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America's Founding Patriots



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- **CRIPUS ATTUCKS** by Walter F. Wallcut, 1855.
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- The Vocabulary of Moral Character, **NOAH WEBSTER'S 1828 DICTIONARY**.

HONORING OUR PAST



During 2011, Intrepid Books is proud to continue the series on America's Founding Patriots. These reprints of historical documents and books provide us with the stories of our national's hero's and heroine's.

With the American social structure coming under fire from many areas of the modern world, we need to pause and remember our past; not only the noble deeds done, but the people who helped to form our nation.

The lives of these individuals should inspire us today and allow us to realize that each of us are unique and have the capacity to change the world around us. We each have the power to change our lives internally with our thoughts and externally with our actions and deeds.

We have the power to change our families through the choices we make.

We have the power to change our schools and business by living the principles that our Founding Patriots believed it.

We have the power to change our communities, states, and nation by accepting the great responsibilities that come with living in the greatest nation known. To those that much has been given, much is expected.

We hope you enjoy learning about our Founding Patriots.

PAUL CUFFE & CRIPUS ATTUCKS

In this newsletter, we will be remembering two brave men and presenting reprints of:

PAUL CUFFE, NAVIGATOR AND PHILANTHROPIST by John W. Comwell, **THE NEGRO IN AMERICAN HISTORY**, The American Negro Academy, Washington, D.C., 1914.

CRIPUS ATTUCKS by William C. Nell, **THE COLORED PATRIOTS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION**, Robert F. Wallcut, Boston, 1855.

THE CRIPUS ATTUCKS MEMORIAL by John Fiske, **UNPUBLISHED ORATIONS**, The Bibliophile Society; Boston; 1909.

PAUL CUFFE – NAVIGATOR & PHILANTHROPIST

BY JOHN W. CROMWELL



Paul Cuffe was born in 1759 on the island of Cutterhunker near Westport, Massachusetts. There were four sons and six daughters of John Cuffe, who had been stolen from Africa, and Ruth, a woman of Indian extraction. Paul, the youngest son, lacked the advantage of an early education, but he supplied the deficiency by his personal efforts and learned not only to read and write with facility, but made such proficiency in the art of navigation as to become a skillful seaman and the instructor of both whites and blacks in the same art.

His father, who had obtained his freedom and bought a farm of one hundred acres, died when Paul was about fourteen. When he was sixteen, Paul began the life of a sailor. On his third voyage he was captured by a British brig and was for three months a prisoner of war. On his release he planned to go into business on his own account. With the aid of an elder brother, David Cuffe, an open boat was built in which they went to sea; but this brother on the first intimation of danger gave up the venture and Paul was forced to undertake the work single-handed and alone, which was a sore disappointment. On his second attempt he lost all he had.

Before the close of the Revolutionary War, Paul refused to pay a personal tax, on the ground that free colored people did not enjoy the rights and privileges of citizenship. After considerable delay, and an appeal to the courts, he paid the tax under protest. He then petitioned to the legislature, which finally agreed, to his contention. His efforts are the first of which there is any record of a citizen of African descent making a successful appeal in behalf of his civil rights.

On reaching the age of twenty-five, he married a woman of the same tribe as his mother, and for a while gave up life on the ocean wave; but the growth of his family led him back to his fond pursuit on the briny deep. As he was unable to purchase a boat, with the aid of his brother he built one from keel to gunwale and launched into the enterprise. While on the way to a nearby island to consult his brother whom he had induced once more to venture forth with him, he was overtaken by pirates who robbed him of all he possessed.

Again Paul returned home disappointed, though not discouraged. Once more he applied for assistance to his brother David and another boat was built. After securing a cargo, he met again with pirates, but he eluded them though he was compelled to return and repair his boat. These having been made he began a most successful career along the coast as far north as New Foundland, to the south as far as Savannah and as distant as Gottenburg.

“Again Paul returned home disappointed, though not discouraged.”

PAUL CUFFE

BY JOHN W. CROMWELL – CONTINUES:



In carrying on this business, starting in the small way indicated, he owned at different times, besides smaller boats, The Ranger, a schooner of sixty or seventy tons, a half interest in a brig of 162 tons, the brig Traveller, of 109 tons, the ship Alpha, of 268 tons and three-fourths interest in a larger vessel.

A few noble incidents may illustrate his resourcefulness, difficulties and success over all obstacles. When engaged in the whaling business he was found with less than the customary outfit for effectually carrying on this work. The practice in such cases was for the other ships to loan the number of men needed. They denied this at first to Cuffe, but fair play prevailed and they gave him what was customary, with the result that of the seven whales captured, Paul's men secured five, and two of them fell by his own hand!

In 1795 he took a cargo to Norfolk, Virginia, and learning that corn could be bought at a decided advantage, he made a trip to the Nanticoke River, on the eastern shore of Maryland. Here his appearance as a black man commanding his own boat and with a crew of seven men, all of his own complexion, alarmed the whites, who seemed to dread his presence there as the signal for a revolt on the part of their slaves. They opposed his landing, but the examination of his papers removed all doubts as to the regularity of his business, while his quiet dignity secured the respect of the leading white citizens, with one of whom he accepted an invitation to dine. He had no difficulty after this in taking a cargo of three thousand bushels of corn, from which he realized a profit of \$1,000. On a second voyage he was equally successful.

*“They denied this
at first to Cuffe,
but fair play
prevailed and
they gave him
what was
customary,…”*

Although without the privilege of attending a school when a boy, he endeavored to have his friends and neighbors open and maintain one for the colored and Indian children of the vicinity. Failing to secure their active cooperation, he built in 1797, a schoolhouse without their aid.

Because of his independent means and his skill as a mariner, he visited with little or no difficulty most of the larger cities of the country, held frequent conferences with the representative men of his race, and recommended the formation of societies for their mutual relief and physical betterment. Such societies he formed in Philadelphia and New York, and then having made ample preparation he sailed in 1811 for Africa in his brig The Traveler, reaching Sierra Leone on the West Coast after a voyage of about two months. Here he organized the Friendly Society of Sierra Leone and then went to Liverpool.

PAUL CUFFE

BY JOHN W. CROMWELL – CONTINUES:

“...amounting to no less than twenty-five thousand dollars (\$25,000) out of his own pocket...”

Even here one of his characteristic traits manifested itself in taking with him to England for education a native of Sierra Leone. While in England, Cuffs visited London twice and consulted such friends of the Negro as Granville Sharp, Thomas Clarkson and William Wilberforce! These men were all interested in a proposition to promote the settlement on the West Coast of Africa of the free people of color in America, many of whom had come into the domains of Great Britain as an outcome of the Revolutionary War. This opinion was at this period the prevailing sentiment of England respecting what was best for the Negro. Sir J. J. Crooks, a former governor of Sierra Leone, in alluding to its origin says:

“There is no doubt that the influence of their opinion was felt in America and that it led to emigration thence to Africa before Liberia was settled. Paul Cuff, a man of color . . . who was much interested in the promotion of the civil and religious liberty of his colored brethren in their native land, had been familiar with the ideas of these philanthropists, as well as with the movement in the same direction in England.”¹

This explains Cuffe's visit to England and to Africa--a daring venture in these perilous days--and the formation of the Friendly Societies in Africa and in his own country, the United States.

When his special mission to England was concluded, he took out a cargo from Liverpool for Sierra Leone, after which he returned to America.

Before he had made his next move, Cuffe consulted with the British Government in London and President Madison at Washington. But the strained relations between the two nations, as well as the financial condition of the United States at the time, made governmental cooperation impracticable if not impossible.

In 1815 he carried out the ideas long in his mind. In this year he sailed from Boston for Sierra Leone with thirty-eight free Negroes as settlers on the Black Continent. Only eight of these could pay their own expenses, but Cuffe, nevertheless, took out the entire party, landed them safe on the soil of their forefathers after a journey of fifty-five days and paid the expense for the outfit, transportation and maintenance of the remaining thirty, amounting to no less than twenty-five thousand dollars (\$25,000) out of his own pocket. The colonists were cordially welcomed by the people of Sierra Leone, and each family received from thirty to forty acres from the Crown Government.

PAUL CUFFE

BY JOHN W. CROMWELL – CONTINUES:



He remained with the settlers two months and then returned home with the purpose of taking out another colony. Before, however, he could do so, and while preparations were being made for the second colony, he was taken ill. After a protracted illness he died September 7, 1817, in the fifty-ninth year of his age.

At the time of his death he had no less than two thousand names of intending emigrants on his list awaiting transportation to Africa. As to his personal characteristics: Paul Cuffe was:

“tall, well-formed and athletic, his deportment conciliating yet dignified and prepossessing. He was a member of the Society of Friends [Quakers] and became a minister among them. . . . He believed it to be his duty to sacrifice private interest, rather than engage in any enterprise, however lawful . . . or however profitable that had the highest tendency to injure his fellow men. He would not deal in intoxicating liquors or in slaves.”

A current newspaper speaking of him says,

“A descendant of Africa, he overcame by native strength of mind and firm adherence to principle the prejudice with which its descendants are too generally viewed. Industrious, temperate and prudent, his means of acquiring property, small at first, were gradually increased; and the strict integrity of his conduct gained him numerous friends to whom he never gave occasion to regret the confidence they had placed in him. His mercantile pursuits were generally successful and blessed with competence if not with wealth. The enlarged benevolence of his mind was manifested not only in acts of charity to individuals and in the promotion of objects of general ability, but more particularly in the deep interest he sought for the welfare of his brethren of the African race.”²

That he became a successful navigator, crossing the Atlantic in the path of the slave ships, thence journeying to England, returning to the United States and actually carrying the first American Negroes to the land of their ancestry, the cost of which was borne almost entirely by himself, and before the settlement of Liberia or even the organization of the American Colonization Society by white men--is sufficient reason to connect Paul Cuffe with the history of two continents and to make him an example worthy of emulation for his persistence and his pluck, his philanthropy and his patriotism.

Footnotes:

¹ History of Sierra Leone, Dublin, 1903, p. 97.

² A Tribute for the Negro. Wilson Armistead.

CRIPUS ATTUCKS

by William C. Nell, 1855.

On the 5th of March 1851, the following petition was presented to the Massachusetts Legislature, asking an appropriation of \$1,500, for the erection of a monument to the memory of Crispus Attucks, the first martyr in the Boston Massacre of March 5th, 1770:

To the Honorable the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Massachusetts, in General Court assembled:

The undersigned, citizens of Boston, respectfully ask that an appropriation of fifteen hundred dollars may be made by your Honorable Body, for a monument to be erected to the memory of Crispus Attucks, the first martyr of the American Revolution.

WILLIAM C. NELL,
CHARLES LENOX KEMOND,
HENRY WEEDEN,
LEWIS HAYDEN,
FREDERICK O. BARBADOES,
JOSHUA B. SMITH,
LEMUEL BURR.

BOSTON, Feb. 22d, 1851.

This petition was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs, who granted a hearing to the petitioners, in whose behalf appeared Wendell Phillips, Esq., and William C. Nell, but finally submitted an adverse report, on the ground that a boy, Christopher Snyder, was previously killed. Admitting this fact, (which was the result of a very different scene from that in which Attucks fell,) it does not offset the claims of Attucks, and those who made the 5th of March famous in our annals -- the day which history selects as the dawn of the American Revolution.

Boston's History, and Hewes's Reminiscences (the tea party survivor), establish the fact that the

colored man, Attucks, was of and with the people, and was never regarded otherwise. Botta, in speaking of the scenes of the 5th of March, says:

“The people were greatly exasperated. The multitude ran towards King Street, crying, Let us drive out these ribalds; they have no business here! The rioters rushed furiously towards the Custom House; they approached the sentinel, crying, ‘Kill him, kill him!’ They assaulted him with snowballs, pieces of ice, and whatever they could lay their hands upon. The guards were then called, and, in marching to the Custom House, they encountered,” continues Botta, “a band of the populace, led by a mulatto named Attucks, who brandished their clubs, and pelted them with snowballs. The maledictions, the imprecations, the execrations of the multitude, were horrible. In the midst of a torrent of invective from every quarter; the military were challenged to fire. The populace advanced to the points of their bayonets. The soldiers appeared like statues; the cries, the howlings, the menaces, the violent din of bells still sounding the alarm, increased the confusion and the horrors of these moments; at length, the mulatto and twelve of his companions, pressing forward, environed the soldiers, and striking their muskets with their clubs, cried to the multitude: ‘Be not afraid; they dare not fire: why do you hesitate, why do you not kill them, why not crush them at once?’

“The mulatto lifted his arm against Capt. Preston, and having turned one of the muskets, he seized the bayonet with his left hand, as if he intended to execute his threat. At this moment, confused cries were heard: ‘The wretches dare not fire!’ Firing succeeds. Attucks is slain. The other discharges follow. Three were killed, five severely wounded, and several others slightly.”

Attucks had formed the patriots in Dock Square, from whence they marched up King Street,

passing through the street up to the main guard, in order to make the attack. Attucks was killed by Montgomery, one of Capt. Preston's soldiers. He had been foremost in resisting, and was first slain. As proof of a front engagement, he received two balls, one in each breast. John Adams, counsel for the soldiers, admitted that Attucks appeared to have undertaken to be the hero of the night, and to lead the people. He and Caldwell, not being residents of Boston, were both buried from Faneuil Hall. The citizens generally participated in the solemnities.

The Boston Transcript of March 7, 1851, published an anonymous communication, disparaging the whole affair; 4 denouncing Crispus Attucks as a very firebrand of disorder and sedition, the most conspicuous, inflammatory, and uproarious of the misguided populace, and who, if he had not fallen a martyr, would richly have deserved hanging as an incendiary.¹

If the leader, Attucks, deserved the epithets above applied, is it not a legitimate inference, that the citizens who followed on are included, and hence should swing in his company on the gallows?

If the leader and his patriot band were misguided, the distinguished orators who, in after days, commemorated the 5th of March, must, indeed, have been misguided, and with them, the masses who were inspired by their eloquence; for John Hancock, in 1774; invokes the injured shades of Maverick, Gray, Caldwell, Attucks, Carr; and Judge Dawes, in 1776, thus alludes to the band of "*misguided incendiaries:*" -- "*The provocation of that night must be numbered among the master-springs which gave the first motion to a vast machinery, -- a noble and comprehensive system of national independence.*"

Ramsay's History of the American Revolution, Vol. I., p. 22, says –

"The anniversary of the 5th of March was observed with great solemnity; eloquent orators were successively employed to preserve the remembrance of it fresh in the mind. On these occasions, the blessings of liberty, the horrors of slavery, and the danger of a standing army, were presented to the public view. These annual orations administered fuel to the fire of liberty, and kept it burning with an irresistible flame."

The 5th of March continued to be celebrated for the above reasons, until the Anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence was substituted in its place; and its orators were expected to honor the feelings and principles of the former as having given birth to the latter. On the 5th of March 1776, Washington repaired to the entrenchments. "*Remember,*" said he, "*it is the 5th of March, and avenge the death of your brethren!*"

In judging, then, of the merits of those who launched the American Revolution, we should not take counsel from the Tories of that or the present day, but rather heed the approving eulogy of Lovell, Hancock, and Warren. Welcome, then, be every taunt that such correspondents may fling at Attucks and his company, as the best evidence of their merits and their strong claim upon our gratitude! Envy and the foe do not labor to traduce any but prominent champions of a cause.

The rejection of the petition was to be expected, if we accept the axiom that a colored man never gets justice done him in the United States, except by mistake. The petitioners only asked for justice, and that the name of Crispus Attucks might be honored as a grateful country honors other gallant Americans. And yet, let it be recorded, the same session of the Legislature which had refused the Attucks monument, granted one to Isaac David. of Concord. Both were promoters of the American Revolution, but one was white, the other was black; and this is

the only solution to the problem why justice was not fairly meted out.

In April, 1851, Thomas Sims, a fugitive slave from Georgia, was returned to bondage from the city of Boston, and on Friday, June 2nd, 1854, Anthony Burns, a fugitive from Virginia, was dragged back to slavery,--both marching over the very ground that Attucks trod. Among the allusions to the man, and the associations clustering around King Street of the past and State Street of the present, the following are selected. The first is from a speech of the Hon. Anson Burlingame, in Faneuil Hall, Oct. 13, 1852, on the rendition of Thomas Sims:

“The conquering of our New England prejudices in favor of liberty ‘does not pay.’ It ‘does not pay,’ I submit, to put our fellow-citizens under practical martial law; to beat the drum in our streets; to clothe our temples of justice in chains, and to creep along, by the light of the morning star, over the ground wet with the blood of Crispus Attucks, the noble colored man, who fell in King Street before the muskets of tyranny, away in the dawn of our Revolution; creep by Faneuil Hall, silent and dark; by the Green Dragon, where that noble mechanic, Paul Revere, once mustered the sons of liberty; within sight of Bunker Hill, where was first unfurled the glorious banner of our country; creep along, with funeral pace, bearing a brother, a man made in the image of God, not to the grave, -- O, that were merciful, for in the grave there is no work and no device, and the voice of a master never comes, -- but back to the degradation of a slavery which kills out of a living body an immortal soul. O, where is the man now, who took part in that mournful transaction, who would wish, looking back upon it, to avow it!”

“Thousands of agitated people came out to see the preacher [Burns] led off to

*slavery, over the spot where Hancock stood and Attucks fell.”*²

*“And at high change, over the spot where, on the 5th of March, 1770, fell the first victim in the Boston Massacre,--where the negro blood of Christopher Attucks stained the ground, -- over that spot, Boston authorities carried a citizen of Massachusetts to Alexandria as a slave.”*³

*“A short distance from that sacred edifice, [Faneuil Hall,] and between it and the Court House, where the disgusting rites of sacrificing a human being to slavery were lately performed, was the spot which was first moistened with American blood in resisting slavery, and among the first victims was a colored person.”*⁴

*“Nearly all those who had watched the trial of poor Burns, who heard his doom, saw the slave-guard march from the Court House, that had been closed so long, through State Street, swept as if by a pestilence, down to the vessel that, under our flag, bore him out of the Bay the Pilgrims entered, into captivity, would rather have looked on a funeral procession, rather have heard the rattling of British guns again. . . . Sad, shocking, was the sight of the harmless, innocent victim of all that mighty machinery, as he passed down Queen’s Street and King’s Street, all hung in mourning. Better to have seen the halter and the coffin for a criminal again paraded, through our streets, than the cutlasses and the cannon for him,. As he went down to the dock into which the tea was thrown, the spirits that lingered about the spots he passed vanished and fled, whilst dire and frightful images arose in their place.”*⁵

Henry Hill, a colored man, and a Revolutionary soldier, died in Chilicothe, on the 12th of August, 1833, aged eighty years. He was buried

with the honors of war, -- a singular tribute of respect to the memory of a colored man, but no doubt richly merited in this case. Henry, I should infer from an obituary notice in the Chilicothe Advertiser, was at the battle of Lexington, Brandywine, Monmouth, Princeton, and Yorktown.

Footnotes:

¹ The Transcript of March 5th, 1855, honorably alludes to Crispus Attucks.

² Worcester Spy.

³ Theodore Parker, Jane 4th.

⁴ Hon. Charles Sumner's Speech In Congress, June 28, 1854.

⁵ Speech of Charles M. Ellis, (one of Burns' counsel,) July, 1854.



Grave of Crispus Attucks, Christopher Sider, and other victims of the Boston Massacre

**CRISPUS ATTUCKS
ADDRESS DELIVERED AT BOSTON, 1888,
AT THE DEDICATION OF THE CRISPUS
ATTUCKS MEMORIAL**

by John Fiske, 1909.

We have met here today, in the venerable building which has so long been known to Americans as the Cradle of Liberty, to commemorate one of the most significant and impressive events in noble struggle in which our forefathers succeeded in vindicating, for themselves and their posterity, the sacred right of self-government.

Among the incidents of that stirring period, there are perhaps none more worthy of our careful study than those which attended the compulsory withdrawal from Boston of the troops which had been sent here for the purpose of intimidating its citizens and aiding in the enforcement of an odious system of revenue laws which the people had had no voice in making, and to which it was impossible for them tamely to submit without losing their own self-respect and imperiling the safety and happiness of future generations.

When John Adams, in alluding long afterward to the memorable 5th of March 1770, declared that "*on that night the foundation of American independence was laid,*" he spoke with the vehement emphasis that was customary with him. Yet while it may not be necessary to adopt the statement in all its literal force, it serves to show us how deeply the events of that evening were graven upon the writer's mind; and it recalls with such vividness the temper and spirit of the time, as to lead us back to the true historical point of view. There is a sense in which John Adams' remark was quite true.

In order to point out the real significance of the Boston Massacre and its place in American history, I must invite your attention for a few moments to the circumstances, which led to the presence of British troops in Boston from the autumn of 1768 to the spring of 1770.

The troubles and disorders in Boston, which led to the Revolution, began soon after the grant of writs of assistance to the revenue officers in 1761. These writs of assistance were general search warrants, empowering the collectors of customs to enter houses or shops in search of smuggled goods, but without specifying either houses or goods. This made it possible for a revenue officer to visit anybody's house — perhaps from mere spite — and lay hands upon such articles as it might please him to condemn as having been brought into town without paying duty.

The exercise of such an odious tyranny was sure to be resisted, and it was resisted. During the next half dozen years, there were many instances in which warehouse doors were barricaded and the officers successfully defied. Into the midst of this irritation came the Stamp Act of 1765, a law, which was repealed the next year because it was found impossible to enforce it in any of the colonies.

The immediate fruits of the Stamp Act were riots in New York and Boston and elsewhere; and one of these riots in Boston was perhaps the most shameful affair in all the history of this town. It is quite characteristic of mob law to strike in the wrong places, and to punish those who have not offended. An impression got abroad that Chief Justice Hutchinson had favored the passage of the Stamp Act, and had acted as an informer against certain merchants suspected of breaking the

revenue laws. This impression was entirely incorrect, but under the influence of it, one night in August, 1765, a drunken mob broke into Mr. Hutchinson's house, threw his furniture and pictures into the street, and destroyed the noble library which he had been thirty years in collecting, and which contained many priceless historical documents, the loss of which can never be replaced.

Let us here particularly observe that this disgraceful affair was at once disowned and condemned by the people of Boston. Before Governor Bernard next morning had time to summon the Council, a town-meeting here in Faneuil Hall had expressed its abhorrence of the work of the rioters, and similar expressions of feeling were soon heard from town-meetings all over the Commonwealth.

The ringleaders were imprisoned, and the Legislature, chosen by the people, hastened to indemnify Mr. Hutchinson, so far as possible, for the damage inflicted by the mob. This incident shows conclusively that the people of Massachusetts felt no sympathy for rioters; and it should be borne in mind when we come to consider the very different feelings, which were called forth by the circumstances of the Boston Massacre.

Let us not fail to note that the great popular leader, Samuel Adams, whom the loyalists were fond of calling the "*chief incendiary*," was emphatic in his condemnation of the Hutchinson riot. One of Adams' favorite maxims was, "*Always keep your enemy in the wrong*." He knew that the American people were in the right, and therefore always appealed to reason, and always deprecated any resort to violence.

We may now pass to the year 1767, when Parliament, under the lead of Charles Townshend, passed a new revenue law for

America. If the old revenue laws were odious because of the harsh way in which they were enforced, this act of 1767 was doubly odious because of the principle, which it involved. Hitherto such acts had been passed with the design of regulating the commerce of the British Empire. This Townshend act, in laying duties upon tea and other articles, had a very different purpose. Under pretence of regulating commerce, it sought to deprive the Americans of the right of self-government.

This was at once evident from the way in which the revenue derived from the tea and other articles was to be used. It was to be used for defraying the cost of a civil service to be established in all the colonies, and to be directly responsible to the crown. There had been much dispute for fifty years as to the way in which the governors' salaries should be paid. The act of 1767 was the prelude to a series of measures for taking this question out of the hands of the people entirely.

It was five years more before the most serious of these measures, attacking the independence of the judges, was passed; but the whole policy of the British government was so clearly indicated in the preamble to the act of 1767 that the Americans could not mistake it. People often talk as if the American Revolution originated in a mere money dispute, or else some theoretical discussion over the right of representation. This is a grave mistake. It was far from being a mere question of paying duties, and there was much more in it than an assertion of abstract principle. It was something that came home with grim reality to everybody's door.

Tea was selected as the chief article for taxation because it was supposed that people could not get along without it. In its

act of 1767, the British government said to the American people:

"We know very well that your wives and daughters will never give up their quiet social entertainments, in which tea is deemed indispensable. We are therefore going to tax that article, and with the money which you thus cannot help paying, we are going to defray the salaries of your governors and judges, and thus make them entirely independent of you, and responsible only to us."

What was this but a shameless demand that the American people should part with their liberty? It was answered in three ways. Merchants in all the colonies answered by forming associations pledged to buy no more goods of any sort from England until the act of 1767 should be repealed. The ladies answered by forming associations pledged to wear homespun clothes and drink no more tea until the government should retreat from its position. The Massachusetts Assembly answered in 1768 by its famous circular letter addressed to the other colonies, inviting them to cooperate with Massachusetts in resisting the enforcement of the law, and in petitioning for its prompt repeal.

This circular letter enraged King George and his ministers, and an order in council presently called upon the Massachusetts Assembly to rescind it. At the same time orders were sent to the assemblies of all the other colonies, forbidding them to pay any heed to the Massachusetts circular, under penalty of instant dissolution.

Thus said the King, and how was he answered? For the first time, perhaps, in any American legislative body, there was uttered a threat of rebellion. *"We are asked to rescind, are we?"* said James Otis; *"Let*

Great Britain rescind her measures, or the colonies are lost to her forever!" After a debate of nine days, the Massachusetts Assembly decided, by a vote of ninety-two to seventeen, that it would not rescind its circular letter. The Assembly was immediately dissolved by Governor Bernard, but its vote was hailed with delight all over the country, and "*the Illustrious Ninety-two*" became the favorite toast on all convivial occasions.

In several other colonies the assemblies passed resolutions expressing their sympathy with Massachusetts, and for so doing they were turned out of doors by the governors, in conformity to the royal order.

A decisive issue was thus rapidly forming between the colonies and the crown; and as the freedom of all was alike involved in it, the way was fast being smoothed for the beginnings of the American Union. As the ministry was inclined to try conclusions, especially with Massachusetts and with Boston, everything that was done here for the next seven years was watched with intense interest, and was fraught with peculiar significance for the whole country.

In the spring of 1768, the fifty-gun frigate Romney was sent to mount guard in Boston harbor and aid the revenue commissioners; and while she lay there several of the citizens were seized and impressed as seamen.

Now, while the town was very indignant over this lawless kidnapping of its citizens, on the 10th of June, John Hancock's sloop Liberty was seized at the wharf by a boat's crew from the Romney, for an alleged violation of the revenue laws, though without official warrant. Insults and incriminations ensued between the officers and the citizens assembled on the wharf, until after a while the excitement grew into a

mild form of riot, in which a few windows were broken, some of the officers were pelted, and finally a pleasure-boat belonging to the collector was pulled up out of the water, carried to the Common, and burned there — when, at length, Hancock and Adams arriving upon the scene, put a stop to the commotion.

A few days afterward a town-meeting was held in Faneuil Hall; but as the crowd was too great to be contained in the building, it was adjourned to the Old South Meeting-House, where Otis addressed the people from the pulpit.

A petition to the Governor was prepared, in which it was set forth that the impressment of peaceful citizens was an illegal act, and that the state of the town was as if war had been declared against it; and the Governor was requested to order the instant removal of the frigate from the harbor. A committee of twenty-one leading citizens was appointed to deliver this petition to the Governor at his house in Jamaica Plain.

In his letters to the Secretary of State, Bernard professed to live in constant fear of assassination, and was always begging for troops to protect him against the incendiary and blackguard mob of Boston. Yet, as he looked down the beautiful road from his open window that summer afternoon, what he saw was not a ragged mob armed with knives and bludgeons, shouting "*Liberty or death,*" and bearing the head of a revenue collector aloft on the point of a pike — what he saw was a quiet procession of eleven chaises, from which there alighted at his door twenty-one gentlemen, as sedate and stately in demeanor as those old Roman senators at whom the Gaulish chief so marveled.

There followed a very affable interview, during which wine was passed around; and

next day the Governor's answer was read in town-meeting, declining to remove the frigate, but promising that in future there should be no more impressment of Massachusetts citizens; and with this compromise the wrath of the people was, for the moment, assuaged.

Affairs of this sort, reported with gross exaggeration by the Governor and revenue commissioners to the ministry, produced in England the impression that Boston was a lawless and riotous town, full of cutthroats and blacklegs, whose violence could only be held in check by martial law. Of all the misconceptions of America by England, which brought about the American Revolution, perhaps this notion of the extreme turbulence of Boston was the most ludicrous.

During the ten years of excitement which preceded the war of independence, if we except the one shameful riot in which Hutchinson's house was sacked, there was much less uproar and confusion in Boston than might reasonably have been expected. In all this time not a drop of blood was shed by the people, nor was anybody's life for a moment in danger at their hands.

The only fit ground for wonder is that they behaved themselves so quietly. The disturbance attending the seizure of the sloop Liberty was a fair sample of the disorders, which occurred at moments of extreme excitement, and it was nothing compared to the riots, which used to happen in London in those days.

"The worst you could say about Boston," observed Colonel Barré in Parliament, *"was that she was imitating the mother country."*

Even before the affair of the Liberty, the government had made up its mind to send troops to Boston. The avowed purpose in

sending them was to preserve order; and such events as the sacking of Hutchinson's house must have gone far toward creating in England a public opinion, which should sanction such a measure. But beneath this avowed purpose lay the ultimate purpose, on the part of the King and his friends, of intimidating the popular party and enforcing the Townshend act.

The people of Boston understood this perfectly well. They knew that the Townshend act was contrary to the whole spirit of the British constitution; and in this they were at one with many of the ablest and most liberal statesmen of England. There were no disorders that had not directly originated in British aggressions — not one. Let this unjust and mischievous act of legislation be repealed, and there would be no disorders to be repressed.

Whatever the ostensible purpose by which the sending of these troops was justified to the British people, there could be no doubt as to its real meaning. It meant the substitution of brute force for argument; it meant military tyranny. And this, I say, the people of Boston knew full well, although some of their descendants seem to have forgotten it.

In September 1768, it was announced in Boston that the troops were on their way, and would soon be landed. There happened to be a legal obstacle, unforeseen by the ministry, to their being quartered in the city.

In accordance with the general act of Parliament for quartering troops, the regular barracks at Castle William in the harbor would have to be filled before the town could be required to find quarters for any troops. Another clause of the act provided that if any military officer should take upon himself to quarter soldiers in any of His Majesty's dominion, otherwise than as

allowed by the act, he should straightway be dismissed the service.

At the news that the troops were about to arrive, the Governor was asked to convene the Assembly, that it might be decided how to receive them. On Bernard's refusal, the selectmen of Boston issued a circular, inviting all the towns of Massachusetts to send delegates to a general convention, in order that deliberate action might be taken upon this important matter.

In answer to the circular, delegates from ninety-six towns assembled in Faneuil Hall, and, laughing at the Governor's order to "*disperse*," proceeded to show how, in the exercise of the undoubted right of public assembly, the colony could virtually legislate for itself in the absence of its regular Legislature. The convention, finding that nothing was necessary for Boston to do but insist upon strict compliance with the letter of the law, adjourned.

In October, two regiments — the Fourteenth and Twenty-ninth — arrived, and were allowed to land without opposition, but no lodging was provided for them. Governor Bernard, in fear of an affray, had gone out into the country; but nothing could have been further from the thoughts of the people. The commander, Colonel Dalrymple of the Fourteenth, requested shelter for his men, but was told that he must quarter them in the barracks at Castle William. As the night was frosty, however, they were compassionately allowed to sleep in Faneuil Hall.

Next day, the Governor, finding everything quiet, came back, and heard Dalrymple's complaint. But in vain did he apply in turn to the Council, to the selectmen, and to the justices of the peace, to grant quarters for the troops: he was told that the law was plain, and that the Castle must first be occupied. The Governor then tried to get

possession of an old dilapidated building, which belonged to the colony, but the tenants had taken legal advice, and told him to turn them out if he dared. Nothing could be more provoking.

General Gage was obliged to come on from his headquarters at New York; but not even he, the commander-in-chief of his Majesty's forces in America, could quarter the troops in violation of the statute, without running the risk of being cashiered on conviction before two justices of the peace.

So the soldiers stayed in tents on the Commons, until the weather grew so cold that Dalrymple was obliged to hire some buildings for them at exorbitant rates and at the expense of the crown.

By the time this question was settled, two more regiments — the Sixty-fourth and the Sixty-fifth — had arrived, and were quartered in some large storehouses on Wheelwright's wharf. The Fourteenth was quartered in a building on Brattle street, owned by James Murray, and henceforth known as "*Murray's Barracks*;" the Twenty-ninth was quartered between King and Water streets; and the main guard was accommodated in King Street near the Town House.

Small detachments were posted at the ferries and on Boston Neck, and two cannon were planted on King Street with their muzzles pointing toward the Town House — for what purpose it would be hard to say; but it could hardly be otherwise interpreted by the people than as a menace and an insult.

No sooner were the soldiers thus established in Boston than Samuel Adams published the series of letters signed "*Vindex*," in which he argued that to quarter an army among the people of

Massachusetts without the consent of the Legislature was as unjustifiable and as gross a violation of the Bill of Rights as it would be to quarter an army in London without the consent of Parliament. In other words, the troops were intruders and trespassers in Boston; they had no right to be here at all, since the government had transcended its constitutional powers in sending them. This was part and parcel of Adams' doctrine, that the Massachusetts Legislature was as supreme in Massachusetts as the Parliament in Great Britain; that Americans must be governed by lawmakers chosen by themselves, and not by lawmakers chosen by other people.

It was to maintain this doctrine that the Revolutionary War was fought; and our forefathers, who maintained it, were quite right in holding that the soldiers were intruders, who might with entire propriety be warned off the premises or forcibly ejected, should occasion require it.

For the present the milder course of petition to the King was the proper one; and in the annual March meeting of 1769, a paper was adopted, praying for the removal of the troops. In April the ministry, without consulting Governor Bernard, instructed General Gage at New York to use his own discretion as to keeping the troops at Boston or withdrawing them.

Early in June Gage ordered the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth Regiments away from Boston, and in the letter in which he advised Bernard of this order, he asked him if it would not be better to removed the other two regiments also. The citizens, hearing of this, held a town-meeting, and declared that the civil magistrates were quite able to protect life and property, so that the mere presence of the troops was an insult to the town. Bernard, however, wrote to Gage that it would not be prudent to remove the

troops, though perhaps one regiment in the town and one at the Castle might be enough.

The result was that nothing more was done, and the Fourteen and Twenty-ninth Regiments remained at their quarters. In July, Bernard sailed for England, leaving affairs in the hands of Hutchinson as lieutenant-governor.

While these things were going on, the soldiers did many things that greatly annoyed the people. They led brawling, riotous lives, and made the quiet streets hideous by night with their drunken shouts. Scores of loose women, who had followed the regiments across the ocean, came to scandalize the town for a while, and then to encumber the almshouse.

On Sundays the soldiers would race horses on the Common, or would play "*Yankee Doodle*" just outside the church-doors during the services. Now and then oaths, or fisticuffs, or blows with sticks were exchanged between soldiers and citizens, and at length a much more serious affair occurred.

One evening in September a dastardly assault was made upon James Otis at the British Coffee House by one Robinson, a Commissioner of Customs, assisted by half a dozen army officers. It was a strange parallel to the assault upon Charles Sumner by Brooks of South Carolina, shortly before the War of Secession. Otis was savagely beaten, and received a blow on the head with a sword, from the effects of which he never recovered, but finally lost his reason.

The popular wrath at this outrage was intense, but there was no disturbance. Otis brought suit against Robinson, and recovered two thousand pounds in damages, but refused to accept a penny of

it when Robinson confessed himself in the wrong, and humbly asked pardon for his irreparable offence.

During the next six months the tension of feeling steadily increased. Dr. Franklin wrote from London that he lived in constant dread of the news of some outbreak that might occasion irreparable mischief. In the course of February 1770, there were an unusual number of personal encounters.

In one or two instances criminals were forcibly rescued from the hands of the constable. Citizens were pricked with bayonets. On the 22d of that month, a well-known informer named Richardson, being pelted by a party of school boys, withdrew into his house, opened a window, and fired at random into the crowd, killing a little boy, Christopher Snyder, about eleven years of age, and severely wounding a son of Captain John Gore.

The funeral of the murdered boy took place on Monday, the 26th, and was attended by a grand procession of citizens. It was with some difficulty that Richardson, on his way to jail, was protected from the wrath of the people. On his trial in April he was convicted of murder, but after two years in prison was pardoned. We can well understand that the state of feeling in the days following the little boy's funeral must have been extremely intense.

Quarrels and blows were constantly occurring that week. The Twenty-ninth Regiment, according to Hutchinson, contained a number of rough and ill-disciplined fellows, and as their quarters were very near Mr. John Gray's ropewalk, they came into frequent collision with the workmen.

On Friday things assumed a decidedly warlike aspect. About noon a soldier put his

head into one of the windows of the ropewalk, and gave vent to his spleen in oaths and taunts, until presently a workman came out and knocked him down, while another took away his sword. The soldier then went to the barracks and returned with a dozen companions armed with clubs. A fight ensued, in which the soldiers were worsted, and beat a retreat.

Presently they returned again, reinforced to the number of thirty or forty, but all hands in the ropewalk were now ready to receive them, and they were again beaten off with bruises and scars. Cutlasses were used, and some blood was drawn, though no one was seriously hurt.

On Saturday, Colonel Carr, commander of the Twenty-ninth, complained to Governor Hutchinson; and on Monday the complaint was laid before the Council, and several members of that body declared their opinion that the only way of insuring against a deadly affray was to withdraw the two regiments from the town to the Castle. In the afternoon a handbill was posted by the soldiers, informing the rebellious people of Boston that they were determined to join together and defend themselves against all opponents. There was some anxiety among the citizens, and people gathered in groups on street-corners, discussing the situation.

The loud and angry threats of the soldiers led many to believe that a massacre was intended. It was time, they said, to wet their bayonets in the blood of these New England people. At about eight in the evening, a crowd collected near the barracks in Brattle Street. Conspicuous among the throng was a very tall colored man, who seemed to be acting as a leader. From bandying abusive epithets with the soldiers, the crowd went on to pelt them with snowballs, while, in turn; blows were dealt with the butt-ends of muskets.

Presently, Captain Goldfinch coming along, ordered his men into their barracks for the night, and thus seemed to have stopped the affray. But meanwhile some one had got into the Old Brick Meeting-house, opposite the head of King Street — where the Sears Building now stands — and rung the bell; and this, being interpreted as an alarm of fire, brought out many more people into the moonlit streets. It was now a little past nine o'clock. Bands of soldiers and of citizens were hurrying hither and thither, and the accounts of what happened are as disorderly and conflicting as the incidents, which they try to relate.

There were cries of "*Town-born, turn out! The red-coats are going to kill us!*" and responses from the soldiers, "*Damn you, we will walk a lane through you all!*" Between the limits of what are now known as Dock Square and School Street in the one direction and Scollay Square and Long Wharf in the other, there was the surging of the crowd, — not a vast and continuous crowd, but a series of groups of enraged men, gesticulating and cursing, actuated by no definite plan, but simply giving incoherent utterance to the passions which had been so long restrained, and were at last wrought up beyond endurance.

In Dock Square, "*a tall gentleman in a large white wig and red cloak*" harangued the crowd for a few minutes, and they listened quietly while he was speaking. Who this mysterious person was, or what he said, has never been ascertained. Presently there was a shout of "*Hurrah for the main guard! There is the nest!*" and the crowd began pouring into King Street, through Exchange lane, while the tall colored man, whose name was Crispus Attucks, led a party in the same direction through the lower part of Cornhill, now included in Washington street.

In front of the Custom House, on the corner of King Street and Exchange Lane, a sentinel was pacing. A few minutes before, as Captain Goldfinch passed by on his way to stop the affray in Brattle Street, a barber's apprentice had reviled him for having had his hair dressed and gone off without paying. The sentinel knocked the boy down, and was forthwith pelted with snowballs by other boys.

While this was going on, the crowd from Dock Square arrived upon the scene, and the sentinel retreated up the steps of the Custom House, and called for help. Some one ran to the guardhouse and cried, "*They are killing the sentinel; Turn out the guard!*" Captain Preston and seven or eight privates from the Twenty-ninth came up the street upon the double-quick, prodding people with their bayonets and shouting, "*Make way, damn you, make way!*" "*Are you going to murder people?*" asked a sailor. "*Yes, by God, root and branch,*" was the reply.

As the soldiers formed in a half-circle around the sentry-box, and Preston ordered them to prime and load, the bookseller, Henry Knox, afterward major-general in the Continental Army, seized the captain by the coat, and warned him that if blood was shed, he would have to answer for it with his life. "*I know it,*" said Preston. "*I hope,*" said another gentleman, "*you do not intend to fire on the people.*" "*By no means,*" said Preston.

The crowd pressed up to the muzzles of the guns, threw snow in the soldier's faces, and dared them to fire. Amid the clamor and scurry there were so many cries of "*Fire!*" that it would not have been strange had some one of them been mistaken for an order.

It is most likely that no such order was given by Preston; but all at once seven of the leveled pieces were discharged, not simultaneously, but in quick succession like the striking of a clock. The first shot, fired by a soldier named Montgomery, killed Crispus Attucks, who was standing quietly at a little distance leaning upon a stick. The second, fired by one Kilroy, slew Samuel Gray, who was just stepping toward the fallen Attucks. The next killed James Caldwell, a sailor, standing in the middle of the street. Samuel Maverick, a boy of seventeen, and Patrick Carr had heard the church-bell, and come out to see where the fire was. They were shot and mortally wounded as they were crossing the street. Maverick died next morning, Carr nine days later. Six other men fell, dangerously, but not fatally, wounded.

The church-bells now began pealing, the alarm was spread through the town, people flocked by hundreds to the scene, the drums beat to arms, the Twenty-ninth Regiment was called out, and drawn up for platoon firing, and a general slaughter seemed imminent, when the arrival of Hutchinson put an end to the tumult. The scholarly lieutenant-governor, in his study in North square had heard the bells, and supposed there was a fire somewhere; but soon there came knocks at his front door, and flurried and breathless cries that "*the troops had risen on the people.*"

Making all haste to King Street, he shouted indignantly to Preston, "*Are you the commanding officer?*" "*Yes, sir.*" "*What do you mean by firing on the people without an order from a civil magistrate?*" All that could be heard of Preston's reply was something about saving the sentry.

A sudden surge of the crowd pushed Hutchinson in through the door of the Town House. He ran up-stairs into the Council chamber and came out on the balcony. In

spite of his Tory sympathies, his lofty character and the memory of his splendid public services still gave him much weight with the people, and they listened quietly as he addressed them. A court of inquiry was ordered, the soldiers were sent to their barracks, Preston and his squad were arrested, the people slowly dispersed to their homes, and it was three o'clock in the morning before Hutchinson left the scene.

In the forenoon the Council advised the removal of the offending regiment — the Twenty-ninth — but in the afternoon an immense town-meeting, called at Faneuil Hall, adjourned to the Old South Meeting-house; and as they passed by the Town House, the lieutenant-governor, looking upon their march, judged "*their spirit to be as high as was the spirit of their ancestors when they imprisoned Andros, while they were four times as numerous.*"

All the way from the church to the Town House the street was crowded with the people, while a committee, headed by Samuel Adams, waited upon the lieutenant-governor, and received his assurance that the Twenty-ninth Regiment should be removed. As the committee came out from the Town House to carry the lieutenant-governor's reply to the meeting in the church, the people pressed back on either side to let them pass; and Adams, leading the way with uncovered head through the lane thus formed, and bowing first to one side and to the other, passed along the watchword "*Both regiments or none!*"

When, in the church, the question was put to vote, three thousand voices shouted, "*Both regiments or none!*" and armed with this ultimatum the committee returned to the Town House, where the lieutenant-governor was seated with Colonel Dalrymple and the members of the Council. Then Adams, in quiet but earnest tones, stretching forth his

arm and pointing his finger at Hutchinson, reminded him that if, as royal governor of the province, he had the power to remove one regiment, he had equally the power to remove both; that the voice of three thousand freemen demanded that all soldiery be forthwith removed from the town; and that if he failed to heed their just demands, he did so at his peril. *"I observed his knees to tremble,"* said the old hero afterward, *"I saw his face grow pale, and I enjoyed the sight!"*

Before sundown the order had gone forth for the removal of both regiments to Castle William, and not until then did the meeting in the church break up.

It has often been remarked that this scene in the Council Chamber would make a fine subject for an historical painting. The removal of the instruments of tyranny at the behest of a New England town-meeting was certainly one of the most impressive scenes in history, and it summed up the coming Revolution as an overture sums up the musical drama to which it is prefixed. It was four years before British troops were again quartered in Boston; and on the sixth anniversary of the memorable scene in the Council Chamber, General Howe looked with rueful gaze at Washington's threatening batteries on Dorchester Heights, and decided that it was high time to retreat from the town.

When the news of the affray in King Street, and the consequent removal of the troops, reached England, the King's friends were chagrined, and there was some discussion in Parliament as to whether it would do to submit tamely to such a defeat. It was suggested that the troops ought to be ordered back into the town, when Colonel Barré pithily asked, *"If, under the circumstances, the commanders over there saw fit to remove the troops, what minister*

here will venture to order them back?" As nobody was ready with a reply to this question, the subject was dropped; but for many years afterwards the Fourteenth and Twenty-ninth Regiments were familiarly known in Parliament as *"The Sam Adams Regiments."*

It was the sacrifice of the lives of Crispus Attucks, Samuel Gray, James Caldwell, Samuel Maverick and Patrick Carr that brought about this preliminary victory of the American Revolution. Their death effected in a moment what seventeen months of petition and discussion had failed to accomplish.

Instead of the King's representatives intimidating the people of Boston, it was the people of Boston that had intimidated the King's representatives. Nature is apt to demand some forfeit in accomplishing great results, and for achieving this particular result the lives of those five men were the forfeit. It is, therefore, historically correct to regard them as the first martyrs to the cause of American independence; as such they have long deserved a monument in the most honorable place that Boston could give for the purpose; and such a place is Boston Common. If experience did not teach us how full the world is of paradox and looseness of thought, I should deem it incredible that any student of history should ever have doubted so plain and obvious a conclusion.

The present generation of historical students is very creditably engaged in attempts to do justice to the motives of the Tories of the Revolution, who have, in many instances, been maligned and misunderstood. Such attempts deserve our warmest sympathy, for it is the duty of the historian to understand the past, and only in so far as he divests himself of partisan prejudice can he understand it.

But in order to be fair toward Tories, it is not necessary to become Tories ourselves. We seem to be in some danger of forgetting this obvious caution. Some of our scholars seem to have swung around into the Tory view of the events, which ushered in the Revolution, and things have been said about the Boston Massacre, which one would think fit to make glorious old Samuel Adams turn in his grave.

The motives and purposes of the victims have been belittled or aspersed. In truth, we know little or nothing about their motives and purposes; but we may fairly suppose them to have been actuated by the same feelings toward the soldiery that animated Adams and Warren and the patriots of Boston in general.

The five victims were obscure men. As we have lately been reminded, they did not belong to our *"first families."* This, however, did not prevent Doctor Warren from calling them *"our slaughtered brethren,"* and I do not suppose anybody that heard this phrase from the lips of that high-minded patriot would have attributed it to a seeking after political effect. The immense concourse of people, including our *"first families,"* that followed them on the 8th of March to their grave in the Old Granary Burying-ground, unquestionably regarded them as victims who had suffered in the common cause.

Of their personal history next to nothing is known. Three of them — Caldwell, Carr and Maverick — would seem to have been bystanders accidentally shot. Of the two who took a prominent part in the affair, Gray was one of the workmen at the ropewalk: Attucks was a stranger in Boston. He was a sailor employed on Captain Folger's whaleship from Nantucket, which was lying in Boston harbor. He was described as a mulatto, and may very probably have been

the slave Crispus, six foot two inches in height, who ran away from his master, William Browne, of Framingham, in the fall of 1750, and was duly advertised in the Boston Gazette of November 20, in that year. It that be the case, he was about forty-six years old at the time of his death. It has also been argued that he may have been a Natick Indian, since the name Attucks is certainly an Indian name signifying *"deer."* Quite likely he had both Indian and African blood in his veins; such a thing was not unusual in the country about Framingham. At the time of his death his home is said to have been in the Island of Nassau, and he was apparently embarked for North Carolina, working his way, perhaps, towards his home. From this time until independence was won, there was hardly a struggle in which brave men of his race and color did not nobly acquit themselves.

Such was the famous *"Boston Massacre."* The excellent British historian, Mr. Lecky, observes that *"there are many dreadful massacres recorded in the pages of history — the Massacre of the Danes by the Saxons, the Massacre of the Sicilian Vespers, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew — but it may be questioned whether any of them produced such torrents of indignant eloquence as this affair."* (Hist. Eng. III., 367.)

In commenting upon the very gentle sarcasm here implied, I would remind Mr. Lecky that it would not do to try to measure history with a foot-rule. Lord Sherbrooke — better known as Robert Lowe — declared a few years ago, in a speech on the uses of a classical education that the Battle of Marathon was really of less account than a modern colliery explosion, because only one hundred and ninety-two of the Greek army lost their lives.

From such a point of view, one might argue that the "*Boston Massacre*" was an event of far less importance than an ordinary free fight among Colorado gamblers. It is needless to say that this is not the historical point of view.

Historically, the "*Boston Massacre*" is not only important from the fresh impetus it gave to the nascent revolutionary feeling among the Americans at that time, but it furnishes an instructive illustration of the high state of civilization that had been attained by the people among whom it happened — by the oppressors as well as those whom it was sought to oppress.

The quartering of troops in a peaceful town is something that has in most ages been regarded with horror. Under the senatorial government of Rome, it used to be said that the quartering of troops, even upon a friendly province and for the purpose of protecting it, was a visitation only less to be dreaded than an inroad of hostile barbarians.

When we reflect that the British regiments were encamped in Boston during seventeen months, among a population not whom they were thoroughly odious, the fact that only half a dozen persons lost their lives, and that otherwise no really grave crimes seem to have been committed, is a fact highly creditable both to the discipline of the soldiers and to the moderation of the people.

In most ages and countries the shooting of half a dozen citizens under such circumstances would either have produced but a slight impression, or, on the other hand, would perhaps have resulted on the spot in a wholesale slaughter of the offending soldiers. The fact that so profound an impression was made in Boston and throughout the country, while at the same

time the guilty parties were left to be dealt with in the ordinary course of law, is a striking commentary upon the general peacefulness and decorum of American life; and it shows how high and severe was the standard by which our forefathers judged all lawless proceedings.

And here it may not be irrelevant to add that, throughout the constitutional struggles which led to the Revolution, the American standard of political right and wrong was so high that contemporary European politicians found it sometimes difficult to understand it. And for a like reason, even the most fair-minded modern English historians sometimes fail to see why the Americans should have been so quick to take offence at acts of the British government which doubtless were not meant to be oppressive.

If George III had been a bloodthirsty despot, like Philip II., of Spain; if General Gage had been like the Duke of Alva; if American citizens by the hundred had been burned alive or broken on the wheel in New York and Boston; if towns such as Providence and Hartford had been given up to the cruelty and lust of a beastly soldiery — then no one would ever have found it hard to understand why the Americans should have exhibited a rebellious temper.

But it is one signal characteristic of the progress of political civilization that the part played by sheer brute force in a barbarous age is fully equaled by the part played by a mere covert threat of injustice in a more advanced age. The effect, which a blow in the face would produce upon a barbarian, will be wrought upon a civilized man by an assertion of some far-reaching legal principle, which only in a subtle and ultimate analysis includes the possibility of a blow in the face.

From this point of view, the quickness with which such acts as those of Charles Townshend were comprehended in their remotest bearings is the most striking proof one could wish of the high grade of political culture which our forefathers had reached through their system of perpetual free discussion in town-meeting. They had, moreover, reached a point where any manifestation of simple brute force in the course of a political dispute was exceedingly disgusting and shocking to them. To their minds the careless or wanton slaughter of five citizens conveyed just as much meaning as a St. Bartholomew massacre would have conveyed to the minds of men in a lower stage of political development.

It was not strange, therefore, that Samuel Adams and his friends should have been ready to make the "*Boston Massacre*" the occasion of a moral lesson to their contemporaries. As far as the offending soldiers were concerned, they were most honorably dealt with. There was no attempt to wreak a paltry vengeance on them. Brought to trial on a charge of murder, after a judicious delay of seven months, they were able defended by John Adams and Josiah Quincy, and all were acquitted save Montgomery and Kilroy, who were convicted of manslaughter, and branded in the hand. There were some hot-heads who grumbled at the verdict, but the people of Boston generally acquiesced in it, as they showed by choosing John Adams for their representative in the Assembly.

At the same time, such an event as the "*Boston Massacre*" could not fail for a long time to point a moral among a people so unused to violence and bloodshed. Paul Revere, who was one of the earliest of American engravers, published a quaint colored engraving of the scene in King Street, which for a long time was widely

circulated, though it has now become very scarce. Below the picture are the following verses, written in the rhymed ten-syllable couplets, which the eighteenth century was so fond of turning out, by the yard:

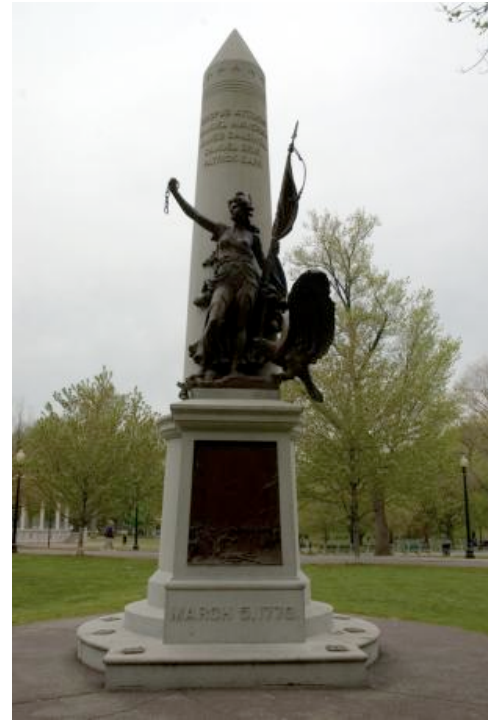
"Unhappy Boston! See thy sons deplore. Thy hallowed walks besmeared with guiltless gore, While faithless P——n and his savage bands With murderous rancor stretch their bloody hands, Like fierce barbarians grinning o'er their prey, Approve the carnage and enjoy the day. If scalding drops from rage, from anguish, wrung, If speechless sorrows laboring for a tongue, Or if a weeping world can aught appease The plaintive ghosts of victims such as these, The patriot's copious tears for each are shed, A glorious tribute which embalms the dead. "But know! Fate summons to that awful goal, Where Justice strips the murderer of his soul; Should venal c——ts, the scandal of the land, Snatch the relentless villain from her hand, Keen execrations on this plate inscribed shall reach a Judge who never can be bribed."

These last lines give expression to the feelings of those who condemned the verdict of the court, and they show how intense was the indignation over the bloodshed and the sympathy for the victims. The self-restraint shown by the people, while under the influence of such feelings, is in the highest degree creditable to Boston; and the moral lessons of the story are such as ought never to be forgotten.

Adams and Warren, and their patriot friends, were right in deciding that the fatal 5th of March should be solemnly commemorated each year by an oration to be delivered in the Old South Meeting-house, and this custom was kept up until

the recognition of American Independence in 1783, when the day for the oration was changed to the 4th of July.

At the very first annual March meeting after the massacre, it was proposed to erect a monument to commemorate it. The form of the proposal shows that the character of the event was understood by the town-people at that time as I have endeavored to set it forth today. In dedicating this memorial on Boston Common after the lapse of more than a century, we are but performing an act of justice too long delayed. There let it stand for future generations to contemplate as a monument of the wickedness and folly of all attempts to employ brute force in compelling the obedience of the people to laws, which they have had no voice in making.



The monument features the Spirit of the Revolution. In her hand she displays a broken chain to symbolize liberty and an American flag. With one foot, she steps on the crown of the British monarchy, and next to her other foot, an eagle readies for flight.

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The definitions of moral character are from Noah Webster's **1828 DICTIONARY**:

character — a mark made by cutting or engraving, as on stone, metal or other hard material...a mark or figure made by stamping or impression...the peculiar qualities, impressed by nature or habit on a person, which distinguish him from others.

charity — love, benevolence, good will.

chastity — purity of the body,...freedom from obscenity, as in language or conversation.

civility — the state of being civilized; refinement of manners; good breeding; politeness; complaisance; courtesy,...civilities denote acts of politeness.

complaisance — a pleasing deportment; courtesy; that manner of address and behavior in social intercourse which gives pleasure; civility.

complaisant — pleasing in manners; courteous; obliging.

courtesy — elegance or politeness of manners; especially, politeness connected with kindness; civility...to treat with civility.

ethics — the doctrines of morality or social manners...a system of moral principles.

evil — having bad qualities of a moral kind; wicked; corrupt; perverse; wrong...moral evil is any deviation of a moral agent from the rules of conduct prescribed to him by God, or by legitimate human authority.

felicity — happiness; blessedness.

fidelity — faithfulness; careful and exact observance of duty,...honesty; veracity.

humble — lowly, modest; meek.

humility — in ethics, freedom from pride and arrogance; humbleness of mind.

industry — habitual diligence in any employment, either bodily or mental.

justice — the virtue which consists in giving everyone what is his due...honesty and integrity in commerce or mutual intercourse.

manner — form; method; way of performing or executing; custom; habitual practice.

mannerly — with civility; respectfully; without rudeness.

manners — deportment; carriage; behavior; conduct; course of life; in a moral sense.

modesty — that lowly temper which accompanies a moderate estimate of one's own worth and importance.

moral — relating to the practice, manners or conduct of men as social beings in relation to each other, and with reference to right and wrong. The word moral is applicable to actions that are good or evil, virtuous, or vicious, and has reference to the law of God as the standard by which their character is to be determined.

morality — the doctrine or system of moral duties, or duties of men in their social character; ethics.

polite — literally, smooth, glossy, and used in this sense till within a century. Being polished or elegant in manners; refined in behavior; well bred; courteous; complaisant; obliging.

precept — in a general sense, any commandment or order intended as an authoritative rule of action; but applied particularly to commands respecting moral conduct. The Ten Commandments are so many precepts for the regulation of our moral conduct.

principle — in a general sense, the cause, source or origin of anything; that from which a thing proceeds; as the principle of motion; the principles of actions;...ground; foundation; that which supports an assertion, an action, or a series of actions or of reasoning....a general truth; a law comprehending many subordinate truths; as the principles of morality, of law, of government, etc.

quality — property; that which belongs to a body or substance, or can be predicated of it...virtue or particular power of producing certain effects...disposition; temper...virtue or vice as good qualities, or bad qualities...character.

refinement — the act of purifying by separating from a substance all extraneous matter;...polish of language; elegance; purity,...purity of heart; the state of the heart purified from sensual and evil affections.

rule — government,...control; supreme command or authority;...that which is established as a principle, standard or directory; that by which anything is to be adjusted or regulated, or to which it is to be conformed...established mode or course of proceeding prescribed in private life. Every man should have some fixed rules for managing his own affairs.

strength — firmness; solidity or toughness...power of resisting attacks; fastness.

temperance — moderation; particularly, habitual, moderation in regard to the indulgence of the natural appetites and passions.

truth — conformity to fact or reality; true state of facts.

valor — strength of mind in regard to danger; that quality which enables a man to encounter danger with firmness; person bravery.

veracity — habitual observance of truth.

vice — properly, a spot or defect; a fault; a blemish...in ethics, any voluntary action or course of conduct which deviates from the rules of moral rectitude, or from the plain rules of propriety...corruption of manners.

virtue — strength, the practice of moral duties and abstaining from vice...the practice of moral duties from sincere love to God and His laws, is virtue and religion.