

Part 3.

Price 50c.

# BALLAD HISTORY of the

# American Revolution.



BY CONTEMPORARY POETS  
AND  
PROSE WRITERS.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED  
By

FRANK MOORE.

1765 — 1783

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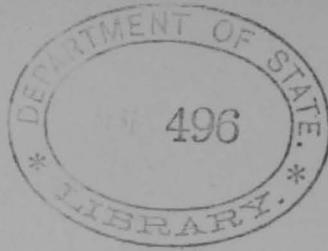
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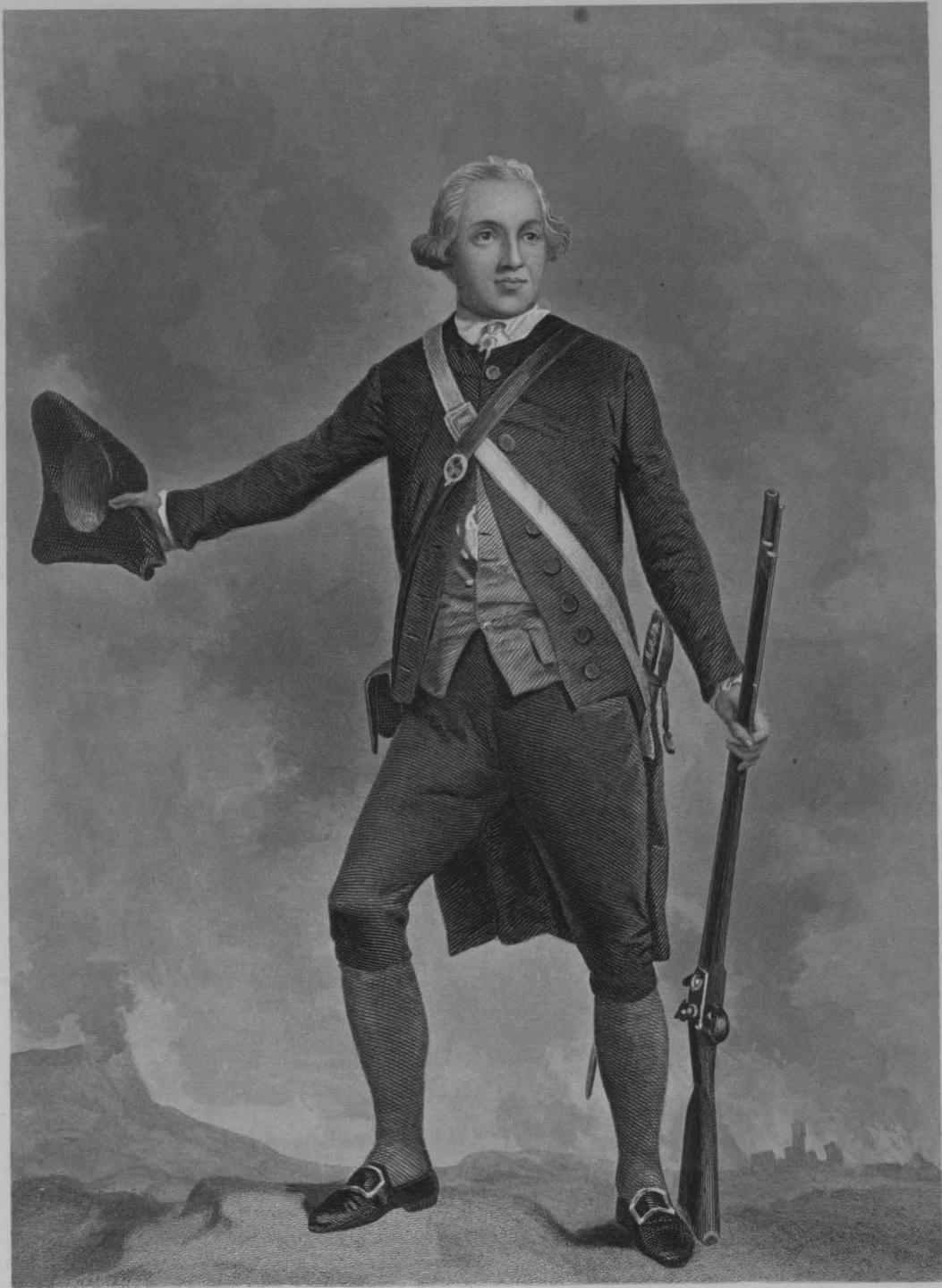
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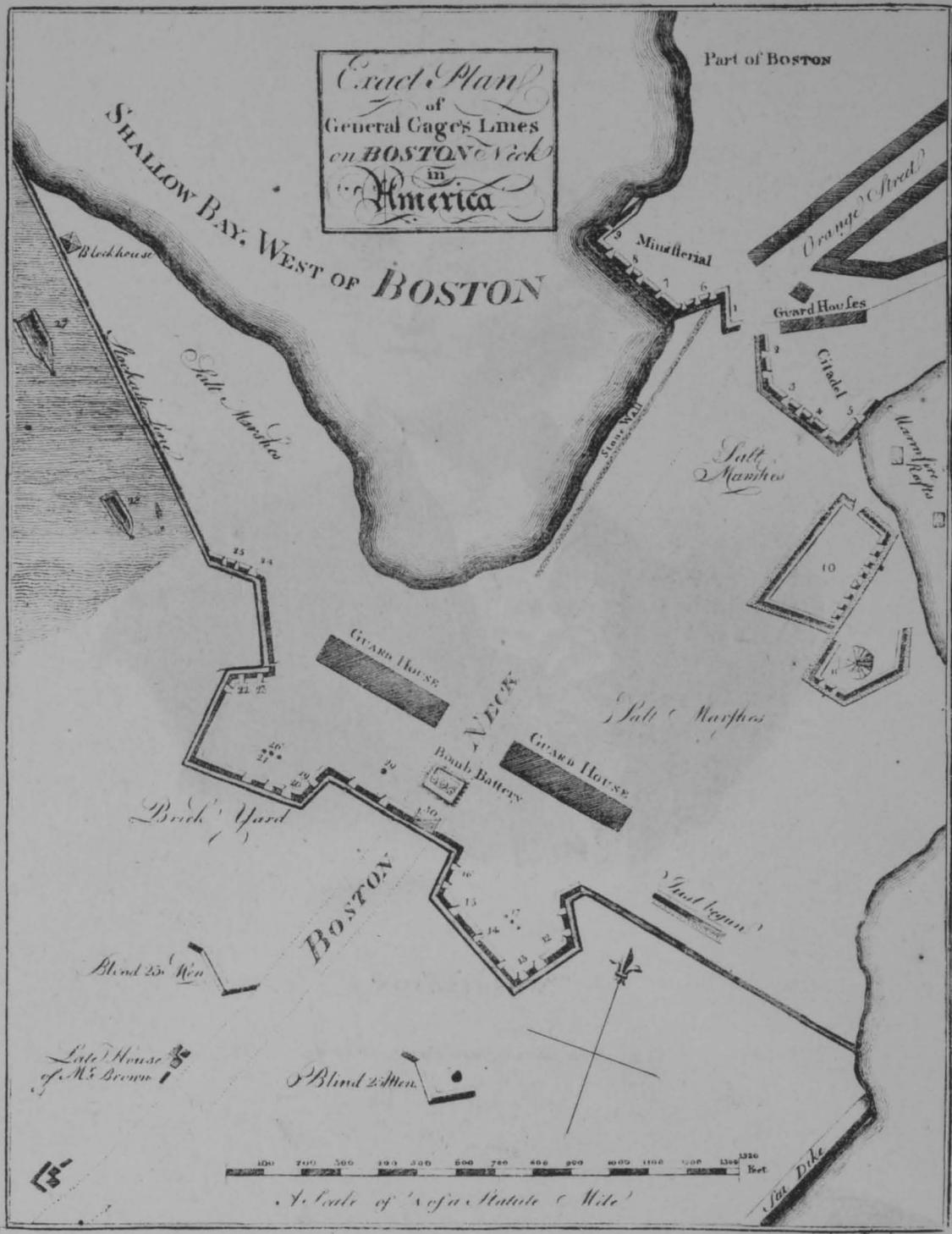
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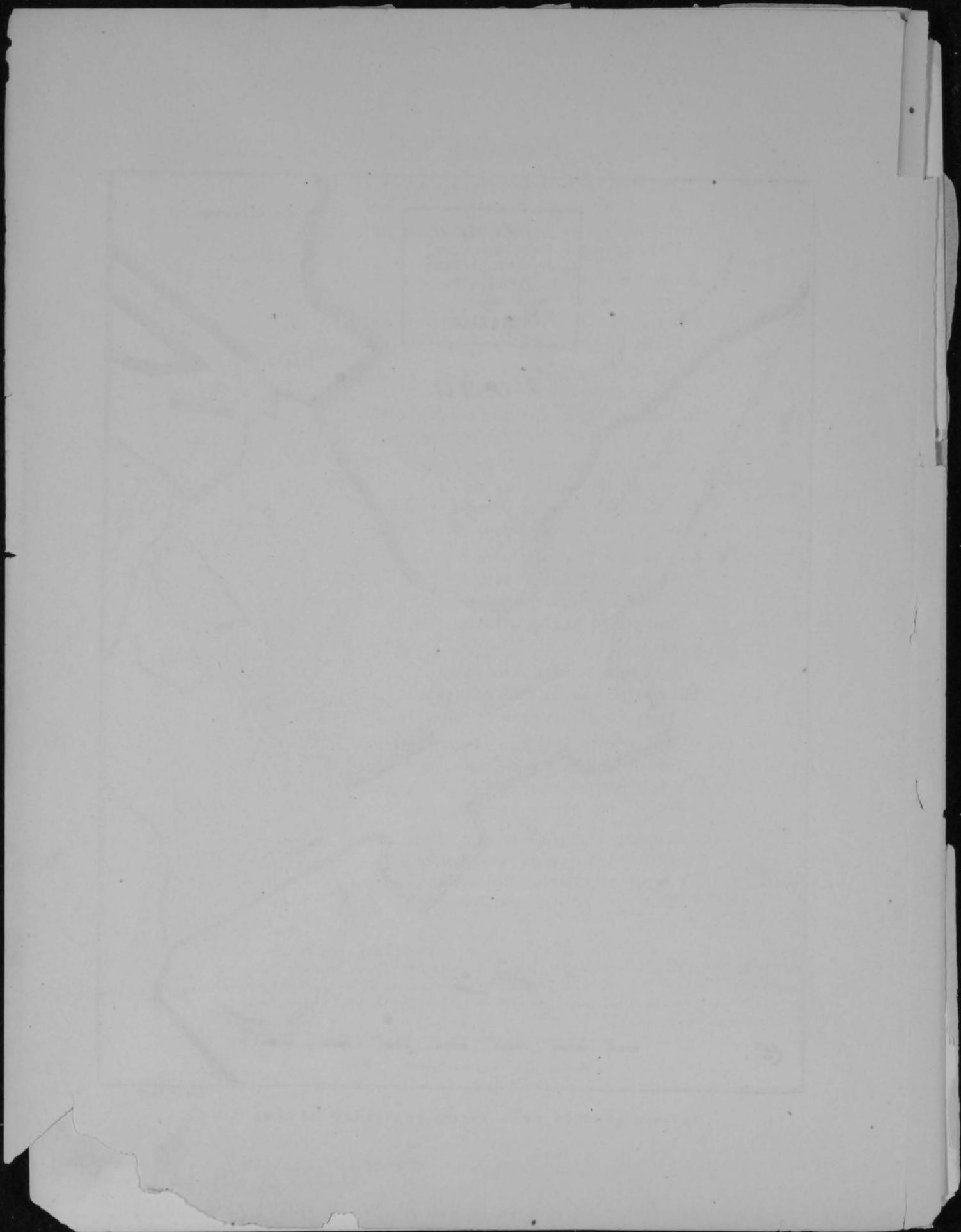




Jos. Warren



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WASHINGTON.

*From an Original French Drawing.*

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'Twas then he took his gloomy way  
 Astride his dapple donkeys,  
 And travelled well, both night and day,  
 Until he reach'd the Yankees.

Away from camp, 'bout three miles off,  
 From Lily he dismounted,<sup>1</sup>  
 His sergeant brush'd his sun-burnt wig,  
 While he the specie counted.

All prinked up in *full* bag-wig;  
 The shaking notwithstanding,  
 In leathers tight, oh! glorious sight!  
 He reach'd the Yankee landing.

The women ran, the darkeys too;  
 And all the bells, they tolléd;  
 For Britain's sons, by Doodle doo,  
 We're sure to be—consoléd.

Old mother Hancock with a pan  
 All crowded full of butter,  
 Unto the lovely Georgius ran,  
 And added to the splutter.

Says she, "Our brindle has just calved,  
 And John is wondrous happy.  
 He sent this present to you, dear,  
 As you're the 'country's papa.'"—

"You'll butter bread and bread butter,  
 But do not butt your speeches.

"You'll butter bread and bread butter,  
 But do not grease your breeches."

Full many a child went into camp,  
 All dressed in homespun kersey,  
 To see the greatest rebel scamp  
 That ever cross'd o'er Jersey.

<sup>1</sup> *From Lily he dismounted.* "The delicate name of this donkey was probably suggested to Washington by the whiteness of its hide, which was pretty well exposed to the weather, from the constant chafing of the articles with which it was laden, and by mange, which, through the mysterious operations of nature and bad care, will appear on the outer wall of the animal kingdom."—*Author of the Song.*

The rebel clowns, oh! what a sight!  
 Too awkward was their figure.  
 'Twas yonder stood a pious wight,  
 And here and there a nigger.

Upon a stump, he placed (himself),  
 Great Washington did he,  
 And through the nose of Lawyer Close,<sup>1</sup>  
 Proclaimed 'great Liberty.'<sup>2</sup>

The patriot brave, the patriot fair,  
 From fervor had grown thinner,  
 So off they march'd, with patriot zeal,  
 And took a patriot dinner.<sup>3</sup>

The following extract from Leland's History of Ireland was communicated to and published in the journals of the day, which contained the brief notices of Washington's journey to Cambridge:

"Your readers will probably be entertained with the following laconic answer from Jones, the parliamentary governor of Dublin, to a letter of the Marquis of Ormond, who, after having received a defeat, had written to Jones, to desire that he would send a list of the prisoners he had taken:

"My Lord, since I routed your army, I cannot have the happiness to know where you are, that I may wait upon you.

"MICHAEL JONES."

"N.B. I hope to see the day when our brave Washington may send such another."—*Pennsylvania Packet*.

<sup>1</sup> *Lawyer Close*. This must refer to the general's aid, Major Lee.

<sup>2</sup> *Proclaimed great Liberty*. At the head of his army he issued a proclamation, of which the following is part: "In our own native land, in defence of the freedom which is our birthright, and which we ever enjoyed till the late violation of it, 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."

<sup>3</sup> *A patriot dinner*. "Corn pudding and Yankee rum, a great promoter of rebellion and riot."—*Author of the Song*.

Three days before Washington set out from Philadelphia to take command of the Continental army, he wrote the following to the independent companies of Fairfax, Prince William, Fauquier, Spotsylvania and Richmond, Virginia.

"Gentlemen:—I am now about to bid adieu to the companies under your respective commands, at least for a while. I have launched into a wide and extensive field, too boundless for my abilities, and far, very far, beyond my experience. I am called, by the unanimous voice of the colonies, to the command of the Continental army, an honor I did not aspire to, an honor I was solicitous to avoid, upon a full conviction of my inadequacy to the importance of the service. The partiality of the congress, however, assisted by a political motive, rendered my reasons unavailing, and I shall to-morrow set out for the camp near Boston. I have only to beg of you, therefore, before I go (especially as you did me the honor to put your companies under my direction, and know not how soon you may be called upon in Virginia for an exertion of your military skill), by no means to relax in the discipline of your respective companies."—*Upcott Collection.*

## THE MASSACHUSETTS ADDRESSES.

Soon after the arrival of Washington and his generals at Cambridge, the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts presented the following addresses to Washington and Major-General Charles Lee:

To his Excellency George Washington, Esq., General and Commander-in-Chief of the Continental army.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY—The Congress of the Massachusetts Colony, impressed with every sentiment of gratitude and respect, beg leave to congratulate you on your safe arrival, and to wish you all imaginable happiness and success in the execution of the important duties of your elevated station. While we applaud that attention to the public good, manifested in your appointment, we equally admire that disinterested virtue and distinguished patriotism, which alone could call you from those enjoyments of domestic life, which a sublime and manly taste, joined with a most affluent fortune, can afford, to hazard your life and to endure the fatigues of war, in the defence of the rights of mankind, and the good of your country.

The laudable zeal for the common cause of America, and compassion for the distresses of this colony, exhibited by the great dispatch made in your journey hither, fully justify the universal satisfaction we have, with pleasure, observed on this occasion, and are promising presages, that the

great expectations formed from your personal character, and military abilities, are well founded.

We wish you may have found such regularity and discipline already established in the army as may be agreeable to your expectations. The hurry with which it was necessarily collected, and the many disadvantages arising from a suspension of government, under which we have raised and endeavoured to regulate the forces of this colony, have rendered it a work of time, and though in a great measure effected, the completion of so difficult and at the same time so necessary a task, is reserved to your Excellency, and we doubt not will be properly considered and attended to.

We would not presume to prescribe to your Excellency, but supposing you would choose to be informed of the general character of the soldiers who compose this army, beg leave to represent, that the greatest part of them have not before seen service, and although naturally brave and of good understanding, yet, for want of experience in military life, have but little knowledge of divers things most essential to the preservation of health and even of life. The youth in the army are not possessed of absolute necessity of cleanliness in their dress, lodging, and continual exercise, and strict temperance, to preserve them from diseases frequently prevailing in camps, especially among those, who from their childhood have been used to a laborious life.

We beg leave to assure you, that this Congress will, at all times, be ready to attend to such requisitions as you may have occasion to make to us, and to contribute all the aid in our power to the cause of America, and your happiness and ease, in the discharge of the duties of your exalted office.

We most fervently implore Almighty God, that the blessings of divine providence may rest on you, that your head may be covered in the day of battle, that every necessary assistance may be afforded, and that you may be long continued in life and health, a blessing to mankind."

HIS EXCELLENCY'S ANSWER.

"Gentlemen, your kind congratulations on my appointment and arrival demand my warmest acknowledgments, and will ever be retained in grateful remembrance.

In exchanging the enjoyments of domestic life for the duties of my present honorable but arduous station, I only emulate the virtue and public spirit of the whole province of Massachusetts Bay, which with a firmness and patriotism, without example in modern history, have sacri-

ficed all the comforts of social and political life, in support of the rights of mankind, and the welfare of our common country. My highest ambition is, to be the happy instrument of vindicating those rights, and to see this devoted province again restored to peace, liberty, and safety.

The short space of time which has elapsed since my arrival does not permit me to decide upon the state of the army. The course of human affairs forbids an expectation, that troops formed under such circumstances, should at once possess the order, regularity, and discipline, of veterans. Whatever deficiencies there may be, will, I doubt not, soon be made up by the activity and zeal of the officers, and the docility and obedience of the men. These qualities, united with their native bravery and spirit, will afford a happy presage of success, and put a final period to those distresses which now overwhelm this once happy country.

I most sincerely thank you, Gentlemen, for your declarations of readiness at all times to assist me in the discharge of the duties of my station; they are so complicated and extended, that I shall need the assistance of every good man, and lover of his country. I therefore repose the utmost confidence in your aids. In return to your affectionate wishes for myself, permit me to say, that I earnestly implore that Divine Being in whose hands are all human events, to make you and your constituents as distinguished in private and public happiness, as you have been by ministerial oppression, by private and public distress.

GEORGE WASHINGTON."

To the Honorable Charles Lee, Esq., Major-General of the Continental Army.

"SIR: The Congress of the Massachusetts Colony, possessed of the fullest evidence of your attachment to the rights of mankind, and regard to the distresses which America in general, and this colony in particular are involved in, by the impolitic, wicked, and tyrannic system adopted by administration, and pursued with relentless and savage fury, do, with pleasure, embrace this opportunity to express the great satisfaction and gratitude they feel on your appointment as Major-General in the American army.

We sincerely congratulate you on your safe arrival here, and wish you all possible happiness, and success in the execution of so important a trust. We admire and respect the character of a man who, disregarding the allurements of profit and distinction his merits might procure, engages in the cause of mankind, in defence of the injured, and relief of the oppressed. From your character, from your great abilities and

military experience, united with those of the Commander-in-Chief, under the smiles of Providence, we flatter ourselves with the prospect of discipline and order, success and victory.

Be assured, sir, that it will give us great pleasure to be able to contribute to your happiness. May the favors and blessings of heaven attend you. May Divine Providence guard and protect you, conduct you in the paths of honor and virtue, grant you the rewards of the brave and virtuous, the applauses of mankind, and the approbation of your own conscience, and eternal happiness hereafter."

## HIS HONOR'S ANSWER.

To the gentlemen of the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts.  
 "Gentlemen—Nothing can be so flattering to me as the good opinion and approbation of the Delegates of a free and uncorrupt people. I was educated in the highest reverence for the rights of mankind, and have acquired by a long acquaintance a most particular regard for the people of America. You may depend, therefore, gentlemen, on my zeal and integrity. I can promise you nothing from my abilities. God Almighty grant us success equal to the righteousness of the cause. I thank you, gentlemen, for an address which does me so much honor, and shall labor to deserve it."

As an indication of the position which General Lee held in the estimation of the general public in the early days of the Revolution, the following is valuable. Later poets sung in a different metre and with a different feeling.

## TO GENERAL LEE.

*Quisnam igitur liber,*

*Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent.—HOR.*

Let others strive by servile arts to gain,  
 The meed of fame to merit only due;  
 Forget their names 'midst flatt'ry's reptile train,  
 Far other praise be coveted by *you*,  
*You*, to whom Europe and its kings are known,  
 In various fortunes, various perils tried;  
 Of each discerning nation, save thy own,  
 At once the ornament, delight and pride,  
 Yet flying all that these would wish to give,  
 Since their's it was not, freedom to bestow:

Here, where your favorite lives, you choose to live,  
 The only seat of LIBERTY below.  
 Now from these happy seats, despotic pow'r  
 Would tear each priv'lege of the free-born mind ;  
 Yet ere arrives the soul-debasing hour,  
 BRUTUS in THEE reviv'd, I trust to find.  
 E'en now I bid *thee*, steadfast in my cause,  
 The daring tools of tyrant power appal ;  
 Who hope in forcing Britain's cruel laws  
 To bring my children to her Senate's thrall.  
 At my behest, even now the tuneful nine  
 Prepare a song for many a future age,  
 That high enthrones THEE in fame's lucid shrine,  
 And give to infamy the name of Gage.

AMERICA.

In addition to such poetical tributes to General Lee, characteristic anecdotes were scattered broadcast throughout England and the colonies. The following was published in London, after he had sailed for America :

"A field officer, General L—, who distinguished himself very much in the late war as a man who possessed a consummate knowledge of military affairs with the quickest sense of honor, and who, during the late war with the Porte and Russia, signalized himself so much there as to be recommended to a great Person under the Empress' own hand, lately obtained in consequence of those powerful recommendations, a positive promise from a great person to have the first vacant regiment. Some days ago the regiment fell—the officer applied—but the — at W—, in great confusion, told him a mistake had been committed, for it was given that morning to another. The officer claimed his promise; the other evaded it by assuring him his master forgot it, but said he had positive directions to give him the next that fell. The officer by this time, seeing his situation, stopped him short by the following reply: 'No, my Lord, I have too great a regard for his — to lay him under the temptation of breaking his promise a second time; so far from that, I shall immediately put it in his power to oblige another of his friends.' So saying, he took his commission out of his pocket and resigned it. This gallant officer has since set sail for America." A later publication at London says, "We learn that General Lee, who had been disgusted with the treatment he had met with at the Court of London has joined the people at Boston. He had set out for the Congress at Philadelphia, it was

thought with an intention to put himself at the head of the Bostonians. From his abilities and skill as an officer, he may create some trouble to government. It is generally thought, that if the Congress proceeded to any extraordinary step, General Gage would send part of the troops to Philadelphia, and take the deputies prisoners."

## AMERICAN "HEARTS OF OAK."

J. W. Hewlings, the author of this ballad "on the present critical times," was a native of Nansemond, Virginia, where he died, in the early part of the year 1793.

Come rouse up my lads, and join this great cause,  
 In defence of your liberty, your property, and laws!  
 'Tis to honor we call you, stand up for your right,  
 And ne'er let our foes say, we are put to the flight.  
     For so just is our cause, and so valiant our men,  
     We always are ready, steady boys, steady;  
     We'll fight for our freedom again and again.

The Scotch politicians have laid a deep scheme,  
 By invading America to bring Charlie in;  
 And if the Scotch mist's not removed from the throne,  
 The crown's not worth wearing, the kingdom's undone.

The placemen, and commoners, have taken a bribe,  
 To betray their own country, and the empire beside;  
 And though the colonies stand condemn'd by some,  
 There are no rebels here, but are traitors at home.

The arbitrary minister, he acts as he please,  
 He wounds our constitution, and breaks through our laws;  
 His troops they are landed, his ships they are moor'd,  
 But boys all stand together, they will fall by the sword.

The great Magna Charta is wounded severe;  
 By accounts from the doctors, 'tis almost past cure.  
 Let's defend it with the sword, or die with the braves,  
 For we had better die in freedom, than live and be slaves.

They tax us contrary to reason and right,  
 Expecting that we are not able to fight;

But to draw their troop home, I do think would be best,  
For Providence always defends the oppress'd.

The valiant Bostonians have enter'd the field,  
And declare they will fall there before they will yield;  
A noble example! In them we'll confide,  
We'll march to their town, stand or fall by their side.

An union through the colonies will ever remain,  
And ministerial taxation will be but in vain,  
For we are all resolv'd to die or be free;  
So they may repeal the acts, for repeal'd they must be.

Major Return Jonathan Meigs, who immediately after the battle of Lexington marched a company of Connecticut light infantry to the camp at Cambridge, in a letter to his wife, dated July 12th, 1775, says "Recruiting prospers wonderfully. Last evening I went over to Pulsifer's, where we had a lively time. Everybody, women as well as my gender, want to fight. The new recruiting orders issued by General Washington, were read and Corporal Clark sung Hewling's American Hearts of Oak to the sound of the drum and fife. The boys finished up with a minuet."

The instructions given to the officers of the several regiments of the Massachusetts Bay forces, alluded to by Major Meigs, were as follows: "You are immediately to go on the recruiting service. You are not to enlist any deserters from the ministerial army, nor any stroller, negro, or vagabond, or person suspected of being an enemy to the liberty of America, nor under eighteen years of age.

As the cause is the best which can engage men of courage and principle to take up arms, so it is expected that none but such will be accepted by the recruiting officer; the pay, provision, etc., being so ample, it is not doubted but the officers sent upon the service will, without delay, complete their respective corps, and march the men forthwith to the camp.

You are not to enlist any person who is not an American born, unless such person has a wife and family, and is a settled resident in this country.

The person you enlist must be provided with good and complete arms. Given at the head-quarters, at Cambridge, this 10th day of July, 1775."

HARK! 'TIS FREEDOM THAT CALLS.

This song, with the above title, and another, "A Recruiting Song to the tune of 'The Echoing Horn,'" was published in a ballad sheet by Daniel Fowle at Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

Hark! 'tis Freedom that calls, come Patriots, awake!  
 To arms my brave boys, and away!  
 'Tis Honor, 'tis virtue, 'tis liberty calls  
 And upbraids the too tedious delay!  
 What pleasure we find in pursuing our foes!  
 Thro' blood and thro' carnage we'll fly,—  
 Then follow! we'll soon overtake them, huzza!  
 The tyrants are seized on!—They die!

Triumphant returning with Freedom secur'd,  
 Like men we'll be joyful and gay.  
 With our wives and our friends, we will sport, love, and drink,  
 And lose the fatigues of the day!  
 'Tis Freedom alone gives a relish to mirth,  
 But oppression all happiness sours;  
 It will smooth Life's dull passage—'twill slope the descent,  
 And strew the way over with flowers!

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 ALPHABET FOR LITTLE MASTERS AND MISSES.

**T**HIS production appeared in a ballad sheet in the early part of 1775, and was afterwards reprinted in the Constitutional Gazette, with an unimportant abridgment in the text.

## ALPHABET.

A, stands for Americans, who scorn to be slaves;  
 B, for Boston, where fortitude their freedom saves;  
 C, stands for Congress, which, though loyal, will be free;  
 D, stands for defence, 'gainst force and tyranny.  
 Stand firmly, A and Z,  
 We swear for ever to be free!

E, stands for evils, which a civil war must bring;  
 F, stands for fate, dreadful to both people and king;  
 G, stands for George, may God give him wisdom and grace;  
 H, stands for hypocrite, who wears a double face.

J, stands for justice, which traitors in power defy,  
 K, stands for king, who should to such the axe apply;

L, stands for London, to its country ever true,  
M, stands for Mansfield, who hath another view.

N, stands for North, who to the House the mandate brings,  
O, stands for oaths, binding on subjects not on kings:  
P, stands for people, who their freedom should defend,  
Q, stands for *quere*, when will England's troubles end?

R, stands for rebels, not at Boston but at home,  
S, stands for Stuart, sent by Whigs abroad to roam,  
T, stands for Tories, who may try to bring them back,  
V, stands for villains, who have well deserved the rack.

W, stands for Wilkes, who us from warrants saved,  
Y, for York, the New, half corrupted, half enslaved,  
Z, stands for Zero, but means the Tory minions,  
Who threatens us with fire and sword, to bias our opinions.  
Stand firmly A and Z,  
We swear for ever to be free!

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 LOYAL NEW YORK.

**I**N January, 1775, William Franklin, the governor of the colony of New Jersey, addressed the Legislature, warning them not to sanction certain proceedings connected with the dispute existing between the mother country and the colonies, assuring them, that all their grievances would be redressed on petition. Lieutenant-governor Colden, of New York, followed in the same path, and had great success with the New York Assembly; the majority of that body agreeing not to send delegates to the Congress, that was to assemble in May of that year. This success was a triumph for the loyalists, and was the cause of great rejoicing. The following song of exultation appeared a short time after the event, in the Gazetteer, at New York, and has been attributed to Rivington, the editor of that paper; but without authority.

And so, my good master, I find 'tis no joke,  
For York has stepp'd forward, and thrown off the yoke  
Of Congress, committees, and even King Sears,  
Who shows you good nature by showing his ears.

I trembled lest York should have join'd the mad freak,  
 And formèd a part of the damnable sneak;  
 The fever abated, see order arise,  
 With ag'd constitutional tears in her eyes.

Having summon'd her sons, who too wantonly stray'd,  
 And calling her fair sister Grace to her aid,  
 The youth she address'd, in such accents of love,  
 As coming from mothers, ought always to move.

Says she, "My dear children, ah! why should ye roam,  
 In quest of rude discord, and leave me at home?  
 Your godfather Monarchy bleeds at the heart,  
 To think that his sons should from virtue depart.

"Consider how long we have cherish'd, protected,  
 How much we've indulg'd, and how little corrected,  
 How oft we're provok'd, and our councils tormented;  
 What insults forgiven, what bloodshed prevented.

"Behold your good brother, who rules in the north,  
 Examine his conduct and copy his worth:  
 Observe how Apollo presides, and you'll find,  
 How lovely are mercy and power combin'd.

"His task, though severe, he discharges with ease,  
 And studies, like us, to preserve and to please;  
 Oh! think how he feels, between brother and brother,  
 When he's sent to reconcile one to the other.

"Then cease, I beseech you, nor longer provoke  
 The hand, whichso tenderly wards off the stroke.  
 Such counsel as this was enough, one would think,  
 To save them from ruin, though just on the brink.

"But would you believe, a committee they'd choose,  
 Consisting of three, who had nothing to lose?  
 One was a cock of the first game,  
 Who hand over hand was determin'd on fame.

"The second A-dam dog who lives upon strife,  
 And knows nought but hemp can lead him a worse life:

The third was a Cooper, good Lord, long preserve him,  
Or, as I want rhyme, may his customers starve him!<sup>1</sup>

“Together they went on a grand consultation,  
To prove a republic was good for the nation,  
And to show the old dame it was easily prov'd,  
Pronounced, by four words, all objections remov'd.

“Inestimable rights, infernal chains,”  
A sleeping potion for a Briton's brains.—  
The aged matron silently withdrew,  
Wept for her sons, and left them, Gage! to you.”

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ON THE PROCEEDINGS AGAINST AMERICA.

**I**T is thought by many, that nothing will be done in the present session on American affairs, except a recommendatory address to his Majesty to enforce, with all the power placed in his hands, the late acts with regard to the Americans.”—*London Chronicle*, 1775.

Lost is our old simplicity of times,  
The world abounds with laws, and teems with crimes,  
From justice fierce ambition wrests the sword;  
Kings would be Gods—a Monarch ev'ry Lord.  
Law, place, subjection, order, pride confounds,  
And lust of rule despotic, nothing bounds.  
In vain, between this iron seat of pow'r,  
Where the state vultures everything devour,  
And the new world, where Freedom's sons had fled,  
And brav'd a desert with untented head,  
The great Atlantic rolls its wat'ry bar,  
Oppression's fatal dart can speed so far.  
With vengeance pointed, see it mounts the sky,  
And law pretensions give it wings to fly.  
O'er violated charters Freedom weeps,  
And keen suspicion constant vigil keeps.

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Cooper, town clerk of Boston, called by Rivington, “the fragrant Rose of Sharon.”

Commerce, from frequent marts, no more her own,  
 Exil'd, to foreign marts compell'd, is flown.  
 On useless keels, with helm neglected, ride  
 Britannia's bulwarks and Britannia's pride.  
 The hostile sword, dread thought! prepar'd we draw  
 To rule by force—the Tyrant's only law.

With eye uplifted, and with suppliant hands;  
 With air astonish'd, trembling for her doom,  
 And hears, or seems to hear, the chains of Rome.  
 See, from the deep, Britannia's genius rise,  
 Ardent in pray'r—and thus address the skies:—  
 “Their freedom Heav'n defend!—avert the blow,  
 “Crush the vile scheme, and lay the miscreants low,  
 “Who counsel give, or lift the impious hand,  
 “To stab our country in a distant land.  
 “Inspire each patient breast with tenfold zeal,  
 “And for our refuge, save their commonweal;  
 “And teach each little Monarch here below,  
 “What tyrants ought to feel, or Princes know.”

The writer of the lines adds:—“Those who have turned the least part of their attention to history, will find a strong similitude between us at present, and the Romans in their declension. The latter were at that period more luxurious, dissipated and fanciful in dress, equipage, arts, etc., than at any other time—*so are we*. Suicide more peculiarly marked that era—*so it does ours*. Their emperors held the dignity of government in such open contempt, that they frequently made their horses *consuls*. Ours, in this last point, goes beyond them, by making *asses* senators; yet with all this, the form of government was supported—alas, ours, at present, is nothing but a form.”

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#### THE SAILOR'S ADDRESS.

THE “Sailor's Address” was written in England, and first published in the Middlesex Journal. It was re-printed in several of the American newspapers, and in a ballad sheet by Paul Revere, who engraved the music to which it was sung. The copy from

which the song is here given was found by the editor among some old manuscripts in the historic Winslow mansion, at Marshfield, Massachusetts:

Come listen my cocks to a brother and friend,  
One and all to my song gallant sailors attend,  
Sons of Freedom ourselves, let's be just as we're brave  
Nor America's freedom attempt to enslave.

Firm as oak are our hearts, where true glory depends,  
Steady, boys, steady,  
We'll always be ready  
To fight all our foes, not to murder our friends.

True glory can ne'er in this quarrel be won,  
If New England we conquer, Old England's undone;  
On brethren we then should assist to fix chains,  
For the blood of Great Britain flows warm in their veins.

Firm as oak are our hearts, etc.

Shall courtier's fine speeches prevail to divide  
Our affection for those who have fought by our side?  
And who often have joined us to sink in the main  
The proud, boasting navies of France and of Spain.

Firm as oak are our hearts, etc.

Near relations of some who at Court now do thrive,  
The Pretender did join in the year forty-five.  
And many in favor, disguised with foul arts,  
While they roar out for George, are for James in their hearts.

Firm as oak are our hearts, etc.

Of such men as these let us scorn to be tools,  
Dirty work to perform—do they take us for fools?  
Brave sailors are wiser than thus to be bamm'd.  
Let them turn out themselves, lads, and fight and be d—d.

Firm as oak are our hearts, etc.

To the ground may disputes with our Colonies fall,  
And George long in splendor reign king of us all;  
And may those who would set the two lands by the ears,  
Be put in the bilboes, and brought to the jeers.

Firm as oak are our hearts, where true glory depends,  
 Steady, boys, steady,  
 We'll always be ready  
 To fight all our foes, not to murder our friends.

---

THE AMERICAN RULE BRITANNIA

**T**HIS parody on the old song "Rule Britannia," written in 1774, was issued as a broadside and circulated in New York a year later.

When Britons first, by Heaven's command,  
 Arose from out the azure main,  
 This was the charter of the land,  
 And guardian angels sung this strain :  
 "Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,  
 "Britons never will be slaves."

To spread bright freedom's gentle sway  
 Your isle too narrow for its bound,  
 We trac'd wild ocean's trackless way,  
 And here a safe asylum found.  
 Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,  
 But know thy sons will ne'er be slaves.

While we were simple, you grew great ;  
 Now swell'd with luxury and pride,  
 You pierce our peaceful free retreat  
 And haste t'enslave with giant stride.  
 Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,  
 But free-born sons will ne'er be slaves.

"Thee haughty tyrants ne'er could tame ;  
 "All their attempts to pull thee down,  
 "Did but arouse thy grievous flame,  
 "And work their woe and thy renown."  
 Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,  
 But know thy sons will ne'er be slaves.

Let us, your sons, by freedom warm'd,  
 Your own example keep in view—  
 'Gainst tyranny be ever arm'd,  
 Tho' we our tyrants find—in you.  
 Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves  
 Thy free-born sons will ne'er be slaves.

With justice and with wisdom reign,  
 We then with thee will firmly join,  
 To make thee mistress of the main,  
 And every shore it circles, thine.  
 Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,  
 Thy children never will be slaves.

When life glides slowly through thy veins,  
 We'll then our filial fondness prove,  
 Bound only by the welcome chains  
 Of duty, gratitude and love.  
 Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,  
 Depend on children—not on slaves.

Our youth shall prop thy tott'ring age ;  
 Our vigor nerve thy feeble arm ;  
 In vain thy foes shall spend their rage—  
 We'll shield thee safe from every harm.  
 Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,  
 Confide in children—not in slaves.

For thee we'll toil with cheerful heart ;  
 We'll labor—*but we will be free,*  
 Our growth and strength to thee impart,  
 And all our treasures bring to thee.  
 Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,  
 Thou nor thy sons shall e'er be slaves.

---

 AN ELEGY ON THE TIMES.

THIS “beautiful little poem, which does honor to its author and to the British Colonies,” as was said by the editor of the Massachusetts Spy, in which it first appeared, was published in full at New Haven, Conn., in 1775 :

Oh Boston! late with ev'ry pleasure crown'd,  
Where commerce triumph'd on the fav'ring gales,  
And each pleased eye, that rov'd in prospect round,  
Hailed thy bright spires, and bless'd thy op'ning sails!

Thy plenteous marts with rich profusion smil'd;  
The gay throng crowded in the spacious streets;  
From either Ind thy cheerful stores were filled;  
Thy ports were gladden'd with unnumber'd fleets.

For there more fair than in their native vales,  
Tall groves of masts arose in beauteous pride;  
The waves were whiten'd by the swelling sails,  
And plenty wafted on the neighboring tide.

Alas, how changed! the swelling sails no more  
Catch the fair winds and wanton in the sky;  
But hostile beaks affright the guarded shore,  
And pointed thunders all access deny.

Where the bold cape its warning forehead rears,  
Where tyrant Vengeance waved her magic wand,  
Far from the fight each friendly vessel veers,  
Calls the kind gales, and flies the fatal strand.

The ruin'd merchant turns his mournful eyes  
From the drear shore and desolated way;  
Thy silent marts unusual glooms surprise,  
And thro' thy streets the sons of rapine stray.

Such the dread stillness of the desert night,  
When brooding horror settles on the groves;  
While pow'rs of darkness claim their hateful right,  
And fierce for prey the savage tyger roves.

Along thy fields, which late in beauty shone  
With lowing herds and grassy vesture fair,  
The insulting tents of barb'rous troops are strown,  
And bloody standards stain the peaceful air.

Are these thy deeds, Oh Britain? this thy praise,  
That points the growing lustre of thy name?

These glorious works that in thy latter days,  
Gild the bright period of thine earthly fame?

Shall thy strong fleets, with awful sails unfurl'd,  
On Freedom's shrines th' unhallow'd vengeance bend?  
And leave forlorn the desolated world,  
Crush'd ev'ry foe, and ruin'd—ev'ry friend!

And damp'd alas! thy soul-inspiring ray,  
Where Virtue prompted and where Genius soar'd,  
Or quench'd in darkness, and the gloomy sway  
Of Senates venal and the liv'ried Lord!

There shame sits blazon'd on th' unmeaning brow,  
And o'er the scene thy factious Nobles wait,  
Prompt the mixt tumult of the noisy show,  
Guide the blind vote and rule the mock debate.

To these how vain, in weary woes forlorn,  
With fearful hands the fond complaint to raise,  
Like fruitless off'rings to the ear of scorn—  
Of servile vows and well-dissembled praise!

Will the grim savage of the nightly fold  
Learn from their cries the blameless flock to spare?  
Will the deaf gods, that frown in molten gold,  
Bless the dup'd hand, that spreads the prostrate pray'r?

With what pleas'd hope before the face of Pride,  
We rear'd our suppliant eyes with filial awe;  
While loud Disdain with ruffian voice replied,  
And Inj'ry triumph'd in the garb of Law!

While Peers enraptur'd hail th' unmanly wrong,  
See Ribaldry, vile prostitute of shame,  
Stretch the brib'd hand and prompt the venal tongue,  
To blast the Laurels of a Franklin's fame!

But will the Sage, whose philosophic soul,  
Controul'd the lightning in its fierce career,  
Heard unappall'd th' aërial thunders roll,  
And taught the bolts of vengeance where to steer;—

Will he, while echoing to his just renown  
 The voice of kingdoms swells the loud applause;  
 Heed the weak malice of a Courtier's frown,  
 Or dread the coward insolence of laws?

See envying Britain rends the sacred bays;  
 Illuded Justice pens the mock decree;  
 While Infamy her darling scroll displays,  
 And points well pleas'd, oh Wedderburn, to thee!

For nought avail the virtues of the heart,  
 The vengeful bolt no muse's laurels ward;  
 From Britain's rage, and death's relentless dart,  
 No worth can save us, and no fame can guard.

O'er hallow'd bounds see dire Oppression roll;  
 Fair Freedom buried in the whelming flood;  
 Nor charter'd rights the tyrant course controul,  
 Tho' seal'd by Kings, and witness'd in our blood.

No more shall Justice with unbiass'd hand,  
 From lawless Rapine snatch her trembling prey,  
 While in her balance by supreme command  
 Hang the dead weights of ministerial sway.

(For taught by pain, our injur'd bosoms feel  
 The potent claims whence all our woes began,  
 And own supreme the power that could repeal,  
 Those laws of heaven that guard the rights of man.)

In vain we hope from Britain's haughty pride  
 An hand to save us or an heart to bless;  
 'Tis strength, our own, must stem the rushing tide,  
 And our own virtue yield the wish'd success.

But oh, my friends, the arm of blood restrain!  
 (No rage intemp'rate aids the public weal)  
 Nor basely blend (too daring, but in vain,)  
 Th'assassin's madness with the patriot's zeal,

To this passage, on its first publication at Boston, the author subjoined the following note, viz.; "This is not meant as a caution against our



JOHN HANCOCK.

*From a Contemporary Engraving.*

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defending our rights with our blood, if we should be driven to that extremity : but only against the impolitic zeal of those, who seem desirous to let loose the rage of popular resentment, and bring matters immediately to a crisis in this Province." As the state of the times is now changed, the author would undoubtedly, with every other Friend to his country, rejoice in that animated Spirit of Heroism, which now rouses every man to arm in defence of our invaded Privileges.

Shall the fields blush, with vital crimson stain'd,  
 When blind resentment marks the victim'd breast?  
 Will reeking life, by vengeful hands prophan'd,  
 Our wrongs relieve, or charm our woes to rest?

Ours be the manly firmness of the sage,  
 From shameless foes th'ungrateful wounds to bear;  
 Alike remov'd from baseness and from rage,  
 The flames of faction, and the chills of fear.

Check the vast torrent of commercial gain,  
 That buys our ruin at a price so rare;  
 And while we scorn Britannia's servile chain,  
 Disdain the liv'ry of her marts to wear.

For shall the lust of fashions and of show,  
 The curst idolatry of silks and lace,  
 Bid our proud robes insult our country's woe  
 And welcome Slav'ry in the glare of dress?

Will the blind dupe, in liv'ried tinsel gay,  
 Boast the sham'd trappings, that adorn the slave?  
 Will the fond mourner change his sad array,  
 T'attend in gorgeous pomp a parent's grave?

No! the rich produce of our fertile soil,  
 Shall cloath the neatness of our chearful train,  
 While heav'n-born virtues bless the pious toil,  
 And gild the humble vestures of the plain.

No foreign labor in the Asian field  
 Shall weave her silks to deck the wanton age,  
 But, as in Rome, the furrow'd vale shall yield  
 Th'unvanquish'd Chieftain and paternal Sage.

And ye, whose heaven in ermin'd pomp doth shine,  
 To run with joy the vain, luxurious round,  
 Bless the full banquet with the charms of wine,  
 And roll the thundering chariot o'er the ground!

For this while guis'd in sycophantic smile,  
 With hearts all mindless of your country's pain,  
 Your flatt'ring falsehoods feed the ears of Guile,  
 And barter freedom for the dreams of gain!

Are these the joys on vassal'd climes that wait—  
 In downs of ease luxuriant to repose,  
 Quaff streams nectareous in the domes of state,  
 And blaze in splendor of imperial shows?

No—the hard hand, the tortur'd brow of Care,  
 The thatch-roof'd hamlet and defenceless shed,  
 The tatter'd garb, that meets th'inclement air,  
 The famish'd table, and the matted bed.

These are their fate. In vain the arm of toil  
 With gifts autumnal crowns the bearded plain;  
 In vain glad Summer prompts the genial soil,  
 And Spring dissolves its soft'ning show'rs in vain;

There savage Pow'r extends his dismal shade,  
 And chill Oppression with her frosts severe,  
 Sheds her dire blastings o'er the springing blade,  
 And robs th'expecting labors of the year.

So must we sink?—and at the stern command  
 That bears the terrors of a tyrant's word,  
 Bend the crouch'd knee and raise the suppliant hand,  
 The scorn'd, dependant vassals of a Lord?

The wintry ravage of the storm to meet,  
 Brave the scorch'd vapours of th' autumnal air,  
 Then pour the hard earn'd harvest at his feet,  
 And beg some pittance from our pains to share?

But not for this by heav'n and virtue led,  
 From the mad rule of hierarchal pride,

From slavish chains our injur'd fathers fled,  
And follow'd freedom on th' advent'rous tide ;

Dar'd the wild horrors of these climes unknown,  
Th' insidious savage, and the crimson'd plain,  
To us bequeath'd the prize, their woes had won,  
Nor deem'd they suffer'd or they bled in vain.

And think'st thou, North, the sons of such a race,  
Where beams of glory blest their purpled morn,  
Will shrink unnerv'd before a tyrant's face,  
Nor meet thy low'ring insolence with scorn ?

Look thro' the circuit of th' extended shore,  
That checks the surges of th' Atlantic deep !  
What weak eye trembles at the frowns of pow'r ?  
What leaden soul invites the bands of sleep ?

How Goodness warms each heaven-illumin'd heart !  
What gen'rous gifts the woes of want assuage,  
And sympathetic tears of pity start,  
To aid the destin'd victims of thy rage !

No clam'rous faction with unhallow'd zeal  
To wayward madness wakes th' impassion'd throng ;  
No thoughtless furies sheathe their breasts with steel,  
Or call the sword t' avenge th' oppressive wrong.

Fraternal bands with vows accordant join ;  
One guardian Genius, one enrapt'ring Soul  
Nerves the bold arm, inflames the just design,  
Combines, inspirits, and illumines the whole.

Now meet the fathers of this western clime ;  
Nor names more noble graced the rolls of fame,  
When Spartan firmness brav'd the wrecks of time,  
Or Rome's bold virtues fann'd the heroic flame.

Not deeper thought th' immortal Sage inspir'd,  
On Solon's lips when Grecian senates hung ;  
Nor manlier eloquence the bosom fir'd,  
When Genius thunder'd from th' Athenian tongue.

And hopes thy pride to match the patriot strain  
 By the brib'd slave in pension'd lists enroll'd ;  
 Or awe their councils by the voice prophane,  
 That wakes to utt'rance at the calls of gold ?

Can frowns of terror daunt the warrior's deeds,  
 Where guilt is stranger to th'ingenuous heart ?  
 Or Craft illude, where godlike Science sheds  
 The beams of knowledge and the gifts of art ?

Go, raise thy hand, and with its magic pow'r  
 Pencil with night the sun's ascending ray,  
 Bid the broad veil eclipse the noon-tide hour,  
 And damps of stygian darkness shroud the day.

(Such night as lours o'er Britain's fated land,  
 Where rayless shades the darken'd throne surround ;  
 Nor deeper glooms at Moses' waving wand,  
 Pour'd their thick horrors o'er the Memphian ground.)

Bid Heav'n's dread thunders at thy voice expire,  
 Or chain the angry vengeance of the waves ;  
 Then hope thy breath can chill th'eternal fire,  
 And free souls pinion with the bonds of slaves.

Thou canst not hope—attend the flight of days,  
 View the bold deeds, that wait the dawning age,  
 Where Time's strong arm, that rules the mighty maze  
 Shifts the proud actors on this earthly stage !

Then tell us North—for thou art sure to know ;  
 For have not kings and fortunes made thee great ?  
 Or lurks not genius in th'ennobled brow,  
 And dwells not wisdom in the robes of state ?

Tell how the pow'rs of luxury and pride,  
 Taint thy pure zephyrs with their poison'd breath ;  
 How dark Corruption spreads th'evenomed tide,  
 And Britain trembles on the verge of death.

And tell how, rapt by Freedom's deathless flame,  
 And fost'ring influence of the fav'ring skies,

This Western World, the last recess of Fame,  
Sees in her wilds a new-born Empire rise :

A new-born Empire, whose ascendant hour  
Defies the foes, that would its life destroy,  
And like Alcides, with its infant pow'r  
Shall crush those serpents, who its rest annoy.

Then look thro' time, and with extended eye,  
Pierce the deep vale of fate's obscure domain !  
The morning dawns, th' effulgent star is nigh,  
And crimson'd glories deck her rising reign !

Behold afar beneath the cloud of days,  
Where rest the wonders of ascending fame ;  
What heroes rise, immortal heirs of praise !  
What fields of death with conq'ring standards flame !

See her throng'd cities' warlike gates unfold !  
What tow'ring armies stretch their banners wide,  
Where cold Ontario's icy waves are roll'd,  
Or far Altama's silver waters glide !

So from the groves, th' aspiring cliffs that shade,  
Ascending pines the surging ocean brave,  
Rise in tall masts, the floating canvas spread,  
And rule the dread dominions of the wave !

Where her clear rivers from the mazy tide,  
The laughing lawns in full luxuriance bloom,  
The golden harvest spreads her wanton pride,  
The flow'ry garden breathes a glad perfume.

Her potent voice shall hush the storms of fate,  
Where the meads blossom or the billows roar ;  
And cities gay with sumptuous domes of state,  
Stretch their bright turrets on the sounding shore.

There mark that coast, which seats of wealth surround,  
That haven rich with many a flowing sail,  
Where mighty ships from earth's remotest bound,  
Float on the chearly pinions of the gale.

There Boston smiles, no more the sport of scorn,  
 And meanly prison'd by thy fleets no more;  
 And far as ocean's billowy tides are borne,  
 Lifts her fear'd ensigns of imperial power.

So smile the shores, where lordly Hudson strays,  
 (Whose floods fair York and proud Albania lave)  
 Or Philadelphia's happier clime surveys  
 Her glist'ning spires in Schuylkill's lucid wave.

Or southward far extend thy wond'ring eyes,  
 Where fertile streams the garden'd vales divide;  
 And mid the peopled fields distinguish'd rise  
 Virginian tow'rs, and Charlestown's spiry pride.

Genius of arts, of manners and of arms,  
 See deck'd with glory and the blooms of grace,  
 This Virgin-clime unfolds her brighter charms,  
 And gives her beauties to thy fond embrace!

Hark, from the glades, and ev'ry list'ning spray,  
 What heav'n-born muses wake th'enraptur'd song!  
 The vocal shades attune th'enchanting lay,  
 And echoing vales harmonious strains prolong.

Thro' the vast series of descending years,  
 That lose their currents in th'eternal wave,  
 Till Heav'n's last trump shall rend th'affrighted spheres,  
 And ope each empire's everlasting grave;

Propitious skies the joyous field shall crown,  
 And robe her vallies 'in perpetual prime,  
 And ages blest of undisturb'd renown,  
 Beam their mild radiance o'er th'imperial clime.

And where is Britain?—In the skirt of day,  
 Where stormy Neptune rolls his utmost tide,  
 Where suns oblique diffuse a feeble ray,  
 And lonely waves the fated coasts divide;

See'st thou yon Isle, whose desert landscape yields  
 The mournful traces of the fame she bore;

Where matted thorns oppress the cultur'd fields,  
And piles of ruin choke the dreary shore?

From those lov'd seats, the Virtues sad withdrew,  
From fell Corruption's bold and venal hand;  
Reluctant Freedom wav'd her last adieu,  
And Devastation swept the vassal'd land.

On her white cliffs, the pillars once of fame,  
Her melancholy genius sits to wail;  
Drops the fond tear, and o'er her latest shame,  
Bids dark oblivion draw her sable veil.

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WHIGS AND TORIES.

**I**N Rivington's Gazette, early in 1775, the following communication and song appeared anonymously:—"As I am one of those people who believe implicitly every article they meet with in Mr. Holt's paper, (the New York Journal), and as I find by his last, that he intends to present his readers, in the next, with a picture of a Whig; an Irish one, I suppose, by its being copied from a Dublin print; I request the favor of your reprinting the portrait of an American Whig, as I presume it must be, from its having been printed in the very time of the American Whigs, and in good Mr. Holt's very impartial paper; and which, from the known verity of the publisher, I could not but look upon as genuine and unsophisticated. I am glad that I happened to keep so great a curiosity till the present time; especially as, among other good effects, it will evidence to the world, that Mr. Holt is a man of too much integrity ever to change his principles, or to say one thing when he means another."

THE WHIG—A SONG.

AIR:—*Would you woo a young virgin of fifteen years.*

Would you know what a Whig is, and always was?  
I'll shew you his face, as it were in a glass.  
He's a rebel by nature, a villain in grain,  
A saint by profession, who never had grace.  
Cheating and lying are puny things;  
Rapine and plundering, venial sins;  
His great occupation is ruining nations,  
Subverting of Crowns and murdering Kings.

To show that he came from a wight of worth,  
 'Twas Lucifer's pride that first gave him birth;  
 'Twas bloody Barbarity bore the elf;  
 Ambition the midwife that brought him forth.  
 Old Judas was tutor, until he grew big;  
 Hypocrisy taught him to care not a fig  
 For all that is sacred;—and thus was created  
 And brought in the world what we call a Whig.

Spewed up among mortals by hellish jaws,  
 To strike he begins at religion and laws;  
 With pious inventions, and bloody intentions,  
 And all for to bring in the good of the cause.<sup>1</sup>  
 At cheating and lying he plays his game;  
 Always dissembling, and never the same;  
 Till he fills the whole nation with sins of damnation,  
 Then goes to the devil, from whence he came.

The "picture of a Whig," referred to by the correspondent of Rivington, was first published as a communication to the printer in the Dublin Journal, a newspaper devoted to the cause of the American colonists. Mr. Holt reprinted it in No. 1675 of the New York Journal, "by particular desire," and it was copied into several of the anti-ministerial colonial papers:—

"If stretching a prerogative is thought dangerous—a Tory will vary the mode of attack—and wish to render the king despotic, through the *usurped privileges* of the House of Commons. He thinks it right that the ministry should have influence to command a majority in Parliament, and maintains that offended power can, *with the strictest justice and equity*, sit on the tribunal, *at once, party, witness, judge, jury and executioner*. A Tory is for governing and carrying all before him with an high hand, bearing down opposition by an irresistible weight of power, and overwhelming by force, when reason is among his opponents.

A Whig, on the contrary, thinks obedience due to a king, *only while he adheres to his coronation oath*, and that the moment he breaks that oath, he absolves his subjects from their allegiance. He views a king as *only the first magistrate of the State*—as a man raised to his dignity, and en-

<sup>1</sup> The present editor would humbly recommend, at this particular time, to the lovers of melody, the following little alteration, "And all for the good of the common cause," which, however, was a liberty he durst not take in transcribing.—*Note by the correspondent.*

trusted with his power, solely for the benefit of the community. He considers the oaths of king and subject, as the basis of a compact, in which the respective obligations of each are *equal*, and that consequently *as the King swears to the people that he will govern according to the constitution*, BEFORE the people swear allegiance to the king, the instant a king violates *his* part of the contract, *the engagement of the subject is at an end*, and if it is found the representations and remonstrances are insufficient to effect a happy reformation, a Whig thinks that the *legislative power of course, naturally returns into the hands of the people*, and that they are at full liberty to take arms and drive the tyrant from the throne.

As man is fallible and apt to abuse his power, a Whig is *not* for suffering a king to possess the ability of doing mischief. He is therefore for circumscribing him within proper limits, by compelling him to govern by *known, established* laws. He thinks that if the king were to rule, regulated *solely* by the ideas of *his own breast*, it would be as *consistent* with the English constitution, *as for the House of Commons to usurp the powers of a court of justice*, and that if Englishmen can with impunity be imprisoned and fined *without having had a legal trial by jury*, the government of France is as mild, equitable, and *desirable as that of England*.

A Whig is a friend to the rights of mankind in general, but of England in particular, and he is as tenacious of the honor and interests of his country, as he is zealous for its freedom. He considers the liberty of the press as the bulwark which protects his happiness. He laments when he sees it expose private characters, and takes it for granted that its enemies make it the vehicle of foul abuse, *purposely to render it odious*. Yet, notwithstanding every abuse to which bad men make it liable, he reflects that no earthly blessing is incapable of giving pain, no sweet divested of its thorn, no good unmixed with its alloy of evil. He therefore would shed his blood in defence of the press, as it is productive of *general benefits* which greatly overbalance its *partial evils*.

A Whig asserts, that whenever the people are convinced in their own minds that the measures adopted by government are either prejudicial to the State, or subversive of the Constitution, they have an inherent right to censure king, ministers and measures publicly, and with the utmost freedom; and that it is their duty to take every proper step to accomplish the removal of ministers, whom they judge to be unequal to their offices, or enemies to the liberties of their fellow-subjects.

Such are the outlines of a Whig and Tory. If we examine the actions of our men in power *by this key*, it will easily open to our view the secret springs which have actuated their conduct. If their actions have been

correspondent with Tory principles, we need only to be acquainted with Tory tenets, to form an unerring judgment of the past and too melancholy a presage of the future."

A correspondent of Mr. Holt sent the following, which was published in the paper with the foregoing:—"As Mr. Rivington gave in his last paper, what he calls the portrait of an American Whig, I send you an anecdote which contains a laconic definition of an American Tory:—Some gentlemen were dining together at a house in New York, and in the course of the conversation, one of the company frequently used the word *Tory*; the gentleman at whose house they dined said to him, 'Pray, Mr. —, what is a Tory?' He replied, 'A Tory is a thing whose head is in England, whose body is in America, and its neck ought to be stretched.'"

Early in June, 1775, the following political handbill was posted in several localities in the city of New York:

"Let Britons, now sunk into tyrants and slaves,  
Submit to be govern'd by fools and by knaves,  
Not so with their kindred on this side the sea—  
American Britons will ever be free.

Is it not astonishing that the Sons of Liberty, suffer that base fellow Rivington to continue publishing his vile calumnies of every province in America?

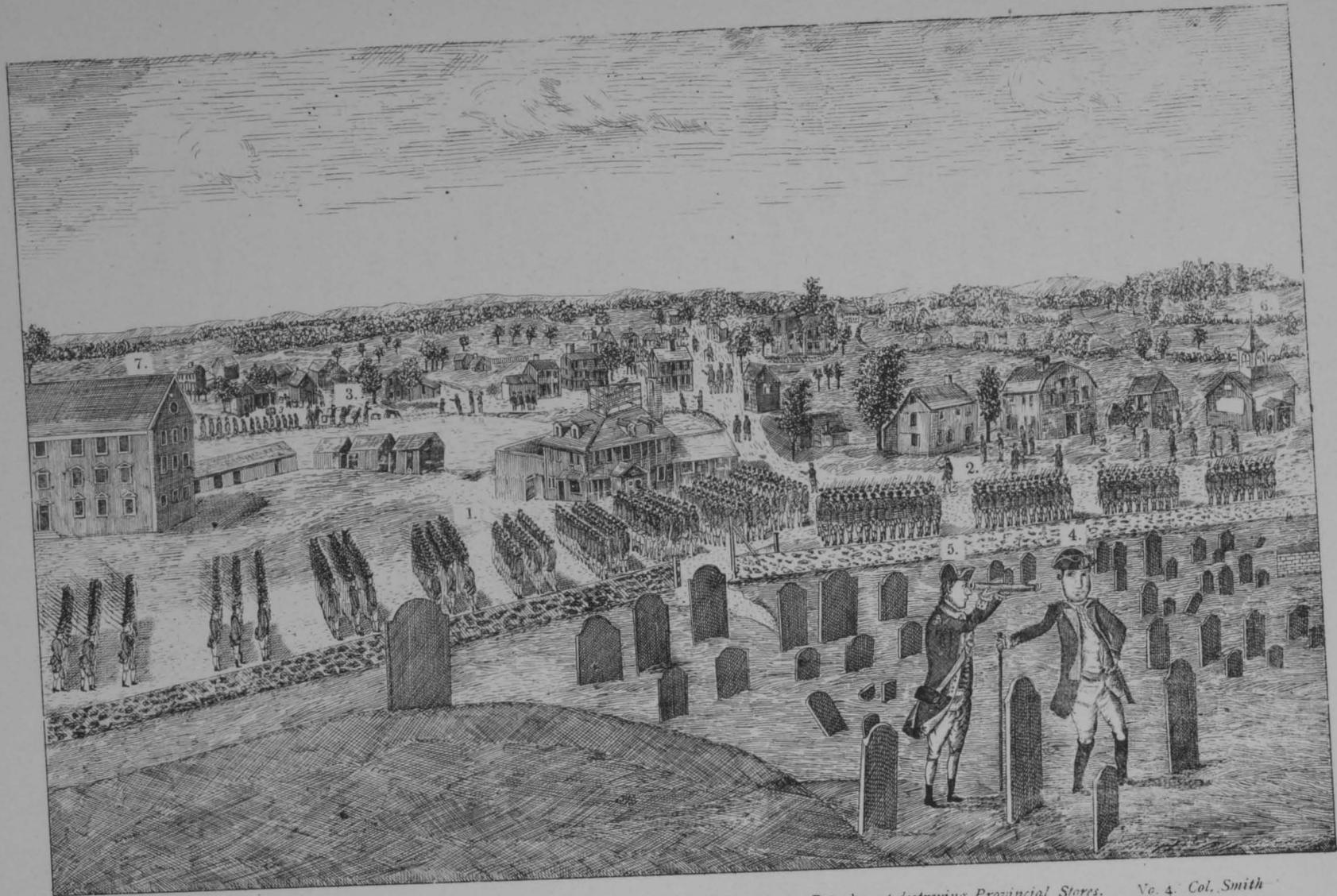
*Resolved unanimously*, that from several pamphlets and publications printed by James Rivington of New York, printer, we esteem him as an incendiary employed by a wicked Ministry, to disunite and divide us; and therefore, we will not for ourselves have any connections or dealings with him, and do recommend the same conduct towards him to every person of this city.

TARBOX, BRUSH & COMPANY."

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#### CRUGER AND BURKE.

**H**ENRY CRUGER, a native of New York, residing at Bristol, England, at the commencement of the Revolution, was elected to parliament as colleague of Edmund Burke. In the debate on Lord Barrington's motion that "seventeen thousand five hundred and forty-two effective men be employed for service in America," Mr. Cruger took part, and, in the language of an attendant at the parliament house,



No. 1. Companies of British Regulars marching into Concord. No. 2. Regulars in Line. No. 3. Detachment destroying Provincial Stores. No. 4. Col. Smith  
No. 5. Pitcairn viewing the Provincials gathering on East hill in Concord. No. 6. Town House. No. 7. The Meeting House.



“as a young member, gave his opinion on the state of the colonies with great becoming diffidence; and was heard with a considerable deal of attention. He recommended conciliatory measures. Lord North was plausible, sententious, and affected great moderation.”

The following lines were addressed to the friends of Cruger and Burke on their election to Parliament for the city of Bristol, in opposition to the ministerial interest. They were published in America in 1775.

Hail to the man whose gen'rous soul disdains  
 The golden clog of ministerial chains!  
 Who midst surrounding sycophants of pow'r;  
 Machines of state, mere puppets of an hour,  
 Stands nobly stedfast in his country's cause,  
 And dares assert its liberty and laws;  
 Attacks corruption in each dark retreat,  
 And drags to view each Cacus of the state,  
 Who wrests the dagger from the desp'rate hand  
 Held up to stab the vitals of the land.  
 This task, O Burke, has been and shall be thine,  
 And Cruger second ev'ry grand design;  
 Your timely aid immortal fame shall meet,  
 And Bristol lay glad tributes at your feet!  
 Tho' foes to Albion, for alarming ends,  
 Have drawn the sword of blood upon our friends;  
 Tho' all that's dear to British Hearts of Oak  
 Now bends obsequious to the Papal yoke;  
 Cruger and Burke, with friends of manly zeal,  
 Shall rouse the Senate to a quick repeal;  
 And Bristol crown'd with commerce now shall see  
 Cruger and Burke have taught us to be free.

---

 THE MISNOMER.

ON the return of the troops, they were very much annoyed, and had several men killed and wounded by the *rebels* firing from behind walls, but the brigade under Lord Percy having joined them, the *rebels* were for a while dispersed, but as soon as the troops resumed their march the *rebels* began to fire upon them from behind stone walls and houses, and kept up in that manner a scattering fire

during the whole of their march of fifteen miles, by which means several were killed and wounded, and such was the cruelty and barbarity of the *rebels*, that they scalped and cut off the ears of some of the wounded men who fell into their hands. It is not known what number of the *rebels* were killed and wounded, but it is supposed that their loss was very considerable.—*General Gage's Letter.*

Rebels *you are*—the British champion cries ;  
Truth, stand forth, and tell the wretch he lies—  
Rebels!—and see, this mock imperial Lord  
Already threatens those rebels with the cord.

The hour draws nigh, the glass is almost run,  
When Truth must shine, and murderers be undone,  
When this base miscreant shall forbear to sneer,  
And curse his taunts and bitter insults here.

If to control the cunning of a knave,  
Freedom adore and scorn the name of slave ;  
If to protest against a tyrant's laws,  
And arm for vengeance in a righteous cause,  
Be deem'd *Rebellion*—'tis a harmless thing ;  
This bug-bear name, like death, has lost its sting.

AMERICANS, at freedom's fane adore,  
But trust to Britain and her flag no more ;  
The generous genius of the Isle has fled,  
And left a mere impostor in his stead—  
If conquer'd, *rebels*, (their past records show,)  
Receive no mercy from this *parent* foe—  
And e'en the grave, that sacred haunt of peace,  
Where Nature gives the woes of man to cease,  
Vengeance will search—and mangled corpses there  
Be rais'd to feast the armies of the air.  
If Britain conquers, help us, Heaven, to fly,  
Lend us your wings, ye ravens of the sky.  
If Britain conquers, we exist no more :  
These lands shall redden with their children's gore,  
Who, turn'd to slaves, their fruitless toils shall moan,  
Toils in those fields, that once they call'd their own !

To arms! to arms! and let the trusty sword  
Decide who best deserves the hangman's cord,  
Nor think the hills of Canada too bleak,

When desp'rate Freedom is the prize you seek;  
 For *that* the voice of honor bids you go  
 O'er frozen lakes and mountains wrapt in snow:  
 No toils can daunt the warlike and the bold,  
 They scorn all heat, or wave-congealing cold;  
 Haste, to your tents in iron fetters bring  
 Those slaves that serve a tyrant and a king.  
 So just, so virtuous is your cause, I say  
 Hell must prevail, if Britain wins the day.

These lines were written by Philip Freneau and published previous to the departure of Arnold's expedition to Quebec, in the autumn of 1775. That they were read in the American camp is evident from the following extract of a letter dated Cambridge, June 29th, and written by a soldier, who, to say the least, exhibits but little admiration for General Putnam: "All is noise and confusion here, though everybody puts on loyalty to the Congress. Our days are passed in manœuvring, and our nights in singing and having meeting at which the love of Congress is enforced in verse and rhyme. Last night Knolton read an invocation against being called rebels which met with applause, though it was written by a Jersey poet and not a Massachusetts one.

It is with the greatest difficulty and danger, that I write this letter. Our veteran chief suspects many of us, and not without reason, of holding a correspondence with the enemy. Putnam is as jealous as he is ignorant; he detests the man who reads, and abhors the man who spells.—How long this letter will be in travelling to England is uncertain. You know well, nothing but my total dependence on my enthusiastic Uncle could have forced me to march to this place, with such a wild, filthy, outrageous multitude, who are so impatient of control, having always been a lawless rabble, that there is no distinction between Putnam and the man that condescends to style himself a corporal, for there is a glorious equality among us; we are all brethren.

Yesterday I was obliged to address a sentinel with the title of Mr. Cousin Brother, that he would be so kind as not to desert his post, his hymn-book, and his rifle-gun. Little would our rifle-guns be esteemed, if it was known that they are as harmless as our hymn-books. At this moment we have not three hundred rifle-barrel guns really fit for service; all our arms are wretched, our powder is expended, our ball totally exhausted, our gun-carriages rotten, no artillery waggons, our baggage waggons providentially fit for fuel, as they will soon be wanted for that

purpose, no horses for our artillery, miserable ponies upon which our chiefs parade, our tents unfit for service, our clothing worn out, only our front line have shirts or stockings, and I may truly say, with Falstaff, 'In my company there is but a shirt and a half.' Such wretchedness you never saw; all our wounded are dead, no medicines, surgeons, or apothecaries. All are preachers; they despise the body, worship the soul. Our sick seldom recover, a hymn and a prayer is the only prescription given. By the copy of our hospital returns, as they are styled, that I have taken from Putnam's journal, in the month of April, the total numbers are, sick dead 367, wounded in the glorious victory of the 19th, 941. May, sick dead 230, wounded 139. June, sick and dead 820, wounded in the divine overthrow of the European mercenaries, in the glorious victory of Bunker's Hill, when the King's army was totally defeated, 1321 men.

The Congress determined the transactions of Bunker's Hill, and though we declared our not having ball or shot, their orders were peremptory to come to action.—An engineer was sent to raise the works, to use old iron, nails, glass, any thing if ball was wanting, for after the battle they were determined to treat with Great Britain—it being impossible to continue the war during the winter, having neither clothing, arms, nor ammunition, for their men, and no possibility of raising money to pay an army. May Great Britain have perseverance, and this fantastical government of New England Buccaneers will be soon annihilated! The first opportunity, I shall give Putnam the slip and escape to England."—*Upcott Collection.*

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TO THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

**A**BOUT the time the news of the battle of Bunker Hill reached England, the following lines addressed to the Queen by "Impartial," were published in the Morning Chronicle, a conservative paper issued at London:

MADAM: To be the Royal Consort of the British Sovereign gives you the first pretension to the illustrious title of *Britannia*; under which glorious appellation I beseech you to stand forth with the words of this petition, and your loving and endearing subjects shall ever pray.

## BRITANNIA.

Ye stately sisters! \* \* \*<sup>1</sup>  
 Ye beauteous columns of the British Isle!  
 Say, why so pensive?  
 O, tell me ye Gods, defer not a moment,  
 Have rivals from some interior quarter sprung?  
 Or is fortune fickle, and wills to sway the sceptre in another land?  
 [*Kneeling.*—Let me invoke your pity to their drooping heads,  
 Weeping,—not for themselves, but for their children.  
 Millions prostrate at their feet, praying relief,  
 Not in their power to grant.  
 The sluice of plenty drain'd!  
 The gates of commerce shut!  
 We ask th'important cause. [*Rising.*]

[Thus the ORACLE.]

*Oracle*: “Thy gracious call, with purity of heart and sanctity of manners has pierc'd the topmost Heav'n; and by Heav'nly mission reply.

“The Persians, Romans, and bravest empires fell.  
 “Eventual fate on all luxuriant powers!  
 “In this exuberance dominion revels;  
 “Yea, her own vitals sap,  
 “And thus become importunate,  
 “And thus becomes her fall.  
 “Events are never at rest,  
 “But onward move with wings of time;  
 “Rough or smooth, their course must run,  
 “In which each moment tells its consequence.  
 “Thus is prosperity like a flower! which  
 “From its primary vegetation, becomes more glorious,  
 “But when the meridian past, will soon dissolve,  
 “And like the baseless fabric of a vision,  
 “Leave not a wreck behind: This is Nature's law,  
 “As well attempt to force the sun—  
 “She will not stop neither will she retreat;  
 “Pursue then with slighted steps

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the arts, manufactures and commerce of the three Kingdoms.

"This radiant image of self;  
 "Let Phœbus lead forth thy fair hand  
 "Betimes in the morning,  
 "And in the golden Orb,<sup>1</sup>  
 "Take thy beloved sleep:  
 "There take up thy blest abode,  
 "There thy young men and maidens, old men and children,  
 "Shall be blest with the labour of their hands,  
 "And happy shalt thou be."—

*Britannia kneeling.*

Indulgent Heaven! This  
 Once respect my prayer—  
 Shall this fair land, this land of promise,  
 This, this dread of nations, kingdoms, states and governments,  
 This pride of empires fall!—  
 O! restrain thine hand  
 Revoke this dread decree.  
 Spurn the envenom'd cause!  
 And by thine healing aliment  
 Let Industry live.

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TOM GINGLE'S POETICAL SHAVINGS.

**T**HESE verses were sent to the printer of the Pennsylvania Packet,  
 accompanied with the following prefatory note:—"Having fixed  
 up a little poetical lathe, I send you a few of the shavings  
 that were last turned off, that you may see what sort of materials I work  
 up, and if you have any orders for anything in my way I hope to supply  
 you on the most reasonable terms, in any form, whether political, moral,  
 physical, whimsical, or lovesical, at my lodgings in Garret-Lane, towards  
 Sky-Hill, where constant attendance and kind words will be given by

TOM GINGLE."

With graceful air, and virtuous mien,  
 AMERIC rises to the view;  
 Expands her arms, invites the swain  
 To bid BRITANNIA'S shore adieu.

<sup>1</sup> The Western Climes.

She points where tow'ring forests wave ;  
Where boundless tracts yet unexplor'd  
Await the landing of the brave :  
Where food and shelter she'll afford.

HIBERNIA'S sons in shackled state,  
With all the woes of abject slaves,  
Receive from her a new-born fate,  
And tempt the danger of the waves.

The Highland lads, with bonnets blue  
And Tartan plads, attend her call ;  
Whose clans embark'd, their Lairds may rue,  
Her western climes invite them all.

The sons of TAFFY, too, shall hear,  
That futile Welch like mountains rise ;  
That Leeks will grow and Goats appear  
Beneath her distant Western Skies.

The main shall foam, the billows yield  
To plowing barks from ev'ry coast ;  
The thing's decreed, and fate has seal'd  
That here shall land a num'rous host.

Aghast BRITANNIA shall descry  
The western towers and stately piles,  
Which rise expandant to her eye,  
And spread beneath fair fortune's smiles.

Extensive plains and green grown meads,  
Golden crops and luscious fruit ;  
Lowing herds and gallant steeds ;  
The lofty horn, and softer lute.

These, these shall meet BRITANNIA'S eye ;  
These, these shall meet BRITANNIA'S ear,  
And will my native sons, too, fly !  
Behold BRITANNIA drops a tear !

My hamlets thin, my cities mourn ;  
My fields and plains remain untill'd,

My flocks they bleat—remain unshorn,  
And wander round the bry'r-grown field.

The vale which once the oaten reed,  
With pleasing sound, pass'd sweetly thro';  
Where shepherds taught their flocks to feed—  
Where milk-maids sought the friendly dew.

These, these are still, no notes are heard,  
A solemn silence reigns around—  
These scenes, by love so oft endeared,  
Shall hear no more the plaintive sound.

With painful step, in anxious mood,  
She bends her sad and mournful way,  
To view the ground where *Sheffield* stood—  
*Sheffield*, where Vulcan bore the sway.

But ah! behold a sky serene!  
No sulph'rous clouds o'erhangs the vale;  
No swarthy race compose the scene;  
No hammer's sound disturbs the dale.

No more shall Don's obstructed flood  
Dash thro' the rattling, whirling wheel;  
Unseen, unheard, its torrents rude  
No more shall ponderous burthen feel.

Distress'd she turns her wa'try eye,  
From scenes like these so big with woes,  
To Leeds, to Wakefield, still a sigh  
Swells from her heart where'er she goes.

The weaver's beam, the shuttle too,  
Alike forlorn neglected stand;  
The busy throng no more in view;  
No more the fleecy rolls expand.

All, all deserted—all are fled—  
Alas, BRITANNIA must resign:  
'Tis Heaven's vengeance on thy head  
For some black crime, some fault of thine.

## THE GLORIOUS SEVENTY-FOUR.

THIS song was published on a ballad sheet, dated Newport, Rhode Island, June, 1775, together with some satirical lines on a general thanksgiving ordered by the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts. The editor of the ballad sheet remarks that "the poetry of both pieces is in perfect keeping with the state of the times, for praying and pummelling never before so accord."<sup>1</sup> What he means the historical student may be able to understand. The present editor does not. The song was adapted to the tune "Hearts of Oak."

Come, come my brave boys, from my song you shall hear  
That we'll crown Seventy-four, a most glorious year;  
We'll convince Bute and Mansfield, and North, tho' they rave,  
Britons still like themselves, spurn the chains of a slave.  
Hearts of oak were our sires,  
Hearts of oak are their sons,  
Like them we are ready, as firm and as steady,  
To fight for our freedom with swords and with guns.

Foolish elves to conjecture by crossing of mains,  
That the true blood of freemen would change in our veins,  
Let us scorch, let us freeze, from the line to the pole,  
Britain's sons still retain all their freedom of soul.

See—our rights to invade, Britain's dastardly foes,  
Sending Hysons and Congoes, did vainly suppose,  
That poor shallow pates, like themselves we were grown,  
And our hearts were as servile and base as their own.

Their tea still is driven away from our shores,  
Or presented to Neptune or rats in our stores:—  
But to awe, to divide, till we crouch to their sway,  
On brave Boston, their vengeance—they fiercely display.

<sup>1</sup> The title of the squib is "Thanks upon Thanks, or grace for the Poor of Boston, on Thursday, a day of General Thanksgiving, ordered by the Provincial Congress.

Thanks to Hancock for thanksgiving,  
Thanks to God for our good living,  
Thanks to Gage for hindering evil,  
Thank Sam Adams and the devil.

Now unask'd, we unite, we agree to a man,  
 See our stores flow to Boston, from rear and from van.  
 Hark the shout how it flies; freedom's voice, how it sounds!  
 From each country, each clime; hark, the echo rebounds!

Across the Atlantic—so thund'ring the roar,  
 It has roused Britain's genius, who doz'd on his shore—  
 Who has injured my sons, my brave boys o'er the main;  
 Whose spirits to vigor 't renews me again!

With sons whom I foster'd and cherish'd of yore,  
 Fair Freedom shall flourish till time is no more;  
 No tyrant shall rule them—'tis Heaven's decree  
 They shall never be slaves, while they dare to be free:  
 Hearts of oak were our sires, etc.

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THE MARYLAND RESOLVES.

**A**BOUT the middle of December, 1774, deputies appointed by the freemen of the province of Maryland, met at Annapolis, unan- imously resolved to resist the authority of Parliament, taxing the colonies, if attempted to be enforced, and to support the acts and designs of the Continental Congress at all hazards. They also recom- mended that every man should provide himself "a good firelock, with bayonet attached, powder and ball, and be in readiness to act in any emergency." These resolutions were productive of many ludicrous and bombastic criticisms on the part of the supporters of the ministerial party.

MARYLAND RESOLVES.

On Calvert's plains new faction reigns,  
 Great Britain we defy, sir,  
 True liberty lies gagg'd in chains,  
 Though freedom is the cry, sir.

The Congress, and their factious tools,  
 Most wantonly oppress us,  
 Hypocrisy triumphant rules,  
 And sorely does distress us.

The British bands with glory crown'd,  
 No longer shall withstand us;  
 Our martial deeds loud fame shall sound  
 Since mad Lee now commands us.

Triumphant soon a blow he'll strike,  
 That all the world shall awe, sir,  
 And General Gage, Sir Perseus like,  
 Behind his wheels he'll draw, sir.

When Gallic hosts, ungrateful men,  
 Our race meant to exterminate,  
 Pray did committees save us then,  
 Or Hancock, or such vermin?

Then faction spurn! think for yourselves!  
 Your parent state, believe me,  
 From real griefs, from factious elves,  
 Will speedily relieve ye.

This song, adapted to the air "Abbot of Canterbury, or Wilkes' Wriggle," was published in Rivington's Gazette, with the accompanying letter, from its anonymous author, to the editor of that paper. "You, no doubt, have seen the resolves of certain magnates, naming themselves a Provincial Congress! I will not say these worthies are under the influence of the moon, or are proper subjects for confinement, but one of their resolves is exactly calculated for the meridian of the inquisition, and the others smell furiously of Bedlam. I gladly contribute my humble mite to ridicule the folly, ingratitude, and violence of our deluded patriots."

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 NON-IMPORTATION APPEALS.

**M**ANY urgent appeals to the people of the different colonies were made after the destruction of the tea, calling upon them to abstain from the use of all imported commodities, and to confine themselves to the fragrant herbs and other productions of their own fields and forests. The following poetical one, entitled "Virginia Banishing Tea," was written by a young lady, of whom all that is known

is, that she was "a native of Virginia, endowed with all the graces of a cultivated mind, pleasant external qualities, and a model of patriotism worthy the emulation of many more conspicuous."

Begone, pernicious, baneful tea,  
 With all Pandora's ills possessed,  
 Hyson, no more beguiled by thee,  
 My noble sons shall be oppressed.

To Britain fly, where gold enslaves,  
 And venal men their birth-right sell;  
 Tell *North* and his bribed clan of knaves,  
 Their bloody acts were made in hell.

In Henry's reign those acts began,  
 Which sacred rules of justice broke,  
*North* now pursues the hellish plan,  
 To fix on us his slavish yoke.

But we oppose, and will be free,  
 This great good cause we will defend:  
 Nor bribe, nor Gage, nor *North's* decree,  
 Shall make us "at his feet to bend."

From Anglia's ancient sons we came;  
 Those heroes who for freedom fought;  
 In freedom's cause we'll march; their fame,  
 By their example greatly taught.

Our king we love, but *North* we hate,  
 Nor will to him submission own;  
 If death's our doom, we'll brave our fate,  
 But pay allegiance to the throne.

Then rouse, my sons! from slavery free  
 Your suffering homes; from God's high wrath;  
 Gird on your steel; give *liberty*  
 To all who follow in our path.

These appeals, very generally, had the desired effects. Some, however, of the "more ancient and decayed females," could not deny themselves the agreeable stimulant, and it was their custom to take a

"wee drop" clandestinely. The following is one of many anecdotes concerning these quiet solacements. "A lady of Virginia, being in opulent circumstances, invited a party of her female acquaintances to pass an evening with her in a private room up stairs, where they were to regale themselves with a dish of the forbidden tea. But the husband of the lady, inferring, from the appearance of affairs, what was going on, quietly stole up stairs and slipped a piece of tobacco into the tea-kettle. The consequence was, the ladies all went home most terribly disturbed, and uncertain; while the old gentleman enjoyed himself, *patriotically*, at their expense."

## THE BLASTED HERB.

This ballad first appeared in Fowle's Gazette, soon after was adapted to a sacred air, and published in a broadside. It has been attributed to Meshech Weare, who was president of the State of New Hampshire in 1776. He was born in 1714, graduated at Harvard College in 1735, and passing through the highest offices of the State in which he lived, died at Hampton Falls, in the early part of 1786.

Rouse every generous thoughtful mind,  
The rising danger flee,  
If you would lasting freedom find,  
Now then abandon tea.

Scorn to be bound with golden chains,  
Though they allure the sight;  
Bid them defiance, if they claim  
Our freedom and birth-right.

Shall we our freedom give away,  
And all our comfort place  
In drinking of outlandish tea,  
Only to please our taste?

Forbid it Heaven, let us be wise,  
And seek our country's good,  
Nor ever let a thought arise,  
That tea should be our food.

Since we so great a plenty have,  
Of all that's for our health;

Shall we that blasted herb receive,  
Impoverishing our wealth?

When we survey the breathless corpse,  
With putrid matter filled;  
For crawling worms, a sweet resort,  
By us reputed ill.

Noxious effluvia sending out,  
From its pernicious store,  
Not only from the foaming mouth,  
But every lifeless pore.

To view the same enrolled in tea,  
Besmeared with such perfumes,  
And then the herb sent o'er the sea,  
To us it tainted comes—

Some of it tinctured with a filth,  
Of carcasses embalmed;  
Taste of this herb, then, if thou wilt!  
Sure me it cannot charm.

Adieu! away, oh tea! begone!  
Salute our taste no more;  
Though thou art coveted by some  
Who're destined to be poor.

“Much credit is due to the ladies,” wrote the editor of the Virginia-Gazette, “for the part they took in our association, and it does honor to their sex; for no sooner were they made acquainted with the resolution to prohibit the use of tea after the first of June, but, before the day came, they sealed up the stock which they had on hand and vowed never more to use it till the oppressive act imposing a duty thereon should be repealed. May their example be followed by all the ladies on this Continent.”

## TO THE WOMEN OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Attend your country's call, ye lovely fair,  
Her dire distress demands your utmost care;  
She supplicates your aid, and helping hand,  
To chase oppression from your native land,

To shield her from the tyrant hand of power,  
Arise! nor linger in th'important hour:—  
'Tis not for you in rank of war to shine,  
Or form, in fighting fields, the embattled line.  
Weapons as mighty, fit for you to wield,  
Freedom shall furnish; arm ye! for the field.  
The *various merchandise* that *Britain* pours,  
And shouting folly, welcomes to these shores,  
Reject, abstain from, nor with impious hand  
Assist in ruining your native land.  
What tho' important luxuries denied,  
And all the useless ornaments of pride;  
Industry still sufficient shall supply,  
To shield her vot'ries from th'inclement sky;  
As blooming health, o'er each fair form shall glow,  
As India's produce ever did bestow.  
Exert your influence; roused at your request,  
Freedom shall animate each patriot breast;  
Each swain obedient to the great command,  
Shall cull the finest wool with careful hand  
And choicest flax; with these the charmer dress,  
Nor think, in homespun clothes, her beauty less,  
Than if in Europe's fineries attired,  
She shone, by fops and fools alone admired:  
Expelled by stern oppression's cruel hand,  
Our great forefathers sought this distant land;  
From ev'ry near and dear connexion tore,  
Unnumbered ills and difficulties bore.  
What num'rous dangers on the howling main,  
Terrific to their wives, and infant train.  
Escaped from these, what ills await on land,  
From the fierce inroads of a savage band;  
Preserv'd by Heaven, with unremitting toil,  
They cultivate the wild and desert soil:  
With joy behold, a num'rous hardy train  
Of happy freemen till the fruitful plain;  
Well polic'd cities rise, gay blooming fields  
Extending wide, luxuriant harvest yields  
More than the swains suffice: commerce expands  
Her sails, and wafts the store to distant lands.

Shall we, their sons, the mighty blessings slight?  
 And yield to tyrant hands each well-earn'd right;  
 The oppressor's chain with abject meanness bear,  
 And the dire badge of slav'ry tamely wear;  
 Each sacred privilege, our fathers gave,  
 Resign, and all posterity enslave.  
 Forbid it Heaven! and O may freedom's fire  
 Still as of old, her virtuous sons inspire,  
 To latest times, her blessings to extend,  
 And countless millions yet unborn befriend;  
 And this new world, still an asylum be  
 For all who love or value liberty.

## THE PENNSYLVANIA MARCH.

Sung to the tune of the Scot's song, "*I winna marry ony Lad, but Sandy  
 o'er the lee.*"

We are the troops that ne'er will stoop  
 To wretched slavery;  
 Nor shall our seed, by our base deed,  
 Despised vassals be.  
 Freedom we will bequeath them,  
 Or we will bravely die;  
 Our greatest foe, e'er long shall know  
 How much did Sandwich lie.  
 And all the world shall know,  
 Americans are free,  
 Nor slaves nor cowards we will prove,  
 Great Britain soon shall see.

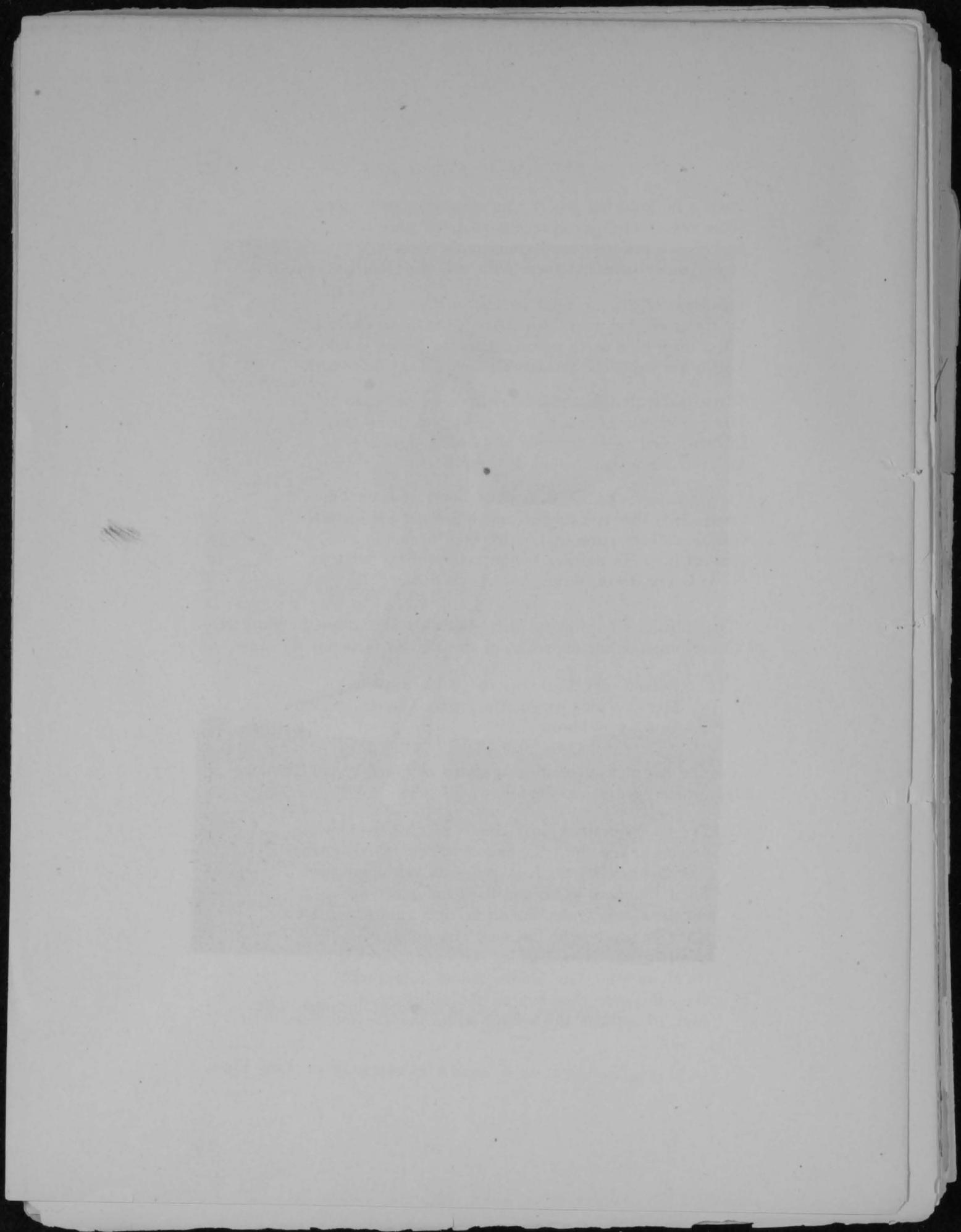
We'll not give up our birth-right,  
 Our foes shall find us men  
 As good as they in any shape,  
 The British troops shall ken.  
 Hurra brave boys, we'll beat them,  
 On any hostile plain;  
 For freedom, wives, and children dear,  
 The battle we'll maintain.

What! Can those British Tyrants think  
 Our fathers crossed the main;



CARICATURE OF MAJOR GENERAL CHARLES LEE.

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



And savage foes and dangers met,  
 To be enslaved by them?  
 If so they are mistaken,  
 For we will rather die;  
 And since they have become our foes,  
 Their forces we defy.

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QUEEN ELIZABETH AND GENERAL GAGE.

**D**URING the early disturbances in Boston, General Gage received addresses of confidence in his administration of the government of Massachusetts and containing sentiments of unbounded loyalty to the King of England. No one was more fulsome than that of the Justices of Suffolk. The attention of the newspapers on the side of the colonists was often drawn to it, and it met with much abuse and ridicule. A correspondent of the New Hampshire Gazette sent the following to that paper, and it was published.

MR. PRINTER: Reading in the papers the address to General Gage, from the Justices of Suffolk, in Massachusetts government, with his Excellency's answer to it, brought to my mind the address of the Mayor and Corporation of Coventry, to Queen Elizabeth, on her paying them a visit:—I will attempt to repeat it, though perhaps not literally.

We men of Coventry  
 Are very glad to see  
 Your royal Majesty.  
 Good laws, *how fair* you be!  
 To which her Majesty replied,  
*My royal Majesty*  
*Is very glad to see*  
*You men of Coventry.*  
 Good sirs, what fools you be!

Now, though I don't pretend to that elegance of language, and beauty of poetry so eminently here displayed, I will aim at a humble imitation.

## TO GENERAL GAGE.

His royal Majesty,  
 In this time of "difficulty"  
 Has sent your Excellency  
 To rule and govern *we*.  
 Dear sir, *how wise* you be!

## THE ANSWER.

*I do most thankfully  
 Receive these lines from ye  
 Men who so plainly see  
 My great ability.*  
 Dear sirs, what knaves ye be!

## A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

**W**HAT a court, hath old England, of folly and sin,  
 Spite of Chatham and Camden, Barre, Burke, Wilkes  
 and Glynn!

Not content with the game act, they tax fish and sea,  
 And America drench with hot water and tea.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Lord Sandwich, he swears they are terrible cowards,  
 Who can't be made brave by the blood of the Howards;  
 And to prove there is truth in America's fears,  
 He conjures Sir Peter's ghost 'fore the peers.

Now, indeed, if these poor people's nerves are so weak,  
 How cruel it is their destruction to seek!  
 Dr. Johnson's a proof, in the highest degree,  
 His soul and his system were changéd by tea.

But if the wise council of England doth think,  
 They may be enslaved by the power of drink,  
 They're right to enforce it; but then, do you see?  
 The Colonies, too, may refuse and be free.

There's no knowing where this oppression will stop;  
 Some say—there's no cure but a capital chop;  
 And that I believe's each American's wish,  
 Since you've drench'd them with tea, and deprived 'em of fish.

The birds of the air, and the fish of the sea,  
 By the gods, for poor Dan Adam's use were made free,  
 Till a man with more power, than old Moses would wish,  
 Said, "Ye wretches, ye shan't touch a fowl or a fish!"

Three Generals these mandates have borne 'cross the sea,  
 To deprive 'em of fish and to make 'em drink tea;  
 In turn, sure, these freemen will boldly agree,  
 To give 'em a dance upon Liberty Tree.

Then *freedom's* the word, both at home and abroad,  
 And —— every scabbard that hides a good sword!  
 Our forefathers gave us this freedom in hand,  
 And we'll die in defence of the rights of the land.  
 Derry down, down, hey derry down.

The subjoined impromptu was published at London, by some friend  
 of the colonies, on the departure of the British Generals for America:

"Behold! the Cerberus the Atlantic plough,  
 Her precious cargo, Burgoyne, Clinton, Howe—  
 Bow! wow! wow!"

On the day of embarkation, a storm of thunder and lightning pre-  
 vailed, which gave rise to the following lines:—

The Chiefs embark, and clouds involve the skies,  
 Storms sweep the seas, and blust'rous winds arise;  
 The Heavens themselves, red with uncommon ire,  
 Their thunders howl, and flash indignant fire.  
 Oh thou! who rules the earth, and guides the flood,  
 Have mercy on the innocent and good.  
 O! spare the land, and let thy vengeance fall  
 On those who dare whole nations to enthral;  
 Send thy own thunders on the guilty head,  
 And, to appease thy wrath, strike the vile monsters dead.

But, oh! restrain the hand of civil war,  
 And let thy favoured nations cease to jar;  
 Establish firm the Americans' rights and laws.  
 And may this land resound with their applause;  
 Then shall our vows in all thy temples rise,  
 And praise ascend in incense to the skies.—HAMDEN.

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THE BOASTER—A TALE.

**T**HIS piece was first published in the London Evening Post and from that paper copied into the New York Post Boy at Christmas time in 1753. In 1775 it was reproduced in New York with the remark that "though old it is very appropriate for the time when men sell their birthrights for the poorest kind of pottage." It was addressed to the Freeholders of New York.

*Atqui vultus erat multa et praeclara minantis.*

As Slouch was capering round the mead,  
 Snorting and tossing up his head,  
 Vaunting he says,—“What man is he,  
 That dares to say I am not free?”

“I will be so, nor more submit  
 My free-born mouth to galling bit;  
 Here will I range, and graze and sneer,  
 At all who heavy burdens bear.”

While thus he prates the groom appears  
 With corn—so Slouch pricks up his ears;  
 Tom, in advancing, shakes the sieve;  
 Slouch neighs, and, would you me believe?  
 This swaggering beast, for half a peck,  
 His birthright sells, and bends his neck.

Thus it is said, Freeholders boast,  
 And o'er their cups, old interest toast;  
 Enter protest against the new,  
 And damn the Bill, that bless'd the Jew,

Canvass the conduct of the great;  
Nor spare even ministers of State.

Now to the test these horses put,  
With magic gold their optick's glut;  
See how it works—how still's the tongue  
Where so much clamor lately hung:  
They touch, and for a certain price,  
Themselves, and country sacrifice.

Britons awake! wipe off this stain;  
Your liberties, your rights maintain;  
Be to your country strictly just;  
Be nicely cautious whom you trust.  
Mark how the taxes are increased,  
By which the poor are sore oppressed.

Mark well the bill that lately passed,  
By which we christians are disgraced!  
Each candidate with judgment weigh,  
And in your choice let virtue sway.  
Oh, from yon large supplying hive,  
Corruption—that fell monster, drive.

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A VOYAGE TO BOSTON.

THIS Poem, written by Freneau in 1775, was published during the same year at New York, with the following argument:  
“Introductory reflections. A traveller undertakes a voyage to Boston: arrives in a river of Massachusetts: has there a sight of the native Genius of North America, who presents him with a mantle and acquaints him with its virtue of rendering the wearer invisible: desires him to visit the town in that state, and remark the transactions there. Accordingly he arrives at General Gage's mansion, where are several other ministerial tools sitting in council. The striking similarity of Gage's temper and conduct to that of Hernando Cortez. Some account of Cortez and his horrid devastations in Mexico, etc. The traveller enters their junto, and gives an account of the chief members of it, viz.: General Gage, Admiral Greaves, Lord Percy, General Howe, Captain

Wallace, and a numerous fry of dependents and needy favorites waiting for posts and estates in America, as soon as they shall have compelled us to resign our liberties. General Gage's surprise at their several defeats in New England and questions his leaders thereupon. Lord Percy's answer. Greave's reply to that nobleman. Gage's raillery upon Percy for his nimble retreat on April 19, 1775. Percy's defence of his conduct on that day, and the reason of his activity; and desires them to forget Lexington for the present, and turn their eyes to their late loss at Bunker Hill. General Howe's speech concerning that action. Burgoyne's harangue with his invectives against Colonel Grant, who 'pledged himself for the general cowardice of all America,' Gage's brief reply; and communicates his intention of purloining cattle from the islands in Boston harbor, and plans that right honorable exploit; but being overcome with sleep dismisses his counsellors. The cutting down the Liberty Tree in Boston, and untimely end of one of the wretches employed in that sneaking affair. Distresses of the imprisoned citizens in Boston. Dissection of a Tory. The traveller leaves Boston, and visits the provincial camp; meets the Genius of America again on the way and resigns the mantle, whereby he again becomes visible: arrives at camp: view of the riflemen, Virginians, etc. Speech of an American soldier; his determined resolution, which is that of all America to defend our rights and privileges. Grief that he must fight against our own nation. Mention of Guys Carleton and Johnson; concludes with a melancholy recital of our present distractions, and sincere hope of reconciliation with Great Britain, before a wicked ministry render it too late."

## A VOYAGE TO BOSTON.

*In Peace there's nothing so becomes a man  
As modest stillness and humility;  
But when the blast of war blows in your ears  
Then imitate the action of the tiger,  
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood.—SHAKSPEARE.*

How curs'd the man whom fate's unchang'd doom  
Confines, unlucky, to his native home.  
How doubly curs'd by cross-grain'd stars is he  
Doom'd, tied down, though struggling to be free!  
Heaven gave to man this vast extended round,  
No climes confine him and no oceans bound;

Heaven gave him forest, mountain, vale and plain,  
And bade him vanquish if he could the main.

Then, miser, hoard and heap thy riches still,  
View the sun rise above thy well-known hill;  
Vile as the swine, enjoy thy gloomy den,  
Sweat in the compass of a squalid pen,  
'Till sick of life, on terms with death agree,  
And leave thy fortune, not thy heart to me.

So mus'd the bard who this rough verse indites,  
Asserting freedom and his country's rights:  
Nor mus'd in vain; the fruitful musings brought  
To practice what in theory he thought;  
And gave desire, a keen desire to roam  
An hundred or two hundred leagues from home.  
Where should he go? The eastern hills reply,  
Come, pensive traveller, with thy tearful eye,  
Come, and fair Boston from our summit see,  
No city sits so widow-like as she;  
Her trading navies spread their sails no more,  
Remotest nations cease to seek her shore,  
Deep are her weeds, in darkest sable clad,  
O come and view the Queen of all that's sad,  
Long are her nights, that yield no cheerful sound,  
Like endless days in tombs below the ground,  
Low burns her lamp before the insulting rout;  
See, the lamp dies and ev'ry light goes out!  
O Britain come, and if you can, relent  
This rage, that better might on Spain be spent.  
Touch'd with the mountain's melancholy prayer  
(Perhaps a mountain or Dame Fancy there),  
Could I refuse, since mutual grief endears,  
To seek New Albion's Lady all in tears?  
But doubts perplexing hover'd o'er my mind,  
Whether to choose the aid of horse or wind;  
That suits the best with bards of place and state,  
This must us needy rhymers compensate,  
Since Jove his ancient bounty has deny'd  
And grants no modern Pegasus to ride.

Dark was the night, the winds tempestuous roar'd  
From western skies, and warn'd us all aboard;

Spread were the sails, the nimble vessel flies—  
 O'er Neptune's bosom and reflected skies ;  
 Nor halt I herè to tell you how she roves  
 O'er Tython's chambers and his coral groves.  
 Let some prose wand'rer long-spun journals keep,  
 I haste me, like the vessel, o'er the deep ;  
 Nor tire you with descriptions of the coast,  
 New mountains gain'd or hills in ether lost,—  
 The muse can only hint at scenes like these  
 Nor stop to spend her poem in their praise.

Three days we cut the brine with steady prore,  
 The fourth beheld us on New Albion's shore.  
 Guard me, ye heavens, shield this defenceless head,  
 While trav'ling o'er these sanguine plains of dead ;  
 Nor only me, may heaven defend us all  
 From the harsh rigor of King George's ball.

Far in the depth of an aspiring wood,  
 Where roll'd its waves, a silver winding flood,  
 Our weary vessel urged its darksome way,  
 And safely anchor'd in a shady bay.  
 Landing, I left the weather-beaten crew,  
 And pensive rov'd as homesick wand'ers do ;  
 When all at once before my wondering eyes  
 The Genius of the river seem'd to rise ;  
 Tall and erect, untaught by years to bow,  
 But not a smile relax'd his clouded brow.  
 His swarthy features vengeful deeds forbode,  
 Terror march'd full before him as he trod,  
 His rattling quiver at his shoulder hung,  
 His pointed spear and glittering helmet rung ;  
 The tall oaks trembled at the warlike shade,  
 When thus the Genius of the water said :

“ O curious stranger, come from far to see,  
 What grieves us all, but none so much as me !  
 The free-born Genius of the woods am I,  
 Who scorn to dwell in lands of slavery ;  
 I, tho' unseen, command the heart to dare,  
 And spread the soul of freedom through the air,  
 That each may taste and value if he can,  
 This sov'reign good that constitutes the man :

There, in the centre of tyrannic sway,  
I spread my spirit and forbid dismay,  
To every bosom dart my influence round,  
Like the sunbeams that fructify the ground ;  
But waft a timorous and ignoble breath  
Where conscience, conscience bids them shrink at death.

O stranger, led by Heaven's supreme decree,  
Go view the dire effects of tyranny,  
Straight to the town direct thy fated way,  
But hark attentive, listen and obey.  
I to thy care commit this magic vest,  
To guard thee 'midst yon spires a viewless guest ;  
Whene'er its wreathy folds thy limbs embrace,  
No mortal eye thy roving step shall trace,  
Unseen as ghosts that quit their clay below,  
Yet seeing all securely thou shalt go.  
There watch the motions of the hostile lines,  
Observe their counsels, search their deep designs ;  
Trace all their schemes, the lawless strength survey  
Of licens'd robbers howling for their prey.

So spoke the Genius of the shaded wave,  
And then the cloth of wond'rous virtue gave,  
Which scarce my limbs enwrapt, when I began  
To move as ne'er before did mortal man ;  
Light as the air, as free as winds I stray'd,  
Pierc'd firmest rocks and walls for prisons made,  
Soar'd high, nor ask'd the feeble aid of art,  
And trac'd all secrets but the human heart.  
Then to the town I held my hasty course,  
To Boston's town subdu'd by lawless force ;  
Close by a sentinel I took my stride,  
The wretch ne'er saw me tho' I grazed his side :  
But for my vest, what pains had been my lot,  
What gibes, what sneers, reproaches and what not ?  
Or in their place the robbers had constrain'd  
To turn a Tory, which my heart disdain'd.

Now stalk'd I on towards the dome of state  
Where Gage resides our Western potentate,  
A second Cortez sent by Heaven's command,  
To murder, rage and ravage o'er our land ;

A very Cortez—what's the difference?  
 He wants his courage, he wants his sense,  
 E'en Cortez<sup>1</sup> would our tyrant's part disdain;  
 That murder'd strangers, this his countrymen,  
 In all the rest, resemblance so exact,  
 No glass Venetian could more true reflect.  
 In all the rest congenial souls combin'd,  
 The scourge, the curse, and scandal of our kind.

Cortez was sent by Spain's black brotherhood,  
 Whose faith is murder, whose religion blood;  
 Sent unprovok'd with his Iberian train,  
 To fat the soil with millions of the slain:  
 Poor Mexico! arouse thy sanguine head,  
 Peru, disclose thy hosts of murder'd dead!  
 Let your vast plains all white with human bones,  
 That bleaching lie and ask sepulchral stones,  
 Force a dumb voice and echo to the sky,  
 The blasting curse of papal tyranny;  
 And let your rocks and let your hills proclaim,  
 That Gage and Cortez' errand is the same.  
 Say then what cause this murd'rous hand restrains?  
 The want of power is made the monster's chains,  
 The streams of blood his heart foredooms to spill,  
 Is but a dying serpent's rage to kill:  
 What power shall drive this serpent from our shore,  
 This scorpion swol'n with carnage, death and gore?

Twelve was the hour; infernal darkness reign'd,  
 Low hung the clouds, the stars their light restrain'd:  
 High in the dome a dire assembly sat,  
 A stupid council on affairs of state;  
 To their dim lamps I urged my fearless way,  
 And marching 'twixt their guards without delay,  
 Step't boldly in, and safely veil'd from view,  
 Stood in the centre of the blackguard crew.

First, Gage was there; a mimic chair of state,  
 Receiv'd the honor of his honor's weight;

<sup>1</sup> Hernando Cortez, one of the original conquerors of Spanish America, who depopulated many provinces and slew several millions of the natives of this continent.—See *Father du Casas' History*.

This man of straw, the regal purple bound,  
But dullness, deepest dullness hover'd round.

Next Greaves, who wields the trident of the sea,  
The tall arch-captain of artillery,  
All gloomy sat, mumbling of flame and fire,  
Balls, cannon, ships and all their damn'd attire;  
Well pleas'd to live in everlasting hum,  
But senseless as the echo of a drum.

Hard by Burgoyne, his ample chair supplies,  
And seem'd to meditate in studious guise,  
As if again to grant the world to see  
Long, dull, dry letters writ to Gen'ral Lee,  
Huge scrawls of words, thro' endless circuits drawn  
Unmeaning as the errand he's upon;  
His arm and pen of equal strength we call,  
This kills with dullness, just like that with ball,

Lord Percy seem'd to snore: O conscious muse,  
This ill-tim'd snoring to the peer excuse,  
Tir'd was the hero of his toilsome day,  
Full fifteen miles he fled, a tedious way—  
How should he then the dews of Somnus shun?  
Perhaps not us'd to walk, much less to run.

Red-fac'd as Sol descending to repose,  
Reclin'd the furious Captain of the Rose;  
Skill'd to direct his cannonading shot,  
No Turkish rover half so murdering hot;  
Pleas'd with base vengeance on defenceless towns,  
His forkéd tongue hiss'd nothing else but—zounds!  
In Fame's proud temple aiming for a niche,  
'Mongst those who find it at the cannon's breach.

Howe, vex'd to see his army's fatal doom,  
Ceas'd to beseech the skies for elbow room,  
(How could the skies refuse this pious man,  
When half the prayer was blood! and death, and damn!)  
He curs'd the brainless minister that plann'd  
His sleeveless errand to a distant land;  
But aw'd by Gage his bursting wrath recoil'd,  
And in his inmost bosom doubly boil'd.

There, chief of all the Pandemonian crew,  
Exalted sat, the rest a pensioned few,

A sample of the multitude that wait,  
 In dreams of Indian gold and Indian state;  
 North's friends down swarming, (so our monarch wills,)  
 Hungry as hell from Caledonian hills;  
 Whose endless numbers if you bid me tell,  
 I'll count the atoms of this globe as well:  
 Knights, captains, squires, a secondary band,  
 Held at small wages till they gain the land,  
 Flock'd pensive round; black spleen assail'd the crowd,  
 Black as the horrors of a wintry cloud,  
 And made them doubt, for doubts had place to grow,  
 Whether they were invincible or no.

Gage starts, rebounding from his ample seat,  
 Swears thrice, and cries—"Ye furies we are beat!  
 Thrice are we drubb'd! Pray gentles let me know,  
 Whether it be the fault of fate or you?"

He ceas'd and anger flashed from both his eyes,  
 While Percy to his query thus replies:—

"Let gods and men attest the words I say,  
 Our soldiers flinch'd not from the dubious fray,  
 Had each a head of temper'd steel possess'd,  
 A heart of brass and adamant breast,  
 More courage ne'er had urg'd them to the fray,  
 More true born valor made them scorn dismay."  
 "Whoe'er, said Greaves, their cowardice denies,  
 Or Lord, or Knight, or 'Squire, I say he lies:  
 How could the wretches help but marching on,  
 When at their backs your swords were ready drawn,  
 To pierce the man that flinch'd a single pace,  
 From all hell's lightning blazing in his face?  
 Death on my life! my Lord, had I been there,  
 I'd sent New England's army through the air,  
 Wrench'd their black hearts from this infernal brood,  
 And turn'd their streams to Oliverian blood;  
 Henceforth let Britain deem her men but toys,  
 Gods! to be conquer'd thus by country boys,—  
 Why, if your men had had the mind to sup,  
 They might have eaten this plaything army up;  
 Five thousand to five hundred thus to yield,  
 And fourteen hundred stretch'd upon the field.

O shame to Britain and the British name,  
 Shame damps my heart and I must die with shame."  
 "Indeed," cries Gage, "'tis twice we have been beat,  
 You have the knack, Lord Percy, to retreat,  
 The death you 'scap'd my very blood congeals;  
 Heaven grant me too, so swift a pair of heels;  
 In Chevy-Chace, as doubtless you have read,  
 Lord Percy would have sooner died than fled;  
 Behold the virtues of your house decay,  
 Ah, how unlike the Percy of that day!"

So spoke the hero in disdainful guise  
 To the gay peer—the brilliant peer replies,  
 "When once the soul has reach'd old Styx's shore,  
 My prayer-book says, it shall return no more,  
 When once old Charon hoists his sable sail,  
 And swims his boat before the lazy gale,  
 Farewell to all that pleas'd the man above,  
 Farewell to feats of arms and joys of love,  
 Farewell quadrille that helps out life's short span,  
 Farewell to wine that cheers the heart of man,  
 Farewell my steeds that stretch across the plain,  
 More swift than navies bounding o'er the main,  
 All, all farewell—the pensive shade must go  
 Where dull Medusa turns to stone below,  
 And Belus' maids eternal labors ply,  
 To drench the cask that stays forever dry.

Since then, this truth is by mankind confess'd,  
 That ev'ry Lord must yet be Pluto's guest,  
 Since even George must in his turn give place,  
 And leave his coursers starting for the race,  
 How blest is he, how prudent is the man,  
 Who keeps aloof from Styx, while yet he can,—  
 One well-aim'd ball can make us all no more  
 Than leaky vessels on that leeward shore.  
 But why, my friends, these hard reflections still  
 On Lexington affairs—'tis Bunker's Hill—  
 O fatal hill, thy ghastly sight restrains  
 My once warm blood, and chills it in my veins!  
 May no gay flowers or vernal blooming tree,  
 Scent thy vile air or shade the face of thee!

May no sweet grass adorn thy hateful crest,  
 That nodded o'er Britannia's troops distress!  
 Or if it does, may some destructive gale,  
 The green leaf wither and the grass turn pale;  
 All moisture to your breast may heaven deny,  
 And God and man detest you just as I—  
 'Tis Bunker's Hill this night hath fix'd us here,  
 Pray query him who led your armies there;  
 Nor dare my courage into question call,  
 Or blame Lord Percy for the fault of all."

Howe chanc'd to nod, while fluent Percy spoke,  
 But as his Lordship ceas'd, his honor woke,  
 Like those whose sermons into sleep betray,  
 Then rubb'd his eyes, and thus was heard to say:  
 "Shall those who never ventur'd from the town,  
 Or their ship's sides, now pull our conduct down?  
 We fought our best, so God my honor save,  
 No British soldiers ever fought more brave;  
 Resolv'd I led them to the hostile lines,  
 From this day fam'd where'er great Phœbus shines,  
 Firm at their head I took my bloody stand,  
 Marching to death and slaughter, sword in hand,  
 'Till met the strength of each opposing force,  
 Like blazing stars in their ethereal course,  
 That all on fire with rapid swiftness fly,  
 Then clash and shake the concave of the sky.  
 Twice we gave way, twice shunn'd the infernal rout,  
 And twice you would have said, all hell's broke out.  
 They fought like those who press for death's embrace  
 And laugh the grizzly monarch in the face.  
 Putnam's brave troops, you honor would have swore  
 Had robb'd the clouds of half their sulph'rous store,  
 Call'd thunder down whence Jove his vengeance spreads,  
 And drove it mix'd with lightning on our heads!

What tho' Copp's hill its black artillery play'd,  
 Clouding the plains in worse than Stygian shade;  
 Tho' floating batteries rais'd their dismal roar,  
 Tho' all the navy bellow'd from the shore,  
 They roar'd in vain, death claim'd from them no share  
 But helpless, spent their force in empty air.

Alas! what scenes of slaughter I beheld,  
 What sudden carnage flush'd the glutted field!  
 Heaven gave the foe to thin my warlike train,  
 For not a musket was discharg'd in vain;  
 Yes, that short hour, while heaven forebore to smile,  
 Made many widows in Britannia's Isle,  
 And shewing all what power supreme can do,  
 Gave many orphans to those widows too.

But Gage, arouse! come lift thy languid head,  
 Full fifty foes we pack'd off to the dead:  
 Who feeling death from their hot posts withdrew,  
 And *Warren* with the discontented crew—  
 Blest be the hand that laid his head so low,  
 Not fifty common deaths could please me so,—  
 But to be short, so quick our men came in,  
 The hostile army was so very thin;  
 We fix'd our bay'nets and resum'd the fray,  
 Then forc'd their lines and made the dogs give way."

Next rose Burgoyne and rais'd his brazen voice,  
 And cried, "We have no reason to rejoice.  
 Warren is dead—in that we all agree  
 Not fate itself is half so fix'd as he;  
 But my suspecting heart bids me foredoom,  
 A thousand Warrens rising in his room—  
 Heaven knows I left my native country's air,  
 In full belief of things that never were,  
 Deceiv'd by Grant, I've sail'd thus far in vain,  
 And like a fool may now sail back again—  
 Grant call'd them cowards—curse the stupid ass,  
 Their sides are iron and their hearts are brass—  
 Cowards, he said, and lest that should not do,  
 He pawn'd his oath and swore that they were so:  
 O were he here, I'd make him change his note,  
 Disown his lie, or cut the rascal's throat.

But Captains, Generals, hear me and attend,  
 Say, shall we home for other succors send?  
 Shall other navies cross the stormy main?  
 They may—but what shall awe the pride of Spain?  
 Shall mighty George, to make his laws obey'd,  
 Transport ten thousand Russians to our aid?

That allied empire countless shoals may pour,  
 Num'rous as sands that form the ocean shore,  
 But policy commands my heart to fear  
 They'll turn their arms against us when they're here.  
 Come let's agree, for something must be done,  
 E'er Autumn flies and Winter hastens on;  
 When pinching cold our navy binds in ice,  
 You'll find 'tis then too late to take advice."

The clock strikes three—Gage smote upon his breast  
 And cried, "What fate determines must be best,  
 But now attend, a counsel I impart,  
 Which long has laid the heaviest at my heart—  
 Three weeks—ye gods, nay, three long years it seems,  
 I've eat no fresh provision, but in dreams,  
 In sleep, choice dishes to my eyes repair—  
 Waking, I gape and chew the empty air—  
 Say is it just that I who rule these bands  
 Should live on husks like rakes in foreign lands?  
 Come, let us hold a council ere we sleep,  
 Some consultation how to filch their sheep,  
 On neighboring isles unnumbered cattle stray,  
 Fat beeves and sheep an undefended prey;  
 These are fit victims for my noon-day dish,  
 These, if the gods could act as I would wish,  
 In one short week shall glad your hearts and mine,  
 On mutton we will sup, on beef we'll dine."

Shouts of applause re-echo'd thro' the hall,  
 And what pleas'd one, as surely pleas'd the all:  
 Wallace was nam'd to execute the plan,  
 And thus sheep-stealing pleas'd them to a man.

Now slumbers stole upon the chieftain's eye,  
 His powder'd foretop nodded from on high,  
 His lids just op'd to find how matters were,—  
 "Dissolve," he said, "and so dissolv'd ye are."  
 Then downward sunk to dullest slumbers deep,  
 And in his arms embrac'd the powers of sleep.

In Boston's southern end there stands a tree,  
 Long sacred held to darling liberty,

Its branching arms with verdant leaves were crown'd,  
 Imparting shade and grateful coolness round:  
 To its fam'd trunk, invisible as air,  
 I from the sleepy council did repair,  
 And at its root, fair freedom's shrine, I paid  
 My warmest vows, and blest the virtuous shade.

Now shin'd the gay-fac'd sun with morning light,  
 All nature joy'd exulting at the sight,  
 When swift as wind to vent their base-born rage,  
 The Tory Williams and the butcher Gage,  
 Rush'd to the tree, a nameless number near,  
 Tories and Negroes following in the rear—  
 Each, axe in hand, attack'd the honored tree,  
 Swearing eternal war with Liberty.  
 Nor ceas'd their strokes, till each repeated wound  
 Tumbled its honors headlong to the ground;  
 But e'er it fell, not mindless of its wrong,  
 Aveng'd it took one destin'd head along.  
 A Tory soldier on its topmost limb—  
 The Genius of the shade look'd stern at him  
 And mark'd him out that self-same hour to dine  
 Where unsnuffed lamps burn low at Pluto's shrine,  
 Then tripp'd his feet from off their cautious stand,  
 Pale turn'd the wretch,—he spread each helpless hand,  
 But spread in vain; with headlong face he fell,  
 Nor stopp'd descending 'till he stopp'd in hell.<sup>1</sup>  
 Next, curious to explore, I wander'd where  
 Our injur'd countrymen imprison'd are,  
 Some closely coop'd in the unwelcome town,  
 Some in dark dungeons held ignobly down;  
 Gage holds them there and all recess denies,  
 For 'tis in these the coward's safety lies;  
 Were these once out, how would our troops consign  
 Each licens'd robber to the gulphy brine,  
 Or drive them foaming to the ships for aid,  
 To beg of stormy Greaves to cannonade,

<sup>1</sup> The Liberty Tree at the corner of Essex and Newbury Streets, in Boston, was cut down in 1775, by a party of loyalists, headed by Job Williams, "a noted and noisy supporter of the King and Gage and all his vile crew." One of the party was killed by the falling of the tree. Mr. Williams left Boston with the British army in March, 1776.

And midnight vengeance point, like Vandeput,  
Voiding his hell-hounds of their devilish glut.

A deed like that the muse must blush to name,  
And bids me stamp a coward on thy fame;  
Rage, ruffian, rage, nor lay thy thunder down,  
Till all the Tories howl and flee the town.

What is a Tory? Heavens and earth reveal,  
What strange blind monster does that name conceal?  
There, there he stands,—for augury prepare,  
Come lay his heart and inmost entrails bare,  
I, by the forelock seize the Stygian hound;  
You bind his arms and hold the dragon down.  
Surgeon attend with thy dissecting knife,  
Aim well the stroke that damps the springs of life,  
Extract his fangs, dislodge his teeth of prey,  
Clap in your pincers and then tear away.  
Soldier stand by, the monster may resist,  
You draw your backword, I'll draw my fist;

Lo! mixt with air his worthless ghost has fled,  
Surgeon, his paleness speaks the monster dead;  
Part, part the sutures of his brazen skull,  
Hard as a rock, impenetrably dull,—  
Hold out his brain and let his brethren see,  
That tortoise brain no larger than a pea,  
Come rake his entrails, whet thy knife again,  
Let's see what evils threat the next campaign,  
If ministerial force shall prove too great,  
Or if the Congress save their mighty freight:  
See on his breast deep grav'd with iron pen,  
"Passive obedience to the worst of men."  
There to his lights direct thy searching eyes,  
"Slavery I love, and freedom I despise."  
View next his heart, his midriff just above,  
"To my own country I'll a traitor prove."  
Hard by his throat, for utterance meant, I spy,  
"I'll fight for tyrants and their ministry."  
His crowded guts unnumber'd scrawls contain,  
The scandal of our country and the bane;  
His bleeding entrails shew some great design,  
Which shall abortive prove, as I divine,