look sharp! take care
 See how the prepare.

Bonum Securum. She is nearly ready to sail."

LORD EFFINGHAM.

THESE lines addressed "to the truly noble and virtuous Lord Effingham on his resignation of becoming a Ministerial butcher," were published in the Constitutional Gazette, at New York, in August, 1775. Effingham resigned his commission on the twelfth of

April, previous. In his letter on the occasion, addressed to Lord Barington, then Secretary of War, he wrote: "As I cannot, without reproach from my own conscience, consent to bear arms against my fellow subjects in America, in what, to my weak discernment, is not a clear cause; and as it seems now to be finally resolved, that the 22d Regiment is to go upon American service, I desire your Lordship to lay me, in the most dutiful manner, at his Majesty's feet, and humbly beg that I may be permitted to retire."

Effingham, thy name shall be remembered in America:
 Thou shalt be remembered in the fervent prayers of every
 Honest and good man.
 The social glass shall not go round but for thy prosperity,
 And the festive board shall bear testimony to thy merits.

THE SENSE OF MILLIONS.

BY particular desire these lines were published in the Poet's Corner of Holt's New York Journal, No. 1639. They were, in 1775, several times copied into the newspapers of the class friendly to the cause of the colonists.

Kings should be guardians of the State
 In spite of all their flatterers' prate.
 No creature boundless power may hold,
 God only reigns all uncontrolled.

Grant us redress, denied too long;
 Ease us of aggravated wrong.
 Oh! force us not to break communion;
 Recoil each heart, at dire disunion!
 Give honest TRUTH, not BUTE your ear;
 England and us, not MANSFIELD, hear.

To all, like Heaven, impartial be;
 Heaven, without difference, made us free:
 Encroach not on its great decree.

The mighty ruler of the skies,
 How backward ever to chastise!
 Insects that crawl upon the clod,
 Reluctant visits with the rod:
 Disdain not then to be like God.

GENIUS OF AMERICA TO HER SONS.

THESE lines must have been popular with the Americans, for they are found in many of the colonial journals published in the summer of 1775.

Who'd know the sweets of Liberty?
 'Tis to climb the mountain's brow,
 Thence to discern rough industry,
 At the harrow or the plough;
 'Tis where my sons their crops have sown,
 Calling the harvest all their own;
 'Tis where the heart to truth allied,
 Never felt unmanly fear;
 'Tis where the eye with milder pride,
 Nobly sheds sweet pity's tear;
 Such as AMERICA yet shall see,
 These are the sweets of Liberty.

THE PATRIOT'S HYMN.

When the wicked beareth rule, the People mourn.

LORD save us from our cruel foes,
 And in thy strength appear
 To judge our cause, relieve our woes,
 And our petitions hear.

A people lov'd and deem'd our friends,
 To ruin us design;
 And cruelly, for selfish ends,
 Against our rights combine.

But God who our oppression knows,
 Will be our surest guard ;
 The God of Truth shall give our foes
 Their falsehood's just reward.

While we our grateful tribute bring,
 A sacrifice of joy ;
 And in his praise triumphant sing,
 Who will our foes destroy.

When he his saving power displays
 To break our servile band
 Loud shouts of universal praise
 Shall echo through the land.

 A PARODY.

THIS parody on the celebrated ballad of Chevy Chase was written and first published in England. It appeared in the London Evening Post in the fall of 1774, and very soon after was copied into the American newspapers. Its author is unknown.

God prosper long our liberty,
 Our lives and safeties all ;
 A woeful statute once there did
 In Parliament befall.

To drive true faith out of the land,
 Lord Mansfield plann'd the way ;
 The child may rue that is unborn,
 The voting of that day.

Also the Thane or Earl of Bute,
 A vow to God did make ;
 His pleasure in tyrannic deeds
 Three summer's days to take :

The dearest rights of Englishmen
 To seize and take away,
 The tidings to Earl Chatham came
 In th' country where he lay ;

Who sent his Lordship present word,
He would prevent his sport ;
The Scottish Thane, not fearing this,
Did to the House resort,

With fifteen score of placemen paid,
All chosen rogues of power,
Who knew full well by ways and means,
Their country to devour.

They swiftly ran unto the House,
Our liberties to take,
And with their noise and babbling there,
An echo shrill did make.

Earl Chatham enter'd then the doors,
Much like a Baron bold,
Came foremost of his company,
With conscience pure as gold.

Shew me, said he, the reason why
You vote so boldly here
Away the rights of Englishmen,
Their liberties so dear :

Before you shall enthrall us all ,
With arbitrary power,
And Popish acts of Parliament
In an ill-fated hour,

We'll surely spend our dearest blood
Your party chiefs to slay ;
And on the block their destin'd heads
Most certainly will lay.

He ceas'd—they put it to the vote
If popery should be
Th' establishment, and carried it ;
So did the fates decree.

O Christ! it was a grief to see,
 And likewise for to hear
 The groans of men when this was pass'd
 By George our King so dear.

A future Parliament we hope,
 On them will vengeance take,
 And be revengéd on them all,
 For true religion's sake.

God save the King and bless the land,
 In plenty, joy and peace ;
 And grant henceforth that popery
 And slavery may cease.

EPIGRAM ON THE QUEBEC BILL.

COULD James the Second leave his grave,
 Or Charles peep up without his head,
 How the two royal knaves would rave
 To find a Parliament so bred!
 To join the King, and the Religion own,
 For which one lost his head and one his crown.

SONG OF THE MINUTE MEN.

THESE verses were obtained by the editor from Mr. Richard Wheeler, a kindly and venerable gentleman who lived and recently died at an advanced age in the pleasant town of Sudbury, Vermont. Some of the lines have been published in an interesting and valuable volume of Revolutionary Incidents of Queen's County, Long Island, by Henry Onderdonk, Jr., under the title of the "Song of the Jamaica Minute Men."

Arouse, my gallant Minute Men,
 And let us bear our chorus,
 The braver and the bolder
 The more they will adore us.

SONG OF THE MINUTE MEN.

King George the Third, a silly dunce,
Has sent his squadrons over,
To make us do, what we've done once—
"We'll drive 'em down to Dover."

Our country calls for swords and balls,
Our drums aloud do rattle,
Our fifer's charms arouse to arms,
And Freedom calls to battle.

Unto our station let us march
And rendezvous with pleasure,
Behaving like brave Minute Men,
To save so great a treasure.

We'll let 'em see, immediately,
That we are men of mettle:
American boys who fear no noise
And ne'er will flinch from battle.

We have some noble Congress Men,
Selected for our nurses,
And ev'ry honest farmer will
Assist 'em with their purses.

And they may stay at home we say,
Enjoy their state of pleasure,
While we do go and fight the foe,
And save their lives and treasure.

Why should we dismayéd be,
If Tories they do thunder,
They only want to ruin us
And live upon the plunder.

Such heavy chains we do disdain
And Popish flat tyranny;
Such hellish frays we do dispraise
And will not yield to any.

Why should we dismayéd be
 If Tories they defy us?
 There are the trusty riflemen,
 Who say they will stand by us.

That Tory brood that has withstood
 This great and happy jovial,
 If they advance we'll make 'em dance
 To the tune of Yankee Dodial.

Then up my jolly Minute Men,
 And let us bear our chorus,
 The braver and the bolder
 The more they will adore us.

 THE SONG OF ST. TAMMANY.

PUBLISHED in a ballad sheet in May, 1775, and during the same year in several of the newspapers issued in New York and Philadelphia.

TUNE:—"The hounds are all out."

Of St. George or St. Bute, let the laureate sing,
 Of Pharaoh or of Pluto of old,
 While he rhymes forth their praise, in false, flattering lays,
 I'll sing of St. Tamm'ny the bold, my brave boys.

Let Hibernia's sons boast, make Patrick their toast,
 And Scots, Andrew's fame spread abroad.
 Potatoes and oats, and Welsh leeks for Welsh goats,
 Was never St. Tammany's food, my brave boys.

In Freedom's bright cause, Tamm'ny plead with applause,
 And reason'd most justly from nature;
 For this, this was his song, all, all the day long;
 Liberty's the right of each creature, brave boys.

Whilst under an oak his great parliament sat,
 His throne was the crotch of a tree;
 With Solomon's look, without statutes or book,
 He wisely sent forth his decree, my brave boys.

His subjects stood round, not the least noise or sound,
Whilst freedom blaz'd full in each face:
So plain were the laws, and each pleaded his cause;
That might BUTE, NORTH and Mansfield disgrace, my brave boys.

No duties nor stamps, their blest liberty cramps,
A king, though no tyrant, was he;
He did oft'times declare, nay sometimes would swear,
The least of his subjects were free, my brave boys.

He, as king of the woods, of the rivers and floods,
Had a right all beasts to control;
Yet content with a few, to give nature her due:
So generous was Tammany's soul, my brave boys.

In the morn he arose, and a-hunting he goes,
Bold Nimrod, his second was he,
For his breakfast he'd take a large venison steak,
And despise all your slip-slops and tea, my brave boys.

While all in a row, with squaw, dog and bow,
Vermilion adorning his face;
With feathery head he rang'd the woods wide:
St. George sure had never such grace, my brave boys.

His jetty black hair, such as Buckskin saints wear,
Perfumed with bear's grease well smear'd,
Which illum'd the saint's face, and ran down apace,
Like the oil from Aaron's old beard, my brave boys.

The strong nervous deer, with amazing career,
In swiftmess he'd fairly run down;
And like Samson, would tear, wolf, lion or bear.
Ne'er was such a saint as our own, my brave boys.

When he'd run down a stag, he behind him would lag;
For so noble a soul had he,
He'd stop, tho' he lost it, tradition reports it,
To give him fresh chance to get free, my brave boys.

With a mighty strong arm, and a masculine bow,
His arrow he drew to the head,
And as sure as he shot, it was ever his lot,
His prey it fell instantly dead, my brave boys.

His table he spread, where the venison bled,
Be thankful, he used to say;
He'd laugh and he'd sing, tho' a saint and a king,
And sumptuously dine on his prey, my brave boys.

Then over the hills, o'er the mountains and rills
He'd caper, such was his delight;
And ne'er in his days, Indian history says,
Did lack a good supper at night, my brave boys.

On an old stump he sat, without cap or hat,
When supper was ready to eat,
SNAP, his dog, he stood by, and cast a sheep's eye
For ven'son, the king of all meat, my brave boys.

Like Isaac of old, and both cast in one mould,
Tho' a wigwam was Tamm'ny's cottage,
He lov'd sav'ry meat; such that patriarch eat,
Of ven'son and squirrel made pottage, my brave boys.

When fourscore years old, as I've oft times been told,
To doubt it, sure would not be right,
With a pipe in his jaw, he'd buss his old squaw,
And get * * * * * my brave boys.

As old age came on, he grew blind, deaf and dumb,
Tho' his sport, 'twere hard to keep from it,
Quite tired of life, bid adieu to his wife,
And blaz'd like the tail of a comet, brave boys.

What country on earth, then, did ever give birth
To such a magnanimous saint,
His acts far excel all that histories tell,
And language too feeble to paint, my brave boys.

Now, to finish my song, a full flowing bowl
 I'll quaff, and sing all the long day,
 And with punch and with wine paint my cheeks for my saint,
 And hail ev'ry First of sweet May, my brave boys.

A correspondent writing from Norfolk, Virginia, under date of May 2, 1774, says:—"Yesterday was celebrated in this place the anniversary of ST. TAMMANY, the tutelar saint of the *American* Colonies. At one o'clock a royal salute of twenty-one guns, from the battery erected for the purpose, ushered in the rejoicings of the day; and in the evening a grand entertainment was given at the Mason's Hall, by the Sons of the Saint, to which there was a general invitation, and the company exceedingly numerous and brilliant, consisting of near four hundred persons. At six the ball was opened by one of our worthy Burgesses, in the character of King Tammany, properly accoutred in the ancient habit of this country, at which time another royal salute was given. The ladies, whose fair bosoms on this occasion seemed more particularly animated with a generous love of their country, indulged the company with their presence till four in the morning; and after their retirement, the Sons of St. Tammany, according to the immemorial custom of these countries, encircled their *King* and practised the ancient mysterious *War-Dance*, so highly descriptive of the warmest attachment and freedom of spirit. The whole was conducted with the strictest decorum and to the universal satisfaction of the assembly; while the cordiality with which the Sons of the brother Saints, *St. George*, *St. Andrew*, *St. Patrick* and *St. David*, entered into the general mirth of the evening, gave particular pleasure; and was truly emblematical of that happy union which had long subsisted between the parent State and her colonies, while *Britain* was *just* and *America* was *free*, and which every lover of his country would wish should still subsist, for ages yet to come.

But should corruption, with despotic rage,
 Seize the strong pillars that support the State,
 Strain every nerve to pull destruction down,
 To blend in ruins freedom and her sons,
 And crush our growing empire in its youth!
 Then let us rouse Submission from her knees,
 And stand like heroes firm in its defence;
 Then let one spirit of a BRUTUS reign,
 And martial sounds be music to each ear;

While *some* great Prince of BRUNSWICK'S glorious line,
 Ranks our wide armies, and inspires to war.
 Thus shall we see, and triumph in the sight,
 While malice frets and fumes and knaws her chains;
 AMERICA shall blast her fiercest foes,
 Shall brave the dismal shocks of bloody war,
 And in unrivall'd pomp resplendent rise,
 And shine *sole* Empress of the WESTERN WORLD.

The first day of May was not wholly devoted to the celebration of St. Tammany. "The English adventurers and merchants who came to America to better their fortunes brought with them no feast day of love and frolic more agreeable than that which ushers in the beautiful and freshening month of May. In all the colonies, even after the commencement of the Revolution, the day was celebrated by the old as well as young of every class. Colonel Bayard told me of a May-pole erected in the Fields in 1775, after the battle of Lexington and when the country was afire with vengeance for the ministerial party, and he gave me the accompanying verses, which he said were recited at the time. They breathe anything but war or vengeance."¹

MAY DAY MORN.

The gray-ey'd morn peeps o'er the hill,
 The drunkard reels to rest;
 The fount supplies the rippling rill,
 The skylark leaves her nest:

Aloft she soars and greets the Heaven,
 And hails the rising day;
 Grateful for all the blessings given,
 She pays them with her lay.

The Sun majestic lifts his head,
 In lustre all his own,
 While beams of new-born radiance spread
 Their splendor round his throne.

¹ The Fields were in the suburbs of the city of New York. Dunlap's Note Book:—The verses were published in the Middlesex Journal, England, in May, 1776.

The hawthorne bush, its annual flower
 In gay luxuriance blows,
 Prophetic of the genial power
 That shall produce the rose.

The maid, the boy, in trim array,
 Explore the fragrant grove,
 And celebrate the new-born May
 In vows of lasting love.

Nature inspires the tale they tell;
 (Was Nature ever wrong?)
 She fills the hermit's lonely cell
 And swells the poet's song.

She bids the verse spontaneous flow
 That celebrates the day,
 And bids our wishes warmly glow
 To hail the first of May.

GENERAL GAGE'S RETURN TO ENGLAND.

THE following lines were recited extempore by an American lady in this city, on hearing that the conquering hero, Gage, was on his passage home to England.—*London Public Advertiser, Oct. 5, 1775.*

From Boston comes the frightened Cow,¹
 The ruins left to hapless Howe!
 Clinton, a Russ in mind and body,
 Is almost drown'd in Boston toddy:
 Burgoyne, like Wedderburne or Merédith,
 Is seeking pelf through Britain's very death.
 Earl Percy there, as well as here,
 The ladies think, is very queer;
 They give him tea and keep him warm,
 For surely he can do no harm.

¹ It is observable that she has never got over the panic with which she was struck at Braddock's defeat on the Monongahela, but at all appearance of danger her hair is observed to rise and stand on end. This is not a fault, but a very great misfortune.—*Author of the Lines.*



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