

Part 4.

Price 50c.

WASHINGTON
D.C.

BALLAD HISTORY

of the



American Revolution.



BY CONTEMPORARY POETS
AND
PROSE WRITERS.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED
BY

FRANK MOORE.

1765—1783

NEW YORK: JOHNSON, WILSON & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, 27 BEEKMAN STREET.

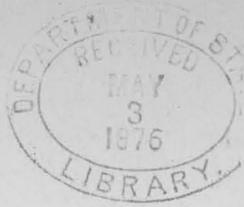
COPYRIGHT, 1875, BY JOHNSON, WILSON & CO.

E 295

M 82

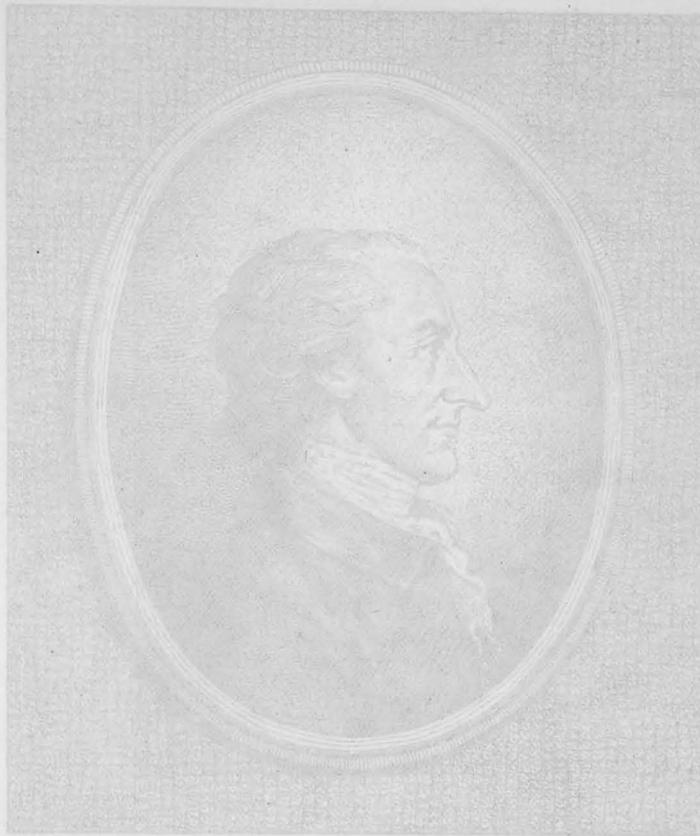
Copied

F. B. M. 1918-9-5

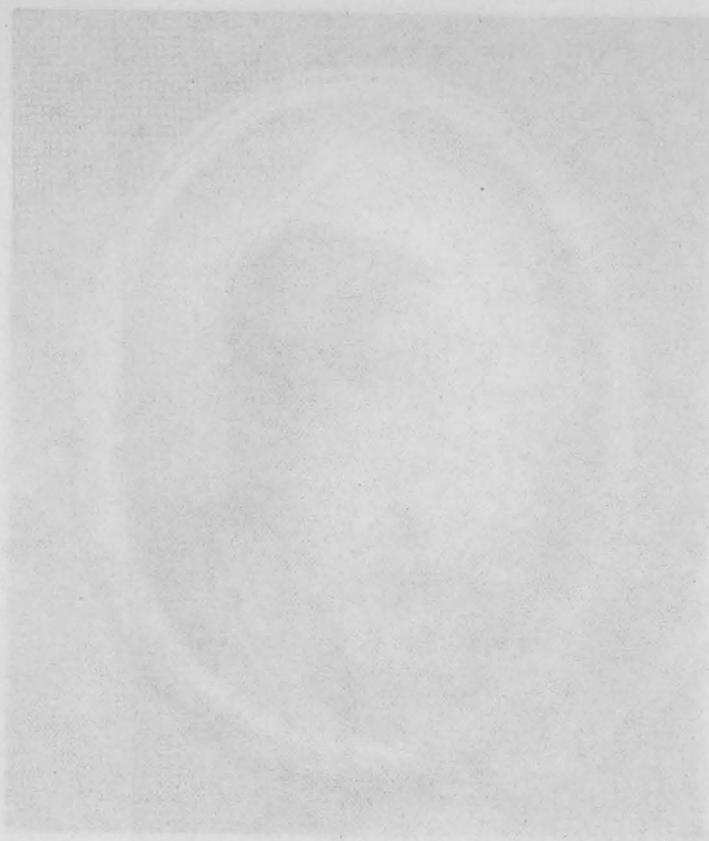




CHARLES THOMSON.
Secretary of the Continental Congress.



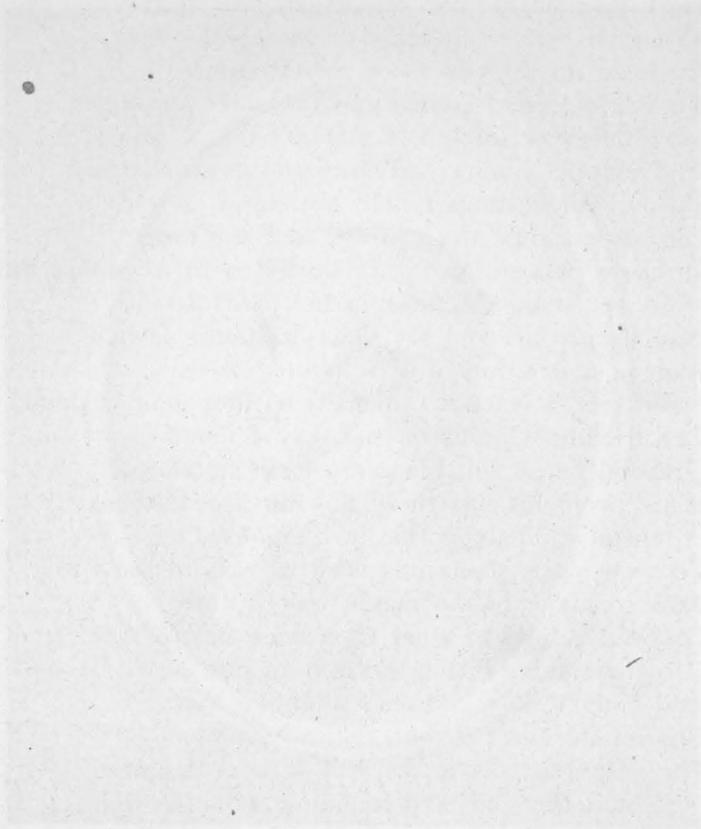
W. H. DRAYTON.
Member of Congress from South Carolina.



CHARLES T. HARRIS
LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



W. H. DRAYTON.
Member of Congress from South Carolina.





JOHN DICKINSON.
Author of the Liberty Song, 1765.

11400 11106

But freedom lost, nor danger do I see,
 If we can only with ourselves agree.
 How like St. George, invincible I stand,
 This homebred dragon stretch'd beneath my hand!
 Here may he lie, and let no traveller dare
 The grass green hillock o'er his carcass rear,
 Or heap up piles of monumental stones
 To shield from Phœbus and the stars his bones.

This feat performed, I girt my magic gown,
 And march'd unlicensed from the guarded town.
 To our fam'd camp I held my eager course,
 Curious to view the courage and the force
 Of those, whose hearts are flush'd with freedom's flame,
 Who yet stand foremost in the field of fame,
 And deeply grieved for their departing laws,
 Arm in conviction of a righteous cause.

But e'er I reach'd the great encampment's bound
 The friendly Genius on the way I found,
 Graceful he smil'd, his azure locks he shook,
 While from his lips these flowing accents broke:
 "O mortal guided by the fates and me,
 To view what thousands wish in vain to see,
 Now to my care the magic vest restore,
 Cheerful return to what thou wast before,
 I to the shades this wond'rous mantle bear,
 And hang it safe in Fancy's temple there;
 Nor let its loss provoke thee to repine,
 The vest was Jove's, the will to lend it, mine."

So said the god, and blending with the light,
 I walked conspicuous and reveal'd to sight,
 No more impervious to the human view,
 But seeing all and seen by others too.

Now throngs on throngs on every side surround,
 Beneath their burden groans the heaving ground,
 Those fam'd afar to drive the deadly shot,
 With truest level to the central spot;
 Those whom Virginia's vast dominion sends
 From her chaste streams and intervening lands,
 And those who, conscious of their country's claim,
 From Pennsylvania's happy climate came.

These, and ten thousands more were scatter'd round
 In black battalions on the tented ground,
 Prepar'd whene'er the trumpet's iron roar
 Should summon forth to all the woes of war,
 To hear with joy the loud alarming call,
 And rush perhaps to their own funeral.

Just in the centre of the camp arose
 An elm, whose shade invited to repose,
 Thither I rov'd, and at the cool retreat,
 A brave, tho' rough-cast soldier chanc'd to meet:
 No fop in arms, no feather on his head,
 No glittering toys the manly warrior had,
 His auburn face the least employ'd his care,
 He left it to the females to be fair;
 And thought the men whom shining trifles sway,
 But pageant soldiers for a sunshine day.

Marking my pensive step, his hand he laid
 On his hard breast, and thus the warrior said:
 "Stranger observe, behold these warlike fields,
 Mark well the ills that civil discord yields:
 No crimes of ours this vengeful doom require,
 Our city ravag'd and our towns on fire,
 Troops pour'd on troops to Britain's lasting shame,
 That threaten all with universal flame:
 These are the things, the monarchs of the sea,
 Exerting power in lawless tyranny,
 These hot for power and burning for command,
 Would rule the ocean and subject the land:
 But while this arm the strength of man retains,
 While true blood courage revels through my veins,
 I'll spill my blood yon hostile force to quell,
 And lawless power by lawful strength repel.
 This rough black cannon shall our cause defend,
 This black rough cannon is my truest friend,
 This arm'd with vengeance, belching death afar,
 Confus'd their thousands marching to the war:
 Yet deeply griev'd the tears bedew my eyes,
 For this the greatest of calamities.
 That our keen weapons meant for other ends,
 Should spend their rage on Britons once our friends;

But Liberty!—no price hast thou below,
 And e'en a Briton's life for thee must go.
 Come then my weapons, rise in freedom's aid,
 Her steps attend and be her call obeyed;
 Let Carleton arm his anti-christian might,
 And sprinkle holy water ere he fight,
 And let him have, to shield his limbs from hurt
 St. Andrew's breeches and St. Stephen's shirt,¹
 Don Quixote's sword, that valiant knight of Spain,
 Which now may grace a madman's side again,
 St. Bernard's hose, and lest we give too few,
 John Faustus' cap, and Satan's cloven shoe;
 (These precious relics may defend their backs
 And good Guy Johnson should, I think, go snacks.)
 Nay let him ere the clashing armies cope,
 Procure a pardon from his friend the Pope,
 That if his soul should be dislodged from hence,
 Heaven may with all his scarlet sins dispense,
 And place him safe beyond the reach of ball,
 Where Abram's bosom may be had for all.

Some powerful cause disarms my heart of fear,
 And bids me bring some future battle near,
 When crowds of dead shall veil the ghastly plain,
 And mighty Lords, like Percy, fly again;
 When every pulse with treble force shall beat,
 And each exert his valor to retreat.
 And each shall wish his stature may be made
 Long as it seems at Sol's descending shade:
 So tallest trees that tower toward the skies,
 From simple acorns take their humble rise.
 To see from death their boasted valor shrink,
 And basely fly, has sometimes made me think
 The true great heart is often found remote
 From the gay trappings of a scarlet coat.

“Stranger, in pity lend one pensive sigh,
 For all that died and all that yet may die,
 If wars intestine long their rage retain,
 This land must turn a wilderness again.

¹ Certain well-known relics among the Papists.

While civil discord plumes her snaky head,
 What streams of human blood must yet be shed,
 With sanguine floods shall Mystic waves be dyed
 And ting'd the ocean with their purple tide:
 Enough—the prospect fills my heart with woe,
 Back to the heart my freezing spirits flow.
 No more remains; no more than this, that all
 Must fight like Romans, or like Romans fall:
 O heaven-born Peace, renew thy wonted charms,
 Where Neptune westward spreads his agèd arms.
 To hostile lands return an honor'd guest,
 And bless our crimson shore among the rest;
 'Till then may heaven assert our injur'd claims,
 And second every stroke Columbia aims.
 Direct our counsels and our leaders sway,
 Confound our foes and fill them with dismay,
 So shall past years, those happy years return,
 And war's red lamp in Boston cease to burn:
 Hear and attest the warmest wish I bring,
 God save the Congress and reform the King!
 Long may Britannia rule our hearts again,
 Rule as she rul'd in George the Second's reign;
 May ages hence her growing empire see,
 And she be glorious, but ourselves be free,—
 In that just scale an equal balance hold,
 And grant these climes a second age of gold.”
 He ceas'd, and now the sun's declining beam
 With fainter radiance shot a trembling gleam,
 The thick'ning stars proclaim'd the day expir'd
 And to their tented mansions all retir'd.

 OUR MAGNA CHARTA.

THE following “inscription for a column at Runnymede, between
 Stains and Windsor, England, where Magna Charta, or the
 great charter of our liberties, was obtained by the Barons in
 arms, from King John,” was published in the Poet's Corner of Holt's New
 York Journal, early in 1775.

Thou who the verdant plain doth traverse here,
 While Thames among his willows, from thy view
 Retires; O stranger, stay thee, and the scene
 Around contemplate well. This is the place
 Where England's ancient barons, clad in arms,
 And stern with conquest, from their tyrant king
 (Then render'd tame), did challenge and secure
 The charter of thy freedom. Pass not on,
 Till thou have blessed their memory, and paid
 Those thanks, which God appointed the reward
 Of public virtue. And if chance thy home
 Salute thee with a father's honor'd name,
 Go call thy sons—instruct them what a debt
 They owe their ancestors; and make them swear
 To pay it, by transmitting down entire,
 Those sacred rights to which themselves were born.

 THE ROYAL PROCLAMATION.

AN authority in London, writing from that place early in 1775, said, “despatches were sent from here by a sloop of war to General Gage, containing among other things, a royal proclamation, declaring the inhabitants of Massachusetts Bay and some others in the different colonies ‘actual rebels; with a blank commission to try and execute such of them as he can get hold of. With this is sent a list of names to be inserted in the commission as he may judge expedient. I do not know them all, but Messrs. Samuel Adams, John Adams, Robert Treat Payne and John Hancock of Massachusetts Bay; John Dickinson of Philadelphia; Peyton Randolph of Virginia, and Henry Middleton of South Carolina, are particularly named, with many others.” On the receipt of this news, the following stanzas appeared in the American newspapers:

ON A LATE PROCLAMATION.

REBELS! Americans disclaim
 The least relation to that name,
 And send it back from whence it came.
 To none who right and freedom prize
 The odious name with truth, applies,
 And he who calls them rebels, lies.

THE MONK AND THE JEW.

THOMAS PAINE, the celebrated author of *Common Sense*, wrote the following, and it was published in the *Pennsylvania Magazine* with his usual nom de plume, "*Atlanticus*." He pre-faced it with the following:—"The Tale of the Monk and Jew, versified, having appeared in some of the English magazines, and as am no admirer of that sort of wit which is dashed with profaneness, I herewith send you a versification of the same tale, by a gentlemen on this side the water; leaving your readers to decide on its merits." Intolerance of the Jews and the association of them with English churchmen and Papists as belonging to the enemies of Liberty were peculiarities of the early days of the Revolution. Later the sentiment changed.

An unbelieving Jew one day
Was skating o'er the icy way,
Which being brittle let him in,
Just deep enough to catch his chin;
And in that woful plight he hung,
With only power to move his tongue.

A brother skater near at hand,
A Papist born in foreign land,
With hasty strokes directly flew
To save poor Mordecai the Jew—
But first, quoth he, I must enjoin
That you renounce your faith for mine;
There's no entreaties else will do,
'Tis heresy to help a Jew—

"Forswear mine fait! No! Cot forbid!
Dat would be ferry base indeed,
Come, never mind such tings as deese,
Tink, tink, how fary hard it freeze,
More coot you do, more coot you be,
Vat signifies your fait to me.
Come tink agen, how cold and vet,
And help me out von little bit."

By holy mass, 'tis hard I own,
To see a man both hang and drown,
And can't relieve him from his plight,
Because he is an Israelite.

The church refuses all assistance,
 Beyond a certain pale and distance;
 And all the service I can lend,
 Is praying for your soul, my friend.
 "Pray for mine soul, ha! ha! you make me laugh,
 You petter help me out py half:
 Mine soul I farrant vill take care
 To pray for her nown self my teer.
 So tink a little now for me,
 'Tis I am in de hole, not she."
 The church forbids it, friend, and saith
 That all shall die who hath no faith.
 "Vell! if I must pelieve, I must,
 But help me out von little first."
 No, not an inch without Amen,
 That seals the whole—"Vel hear me den,
 I here renounce for coot and all,
 De race of Jews, both great and small:
 'Tis de varst trade peneath de sun,
 Or varst religion; dat's all vun.
 Dey cheat, and get deir living pite
 And lie, and swear de lie is right.
 I'll co to mass as soon as ever
 I get to toder side de river.
 So help me out, dow Christian friend,
 Dat I may do as I INTEND."
 Perhaps you do *intend* to cheat,
 If once you get upon your feet.
 "No, no, I do intend to be
 A *Christian*, such a one as *dee*."
 For, thought the Jew, he is as much
 A Christian man as I am such.
 The bigot Papist joyful-hearted,
 To hear the heretic converted,
 Replied to the *designing* Jew,
 This was a happy fall for you:
 You'd better die a Christian now,
 For if you live you'll break your vow.
 Then said no more, but in a trice,
 Popp'd Mordecai beneath the ice.

THE TIMES.

VERY many songs, bearing this title, were produced during the Revolution. This spirited one was originally published in 1775 as a broadside. At a later period, it appeared in a music-sheet, adapted to the "Tune of the sweeper:—Though I sweep to and fro."

My muse, now thy aid and assistance we claim,
 Whilst freedom, dear freedom, affords us a theme,
 Invok'd, be propitious, nor madly forbear,
 When a theme that's so sacred should ring far and near.
 Oh! let freedom, and friendship, for ever remain,
 Nor that rascal draw breath, who would forge us a chain.

As our fathers have fought, and our grandfathers bled,
 And many a hero now sleeps with the dead;
 Let us nobly defend, what they bravely maintain'd,
 Nor suffer our sons to be fetter'd and chain'd.

The lion, the wolf, and the tiger may prey,
 Each beast of the forest, though worse still than they,
 May be brought as examples, yet where can we find
 One so cruel, as sporting to kill their own kind.

Yet Britons beware of the curse you maintain,
 Your sons and your offspring we all still remain;
 Behold the most savage, and there you may see,
 Their offspring more tenderly treated than we.

Though our foes may look on, and our friends may admire,
 How a BUTE or a NORTH should set nations on fire,
 Yet Satan, when suffer'd his madness to vent,
 In meanest of mansions sure pitches his tent.

Shall freedom, that blessing sent down from above,
 A manifest mark of God's wonderful love,
 Be left at his will, who delights to annoy,
 Whose pleasure is naught but to kill and destroy?

Forbid it, ye gods, who preside o'er the land!
 Forbid it, ye genii, who rule with the wand!

Forbid it, ye heroes, whoever draws breath!
Nor dread, in the combat, to rush upon death.

May our King be as wise as we mortals expect;
Each rascal from council then boldly eject;
May his life be as good, and his reign be as great,
As ever was Solomon's wonderful state.

Then curs'd be the foes of our birthright so dear,
May they never find comfort or happiness here!
But vagabond-like, o'er the earth may they stray,
Unshelter'd by night, and unfed through the day.

Let singular blessings America crown;
May the Congress be blest with immortal renown;
Each colony live in true sisterly peace,
Whilst harmony, honor, and riches increase.

Oh! let freedom and friendship for ever remain,
Nor that rascal draw breath, who would forge us a chain.

In a version of this song, published in 1777, the following couplet is added:

"The times, it seems, are altered quite,
The scales are cracked, the sword is broke,
Right is now wrong, and wrong is right,
And justice is a standing joke."

COLLINET AND PHEBE, A SONG.

THOUGH this song has but slight pretensions to literary merit, its subject long made it popular among the colonists. It was first printed in the Pennsylvania Magazine, and occasionally reprinted in the newspapers, as the war progressed. The melody to which it was adapted, "As Jamie gay blithe gang'd his way," probably increased its popularity.

As Collinet and Phebe sat,
Beneath a poplar grove,
The gentle youth, with fondest truth,
Was telling tales of love.

Dear blooming maid, the shepherd said,
My tender vows believe,
Those downcast eyes, and artless sighs,
Can ne'er thy faith deceive.

Though some there are, from fair to fair,
Delighting wild to rove,
Such change, thou ne'er, from me canst fear,
Thy charms secure my love.

Then Phebe now, approve my vow,
By truth, by fondness press'd;
A smile assume to grace thy bloom,
And make thy shepherd bless'd.

A blush o'erspread her cheek with red,
Which half she turn'd aside;
With pleasing woes, her bosom rose,
And thus the maid replied—

Dear gentle youth, I know thy truth,
And all thy arts to please;
But ah! is this a time for bliss,
Or themes as soft as these?

While all around, we hear no sound,
But war's terrific strains!
The drum commands our arming bonds,
And chides each tardy swain.

Our country's call, arouses all,
Who dare be brave and free!
My love shall crown the youth alone,
Who saves himself and me.

'Tis done! he cried, from thy dear side,
Now quickly I'll be gone;
From love will I to freedom fly,
A slave to thee alone.

And when I come with laurels home,
 And all that freemen crave,
 To crown my love, your smiles shall prove,
 The fair reward the brave.¹

SONG, BY GENERAL ROBERT HOWE.

THE author of this song was a distinguished officer in the Revolution, and a resident of North Carolina. Early in 1775 he was proclaimed against by the English governor, Martin, as "Robert Howes, *alias* Howe," and the next year in company with the celebrated patriot Cornelius Harnett was excepted from Sir Henry Clinton, who at that time was carrying on operations against the colonists in the South. He was an uncompromising and unswerving patriot and directed all his energies to the service of Congress throughout the war. His verses given below were found by the editor among the manuscripts of Henry Laurens, a selection from which was published some years since.

Hark! hark! sweet lass! the trumpet sounds,
 'Tis honor calls to war;
 Now love I leave, perhaps for wounds,—
 And beauty for a scar.

But, ah! suppress those rising sighs;
 Ah! check that falling tear;—
 Lest soft distress, from lovely eyes,
 Create a new-born fear.

My life to fame devoted was,
 Before my fair I knew;
 And if I now desert *her* cause,
 Shall I be worthy *you*?

¹ *The fair reward the brave.* On the departure of the able-bodied men "in the service of their country, the patriotic young women, to prevent the evil that would follow the neglect of putting in the crop, joined the ploughs and prepared the fallows for the seed; and now, their fathers, brothers, and lovers, being detained, in the support of the liberties of these States, have determined to plant the seed themselves."—*Freeman's Journal*, 1776.

It is not fame alone invites,
Though fame this bosom warms;
My country's violated rights
Impel my soul to arms.

Alexander Garden, of Lee's Legion, gives the following narrative relative to an American officer, which he says he received in 1785 "from General Robert Howe of North Carolina, then a resident of New York." It is a matter of history that many of the officers and men who fought faithfully for the cause of the colonists, at the conclusion of the peace with Great Britain, were left in the very depths of poverty. The nation was appealed to; yet it required "unceasing exertions and irresistible eloquence on the part of some members of the Houses of Congress to produce an act for their relief." The narrative of Howe was used with telling effect in "the bloodless battle for the defender's due, after peace, safety and liberty had taken up their abode in America."¹

"I was walking some months since," said General Howe, "in one of the principal streets of New York, when my attention was attracted by the remarkably handsome figure of a man, who, with a frantic wildness in his eyes, and a countenance filled with horror, betrayed the most unequivocal symptoms of distraction. The frenzy of passion seemed occasionally to subside, but the traces of a deep and settled melancholy that remained, left no doubt with regard to the anguish that preyed upon his heart. His body was wasted to a skeleton, his complexion of a deadly paleness. His coat that once had been regimental, was threadbare, and plainly indicated the poverty and wretchedness of the wearer. Approaching near to him, I, with grief and astonishment, recognized the features of Major —, a youth of pre-eminently polite and amiable manners, and of distinguished bravery. At the same moment he perceived me, and noting the fixed attention with which I viewed him, attempted, with hurried steps, to avoid an interview and retire. My heart beat high with pity and affection: I rushed towards him, and ere he had retreated many paces, had him firmly in my arms. Finding it impossible to avoid conversation, he strove to assume an air of cheerfulness and composure, and by every possible means, to turn my attention from the object in which my whole heart was interested, to wit, to discover the cause of the anguish which preyed upon him. 'Come, come, my brother soldier,'

¹ Letter from Gen. Thomas Pinckney to Doctor Conrad Speese, July 17, 1828, and Garden's Anecdotes.

said I, 'let no foolish pride, no unwarrantable delicacy, tempt you to conceal your sorrows from a friend who loves you—I have secretly witnessed the tumults of your mind—an agitation bordering on despair—and am resolved never to quit you, till you communicate the cause of your grief, and put it in my power to restore your mind to its wonted tranquillity': while yet I spoke, a boy who had been sent to the post-office, presented a letter and retired. The Major received it with trembling hand, anxiously broke the seal, and with precipitation running his eyes over the contents, exclaimed in ecstasy—'My God, my God, I thank thee! Your goodness alone has saved me from impending destruction—from the mad suggestions of my own wicked heart. How, my dear General, shall I presume to look upon you, when I confess, that though a soldier, I have shrunk from the frowns of adverse fortune, and feeling myself unequal to the trial of combatting the miseries of poverty, had resolved by my own sinful deed to terminate existence. My pistols are loaded—they now lie on my desk, and the hand which till now has never been employed but in the field of glory and honor, would, within an hour, have been lifted against my own life. You are no stranger to the zeal with which I have served my country; but probably know not, that to support appearances, my fortune has been sacrificed—my youth having been spent in the exercise of arms, my patrimony has been dissipated. Creditors whose hearts knew no compassion have driven me to distraction. To die seemed the only means by which I could escape the miseries of abject penury and the horrors of a jail. A beneficent Providence has saved me from the crime of self-destruction. By the letter which you saw me receive, I am informed of the death of a relation, who has unexpectedly left me a very considerable estate. My debts shall be paid, and through a life which I shall endeavor to make useful to my country, next to my God, I shall return thanks to you, to whose compassionate attention it is owing that I now exist."

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE WAR SONG.

IT has been generally supposed that this song was first published in 1776, but a music sheet containing it and "The Song on Liberty," attributed to General Joseph Warren, published by Holt in 1775, at New York, has recently come into the hands of the editor. Another edition of it in a ballad sheet bearing the impress "Portsmouth, printed by Benjamin Dearborn, near the parade, 1776," is in the same collection.

Dearborn was the printer of the "Freeman's Journal or New Hampshire Gazette," in which many fine songs were published. This one has been attributed to Dearborn, but the editor has no authority for saying that he ever wrote any other rhyme than the following, "which was posted on the front of his printing house."

The Printer has for sale within, kettles and cups, all form'd of tin. To such as want a service cup, just open the door and hasten up.—PENNSYLVANIA PACKET.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE WAR SONG.

Hark, hark, the sound of war is heard,
And we must all attend,
Take up our arms and go with speed,
Our country to defend.

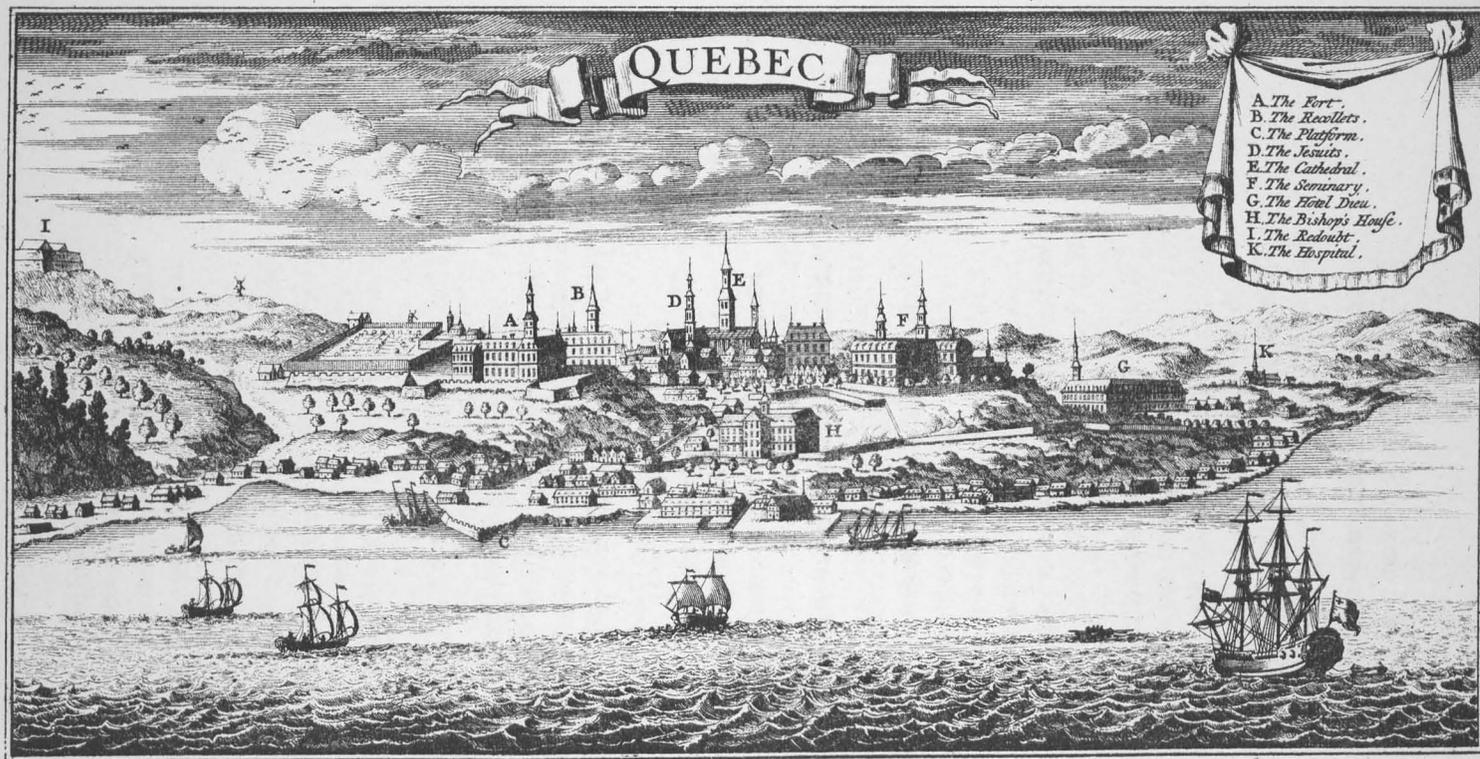
Our parent state has turn'd our foe,
Which fills our land with pain ;
Her gallant ships, mann'd out for war
Come thund'ring o'er the main.

There's Carleton, Howe, and Clinton too.
And many thousands more,
May cross the sea, but all in vain,
Our rights we'll ne'er give o'er.

Our pleasant homes they do invade,
Our property devour ;
And all because we won't submit
To their despotic power.

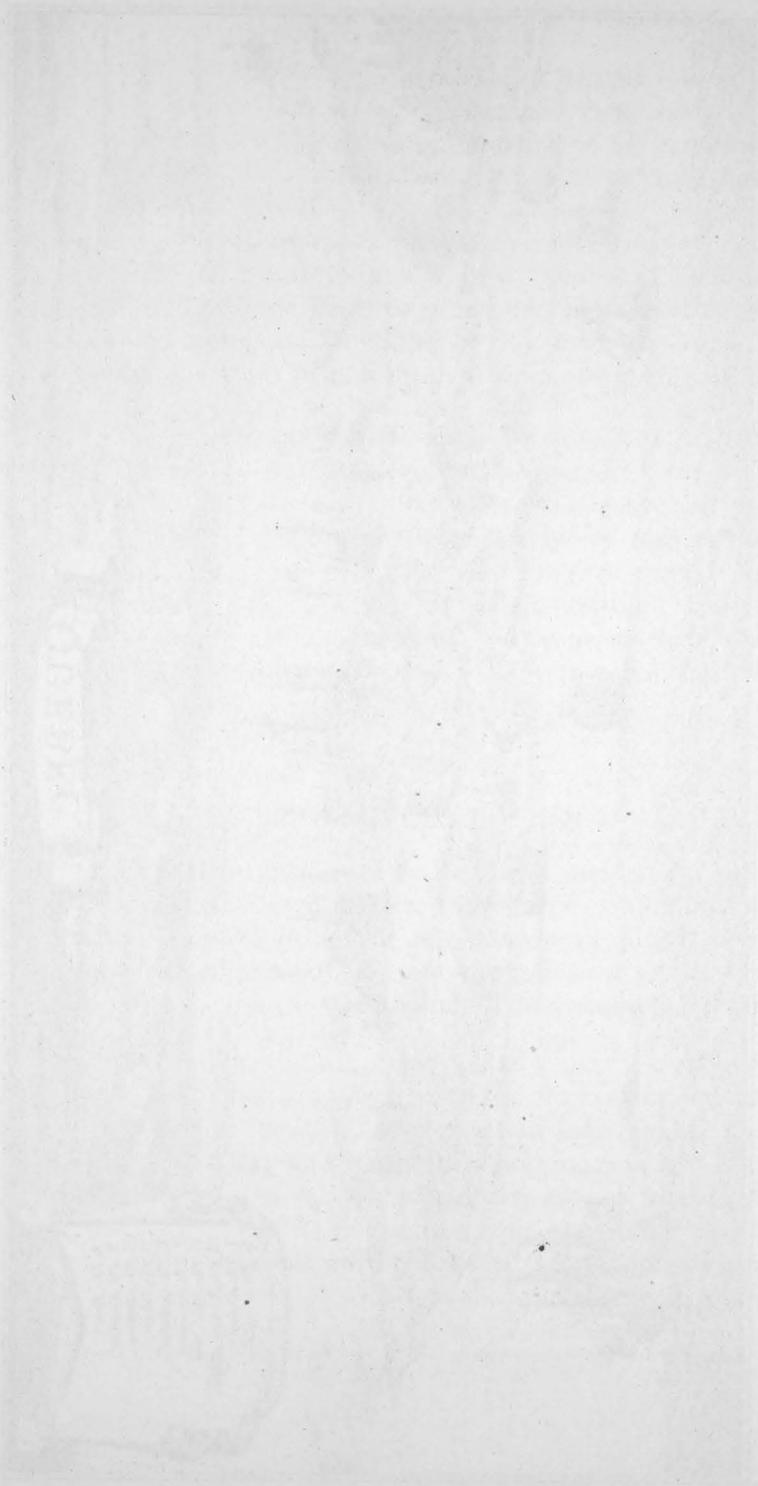
Then let us go against our foe,
We'd better die than yield :
We and our sons are all undone,
If Britain wins the field.

Tories may dream of future joys,
But I am bold to say,
They'll find themselves bound fast in chains,
If Britain wins the day.



QUEBEC IN 1770.

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



Husbands must leave their loving wives,
 And sprightly youths attend,
 Leave their sweethearts and risk their lives,
 Their country to defend.

May they be heroes in the field,
 Have heroes' fame in store ;
 We pray the Lord to be their shield,
 Where thundering cannons roar.

SMILE, MASSACHUSETTS, SMILE.

THIS song appeared in the Connecticut Gazette, while the British troops held possession of Boston. It was afterwards published in a ballad-sheet, and reproduced in Buckingham's Memoirs, its sentiment being a sufficient apology for the defects of the poetry.

Smile, Massachusetts, smile,
 Thy virtue still outbraves
 The frowns of Britain's isle,
 And rage of home-born slaves.
 Thy free-born sons disdain their ease,
 When purchased by their liberties.

Thy genius, once the pride
 Of Britain's ancient isle,
 Brought o'er the raging tide,
 By our forefathers' toil ;
 In spite of North's despotic power,
 Shines glorious on this western shore.

In Hancock's generous mind
 Awakes the noble strife,
 Which so conspicuous shined,
 In gallant Sydney's life ;
 While in its cause the hero bled,
 Immortal honors crown'd his head.

Let zeal your breasts inspire ;
 Let wisdom guide your plans ;

'Tis not your cause entire,
 On doubtful conflict hangs ;
 The fate of this vast continent,
 And unborn millions share th' event.

To close the gloomy scenes
 Of this alarming day,
 A happy union reigns
 Through wide America.
 While awful wisdom hourly waits,
 To adorn the councils of her states.

Brave Washington arrives,
 Arrayed in warlike fame,
 While in his soul revives
 Great Marlboro's martial flame,
 To lead your conquering armies on
 To lasting glory and renown.

To aid the glorious cause,
 Experienc'd Lee has come,
 Renown'd in foreign wars,
 A patriot at home.
 While valiant Putnam's warlike deeds,
 Amongst the foe a terror spreads.

Let Britons proudly boast,
 "That their two thousand braves,
 Can drive our numerous host,
 And make us all their slaves ;"
 While twice six thousand quake with fear,
 Nor dare without their lines appear.

Kind Heaven has deign'd to own
 Our bold resistance just,
 Since murderous Gage began
 The bloody carnage first.
 Near ten to one has been their cost,
 For each American we've lost.

Stand firm in your defence,
 Like sons of Freedom fight,

Your haughty foes convince,
 That you'll maintain your right.
 Defiance bid to tyrants' frown,
 And glory will your valor crown.

On the ballad-sheet with the foregoing song was published the following "Invocation to Fair Freedom" with a note stating that "the lines were written by Mr. Livingston," probably the distinguished satirical, witty, and forcible writer of New Jersey, William Livingston, who was governor of that State during the most trying times of the Revolution.¹

From NORTH, tho' stormy winds may blow,
 To blast fair Freedom's tender flower,
 And urge the seas to overflow
 The banks that shield it from their power;
 Yet planted here by God's own hand,
 Be not dear fugitive dismay'd,
 The winds shall cease at his command,
 The sea's proud waves shall here be stay'd.

GENERAL GAGE'S CONFESSION.

THE following confession, "being the substance of His Excellency's last conference with his ghostly father, Friar Francis," was written by Philip Freneau and published by Hugh Gaine at New York, in October, 1775, as stated in a marginal note upon the copy belonging to the Library Company of Philadelphia.

Compassion—'tis a stranger to my heart,
 Or if it comes—unwelcome guest depart,—
 Boston farewell, thy final doom is pass'd,
 NORTH hears my prayers, and I'm recall'd at last;
 Sailor on high thy canvas wings display,
 Howl ye West winds and hurry me away;
 Rise boisterous clouds and bellowing from on high,
 Whisk me along, ye tyrants of the sky—

¹ Other examples of Governor Livingston's writings will be given in the succeeding pages of this work.

Quick, let me leave these friendless shores that shed
 Ten thousand curses on my hated head:
 But why so swift, why ask I gales so strong,
 Since conscience, cruel conscience, goes along,
 Must conscience rack my bosom o'er the deep?
 I live in hell while she forbears to sleep;
 Come, father *Francis*, be my heart display'd,
 My burden'd conscience asks thy pious aid;
 Come, if confession can discharge my sin,
 I will confess till hell itself shall grin,
 And own the world has found in me again
 A second *Nero*, nay, another *Cain*.

FRIAR.

Why swells thy breast with such distressing woe?
 Your honor surely has the sense to know,
 Your sins are venal, trust me when I say,
 Your deepest sins may all be purg'd away—
 But if misfortunes rouse this mighty grief,
 Sure friar Francis can afford relief:
 I thought e'er this that leaders of renown,
 Would scorn to bow to giddy fortune's frown,
 See yon bright Star, the dewy eve begun,
 Walks his gay round and sparkles in the sun;
 Faints not, encircled by the ambient blaze,
 Tho' pest'ring clouds may sometimes blunt its rays,
 But come, confession makes the conscience light,
 Confess, my son, and be absolv'd this night.

GAGE.

First of the first, I tell it in your ear,—
 For tho' we whisper, heaven, you know, can hear—
 This faultless country ne'er deserv'd my hate,
 Just are its pleas; unmerited its fate.
 When NORTH ordain'd me to this thankless place,
 My conscience rose and star'd me in the face,
 And spite of all I did to quench its flame,
 Convinc'd me I was wrong before I came—
 But what, alas, can mortal heroes do,
 They are but men, as sacred writings shew—

Tho' I refus'd they urg'd me yet the more,
 Nay, even the King descended to implore,
 And often with him in his closet pent,
 Was plagu'd to death to rule this armament.
 Who could a monarch's favorite wish deny?
 I yielded just for peace—ay faith did I—
 If this be sin, O tell me, reverend sage,
 What will, alas, become of guilty Gage?

FRIAR.

If this be sin—'tis sin I make no doubt,
 But trust me, honor'd sir, I help you out,
 Even tho' your arms had rag'd from town to town
 And mow'd like flags these rebel nations down,
 And joyful hell return'd the murdering din,
 And you yourself the master butcher been.
 All should be well—from sins like this, I ween,
 A dozen masses shall discharge you clean,
 Small pains in purgatory you'll endure,
 And hell you know is only for the poor,
 Pay well the priest and fear no station there,
 For heaven must yield to vehemence of prayer.

GAGE.

Heaven grant that this may be my smallest sin,
 Alas, good friar, I am yet deeper in—
 Come, round my bed, with friendly groans condole,
 To gratify my paunch, I've wrong'd my soul;
 Arms I may wield and murder by command,
 Spread devastation through a guiltless land,
 Whole ranks to hell with howling cannon sweep—
 But what had I to do with stealing sheep?
 I've read my orders, conn'd them o'er with care,
 But not a word of stealing sheep is there;
 Come, holy friar, can you make a shift,
 To help a sinner at so dead a lift?
 Or must I onward to perdition go,
 With theft and murder to complete my woe?

FRIAR.

Murder—nay—hold—your honor is too sad,
 Things are not yet I hope become so bad,
 Murder, indeed,—you've stole and that I know,
 But, sir, believe me, you've not struck a blow,
 Some few Americans have bled, 'tis true,
 But 'twas the soldiers kill'd them, and not you.

GAGE.

Well said, but will this subtle reasoning stand,
 Did not the soldiers murder by command,
 By my command? Friar, they did I swear,
 And I must answer for their deeds I fear.

FRIAR.

Let each man answer for his proper deed,
 From sins of murder I pronounce you freed,
 And this same reasoning will your honor keep,
 From imputations of purloining sheep:
Wallace, for this to *Rome* shall post away
 And for this crying sin severely pay,
 And though his zeal may think his penance slight,
 Hair cloth and logs shall be his bed at night,
 Coarse fare by day, till his repeated groans
 Convince the world he for this sin atones.

GAGE.

Alas, poor *Wallace*, how I pity thee!
 But let him go—'tis better him than me—
 Yes, let him labor in some convent there,
 And fleas monastic bite him till he swear—
 But, friar, have you patience for the rest,
 Half my transgressions are not yet confest.

FRIAR.

Not half—you are a harmless man, I'm told;
 Pray cut them short, the supper will be cold.

GAGE.

Some devil, regardless of exalted station,
 In an evil hour assail'd me with temptation,
 To issue forth a damn'd proclamation,—
 What prince, what king, from *Beelzebub* is free,
 He tempted Judas and has tempted me!
 This, this, O friar, was a deadly flaw,
 This for the civil, founded martial law,
 This crime will *Gage* to *Lucifer* consign,
 And purgatory must for this be mine.
 Next—and for this I breathe my deepest sigh,
 Ah cruel, flinty, hard remorseless I—
 How could I crowd my dungeons dark and low
 With wounded captives of our injur'd foe,
 How could my heart, more hard than harden'd steel,
 Laugh at the pangs that mangled captives feel?
 Why sneer'd I at my fellow-men distress,
 Why banish'd pity from this iron breast!
 O friar, could heaven approve my acting so,
 Heaven still to mercy swift, to vengeance slow?
 O no, you say, then cease your soothing chat,
 Cowards are cruel, I can instance that—
 But hold, why did I, when the fact was done,
 Deny it all to gallant WASHINGTON,
 Why did I stuff th' epistolary page,
 With vile invectives, only worthy *Gage*?
 Come, friar, help—shall I recant and say,
 I writ my letter on a drunken day?
 How will it sound, if men should chance to tell
 A drunken hero can compose so well?

FRIAR.

Your fears are groundless, give me all the blame,
 I writ the letter, you but sign'd your name,
 Nor let the proclamation cloud your mind,
 'Twas I compos'd it and you only sign'd—
 I, Friar *Francis*, papist tho' I be,
 You private papists can't but value me,
 Your sins in *Lethe* shall be swallow'd up,
 I'll clear you if you please before we sup.

GAGE.

Nay, clear me not, tho' I should cross the brine,
 And pay my vows in distant *Palestine*,
 Or land in Spain, a stranger poor and bare
 And rove on foot a wretched pilgrim there ;
 And let my eyes in streams perpetual flow,
 Where great MESSIAH died so long ago,
 And wash his sacred footsteps with my tears,
 And pay for masses fifty thousand years,
 All would not do, my monarch I've obey'd,
 And now go home perhaps to lose my head.
 Pride sent me here, pride blasted in the bud,
 Which if it can, will build its throne in blood,
 With slaughter'd millions glut its tearless eyes
 And make all nature fall that it may rise,—
 Come let's embark, your holy whining cease,
 Come let's away, I'll hang myself for peace :
 So Pontius Pilate for his murder'd Lord,
 In his own bosom sheath'd the deadly sword—
 Tho' he confess'd, and wash'd his hands beside,
 His heart condemned him, and the monster died.

Early in October, 1775, General Gage left Boston and went to England, where he was "received by the King and courtiers in a manner becoming his great services and loyal behavior. Previous to his departure he was honored with addresses from persons in every station of life, and his going hence was regretted by all lovers of good order and government." The journals of the day published the following :

An Address from the gentlemen and principal inhabitants of the town of Boston :

TO HIS EXCELLENCY GOVERNOR GAGE.

*May it please your Excellency :—*The gentlemen and principal inhabitants of Boston beg leave dutifully to address your Excellency on your departure for Great Britain :—We can very sincerely assure you, Sir, that we have ever considered your appointment to the chief command of this province, as a distinguishing mark of his Majesty's paternal disposition towards us, and the full effect of so wise and benevolent a designation we most earnestly hoped for in those undisturbed operations of law and settled government, which are so essential to real liberty. Your

attention to the true interest of this unhappy town was, in our opinion, very early manifested, and your compassionate desire that some steps might be taken that should put it in your power to rescue us from impending ruin in our trade and navigation, we shall with gratitude for ever remember.

We cannot forbear to express our sentiments, that could a restoration to quiet and good order have been effected in this province, by the influence of personal character, a gentleman of your Excellency's established reputation for candor and justice, for moderation and an obliging disposition, invested at the same time with the supreme authority, could not have failed to procure it.

Unhappily for this country, the general sentiments were too strong and too far heightened for the efficacy of your humane exertions. It must however be evident, we think, to all the world, that to allay the ferment in this province without the effusion of human blood, has been your Excellency's first object; and the pursuit will be your fame.

We have imagined, Sir, with great pleasure, your truly laudable intention, and most noble ambition, of being viewed as the happy instrument in the appeasing all animosities; and in the reviewing that mutual affection, as well as sense of united interest which was once the strength and glory of Great Britain and her Colonies:—We need not wish your Excellency a higher enjoyment, than what must arise from your own reflections on your constant sincere endeavors for the safety and happiness of the people under your government, and from that countenance of approbation which we anticipate for you in the King.

John Irving,
William Brattle,
Isaac Winslow,
Thomas Hutchinson,
John Troutbeck,
Byfield Lyde,
Sylvester Gardner,
Stephen Greenleaf,
Richard Clarke,
William Bowes,
William Walter,
Benjamin Fanueil, Jr.,
John Timmons,
James Perkins,
Thomas Amory,

Nathaniel Coffin,
Philip Dumarsq,
George Brinley,
John Winslow, Jr.,
Ralph Inman,
Alexander Brymer,
Henry Lloyd,
Edward Winslow,
Joshua Loring, Jr.,
Robert Hallowell,
William Lee Perkins,
Benjamin M. Holmes,
Robert Jarvis,
George Leonard,
William Jackson,

David Phips,
Thomas Brinley,
Richard Green,
John Taylor,
Lewis Deblois,
Nathaniel Taylor,
Daniel Hubbard,
James Murray,
Archibald McNeil,
Samuel Fitch,
Joseph Scott,
Francis Green,
John Atkinson,
Peter Johonnot,
Benjamin Davis,

Joseph Turell,	Gilbert Deblois,	Nathaniel Brinley,
Nathaniel Cary,	Henry Liddel,	James Leeking,
John Simpson,	Thomas Courtney,	William McAlpine,
Samuel Hirst Sparhawk,	Edward Hutchinson,	John Jeffries, Jr.
Martin Gay,	Theophilus Lillie,	William Cazneau,
William Taylor,	John Lovell,	Archibald Cunningham,
Ebenezer Bridgham,	Miles Whitworth,	John Grouart,
Samuel Hughes,	Henry Barnes,	William Dickson,
John Inman,	Hugh Tarbett,	David Black,
William Codner,	Daniel McMasters,	John Barron,
William Coffin, Jr.,	Mich. B. Goldthwait,	William Hunter,
William Perry,	Nathaniel Perkins,	John Semple,
Jonathan Snelling,	John Hunt, Tert.,	Robert Semple,
Adino Paddock,	James Anderson,	Henry Laughton,
John Gore,	Jonathan Simpson, Jr.,	John Joy,
Benjamin Gridley,	Lewis Gray,	Gregory Townsend,
Andrew Cazneau,	John Powell,	Archibald Bowman.
Isaac Winslow, Jr.,	James Lloyd,	

Boston, October 6, 1775.

THE GOVERNOR'S ANSWER.

To the gentlemen and principal inhabitants of the town of Boston.

GENTLEMEN :—I sincerely lament the miseries brought upon this once happy country through the deep designs and dark contrivances of ambitious men to raise themselves from obscurity to power and emoluments ; nor can I reflect without pain upon the infatuation of the multitude, who enjoyed perfect liberty, who felt no oppression, but, deceived and betrayed, have flown to arms to avert evils that only existed in imagination, and, in lieu of liberty, have madly erected a tyranny upon the ruins of the most free, happy and lenient government.

I thank you, gentlemen, for your address, and depart the province in the firm hope that the people will recover from their delusion, and discover, before it is too late, that the government they want to subvert is the surest guardian of their lives, property and freedom.

THO. GAGE.

The Address of the gentlemen who were driven from their habitations in the country to the town of Boston.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY :—When we reflect on the surprising effects of that enthusiasm and infatuation which are so generally

prevalent in this country, and the variety of dangers to which the loyal and obedient have been exposed, we feel the most grateful sensations towards your Excellency, and are anxious to acknowledge our obligations. To your wisdom and prudence we consider ourselves indebted for protection from the lawless fury and unbridled violence of our countrymen; and had not events taken place beyond what human wisdom could foresee, and contrary to any calculations upon rational principles, we might in all probability have been farther indebted to your Excellency for a reconciliation of the unhappy differences that subsist, and a restoration to harmony, happiness and peace.

It is with regret we think of your Excellency's departure from this province, but are relieved in some degree by a consideration of the very important services which you will render this country, by a just representation of its present state at the court of Great Britain, by the confidence we repose in the abilities of your successors to the civil and military commands, the hopes of your speedy return, and the anticipation of the establishment of the rightful supremacy of Parliament over this part of his majesty's dominions.

Justly meriting and possessed of the esteem and applause of the virtuous and the good, happy in the pleasing reflections of an approving conscience, and blessed with the gracious plaudit of the best of kings, your opportunities will be equal to the inclination you have ever discovered to restore and settle on the most lasting basis that union of the interests of Great Britain and the Colonies, so indispensably necessary to the happiness of both.

We sincerely lament, that the number of those who have dared to stem the torrent of rebellion and sedition in this province is so small; but we trust that the cordial thanks, even of a *few* (who have fled from oppression, who have sacrificed their properties and every domestic enjoyment, and are now ready to risk their lives to manifest their loyalty to the best of sovereigns) will not be unacceptable to your Excellency.

Be pleased, Sir, to accept the ardent wishes of these few faithful and grateful subjects, that your voyage may be prosperous and agreeable, and that your unwearied endeavors for the public service may be crowned with success.

Richard Saltonstall,
John Bowen,
Daniel Oliver,
Thomas Danforth,
Edward Winslow, Jr.,

John Sargent,
Ward Chapman,
David Phips,
Thomas Joscelyn,
Charles Curtis,

Elkanah Cushman,
Thomas Foster, Tert.,
James Putnam,
John Ruggles,
James Craige,

Samuel Payne,	Stephen Tilden,	Peter Etter,
Elisha Ford,	Joseph Tilden,	Peter Etter, Jr.,
Daniel Dunbar,	Joseph Hall,	Franklin Etter,
Lemuel Goddard,	James Budd,	Daniel Etter,
Seth Williams, Jr.,	Adam Hall,	Joseph House,
Zebedee Terry,	Joseph Phillips,	Samuel Gilbert,
William Simmons,	Samuel Goldsbury,	John Walker,
Luke Hall,	William Campbell,	Nathaniel Dickinson,
Nathaniel Thomas,	Stephen Jones,	Jonathan Stearns,
Ebenezer Whipple,	John Chandler,	Jonathan Sowle,
Adam Walker,	Nathaniel Chandler,	Edward S. Lutwyche,
Abijah White,	William Chandler,	Elisha Jones,
Sylvanus White,	Ebenezer Cutler,	Henry Barnes,
Benjamin Stockbridge,	James Putnam, Jr.,	Nathaniel Phillips,
William Tyng,	Peter Oliver, Jr.,	F. B. Winthrop,
Peter Oliver, Tert.,	Pelham Winslow,	Thomas Auchincloss,
Caleb Wheaton,	Daniel Thomas,	Archibald Auchincloss,
Ebenezer Spooner,	Levi Foord,	Jonathan Dix,
John Emerson,	Joseph Ashley,	Benjamin Hart,
William Cowpit,	Benjamin Grinnell,	John Cochran.
John Tilden,		

Boston, 7th October, 1775.

THE GOVERNOR'S ANSWER.

To the gentlemen that were drove from their habitations in the country to the town of Boston.

GENTLEMEN :—Your kind address at this time gives me much pleasure, as it affords me an opportunity, before my departure from the province, to acknowledge the steady attachment you have shown to the true interests of your king and country in the worst of times; and the sacrifices you have made in support of both are great.

It will be my duty to represent to our most gracious sovereign the distinguishing proofs you have given of your loyalty and patriotism; and you may be assured that during my absence, my successors in the civil and military command will afford you every favor and protection.

THO. GAGE.

A letter written by Captain Dowdle in October, 1775, after referring to an exchange of prisoners between General Washington and Governor Gage, says, "Gage's departure for home creates a profound feeling of satisfaction among our people. Everybody has words of gratulation for

the people of poor shut up Boston, and epigrams are flying around. * * *
I send you some lines by the corporal, who, by the way, has been a
fisherman and knows all about the water.

Great Gage is gone! why don't th' addressers go
And leave the scenes they wish no more to view?
I'll tell ye why—water's for whales—
The land for honest men—
The place for 'dressers 'tween 'em both;
Beneath the deep green sea:—
Where Phips and Saltonstal will go
If Justice has her way.

In the *Pennsylvania Packet*, No. 208, is published the following extract from a letter written at Hartford, which explains Captain Dowdle's reference to the exchange of prisoners:—"It is reported that General Washington a few days ago sent a flag of truce to Boston, proposing an exchange of prisoners:—Major French for Colonel Parker; Lieutenant Knight of the Navy, for Captain Scott; and his Excellency Governor Skeene, for Corporal Cruise of Captain Dowdle's company of Riflemen. The two former were accepted with readiness; but the last exchange General Gage rejected with scorn, as an insult to his understanding; so that in all probability we shall have the honor of his Excellency Governor Skeene's residence among us—God knows how long."¹

A few days before General Gage set sail, several of the newspapers published the following; and the editor of the *New Hampshire Gazette*, in an introduction, called the attention of "callous Gage to a Briton's thoughts on one of his murders." The verses were reprinted in the *American journals* from the *London Morning Chronicle* of August 3d, 1775, under the title of an "Ode to the memory of DOCTOR WARREN, the celebrated orator, who was slain upon the heights of Charlestown, fighting for the Liberties of America, on the seventeenth day of June, 1775."

O great reverse of Tully's coward heart!
Immortal WARREN! you suffice to teach

¹ Colonel Philip Skeene was very active in the military service of Great Britain. He served in the expedition against Porto Bello in 1740, was at Carthagen, Fontenoy, Culloden, Loffeldt, came to America in 1756, and took part in the French War. He established Skeensborough, N. Y. In June, 1775, he was arrested at Philadelphia as a loyalist, and sent to Hartford, at which place the correspondent leaves him.

That orators may fill the warrior's part,
And active souls be join'd with fluent speech.

Shall not the speaker, who alone could give
Immortal reviviscence to the dead,
Chang'd to a hero now, forever live
In Fame's eternal rolls, with those he led?

Let North and Sandwich take the meaner shame,
Of blust'ring words, unknown to hardy deeds;
Let callous Gage superior merit claim
In grinning laughter, whilst his country bleeds.

Boston's first sons in prostrate numbers lay,
And Freedom totter'd on Destruction's brink;
Warren stept forth to solemnize the day,
And dar'd to speak what some scarce dare to think.

Yet glorious honor! more than one man's share!
He, in his latest as his earliest breath,
In camp or forum equally could dare,
And seal his bold Philippics with his death.

AN EXTEMPORE SONG.

THIS song, "composed in a jovial company, to the tune of 'A light heart and a thin pair of breeches goes through the world, brave boys,'" was published in No. 1696 of Holt's New York Journal.

Ye sons of true freedom and spirit,
Who firmly your rights would support,
May now secure honor and merit,
And property—spite of the court.

First sing of our Congress and leaders;
Then toast all our friends, far and near,
Determined, no foreign invaders,
Shall with tyrannic pow'r reign here.

The blessing of God will attend us,
 Though thousands against us combine ;
 Deserted by those should defend us,
 Our cause to Heaven we resign.

Oppression's dire tools and their masters,
 Promoters of slaughter and strife,
 In the end will be proved but impostors,
 And Bute lose his forfeited life.

While Freedom's our motto, my heroes,
 Entire we'll support it till death,
 Great rascals, Gage, North and all Neros,
 Like traitors shall yield up their breath.

Then here is success to our forces,
 True honor and Honesty's sons,
 Our Congress will plan out our courses ;
 We cheerfully take up our guns.

 THE AMERICAN SOLDIER'S HYMN.

THE manuscript ballad-sheet from which this hymn is printed was found among the papers of General George Clinton of New York.

'Tis God that girds our armor on,
 And all our just designs fulfils ;
 Thro' him our feet can swiftly run,
 And nimbly climb the steepest hills.

Lessons of war from him we take,
 And manly weapons learn to wield ;
 Strong bows of steel with ease we break,
 Forc'd by our stronger arms to yield.

'Tis God that still supports our right,
 His just revenge our foes pursues ;
 'Tis he that with resistless might,
 Fierce nations to his power subdues.

AN ODE A LITTLE ALTERED.

Our universal safeguard he!
 From whom our lasting honors flow;
 He made us great and set us free
 From our remorseless bloody foe.

Therefore to celebrate his fame,
 Our grateful voice to heaven we'll raise;
 And nations, strangers to his name,
 Shall thus be taught to sing his praise.

AN ODE A LITTLE ALTERED.

"**H**OLT the Printer at New York, published these lines in the Poet's corner of the Gazette; they are now reproduced in this form for the convenience of the reader."—*Note to printed copy.*

When wicked men, with foul intent,
 On Britain's ruin strongly bent
 Assailed America;
 To carry on their base design
 They tax tea, coffee, sugar, wine,
 And stamp our rights away.

Foremost in this accurséd band,
 Stands Bute, with Grenville in his hand,—
 A group of scoundrels nigh;
 But ah, ignoble NORTH, to thee
 Was left to form the curst decree,
 To murder industry!

At thy command, the port of trade
 Is shut, the honest lab'rer made
 For bread in vain to cry;
 The smiling infant on the breast,
 The youth, and those with age opprest,
 Are doom'd to starve and die.

Boston, the seat of trade before,
 Is now a seaport town no more—
 So tyrants stern decree!

But know, vain man, 'tis God's command,
 "Go work and eat, and till the land;
 And rest your hopes on me."

Desist then, wretch, thy hopes are vain;
 Thy wicked schemes shall prove thy bane;
 The GOD in whom we trust
 Will aid our cause in needful hour,
 With justice and almighty Power.
 And crush thee in the dust.

The following, somewhat different in method of expression from the preceding, was written by the poet Freneau in 1775.

LIBERA NOS, DOMINE—DELIVER US, O LORD,

Not only from British Dependence, but also

From a junto that labor for absolute power,
 Whose schemes disappointed, have made them look sour,
 From the lords of the council, who fight against freedom,
 Who still follow on where delusion shall lead 'em.

From the group at St. James' that slight our petitions,
 And fools that are waiting for further submissions,
 From a nation whose manners are rough and abrupt,
 From scoundrels and rascals, whom gold can corrupt.

From pirates sent out by command of the King
 To murder and plunder, but never to swing;
 From Wallace, and Greaves, and Vipers and Roses,¹
 Whom, if heaven pleases, we'll give bloody noses.

From the valiant Dunmore, with his crew of banditti
 Who plunder Virginians at Williamsburg city,
 From hot-headed Montague, mighty to swear,
 The little fat man, with his pretty white hair.

From bishops in Britain, who butchers are grown,
 From slaves, that would die for a smile from the throne,

¹ Captains and ships in the British Navy.

From Assemblies, that vote against *Congress proceedings*,
(Who now see the fruit of their stupid misleadings.)

From Tryon the mighty, who flies from our city
And swell'd with importance disdains the committee:
But since he is pleas'd to proclaim us his foes,
What the devil care we where the devil he goes.

From the caitiff, Lord North, who would bind us in chains,
From our noble King Log, with his tooth full of brains,
Who dreams, and is certain, when taking a nap
He has conquer'd our lands, as they lie on his map:

From a kingdom that bullies, and hectors and swears,
I send up to heaven my wishes and prayers
That we, disunited, may freemen be still,
And Britain go on—to be damn'd if she will.

The frequent allusions of the poets to the "plunderings and murderings" by the officers of the British Army and Navy grew out of the fact that several excursions were made from Boston, during its investment by General Washington's troops, to the islands in the harbor for the purpose of foraging. Anything in the shape of food for man or beast was taken on these occasions. These "plunderings" were not confined to the royal troops. Several similar expeditions were successfully carried out by the continental troops encamped at and near Cambridge. Two such are mentioned in the papers of the day, as follows:—

"Cambridge, June 8.

"Last Wednesday se'night a number of Provincials, under the command of Colonel Robinson, made an acquisition of about five hundred sheep and thirty head of cattle from off Pettricks Island. And on Friday night last, the Provincial troops made another acquisition of about eight hundred sheep and lambs, from off Deer Island, together with a number of cattle. Major Creighton, who commanded this party, also took a barge belonging to one of the men-of-war, together with four or five prisoners, and a load of old geese the pirates had taken off their nests somewhere in the vicinity."



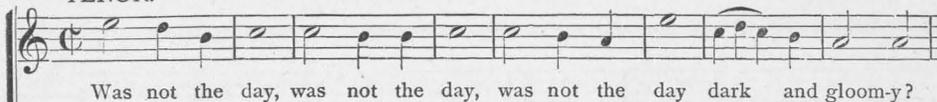
[Faint, illegible text and a large rectangular frame, likely a form or table, are visible in the background.]

RETROSPECT,

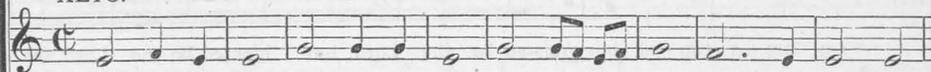
AN ANTHEM.

UNDER the title "Retrospect, an Anthem from Sundry Scriptures," the following words and music were published in the fall of 1775, at the time the expedition of Arnold against Quebec was in progress. William Billings, in his Singing-Master's Assistant, published it in 1778.

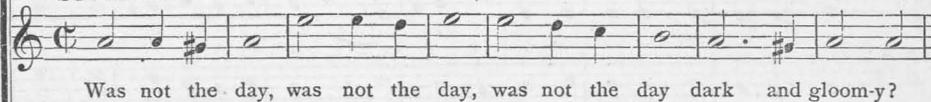
TENOR.



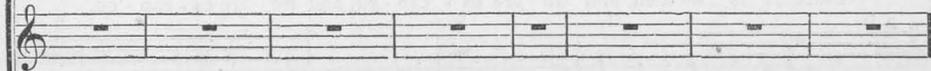
ALTO.



SOPRANO.



BASE.



The en - e - my said, Let us draw a line e - ven from York to Can-a - da.

But praised be the Lord, but praised be the Lord, the snare is brok-en, and

But praised be the Lord, but praised be the Lord, the snare is brok-en, and

we are es - cap - ed ; but prais-ed be the Lord, but blessed be the Lord, the

we are - es - cap - ed ; but prais-ed be the Lord, but blessed be the Lord, the

snare... is brok-en, and we are es - cap - ed, and we are es - cap - ed.

snare... is brok-en, and we are es - cap ed, and we are es - cap - ed.

Hark ! hark ! Cursed be the man that keepeth back his

Hark ! hark ! hear the ad-ju - ra - tion : Cursed be the man that keepeth back his

sword, Cursed be the man that keepeth back his sword.

sword, Cursed be the man that keepeth back his sword. Oh, dis - mal !

Oh ! hor-ri - ble ! oh,

Affettuoso.

My bow - els, my bow - els, I am pained at my ve - ry

My bow - els, my bow - els, I am pained at my ve - ry

dis - mal !

heart, I am pain-ed at my ve - ry heart; My heart mak-eth a noise with in

heart, I am pain-ed at my ve - ry heart; My heart mak-eth a noise with in

me, For thou hast heard, O my soul,

the sound of the trumpet, the a - larm of

me, For thou hast heard, O my soul, the sound of the trumpet, the a - larm of

the sound of the trumpet, the a - larm of war.

war, the sound of the trumpet, the a - larm of war.

war, the sound of the trumpet, the a - larm of war. See..... my

Be - hold my brother! let him die-
 father! hear him groan, let him die.
 hear him groan, let him die. O thou

how long will it be, how long will it be ere thou be
 how long will it be, how long will it be ere thou be
 sword of the Lord,

qui - et: put up thy-self in-to thy scabbard. Rest, rest, rest, and be
 qui - et: Rest, rest, rest, and be

still, Cause us to hear with joy thy kind, for-giv-ing voice, so that the bones which

still, Cause us to hear with joy thy kind, for-giv-ing voice, so that the bones which

thou hast broke may with fresh strength rejoice. -joice. Hark!

thou hast broke may with fresh strength rejoice. -joice. Hark! hark!

hark ! my soul, catch the sound, my soul, catch the sound : Hear and re-joyce,.....

Hear and re

hark ! my soul, catch the sound, my soul, catch the sound : Hear and re-joyce,.....

Hear and re-joyce,.....



re - joice, hear and re - joice,....
joice, re - joice, re - joice,.....
hear and re-
re - joice, re - joice, re - joice, re - joice,



.... re - joice, hear and re-joice, re - joice,.....
re - joice, hear and re - joice, hear and re - joice,
joice, re-joice,.. hear and re - joice, re - joice,..... re-
re - joice, re - joice, re - joice, re - - joice,.....



re - - joice,..... re - joice, hear and re - joice,.....
hear and re-joice, re - joice, hear and re - joice,
joice,..... re - joice, hear and re - joice,.....
re - - joice,..... re - joice, hear and re - joice,.....

..... re - joice,.... hear and re - joice,.....

hear and re - joice, re - joice, re - joice, re -

..... re - joice,..... re - joice,..... re-joyce, re-

..... re - joice,..... re - joice,..... re-

hear and re - joice, re-joyce, hear and re-joyce.

joyce, hear and re-joyce, hear and re-joyce.

joyce, re - - joice, re-joyce, hear and re-joyce. Beat your swords into

joyce,..... re-joyce, hear and re-joyce.

ploughshares, and your spears in-to prun-ing-hooks,

Beat your swords in-to ploughshares,

and learn war... no

and learn war no more, and learn war... no

and your swords into pruning-hooks,

more. How beautiful, how beautiful, how beautiful up-on... the mountains are the

more. How beautiful, how beautiful up - on... the mountains are the

feet of him that bringeth good tid-ings, that publisheth peace. Peace, peace,

feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace. Peace, peace,

f Full Chorus—Maestoso.

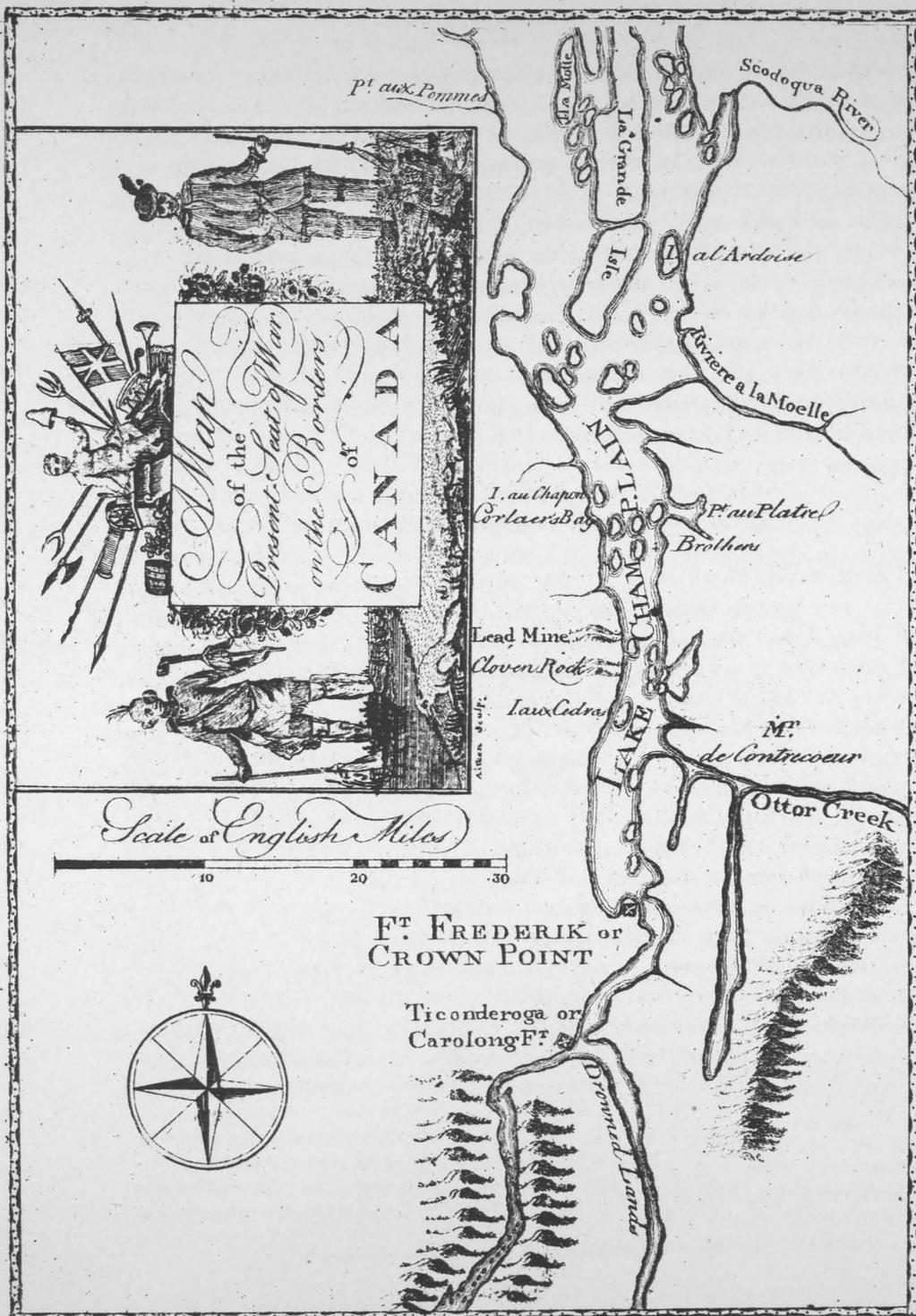
peace be on earth, good will towards men. Hal-le - lu - jah, for the Lord God om-

nip-o - tent reign-eth, for the Lord God om - nip-o - tent reigneth. Halle-

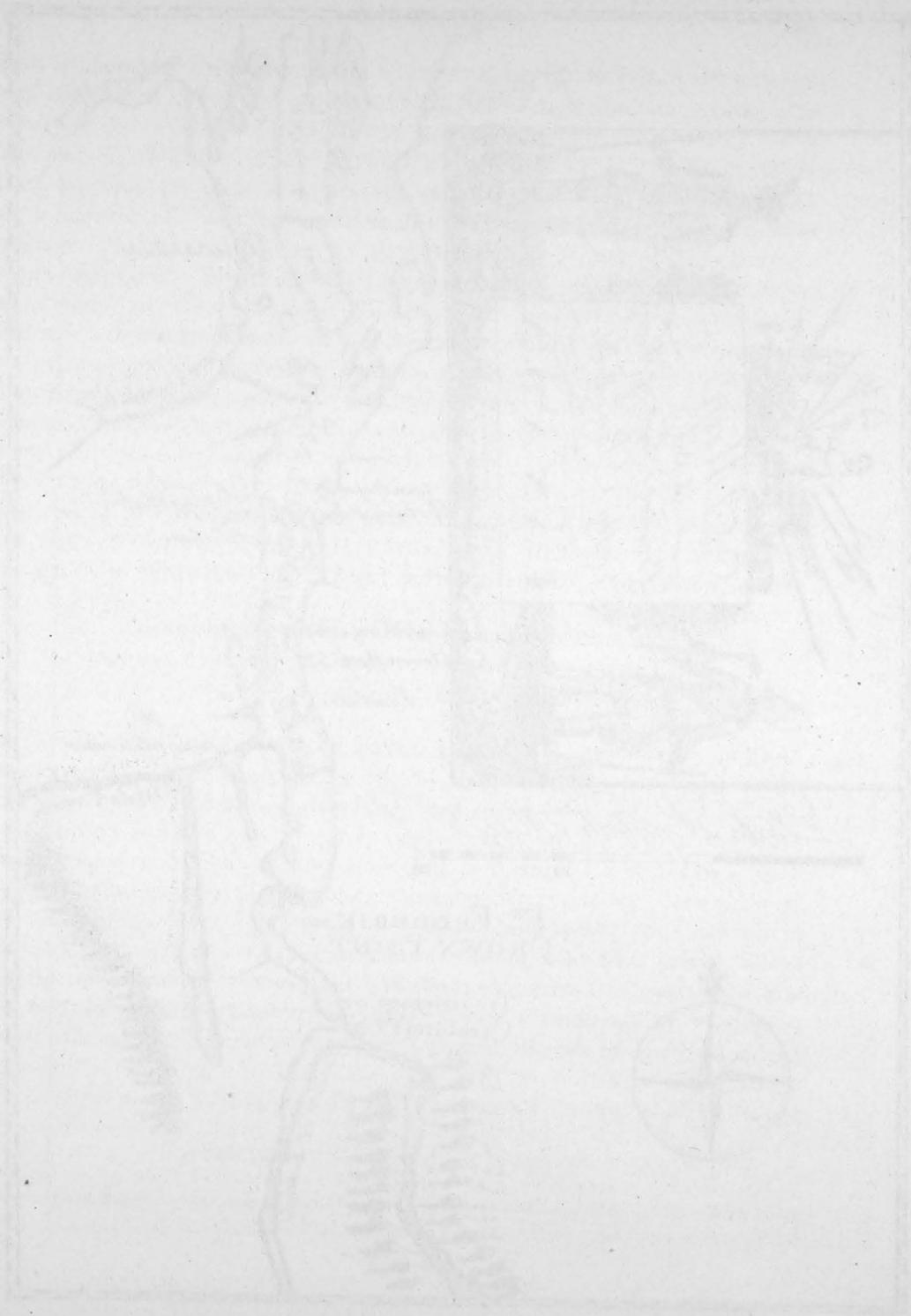
nip-o - tent reign-eth, for the Lord God om - nip-o - tent reigneth. Halle-

lu - jah, A - men, A - men, Hal-le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men. -men.

lu - jah, A - men, A - men, Hal-le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men. -men.



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



William Billings, in whose "Singing Master's Assistant," this anthem was published, was the first teacher of singing in America. A love of music led him while young to the cultivation of that art, and he composed a large number of psalm tunes which became very popular. They were founded upon the new style of church music and caused a great change in musical taste in New England. During the Revolution he composed several patriotic tunes that were much in vogue among the soldiers. As specimens of the musical lessons he inculcated, the following will be found interesting, told as they are in the quaint manner peculiar to him :

"Sing that part," he remarks, "which gives you the least pain, otherwise you make it a toil of a pleasure ; for if you attempt to sing a part which is almost, or quite out of your reach, it is not only very laborious to the performer, but often very disagreeable to the hearer, by reason of many wry faces and uncouth postures, which rather resemble a person in extreme pain, than one who is supposed to be pleasantly employed. And it has been observed that those persons who sing with the most ease are in general the most musical ; for easy singing is a distinguishing mark of a natural singer, and it is vastly more agreeable, at least to me, to hear a few wild uncultivated sounds from a natural singer than a concert of music performed by the most refined artificial singers upon earth, provided the latter have little or no assistance from nature. Good singing is not confined to great singing, nor is it entirely dependent upon small singing. I have heard many great voices that never struck a harsh note and many small voices that never struck a pleasant one ; therefore if the tones be musical, it is not material whether the voices be greater or less ; yet I allow that there are but few voices but what want restraining or softening upon high notes, to take off the harshness, which is as disagreeable to a delicate ear, as a wire-edged razor to a tender face, or a smoky house to tender eyes. It is an essential thing in a master to propagate soft singing in the school ; because soft music has a great tendency to refine the ears of the performers, and I know by experience, that a new piece may be learned with more ease to the master and scholars, where they practice soft singing, and in less than half the time it would otherwise require."

After concluding his rules for the regulation of a singing-school, Mr. Billings presents "An Historical Account of G. Gamut, as related by herself, taken in shorthand by the author," as follows :

"I, G. Gamut, was neither begotten nor born, but invented¹ by the

¹ It is recorded in sacred writ, that while I was in embryo, "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy," and that Miriam and the children of Israel sang praises

Royal Psalmist, that great master of Sacred Music, who, in an ecstasy of joy, was inspired by God and assisted by me, to 'break forth into joy,' saying 'I will bless the Lord at all times,¹ his praise shall continually be in my mouth,' and not contenting himself with this divine soliloquy, he earnestly, in the vehemence of his spirit, calls upon 'everything that hath breath, to praise the Lord,' sweetly inviting them in these enchanting strains, 'O! taste and see that the Lord is good,' and again, 'O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his holy name together:—' *O sing unto the Lord a new song; worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness,* and by way of adoration, he seems fully determined to praise the Lord in such strains as these, 'O God, my heart is fixed, I will sing and give praise, I will sing praise unto my God while I have being.'

"It has been judiciously observed, that the staff which David carried in his hand, when he went forth against Goliah, was a musical staff; and the five stones which he put into the bag, were but types of the five lines of which that staff was composed. It is also supposed by some, that the stone mentioned, wherewith he slew the giant, was a Dominant Tone² taken from me and discharged out of a Canon³ of David's invention. This canon was afterwards in great estimation among the children of Israel; it was the only engine or implement of war made use of⁴ in King Jehoshaphat's army, composed of three mighty nations, fell, slain before them. A frequent discharge of this Canon, by Paul and Silas, caused the

to God; but I suppose it was by immediate inspiration or some supernatural assistance; for I frankly confess they had no assistance from me.

¹ The wise man says, that "to everything there is a season and a time to every purpose under the sun." And the Royal Psalmist says, "I will sing of mercy and of judgment;" surely, this holy example is worthy our imitation, and if we are authorized to sing both of mercy and of judgment, we may sing day and night without ceasing; for the prophet Jeremiah tells us, that his mercies are new every morning, and in another place he says, "*Righteous are thou O Lord, yet let me talk with thee of thy judgments.*" It remains, then, that we "bless the Lord at all times, and let his praise be continually in our mouth."

² This Dominant Tone is typical of a strong faith of which David seemed to avail himself, and upon this strength he, in the language of a Christian hero, most emphatically expresses himself, in the following words, "*The Lord is on my side, I will not fear what man can do unto me,*" and again, "*Though an host should encompass me about, yet I will not be afraid; for I will go on in the strength of the Lord my God.*"

³ A Canon is a sort of musical composition variously composed and performed.

⁴ The Tone which was chosen by King Jehosaphat's army was this, viz.: "*Praise the Lord; for his mercy endureth forever.*" It is worthy of notice, that the Canon was pointed towards heaven and not towards the enemy. And further it has been observed, that whenever the Israelites were not furnished with this kind of artillery, they were easily vanquished by their enemies.

earth to reply by way of unison,¹ in such an extraordinary manner, that it produced a great earthquake, so that the foundations of the prison were shaken, the doors, in spite of locks, bolts and bars, flew open, the handcuffs and shackles relinquished their hold, so that the house was no longer a prison; for all restraint was miraculously taken away. By way of gratitude, I acknowledge myself much indebted to Pythagoras, that Prince of Philosophers, who introduced me into the Royal Family or number seven.² Nor can I, in justice to Guido Aretinus,³ pass by his great merit unnoticed; for before this great Musical Physician undertook for me, my habit of body was so decayed, and my constitution so much impaired by the quackery of many musical impostors, that many of my true votaries began to despair of my recovery. And here it may not be amiss to inform you, that I am a very fruitful matron, being always pregnant, and it is in the breast of the operators to deliver me of either gender they think proper. The children being equally handy to the birth. I am exempted from the common curse of mothers in general, for I bring forth without pain; though sometimes at my delivery, I am so roughly handled that it causes abortion or some monstrous birth. But, thanks to great Guido, my habit of body is so strong and my constitution so firm, that I receive no manner of injury thereby. I am a great lover of my natural offspring; yet so great is my impartiality, that I have given a power of attorney to *Harmony*, who has made choice of these three sagacious gentlemen to be present at my delivery, viz.: *Tune, Time, and Concord*. And if they, in their great wisdom, shall judge the issue to

¹ Philosophers agree that there is a natural propensity in every sonorous body to reply, by way of echo, to any sounding body in unison with itself; and it is well known that the deeper the tone the greater the tremor. Hence it is that cannon, by reason of their extreme depth, affect the air so sensibly.

² Historians relate, that Pythagoras, in passing by a smith's shop, found that the sounds proceeding from the hammers were either more grave or acute, according to the different weights of the hammers. The philosopher, to improve this hint, suspended different weights by strings of the same bigness, and found, in like manner, that the sounds answered to the weights. This being discovered, he found out those numbers which produced sounds that were consonant; as that two strings of the same substance and tension, the one being double to the other in length, gave that interval which is called a Diapason. The same was also effected from two strings of the same length and size, the one having four times the tension of the other. By these steps from so mean a beginning did this great man reduce, what was only noise before, to one of the most delightful sciences, by marrying it to the Mathematics. Note that Pythagoras was born at Samos 524 years before Christ.

³ Guido lived about 710 years ago. He was a great improver of the Musical Scale. He caused it to be called *Gamut*, that it might begin with the first of his name. Historians relate that he was born in Tuscany.

be unnatural, I cheerfully consent that the law should take place upon it; viz., that it should be smothered; and if any piece, which stands thus legally condemned, should chance to escape the vigilance of this committee, I hereby declare, in spite of the paradox, that it is not mine, but illegitimate.

My Sons¹ have a strong propensity to mirth and cheerfulness, always delighting to frequent Weddings, Festivals, Concerts, etc., and some of them seemed to be greatly blessed in warlike achievements, and though they carry no instruments of death or destruction, yet they are so extremely animating,² that they cause even cowards to fight and pusillanimity to perform wonders. And though they are oftentimes exposed to the hottest fire of the enemy, yet they are never in danger, because Apollo has rendered them invulnerable.

My Daughters³ have as great a propensity to grief and melancholy as their brothers to mirth and cheerfulness; always attending absent lovers and singing funeral elegies, dirges, etc. And though their dispositions are so diametrically opposite to each other, yet it is very common to find them both in the same Anthem, not by way of contradiction or confusion, but in exact conformity to the time mentioned by the wise man, who said, 'There is a time to mourn and a time to rejoice.'

For one says, 'O my God, my soul is cast down within me,' and again, 'My soul cleaveth to the dust, my soul melteth for heaviness.' The other saith, 'Sing ye merrily unto God, our strength; make a cheerful noise unto the God of Jacob,' and again, 'Make a joyful noise⁴ unto the Lord all ye lands; serve the Lord with gladness.'

Sometimes my sons attempt to⁵ mourn and my daughters to rejoice;

¹ The sharp keys are ranked in the masculine gender; therefore Dame Gamut calls them her Sons.

² By this is understood the Fife and Drum, and other martial instruments of music.

³ The flat keys, by way of contrast to the sharp, are ranked in the feminine gender. N.B. These genders admit no neuter.

⁴ I had almost forgotten to inform you, that some of my sons are wholly employed in making pills to purge melancholy, and as I have no desire to keep this salutary preparation a secret, I here present you with receipt, verbatim. "Take of *Bass, Tenor, Counter* and *Treble*, each an equal proportion. Mix them in a vehicle of *Consonance*, and with as great a number of *Vibrations* as will amount to a *Coincidence*. Let this be conveyed into the *ears* through the medium of *vociferation* and articulation; and it will not fail of having the desired effect." *Approved.*

⁵ By these remarks the absurdity of adapting a sharp-keyed tune to a Psalm of penitence and prayer, and a flat-keyed tune to a Psalm of praise and thanksgiving is strikingly set forth. Suppose a preacher on a fast-day morning, for his discourse should speak from these words, viz.: "Enter into his gates with thanksgiving and into his courts with praise." And for the afternoon, "Go your way, eat the fat and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom

but these attempts are such an open violation of their own natures and are always attended with such hideous shrieks and dolorous outcries, that to prevent such absurdities for the future, I have put them under the inspection of *Ingenuity* and *Propriety*.

Sometimes, as the subject matter of a flat key, I take up a Lamentation, that I have not been introduced into Africa; for I have been informed by historians, that 'if the mental acquirements of the natives were adequate to their mechanic powers, they would be able to do me much greater honor and infinitely more justice than any set of people I have ever been conversant with heretofore.' Although I am a solid body, yet I afford abundance of air,¹ and I heartily wish that justice would allow me to say, the *Air* was always pleasant.

To confirm what I have before asserted, I think it expedient to inform you, that in my peregrination through the wilderness of this world, I became intimately acquainted with a certain *species* of something vulgarly called *Time*,² which, as Dr. Young elegantly expresses it, 'was cut from out Eternity's wide round,' and although we have each of us the same set of admirers, yet we never view each other as rivals, but assistants, for we are continually lending new graces and affording new beauties to each other, and we are so closely connected, that our true votaries are free to declare that they know not where to give the preference; for *Tune* without *Time* is destitute of order, and *Time* without *Tune* is destitute of *Harmony*. Indeed there is at certain seasons such uniformity and exactness in our movements, that many persons, who you may reasonably suppose are not connoisseurs in this sublime art, have positively affirmed that *Time* and *Sound* were synonymous terms.

I am this day several hundred years old, and yet I find myself as strong, as I was when Guido left me, for my constitution is no ways impaired nor my natural forces in the least abated; and if I may be

nothing is prepared; neither be ye sorry, for the joy of the Lord is your strength." We will carry this supposition yet farther, and suppose that in his great wisdom, he should on a thanksgiving-day morning, speak from these words, viz.: "A day of *darkness* and gloominess, a day of *clouds* and thick darkness;" and in the afternoon, "Let neither man nor beast, herd nor flock, taste anything; let them not feed nor drink water, but let men and beast be covered with sackcloth." "But," says the impartial reader, "this is ridiculous; this would be intolerable; but is the simile just, is it not exaggerated?" I answer, "It is just and without exaggeration."

¹ Note that every piece of music is called an Air.

² History informs us that Dr. De Maris, a Frenchman, was the first that invented and ascertained the length of the notes and their proportion from each other, viz.: that the Semibreve is twice as long as the Minim; the Minim twice as long as the Crochet, etc. N.B. He lived about the year 1330.

allowed to judge of things future by things past and present, I may reasonably conclude that I shall not be extinct, but continue without any great variation or change, till that grand period shall arrive, when my dear friend and ally shall be swallowed¹ up in eternity. When my Daughters shall be consigned over to perpetual oblivion,² and my Sons shall rise and shine, as stars of the first magnitude. Then shall I '*be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. This corruptible must put on incorruption and this mortal must put on immortality.*' Then shall these temporary distinctions of *Preceptor* and *Pupil*, *Performer* and *Auditor* be done away; for, as Milton expresses it, 'No one exempt, no voice but well could join melodious part; such Concord is in Heaven.'

Here shall be no *jarring strings*, no *dissonant voices* in this grand chorus; here are no *double bars* to pause at, no *Notes of Silence* to breathe at; but an *infinity* of vibrations, and an uninterrupted and eternal coincidence shall finally and fully take place. Here is *Harmony* in purity and *Music* in perfection. Here are the king and the peasant, the prince and the porter in *unison* with each other. Here are pleasures exstatic and joys never fading, 'Alleluia; for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.'

'There's no distinction here, join all your voices;
And raise your heads ye saints, for Heaven rejoices.'
And again they said, *Alleluia.*'

In an "Encomium on Music," given by Billings in the volume from which the foregoing is copied, he says, "Perhaps some of my graver readers may conclude, I am possessed with a musical enthusiasm if I insist too much on the marvellous. That I am a musical enthusiast I readily grant, and I think it is impossible for any of its true votaries to be otherwise; for when we consider the many wonderful effects which music has upon the animal spirits and upon the nervous system, we are ready to cry out in a fit of enthusiasm, GREAT ART THOU O MUSIC! and with thee there is no competitor; thy powers by far transcend the powers of physic, and the reception of thee is far more grateful than the nauseous drugs of the apothecary; thou art as early as the creation, for when the foundation of the earth was laid, the morning stars sang together and shouted for joy. Thou wast found in the mouths of the

¹ Alluding to Revelation, chapter 6. There shall be *Time* no longer."

² As penitence and prayer are not mentioned as the business of Heaven; but are supposed to be swallowed up in praise and thanksgiving, so Dame Gamut, may with propriety say that "her daughters will be extinct, and her sons rise and shine," etc.

children of Israel, after their miraculous deliverance from the adamantine king of Egypt; thou wast ever present with the royal psalmist, who for his uprightness was called the man after God's own heart; thou wast present at the dedication of that glorious house, built by King Solomon, when the glory of God filled the whole house; thou wast the only weapon found in the hands and in the mouths of King Jehosaphat and the men of Judah, when the children of Ammon, Moab and Mount-Seir fled from before them, destroying each other; thou wast with Paul and Silas, when the prison doors were marvellously opened by a great earthquake. Thou wast invoked by the angelic host to celebrate the birth of our Saviour, for scarce were the glad tidings revealed to the wondering shepherds, but glory to God, peace on earth and good will towards men, was chanted by the joyful messengers.

"O how shall men forbear to sing
When Earth with Angels' notes do ring."

But what adds still more to thy dignity, thou wast present with our Saviour and his disciples at the Supper. In fine, thou art ever known to accompany good men at all times and in all ages. But we would not avail ourselves of the heathenish and fictitious accounts of Orpheus, whose music is said to animate the inanimate creation; but we will confine ourselves to well authenticated facts:—For by *thy* aid King David was empowered to drive away the evil spirits from Saul. Thou art able to extract the poison from the venomous bite of the tarantula, which baffles the skill of the physician. Thou canst remove pain, and restore rest to the weary. Thou canst make stammering people pronounce distinctly and without hesitation.¹ Thou canst convert cowardice into heroism and inspire the pusillanimous with true magnanimity. Thou art celestial and thy birth divine; to what shall I liken thee? Thou canst not be described by hieroglyphics, for they are but types and shadows;

¹ To illustrate this I shall take this opportunity to inform the reader that I am intimately acquainted with several singers who are not able to speak one short sentence in common conversation without stuttering and stammering to such a degree as to excite great pain in the audience, and are oftentimes so confused and abashed at their own unintelligible jargon, that they are obliged to leave the meaning of the half-uttered sentence to the sagacity of the hearers. When, to great admiration, these same people will perform a lengthy piece of music, and they will not only sing musically and delightfully, but they will pronounce with the accuracy of a scholar, without the least hesitation whatever. Upon the strength of such conviction, who can forbear breaking out into the following exclamation, "Great art thou, O Music, and with thee there is no competitor, thy powers are far beyond the powers of—utterance."

whereas thou art in thyself an essential good: to what shall I liken thee? O Extatic! I have found a simile. Thou art like pure love and true friendship. But alas! The purest earthly love is embittered with groundless jealousy, and the truest friendship is tainted with unjust suspicions. But in Heaven there is pure love without alloy, and true friendship without dissimulation. Therefore thou art like *Heaven* and Heaven is like *Thee*.

A FAVORITE AIR.

THESE lines "written by a patriotic and gifted young lady, a native of Charleston, South Carolina," were found among the manuscripts of Henry Laurens:

Freedom's charms alike engage
 Blooming youth and hoary age;
 Time itself can ne'er destroy
 Freedom's pure and lasting joy:
 Love nor friendship never gave
 Half their blessings to the slave;
 None are happy but the free,
 Bliss is born of Liberty,
 Which from fair America,
 Tyrants strive to take away.

THE AMERICAN DISPUTE.

THE following lines written on the American War by an eminent civilian professor, are at this particular crisis recommended to the perusal of the ministry and to every true friend to the commercial rights of both England and Ireland."¹

Upon the trussle Pig was laid,
 And a sad squealing sure he made;
 KILL-PIG stood by, with knife and steel;
 "Lie quiet Piggin! why d' you squeal?"

¹ Middlesex Journal:—Dr. Robert Van Sittart was the author of the lines.

Have I not fed thee with my peas?
 And now for trifles such as these
 Dost thou rebel—quite full of victual,
 Won't you be cut and kill'd a little?"

To whom thus Piggin in reply,
 "How can you think I'll quiet lie,
 Or that for peas my life I'll barter?"
 "Then Piggin you must show your charter;
 Show you're exempted more than others,
 Else go to pot like all your brothers."

[*Pig struggles.*]

Help, neighbors! help! this Pig's so strong
 I'm sure I cannot hold him long.
 Help, neighbors! I can't keep him under;
 Where are you all? See by your blunder
 He's gone and broke the cords asunder.

[*Exit Pig trotting and Kill-pig after him with a knife.*]

A COMMON PRAYER FOR THE TIMES.

THE origin of this specimen of the "Yankee Psalms and Prayers" is unknown. There are numerous versions of it, but this is the only one that is above mediocrity, and suitable for this collection.

Since we are taught in Scripture-word
 To pray for friends and foes:
 Then let us pray for George the Third,
 Who must be one of those.

Heaven bless America, and Britain,
 May folly past suffice,
 Wherein they have each other smitten,
 Who ought to harmonize.

Allied by blood, and interest too,
 Soon let them re-unite,
 May Heaven tyrannic minds subdue,
 Haste, haste the pleasing sight.

May ev'ry morn and ev'ning prayer
Repeat this just petition,
What thinking Christian can forbear,
Appris'd of our condition.

Britannia's sins are our worst foes,
Let this be Britain's creed,
For those who God and man oppose,
Must rebels be indeed.

This rebel-host how num'rous grown!
This growth kind Heaven forbid!
'Tis fear'd some are too near the throne,
And seem securely hid.

Just Heaven, to light all rebels bring,
Who hate or love the steeple.
Rebels to God, and to the king,
And rebels to the people.

THE BURROWING YANKEES.

THIS song must have been very popular with the loyalists, as four different editions were published in broadsides, during the two years following its first appearance, in the "Halifax Journal," a short time previous to the evacuation of Boston.

Ye Yankees who, mole-like, still throw up the earth,
And like them, to your follies are blind from your birth;
Attempt not to hold British troops at defiance,
True Britons, with whom you pretend an alliance.

Mistake not; such blood ne'er run in your veins,
'Tis no more than the dregs, the lees, or the drains;
Ye affect to talk big of your hourly attacks;
Come on! and I'll warrant, we'll soon see your backs.

Such threats of bravadoes serve only to warm
The true British hearts, you ne'er can alarm;
The Lion once rous'd, will strike such a terror,
Shall show you, poor fools, your presumption and error.

And the time will soon come when your whole rebel race
 Will be drove from the lands, nor dare show your face:
 Here's a health to great *George*, may he fully determine,
 To root from the earth all such insolent vermin.

The newspapers attached to the cause of the patriots, very generally republished this song as "a piece of tory gasconading." Among these, the editor of the "Freeman's Journal" reproduced it, congratulating his readers on having an opportunity to grace "Poet's Corner, with an incomparable production" from a tory paper, at the same time observing, that the genius who wrote it, "must have forgotten the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill."

 TO THE COMMONS.

ON MEETING AFTER THE RECESS.

THIS song was written in England and first published in *Middlesex Journal* over the signature of M. On a broadside, dated 1776, the author says: "My efforts were so well received last year, I have the temerity to republish in a more portable form and try the royal brutes again. Heaven help us, if they will not take good advice, or stop for reflection, for they are speedily leading us to the devil."

With Christmas mirth and Christmas cheer,
 My friends pray look not glummer;
 With turkey, chine, and beef and beer,
 You're surely in good humor.

The folks on t'other side the wave,
 Have beef as well as you, sirs;
 Some chines, and turkeys too, they have,
 And as they bake they brew, sirs.

What, tho' your cannon raze their towns,
 And tumble down their houses,
 They'll fight like devils—blood and 'oons,
 For children and for spouses.

Another truth—nay, 'tis no boast,
 Nor yet the lie o' th' day, sirs;
 The saints on Massachusetts coast,
 Gain if they run away, sirs!

For further than your bullets fly,
 A common man may run, sirs;
 And wheat will grow beneath the sky,
 Where cannot reach a gun, sirs.

Then what are ships, and swords, and guns,
 And men of bloody mind, sirs,
 While, Parthian-like, who conquers runs,
 Who loses,—stays behind, sirs.

Then rise my men, in merry mood,
 Vote—nem-con-tra-di-cen-te,
 That five and five for ten are good,
 And ten and ten make twenty.

Recall your ships, your troops recall,
 Let friends each other nourish,
 So shall Old England rule the ball,
 And George and freedom flourish.

The following lines “on the passing of the Bill for the more effectual provision for government of the Province of Quebec,” was published on the broadside from which the foregoing poetic Address to the Commons is taken.

THE QUEBEC BILL.

When mighty Shakspeare summoned each sp'rit,
 Drest in the aerial phantasy of night,
 To Gloster's Duke, whom antient stories tell,
 Not Afric could produce a beast more fell;
 Gloster we view, in that dread scene partake
 Of greatest guilt, as if he were awake.

How then can GEORGE, with preconcerted plan,
 Destroy what Alfred formed, to rescue man

From power despotic, arbitrary rule,
Which none pursue, the wicked or the fool,
Except those nations doomed by their God,
To fall at last the victims to his rod?

What then can England in her GEORGE'S praise,
Say, when they view him pervert in his ways?
Wishing as Nero, all his subjects one—
That he might crush the whole, that numerous throng,
Throughout the globe, in mutual cement joyned,
E'er England's freedom, was by George purloined.

Late he will find (by wisdom understood)
None can be great, but he that's really good;
Learn, George, in time, e'er yet it be too late,
Shun that dread rock, which was poor Stuart's fate.

 POLITICAL PLACARDS.

EARLY in July, 1775, the following papers "were found sticking to the front of Whitehall, in London. As soon as they were discovered they were taken down by the authorities, not, however, until they had been read by many who believed in their truth." *Upcott Collection.*

TO THE MINISTERS.

"How is the glory of BRITAIN departed! Her NAVY, which not long since was the terror of many Nations, is now employed in cutting the throats of His *Majesty's* loyal subjects, and SHEEP STEALING! Felons indeed.



ONE HEAD —BRAINLESS.
A JUNTO —WITLESS.
BLACK COATS—GRACELESS.
Make England—THRIFTLESS.

Ye Ministers! who every hour
Exert your arbitrary power;
Tell me what difference there can be,
Twixt tyrant king and ministry?

In the detested Stuart's reign,
 One tyrant was the worst,
 But now we justly may complain,
 We're with an hundred curst!
 But still despotic crew! beware,
 Remember Stuart slain;
 One tyrant was too much to bear,
 Shall then a hundred reign?
 What! hear ye not the general cry?
 The universal groan,
 That wing'd with curses cleave the sky
 And shakes our monarch's throne?
 Blind to your fate, where are your eyes?
 Ye second sighted crew,
 What! see ye not the scaffold rise
 And Tyburn wait for you?
 Oh! soon may vengeance with your blood
 To freedom consecrate the wood!
 Each Briton then will take a part
 And weave the relic round his heart.

THE PATRIOTS OF NORTH AMERICA.

THIS sketch in rhyme, with explanatory notes, was published in 1775, at New York. The author is unknown. The edition issued by Rivington was prefaced with the following introduction:

"There is not a single pamphlet written in North America, that does not, by some accident or other, find its way to England. At a time when the English newspapers, may probably, be filled with equipments of fleets, embarkations of armies, etc., the dullest composition relating to the affairs of this country will be read there with avidity. The author has therefore thought it proper to subjoin, here and there, a note for the information of his English readers. He has occasionally quoted a few scraps of Latin, not because, like Panurge, he chooses to speak any language rather than his mother tongue; for he abhors pedantry and affectation of every kind; but partly from his dreadful apprehension of the Tarrers and Featherers of the country in which he resides; none of

whom, he is re-assured, were ever bred at a law-school; and partly from respect to the female part of his readers, for whose innocence and modesty he has a sacred regard. At the same time, lest, while the latter acquit his manners, they should think hardly of his morals, he begs leave to assure them that ribaldry is unknown to that language. The philosophers, poets and historians, with whose names the men are too prone to insult their understandings, abounding with expressions which, literally translated, would be too foul for the mouths of the most brutal of a modern rabble.

A SKETCH IN VERSE.

*Urbem, quam dicunt Romam, Melibæ, putavi,
Stultus ego, huic nostræ similem:
Sic canibus catulos similes, sic matribus hædas
Noram; sic parvis componere magna solebam.*

Men plac'd by chance, or sov'reign fate,
In life's low, unambitious state;
Whilst undeprav'd, all amply share,
Wise, bounteous Nature's equal care.

To them impartial heaven assign'd,
Contentment calm, sweet peace of mind,
Deny'd them fame and power and wealth,
But gave them temperance, mirth and health,
Preserv'd them from the fatal snares
Which Lux'ry spreads for fortune's heirs.

From all the dire insidious train
Of wants unreal, wishes vain,
Refinements false, and fierce desires,
Voluptuous acts and lawless fires,
Soft blandishments of wealth and ease,
Which ruin, while they smile and please;
From childish, restless whim that reigns
In satiate taste and pamper'd veins;
From the dire weight of vacant time,
That fatal source of many a crime;
Envy of pension, power and place,
Vain competition, sad disgrace;
Honor and virtue meanly sold
For titles, rank, or sordid gold:

Corroding cares that constant wait
To check the triumphs of the great.

Doom'd them to earn their wholesome fare,
By gentler toils than anxious care:
Free from the woes ambition brings,
And made them happier far than kings.

To them, our equal laws dispense,
Fair Liberty and sure defence;
From pride, from force, and brutal scorn
Of knaves to power and fortune born:
Of foplings, dainty, weak and nice,
Who hold plain poverty as vice.

The same great sacred rights afford,
They give to every splendid lord;
Subject alike to just control,
Dear social parts of one great whole;
Whilst undeprav'd and just and free,
Content with modest liberty,
Industrious, temp'rate, chaste they live,
They merit all that praise can give:
With morals pure, affections kind,
They claim the love of all mankind.
The men deprav'd, who quit their sphere,
Without remorse or shame or fear,
And boldly rush they know not where;
Seduc'd, alas! by fond applause,
Of gaping mobs and loud huzzas.

See the names in the lists of the committees in the several districts
of North America, and inquire what are their callings.

Unconscious all of nobler aim
Than sordid pelf or vulgar fame;
Men undefin'd by any rules,
Ambiguous things, half knaves, half fools,
Whom God denied the talents great
Requir'd to make a knave complete;
Whom nature form'd, vile party tools,
Absurder* much than downright fools,
Who from their own dear puppet-show,
The world's great stage pretend to know.

In politics mere punchinellos,
 Yet pass for fair, for clever fellows;
 Like Punch, who struts and swears and roars,
 And calls his betters, rogues and —
 Like Punch, who speak their prompter's sense,
 Like his their powerful eloquence,
 Like his their wond'ring audience.
 Poor, busy, factious, empty things,
 Who nothing know of courts or kings;
 Who Lords or Commons ne'er have seen,
 But think they're like committee-men,
 By rote, like clamorous parrots prate
 Of trade, revenue, church and state.

It is the practice of these orators, over all America, to summon the mob, by some anonymous portentous handbill, addressed to the public; to mount into a gallery or elevated station, in or near a place of public resort, and from thence, with a grave, important face, harangue on the deplorable state of public affairs and the total loss of liberty, in a country, which, were it not for them, would be the happiest and the freest country in the universe. To retail from scraps of party papers, the merits of the leaders of the opposition; ascribe opinions to them, which they would hear with the highest indignation; and engage for their countenance and support, opinions and designs, etc., as if they were as familiarly known to them as their own characters are to their wives, children and servants, if they happen to have any. On the first personages of Great Britain, all the great officers of state and the majority of both houses, they liberally bestow the delicious epithets of Jacobites, Papists, Tyrants, Hirelings and Scoundrels, amidst the repeated shouts of their greasy followers.

Born to be lodged and cloth'd and fed,
 By other toils than toils of head;
 Form'd for the oar, the sledge, the saw,
 Yet rave of government and law,
 As fond at Committees to prattle,
 As babe and suckling of its rattle.

The author could have added the Awl, the Trowel, and many other tools; but he thinks his rhyme rough enough in all conscience as it is. Such tools are as little adapted to poetry as to politics.

In costive brains whole weeks revolve,
 To frame some lawless, mad resolve ;
 Some handbill vile, with threat'nings dire
 Of murder, feathers, tar or fire,
 Of rich and poor decide the fate,
 With scorn of every magistrate.

Handbills, the oracles of North America, like the Sibyl's leaves scattered over the whole country. They have been lately collected with great labor and expense, digested by the Sanhedrim at Philadelphia, and compiled into a regular code. A memorable era in the annals of North America. A code by which the principles of Common Sense, every system of Ethics, ancient and modern, the authority of the most celebrated jurists, the common and statute laws of Great Britain, the laws of the several Provincial legislatures, the authority of Provincial magistrates, and the revealed laws of God, are all abrogated and done away with. A code which the gaping vulgar of America thumb with the same delight as they con Jack the Giant Killer ; which the great and little vulgar of England will laugh over, as at the Farce of "High Life Below Stairs ;" and which every man in Europe, of sense and benevolence, will read with grief and indignation.¹

Is there among them who can read,
 It serves to turn the idiot's head ;
 Is there among them who can write,
 It serves to wreak the miscreant's spite ;
 With vipers leagued, in borrow'd name
 They hiss and blast their neighbor's fame.
 Vipers like
 or dolt.

Alluding to the figure of a snake with which certain printers of American newspapers adorn their publications, designed to allure a certain set of customers and to enlist a certain crew of writers, who have contributed in a most criminal degree to subvert the laws of this country, have already inflamed it into the most dangerous convulsions, and threaten to complete its final destruction. These standards were erected perhaps in imitation of certain well-known signs in Blood-Bowl-Alley of

¹ *Invida fatorum, summisque negatum stare dir.
 Antiquum repetens, iterum chaos.*

London, and in La Rue d'Enfer of Paris; the resorts of bullies, spies, informers, incendiaries, highwaymen and murderers. This custom is not common to all the publishers of the newspapers; some of the fraternity, equally malignant in their designs, and more successful in their operations, hang out no sign at all. They are of old established credit; their wine needs no bush.

Fair truth exclude from many a press,
 On pain of every dread distress:
 As priests their flocks to circumvent,
 Forbid to read Christ's Testament,
 With senseless jargon, stupid lies,
 Like Morpheus, close the people's eyes,
 Vile, false, pernicious doctrines preach,
 Rebellion rank and treason teach,
 Malignant o'er the land they crawl,
 And wither, blast, and poison all.

Not every press; Mr. Rivington, of New York, continues to discharge the duties of his profession faithfully, in spite of frequent letters from unknown villains, threatening him with fire, assassination, etc.: in defiance of many unwarrantable associations in different parts of America, exhorting some, and compelling others, to withdraw their subscriptions to his useful and impartial Gazetteer, in the face of numerous committees, who have taken the same sage precautions to prevent the introduction of his publications into their respective realms, as if they had been consigned from Smyrna or Aleppo, in a time of general pestilence. He grows bolder by persecution, to the confusion of a pernicious set of Scribblers, and of an envious gang of rivals, who constantly mark him in their newspapers to the deluded rabble for destruction. The public is, in the author's opinion, much obliged to him, and to the good sense and liberality of the gentlemen of all parties in that Province, by whom he is countenanced and employed indifferently, as his Gazetteer, and his Catalogue of Pamphlets testify:—The author believes there is likewise a free press or two at Boston, defended by an army and a fleet, by which alone they preserve their freedom.

So when the devil, with horrid joy,
 Hatch'd the dire project to destroy
 Mankind, created frail and weak,
 He took the form of grov'ling snake,

And stung with envy, rage, despair,
To see a world so gay, so fair—
A world as erst, alas, was this,
The seat of pleasure, ease and bliss:
A world where spirits foul from hell
Were too impure, too black to dwell
With mortals, harmless as the dove
Midst innocence and peace and love,
Till they had made the simple elves
As foul and guilty as themselves;
Triumphant, us'd the same device,
And made a hell of paradise.

In brothels, corners, fields, who lurk,
Fond of cabals, detesting work,
Neglect their useful occupations,
And starve themselves to starve whole nations,
Whose souls, remorseless, guilty souls
Nor laws of God or man controls;
Who scowl on wealth with curious eye,
For wealth and fame and influence sigh,
And strive intent on pelf and spoils
To plunge the land in civil broils.
Furious and sleepless till they see
One general, glorious anarchy.

No man of common observation, who has crossed the Atlantic, can have failed to remark the great difference between the manners of the lower and middling sort of people in England, and the people of the same classes here. Although those orders of Englishmen are not much celebrated for their civility, the author who had often beheld in certain countries of Europe, the miserable and abject state of that great and sacred portion of the human species; and had seen the insolent and brutal abuse of rank, titles and power, on his arrival in North America, exulted in an appearance, so honorable to humanity; he recollected the observation of a philosopher, in discovering a circle exactly described on an unknown shore, where he happened to be shipwrecked; and thought this as sure a proof of general felicity, as that of civility and science. Jealous though he is naturally of his superiors, (and his superiors are innumerable,) he begins to find he was mistaken, and to perceive there

are pleasures of excess, exquisite but short-lived, and ending in disease and untimely death.

These men begin to look upon their superiors as if the order of the universe had been invented in their favor; as if they were possessed of what naturally belonged to themselves, and were determined to seize the first opportunity to recover it *vi et armis*.

“Ye take too much upon yourselves, seeing all the congregation are holy, every one of them: wherefore then lift you up yourselves above the congregation of the Lord?”

(Sad scenes, where idle ruffians gain
Riches unearn'd by toil or pain,
And ruthless, clear their bloody way,
To wild, despotic, brutal sway.

Like thieves and plund'ers, traitors fell,
The same vile progeny of hell,
When some fair city rous'd from sleep,
In calm, oblivious, midnight deep,
Alarm'd by dreadful din of bells,
Loud cries of fire, and dismal yells;
When int'rest, duty, love demand
Th' aid of every friendly hand,
Whilst the wide-spreading flames resound,
With joyful ears all catch the sound;
Rush on their prey, a grisly mob,
And seize the dreadful hour to rob.

Shall we applaud this vagrant crew,
Whose wretched jargon, crude and new,
Whose impudence and lies delude
The harmless, ign'rant multitude:
To varlets, weak, impure, unjust,
The reins of government intrust.
Will raggamuffins bold like these
Protect our freedom, peace or ease?
Ah! surely no, it cannot be,
These are false Sons of Liberty.

The men who form their hopes and fears,
From handbills, pamphlets, gazetteers;
Swallow, like gudgeons, every lie
Which malice, rage and guilt supply;

Whose views reach, not an inch from home,
Who think their little Mantua, Rome.

There is a very remarkable difference, between the opinions, principles, and conduct in general, of the natives of this country, who have resided in Europe, or have conversed much with Europeans, and of those who never passed the limits of their own, or of some neighboring province. Arts, sciences, knowledge, accomplishments, wealth, power, dignity, are all comparative. Comparisons are frequently mortifying in the extremest degree to that vanity which is inseparable from our nature: but without it no man can form a true estimate of himself, or establish a just rule of his conduct. However nauseous the medicine may be, it is a salutary one. An overweening conceit of the importance of this country, and a very inadequate knowledge or a total ignorance of the parent country, are among the fatal sources of the dreadful calamities, at this moment impending over a part of this country; may they never extend over the whole.

The dullest ignorance betray
In all they do, and write and say.
Boldly affirm each wild position,
As if inspired by intuition;
Untaught in wisdom's modest school
That confidence proclaims a fool;
Their scanty stock of useless knowledge,
Taught them by floggings sheer of college,
Or which, alas! is ten times worse,
Deriv'd from some polluted source.
From Clodius, judge of men and things,
Of Statesmen, Ministers and Kings;
Of power supreme, of just protection,
Of order, peace, and due subjection;
Too fond and credulous to see
Treason, in mask of liberty.
What false conclusions knaves can draw
From gospel truths, from statute law;
How much like fools these knaves can write,
From hunger or from party spite,
Of regal power, of legal right.