

Part 6.

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5367 H

BALLAD HISTORY of the

American Revolution.



BY CONTEMPORARY POETS
AND
PROSE WRITERS.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED
BY
FRANK MOORE.

1765 — 1783

5367

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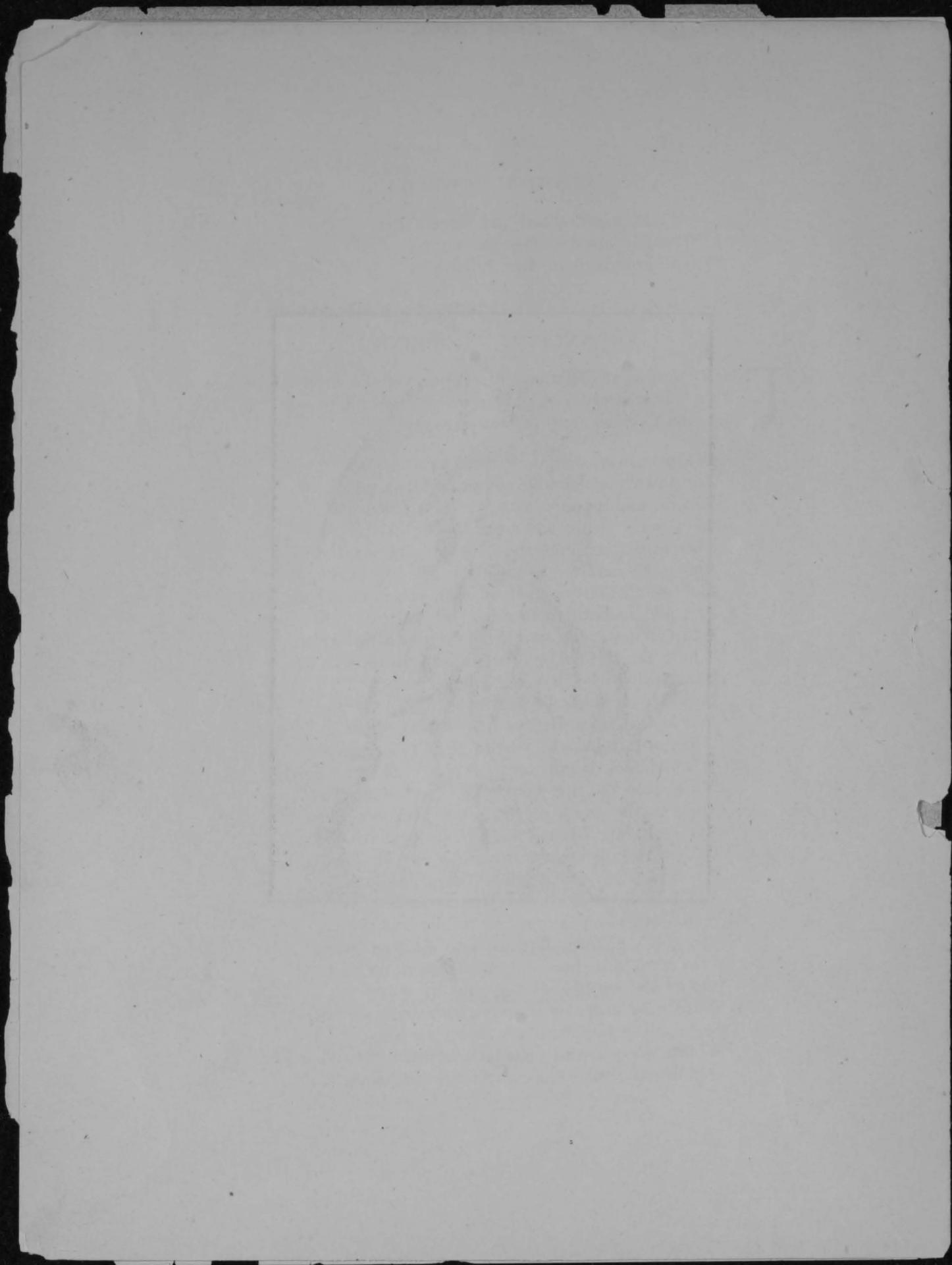
CHARLOTTE, QUEEN OF GEORGE THE THIRD.

From the copy hung in Fraunces' Tavern, New York.



YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S HAT, WORN IN 1770.

From a contemporary Print.



O Putnam! Ward and martial Lee,
 The fair's best wishes are for ye,
 The guardians of dear Liberty!

AN ANCIENT PROPHECY.

THIS "fragment of an antient prophecy discovered in the year 1770" was inserted at the desire of "an antiquarian," in the London Evening Post, in January, 1774:

When husbandmen their rural toils forsake,
 The town's enchanting pleasures to partake,
 Where, useless burdens of the common weal,
 They stare about, and learn to beg or steal;
 The drones consume the corn by others sow'd
 And to th'industrious raise the price of food;
 Increase the throng that on each other press,
 And add to both their vices and distress:
 When, monster-like, the head is grown too great,
 Whilst the shrunk body sinks beneath its weight:
 When ruin'd the deserted village lies,
 To swell the capital's enormous size,
 And as our trade decays new streets arise:
 When all around the plague of building spreads
 At which fools laugh, and wise men shake their heads:
 When such the dire contagion, that its rage
 Not e'en the queen of rivers can assuage,
 Her spreading streams for private gain confined
 To narrower bounds than nature e'er designed;
 When vast projecting banks usurp her sway,
 And houses stand where boats at anchor lay,
 Which now from storms no longer find retreat,
 And royal Thames, like stinking ditch of Fleet,
 Chok'd up with filth and rubbish, can no more
 Import the wealth of every distant shore:
 When gold and useless gems from India's coast,
 The spoil of plunder'd provinces we boast;
 Whilst, every useful manufacture fled,
 Our artists seek in foreign climes for bread,

AN ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE KING.

Whilst nothing round us strikes th' attentive eye,
 But motley scenes of pride and poverty:
 When friends to public virtue are disgraced,
 And its known foes with open arms embraced;
 Whilst those who steer the helm of fate, become
 No less despised abroad than curst at home:
 When nobles, lost to shame, their Prince beguile,
 Murd'ers to screen, for sake of —— vile:
 When titled thieves the nation's treasure drain,
 And millions unaccounted for remain,
 While patriots for an audit call in vain:
 When those, who at God's altar should attend,
 Their precious hours in vain amusements spend,
 And priests, e'en in the solemn time of Lent
 Nocturnal revels at Soho frequent:
 When Bishops' wives at masquerade appear,
 And routs o'er humble *Secker's* grave we hear:
 When rebel S—— are daily seen at Court
 And * * * * * church resort;
 Then England * * * th'approaching fate
 And * * * * * too late
 * * * *Desunt multa* * * * * *
 * * * * *
 Add *seven* to *one*, and *seven* again and *three*,
 Then mark the time fulfils this *prophecy*.

AN ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE KING.

THE following piece was first published in the London Mercury,
 and from it copied into several of the Colonial papers issued in
 1775.

Peace to thy royal shade, illustrious King!
 Sleep sweetly on beneath thy blazon'd tomb,
 Nor yet be startled though a tale I sing,
 Might call up spirits from the Stygian gloom.

How blest were once the subjects of thy sway!
 And blessings still they hoped from such a root:

But lo the flattering prospect fades away;
Keen northern blasts¹ have spoil'd the promis'd fruit.

The darling idol of the British state,
A native prince, on whom we counted high,
No sooner mounted on the vacant seat,
Than joy began to smile in ev'ry eye.

But ah! how dark are Fate's mysterious ways!
In error's mazes how are mortals led?
Blasted the wreaths, and wither'd all the bays
We fondly wove to crown his royal head.

The partial minion fraught with subtle wiles
Soon gain'd his confidence by hellish art:
Nor can the nation's *censures* nor her *smiles*
Convince his judgment, or reform his heart.

Alas! how blind to fortune and to fame,
Must be the Prince who hugs within his breast
A foe that always cavill'd at his claim,
And strove the sceptre from his hand to wrest!

Yet such there is (ye heavens forgive the sight!)
Nor can a Junius wake him from his dream;
In vain the people pray, the patriots write:
He nods supine o'er Tweeda's tainted stream.

Ill-fated hour, when on thy tender youth
The northern star its baneful influence shed;
Turn'd all thy footsteps from the ways of truth,
And mark'd to vengeance thy devoted head.

Can nothing rouse thee? *Nothing* wake thy soul?
O! may some vision of the midnight hour,
Some dying *Charles* before thy fancy roll,
And teach thee goodness equal to thy *pow'r!*

¹ Alluding to Scotch arrogance and influence.

Remember, Sire, (or if thou hast not read,
 Turn o'er the sad, but wise, historic page)
 There was a people sold their Prince's head;
 And there are villains born in ev'ry age—

O! then awake, the voice of truth attend!
 And though the novel sound may grate thine ear,
 Resolve at last to be thy country's friend,
 For all thy peace and safety centres *there*.

'Tis heaven that speaks; and though thou art a king,
 In spite of fraud, in fawning flattery's spite,
 Thou, soon or late, shalt own the truths I sing,
 For *all* thy conduct must be brought to light.

And what a weight thy lab'ring soul will press!
 How wilt thou stand amid the dark despair,
 When millions tell thee all, their deep distress
 Could never pierce thine adamantine ear!

In time be wise; drive *traitors* from thy breast;
 And let the *just*, the *honest* round thee move:
 So shall the *sinking state* once more be blest,
 And *thou* be happy in thy *people's love*.

William Livingston, the New Jersey poet and patriot, in a letter to Mr. Jere. Platt, one of the associate Sons of Liberty with Abraham Brazier, John Jay, James Duane and others in New York, says of this poem that "it has all the spirit and fire of an old Roman, as of Mr. Henry in Virginia, when he declared himself against the villainous Stamp iniquity." Mr. Livingston refers to the time when Patrick Henry introduced his celebrated resolution on the Stamp Act in the House of Burgesses in Virginia, in May, 1765. He exclaimed, when descanting on the tyranny of the obnoxious act, "Cæsar had his Brutus; Charles the First his Cromwell; and George the Third—" "Treason!" cried the Speaker; "treason! treason!" echoed from every part of the house. It was one of those trying moments which are decisive of character. Henry faltered not for an instant; but rising to a loftier altitude, and fixing on the Speaker an eye flashing with fire, exclaimed, "may profit by their example. If this be treason make the best of it."—*Wirt's Life of Henry*.

The name of the author of the poem is unknown. Its publication in a London paper during the early days of the revolution is sufficient evidence of the complete liberty of the press at that time, however it may have been restricted at a later and more unfortunate period for the wishes and fortunes of the ministerial party.

DEFINITION OF A STATESMAN.

O H! what a mine of mischief is a statesman!
 Ye furies, whirlwinds, and ye treach'rous rocks,
 Ye ministers of Death, devouring fire,
 Convulsive earthquake, and plague-tainted air!
 All you are merciful and mild to him,
 The passive instruments of righteous heaven.
 But he for goodness form'd, and plac'd to bless,
 Wilful, opposes Providence in spite,
 And is a devil of his own formation.

These lines were published in the Middlesex Journal, in March, 1775, with the following remark and quotation:—"The writer of this sarcasm cannot sustain himself. Are not Fuller, Barre, Dempster, Sawbridge and their friends *statesmen*? In the debate on the latest of the American bills, all of them were firm, honest and just. Let the opposition read their remarks, which we give below, and reflect:

MR. DEMPSTER: I do not apprehend that the bill before you is at all adequate to the purpose intended; nor do I think that experience warrants the assertion that a fair trial cannot be had in the colonies. Surely the bringing men over to England to be tried is not only a direct breach of their constitution, but is a deprivation of the right of every British subject in America. I should have thought that a power of reprieve, lodged in the governor after conviction, would have been fully sufficient, without bringing men to England. Whenever murder is committed, it must inevitably go off with impunity; for whenever any person present shall find he is to go over the Atlantic as an evidence, to the detriment of his family and fortune, there is no doubt but that he will evade the possibility of his appearance. This will be the means of subjecting the people of that country to assassination, in the room of legal trial; and the invariable consequence has always been, that when a fair trial cannot

be procured, the revenge of the relations of the deceased will exercise itself in this kind of cruel assassination. I, perhaps, may be wrong in my ideas; but I have looked into the history of that country with care and circumspection, and it has inspired me with the highest veneration for those of the first settlers. They emigrated when that Star Chamber doctrine was practised in this country. Oppressed, as they thought themselves by the mother country, by the cruelty of those arbitrary laws, sooner than suffer themselves to be oppressed by tyranny, they chose rather to combat with wild beasts and Indians in America, than to live in a place where tyranny and oppression ruled. It is no new thing that they have refused to comply with the payment of taxes demanded from this country; this exemption is a very old demand of theirs and is supported by their charter. Imprisonment of two persons who held this kind of doctrine, was made in the time of Sir Edmund Andros, who was their governor, and the Americans passed a law declaring that this country had no right to tax; it is true, when that law came over it was rejected. Let gentlemen consider that if we tax America at this present period, her trade and everything else will decline. I think that Boston has the most merit with this country of any place I know; she is a most valuable ally, or subordinate colony; take it in either sense, her possession is inestimable; but I really fear very much that the Americans are to be thus treated, without the parties being heard. I do not like to see *public liberty* and *the rights of persons* infringed. There are two articles in the bill which I cannot blame the Americans for resisting. I mean that of the Council and the Judges *being chosen by the Crown*; the ancient way which their charter directed of choosing their Council was far more eligible; they were men that were at a certain old age, to which experience generally adds wisdom, that were elected Council. But this is a new system that carries with it neither *experience* nor *wisdom*, and I think the change unnecessary, even if not oppressive. I think the office of sheriff is more oppressive, because he is an engine of power in the hands of the governor; nor do I approve of taking away the Town-Meetings. There is but one precedent of this kind to be found in history, but I could wish on the present occasion, that a second had not been made.

MR. SAWBRIDGE: The opposition I have given to these measures does not proceed from a settled disposition against administration, nor do I do it for the sake of popularity. It is for the love of that liberty which I have always been strengthened and bred up in by education. I had rather bear the badge of the parish, than that of apostacy. It has been

urged in debate that this country has a right to pursue those measures adopted in the bill, and that necessity is the ground and argument which urges it on.—But pray, let me ask who is to be the judge of that necessity? A nation surely cannot be called a free nation, where another has a right to draw money out of their pockets: I cannot understand how any one can agree with these measures, and deny the right of taxation. If you exercise an authority which does not belong to you, or if you force an illegal authority, they have a right to resist. I do not see any necessity for bringing over the people to be tried by a jury of England. I think the Crown should have lodged a power in the governor to pardon, and I should have thought it the brightest jewel in it on this occasion. You say that the governor is to use his discretion with regard to the having a fair trial; but by this bill the governor, I say, is not the judge of that, for it must be upon the oath of a witness; he must believe that witness, and no discretion is left in the governor. No man will become a voluntary evidence on such an occasion; he will sooner fly from that situation than be transported to England. By that means justice will be evaded, as evidence cannot be had, and the people will soon take upon themselves to revenge their own injuries.

COLONEL BARRE: I think it criminal to sit still upon the final decision of this question, as I cannot in any shape approve of this measure. I think the persons whom you employ to execute your laws might have been protected in the execution of their duty, in a less exceptionable manner than the bill proposes. Your army in that country has the casting voice; and it is dangerous to put any more power into their hands. Consider how long they will be content with four pence per day. I am afraid not long. You have had one meeting already, you may soon have another. The people of America will receive these regulations as edicts from an *arbitrary government*. The heaviest offence they have been guilty of is, that they have resisted that law which bears such an arbitrary cast. I want to know, if we, in this country, had not resisted such arbitrary laws in certain ancient times, whether we should have existed as a House of Commons here this day? I object much against the doctrine which I have heard laid down, that the particular exigency of the case countenanced the measure. I do not apprehend the Americans will abandon their principles; for if they submit they are *Slaves*: I therefore execrate the present measure in manner proposed.

MR. FULLER: I will now take my leave of the whole plan, and will give you my free opinion of it. You will commence your ruin from this day, if you do not repeal that tax which created all this disturbance:

You will have no degree of confidence with the Americans: People won't trust you when your credit is gone. You may, I say, date your ruin from this day; and I am sorry to say, that not only this House has fallen into that error, but that the People of this country approve of the measure. I find the people wish for the measures proposed in this bill, as much as the majority here. It is not owing to a *junto* of a Ministry that these measures are taken. It is the people at large, whom, I am sorry to say, are misled. They are in error, but a short time will prove the evil tendency of this bill. I think the bill before us bears the least injury of any of the three; but if there ever was a nation running headlong to its ruin, it is this."¹

"The House of Commons," continues the editor of the Middlesex Journal, "attacked a parson violently in 1710, and ruined the Whig Ministry. At that time religion was the universal cry of the nation: at present, *trade* is the hinge on which all turns, and there is as an enthusiastic fondness for trade, America, and the money that comes from thence, as there was in 1710 for the church. At a time like the present *statesmen* will not be found on the side of trade."

ON TYRANNICAL GOVERNMENT.

Y^E Princes of the Earth, ye mighty few,
 Who, worlds subduing, can't yourselves subdue,
 Who, goodness scorn'd, wish only to be great,
 Whose breath is blasting, and whose voice is fate,
 Who own no law, no reason but your will,
 Disdain restraint, tho' 'tis from doing ill,
 Who, of all passions, groan beneath the worst,
 Then only blest when making others curs'd:
 Think not for wrongs like these, unscourg'd to live;
 Long ye may sin, and long may Heaven forgive;

¹ This debate was upon "Acts for the better regulating the government and for the impartial administration of justice in the Province of the Massachusetts-Bay, in New England," approved by George the Third, May 20, 1774. On receipt of the news of their passage in Boston, a fast was appointed and observed throughout the province on July 14, as stated in the Boston Gazette, "on account of the melancholy situation of our public affairs." "It ought to be noticed," said the printer, "to the honor of the gentlemen of the army and navy, that scarcely a soldier or sailor was seen walking in the streets of Boston on that day."

But, when ye least expect, in sorrow's day
Vengeance shall fall more heavy, for delay;
Nor think, that vengeance heap'd on you alone
Shall (poor amends) for injur'd worlds atone.

No, like some base distemper, which remains,
Transmitted from the tainted father's veins,
In the son's blood, such broad and general crimes,
Shall call down vengeance, ev'n to latest times;
Call vengeance down on all who bear your name,
And make their portion bitterness and shame.

These lines were published in England a short time after the speech of the King to Parliament, on the Quebec Bill and the situation of affairs in Massachusetts-Bay, was made public. In that speech, the King said:—"The very peculiar circumstances of embarrassment in which the province of Quebec was involved, had rendered the proper adjustment and regulation of the government thereof, a matter of no small difficulty. The bill which you prepared for that purpose, and to which I have now given my assent, is founded on the clearest principles of justice and humanity; and will, I doubt not, have the best effects in quieting the minds, and promoting the happiness of my Canadian subjects.¹

"I have long seen with concern a dangerous spirit of resistance to my government, and to the creation of the laws, prevailing in the province of Massachusetts-Bay, in New England. It proceeded, at length, to such an extremity, as to render your immediate interposition indispensably necessary; and you have accordingly made provision as well for the suppression of the present disorders, as for the prevention of the like in the future. The temper and firmness with which you have conducted yourselves in this important business, and the general concurrence with which the resolution of maintaining the authority of the laws, in every part of my dominions, hath been adopted and supported, cannot fail of giving the greatest weight to the measures which have been the result of your deliberations. Nothing that depends on me shall be wanting to render them effectual. It is my most anxious desire to see my deluded subjects, in that part of the world, returning to a sense of their duty, acquiescing in that just subordination to the authority, and maintaining

¹ The Quebec Bill enlarged the bounds of that province, and conferred many privileges on the Roman Catholics; the design of which was to secure the attachment of that province, and prevent its joining with the Colonies in their measures of resistance.

that due regard to the commercial interests of this country, which must ever be inseparably connected with their own real prosperity and advantage."

At the conclusion of this speech, Parliament was prorogued, and the King, attended by the Duke of Ancaster, returned to St. James'. "On his going to Parliament," wrote an eye-witness, "the Park, Whitehall, and other parts of Parliament Street, were thronged with multitudes of people in dress and appearance much above the common level. As the King passed they gave him a most cordial salute of groans and hisses; the universal cry was, 'No Popery! No French laws! No Protestant Popish King! The Duke of Gloucester forever!' His Majesty was observed several times to change color, but whether from a consciousness that he was suffering in a *religious* cause, or whether from the supreme delight he felt at passing an act so universally *odious* to the factious citizens, he *bronzed* it out with a tolerable share of *firmness*. When he had executed the *Romish business*, by passing the Quebec Bill, the people, on his return, grew exceedingly clamorous; they groaned most hideously until the state-coach arrived opposite Mr. Churchill's house in Parliament Street, where (Mr. Wilkes being at the window¹) a loud huzza ensued. The King bowed, but the people, too honest to deceive his Majesty, instantly shouted, "Wilkes forever!" The state-coach had no sooner entered the Park than, the multitude who had accompanied it to the Parliament House, being joined by a prodigious concourse of people, the hisses, groans, and cry of 'No Popery! No French laws! the Protestant Duke of Gloucester!' became incessant."

¹ The following was posted up at the Sun Fire office, in Cornhill, London, a few days after this occurrence.

BRITANNIA TO JOHN WILKES, ESQ.

Droop not, my son, thy laurels cannot fade
 Though venal courts deny thee aid.
 On me, on me, their barbarous rage they turn,
 My rights they trample and my altars spurn.
 I too must fall! Too well, alas! I see,
 Each shaft that wounds thy breast is aimed at me.
 Droop not, my son, nor ask a nobler fate
 Than bravely falling with a *falling* state.
 Thou didst not fail, till *worth* and *honor* fled,
 Thou didst not fail, till Freedom's self was dead.

These lines were originally published in 1768, at the time when Wilkes was very active in measures against the ministerial plan of taxing the colonies.—See page 117, *ante*.

The King once leaning his head towards the coach window, which was beset with numbers, a fellow, with great jocularly, called out, "*God bless your Majesty's head, but d—n Lord Bute's!*" His Majesty reddened, but soon collected his *firmness*, shewed as much contempt for the rabble as James the Second, when he took water to escape their fury, (and being safely embarked) let a — to show how much he despised them.

"A fellow returning through the Park with the Sword of State on his shoulder, the case which contained it being shaped exactly like a *crucifix*, some of the mob insisted upon seeing the contents. The fellow stopped and opened the case, but when they perceived it contained only a very harmless sword, they went away, saying, "they really thought it was a present from the court of Rome of a Popish crucifix for the use of the Protestant King of England!"

A NEW SONG.

Supposed to have been sung by Goody North by way of lullaby to the foundling brat, the Popish Quebec Bill, to the tune of "O my kitten, my kitten!"

O my baby, my baby,
 And O my baby, my deary,
 And was its papa asham'd
 To own its bratling here-e?
 My dear little popish puppet,
 So like its dad, Lord Bute-e!
 O naughty papa, to drop it,
 And the Bishops all sit mute-e!
 Then up with the Papists, up, up,
 And down with the Protestants, down-e;
 Here we go backwards and forwards
 And all for the good of the Crown-e.

And we will have gossips in store,
 And reverend Bishops to bless it:
 Lord Chatham shall tease it no more,
 But let my majority dress it:
 That thou shalt have plenty of clouts,
 The Bishops will tear up long sleeves-e;
 Then be no more, child, in the pouts;
 Hush, hush my baby, what grieves-e?
 Then up with the Papists, etc.

Then down with the fam'd Reformation,
 Each church, each chapel, and meeting;
 While I'm overseer of the nation,
 I'll cherish and foster my sweeting.
 Then heigh for the fine wooden shoes,
 And heigh for a cock-horse to ride-e,
 And heigh for processions and shews;
 And heigh for a Smithfield fire-side-e.
 Then up with the Papists, etc.

Then heigh for the penance and pardons,
 And heigh for the faggots and fires,
 And heigh for the Popish churchwardens,
 And heigh for the Priests and the Friars;
 And heigh for the raree-show relics
 To follow my Canada bill-e,
 With all the Pope's mountebank tricks:
 So prithee, my baby, lie still-e.
 Then up with the Papists, up, up,
 And down with the Protestants, down-e:
 Here we go backwards and forwards,
 And all for the good of the Crown-e.

Shortly after the appearance of this song, in the St. James Chronicle at London, the following epigrams and squibs were put in circulation by the friends of the Americans.

TO THE BRITISH MINISTRY.

What ye have gain'd of late let others tell,
 Who know the country, and your motives well;
 What ye have lost all see. With all your arts
 Ye've lost unnumbered honest English hearts,
 Of value more than all these popish parts.

EMIGRANTS.

Three things we seek abroad, flying or fled
 From hence—Religion, liberty and bread.
 Grant us, oh Heaven! a favorable wind,
 Papists and pensioners may stay behind.

ON THE BISHOPS VOTING FOR THE QUEBEC BILL.

A WISH.

When shall we see again religious power?
Seven English Bishops going to the Tower!

ON THE QUEBEC BILL AND OTHER LATE MEASURES

That nation never can continue long,
Where bribes determine what is right or wrong:
Whose faith, with change of place, must go to wreck;
Here Protestants, but Papists at Quebec;
Where none must say, *Sire, taken by decoy,*
Yourself and yours, you're hast'ning to destroy!
All this is true, but say so, if you dare;
Truth does not pass for truth in ev'ry air.

It is supposed that gentlemen openly professing the Popish religion, will offer themselves as candidates for members of Parliament, because persons of that religion have been admitted by order of government into the legislative power abroad in other of our Colonies besides Canada. The Popish religion plainly appears to be in greater favor with government than the Protestant; and though there is a law against papists sitting in either House of Parliament, yet the Crown may dispense with such law, as it did about that which prohibited the establishment of the Romish religion in the British dominions. Indeed the Popish religion is, of all others, the most proper for the purposes of a Prince, who hath a design of enslaving his subjects, as popery and slavery always go together.

Gold and silver pendant *crosses*, an article of female dress disused since the latter end of Queen Anne's reign, are, since the passing of the Quebec Bill, much worn by the ladies at Court; upon which a great personage has remarked, that they are very *pious*, as well as *becoming* ornaments.

The behaviour of the Americans at this alarming crisis, will stamp their characters, and hand them down to posterity as a brave generation of patriots, or sink them into contempt in the opinion of all future ages. Life and death, or which are tantamount to, liberty and slavery, are now before them, and it is in their power to choose which they please. DOWN WITH THE MINISTRY!—*London Gazette.*

THE POPE'S ADDRESS TO HIS GOOD FRIENDS IN ENGLAND.

This song, adapted to the tune, "*As I was driving my waggon one day,*" was published in England in 1774, and afterwards in the Warwickshire

Medley, and became very popular with the enemies of the British Ministry in America.

THE POPE'S ADDRESS.

In Rome's rigid clime when it came to be known,
 What England had for the Canadians done ;
 His holiness, pleas'd at the royal assent,
 Enraptur'd began thus to praise the event.

Could mortal have thought, in an *heretic* isle,
 On Catholic faith such indulgence would smile ;
 Sure things must be chang'd—can it otherwise be !
 Those who wish well to Popery, must wish well to me.

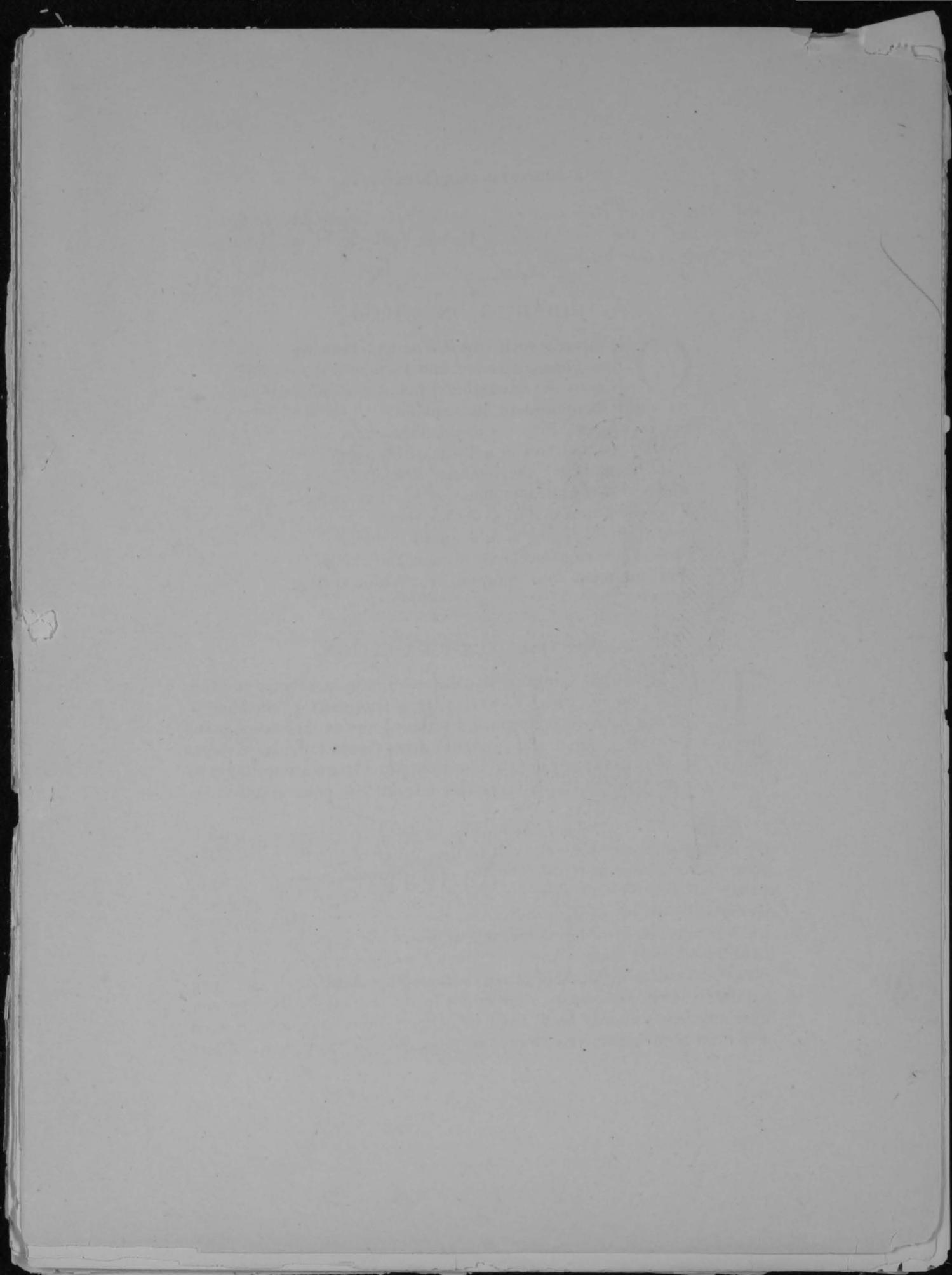
Not a name, more than George, till of late, I abhorr'd,
 But thanks to the worthy who tutor'd the Third ;
 I will lift up my foot, should he come to this place,
 And welcome the peer to an hearty embrace.

That power supreme which old Hal would not own,
 In Britain's dominion again shall go down ;
 The prospect is good, for the Gunpowder Plot,
 I'm told, through the kingdom is almost forgot.

Be joyous, my friends, and rejoice ye rank tories,
 The Pope that's so fond of the Stuarts and Murrays,
 The scatter'd remains of that tribe must hold dear,
 Who turn'd tail at Derby when Charley was there.

What could not by open rebellion be gain'd,
 By art and intrigue may be quickly obtain'd ;
 American broils, thanks to people' in power,
 Afford pleasing hopes the grand work to insure.

I have sent on this business my emiss'ries out,
 Some thousands of Jesuits are on the scout ;
 Those who love the White Rose must begin to address,
 And fawn upon George, tho' they Charley caress.





“MYNHEER VON BANCO.”

From an original Sketch drawn by Major André.

My Lancashire worthies, and Leicestershire blues,
 The will of my agents disdain to refuse ;
 And Coventry lions so passive have grown,
 Unmuzzl'd they follow and bow at the throne.

France and Spain must rejoice these commotions to see,
 Nor can tumults like these be displeasing to me ;
 Ye Protestant powers keep your forces at home,
 If England wants help she may have it from Rome.

In counterfeit loyalty, still play your parts
 And flatter the man you despise in your hearts ;
 Be true at the call, the old cause to defend,
 And my blessing shall ever your council attend.

In the St. James Chronicle, of London, this song was printed with these additions :—" At the late meeting of the Freeholders of Middlesex, the following were among the toasts :

" May the Leading Strings of the King be converted into halters for his Ministers :—The Duke of Glo'ster's religion :—A Staff promotion of Heads, to supply the vacancies on Temple Bar :—A Smithfield Warming to the Framers of the Quebec Bill :—A Spirit of Liberty to the People, and of Unanimity to the Opposition :—A Scaffold for the Favorite :—Our love to the Americans :—Henry, Franklin, Adams and Hancock.

" On the arrival of General Carleton, with his lady and family, at Quebec, he was received by the Lieutenant-Governor, and all the French clergy, at his landing, when he had the honor to be kissed by the Bishop, and afterwards very genteelly introduced to Popery, by placing him at his right hand in his chaise ; in which manner he proceeded with him to the Castle. He was then visited by every Frenchman, down to the meanest people in the place ; but very little by the *beggarly English*, as we hear he has been pleased to call them, and who, we may naturally conclude, are in general incensed against him, not only from his abuse of them, but also on account of the detestable Act which is wholly ascribed to him and said to have been framed under his direction. The French

said, 'that now all their laws will be made by the General and the Bishop'— and in fact, if the general was a Roman Catholic, he could not shew more respect than he does."

THOUGHTS ON VALOR.

ON Virtue's rock true Valor fix't remains
 And fortune's rudest shocks unmoy'd sustains;
 Not to the ensanguin'd fields of death confin'd,
 Its aim is happiness to all mankind;
 Serenely great, it forms the noblest plans,
 The source and end of actions wisely scans;
 From brutal force the innocent defends,
 And scorns by means unjust to gain its ends:
 Valor is seated in the generous mind,
 And from all injury would guard mankind;
 From knowledge accurate of men and things,
 And judgment well inform'd, true Valor springs.

A PROPOSED PROCLAMATION.

THE Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, in session at Cambridge, on the 28th of October, 1774, adopted the following:—
 "It has been recommended by the Congress, that, *whereas* the monies heretofore granted and ordered to be assessed by the General Court of this Province, and not paid into the province treasury, the same should not be paid to the Hon. Harrison Gray, Esq., for reasons most obvious.

Therefore Resolved: That Henry Gardner of Stow, be, and hereby is appointed Receiver General, until further order of this or some other Congress, or house of representatives of this province; whose business it shall be to receive all such monies as shall be offered to be paid into his hands, to the use of the province, by the several constables, collectors or other persons, by order of the several towns and districts, and to give his receipt for the same. And it is hereby recommended to the several towns or districts within this province, that they immediately call town and district meetings, and give directions to all constables, collectors and other persons, who may have any part of the province tax of such town or district in their respective hands or possession, in consequence of any

late order or directions of any town or district; that he or they immediately pay the same to the said Henry Gardner, Esq."

On the next day it was resolved, "That it be recommended to the inhabitants of this province, that in order to their perfecting themselves in the military art, they proceed in the method ordered by his Majesty, in the year 1764; it being the opinion of this Congress, the best calculated for appearance and defence."

Benjamin Lincoln, afterwards a general in the Continental army, was Secretary of this Congress, and these resolutions were made public over his signature. The following lines commemorating them were published as a "proposed proclamation for General Gage."

SINCE an Assembly most unlawful,
 At Cambridge met in Congress awful,
 October last, did then presume
 The Pow'r of Government t'assume;
 And slighting British Administration,
 Dar'd rashly seek their own salvation;
 By ord'ring every sturdy farmer
 To be prepar'd with proper armor.
 ('Tis what indeed the law requires,
 But diff'rent quite from our desires.)
 Nay, further daring, ousted those,
 Who for their suppleness were chose,
 All martial matters to adjust,
 And bid choose men whom they could trust:
 Which step, our deep-laid scheme, 'tis fear'd
 Will make a business dev'lish hard;
 And also, doubting ancient *Gray*,
 Order'd their constables to pay,
 Whate'er they to the Province owe,
 To honest *Gardiner* of *Stow*.
 By which the man *our* law appointed,
 Of fingering cash is disappointed,
 And we ourselves do them impeach,
 For placing it beyond our reach,
 By venturing to recommend
 To those who on their faith depend,
 In common cause t'exert their pow'rs,
 Preferring their advice to ours;

All which proceedings plainly, tend
 To render futile the great end
 Of present venal administration ;
 I therefore issue Proclamation,
 That Sheriffs, Constables, Collectors,
 Despise the men whom I call Hectors,
 Even although their country deem
 Them worthy of her best esteem ;
 Forbidding all to pay attention,
 To said Provincial Convention ;
 Exhorting, Perjury to hate, all—
 Excepting Kings—a sin most fatal ;
 That they to me may be more stable
 I promise them, as soon as able,
 The *Congress, Gardiner*, and so forth,
 I'll make submit to good Lord *North*.

 TO MR. CHARLES WILSON PEALE.

IN publishing these lines, the editor of the New York Journal, in which paper they appeared in July, 1773, said that they "would not, perhaps, much attract public notice on account of their subject; yet they deserve it for their beauty and ingenuity; as they show that *America* produces both *Painters* and *Poets*, and that its advancement in arts and sciences, is proportionable to the increase of its population."

*To MR. CHARLES WILSON PEALE on his exquisite and celebrated picture of beauty (in the likeness of Miss Carryl) addressing itself to insensibility.*¹

Great nature, Peale! that bade thy genius rise,
 Which fortune's chiding frowns could ne'er control,
 Gave *Carryl* grace, and gave her killing eyes,
 And bade thee catch her image in thy soul!

¹ Charles Wilson Peale was one of the most distinguished portrait painters of the last century. He was a native of Maryland, where he was born April 16, 1741. During the war of the Revolution he was often employed in confidential services, and at Trenton and Germantown he headed a company which he had raised. His life was written by his son, Rembrandt Peale, another celebrated American artist. He died on the birthday of Washington, in the year 1827.

Behold! confess'd in all its charms array'd,
 The breathing likeness on the canvas heaves,
 Nature still present lends her powerful aid,
 And the soft form the eager touch deceives.

'Twas thus th' immortal Queen of beauty smiled,
 Inspiring warm desires and melting love,
 As on a bed of rising flowers reclin'd,
 She woo'd her shepherd in the Cyprian grove.

She woo'd the boy with equal rapture fir'd;
 Not the cold marble of Pygmalion's hand,¹
 Nor him whose curdling stream of life retir'd,
 When summon'd by the genial god's command.

Each finer passion in thy breast must glow,
 Since thus thy pencil's vivid strokes excel;
 Love's pangs and bliss more poignant you must know,
 And beauty's mystic power intensely feel:

Say by what magic then, secure from harm,
 With curious eye that chaste result you trace,
 Which e'en the frozen anchorite might warm,
 And all religion's purposes efface?

Beware, rash youth! nor tempt thy fate too far!
 Be not on things forbid thy skill display'd!
 Lest thou with Heaven wage impious war,
 Falling, adore the image thou has made.

THE FIRST OF MARCH, 1775.

THESE lines were written on a pane of glass, and sent to the Printer of the New York Journal, in which paper they were published on the twenty-third of March, 1775, with this introduction: "The following lines did not come to the hands of the Printer,

¹ Not Pygmalion the miser who cut the throat of his sister's husband for his estate, but the famous statuary of that name.

or escaped his notice till this week; if he had seen them they would not have been omitted in the first paper after the day for which they were intended by the author, whose future correspondence would much oblige the Printer."

WRITTEN ON A PANE OF GLASS.

Ah, fated plant of India's shore!
 Thy wonted steams must rise no more
 In Freedom's sacred land:
 This day her genuine Sons ordain,
 To dash the cup infus'd with bane
 By North's insidious hand.
 The period fix'd—thy banish'd time,
 A diamond celebrates in rhyme;
 And marks the Patriot day:
 While Phœbus, from his heavenly arch,
 Sheds lustre on the FIRST OF MARCH,
 And points it with a ray.

JAMES THE SECOND AND KING WILLIAM.

THIS dialogue between the two great kings, was published in the St. James Chronicle, and from that journal very generally copied into the American newspapers.

JAMES.

If a mistaken zeal has urg'd you on,
 'Tis hard to shake my glass so nearly done,
 The ebbing sands had little more to run;
 If from my daughter's right your claim you bring,
 Too early is the Queen while I am King.
 Your love for her appears, in that to me
 You praise the fruit, and yet cut down the tree.

WILLIAM.

I took up but that Crown you would not wear,
 And am no less your conqueror than heir;

If rights divine to monarchs can belong,
 That right they FORFEIT, when they DARE do wrong;
 Titles to crowns from civil contracts spring,
 And HE who breaks the laws, dissolves the KING.

A RIGOROUS PROCLAMATION.

ON the twenty-ninth day of June, 1774, General Gage issued "a proclamation for discouraging certain illegal combinations,"¹ and in it ordered the sheriffs of the several districts in Massachusetts to "post it in some public place, in each town within their respective districts." The subjoined versification of the paper was communicated to Dunlap's Pennsylvania Packet, published at Philadelphia, Sept. 12th, by "Explicator," a *nomme de plume* of William Livingston of New Jersey, who calls it "a rigorous proclamation."

WHEREAS certain persons rebelliously witty,
 Most daringly calling themselves a *Committee*,
 Have presumed to make, or have caused to be made
 An *agreement* subversive of commerce and trade;
 By which, with the methods they've wickedly hit on,
 They purpose suspending all trade with Great Britain,
 Until some certain acts, which have pass'd, are repeal'd;
 To effect which their measures have hitherto fail'd:
 And, WHEREAS, for rip'ning their Treasons the better
 Printed copies of this, with a scandalous letter,
 Which tend to disturb, and, what's horrid to name,
 The minds of his Majesty's subjects inflame,
 Have been thro' this province, dispersed up and down,
 To excite hostile steps against George and his crown,
 In direct violation, full proof I can bring,
 Of that steady allegiance that's due to the King;
 And, what's still ten times worse, and provokes my just rage,
 Against MY WILL!—and who am I? Why! GOVERNOR GAGE,—

¹ Referring to "the Solemn League or Covenant" of the Massachusetts Committee of Correspondence, for the suspension of commercial intercourse with Great Britain.

Of power extensive as power can be—
 ALL AMERICA, shortly shall knuckle to *me* :
 And WHEREAS the rebellious inhabitants here,
 Refusing all law, and despising to fear,
 May be heedlessly tempted,—a dangerous thing ;
 To incur the dire rage of *Lords, Commons and King,*
 By combining together in manner above,
 I think it my duty such steps to disprove ;—
 In obedience therefore to the King, whom I fear,
 In *tenderness*, too, to the inhabitants here,
 And to the end that the folks may be peaceably bent,
 Nor commit what, perhaps, they may too late repent,
 [For so sure as a GUN, should they kindle my ire
 I'll destroy them by famine, by sword and by fire,]
 I've thought fit, *without asking my Council's advice,*
 To publish my threats at this crisis so nice ;
 And to caution all persons 'gainst signing their names
 To *leagues* counteracting the Ministry's schemes,
 On pain of subjecting themselves without measure,
 To the wrath of *Lord North*, and *my hottest* displeasure ;
 And whatever his Lordship, at home, may propose
 Tow'rd's destroying their freedom or height'ning their woes,
 Soon as pass'd into acts, be they e'er so unjust,
 Execute them with *rigour* I will, and I must ;—
 And be it further known unto you, one and all,
 That should you presume your *Town-meetings* to call
 To consult in what manner the people shall act,
 You'll be put to the sword and your villages sack'd ;
 For I'm firmly resolved, without rhyme, rule or reason,
 To interpret *ev'n op'ning your mouths* into Treason ;
 By which means, my Sovereign's regard I'll ensure,
 And *five thousand per annum by pension secure*—
 And further, I strictly enjoin and command
 The magistrates, throughout this iniquitous land,
 To pursue all such steps as their judgment shall frame
 To secure every man who dares *write his own name,*
 Or shall be so audacious as not to *agree*
 To whate'er *I* pronounce, which must absolute be,
 Altho' in effect it completely destroys
 Their old constitution, religion and laws ;

And each sheriff's required, on pain of being roasted ;
 "To cause this Proclamation forthwith to be posted."⁴

AN ODE TO LIBERTY.

CONTRIBUTED to the newspapers in Boston and New York at Christmas time, in 1773, by "Philo-Patria," and afterwards issued as a broadside, dated Newport, Rhode Island, July 20, 1775 :

ODE.

Fair Liberty! celestial goddess, hail!
 Parent of virtue, ease and opulence,
 Array'd in all thy matchless charms, descend,
 Descend, and bless our land.
 Let thy protecting influence
 O'er all thy sons prevail,
 Inspire each breast with patriot love,
 And all our glorious rights defend.
 Come from thy native seats above,
 In person come, and here erect thy throne ;
 Thy throne coeval with the world shall stand,
 And vile oppression vanish at thy frown.

Justice o'er all thy councils shall preside,
 And truth shall be a never failing guide,
 Corruption in thy courts shall ne'er appear,
 T' extort from injur'd honesty a tear—
 The bread industry earns, itself shall eat,
 Not snatch'd away to pamper knaves of state :
 No fawning parasites thy gates admit,
 That viper brood its thriftless trade must quit.
 No pension'd knaves shall view with scornful eye,
 The slaves below, whose labors they enjoy.
 No wretch his country shall betray for gain ;
 But virtue, peace and plenty, crown thy reign.

⁴ This line is in exactly the Governor's own words ; and the reader need not be informed that "posted" was a favorite word of King Charles's, and that "to post" was then very particularly, as it now generally is understood, to fix on posts with every mark of reproach, disgrace and infamy, which I dare say has been the case with his Excellency's extraordinary Proclamation.—
Author of the Lines.

Lo! base deceit, advancing with a smile,
 With specious arts she gilds the fatal bait,
 Wears friendship's mask, the better to beguile,
 And aims a sly but deadly shaft at all:
 Beware her treach'rous smiles, beware,
 Come not within the dang'rous snare;
 Hear Freedom's voice, attend her glorious call!
 And shun the precipice before too late.
 See Slavery her steps pursuing close,
 She treads upon her heels,
 Anticipates the promis'd poignant joy,
 And clanks her horrid chains!
 Americans, so long her foes,
 She hopes at length will yield.

Has virtue then resign'd the reins?
 Must Freedom quit the field?
 Than live a slave, 'tis better for to die:
 This truth who does not feel?
 Beware those treach'rous arts, beware,
 Come not within the dang'rous snare:
 Hear Freedom's voice—attend her glorious call—
 Resign your freedom—you resign your all.

Lo! Heaven-born Truth, her shining torch applies,
 The Monster's stript of all her false disguise,
 The hideous spectre see!
 See what a train of ills succeed!
 Oppression rears her hydra-head—
 Injustice, Rapine, in the front appear,
 And meagre Want comes stalking in the rear!

Be bold! and in the general cause unite,
 To Truth's seraphic voice attend;
 In spite of knaves—in vain ambition's spite—
 Dare to be free!
 Freedom and Virtue have one common grave,
 And these what honest man would e'er survive?

Who'd dare to live, must dare to be a knave,
For knaves alone could then expect to thrive.

A writer in the New London Gazette says:—"Perhaps it may not be amiss to inquire a little into the political principles of the brethren of America. And first, of the united brethren, those virtuous Sons of Liberty, that liberty which the God of nature gave them, and which to enjoy, their worthy ancestors came into this, then, howling wilderness, but now a healthy, pleasant and populous country; a liberty which our renowned King Charles established to them and their posterity; which our fathers have ever since enjoyed, and which every virtuous mind ought to enjoy, till taken away by that God who gave them to us.—My brethren, these principles are built on a good foundation, and therefore you need not be afraid of all the winds and storms that Lord North, and all your adversaries can raise against you: for your ancestors have digged deep and laid your foundation upon a rock. Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith you are made free, and be not entangled with the yoke of bondage and slavery.

Now let us continue our thoughts with pity, and consider the miserable situation and condition of those few, who call themselves *torics*; or friends to government, *i. e.* tyranny, who were once our brethren, but now traitors and murderers of their country. Let me tell *you*, that the blood of your worthy ancestors, who came into this country, and underwent innumerable hardships, for the cause of liberty, and also the blood of your fathers and brethren and wives, and thousands yet unborn, crieth against you: ye are cursed by all that dwell upon the earth, and you will be fugitives and vagabonds, and it will come to pass that you will fear that every one that findeth you, will slay you—The Lord set a mark upon Cain, lest any finding him should kill him, but you have set marks upon yourselves, which will stigmatize you till the day of your deaths, and your children after you; for it is more than probable, that when you come to review your conduct, and see that you have not accomplished your wicked design, you will throw down those pieces of money at your Lord North's feet, and go and hang yourselves, as the traitor we read of did, who betrayed our Lord and Master. And thus you see the sandy foundation your principles are built upon, and that the storms and tempests, you are endeavoring to raise against your country, will be your own ruin and destruction.

A word to our Laodicean brethren, who are lukewarm, and neither hot nor cold, and have as yet no principles at all.—My friends, whoever

you are, rich or poor, in city or country, I think it is the duty of every man who has so much reason and understanding given him, that he is capable of providing the necessaries of life for himself and family, without stealing like a wild beast, that he be possessed of some political principles, and those raised on a good foundation; and not to be as the wicked and slothful servant, who hid his talent in the earth. How can you stand still like trees, till those tyrants come and cut you down, and consume you, by cruel tyranny and slavery; and take from those in the city, their buildings and wharves, which have been for several ages erecting, and are just got to be convenient and profitable? And from those in the country their farms, which perhaps for two or three generations they have labored and toiled to cultivate and bring to perfection: and not only your lands and those privileges taken away, but yourselves, your wives, your children and thousands yet unborn, brought into slavish bondage, by the sons of those bloodthirsty tyrants who are now so full at home, that they are obliged to swarm, and are therefore looking out and endeavoring to build hives in America.—If these things come to pass, my brethren, though you are rich and increased with goods and have need of nothing; you will soon be poor, and naked, and wretched, and miserable.

AMERICA'S FRIEND.

*What can defend fair Liberty
From the attacks of Tyranny?*

'Tis not on law, a system great and good
By wisdom penn'd, and bought by noblest blood,
My faith relies: By wicked men and vain,
Law, once abus'd, may be abus'd again.—
No, on our great lawgiver I depend,
Who knows and guides her to a proper end;
Whose royalty of Nature blazes out
So fierce, 'twere sin to entertain a doubt.—
Did tyrant STUART now the law dispense—
Blest be the hour and hand which sent them hence—
For something, or for nothing, for a word
Or thought, I might be doom'd to death *unheard*.
Life we might all resign to lawless power,
Nor think it worth the purchase of an hour;
—But, on the annals of a Brunswick reign,
Should trusted traitors fix so foul a stain,

Their country's rights and liberty betray,
 To make it subject to tyrannic sway,
 May JUSTICE soon demand their forfeit breath,
 And doom them all to ignominious death.

LINES ON LIBERTY.

EMILIA, "a constant reader" of Holt's Journal, communicated these lines to that paper, with the following introduction:—"Finding that the pieces on Liberty and Freedom were inserted in your paper, I again venture to send you another piece on Liberty:"

Oh despicable state of all that groan
 Under a blind dependency on one!
 How far inferior to the herds that range
 With native freedom o'er the woods and plains!
 With them no fallacies of schools prevail—
 Of right divine—to err—the nauseous tale!
 Which gives to any of themselves the power,
 Without control their substance to devour!
 Strange, how the foolish notion first began
 With pow'r absolute, to trust frail man!
 — the reasoning race!—to whom alone belong,
 The art to hurt themselves by reasoning wrong.
 A tyrant must by force alone subsist,
 For who would be a slave that can resist?
 That monarch sits the safest on his throne,
 Who makes his people's int'rest his own;
 And choosing rather to be lov'd than fear'd,
 Reigns King of *Freemen*, not a *servile herd*.
 Oh LIBERTY, too late desir'd when lost,
 Like health, when wanted, thou art valued most.

SWEAR NOT AT ALL.

“YOUR inserting the following lines, which are extorted from me by the profane language daily heard in our streets, will greatly oblige your constant reader, A. B.” was the introduction to these lines, published in the New York Journal of September 23, 1773.

Because of swearing the land mourneth.—JER.

Mortal, if courage animates thy breast,
 Fight for thy Prince, be tender of his fame;
 But do not dare, in anger nor in jest,
 To swear, or vainly use the Maker's name.
 True valor does not, never can consist
 In wresting judgment from the hand of God:
 O do not then, deluded man! persist
 To blast with curses, body, soul or blood!
 If God should grant thy horrid earnest pray'r,
 And o'er thy head his vengeful thunders burst,
 With heartfelt anguish, thou wouldst then declare
 Thyself inhuman, or thyself accurst.
 "Swear not at all" is God's express command,
 "Curse not, nor take my holy name in vain:"
 The salutary laws of this our land,
 With penalties, the practice would restrain.¹
 Cease, cease, O man! thy oaths profane forbear,
 Nor longer madly God and man defy;
 Thou art a rebel if thou curse or swear;
 Conscience will urge the charge—who dare deny?

AN AMUSING CAROL.

JOHN TENNANT, in a letter to Thaddeus Burr of Connecticut, dated January 12th, 1775, encloses this song, and thinks Mr. Burr's "family will like it, as it is a pleasant and amusing carol, very much in vogue among the gentle people of New York and Philadelphia." It is given in this collection for the same reason.

THE GIFT.—A SONG.

Say cruel Iris, pretty rake,
 Dear mercenary beauty!

¹ Every day-laborer, common soldier, common sailor and common seaman, convicted of profane cursing and swearing, is, by an Act of Parliament of George the Second, to forfeit ONE SHILLING, and every other person under the degree of a gentleman, TWO SHILLINGS, and every person of or above the degree of a gentleman, FIVE SHILLINGS.—*Author of the Lines.*

To which the printer of the paper added: "The above lines to be printed in a billet, properly distributed, and a good example set by their superiors, would be a likely means of preventing the oaths and blasphemies with which the ears of serious Christians are so often wounded."

What annual offering shall I make,
Expressive of my duty?

My heart a victim to thine eyes
Should I at once deliver,
Say, would the angry fair one prize
The gift, who slights the giver?

A Bill, a jewel watch or toy,
My rivals give—and let 'em;
If gems or gold impart a joy,
I'll give 'em—when I get 'em.

I'll give, but not the full-blown rose,
Or rosebud, more in fashion;
Such short-liv'd off'rings but disclose
A transitory passion:

I'll give thee something yet unpaid
Not less sincere than civil;
I'll give thee—ah! too charming maid,
I'll give thee—to the devil.

THE ASSOCIATION OF THE DELEGATES.

“**D**E gustibus non est disputandum,” says the author of this performance, in his introduction.¹ “There’s no disputing of tastes. Formerly all judicial and state proceedings were ushered forth to the public in a gallimawfry garb, composed of patched and pie-ball’d languages, taken from the Latins, French, English, High Dutch, Low Dutch, and what not; such was the taste; then plain English became the reigning taste, and Statesmen, Judges, Lawyers and Politicians conformed

¹ “The Association, etc., of the Delegates of the Colonies, at the Grand Congress, held at Philadelphia, Sept. 1, 1774. Versified and adapted to music. Calculated for Grave and Gay Dispositions; with a short introduction. By BOB JINGLE, Esq., Poet Laureate to the Congress. —‘*I sing the Men, read it who list; Bold Trojans true, as ever —*’—COTTON’S VIRG. TRAV. Printed in the Year M,dcc,lxxiv.”

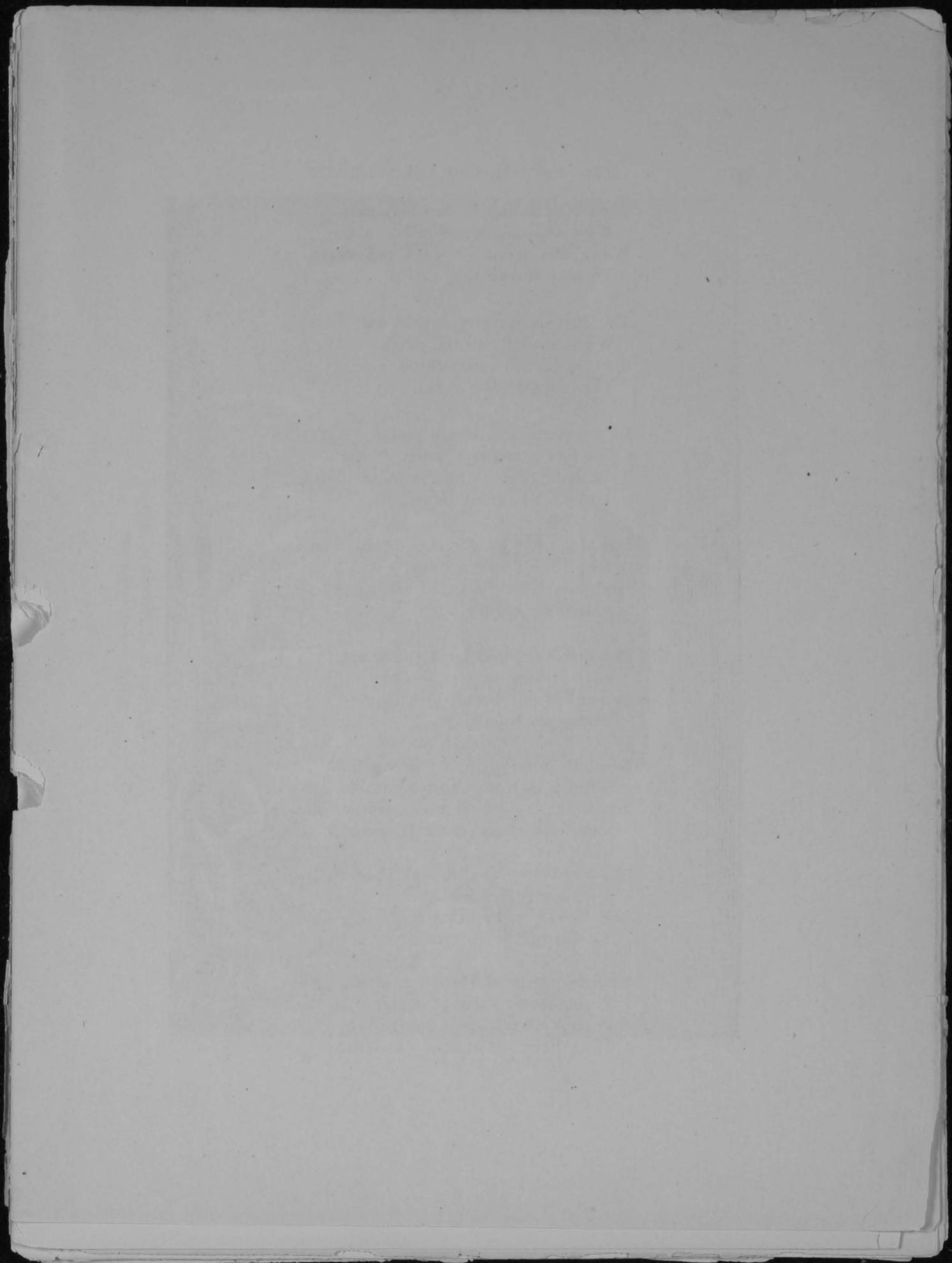
accordingly, and plain English prose prevailed universally among Englishmen: of late, *versification* is come in vogue, and now Proclamations, Speeches, Messages, Orations, etc., seem not to be relished in plain prose, but, to please the public taste, they must be versified. To gratify the reigning humor, and being blest with no inconsiderable talent for versification, I have very cleverly versified a very curious thing, called THE ASSOCIATION, etc., lately exhibited in all the newspapers. The merit of my performance is too conspicuous to need any great matter of recommendatory encomium, with people of *Taste*. I will only, with superlative modesty, just hint that the *versification* is as good as any of the kind, in town or country; and this is no more than every *manufacturer* may and commonly does proclaim and publish, concerning the works of his *own* hands—I know it to be good for *I made it myself*, is generally received as good argument, and no breach of modesty. I have contrived it so as to be either sung or said; and to be sung by the Grave or the Gay, in tunes suited to their different tastes. And lastly, where the sense in the original is a little obfuscated, I have elucidated it by a sort of a kind of paraphrastical commentary, in which I have brought into clear light, the plain, genuine, undisguised scope, end and meaning of the authors. If this should be disputed; as all writers of merit, and especially Poets, must expect the attacks of critics; it will appear with uncontrovertible demonstration, from a few marginal explanatory notes, which I have by me, ready cut and dried, for the *second edition*:—I have no more to say, but only to wish, that its birth into the world may give just as much pleasure and as little pain to the reader, as its conception has given to the Author."

THE ASSOCIATION, ETC.

Mear Tune, or Chevy-Chace, or What you Please.

We, loyal subjects of the King,
The Delegates we say,
Of colonies of New Hampshire,
And Massachusetts-Bay;

Rhode Island and Connecticut,
New York and Jersey-New,
With the most noble Colony
Of Pennsylvania too:





BATTLE OF LEXINGTON, 1775.

From a drawing made in 1780.

The three infernal counties eke
New-Castle, Kent, Sussex
On Delaware; then Maryland,
And then Virginia next:

Then Carolinas, North and South,
(The cunningest we trow;
For they will not give up their Rice
Nor yet their *Indigo*.)

Deputed Representatives,
As we ourself profess
To represent them in one Grand
Conti-nental Con-gress,

Held in the lovely city Phi-
ladelphia, pray remember,
Like brethren in unity,
This fifth day of September.

Annoque Dom'ni. seventeen
Hundred, and eke, three score
And ten, to which pray don't forget
To add, the number four.

And first and foremost we do vow,
As it is politic,
Allegiance to his Majesty,
Whom we intend to trick.

Affection for Old England folk,
Whom we do brethren call,
We do *profess*, but here's the joke,
For, faith, we'll starve 'em all.

With anxious cares and griefs oppress'd,
Our inmost bowels wamble,
And truly we are so distress'd,
Our very — they grumble;

Thence mounting to our Pericrans,
With serious cogitation
We've cast about for ways and means,
To save the sinking nation.

The British Ministry, whom we
Wish cordially to the devil,
Continu'd, Anno sixty-three,
This curséd plan of evil:

In prosecution of which plot,
For fifty years and more,
They have been forging acts, God wot,
To filch us of our lore.

But that's not all, for they've gone on,
Still driving like a Fury,
And pass'd some acts, to rob us of
A trial by a Jury.

But then the *Rebel* law's the worst,
For carrying us o'er the sea,
In peril of our being drown'd,
Before we hangéd be.

Next, Boston-Port and Quebec Bills,
Statutes in troth, most damnable,
For which we'd fight them, marry-come-up,
Tho' each man were a Hannibal.

Shall free-born English lose their right,
To rob and plunder others?
And base-born Frenchmen worship God,
As if we all were brothers?

Shall George the Third presume to give
To provinces their bounds?
And to our very noses bring
The whole of Bab'lon? Zounds!

If Gallic Papists have a right
 To worship their own way,
 Then farewell to the Liberties
 Of poor America.

That there are mighty grievances,
 Must be by all confess'd ;
 Therefore we will exert our might,
 To get them straight redress'd.

The method we have hit upon,
 To bring this scheme to bear,
 Is *Import—Export—Consump-non*,
 And this we'll do't, we swear.

This pretty trick came int' our pates,
 As we before told you,
 First, by *peccavi*, as was meet,
 Then *Bumpers, thirty-two*.

Now, in due order, take the heads
 Of what we have agreed to,
 Both for ourselves, and each of you,
 Which you must all take heed to.

For we have bound and tied you all,
 As it were with a rope,
 Which never can be broken by
 The Devil or the Pope.

Then take and swallow them, and pray,
 About it make no fuss,
 'Tis Virtue, Honor, Country's love
 Commands :—They follow thus :

RECITATIVO.

First, that from and after December the first,
 May we, meaning you all, forever be curst,
 If we into America-British, import
 Any goods, wares or merchandize, of any sort,

From England's kennels, or boroughs, or dens ;
 From Scotland's high hills, or from Ireland's fens ;
 Or East India tea, from Guinea or Rome,
 Or parts known or unknown, abroad or at home ;
 Molasses or coffee, Paneles or Pimento,
 From friends or from neuters,—you stare, but we meant so ;
 For we'll starve, nay ! we'll die, nay ! we'll go without rum,—
 Unless our French foes will let us have some :
 Or wines from Madeira, or isles in the west,
 Tho' our chops may distil for a cup of the best :
 Or Indigo foreign ; but to Carolina,
 If England will let us, we'll send all our rhino.

Then secondly, we do protest, vow and swear,
 That we from the Slave Trade, will wholly forbear ;
 Tobacco and Indigo, Rice, we may have,
 Without the existence of one Negro-slave ;
 The Britons will gladly come over and work,
 Tho' we use them as hard as a Jew or a Turk ;
 But if not, never fear, we can do well enough,
 Our *poor folks* can labor, when stript to the buff ;
 And sure in the cause of American Freedom,
 They will not refuse to be slaves, if we need 'em ;
 But if a reflection so noble and fine fails,
 They'll soon be brought to't, by a good cat-o-nine-tails :
 But yet, after all, if a scheme that's so clever,
 Should fail, it will *frighten* Great Britain, however.
 To conclude on this head we've only to say,
 We'll not eat, drink, or smoke, with a man that says nay.

Third, as *non-consumption* does fairly imply,
 A *non-exportation*, as clear as the sky ;
 Therefore *we*, that is *you*, Sirs, will go without clothes,
 And victuals, and drink, tho' we're starv'd, choak'd or froze ;
 And when we're *all* dead, 'tis a pound to a penny,
 Of hardy importers there'll not be found many.

But, fourth, as we wish not to hurt by our soul,
 Either Englishman, Scot, Irishman or Creole,
 A free exportation we will keep alive,
 Till the tenth day of September, seventy-five ;
 But then if the Parliament does not relent,
 We'll starve 'em, by Jove, till we make them repent.

Of all our good cheer they shall not have a slice,
 Excepting the article only of *Rice*,
 And to this, let us tell ye, we give the priority,
Sub rosa, for nought, but to gain a majority.

Fifth, every merchant shall write his epistle,
 To his correspondent, to ship not a whistle;
 And if, after that, they presume to offend,
 With such all connection commercial shall end.

Sixth, owners of vessels shall strictly enjoin
 Their captains, lest they contravene our design,
 Not to take any goods; but in ballast, on pain
 Of immediate dismissal, to traverse the main.

The Sheepish Breed, seventhly, calls for our care,
 To kill them as much as we can, we will spare;
 And eke will assist them in their procreation,
 As they are quite useful in their generation:
 West Indians shan't have 'em, but when overstock'd
 Our neighbors *shall* buy the surplus of our flock.

And eighthly, when we are quite rid of our trade,
 And stript of our money, mere shepherds are made,
 We'll see no horse-racings, nor e'en a cock-fight,
 Our only diversion to eat, sleep and —,
 And when a son dies, we'll take no more notice,
 Than as if one should say, I know nor care who 'tis,
 With a piece of black crape, we will sit down content;
 When all our old clothes are quite tatter'd and rent,
 The giving of gloves and of scarfs we'll decry,
 When we've got none to give, faith, let who will die.

Ninth, no vender of goods, when his goods are all gone,
 Of the scarcity which will most surely, anon
 Befal us, occasion'd by this Association,
 Shall take the advantage, on pain of ———.
 When they've no goods to sell, they shall sell without pother,
 At one equal price to stranger and brother,
 Or else be it known, we'll agree one and all,
 To buy none of their goods—sing tol-de-rol-lol.

Tenth; if after the day in December prefix'd,
 And before the first day in February next,
 Any merchant, or tinker, or cobbler so bold,
 As goods to bring, from any part of the world,

They must and they shall be exported anew,
 Or sold auction-wise for the good of the Loo ;
 Or else shall be lodg'd with the honest committee,
 As the owner shall choose, for county or city ;
 And if goods are imported, mind, after that day,
 They shall straight be exported, *sans* any delay ;
 And without being open'd ; thus endeth this riddle,
 And *Imports*—and *Exports-non's* not worth a fiddle.

Eleventhly, that a committee be chose
 In each town and city and county, by those,
 Who to vote for their Reps have due qualification,
 Whose business shall be to guard this Association ;
 And if, in their precincts, are caught violators
 Of this our agreement ; such country-haters
 Shall at his hogan-mogan tribunal be set,
 And their names shall be put in the Boston Gazette ;
 And thenceforth with him or with *her*, by St, Bennet,
 We will have no dealing, no ! not for a minute.

Twelfth ; let the committees t'each Custom-House creep in,
 And, if they can read, let them every book peep in,
 And whatever they pilfer, from one or from th'other,
 Let each whisper the name, in the ear of his brother ;
 But especially, let it be in his narration,
 If there he finds aught about this 'Sociation.

Thirteenthly, that all manufactures be sold,
 At *reasonable prices*, or else folks will scold.

Fourteenthly and lastly, to sum up the whole,
 For on this resolve we pawn body and soul,
 Let Britons then tremble, while thus we declare,
 Aye, and vow and protest and most solemnly swear,
 That with Province, henceforth, we'll not trade, buy or sell,
 Save only with such as with us will rebel.

CHORUS.

And now we do, in solemn dumps,
 Bind us and you from heads to rumps
 In cords like hempen, tight and strong
 To stand by stiffly, right or wrong,
 Th' aforesaid mulish Association,
 Till we have brought the British Nation,

To us, their betters far, to buckle,
And on their marrow-bones to truckle.
We'll starve ourselves and them, by Jove!
So mighty is our country's love,
Until we make the Parliament,
Those haughty Lordlings, to repent,
Repeal, and *re*-repeal those acts,
Which they have pass'd like saucy jacks,
Since last war's close, in which, tho' true,
They spent much blood and treasure too,
In driving out our heathen foes,
From this good land our fathers chose,
And never left us, till their arms,
From fears, and dangers and from harms,
Had set us free, for which we sang,
And, full oft, did *Te Deum* twang:
But what of this, 'tis all mere footy,
'Twas no more than their bounden duty;
For nature's law is clear and plain,
That parents should their brats maintain:
So Britons, know, we fear you not,
Nor will we pay you a gray groat:
This we resolve, and you had best
Not push us to a further test;
For if you should, you'll find a breed
Stubborn as ancient Abr'am's seed;
In stiff perverseness, we give place
Not even to the chosen race;
To drive, or draw, where you incline,
We'll go the opp'site way, like swine;
We've no more need of your assistance,
So we advise you, keep your distance;
For now, of ruin, you're the brink on,
Sure as the De'il looks over *Lincoln*;
And if you still despise our speeches,
Eftsoons we'll make you — — breeches.
The Parliament shall straight repeal
All tax acts on our common weal;
All acts imposing dues or custom,
For which we've bully'd, cheated, curs'd 'em;

The act on Tea, by which our Ribs
And daughters have told many fibs ;
The tax on wine, which warms and mellows,
And makes us now such bravo-fellows ;
That on molasses we bring home,
For this affects our favorite Rum ;
Rum naked, or well mix'd with beer-o,
Makes every poltroon feel a hero,
Then coffee, sugar and piment,
With *this*, we'll never be content :
The tax on Indigo's not good
For the Carolina brotherhood ;
The act imposing dues on paper,
Glass, painter's colors, made us caper ;
So this, altho' repeal'd we know,
Shall be repeal'd *again*, we vow.
Then next, the Admiralty Powers
May suit *your* clime, but suit not *ours* ;
They clog and incommode too much
Our trade, with our good friends the Dutch ;
So this to pot shall go, by th' Lard !
With that about the King's dock-yard ;
By which his ships, or stores, or both,
Cannot be stole or burnt, forsooth,
By our brave Sons of Freedom high-born,
But they must take a swing at Tyburn.
Next, that for stopping Boston Port
Shall be repeal'd, e'er we'll stop short ;
A mighty pretty story, truly,
These plund'ers should come off so bluely ;
They 'stroy'd the tea, yet plain the case is,
As sun at noon, or nose on face is,
Th' East-India-Company were, alone,
The faulty cause of 'ts being done ;
For had they kept their tea at home,
Destruction on it ne'er had come.
So about pay, make no pother,
For we won't pay, nor Boston nuther.
Then that, for Massachusetts Bay,
Murdering their charter as we may say ;

This act must go, 'tis all mere stuff,
They like their charter, that's enough;
 Nor need they aid of British noddle,
 When they think proper to new-model
 Their present form; they'll do 't alone,—
 They're statesmen, every mother's son,
 So that, for th' better Administration
 Of Justice, must have amputation.
 The Massachusetts want no more
 Of justice than they had before.
 Then last and worst of all the pack,
 Is that vile act about Quebec,
 An act to make French —— free;
 To give them all that liberty,
 Civil and sacred, which *we* hold:
 Was ever Parliament so bold?
 And then their limits to adjust,
 Without consulting with *us* first!
 Sure some strange frenzy seiz'd amain,
 On King, Lords, Commons, by the brain;
 Or they could never, poz! have writ
 An act that shows so little wit.
 These acts, which down our throats they've cramm'd,
 We do insist shall all be ——.
 And if there be the least occasion,
 For any further regulation,
 To *Cons* and *Coms* we recommend
 With might and main to heave on end.

This Association being agreed
 Upon, by the major part, indeed,
 And crafty Reynard having got,
 At first set-out, a previous note,
 That what should be agreed upon
 By the major part, tho' but *nem. con.*
 Should, if it did but barely pass,
 Be signed by each and every ass;
 And we, being order'd to *sub-pono*
 Our names to this, do thereupon,

With equal grief and shame, the pen
Take up, and write our names.—*Amen.*

In order to a more easy comparison, and to please all tastes; here follows the Association, etc., in the original prose.—*Note by Author of the Versification.*

THE ASSOCIATION OF CONGRESS.

WE, his Majesty's most loyal subjects, delegates of the several Colonies of New Hampshire, Massachusetts-Bay, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, the three lower counties of New Castle, Kent, and Sussex, on Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina, deputed to represent them in a Continental Congress, held in the city of Philadelphia, on the 5th day of September, 1774, avowing our allegiance to his Majesty, our affection and regard for our fellow-subjects in Great Britain and elsewhere, affected with the greatest anxiety, and most alarming apprehensions, at those grievances and distresses, with which his Majesty's American subjects are oppressed; and having taken under our most serious deliberation, the state of the whole continent, find, that the present unhappy situation of our affairs is occasioned by a ruinous system of colony-administration, adopted by the British Ministry about the year 1763, evidently calculated for enslaving these colonies, and, with them, the British empire. In prosecution of which system, various acts of Parliament have been passed, for raising a revenue in America, for depriving the American subjects, in many instances, of the constitutional trial by jury, exposing their lives to danger, by directing a new and illegal trial beyond the seas, for crimes alleged to have been committed in America: and in prosecution of the same system, several late cruel, and oppressive acts have been passed, respecting the town of Boston and the Massachusetts Bay, and also an act for extending the province of Quebec, so as to border on the western frontiers of these colonies, establishing an arbitrary government therein, and discouraging the settlement of British subjects in that wide extended country; thus, by the influence of civil principles and ancient prejudices, to dispose the inhabitants to act with hostility against the free Protestant colonies, when a wicked ministry shall choose to direct them.

To obtain redress of these grievances, which threaten destruction to the lives, liberty, and property of his Majesty's subjects in North America, we are of opinion, that a non-importation, non-consumption, and non-exportation agreement, faithfully adhered to, will prove the most

speedy, effectual, and peaceable measure: and, therefore, we do, for ourselves, and the inhabitants of the several colonies, whom we represent, firmly agree and associate, under the sacred ties of virtue, honor and love of our country, as follows:

FIRST:—That from and after the first day of December next, we will not import, into British America, from Great Britain or Ireland, any goods, wares, or merchandise whatsoever, or from any other place, any such goods, wares, or merchandise, as shall have been exported from Great Britain or Ireland; nor will we, after that day, import any East India tea from any part of the world; nor any molasses, syrups, paneles, coffee, or pimento, from the British plantations or from Dominica; nor wines from Madeira, or the Western Islands; nor foreign indigo.

SECOND:—We will neither import nor purchase, any slave imported after the first day of December next; after which time, we will wholly discontinue the slave trade, and will neither be concerned in it ourselves, nor will we hire our vessels, nor sell our commodities or manufactures to those who are concerned in it.

THIRD:—As a non-consumption agreement, strictly adhered to, will be an effectual security for the observation of the non-importation, we, as above, solemnly agree and associate, that from this day, we will not purchase or use any tea, imported on account of the East India company, or any on which a duty hath been or shall be paid; and from and after the first day of March next, we will not purchase or use any East India tea whatever, nor will we, nor shall any person for or under us, purchase or use any of those goods, wares, or merchandise, we have agreed not to import, which we shall know, or have cause to suspect, were imported after the first day of December, except such as come under the rules and directions of the tenth article hereafter mentioned.

FOURTH:—The earnest desire we have, not to injure our fellow-subjects in Great Britain, Ireland, or the West Indies, induces us to suspend a non-exportation, until the tenth day of September, 1775; at which time, if the said acts and parts of acts of the British Parliament hereinafter mentioned, are not repealed, we will not directly or indirectly, export any merchandise or commodity whatsoever to Great Britain, Ireland, or the West Indies, except rice to Europe.

FIFTH:—Such as are merchants, and use the British and Irish trade, will give orders, as soon as possible, to their factors, agents and correspondents, in Great Britain and Ireland, not to ship any goods to them, on any pretence whatsoever; as they cannot be received in America; and if any merchant, residing in Great Britain or Ireland, shall directly

or indirectly ship any goods, wares or merchandise, for America, in order to break the said non-importation agreement, or in any manner contravene the same, on such unworthy conduct being well attested, it ought to be made public; and, on the same being so done, we will not, from thenceforth, have any commercial connection with such merchant.

SIXTH:—That such as are owners of vessels will give positive orders to their captains, or masters, not to receive on board their vessels any goods prohibited by the said non-importation agreement, on pain of immediate dismissal from their service.

SEVENTH:—We will use our utmost endeavours to improve the breed of sheep, and increase their number to the greatest extent; and to that end, we will kill them as sparingly as may be, especially those of the most profitable kind; nor will we export any to the West Indies or elsewhere; and those of us, who are or may become overstocked with, or can conveniently spare any sheep, will dispose of them to our neighbors, especially to the poorer sort, on moderate terms.

EIGHTH:—We will, in our several stations, encourage frugality, economy, and industry, and promote agriculture, arts and the manufactures of this country, especially that of wool; and will discountenance and discourage every species of extravagance and dissipation, especially all horse-racing, and all kinds of gaming, cock-fighting, exhibitions of shows, plays, and other expensive diversions and entertainments; and on the death of any relation or friend, none of us, or any of our families, will go into any further mourning-dress, than a black crape or ribbon on the arm or hat, for gentlemen, and a black ribbon and necklace for ladies, and we will discontinue the giving of gloves and scarfs at funerals.

NINTH:—That such as are venders of goods or merchandise will not take advantage of the scarcity of goods that may be occasioned by this association, but will sell the same at the rates we have been respectively accustomed to do, for twelve months last past.—And if any vender of goods or merchandise shall sell any such goods on higher terms, or shall, in any manner, or by any device whatsoever, violate or depart from this agreement, no person ought, nor will any of us deal with any such person, or his or her factor or agent, at any time hereafter, for any commodity whatever.

TENTH:—In case any merchant, trader, or other person shall import any goods or merchandise after the first day of December next, and before the first day of February next, the same ought forthwith, at the direction of the owner, to be either reshipped, or delivered up to the committee of the county or town wherein they shall be imported, to be

stored, at the risk of the importer, until the non-importation agreement shall cease, or be sold under the direction of the committee aforesaid; and in the last mentioned case, the owner or owners of such goods, shall be reimbursed (out of the sales) the first cost and charges, the profit, if any, to be applied towards relieving and employing such poor inhabitants of the town of Boston, as are immediate sufferers by the Boston Port Bill, and a particular account of all goods so returned, stored, or sold, to be inserted in the public papers; and if any goods or merchandise shall be imported after the said first day of February, the same ought forthwith to be sent back again, without breaking any of the packages thereof.

ELEVENTH:—That a committee be chosen in every county, city and town, by those who are qualified to vote for representatives in the legislature, whose business it shall be attentively to observe the conduct of all persons touching this association; and when it shall be made to appear, to the satisfaction of a majority of any such committee, that any person within the limits of their appointment has violated this association, that such majority do forthwith cause the truth of the case to be published in the Gazette; to the end, that all such foes to the rights of British America may be publicly known, and universally contemned as the enemies of American liberty; and thenceforth we respectively will break off all dealings with him or her.

TWELFTH:—That the committee of correspondence, in the respective colonies, do frequently inspect the entries of their custom-houses, and inform each other, from time to time, of the true state thereof, and of every other material circumstance that may occur relative to this association.

THIRTEENTH:—That all manufactures of this country be sold at reasonable prices, so that no undue advantage be taken of a future scarcity of goods.

FOURTEENTH:—And we do further agree and resolve, that we will have no trade, commerce, dealings or intercourse whatsoever, with any colony or province, in North America, which shall not accede to, or which shall hereafter violate this association, but will hold them as unworthy of the rights of freemen, and as inimical to the liberties of their country.

And we do solemnly bind ourselves and our constituents, under the ties aforesaid, to adhere to this association, until such parts of the several acts of Parliament passed since the close of the last war, as impose or continue duties on tea, wine, molasses, syrups, paneles, coffee, sugar, pimento, indigo, foreign paper, glass, and painters' colors, imported into

America, and extend the powers of the admiralty courts beyond their ancient limits, deprive the American subject of trial by jury, authorize the Judge's certificate to indemnify the prosecutor from damages, that he otherwise might be liable to, from a trial by his peers, require oppressive security from a claimant of ships or goods seized, before he shall be allowed to defend his property, are repealed.—And until that part of the act of the 12th G. 3. ch. 24, entitled “An act for the better securing his Majesty's dock-yards, magazines, ships, ammunition, and stores,” by which any person charged with committing any of the offences therein described, in America, may be tried in any shire or county within the realm, is repealed, and until the four acts, passed the last session of Parliament, viz., that for stopping the port and blocking up the harbor of Boston—that for altering the charter and government of the Massachusetts Bay—and that which is entitled “An act for the better administration of justice, etc.,”—and that “for extending the limits of Quebec, etc.,” are repealed. And we recommend it to the provincial conventions, and to the committees in the respective colonies, to establish such further regulations as they may think proper, for carrying into execution this association.

The foregoing association being determined upon by the Congress, was ordered to be subscribed by the several members thereof; and thereupon, we have hereunto set our respective names accordingly.

In Congress, Philadelphia, October 20.

Signed,

PEYTON RANDOLPH, President.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.	{	John Sullivan.			{	James Kinsey.
		Nathaniel Folsom.				William Livingston.
		Thomas Cushing.		NEW JERSEY.	{	Stephen Crane.
MASSACHUSETTS BAY.	{	Samuel Adams.				Richard Smith.
		John Adams.				John De Hart.
		Robert Treat Paine.				Joseph Galloway.
RHODE ISLAND.	{	Stephen Hopkins.				John Dickinson.
		Samuel Ward.				Charles Humphreys.
		Eliphalet Dyer.		PENNSYLVANIA.	{	Thomas Mifflin.
CONNECTICUT.	{	Roger Sherman.				Edward Biddle.
		Silas Deane.				John Morton.
		Isaac Low.				George Ross.
		John Alsop.		NEW CASTLE, etc.	{	Cæsar Rodney.
		John Jay.				Thomas M'Kean.
NEW YORK.	{	James Duane.				George Read.
		William Floyd.				Matthew Tilghman.
		Henry Wisner.		MARYLAND.	{	Thomas Johnson
		S. Boerum.				William Paca.
		Philip Livingston.				Samuel Chase.

VIRGINIA.	{	Richard Henry Lee.	NORTH CAROLINA.	{	William Hooper.
		George Washington.			Joseph Hewes.
		P. Henry, jun.			R. Caswell.
		Richard Bland.	SOUTH CAROLINA.	{	Henry Middleton.
		Benjamin Harrison.			Thomas Lynch.
	Edmund Pendleton.			Christopher Gadsden.	
				John Rutledge.	
				Edward Rutledge.	

AS IT WAS, AS IT IS, AND AS IT WILL BE.

Nihil est jucundum invita sine Libertate.—CICERO.

WHEN tyrants o'er the continent were spread,
 For liberty men to the islands fled:
 The scene now chang'd, from those they daily fly,
 And seek a continental, safer sky.
 America invites them to her Arms,
 And smiling freedom offers all her charms;
 There, where her noble spirit is not broke,
 A Gage may bluster, Bernard shape the yoke,
 And Hutchinson a nation's rage provoke;
 But when the contest comes, the mighty odds
 Appears like slaves contending with the Gods.

These lines were published in the Middlesex Journal, early in 1774, and were attributed to "a patriotic Bostonian" then on a "business visit to some factors in Ireland."

THE SALEM PROCLAMATION.

GENERAL GAGE, on the twenty-eighth of September, 1774, issued the following proclamation from his "headquarters at Boston."—WHEREAS, on the first day of September instant, I thought fit to issue writs for calling a Great and General Court, or Assembly, to be convened and held at Salem in the county of Essex, on the fifth day of October next; and whereas from the many tumults and disorders which have since taken place, the extraordinary resolves which have been passed in many of the counties, the instructions given by the

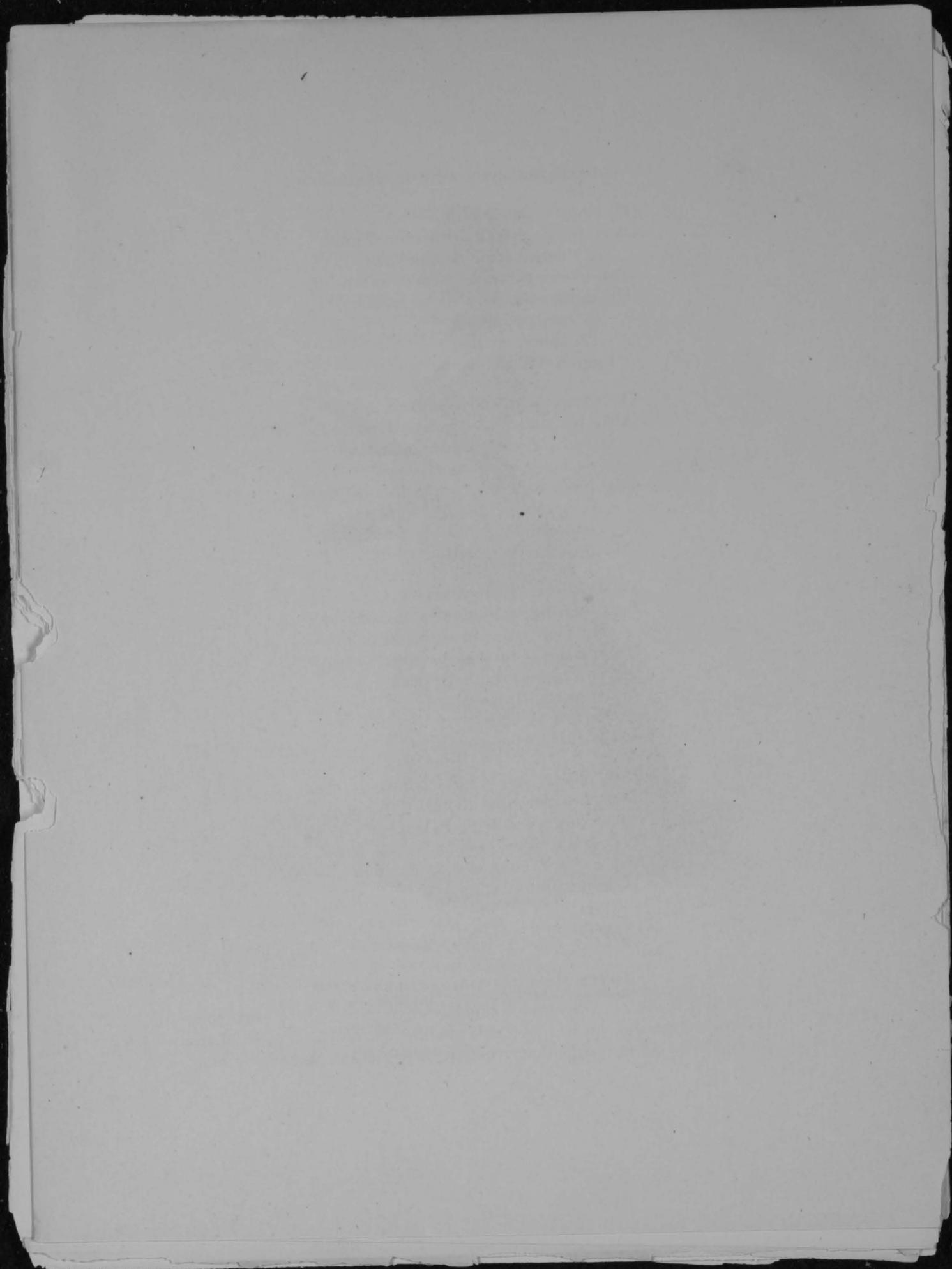
town of Boston, and some other towns, to their representatives, and the present disordered and unhappy state of the province, it appears to me highly inexpedient that a Great and General Court should be convened at the time aforesaid; but that a session at some more distant day, will best tend to promote his Majesty's service and the good of the province, I have, therefore, thought fit to declare my intention, not to meet the said General Court at Salem, on the said fifth day of October next. And I do hereby excuse and discharge all such persons as have been, or may be elected and deputed Representatives to serve at the same, from giving their attendance, anything in the aforesaid writs contained to the contrary notwithstanding; whereof all concerned are to take notice and govern themselves accordingly."

This Proclamation was "done into verse after the manner of Hudibras, by an American," and published in a broadside as follows:—

*Unto the Massachusetts Nation,
By ME, their LORD! A PROCLAMATION:
Card of EXCUSE; or PROROGATION.*

*I do not know what name to give it,
But trust to CHANCE, you will conceive it.*

WHEREAS, on th' first day of September,
*I think 'twas then, but scarce remember,
So much confused in my poor Nob,
Since I took on me this d—d Job.*
To issue writs, I did think fit,
For calling General Court to sit,
Or be convened, or held at Salem,
Imagining their hearts would fail 'em,
On fifth day of October next;
And finding now myself perplexed
By many a Tumult and Disorder,
Which closely on Sedition border;
And the disordered hapless state
The province hath been in of late.
The extraordinary Resolves;
The thoughts whereof, my spunk dissolves;
And the Instructions, too well known
Of this and ev'ry other town,
Unto their Representatives sent,
The effect whereof I would prevent.





Miss Jane Butterfield

Drawn from the Life.

PUBLISHED NOW (1876) FROM THE ORIGINAL PRINT (1775).

*For remedy thereof it seems ;
 Unless my Excellency dreams,
 An inexpedient measure quite
 The Court should meet, to set us right,
 Upon this Time those Writs do say :
 But that upon a future day
 If I'm in luck, it may promote
 My Master's service ; yours to boot,
 Tho' peradventure 'tis remote :*
 I hereby, therefore, do think fit
 To tell you that you shall not sit
 At Salem, on the 'foresaid Day,
A place from whence I ran away.
 Now hereby then, excuse I do
 All persons, and discharge them too
 The Representatives elated,
For Sewall says they're disaffected :
 So notwithstanding any Writ,
 By G-d the Assembly shall not sit,
 Whereof, take notice all concerned
And see how well you are governed.

THE ENGLISH INDEPENDANT.

THIS ballad was first published in England, during the disturbances that took place in 1768. It was then copied into the American newspapers and republished in a broadside in 1774.

AN OLD BALLAD.

Discovered in the Ruins of Herculaneum.

SET TO A NEW TUNE.

Ye gentle, generous Whigs give ear,
 I sing—what none of you need fear—
 I sing (and mark the end on't!)
 The Knave in piety profound ;
 With phiz so long and head so round,
 The crafty, crying,
 Cheating, lying,
 English Independant.

COLONEL HANCOCK AND GENERAL GAGE.

Of ancient Babylonish ——
 And Judas, gorg'd with sacred gore,
 He shines a true descendant:
 The fost'ring bosom pleas'd to wound,
 He throws his fiery darts around;
 A raving, ranting,
 Cozening, canting,
 English Independant.

By nature false and insincere,
 Alike his smiles and frowns I fear,
 Should e'er he gain th' ascendant:
 I know him by his rueful face,
 His deeds of death, and words of grace.
 A ghostly, grunting,
 Office-hunting
 English Independant.

To dust dejected in disgrace,
 But when he once obtains a place
 He soon is found to mend on't:
 He changes with the changing scene
 Yet is whatever he hath been
 A saucy, tricking,
 Prelate kicking
 English Independant.

With power, and pride, and purse, elate,
 'Twas he who ruined the Church and State,
 The nation's firm defendant!—
 Who drank a murdered Charles' blood,
 And would a George's—if he could:
 A beastly, swilling,
 Sovereign killing
 English Independant.

COLONEL HANCOCK AND GENERAL GAGE.

“His Excellency, Governor Gage, having signified to the Hon. John Hancock, Esq., that he had no further service for him as Colonel of the company of Cadets, the gentlemen of that corps met last Monday evening,

and chose a committee to wait on the governor at Salem, and deliver him their standard, which he had presented to them, as they had almost unanimously disbanded themselves. The standard was accordingly carried to his Excellency the next day, which he was pleased to accept. In their address to the governor, they say they no longer consider themselves as the Governor's INDEPENDENT Company."—*New York Journal*, August 25, 1774.

THE GOVERNOR'S SPEECH VERSIFIED.

A general sample of Gubernatorial Eloquence, as lately exhibited to the company of Cadets.¹

Your Colonel Hancock, by neglect
Has been deficient in respect;
As he my sovereign toe ne'er kissed,
'Twas proper he should be dismissed;
I never was, nor never will,
By mortal man be treated ill;
I never was nor never can,
Be treated ill by mortal man,
O had I but have known before
That temper of your faction's corps;
It should have been my greatest pleasure,
To have prevented this bold measure;
To meet with such severe disgrace,
My standard flung into my face:—
Disband yourselves!—so cursed stout,—
O had I, had I, turned you out!

CLOSING THE PORT OF BOSTON.

UNDER the requirements of the Boston Port Bill, passed in March, 1774,² the harbor was closed on the first day of the June following:—"Tell it in Gath, publish it in Askalon," wrote a contemporary on that day; "that the Boston Port Bill, in all its parts, is

¹ Published in the Massachusetts Spy, and copied into many of the newspapers throughout the Colonies.

² "An act to discontinue, in such manner and for such time as are therein mentioned, the landing and discharging, lading or shipping of goods, wares, and merchandize, at the town, and within the harbor of Boston, in the Province of Massachusetts-Bay, in North America."

now carrying into execution, and that Boston is thereby put into greater distress and is more insulted by an English Armament than she ever was by a French or Spanish fleet in the hottest war, when left without one British ship for her protection. The town has become a spectacle to *angels* and *men*. God grant that it may not be intimidated by the present horrors to make a surrender of the rights of Americans; or in any respect to dishonor herself in this day of trial and perplexity.

"Boats from Charlestown, Winnesimit and other ferries are stopped, and not so much as a brick to mend our chimneys is suffered to be brought to us.—The regiments on board the transports arrived yesterday, is the 4th or King's Own, which is to encamp on Boston Common. This and other regiments will be quartered here until we are brought to a sense of our *duty*. Is it not the duty of a virtuous, brave, and free people to resist tyranny? Thousands in this town who cannot *discern* between the right hand and the left are, by the Boston Port Bill, involved in the general calamity.—May their cries enter into the ear of that potentate, who delighteth himself in mercy.

"Business was suspended at the Custom-House at noon, and this harbor is shut against all vessels bound hither, and on the 15th none will be allowed to depart hence. *Be it forever remembered, to thy grief and shame, O Britain!*

"His Majesty's ships and frigates and schooners are now placed in such a manner in Boston harbor, as to prevent any vessel going out or coming in; so that we have reason to expect that in a little time the town will be in a truly distressed and melancholy situation. God send us speedy relief!"

"Every town in every colony of America," wrote another, "consider the case of Boston their own, and agree in sentiment, to unite their strength and exert every faculty in the most determined, persevering endeavors to preserve their rights and liberties against the tyrannical encroachments of Great Britain. To this end a Congress is soon expected and a total suspension of all commercial intercourse between the colonies and Great Britain and Ireland, at least, it is believed will very soon take place."

"We have the pleasure to assure our readers," said the Printer of the New York Journal, June 2d, 1774, "that as far as our intelligence has hitherto extended, since the news of the Boston Port Bill; that is, from New Hampshire to Williamsburg in Virginia, it appears by all our letters, that all the colonies breathe the same spirit, and seem actuated by one soul; and that it appears to be the general sentiment, that the

man is unworthy the name of an English-American, who would hesitate one moment to prefer death to the slavish subjection demanded by the Ministry and Parliament of Great Britain."

"Yesterday we had a pause in the business of this city," wrote a correspondent in Philadelphia on June 2d, "and a solemn pause it was. If we except the *Friends*, I believe nine-tenths of the citizens shut up their houses; the bells were rung muffled all day, and the ships in the port had their colors half hoisted."

The House of Burgesses of Virginia solemnized the event with fasting, humiliation and prayer. "Every inhabitant of Williamsburg," where the Burgesses met, "and numbers from the country adjacent, testified their gratitude in the most expressive manner, by attending the worthy and patriotic Speaker at the Court-House, and proceeding from thence, with the utmost decency and decorum, to the church, where prayers were accordingly read, and a sermon suitable to the occasion was delivered, by the Rev. Mr. Price, from the 103d Psalm and 19th verse."

In New York, "a very great number of the Friends of Liberty procured the effigies of Thomas Hutchinson, late governor of Massachusetts-Bay—Lord North and Mr. Wedderburne,—persons whom they supposed to have been most active in bringing about the melancholy scene, as well as being most unfriendly to the rights of America in general, to be exhibited on a gallows, together with the effigy of the devil at their right hand, alluding to their diabolical machinations against the rights of the country. On the backs of the first three were affixed the three following labels:

THAT ARCH-HYPOCRITE AND TRAITOR, THOMAS HUTCHINSON, LATE GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS-BAY, who to aggrandize himself has, by the most artful, base and false representations, involved his native country in the greatest calamity and distress.—*An unnatural villain of the first magnitude, suffering the just vengeance of his unparalleled perfidy!!!*

THE IGNOBLE LORD NORTH, an insidious and implacable enemy to the liberties of America—A slave of power and betrayer of his country—A blood-thirsty wretch, who declared that he could never rest till he had prostrated this Land of Liberty at his feet.—*Americans! behold him receiving his just demerits!*

THE MERCENARY AND INDEFEASIBLY INFAMOUS WEDDERBURNE—A recreant reviler and calumniator of the great and worthy Doctor Franklin—This is the traitorous wretch of whom JUNIUS says, "*Treachery itself cannot trust.*"

In Hutchinson's right hand were the Boston and Plymouth Addresses,

and signers' names—In Lord North's, the Port Bill, the Regulating Bill, and the Bill for the better administering of Justice in the Province of Massachusetts-Bay.—And in Mr. Wedderburne's, the letter of Hutchinson and Oliver to Mr. Whateley.—Near his infernal majesty, on the gallows, were these words—“*Devil! do thy office—with Tartarean Sulphur destroy these pests of mankind.*”¹

These were carried through the principal streets in the city and thence to the Coffee-House, where they were attended in the evening of that day, by the greatest concourse of spectators ever seen on a similar occasion, and there destroyed by sulphurous flames. After which the multitude immediately dispersed in the most peaceable, orderly manner.”

“Preserve your unanimity,” said the citizens of Charleston, South Carolina, to the People of Boston, “keep up your spirits, and above all, put your trust in God, and seek to him for wisdom and fortitude, and you need not fear what man can do unto you.”—“If the Colonies will now unite in a total suspension of trade with Great Britain and the West Indies,” said others, “they may *Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord.*”

Spirited resolutions, expressive of their sense of the cruel and unjust measures of the British Ministry, were adopted by the people of Massachusetts, and they appealed to all the colonies to unite with them in an agreement to discontinue all importations from Great Britain. Most of the colonies resolved to join with “the Bostonians,” in their opposition to Parliament. A general meeting of the freeholders and inhabitants of the county of Fairfax, Virginia, was held on Monday the 18th of July, 1774, at the Court-House in the town of Alexandria. George Washington presided, and Robert Harrison acted as clerk to the meeting. Resolutions were adopted declaring “that every little jarring interest and dispute which has ever happened between these colonies, should be buried in everlasting oblivion; that all manner of luxury and extravagance ought immediately to be laid aside, as totally inconsistent with the threatening and gloomy prospect before us; that it is the indispensable duty of all the gentlemen and men of fortune, to set examples of temperance, fortitude, frugality and industry.

“That the several acts of Parliament for raising a revenue upon the people of America without their consent; the creating new and dangerous jurisdictions here; the taking away our trials by jury; the ordering persons upon criminal accusations to be tried in another country than that

¹ See Hutchinson's Letters in subsequent pages of this volume.

in which the fact is charged to have been committed; the act inflicting ministerial vengeance upon the town of Boston; and the two bills lately brought into Parliament, for abrogating the charter of Massachusetts-Bay, and for the protection and encouragement of murderers in the said province, are a part of the iniquitous system. That the inhabitants of Boston are now suffering in the common cause of all British America, and are justly entitled to its support and assistance, and that therefore a subscription ought immediately to be opened, and proper persons appointed in every county in this colony, to purchase provisions, and consign them to some gentlemen of character in Boston, to be distributed among the poorer sort of people there."

And it was further resolved, that an humble and dutiful remonstrance be prepared, asserting "our just and constitutional rights and privileges," and "most humbly conjuring and beseeching his Majesty not to reduce his faithful subjects of America to a state of desperation, and to reflect, that from our Sovereign, THERE CAN BE BUT ONE APPEAL."

The work of rendering relief to the people of Boston was carried on with great spirit and determination, and the colonies vied with each other in the amount of their contributions. Samuel Adams, John Hancock, James Bowdoin, Isaac Smith and others acted as the agents of the several colonies, at Boston, and distributed the charities sent to them; not without difficulty however. The officers of the Crown threw every obstacle possible in the way; interpreting the meaning of the obnoxious Act, always to the disadvantage of the colonists. As an instance: From Marblehead, there came to Boston one morning, "twelve cartloads of good salt fish, also a quantity of oil, being the generous donation of sympathizing brethren of that place." These provisions were judged by the revenue officers not to be "*victuals*, [the word in the Act] for the necessary use and sustenance of the inhabitants of the town of Boston"—they were, therefore, not permitted to be brought into port, *coastwise*. The benefaction of rice from South Carolina, remained in the same predicament, but finally it was allowed to be an article of food, and not solely of merchandise, and was carried in by water.—*Boston Gazette*.

The measures of Parliament, instead of intimidating the colonists into submission excited them to resistance. After an extensive correspondence carried on between their committees it was decided to convene a Congress, and, on the fifth day of September, 1774, it assembled at Philadelphia. The adoption of a declaration of rights, a petition to the King, and addresses "to the People of Great Britain," and "to the People of America," was the earliest labor of the distinguished patriots and states-

men who composed that body, "whose proceedings, notwithstanding the ferment which prevailed in most of the colonies, were characterized by coolness, unanimity and firmness."—Soon after the publication of the several papers adopted by this Congress, the following ballad appeared in New York, from the press of James Rivington, with the title, "*The Poor Man's Advice to his Neighbors; a ballad to the tune of Chevy Chase.*" On a fly-leaf of the copy from which the present impression is taken, is endorsed, in the handwriting of James Duane,¹ a member of the Congress, from New York, "A meet offering for the altar it was laid on."

THE POOR MAN'S ADVICE.

Ah! have you read, my neighbors dear,
Our famous Congress book?
Alas! I grievously do fear
They have our case mistook.

What pity 'tis, such worthy men
Who've larnt to read, and write,
And cast accounts; should use their pen,
For to undo us quite.

I never saw a King or Queen,
Save Indian Kings, in Stroud,
But I've seen folks, who Kings have seen,
Who say, they're des'prate proud.

But our King George is just and good,
If one dar'd speak out plain,
And when he's forcéd to shed blood,
He feels purdigious pain.

¹ "*New York, Sept. 8, 1774: On Monday the 28th ulto, Mr. Jay, one of our delegates, and on Thursday, the other three gentlemen, set off for Philadelphia to attend the General Congress. They were accompanied to the place of their departure by a number of the inhabitants, with colors flying and music. James Duane, Esq., in a very affectionate and moving manner, thanked the worthy inhabitants for the honor they had conferred upon them, declaring that he had it in command, from the whole of his brother delegates, to acquaint them that nothing in their power should be wanting to relieve this once happy, but now aggrieved country; and when under way, they were saluted by several pieces of cannon.*"—*New York Journal.*

When this book gets to London Town,
And is show'd to the King;
I will lay any man a crown,
He'll grieve, "like any thing."

To hear such whimper, and such whine,
No man can tell him why;
And cause his royal hand must sign
That some poor souls must die.

Lord! how the Parliament men will curse
To find themselves so maul'd;
Like foot-pad, or like vile cut-purse
They're all to nought be-call'd.

As if a pack of rascals, they
Mind not what's wrong or right,
But vote, for so much by the day,
As our Provincials fight.

As who, nor law, nor gospel know
Altho' at college bred,
And as the folk in Europe trow
In larnéd books deep read.

As men, who only have a snatch
Of knowledge, for parade,
And for our *Congress* are no match
In politics or trade.

The Canagans too, whom they address,
And treat so very blunt;
Will cry, while as they cross their breasts,
Jesu! quel gros affront!

If to obey King George they please,
For what is all this fuss?
And love him more than *Lewy Sease*,
Pray what harm's that to us?

He graciously their laws restor'd
 Which they had long besought;
 For which he is by them ador'd,
 As every good King ought.

Oh! what sad Kings we'd formerly!
 They took a wicked maggot,
 To make men with their faith comply,
 They uséd fire and faggot.

Now Fox's book of Martur's saith,
 It is a dreadful thing,
 To be oblig'd to change one's faith,
 For any earthly King.

If Algerines should take this city,
 And for our faith despise us,
 'Twould be a burning shame, and pity,
 If they should circumcise us.

To the whole world, 'tis natural
 To love their ancient uses,
 Of these they're full as chary all,
 As we of our —————.

Had Baron Deiskau took this town,
 In fifty-sixth's hard frost,
 What should we've thought, if the French crown
 Had gi'n back, all we lost?

I've Papists known, right honest men:
 Alas! what shame and pity?
 Ah! how unlike the *vartchus* Penn,
 To drive 'em from our city.

Of Britons, some folks tell great lies,
 Us poor gulls to deceive;
 And while they throw dust in our eyes,
 They *lauff* all in their sleeve.

They love their King, and Lord North too,
And will all take their part,
For all that we can say, or do,
They will not care ———.

Their merchants, they think war fine fun,
For they keep out of sight;
They feel no sword, they hear no gun,
But help pay troops to fight.

Therefore they often, hand o'er head,
Into a war will souse,
And when news come of thousands dead
They mind it not a louse.

Don't you remember, t'other day
They talk'd of war with Spain;
'Bout Falkland's Island, as they say,
A vast way o'er the main.

Lord, how did England rage and roar,
About a foolish *rudder*;
A war they'd have, by —, they swore,
To make proud Spain just shudder.

Proud Spain was soon to reason brought,
For fear of British thunder,
And though it was a bitter draught,
Yet did proud Spain knock under.

As bitter a draught it was, 'tis true,
As I, pi, ca, cu, an, ha,
But Spain remember'd sixty-two,
And how she lost Havana.

Now isn't this book a much worse thing
Than that same foolish *rudder*;
And by affronting so their King,
Will they not make *us* shudder?

They work for East and West Indies,
For Russia, and for Spain ;
For ev'ry land, beneath the skies,
And trade o'er all the main.

Yet when the strange resolves we've made,
Are known to that proud nation,
Tho' they've enough for other trade ;—
Lord, what a furious passion !

Then for to block *our* port within,
Out comes their ships so stout,
And since we will let nothing in,
They will let nothing out.

From December, the very first day,
The delegates say plum,
Our wives shan't have a dust more tea,
Nor we a drop more rum.

They've tea in plenty for themselves,
And other good things too,
But we, alas ! poor wretched elves,
Shall not know what to do.

They've all laid in great stock of things,
To last them many a year,
For they're as rich as any kings—
But what shall poor folks wear ?

They'll ride in coach and chariot fine,
And go to ball and play,
When we've not wherewithal to dine,
Though we work hard all day.

Our members are good men and true,
And plans full wise propos'd,
Their country's good for to pursue,
But East and South oppos'd.

If New York votes, none of th' other
Did contradict quite flat,
I do (for all this mighty pother)
Begin to smell a rat.

The last non-import (do but search)
While Phil. and we obey'd,
The rest all left us in the lurch,
And drove a smoking trade.

I fear this noise about a tax,
Is all a downright flam,
For any but a smuggler ax,
They did not care a —.

Ah! God forgive these wicked men,
To judge hard I am loth;
But they don't boggle, now and then,
To break a swinging oath.

If all be true our *clergy* say,
And what all good men tell,
Alas! at the great judgment day
They'll all be — to —.

We know full well that Boston town,
For many a hundred chest,
Paid three pence duty to the Crown,
And grumbled not the least.

These wicked men did them persuade
To tell a foolish lie,
And swear by —, who made them all,
'Twas inadvertently.

Ah what a shame, that pious town,
Should do a thing so odd,
To turn all traitors to the Crown,
And rebels to their God.

Oh would to God, they'd think betimes,
 Before affairs grow worse,
 And make atonement for their crimes,
 By sorrow and remorse.

So may he mercifully save
 That very godly city;
 To lose all in the world we have,
 Is surely a great pity.

And now, my Friends, let's warnéd be
 By their unhappy fate,
 To live in sweet tranquility
 And trouble not the State.

For if our worthy General Gage,
 Whom we do all well know,
 Should the New Englander's engage
 And finally overthrow,

He'd grieve to's heart, if order'd here
 Against old friends to fight,
 He was longtime, our townsman dear;
 'Twould be a dreadful sight.

If by a *maracle* in war,
 New England shou'd beat *him*,
 They'd come by thousands far and near,
 And us most soundly trim.

They have already seized our land,
 And Penn's too, as they say:
 Now if they get the upper hand,
 There'll be the deuce to pay.

Then must we feed on Salt and Sweet,¹
 And drink sour cider too,
 If caught on Sabbath in the street,
 Be floggéd black and blue.

¹ Pork and Molasses; measly at that.

And then no living soul will dare,
To take a pleasant ride
To Kingsbridge, or to Harlem fair,
By his dear sweetheart's side.

Then must we, five whole hours a stretch,
Hear their grim pastor's whine,
And snuffle, and cant, and bawl, and preach,
While us—we want to dine.

The jolly Boston sailors say,
They dare not for their lives,
If from long voyage they land, that day
Embrace their own dear wives.

With such queer folks, have nought to do,
But follow your old course,
Kiss them on Mon' and Sunday too,
And frolic, foot and horse.

The next time that we want redress,
For any discontent,
Our own Assemblies should address
The British Parliament.

I've overheard some sly-boots swear
The Congress was a Hum,
To make old women and children fear,
As once, at fee, fa, fum.

Suppose all truth the Congress say,
No doubt they make the worst,
Can we, my Friends, for many a day,
Be so completely curst?

As have no clothes, no grog, no tea,
To cheer our drooping spirits;
And snug in clover, smugglers see,
Who have not half our merits?

THE POOR MAN'S ADVICE.

Isn't it now, a pretty story ;
 (One smells it in a trice,)
 If I send wheat, I am a Tory,
 But Charleston, may send RICE.

The Congress say, you'll all things sell
 As for a twelve month past ;
 But don't we know, my friends, full well,
 That this is all my eye.

If we to give that price be willing,
 And go unto a store,
 Instead of one, they *ax* two shilling,
 And turn us out of door.

Now should we raise the price of work,
 Or of our own produce,
 They'd look as fierce as any Turk,
 And send us to the deuce.

Indeed, indeed, it's very wicked,
 For men, who ain't all fools,
 To think that we can be so trickéd
 And made such arrant tools.

Oh dear ! my friends, my blood does boil
 To see men so impose,
 Bend us, at will, like pliant coil,
 And lead us by the nose.

If any Lord, or Common, or King
 Had set to work his head,
 He couldn't have done so bad a thing
 As take away one's bread.

Rare Sons of Freedom, this Congress !
 So, just as they think right,
 • We are to eat, drink, frolick and dress :
 Pray masters may we —— ?

For this they post in every city
A pack of dreadful spies :
Did ever scheme, so mighty pretty,
Inquisition devise ?

If by just wrath the Devil was sent
To rule these fair countries,
A greater curse he couldn't invent,
Than to encourage spies.

Than bid the men, who should live like brothers,
To pry both night and day,
And keep near watch upon each other,
Each other to betray.

Our own dear homes shall be no more
Our castles, as of old,
But grim inspectors burst our door,
And every tale be told

In the Gazette ; of what we drink,
Or eat, or buy, or sell,
Or say, or look, do, dream, or think :
Oh ! what a perfect hell.

I'd rather be a galley-slave,
Be chainéd hand and foot,
Lose every precious limb I have,
Than to submit unto 't.

Shades of De Witts ! our souls inspire,
Their threat'nings to despise ;
Let's do what God, what laws require,
And *laff* at Congress spies.

Monsters, stand off ! avaunt ! beware !
My doors ye shall not burst ;
Magistrates only enter there :
Oh God ! I'll perish first.

Ye good, ye wise, ye rich, ye great,
 These mad resolves reverse,
 Stand forth! O quit your mean retreat;
 Remember Meroth's curse!

Stand forth! and save these happy lands,
 Ere 'tis, alas! too late;
 Oppose all lawless, mad commands;
 Tremble at Boston's fate!

Arise! shake off the Congress yoke;
 Act as free men becomes,
 Their book is bluster all, and smoke,
 Ah! * * * * *

If, blind, you'll bow your humble pates
 Like moles, and deaf as stone,
 To their High Mightiness' mandates,
 I shall your fate bemoan,

And weeping pray, on rev'rent knees,
 That God will pleaséd be,
 To burn the Congresses' decrees
 And blast their tyranny.

But, oh! God bless our honest King,
 The Lords and Commons true,
 And if next Congress is the thing,
 Oh! bless that Congress too.¹

In Charleston, South Carolina, the following was published on the 24th of June, 1774:—"Many generous and charitable persons in this colony, being desirous to send, and we, the subscribers, having been requested to receive donations for the relief of our *distressed brethren* in Boston, now *suffering for the common cause of America*, under the late most cruel, arbitrary and oppressive act of the British Parliament, for the shutting up of that port,—in order that so laudable, and at the same time necessary, a mark of our real sympathy and union with our sister

¹ See two stanzas on "The Declaration of Congress," at page 304, *ante*.