BIOGRAPHY

OF

GENERAL JOSEPH WARREN,

BY A BOSTONIAN.

1857.

Jos. Warren

Biographical Sketch

OF

GEN. JOSEPH WARREN,

EMBRACING THE

PROMINENT EVENTS OF HIS LIFE,

AND HIS

BOSTON ORATIONS OF 1772 AND 1775;

TOGETHER

WITH THE CELEBRATED EULOGY PRONOUNCED BY PEREZ MORTON, M. M.,

ON THE RE-INTERMENT OF THE REMAINS BY THE MASONIC ORDER,

At King's Chapel, in 1776.

BY A BOSTONIAN.

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PREFACE.

The plaudits of an admiring country have been bestowed with lavish generosity upon the name of Joseph Warren. With the single exception of the illustrious Washington, no other military hero of the revolution has so often been the theme of the orator, the subject of appreciative eulogy, or the star towards which a grateful posterity has been proud to point as an emblem of American courage and patriotism. In the review which we have attempted of his eminent services, both in the deliberations of the public councils and in the din of the battle-field, it has been the aim of the writer to place this admirable character before the public in a light calculated to display his merits as they should be known to his countrymen. The evidence of cotemporary writers has been adduced, as well as those of a later period who by their research in historical subjects have been regarded as worthy of credit in matters pertaining to the American revolution; and every known authority calculated to throw any light upon the short

but brilliant career of General Warren, has been consulted. In a work admitting of almost infinite extension, it is difficult to draw the line between "burying the subject in a book," and a too brief consideration of the stirring events of which it treats. The happy medium, it is hoped, has not been widely departed from in this instance.

JUNE, 1857.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

GENERAL JOSEPH WARREN.

CHAPTER I.

The Birth and Childhood of Joseph Warren.—His College Life.—Anecdote. — Graduates. — Commences the Study and Practice of Medicine.—His Political Opinions.—The Secret Club.—Friendship with Samuel Adams. — On the Committee to demand the Withdrawal of the Troops in 1770. — Elected to the State Legislature; — His First Oration on the Boston Massacre. — His Eminent Services in the Popular Cause.

It has been observed, that biography is a subject of such thrilling interest, that the memory of most men in every age and nation, who have rendered themselves eminent, either in the cause of virtue or vice, glory or infamy, has been handed down in the pages of history. Among the unlettered nations of the earth we find the exploits of their heroes and sages recorded with hieroglyphics in wild simplicity, or find their names interwoven in the wild and more romantic tales of mysterious tradition. When graced with truth and impartiality, the subject is not only interesting, but calculated

to enrich our minds, by producing a desire to emulate the examples of the great and good, and by pointing out to us the paths of error, that may lead us to disgrace and ruin. The interest felt in the history of an individual depends much upon the manner in which the biographer performs his important duty, but more upon the sphere of action, and the magnitude and glory of the cause in which the individual has been engaged. The cause in which JOSEPH WARREN, the subject of this sketch, was engaged, is one deeply interesting to every philanthropist, and more especially to every American. It was the cause of humanity and equal rights, opposed to cruelty and oppression; the cause of American independence, opposed to British tyranny. The *part* he acted was included in the flower of manhood as a statesman and soldier. As the statesman and patriotic orator, he acted a conspicuous part in his native State; and, as the soldier, he claims our attention, not only for the generous courage and chivalrous bearing he evinced on the battle field, but from the fact that he was the first of the band of heroes who fell in the high places of the field, in defence of American liberty.

Of the childhood of Joseph Warren, but little is known. He was born in Roxbury, Massachusetts, in 1740, and doubtless received the rudiments of his education at the Grammar School of Master Lovell, a seminary where many of the patriots of the revolution were prepared for the severer studies of Harvard. In 1755 he entered college, where he sustained the char-

acter of a youth of talent, fine manners, of a generous disposition, and a noble, independent deportment, united to great personal courage and perseverance. Though but fifteen years of age when he commenced his studies at the University, he graduated with honor in 1759, and received his degree of Master of Arts in 1762.

Among the few anecdotes transmitted of his college career, the following will illustrate his fearlessness and determination at that age, when character can hardly be said to be formed. Several students of Warren's class shut themselves into a room to arrange some college affairs, in a way which they knew would be contrary to his wishes, and barred the door so effectually that he could not, without great violence, force it. But he did not give over the attempt of getting among them; for, perceiving that the window of the room in which they were assembled was open, and near a spout which extended from the roof of the building to the ground, he went to the top of the house, slid down the eaves, seized the spout, and when he had descended as far as the window, threw himself into the chamber among them. At that instant the spout, which was decayed and very weak, gave way, and fell to the ground. He looked at it without emotion, said it had served his purpose, and began to take part in the business.

On leaving college, Mr. Warren turned his attention to the study of medicine. He was soon qualified for practice, and in the year 1764, when the small-pox

spread through Boston, and vast numbers were inoculated, he was among the physicians who were most eminent in the profession. Had he confined his views to professional business, he might have enjoyed the affluence of wealth, with a high reputation. He certainly was happy in the affection and friendship of a very numerous part of the town, who had the highest opinion of his humanity and skill. His fine address, as well as his taste for philosophy and belles-lettres, gained him the esteem and regard of the learned; while his frank, open disposition, and obliging attention to persons under various circumstances of distress, caused him to be greatly beloved by those who tread the humble walks of life. But his mind was too ardent and active to be confined to the duties of a profession, and he was a stranger to the passion of avarice. He soon had an opportunity to show his talents as a fine writer, as well as his burning eloquence and patriotic zeal. These were manifested on many occasions, from the year of the Stamp Act to the opening of hostilities, which separated the Colonies from Great Britain. He stood among the foremost of that class of *bold politicians*, as they were then distinguished from the less zealous advocates of colonial rights, known as *moderate whigs*. While some continued to maintain sophistical distinctions between internal and external taxation, and advocated sending petition after petition to the foot of the throne; while the generality of citizens dreaded a war between the yet feeble Colonies and the omnipotent

power of England, — he rose superior to these fears, and openly despised the suppliant tone of the Colonies to the mother country. He was *uniform* in his opinion that every kind of taxation was complete tyranny; and it was a common expression with him, "that we could fight our own battles if England sent her armies over the Atlantic." He was persuaded that Great Britain would never send large armies, a mistake which he did not live to correct; "but let them make ever so great exertions to conquer America," he once remarked, "they can only destroy our sea-ports, — they will never be able to penetrate into the country; and we ought to make any sacrifice, rather than submit to arbitrary and oppressive measures, and be so mean and pusillanimous as to tremble at the *rods* which will continually be shaken over our heads."

From the year 1768 he was a principal member, with Samuel Adams and others, of the secret meeting or *caucus* in Boston, which had a potent influence on the political movements of the day. Many of the members of this club filled public offices; but the meetings for some years were private, and but few knew from whence the public measures of resistance to British tyranny originated. In 1772, they agreed to increase their number, to meet in a large room, and invite some of the principal mechanics to join them. A portion of the journals of this club are yet in good preservation; and from them we may glean the secret but powerful measures which were adopted,—such as electing true sons

of liberty, and known adherents to the popular cause, to the provincial legislature, and to other offices of public trust.

The club thus fully organized met in a house near the "North Battery," and "more than sixty persons" were present at the first meeting. Their regulations were drawn up by Dr. Warren, and another member whose name does not appear; and it seems that "no important measures were taken without first consulting him and his particular friends."

It was during these meetings, which were frequent and important, that the intimacy and firm friendship sprung up between Dr. Warren and the patriarch Samuel Adams. Though the latter was elder by eighteen years, and, as the venerable leader of the opposition, was looked to by the other patriots as the guide and director in the stormy crisis of the revolution, yet the generous, impulsive ardor of the one was so completely interwoven with the clear sagacity, prudence, and calm deliberation of the other, that they seemed to lean upon each other with the affection of brothers. Together they moved and acted; and when the news of his death reached his friend, who was then in Congress at Philadelphia, his grief was too deep and profound for utterance. On the re-interment of his remains on the following year, Perez Morton, the orator of the day, thus feelingly alludes to their friendship: "An Adams can witness with how much zeal he loved when he had formed the sacred connection of a *friend:*

their kindred souls were so closely twined, that both felt one joy, one affliction." And a few months later, in his oration at Philadelphia, Samuel Adams concluded: "If I have a wish dearer to my soul than that my ashes may be mingled with those of a Warren and Montgomery, it is that these *American States* may never cease to be *free and independent.*"

In the patriotic assembly we have alluded to, the plans of defence were matured. After the destruction of the tea it was no longer kept a secret; but the place of meeting was changed in the spring of 1775 to the Green Dragon. From 1768 to 1775, few, if any, among the patriots equalled Dr. Warren in the energy of his purposes, the zeal with which he supported the cause of his country, or his utter contempt of danger.

From the time of the "Boston Massacre," he took a leading part in the efforts made by the town to effect the removal of the troops, and was one of the committee of seven, of which Samuel Adams was chairman, when the celebrated scene occurred between the latter and Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson. The town appointed a committee of three, consisting of James Boudoin, Joseph Warren, and Samuel Pemberton, to draw up a particular account of the tragedy, "that a full and just representation may be made thereof." The report was published in pamphlet form, and forwarded to England by a vessel chartered by the town for that special purpose. It bears evidence of the style and vigorous sentiments of Dr. Warren, and there can

be but little doubt that he had the principal hand in preparing it.

Dr. Warren took his seat in the State Legislature in May, 1770, as one of the Boston members; and we find his name among those appointed to draft numerous important State papers and messages, and to assist in the controversy then waging between the House and Lt.-Governor Hutchinson, on the removal of the Legislature to Cambridge. His eloquent voice was doubtless employed in debate on this subject, and his exertions must have contributed largely to the support of the popular cause. He was re-elected in 1773, and equally distinguished himself during that momentous and exciting session.

In March, 1772, he was applied to by a committee of the town of Boston to deliver an oration in the Old South Church, commemorative of the massacre of March, 1770. He was selected from the celebrity he had already acquired as a popular speaker, and his fearlessness in all emergencies requiring personal courage. It was not then known how an oration such as was expected from Dr. Warren would be received by the authorities. The fear of man never entered into his soul, and he would allow no possibility of danger to influence his determination to avow his sentiments freely to his townsmen. But no opposition was manifested by the Tories, and this (the second oration delivered on this subject) was listened to by a vast concourse of people. This production is a striking illustration of

the martial eloquence of his language, the purity of his style, and the power with which he could delineate his subject; but with the mere language of his oration we lose the fervid and irresistible force of action and gesture, the manly beauty of the speaker, the impassioned intonations of voice, which belonged to Joseph Warren equally with any other orator of his day, and which never failed to animate his audience into an enthusiasm as warm as his own.

In this address he does not solely display a facility of language and brilliant oratory; he evinces throughout an intimate knowledge of the rights of the colonists, of the privileges they had inherited from their forefathers who had first settled in the country, and of the insidious invasions of them, which, since the Stamp Act, had been progressively made by Great Britain. His views of the true connection between England and her colonies, as shown by the charter, are comprehensively expressed, and explained with a clearness showing him to have fully understood his subject, and to have been a deep student of the great questions of that epoch. Like George Mason, of Virginia, though not bred to the law, he was completely master of the doctrines of law, and his mind had been stored from the best political writers of his time.

ORATION DELIVERED AT BOSTON,

March 5, 1772.

BY JOSEPH WARREN.

"Quis talia fando,
Myrmidonum, Dolopumve, aut duri miles Ulyssei,
Temperet a lacrymis." *Virgil.*

When we turn over the historic page, and trace the rise and fall of states and empires, the mighty revolutions which have so often varied the face of the world strike our minds with solemn surprise, and we are naturally led to endeavor to search out the causes of such astonishing changes.

That man is formed for *social life* is an observation, which, upon our first inquiry, presents itself immediately to our view; and our reason approves that wise and generous principle which actuated the first founders of civil government,—an institution which hath its origin in the *weakness* of individuals, and hath for its end the *strength and security* of all; and so long as the means of effecting this important end are thoroughly known, and religiously attended to, government is one of the richest blessings to mankind, and ought to be held in the highest veneration.

In young and new-formed communities, the grand design of this institution is most generally understood, and most strictly regarded. The motives which urged

to the social compact cannot be at once forgotten; and *that* equality which is remembered to have subsisted so lately among them prevents those who are clothed with authority from attempting to invade the freedom of their brethren,—or if such an attempt is made, it prevents the community from suffering the offender to go unpunished. Every member feels it to be his interest, and knows it to be his duty, to preserve inviolate the constitution on which the public safety depends,* and he is equally ready to assist the *magistrate* in the execution of the laws, and the *subject* in defence of his right; and so long as this noble attachment to a constitution, founded on free and benevolent principles, exists in full vigor in any State, *that* State must be flourishing and happy.

It was *this* noble attachment to a free constitution which raised ancient Rome from the smallest beginnings to that bright summit of happiness and glory to which she arrived; and it was the loss of *this* which plunged her from *that* summit into the black gulf of infamy and slavery. It was *this* attachment which inspired her senators with wisdom; it was *this* which glowed in the breast of her heroes; it was *this* which guarded her liberties and extended her dominions, gave peace at home, and commanded respect abroad: and, when *this* decayed, her magistrates lost their reverence for justice and the laws, and degenerated into tyrants and

* Omnes ordines ad conservamdam rempublicam, mente, voluntate, studio, virtute, voce, consentiunt.—*Cicero.*

oppressors; her senators, forgetful of their dignity, and seduced by base corruption, betrayed their country; her soldiers, regardless of their relation to the community, and urged *only* by the hopes of plunder and rapine, unfeelingly committed the most flagrant enormities; and, hired to the trade of death, with relentless fury they perpetrated the most cruel murders, whereby the streets of imperial Rome were drenched with her *noblest* blood. Thus *this empress* of the world lost her dominions abroad; and her inhabitants, dissolute in their manners, at length became contented *slaves;* and she stands to this day the scorn and derision of nations, and a monument of this eternal truth, that public happiness depends on a virtuous and unshaken attachment to a free constitution.

It was *this* attachment to a constitution, founded on free and benevolent principles, which inspired the first settlers of this country. They saw with grief the daring outrages committed on the free constitution of their native land,—they knew that nothing but a civil war could at that time restore its pristine purity. So hard was it to resolve to imbrue their hands in the *blood* of their brethren, that they chose rather to quit their fair possessions, and seek another habitation in a distant clime. When they came to this new world, which they fairly purchased of the Indian natives, the only rightful proprietors, they cultivated the then barren soil by their incessant labor, and defended their dear-bought

possessions with the fortitude of the Christian, and the bravery of the hero.

After various struggles, which, during the tyrannic reign of the house of Stuart, were constantly kept up between right and wrong, between liberty and slavery, the connection between Great Britain and this colony was settled, in the reign of King William and Queen Mary, by a compact, the conditions of which were expressed in a charter, by which all the liberties and immunities of British subjects were confined to this province, as fully and as absolutely as they possibly could be by any human instrument which can be devised. And it is undeniably true, that the greatest and most important right of a British subject is, that *he shall be governed by no laws but those to which he, either in person or by his representative, hath given his consent;* and this, I will venture to assert, is the grand basis of British freedom; it is interwoven with the constitution, and whenever this is lost the constitution must be destroyed.

The *British Constitution* (of which ours is a copy) is a happy compound of the three forms (under some of which all governments may be ranged), viz., monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy; of these three the *British Legislature* is composed, and without the consent of each branch, nothing can carry with it the force of a law; but when a law is to be passed for raising a tax, that law can originate only in the democratic branch, which is the House of Commons in Britain, and

the House of Representatives here. The reason is obvious,—they and their constituents are to pay much the largest part of it. But as the aristocratic branch, which in Britain is the House of Lords, and in this province the Council, are also to pay some part, *their* consent is necessary; and as the monarchic branch, which in Britain is the king, and with us either the king in person, or the governor whom he shall be pleased to appoint to act in his stead, is supposed to have a just sense of his own interest, which is that of all the subjects in general, *his* consent is also necessary. And when the consent of these three branches is obtained, the taxation is most certainly legal.

Let us now allow ourselves a few moments to examine the *late acts of the British Parliament for taxing America;* let us with candor judge whether they are constitutionally binding upon us. If they are, in the name of justice let us submit to them, without one murmuring word.

First, I would ask whether the members of the British House of Commons are the democracy of this province. If they are, they are either the people of this province, or are elected by the people of this province to represent them, and have therefore a constitutional right to originate a bill for taxing them. It is most certain they are neither; and, therefore, nothing done by *them* can be said to be done by the democratic branch of our constitution. I would next ask, whether the lords, who compose the aristocratic

branch of the legislature, are peers of America. I never heard it was (even in those extraordinary times) so much as pretended; and, if they are not, certainly no act of *theirs* can be said to be the act of the aristocratic branch of our constitution. The power of the monarchic branch, we with pleasure acknowledge, resides in the king, who may act either in person or by his representative; and I freely confess that I can see no reason why a *proclamation for raising in America*, issued by the king's *sole* authority, would not be equally consistent with our own constitution, and therefore equally binding upon us with the *late acts of the British Parliament for taxing us;* for it is plain, that if there is any validity in *those acts*, it must arise altogether from the monarchical branch of the Legislature. And I further think that it would be at least as equitable; for I do not conceive it to be of the least importance to us by *whom* our property is taken away, so long as it is taken without our consent. And I am very much at a loss to know by what figure of rhetoric the inhabitants of this province can be called free subjects, when they are obliged to obey implicitly such laws as are made for them by men three thousand miles off, whom they know not, and whom they never empowered to act for them; or how they can be said to have property, when a body of men, over whom they have not the least control, and who are not in any way accountable to them, shall oblige them to deliver up any part, or the whole, of their substance, without even asking their

consent. And yet whoever pretends that the late acts of the British Parliament for taxing America ought to be deemed binding upon us, must admit at once that we are absolute *slaves*, and have no property of our own; or else that we may be *freemen*, and at the same time under a necessity of obeying the *arbitrary commands* of those over whom we have no control or influence; and that we may have property of our own, which is entirely at the disposal of another. Such gross absurdities I believe will not be relished in this enlightened age; and it can be no matter of wonder that the people quickly perceived, and seriously complained of, the inroads which these acts must unavoidably make upon their *liberty*, and of the hazard to which their *whole property* is by *them* exposed; for if they may be taxed without their consent, even in the smallest trifle, they may also, without their consent, be deprived of every thing they possess, although ever so valuable, ever so dear. Certainly it never entered the hearts of our ancestors, that, after so many dangers in this then desolate wilderness, their hard-earned property should be at the disposal of the British Parliament. And as it was soon found that this taxation could not be supported by reason and argument, it seemed necessary that one act of oppression should be enforced by another; and therefore, contrary to our just rights as possessing, or at least having a just title to possess, all the *liberties* and *immunities* of British subjects, a standing army was established among us in time of peace; and evi-

dently for the purpose of effecting *that* which it was one principle design of the founders of the constitution to prevent (when they declared a standing army in a time of peace to be *against law*), namely, for the enforcement of obedience to acts which, upon fair examination, appeared to be unjust and unconstitutional.

The ruinous consequences of standing armies to free communities may be seen in the histories of Syracuse, Rome, and many other once flourishing states, some of which have now scarce a name! Their baneful influence is most suddenly felt when they are placed in populous cities; for by a corruption of morals the public happiness is immediately affected. And that this is one of the effects of quartering troops in a populous city is a truth to which many a mourning parent, and many a lost, despairing child in this metropolis, must bear a very melancholy testimony. Soldiers are also taught to consider arms as the only arbiters by which every dispute is to be decided between contending States,—they are instructed *implicitly* to obey their commanders, without inquiring into the justice of the cause they are engaged to support; hence it is that they are ever to be dreaded as the ready engines of tyranny and oppression. And it is, too, observable that they are prone to introduce the same mode of decision in the disputes of individuals, and from thence have often arisen great animosities between *them* and the *inhabitants*, who, whilst in a naked, defenceless state, are frequently insulted and abused by an armed soldiery.

And this will be more especially the case, when the troops are informed that the intention of their being stationed in any city is to overawe the inhabitants. That this was the avowed design of stationing an armed force in this town, is sufficiently known; and *we*, my fellow-citizens, have seen, *we* have felt, the tragical effects! *The fatal 5th of March*, 1770, *can never be forgotten;* the horrors of *that dreadful night* are but too deeply impressed on our hearts; language is too feeble to paint the emotion of our souls, when our streets were stained with the blood of our brethren,—when our ears were wounded by the groans of the *dying*, and our eyes were tormented with the sight of the mangled bodies of the *dead*. When our alarmed imagination presented to our view our houses wrapt in flames,—our children subjected to the barbarous caprice of the raging soldiery,—our beauteous virgins exposed to all the insolence of unbridled passion,—our virtuous wives, endeared to us by every tender tie, falling a sacrifice to worse than brutal violence, and perhaps, like the famed Lucretia, distracted with anguish and despair, ending their wretched lives by their own fair hands; when we beheld the authors of our distress parading in our streets, or drawn up in a regular *battalia*, as though in a hostile city;—our hearts beat to arms; we snatched our weapons, almost resolved, by one decisive stroke, to avenge the death of our *slaughtered brethren*, and to secure from future danger all that we held most dear. But propitious Heaven forbade the bloody car-

nage, and saved the threatened victims of our too keen resentment; not by their discipline, not by their regular array,—no, it was royal George's livery that proved their shield, it was that which turned the pointed engines of destruction from their breasts.* The thoughts of vengeance were soon buried in our inbred affection to Great Britain, and calm reason dictated a method of removing the troops more mild than an immediate recourse to the sword. With united efforts you urged the immediate departure of the troops from the town,—you urged it with a resolution which ensured success; you obtained your wishes, and the removal of the troops was effected, without one drop of *their blood* being shed by the inhabitants.

The immediate actors in the tragedy of that night were surrendered to justice. It is not mine to say how far they were guilty. They have been tried by the country, and *acquitted* of murder! and they are not to be again arraigned at an earthly bar: but surely the men who have promiscuously scattered *death* amidst the *innocent* inhabitants of a populous city, ought to see well to it that they be prepared to stand at the bar of an omniscient judge! and all who con-

* I have the strongest reason to believe that I have mentioned the only circumstance which saved the troops from destruction. It was then and now is, the opinion of those who were best acquainted with the state of affairs at that time, that, had thrice that number of troops belonging to any power at open war with us been in this town, in the same exposed conditon, scarce a man would have lived to have seen the morning light.

trived or encouraged the stationing troops in this place have reasons of eternal importance to reflect, with deep contrition, on their base designs, and humbly to repent of their impious machinations.

The infatuation which hath seemed, for a number of years, to prevail in the British councils, with regard to us, is truly astonishing. What can be proposed by the repeated attacks made upon our freedom, I really cannot surmise; even leaving justice and humanity out of question. I do not know one single advantage which can arise to the British nation, from our being enslaved. I know not of any gains which can be wrung from us by oppression, which they may not obtain from us by our own consent, in the smooth channel of commerce. We wish the wealth and prosperity of Britain; we contribute largely to both. Doth what we contribute lose all its value, because it is done voluntarily? The amazing increase of riches to Britain, the great rise of the value of her lands, the flourishing state of her navy, are striking proofs of the advantages derived to her from her commerce with the colonies; and it is our earnest desire that she may still continue to enjoy the same emoluments, until her streets are paved with AMERICAN GOLD; only let us have the pleasure of calling it our own, whilst it is in our own hands. But this, it seems, is too great a favor,— we are to be governed by the *absolute command of others, our property is to be taken away without our consent.* If we complain, our complaints are treated with contempt; if we

assert our rights, that assertion is deemed insolence ; if we humbly offer to submit the matter to the impartial decision of reason, the SWORD is judged the most proper argument to silence our murmurs ! But this cannot long be the case. Surely the British nation will not suffer the reputation of their justice and their honor to be thus sported away by a capricious ministry ; no, they will in a short time open their eyes to their true interest. They nourish in their own breasts a noble love of liberty; they hold her dear, and they know that all who have once possessed her charms had rather die than suffer her to be torn from their embraces; they are also sensible that Britain is so deeply interested in the prosperity of the colonies, that she must eventually feel every wound given to their freedom. They cannot be ignorant that more dependence be may placed on the affections of a brother than on the forced service of a slave ; they must approve your efforts for the preservation of your rights ; from a sympathy of soul they must pray for your success : and I doubt not but they will, e'er long, exert themselves effectually to redress your grievances. Even in the dissolute reign of King Charles II. when the House of Commons impeached the Earl of Clarendon of high treason, the first article on which they founded their accusation was that "*he had designed a standing army to be raised, and to govern the kingdom thereby.*" And the eighth article was that "*he had introduced an arbitrary government into his majesty's plantation.*" A terrifying exam-

ple to those who are now forging *chains* for this country.

You have, my friends and countrymen, frustrated the designs of your enemies, by your unanimity and fortitude: it was your union and determined spirit which expelled those troops, who polluted your streets with innocent blood. You have appointed this anniversary as a standard memorial of the BLOODY CONSEQUENCES OF PLACING AN ARMED FORCE IN A POPULOUS CITY, and of your deliverance from the dangers which then seemed to hang over your heads; and I am confident that you never will betray the least want of spirit when called upon to guard your freedom. None but they who set a just value upon the blessings of liberty are worthy to enjoy her. Your illustrious fathers were her zealous votaries. When the blasting frowns of tyranny drove her from public view, they clasped her in their arms, they cherished her in their generous bosoms, they brought her safe over the rough ocean, and fixed her seat in this then dreary wilderness; they nursed her infant age with the most tender care. For her sake, they patiently bore the severest hardships; for her support, they underwent the most rugged toils: in her defence, they boldly encountered the most alarming dangers; neither the ravenous beasts that ranged the woods for prey, nor the more furious savages of the wilderness, could damp their ardor! — Whilst with one hand they broke the stubborn glebe, with the other they grasped their weapons, every ready

to protect her from danger. No sacrifice, not even their own blood, was esteemed too rich a libation for her altar! GOD prospered their valor: they preserved her brilliancy unsullied; they enjoyed her whilst they lived, and, dying, bequeathed the dear inheritance to your care. And, as they left you this glorious legacy, they have undoubtedly transmitted to you some portion of their noble spirit, to inspire you with virtue to merit her, and courage to preserve her: you surely cannot, with such examples before your eyes, as every page of the history of this country affords,* suffer your liberties to be ravished from you by lawless force, or cajoled away by flattery and fraud.

The voice of your fathers' blood cries to you from the ground, "My sons, scorn to be *slaves!* In vain we met the frowns of tyrants — in vain we crossed the boisterous ocean, found a new world, and prepared it for the happy residence of liberty — in vain we toiled — in vain we fought — we bled in vain, if you, our offspring, want valor to repel the assaults of her invaders!" Stain not the glory of your worthy ancestors, but like them resolve, never to part with your birth-right. Be wise in your deliberations, and determined in your exertions for the preservation of your liberties. Follow not the dictates of passion, but enlist yourselves under the sacred banner of reason; use every method in your power to secure your rights; at least prevent the

* At simul heroum laudes, et facta parentis
Jam legere, et quæ sit poteris cognoscere virtus.—*Virg.*

curses of posterity from being heaped upon your memories.

If you, with united zeal and fortitude, oppose the torrent of oppression; if you feel the true fire of patriotism burning in your breasts; if you, from your souls, despise the most gaudy dress that slavery can wear; if you really prefer the lonely cottage (whilst blest with liberty) to gilded palaces, surrounded with the ensigns of slavery,—you may have the fullest assurance that tyranny, with her whole accursed train, will hide *their* hideous heads in confusion, shame and despair. If you perform your part, you must have the strongest confidence, that the same Almighty Being who protected your pious and venerable forefathers, who enabled them to turn a barren wilderness into a fruitful field, who so often *made bare his arm* for their salvation, will still be mindful of you, their offspring.

May this Almighty being graciously preside in all our councils! May he direct us to such measures as he himself shall approve, and be pleased to bless! May we ever be a people favored of God! May our land be a land of liberty, the seat of virtue, the asylum of the oppressed, *a name and a praise in the whole earth*, until the last shock of time shall bury the empires of the world in one common undistinguished ruin!

This oration was justly appreciated by the public; a committee was appointed to return the thanks of the town to the speaker, and the production was widely

circulated in pamphlet form. But it was not by the power of oratory alone that Dr. Warren aroused his countrymen to a sense of their rights and kept alive the flame of liberty. He wielded a keen and versatile pen, and did not hesitate to employ it on any occasion when it was deemed necessary to thwart the ambitious plans of the royal governors, or to expose their infamous designs. During the excitement which followed the publishing of Lord Shelburne's letter of Sept. 17, 1767, to Governor Bernard, Dr. Warren addressed a letter to his Excellency, which was regarded as libellous by the minions of royalty; and an attempt was made to silence the author by an indictment, but the grand jury refused to find a bill. Nothing daunted, our hero became more busy than ever with both pen and tongue; and as the affection with which he was regarded, especially by the industrious classes, was universal and sincere, his influence upon all ranks was very great. In the Boston *Gazette*, the chosen vehicle of the political writings of Samuel Adams, James Otis, John Adams, Josiah Quincy, Dr. Cooper, Dr. Chauncey, Benjamin Church, and others, he undoubtedly continued his essays, but these writings cannot now be identified. He probably wrote over fictitious signatures, and cared little for the credit of authorship.

He also corresponded extensively with kindred spirits in other provinces, as well as in Massachusetts, and contributed largely to animate his friends to activity in the subject which was nearest his heart. These

letters, coming from any respectable person, would have been influential merely from the nervous reasoning and spirit of determination characterizing them; but, originating with a man of the weight of society in Dr. Warren, they had a double force; and so logically and irresistibly did he express his views, that none who were favored by his correspondence could fail to be convinced of the righteousness and justice of the cause he espoused.

CHAPTER II.

Appointed on the Committee of Correspondence in 1772. — Drafts a Report. — His great Services as a Member of the Committee. — His Political Influence. — The Tea Party. — Letter to Josiah Quincy, Jr. — Member of the Provincial Congress. — Becomes the Leader of that Body. — His Important Services in 1774–75. — Volunteers to pronounce the Boston Oration for March, 1775. — The Oration, and circumstances attending its delivery. — His Intrepidity. — Letter of Samuel Adams.

In October, 1772, he was appointed, with a glorious band of the leading patriots of Massachusetts, on the Committee of Correspondence ; and he at once became one of the most active members of that celebrated body. In connection with Samuel Adams, the father of this great invention, he pushed forward the measures of opposition to parliamentary encroachments, and used his utmost influence to bring the various towns in the province into a concert of action. One of the first steps of the Committee after its organization was to appoint sub-Committees to draft reports in pursuance of the plan proposed by the originator; and on the 20th of November, the chairman presented their celebrated report, consisting of three heads: 1st, A Statement of the Rights of the Colonists; 2d, A List of the Infringements of those Rights; and, 3d, A Letter of Correspondence with the other towns. The first was written by Samuel Adams, the second by Joseph Warren,

and the third by Benjamin Church, as the original manu script journals of the Committee of Correspondence still exist to prove.

The List of Infringements, which now particularly interests us, occupies fourteen pages in the printed pamphlet in which these proceedings were published in 1772; they are divided into twelve distinct articles, and constitute a manly vindication of the privileges of the Colonists, and set forth with a glaring distinctness the encroachments and grievances which had been sustained at the hands of Britain. Mr. Barry represents them as a "formidable array of complaints," and sums them up as follows: "The assumption of absolute legislative powers; the imposition of taxes without the consent of the people; the appointment of officers unknown to the charter, supported by income derived from such taxes; the investing these officers with unconstitutional powers, especially the 'Commissioners of his Majesty's Customs;' the annulment of laws enacted by the court after the time limited for their rejection had expired; the introduction of fleets and armies into the Colonies; the support of the executive and the judiciary, independently of the people; the oppressive instructions sent to the Governor; the extension of the powers of the Court of Vice-Admiralty; the restriction of manufactures; the act relating to dock yards and stores, which deprived the people of the right of trial by peers in their own vicinage; the attempt to 'establish an Americon episcopate;' and the alteration of

the bounds of Colonies by decisions before the King and Council."

These various complaints are expressed in a vigorous and felicitous style; and, besides exhibiting the perfection to which their author had carried the art of composition, they evidenced a sound legal mind, and a clear insight into the subjects of controversy then agitating the country. With a singular disregard of the honors of authorship, Dr. Warren left no memorials whereby his productions could be identified; and it is only by the time-worn manuscripts of the Boston Committee of Correspondence, that his origination of this masterly paper has been preserved.

We find him taking a conspicuous part in the exciting events of 1772–3–4, and always among the first to brave danger and encourage the faltering. Not only by his example did he support the glorious cause of freedom: he took great pains to encourage and stimulate others to the good work; for it should be remembered that the important measures of the revolutionary era were by no means unanimous. There were many among the most respectable and virtuous of the inhabitants who were far from advocating or countenancing the bold measures adopted by such men as Joseph Warren and Samuel Adams. Many were fearful that the extremes to which the popular leaders were likely to be hurried by their zeal, would close the door on any future attempts at reconciliation with Great Britain, and involve the country in a war, the result of which could

not but prove disastrous to America. The arguments of such he labored to refute, both by his publications in the papers and by his brilliant conversation; a power he possessed to such a degree as to bear away all before him by his ingenuity, fluency, and depth of reasoning.

A crisis at length arrived, when mere discussions and harangues could not avail to avert the destruction aimed at the liberties of the country. The "detested tea" arrived at Boston, and the country was soon in a blaze of excitement. The Committee of Correspondence and the selectmen of the towns summoned meetings: and every friend of his country was urged to make a united and successful resistance to "this last, worst, and most destructive measure of administration."

On the 29th of November, 1773, the people met at Faneuil Hall, but, for want of room, adjourned to the Old South Meeting House, where Samuel Adams, Joseph Warren, John Hancock, Young, Mollineux, and Williams, openly and fearlessly conducted the affairs of the meeting. What part was respectively taken by these undaunted patriots can never be known, except that Jonathan Williams acted as moderator of the meeting. This was the commencement of the series of events which produced the destruction of the tea, the Boston Port Bill, the first Congress, and finally, by similar progressive events, the independence of America.

If the Boston Tea Party had its origin with the

Committee of Correspondence, which is very probable, Dr. Warren was undoubtedly one of its promoters; and it is not difficult to imagine his satisfaction, after that important event had occurred, that no riot or violence had transpired to mar the order and regularity of the proceeding.

From this time forth, he must doubtless have seen the impossibility of ever establishing harmony between Great Britain and the Colonies. With the one, a blind infatuation seemed to impel them from one fatal error to another, with the idea that a people determined to be free could be coerced into submission to the arbitrary measures of tyranny; with the other, a spirit of freedom was abroad, as wild and untameable as the north wind, and which neither flattery nor cruelty could subdue.

During the sitting of the first Provincial Congress, in November, 1774, he wrote to his friend Josiah Quincy, jr., then in London, the following note, which fully expresses his own views, and in a few lines tells of the rapid march of the colonists towards the goal of freedom:

"It is the united voice of America to preserve their freedom, or lose their lives in defence of it. Their resolutions are not the effects of inconsiderate rashness, but the sound result of sober inquiry and deliberation. I am convinced that the true spirit of liberty was never so universally diffused through all ranks and orders of the people in any country on the face of the earth, as it is now through all North America."

There spoke the exultation of his own intrepid heart. In the privacy of a confidential letter to a friend, he could use language, which, in the calmly considered papers destined for public perusal, it was prudent to repress until the course of events had ripened into the hour for the *last appeal.*

In September, 1774, he was chosen a delegate from Suffolk County to the General Assembly of Massachusetts, — which Assembly was subsequently prohibited from convening, by the proclamation of Gov. Gage. They nevertheless met; and the Governor not making his appearance, after waiting during part of two days, until the Chief Magistrate could no longer be expected, the Convention was organized without him, and shortly after assumed the name of the Provincial Congress.

From this time, Dr. Warren became the leading spirit of the province. He appears to have been the soul which animated all to the most important measures. With John Hancock, who was President of the Provincial Congress, he transmitted intelligence to the delegates * in the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, and was indefatigable in the suggestion and accomplishment of measures by which the Congress was mainly guided. In the printed journals of the Provincial Congress, his name appears in the index *seventy-six times*, and upon examination we find him to have been on nearly every important committee for the writing of

* Thomas Cushing, Samuel Adams, John Adams, Robert Treat Paine.

reports, addresses, letters, and important State papers, showing a diversity of talent, a facility of composition, a comprehensiveness of all the questions at issue, and a power of application, which leave us in doubt which most to admire, — his ceaseless industry in the cabinet, or his bravery in the field.

Although his exertions in Congress continued without intermission, he found time to give some attention to the duties of his profession, as well as to project measures in connection with others, for the defence of the province, and to forward the various plans for resisting the agressions of the British troops, then in possession of Boston.

In November, 1774, the delegates to the Continental Congress returned from Philadelphia; and the second Provincial Congress convened at Cambridge on the 1st of February, 1775, whence they adjourned on the 16th, and met at Concord, March 22d. In the interim, the anniversary of the Boston Massacre recurred; and, as usual, the Committee appointed by the town on the preceding occasion, proceeded to select an orator to address the people. This was the fourth anniversary of the Massacre; and the addresses which had been made on these occasions, calculated as they were to impress the people with a just sense of their wrongs, had excited the rage of the royalists, and particularly of the British officers, who, it was reported, had determined by some means to put a stop to them. With this view, sundry dark threats were sent abroad, that

whoever had the temerity to recite one of these incendiary orations for the future, would be in danger of his life; this, it was thought, would have the effect of deterring any persons from engaging in so thankless and hazardous a task.

It was usual, as will be seen by the proceedings on the Records of the Town of Boston, for the Committee appointed for that purpose to wait upon some of the most eminent public speakers on the side of liberty, and request their services on these occasions; but, hearing of the threats, our dauntless Warren, emulous of this post of danger, solicited for himself the honor of performing this duty. It was accorded him; and, the circumstance being noised among the Tories, it is reported that on the morning of the 6th of March, Dr. Warren was met in King Street by a British officer, who drew forth a few bullets, and tossed them in his hand, looking significantly at the doctor as he passed. Various other threats of taking his life were made; and the Old South was crowded at the appointed hour, though many supposed the oration would not be delivered at such risk. The scene was a striking and memorable one: an utter silence reigned throughout the congregation. In the pulpit, which was covered with black cloth, sat Samuel Adams, John Hancock, Dr. Cooper, Dr. Church, and others. For an hour the multitude sat "gaping at one another and expecting," as a writer in Rivington's New York *Gazette*, of March 16, 1775, has described it. "At last," he says,

"a single horse chaise stopped at the apothecary's, opposite the meeting, from which descended the orator (Warren) of the day, and entering the shop, was followed by a servant with a bundle, in which were the Ciceronean toga, &c., &c." He entered the pulpit by a ladder placed at a window, and, in the midst of a profound silence, commenced his exordium in a firm tone of voice. His friends, though determined to avenge any attempt at assassination, trembled for his safety. The oration was frequently interrupted by the groaning of the tory part of the congregation, and by the applause of the friends of liberty.

This oration is much longer, and evidently prepared with more care, than that of 1772; and it would be difficult to find a production of its kind equally well adapted to the circumstances under which it was delivered, or better calculated to arouse all the land to that pitch of keen enthusiasm necessary to assert the principle of liberty, even to the sword and the cannon's mouth. Magoon has aptly said of it, that "it resounds with the clash of arms, and is imbued with a high spirit of chivalry and faith." His brave example and eloquent speech caused millions of hearts to beat with a common sentiment of resistance. Every rock and wild ravine was made a rampart to "the sons of liberty;" and their banner was on every summit unfurled, inscribed in letters of fire, "*Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God!*"

ORATION DELIVERED AT BOSTON, MARCH 6, 1775.

BY DR. JOSEPH WARREN.

Tantæ molis erat, Romanam condere, gentem.
Virgil's Æn.

Qui, metuens, vivit, liber mihi non erit unquam.
Hor. Epis.

My ever honored Fellow-Citizens,—It is not without the most humiliating conviction of my want of ability that I now appear before you; but the sense I have of the obligation I am under to obey the calls of my country at all times, together with an animating recollection of your indulgence, exhibited upon so many occasions, has induced me once more, undeserving as I am, to throw myself upon that candor which looks with kindness on the feeblest efforts of an honest mind.

You will not now expect the elegance, the learning, the fire, the enrapturing strains of eloquence, which charmed you when a LOVELL, a CHURCH, or a HANCOCK spake; but you will permit me to say, that, with a sincerity equal to theirs, I mourn over my bleeding country; with them I weep at her distress, and with them deeply resent the many injuries she has received from the hands of cruel and unreasonable men.

That personal freedom is the natural right of every man, and that property, or an exclusive right to dispose of what he has honestly acquired by his own labor, necessarily arises therefrom, are truths which common sense has placed beyond the reach of contradiction. And no man or body of men can, without being guilty of flagrant injustice, claim a right to dispose of the persons or acquisitions of any other man or body of men, unless it can be proved that such a right has arisen from some compact between the parties, in which it has been explicitly and freely granted.

If I may be indulged in taking a retrospective view of the first settlement of our country, it will be easy to determine with what degree of justice the late parliament of Great Britain have assumed the power of giving away *that property* which the Americans have earned by their labor.

Our fathers having nobly resolved never to wear the yoke of despotism, and seeing the European world at that time, through indolence and cowardice, falling a prey to tyranny, bravely threw themselves upon the bosom of the ocean, determined to find a place in which they might enjoy their freedom, or perish in the glorious attempt. Approving Heaven beheld the favorite ark dancing upon the waves, and graciously preserved it until the chosen families were brought in safety to these western regions. They found the land swarming with savages, who threatened death, with every kind of torture. But savages, and death with

torture, were far less terrible than slavery: nothing was so much the object of their abhorrence as a tyrant's power; they knew it was more safe to dwell with man in his most unpolished state, than in a country where arbitrary power prevails. Even *anarchy itself*, that bugbear held up by the tools of power (though truly to be deprecated), is infinitely less dangerous to mankind than *arbitrary government*. *Anarchy* can be but of a short duration; for, when men are at liberty to pursue that course which is most conducive to their own happiness, they will soon come into it, and from the rudest state of nature, order and good government must soon arise. But *tyranny*, when once established, entails its curses on a nation to the latest period of time, unless some daring genius, inspired by Heaven, shall, unappalled by danger, bravely form and execute the arduous design of restoring liberty and life to his enslaved, murdered country.

The tools of power, in every age, have racked their inventions to justify the *few* in sporting with the happiness of the *many*, and having found their sophistry too weak to hold mankind in bondage, have impiously dared to force religion, the daughter of the King of heaven, to become a prostitute in the service of hell. They taught that princes, honored with the name of Christian, might bid defiance to the founder of their faith, might pillage Pagan countries and deluge them with blood, only because they boasted themselves to be the disciples of that teacher who strictly charged his

followers to *do to others as they would that others should do unto them.*

This country having been discovered by an English subject, in the year 1620, was (according to the system which the blind superstition of those times supported) deemed the property of the crown of England. Our ancestors, when they resolved to quit their native soil, obtained from king James a grant of certain lands in North America. This they probably did to silence the cavils of their enemies; for it cannot be doubted but they despised the pretended right which he claimed thereto. Certain it is, that he might, with equal propriety and justice, have made them a grant of the planet Jupiter. And their subsequent conduct plainly shows that they were too well acquainted with humanity and the principles of natural equity, to suppose that the grant gave them any right to take possession; they therefore entered into a treaty with the natives, and bought from them the lands: nor have I ever yet obtained any information that our ancestors ever pleaded, or that the natives ever regarded, the grant from the English crown. The business was transacted by the parties in the same independent manner that it would have been had neither of them ever known or heard of the island of Great Britain.

Having become the honest proprietors of the soil, they immediately applied themselves to the cultivation of it; and they soon beheld the virgin earth teeming with richest fruits, a grateful recompense for their

unwearied toil. The fields began to wave with ripening harvests, and the late barren wilderness was seen to blossom like the rose. The savage natives saw with wonder the delightful change, and quickly formed a scheme to obtain that, by fraud or force, which nature meant as the reward of industry alone. But the illustrious emigrants soon convinced the rude invaders that they were not less ready to take the field for battle than for labor; and the insidious foe was driven from their borders as often as he ventured to disturb them. The crown of England looked with indifference on the contest; our ancestors were left alone to combat with the natives. Nor is there any reason to believe that it ever was intended by the one party, or expected by the other, that the *grantor* should defend and maintain the *grantees* in the peaceable possession of the lands named in the patents. And it appears plainly, from the history of those times, that neither the prince nor the people of England thought themselves much interested in the matter. They had not then any idea of a thousandth part of those advantages which they since *have*, and we are most heartily willing they should *still continue* to reap from us.

But when, at an infinite expense of toil and blood, this widely extended continent had been cultivated and defended; when the hardy adventurers justly expected that they and their descendants should peaceably have enjoyed the harvest of those fields which they had sown, and the fruit of those vineyards which

they had planted,—this country was *then* thought worthy the attention of the British ministry; and the only justifiable and only successful means of rendering the colonies serviceable to Britain were adopted. By an intercourse of friendly offices, the two countries became so united in affection, that they thought not of any distinct or separate interests; they found both countries flourishing and happy. Britain saw her commerce extended and her wealth increased, her lands raised to an immense valne, her fleets riding triumphant on the ocean, the terror of her arms spreading to every quarter of the globe. The colonist found himself free, and thought himself secure; he dwelt *under his own vine and under his own fig-tree, and had none to make him afraid.* He knew, indeed, that by purchasing the manufactures of Great Britain, he contributed to its greatness, — he knew that all the wealth that his labor produced centered in Great Britain; but *that*, far from exciting his envy, filled him with the highest pleasure, *that thought* supported him in all his toils. When the business of the day was past, he solaced himself with the *contemplation*, or perhaps entertained his listening family with the *recital*, of some great, some glorious transaction which shines conspicuous in the history of Britain; or, perhaps, his elevated fancy led him to foretell, with a kind of enthusiastic confidence, the glory, power, and duration of an empire which should extend from one end of the earth to the other. He saw, or thought he saw, the British nation risen to a pitch

of grandeur which cast a veil over the Roman glory; and, ravished with the *præ* view, boasted a race of British kings, whose names should echo through those realms where Cyrus, Alexander, and the Cæsars were unknown, — *princes* for whom millions of grateful subjects redeemed from slavery and Pagan ignorance should, with thankful tongues, offer up their prayers, and praises to that transcendently great and beneficent Being *by whom kings reign and princes decree justice.*

These pleasing connections might have continued, these delightsome prospects might have been every day extended, and even the reveries of the most warm imagination might have been realized; but, unhappily for us, unhappily for Britain, the madness of an avaricious minister of state, has drawn a sable curtain over the charming scene, and in its stead has brought upon the stage discord, envy, hatred and revenge, with civil war close in their rear.

Some demon, in an evil hour, suggested to a short-sighted financier the hateful project of transferring the whole property of the king's subjects in America to his subjects in Britain. The claim of the British parliament to tax the colonies can never be supported but by such a transfer: for the right of the House of Commons of Great Britain to originate any tax or grant of money is altogether derived from their being elected by the people of Great Britain to act for them; and the people of Great Britain cannot confer on their *representatives* a right to give or grant any thing which

they themselves have not a right to give or grant *personally*. Therefore it follows, that, if the members chosen by the people of Great Britain to represent them in parliament, have, by virtue of their being so chosen, any right to give or grant American property, or to lay any tax upon the lands or persons of the colonists, it is because the lands and people in the colonies are *bona fide* owned by, and justly belonging to, the people of Great Britain. But (as has been before observed) every man has a right to personal freedom, consequently a right to enjoy what is acquired by his own labor; and it is evident that the property in this country has been acquired by our own labor. It is the duty of the people of Great Britain to produce some compact in which we have explicitly given up to them a right to dispose of our *persons* or *property*. Until this is done, every attempt of theirs, or of those whom they have deputed to act for them, to give or grant any part of our property, is directly repugnant to every principle of reason and natural justice. But I may boldly say, that such a compact never existed; no, not even in imagination. Nevertheless, the representatives of a nation, long famed for justice and the exercise of every noble virtue, have been prevailed on to adopt the fatal scheme; and, although the dreadful consequences of this wicked policy have already shaken the empire to its centre, yet still it is persisted in. Regardless of the voice of reason, deaf to the prayers and supplications, and unaffected with the flowing

tears of suffering millions, the British ministry still hug the darling idol; and every rolling year affords fresh instances of the absurd devotion with which they worship it. Alas! how has the folly, the distraction, of the British councils blasted our swelling hopes, and spread a gloom over this western hemisphere!

The hearts of Britons and Americans, which lately felt the generous glow of mutual confidence and love, now burn with jealousy and rage. Though but of yesterday, I recollect (deeply affected at the ill-boding change) the happy hours that passed whilst Britain and America rejoiced in the prosperity and greatness of each other. Heaven grant those halcyon days may soon return! But now the Briton too often looks on the American with an envious eye, taught to consider his just plea for the enjoyment of his earnings as the effect of pride and stubborn opposition to the parent country; whilst the American beholds the Briton as the ruffian, ready *first* to take away his property, and *next*, what is still dearer to every virtuous man, the liberty of his country.

When the measures of administration had disgusted the Colonies to the highest degree, and the people of Great Britain had, by artifice and falsehood, been irritated against America, an army was sent over to enforce submission to certain acts of the British parliament, which reason scorned to countenance, and which placemen and pensioners were found unable to support.

Martial law and the government of a well-regulated

city are so entirely different, that it has always been considered as improper to quarter troops in populous cities. Frequent disputes must necessarily arise between the citizen and the soldier, even if no previous animosities subsist. And it is further certain, from a consideration of the nature of mankind, as well as from constant experience, that standing armies always endanger the liberty of the subject. But when the people on the one part considered the army as sent to enslave them, and the army on the other were taught to look on the people as in a state of rebellion, it was but just to fear the most disgraceful consequences. Our fears, we have seen, were but too well grounded.

The many injuries offered to the town, I pass over in silence. I cannot now mark out the path which led to that unequalled scene of horror, the sad remembrance of which takes the full possession of my soul. The sanguinary theatre again opens itself to view. The baleful images of terror crowd around me; and discontented ghosts, with hollow groans, appear to solemnize the anniversary of the Fifth of March.

Approach we then the melancholy walk of death. Hither let me call the gay companion, — here let him drop a farewell tear upon that body which so late he saw vigorous and warm with social mirth; hither let me lead the tender mother to weep over her beloved son; come, widowed mourner, here satiate thy grief,— behold thy murdered husband gasping on the ground; and, to complete the pompous show of wretchedness,

bring in each hand thy infant children, to bewail their father's fate. Take heed, ye orphan babes, lest, whilst your streaming eyes are fixed upon the ghastly corpse, your feet slide on the stones bespattered with your father's brains.* Enough! this tragedy need not be heightened by an infant weltering in the blood of him that gave it birth. Nature, reluctant, shrinks already from the view, and the chilled blood rolls slowly backward to its fountain. We wildly stare about, and, with amazement, ask: Who spread this ruin round us? what wretch has dared deface the image of his God? has haughty France or cruel Spain sent forth her myrmidons? has the grim savage rushed again from the far distant wilderness? or does some fiend, fierce from the depth of hell, with all the rancorous malice which the apostate damned can feel, twang his destructive bow, and hurl his deadly arrows at our breast? No, none of these; but, how astonishing! it is the hand of Britain that inflicts the wound. The arms of George, our rightful king, have been employed to shed that blood, when justice, or the honor of his crown, had called his subjects to the field.

But pity, grief, astonishment, with all the softer movements of the soul, must now give way to stronger passions. Say, fellow-citizens, what dreadful thought now swells your heaving bosoms? You fly to arms —

* After Mr. Gray had been shot through the body and had fallen dead on the ground, a bayonet was pushed through his skull; part of the bone being broken, his brains fell out upon the pavement.

sharp indignation flashes from each eye — revenge gnashes her iron teeth — death grins a hideous smile, secure to drench his greedy jaws in human gore, whilst hovering furies darken all the air.

But stop, my bold, adventurous countrymen, stain not your weapons with the blood of Britons. Attend to reason's voice; humanity puts in her claim, and sues to be again admitted to her wonted seat, the bosom of the brave. Revenge is far beneath the noble mind. Many, perhaps, compelled to rank among the vile assassins, do from their inmost souls detest the barbarous action. The winged death shot from your arms may chance to pierce some breast that bleeds already for your injured country.

The storm subsides; a solemn pause ensues. You spare, upon condition they depart. They go, — they quit your city; they no more shall give offence. Thus closes the important drama.

And could it have been conceived that we again should have seen a British army in our land, sent to enforce obedience to acts of parliament destructive of our liberty? But the royal ear, far distant from this western world, has been assaulted by the tongue of slander; and villains, traitorous alike to king and country, have prevailed upon a gracious prince to clothe his countenance with wrath, and to erect the hostile banner against a people ever affectionate and loyal to him and his illustrious predecessors of the house of Hanover. Our streets are again filled with armed men; our harbor is

crowded with ships of war. But these cannot intimidate us: our liberty must be preserved; it is far dearer than *life*, we hold it even dear as our *allegiance;* we must defend it against the attacks of *friends* as well as *enemies*; we cannot suffer even Britons to ravish it from us.

No longer could we reflect with generous pride on the heroic actions of our American forefathers; no longer boast our origin from that far-famed island, whose warlike sons have so often drawn their well-tried swords to save her from the ravages of tyranny,— could we, but for a moment, entertain the thought of giving up our liberty. The man who meanly will submit to wear a *shackle* contemns the noblest gift of Heaven, and impiously affronts the God that made him free.

It was a maxim of the Roman people, which eminently conduced to the greatness of that state, never to despair of the commonwealth. The maxim may prove as salutary to us now, as it did to them. Short-sighted mortals see not the numerous links of small and great events, which form the chain on which the fate of kings and nations is suspended. Ease and prosperity, though pleasing for a day, have often sunk a people into effeminacy and sloth. Hardships and dangers, though we forever strive to shun them, have frequently called forth such virtues as have commanded the applause and reverence of an admiring world. Our country loudly calls you to be circumspect, vigilant, active, and brave. Perhaps — all gracious Heaven avert it!

— perhaps the power of Britain, a nation great in war, by some malignant influence, may be employed to enslave you; but let not even this discourage you. Her arms, 'tis true, have filled the world with terror; her troops have reaped the laurels of the field; her fleets have rode triumphant on the sea;— and when or where did you, my countrymen, depart inglorious from the field of fight?* You too can show the trophies of your *forefathers'* victories and your *own;* can name the fortresses and battles you have won; and many of you count the honorable scars of wounds received whilst fighting for your king and country.

Where justice is the standard, Heaven is the warrior's shield; but conscious guilt unnerves the arm that

* The patience with which this people have borne the repeated injuries which have been heaped upon them, and their unwillingnes to take any sanguinary measures, has very injudiciously been ascribed to cowardice, by persons both here and in Great Britain. I most heartily wish that an opinion, so erroneous in itself, and so fatal in its consequences, might be utterly removed before it be too late; and I think nothing further necessary to convince every intelligent man that the conduct of this people is owing to the tender regard which they have for their fellow-men, and an utter abhorrence to the shedding of human blood, than a little attention to their general temper and disposition, discovered when they cannot be supposed to be under any apprehension of danger to themselves. I will only mention the universal detestation which they show to every act of cruelty, by whom and upon whomsoever committed; the mild spirit of their laws; the very few crimes to which capital penalties are annexed; and the very great backwardness which both courts and juries discover in condemning persons charged with capital crimes. But, if any should think this observation not to the purpose, I readily appeal to those gentlemen of the army who have been in the camp or in the field with the Americans.

lifts the sword against the innocent. Britain, united with these colonies by commerce and affection, by interest and blood, may mock the threats of France and Spain, — may be the seat of universal empire. But should America, either by *force*, or those more dangerous engines, *luxury* and *corruption*, ever be brought into a state of vassalage, Britain must lose *her* freedom also. No longer shall she sit the empress of the sea; her ships no more shall waft her thunders over the wide ocean; the wreath shall wither on her temples; her weakened arm shall be unable to defend her coasts; and she, at last, must bow her venerable head to some proud foreigner's despotic rule.

But if, from past events, we may venture to form a judgment of the future, we justly may expect that the devices of our enemies will but increase the triumphs of our country. I *must* indulge a hope that *Britain's* liberty, as well as *ours*, will eventually be preserved by the virtue of America.

The attempt of the British parliament to raise a revenue from America, and our denial of their right to do it, have excited an almost universal inquiry into the right of mankind in general, and of British subjects in particular; the necessary result of which must be such a liberality of sentiment, and such a jealousy of those in power, as will, better than an adamantine wall, secure us against the future approaches of despotism.

The malice of the Boston Port-bill has been defeated, in a very considerable degree, by giving you an oppor-

tunity of deserving, and our brethren in this and our sister colonies an opportunity of bestowing, those benefactions which have delighted your friends and astonished your enemies, not only in America, but in Europe also. And, what is more valuable still, the sympathetic feelings for a brother in distress, and the grateful emotions excited in the breast of him who finds relief, must forever endear each to the other, and form those indissoluble bonds of friendship and affection on which the preservation of our rights so evidently depend.

The mutilation of our charter has made every other colony jealous for its own; for this, if once submitted to by us, would set on float the property and government of every British settlement upon the continent. If charters are not deemed sacred, how miserably precarious is everything founded upon them!

Even the sending troops to put these acts in execution is not without advantages to us. The exactness and beauty of their discipline inspire our youth with ardor in the pursuit of military knowledge. Charles the Invincible taught Peter the Great the art of war. The battle of Pultowa convinced Charles of the proficiency Peter had made.

Our country is in danger, but not to be despaired of. Our enemies are numerous and powerful; but we have many friends, determining to be FREE, and Heaven and earth will aid the resolution. On *you* depend the fortunes of America. You are to decide the important question on which rest the happiness and liberty of

millions yet unborn. Act worthy of yourselves. The faltering tongue of hoary age calls on you to support your country. The lisping infant raises its suppliant hands, imploring defence against the monster slavery. Your fathers look from their celestial seats with smiling approbation on their sons, who boldly stand forth in the cause of virtue; but sternly frown upon the inhuman miscreant, who, to secure the loaves and fishes to himself, would breed a serpent to destroy his children.

But pardon me, my fellow-citizens; I know you want not zeal nor fortitude. You will maintain your rights, or perish in the generous struggle. However difficult the combat, you never will decline it when freedom is the prize. An independence of Great Britain is not our aim. No our wish is, that Britain and the Colonies may, like the oak and ivy, grow and increase in strength together. But whilst the infatuated plan of making one part of the empire slaves to the other is persisted in, the interest and safety of Britain, as well the Colonies, require that the wise measures recommended by the honorable the Continental Congress be steadily pursued; whereby the unnatural contest between a parent honored and a child beloved may probably be brought to such an issue, as that the peace and happiness of both may be established upon a lasting basis. But if these pacific measures are ineffectual, and it appears that the only way to safety is through fields of blood, I know you will not turn your faces from your foes, but will undauntedly press forward, until tyranny

is trodden under foot, and you have fixed your adored goddess, LIBERTY, fast by a BRUNSWICK'S side, on the American throne.

You then, who nobly have espoused your country's cause; who generously have sacrificed wealth and ease; who have despised the pomp and show of tinselled greatness, refused the summons to the festive board, been deaf to the alluring calls of luxury and mirth; who have forsaken the downy pillow, to keep your vigils by the midnight lamp, for the salvation of your invaded country, that you might break the fowler's snare, and disappoint the vulture of his prey,—*you*, then, will reap the harvest of renown which you so justly have deserved. Your country shall pay her grateful tribute of applause. Even the children of your most inveterate enemies, ashamed to tell from whom they sprang, while they in secret curse their stupid, cruel parents, shall join the general voice of gratitude to those who broke the fetters which their fathers forged.

Having redeemed your country, and secured the blessing to future generations, who, fired by your example, shall emulate your virtues, and learn from you the heavenly art of making millions happy, with heartfelt joy, with transports all your own, you cry, THE GLORIOUS WORK IS DONE! Then drop the mantle to some young Elisha, and take your seats with kindred spirits in your native skies.

Of this oration, and of the circumstances attending its delivery, Knapp, in his "Biographical Sketches,"

published in 1822, says: "The scene was sublime; a patriot, in whom the flush of youth and the grace and dignity of manhood were combined, stood armed in the sanctuary of God, to animate and encourage the sons of liberty to hurl defiance to their oppressors. The orator commenced with the early history of the country, described the tenure by which we held our liberties and property, the affection we had constantly shown the parent country, and boldly told them how and by whom these blessings of life had been violated. There was, in this appeal to Britain, in this description of suffering, agony, and horror, a calm and high-souled defiance which must have chilled the blood of every sensible foe. Such another hour has seldom appeared in the history of man, and is not surpassed in the records of nations. The thunders of Demosthenes rolled at a distance from Philip and his host; and Tully poured the fiercest torrent of his invectives when Cataline was at a distance, and his dagger no longer to be feared; but Warren's speech was made to proud oppressors, resting on their arms, whose errand it was to overawe, and whose business it was to fight. If the deed of Brutus deserved to be commemorated by history, poetry, painting, and sculpture, should not this instance of patriotism and bravery be held in lasting remembrance? If he

'That struck the foremost man of all this world'

was hailed as the first of freemen, what honors are not due to him, who, undismayed, bearded the British lion

to show the world what his countrymen dared to do in the cause of liberty? If the statue of Brutus were placed among those of the Gods who were the preservers of Roman freedom, should not that of Warren fill a lofty niche in the temple reared to perpetuate the remembrance of our birth as a nation?"

At the close of the oration, the Moderator, Samuel Adams, arose and proposed the nomination of an orator to speak the next year on the "bloody massacre." Some of the officers, on this, cried out, "Fie! fie!" and many persons in the galleries, mistaking this for a cry of fire, swarmed out of the windows, down the gutters, into the street. The meeting was further disturbed by the 43d regiment, who passed the church with drums beating. The writer in Rivingston's New York Gazette adds, that there were neither pageantry, exhibitions, processions, nor bells tolling, as usual, but the night was remarkable for being the quietest known for many months.

A fortnight later, Samuel Adams wrote to his friend, Richard Henry Lee, respecting this occasion, as follows: "On the sixth instant there was an adjournment of one of our town meetings, when an oration was delivered in commemoration of the massacre on the fifth of March, 1770. I had long expected that they would take that occasion to heat up a breeze, and therefore (seeing many of the officers present before the orator came in), as Moderator of the meeting, I took care to have them treated with civility, inviting them into con-

venient seats, so that they might have no pretence to behave ill; for it is a good maxim in politics, as well as in war, to put and keep the enemy in the wrong. They behaved tolerably well until the oration was finished, when, upon a motion made for the appointment of another orator, as usual, they began to hiss, which irritated the assembly to the greatest degree, and confusion ensued; they, however, did not gain their end,—which was apparently to break up the meeting,—for order was soon restored, and we proceeded regularly, and finished the business. I am persuaded, that were it not for the danger of precipitating a crisis, not a man of them would have been spared."

CHAPTER III.

Warren notifies Adams and Hancock of their Danger.— Is present at the Battle of Lexington.— Elected President of the Provincial Congress. — Appointed Major-General of the army .— Interview with Elbridge Gerry. — Is slain at the Battle of Bunker Hill. — Edward Everett's Eulogy. — Re-interment of his Remains. — Oration by Perez Morton on that occasion. — Monument erected to him by Free-Masons. — Proceedings of Congress. — Summary of his character.

The Provincial Congress, probably warned by recent information of the intentions of Gen. Gage to penetrate the country with an armed force, adjourned on the 15th of April, and dispersed. Adams and Hancock, who were the particular objects of British vengeance, remained at Lexington, where they received advices from time to time of the movements at the capital. One of the last of the many acts of affection which graced the life of Dr. Warren, was his timely warning sent from Boston to the two patriots at Lexington, by which they were apprised of the design of seizing them. We are told, in Paul Revere's narrative, that on the evening of the 18th of April, 1775, he was sent for in great haste by Dr. Warren, who begged that he would immediately set off for Lexington, and acquaint Adams and Hancock of their danger. But the impatience of friendship could not brook even the short delay made by the impetuous Revere, who, when

he arrived at Warren's house, found that an express had already started by land. It is doubtless more to the exertions of Dr. Warren on this occasion than those of any other person, that the two patriots owe their lives. In the memorable battle of the following day, where the first blood was shed in defence of American liberty, Dr. Warren was no idle spectator; and it is said, in General Heath's Memoirs, that a ball took off part of his ear-lock.

Shortly after the battle, the Provincial Congress convened at Watertown; and Dr. Warren was immediately elected President, an office he continued to hold until his death. In the confused condition of the patriot forces, which were gradually assembling at Cambridge, he exercised great influence in preserving order among the troops. On the 19th of May, the Committee of Safety, of which he was a member, was clothed by the Provincial Congress with full powers to regulate the affairs of the army, which was now rapidly increasing from all the towns of Massachusetts, as well as from the neighboring provinces. After the departure of Hancock as a delegate to the Continental Congress, Warren became the chairman of that Committee, and seemed, if possible, to increase his exertions as the crisis drew near. Four days previous to the battle of Bunker Hill, he received his commission of Major-General: he did not, however, choose to assume the functions of the office, and the motive for this may be gathered from the following account taken from Aus-

tin's Life of Elbridge Gerry: "On the 16th of June, he had a conversation with Mr. Gerry at Cambridge respecting the determination of Congress to take possession of Bunker Hill. He said that for himself, he had been opposed to it, but that the majority had determined upon it, and he would hazard his life to carry that determination into effect. Mr. Gerry expressed in strong terms his disapprobation of the measure, as the situation was such that it would be in vain to attempt to hold it; adding, "But if it must be so, it is not worth while for you to be present; it will be madness for you to expose yourself where your destruction will be almost inevitable." "I know it," he answered; "but I live within the sound of their cannon; how could I hear their roaring in so glorious a cause and not be there?" Again Mr. Gerry remonstrated, and concluded with saying, "As surely as you go there you will be slain!" General Warren replied, enthusiastically, "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori." The next day his principles were sealed with his blood. Having spent the greater part of the night in public business at Watertown, he arrived at Cambridge about five o'clock in the morning, and, being unwell, threw himself on a bed. About noon he was informed of the state of preparation for battle at Charlestown. He immediately arose, saying he was well again, and mounting his horse, rode to the place. He arrived at Breed's Hill a short time before the action commenced. Colonel Prescott, "the brave," (as Washington was

afterwards in the habit of calling him), was then the actual commanding officer. He rode up to General Warren to resign his command, and asked what were his orders. General Warren told him he came not to command, but to learn; and having, as it is said, borrowed a musket and cartouch-box from a sergeant who was retiring, he mingled in the thickest of the fight, animating and encouraging the men more by his example than it was possible to do in any other way. He fell, after the retreat commenced, at some distance in the rear of the redoubt. A ball passed through his head, and killed him almost instantly. He was thrown into the ground where he fell.

Our too brief sketch would be incomplete without the reproduction of Edward Everett's touching and eloquent tribute to his memory. "Amiable, accomplished, prudent, energetic, eloquent, brave, he united the graces of a manly beauty to a lion heart, a sound mind, a safe judgment, and a firmness of purpose which nothing could shake. At the period to which I allude, he was just thirty-two years of age; so young, and already the acknowledged head of the cause! He had never seen a battle-field; but the veterans of Louisburg and Quebec looked up to him as their leader, and the hoary-headed sages who had guided the public councils for a generation came to him for advice. Such he stood, the organ of the public sentiment, on the occasion just mentioned.* At the close of his impassioned address,

* The oration of March 6, 1775.

after having depicted the labors, hardships, and sacrifices endured by our ancestors in the cause of liberty, he broke forth in the thrilling words, 'The voice of our fathers' blood cries to us from the ground!' Three years only passed away; the solemn struggle came on: foremost in council, he was also foremost in the battle field, and offered himself a voluntary victim, the first great martyr in the cause. Upon the heights of Charlestown, the last that was struck down, he fell with a numerous band of kindred spirits, the grey-haired veteran, the stripling in the flower of youth, who had stood side by side through that dreadful day, and fell together like the beauty of Israel, on their high places!"

On the morning after the battle, when friends and relatives were seeking from among the heaps of slain the bodies of dear ones now stiff in the embrace of death, the body of General Warren was recognized by Dr. Jeffries, who was one of his most intimate acquaintances. A grave was dug on the spot, and the burial place marked. The following year, after the evacuation of Boston by the British troops, the remains were disinterred, and on the 8th of April borne in solemn procession from the Representative's Chamber to King's Chapel, and buried with the full solemnity of military and masonic honors. Perez Morton, one of the most impressive orators of his time, pronounced an oration on the occasion. The solemnity of this scene, after the lapse of three quarters of a century, can be but faintly conceived or depicted. That the ceremonies were not

performed in the Old South, where the voice of Warren only a year previously had awakened the patriotism of istening thousands, may be accounted for by the desecration of that sanctuary of liberty by the ruthless invaders but lately expelled from the city. Its venerable walls had echoed to the clang of military exercise, and the laughter of the barrack-room; its pews had been torn from the floor and used for fire-wood, and part of its broad space turned into a riding-school. It was not there, indeed, in view of these wrecks of what had long been held sacred to religion and liberty, that the last fond rites of friendship and gratitude could be performed for the illustrious dead. But these honors were none the less impressively rendered in the stone chapel. There were congregated the members of the several lodges of the order of which General Warren had been Grand Master for North America. There, doubtless, stood many of the friends who, in the daily walks of life, had grasped the hand of their companion, or listened to the impassioned flow of language with which he was wont to express the ennobling sentiments of patriotism; there, too, were collected crowds of his fellow-countrymen, whose memories yet recalled the burning eloquence of his public harangues, and in whose hearts were engraved his fervid appeals to breast with united efforts the gathering storm of oppression threatening their liberties, and all that was cherished as worthy to be preserved. And amid all these, in the impressive silence, only disturbed by the rustling of the

sombre pageantry of death, were heard the sobs of his aged mother. None ventured to obtrude upon the sacredness of her grief; but hundreds silently shared it, and looked reverently upon her bowed and stricken form. Arrayed in simple mourning, his orphan children, as yet too young to fully comprehend the solemn scene, excited the attention of the father's friends; but soon, above all, arose the voice of the patriot divine, the venerable Dr. Samuel Cooper, addressing the throne of grace with that touching eloquence which had so often made him the choice of the town on occasions of public interest.

The oration by Mr. Morton followed. A writer in 1806—a contemporary of Joseph Warren—refers to the effect which this eulogy caused among the auditors, and particularly when the exordium, commencing with "ILLUSTRIOUS RELICS!" was pronounced. But we will not anticipate this masterly production. It has long since passed nearly out of print; or if preserved, like the preceding orations in this sketch, is entombed among the dusty pages of historical libraries, whence we deem the present a fitting occasion to exhume them.

The remains of General Warren have since been removed by his family from King's Chapel to St. Paul's Church. In 1794, a masonic lodge in Charlestown, Mass., erected a monument to his memory on the spot where he fell. It consisted of a brick pedestal eight feet square, rising ten feet from the ground, and supporting a Tuscan pillar of wood eighteen feet high.

This was surmounted by a gilt urn, bearing the inscription, "J. W., aged 35," entwined with masonic emblems.

AN ORATION,

Delivered at the King's Chapel in Boston, April 8, 1776, *on the Re-interment of the Remains of the late Most Worshipful Grand-Master, Joseph Warren, Esquire, President of the late Congress of this Colony, and Major-General of the Massachusetts forces, who was slain in the Battle of Bunker's Hill, June* 17. 1775.

BY PEREZ MORTON, M. M.

Illustrious Relics! — What tidings from the grave? why hast thou left the peaceful mansions of the tomb, to visit again this troubled earth? Art thou the welcome messenger of peace? art thou risen again to exhibit thy glorious wounds, and through them proclaim salvation to the country? or art thou come to demand that last debt of humanity, to which your rank and merit have so justly entitled you, but which has been so long ungenerously withheld? and art thou angry at the barbarous usage? Be appeased, sweet ghost! for though thy body has long laid undistinguished among the vulgar dead, scarce privileged with earth enough to hide it from the birds of prey; though not a friendly sigh was uttered o'er thy grave; and though the execration of an impious foe were all thy funeral knells,— yet, matchless patriot! thy memory has been embalmed

in the affections of thy grateful countrymen, who in their breasts have raised eternal monuments to thy bravery!

But let us leave the beloved remains, and contemplate for a moment those virtues of the man, the exeraise of which have so deservedly endeared him to the honest among the great, and the good among the humble.

In the *private* walks of life, he was a pattern for mankind. The tears of her, to whom the world is indebted for so much virtue, are silent heralds of his *filial piety;* while his tender offspring, in lisping out their father's care, proclaim his *parental affection;* and an Adams can witness with how much zeal he loved, where he had formed the sacred connection of a *friend.* Their kindred souls were so closely twined, that both felt one joy, both one affliction. In conversation, he had the happy talent of addressing his subject both to the understanding and the passions: from the one he forced conviction, from the other he stole assent.

He was blessed with a complacency of disposition and equanimity of temper, which peculiarly endeared him to his friends, and which, added to the deportment of the gentleman, commanded reverence and esteem even from his enemies.

Such was the tender sensibility of his soul, that he need but see distress to feel it, and contribute to its relief. He was deaf to the calls of interest even in the course of his profession; and wherever he beheld an

indigent object, which claimed his healing skill, he administered it, without even the hope of any other reward than that which resulted from the reflection of having so far promoted the happiness of his fellowmen.

In the *social* departments of life, practising upon the strength of that doctrine he used so earnestly to inculcate himself, that nothing so much conduced to enlighten mankind, and advance the great end of society at large, as the frequent interchange of sentiments in friendly meeting. We find him constantly engaged in this eligible labor; but on none did he place so high a value, as on that *most honorable* of all detached societies, the FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS. Into this fraternity he was early initiated; and after having given repeated proofs of a rapid proficiency in the arts, and after evidencing by his life the professions of his lips, finally, as the reward of his merit, he was commissioned the *Most Worshipful Grand Master* of all the ancient Masons through North America. And you, brethren, are living testimonies with how much honor to himself, and benefit to the craft universal, he discharged the duties of his elevated trust; with what sweetened accents he courted your attention, while, with *wisdom*, *strength*, *and beauty*, he instructed his lodges in the secret arts of Freemasonry; what perfect order and decorum he preserved in the government of them; and, in all his conduct, what a bright example he set us, *to live within compass, and act upon the square.*

With what pleasure did he silence the wants of poor and penniless brethren! yea, the necessitous every where, though ignorant of the mysteries of the craft, from his benefactions felt the happy effects of that institution which is founded on *faith*, *hope*, *and charity*. And the world may cease to wonder that he so readily offered up his life on the altar of his country, when they are told that the main pillar of Masonry is the love of mankind.

The Fates, as though they would reveal, in the person of our Grand-Master, those mysteries which have so long lain hid from the world, have suffered him, like the great master-builder in the temple of old, to fall by the hands of ruffians, and be again raised in honor and authority. We searched in the field for the murdered son of a widow, and we found him, *by the turf and the twig*, buried on the brow of a hill, though not in a decent grave. And though we must again commit his body to the tomb, yet our breasts shall be the burying spot of his *masonic virtues*, and there—

> "An adamantine monument we'll rear,
> With this inscription, '*Masonry* lies here.'"

In *public* life, the sole object of his ambition was to acquire the conscience of virtuous enterprizes; *amor patriæ* was the spring of his actions, and *mens conscia recti* was his guide. And on this security he was, on every occasion, ready to sacrifice his health, his interest, and his ease, to the sacred calls of his country. When the liberties of America were attacked, he ap-

peared an early champion in the contest; and though his knowledge and abilities would have insured riches and preferment (could he have stooped to prostitution), yet he nobly withstood the fascinating charm, tossed fortune back her plume, and pursued the inflexible purpose of his soul in guiltless competence.

He sought not the airy honors of a name; else many of those publications which, in the early period of our controversy, served to open the minds of the people, had not appeared anonymous. In every time of imminent danger, his fellow-citizens flew to him for advice; like the orator of Athens, he gave it, and dispelled their fears. Twice did they call him to the rostrum to commemorate the massacre of their brethren; and from that instance, in persuasive language, he taught them, not only the dangerous tendency, but the actual mischief, of stationing a military force in a free city in a time of peace. They learned the profitable lesson, and penned it among their grievances.

But his abilities were too great, his deliberations too much wanted, to be confined to the limits of a single city; and, at a time when our liberties were most critically in danger from the secret machinations and open assaults of our enemies, this town, to their lasting honor, elected him to take a part in the councils of the state. And with what faithfulness he discharged the important delegation, the neglect of his private concerns, and his unwearied attendance on that betrustment, will sufficiently testify; and the records of that virtuous assem-

bly will remain, the testimonials of his accomplishments as a statesman, and his integrity and services as a patriot, through all posterity.

The Congress of our Colony could not observe so much virtue and greatness without honoring it with the highest mark of their favor; and, by the free suffrages of that uncorrupted body of freemen, he was soon called to preside in the senate, where, by his daily counsels and exertions, he was constantly promoting the great cause of *general liberty*.

But when he found the tools of oppression were obstinately bent on violence; when he found the vengeance of the British court must be glutted with blood; he determined that what he could not effect by his eloquence or his pen, he would bring to purpose by his sword. And on the memorable 19th of April, he appeared in the field under the united characters of the general, the soldier, and the physician. Here he was seen animating his countrymen to battle, and fighting by their side, and there he was found administering healing comforts to the wounded. And when he had repelled the unprovoked assaults of the enemy, and had driven them back into their strong-holds, like the virtuous chief of Rome, he returned to the senate, and presided again at the councils of the fathers.

When the vanquished foe had rallied their disordered army, and by the acquisition of fresh strength, again presumed to fight against freemen, our patriot, ever anxious to be where he could do the most good,

again put off the senator, and, in contempt of danger, flew to the field of battle, where, after a stern and *almost* victorious resistance—ah! too soon for his country!—he sealed his principles with his blood: then

> "Freedom wept, that merit could not save;"
> But *Warren's* manes "must enrich the grave."

Enriched indeed! and the heights of Charlestown shall be more memorable for thy fall than the Plains of Abraham are for that of the hero of Britain. For while *he* died contending for a single country, *you* fell in the cause of virtue and mankind.

The greatness of his soul shone even in the moment of death; for, if fame speaks true, in his last agonies he met the insults of his barbarous foe with his wonted magnanimity, and with the true spirit of a soldier frowned at their impotence.

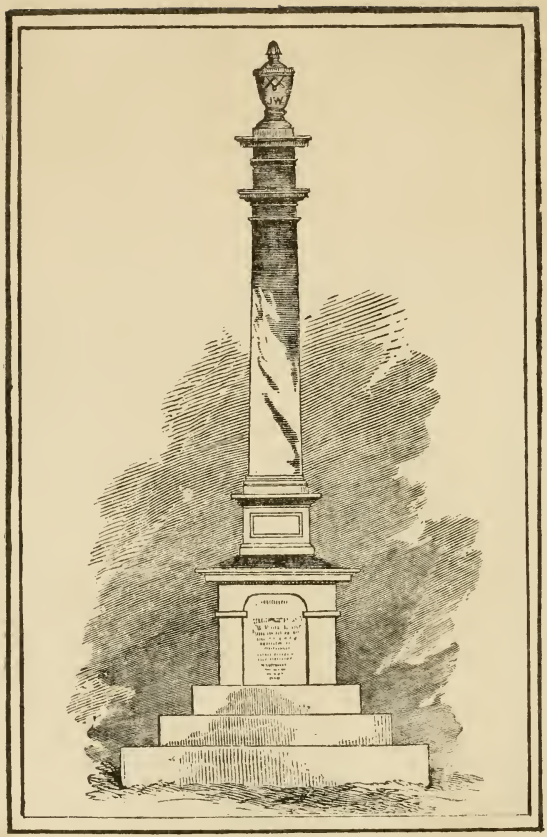
In fine, to complete the great character, like Harrington he wrote, like Cicero he spoke, like Hampden he lived, and like Wolfe he died!

And can we, my countrymen, with indifference behold so much valor laid prostrate by the hand of *British tyranny?* And can we ever grasp that hand in affection again? are we not yet convinced "that he who hunts the woods for prey, the naked and untutored Indian, is less a savage than the king of Britain?" have we not proofs, wrote in blood, that the corrupted nation from whence we sprang (though there may be some traces of their ancient virtue left) are stubbornly fixed on our destruction? and shall we still court a *depen-*

dence on such a state? still contend for a connection with those who have forfeited not only every kindred claim, but even their title to humanity! Forbid it, the spirit of the brave Montgomery! forbid it, the spirit of immortal Warren! forbid it, the spirits of all our valiant countrymen who fought, bled, and died for far different purposes, and who would have thought the purchase *dear indeed* to have paid their lives for the paltry boon of displacing one set of villains in power, to make way for another. No: they contended for the establishment of peace, liberty, and safety to their country; and we are unworthy to be called their countrymen, if we stop at any acquisition short of this.

Now is the happy season to seize again those rights, which, as men, we are by nature entitled to, and which, by contract, we never have and never could have surrendered; but which have been repeatedly and violently attacked by the *king*, *lords*, *and commons of Britain*. Ought we not, then, to disclaim for ever the forfeited affinity, and by a timely amputation of that rotten limb of the empire, prevent the mortification of the whole? ought we not to listen to the voice of our slaughtered brethren, who are now proclaiming aloud to their country —

> Go tell the king, and tell him from our spirits,
> That you and Britons can be friends no more;
> Tell him, to you all tyrants are the same;
> Or, if in bonds the never-conquer'd soul
> Can feel a pang more keen than slavery's self,
> 'Tis where the chains that crush you into dust,
> Are forged by hands from which you hoped for freedom?



Yes, we ought and will, — we will assert the blood of our murdered hero against thy hostile oppressions, O shameless Britain! and when "thy cloud-capped towers, thy gorgeous palaces," shall, by the teeth of pride and folly, be levelled with the dust, and when thy glory shall have faded like the western sunbeam,— the *name and the virtues of* Warren shall remain immortal!

On the south side of the pedestal was the following inscription:

"Erected A.D. MDCCXCIV.,
By King Solomon's Lodge of Free Masons,
Constituted in Charlestown, 1783,
In memory of
Major-General JOSEPH WARREN
and his Associates,
Who were slain on this memorable spot, June 17,
1775.

"'None but they who set a just value upon the blessings of Liberty are worthy to enjoy her. In vain we toiled; in vain we fought; we bled in vain, if you, our offspring, want valor to repel the assault of her invaders.'

"Charlestown settled, 1628; burned, 1775; rebuilt, 1776."

This sentiment, so peculiarly appropriate, is quoted from Warren's first oration. The monument stood forty years, and was then removed to give place to the proud

structure which now rears its granite proportions above the surrounding country,—an imperishable monument to the heroism of the brave phalanx who here shed their blood in the cause of American liberty. Within stands a model of Warren's monument, from which Mr. Lossing made the accompanying sketch for his "Field Book of the Revolution."

In 1777, Congress passed a resolution, ordering that a monument be erected to General Warren in the town of Boston, with the following inscription:

"In honor of
JOSEPH WARREN,
Major-General of Massachusetts Bay.
He devoted his life to the liberties
of his country;
And in bravely defending them, fell
an early victim,
In the Battle of Bunker Hill,
June 17th, 1775.
The Congress of the United States,
As an acknowledgment of his services,
Have erected this monument
To his memory."

It was also ordered by Congress that his eldest son should be educated at the expense of the United States. The proposed monument was never erected.

For a detailed review of the character of General Warren, a more extended space should be accorded

than the few pages which have here been dedicated to the subject. His name has been long embalmed in the hearts of all Americans, and will be transmitted to posterity as one of the most illustrious among those who died in defence of the liberties of his country. In his person he was somewhat above the medium height; his form was graceful, and his manners polite and engaging. Every emotion of his heart was depicted in a countenance eminently expressive of generous and noble sentiments. He was the friend of the indigent and oppressed; and, independent of the lustre of his talents, which shone conspicuously even among the brilliant lights of that period, he greatly enhanced his popularity by numerous acts of the purest philanthropy and charity. The distressed never appealed to him in vain, and his liberality was only circumscribed by his means.

As an orator he had few equals. Like others of that eventful era, he needed the impetus of some great event to set in motion the engines of his eloquence; but once excited, and he carried all before him in a torrent of resistless, burning declamation,—now rousing to the utmost pitch the ardor of his excited auditory, and anon moving them to tears with touching depictions of the public wrongs. He was the impersonation of that splendid courage which in the days of chivalry led on to the highest honors, and won the admiration of all classes. He has been aptly compared to Louis XII., at Aignadel; and like him might exclaim to the timid,

"Let those who have fear secrete themselves behind me." Or, like the bold and generous Conde, he would animate his countrymen in the darkest hour with the cheerful cry, "Follow my white plume; you shall recognize it always on the road to victory!"

Magoon, in his "Orators of the Revolution," says of him, after quoting some of the most eloquent periods of his orations, "Warren was a powerful orator, because he was a true man, and struggled for man's highest rights. Eloquence and liberty are the insaperable offspring of the same mother, nursed at the same breast; two beams from the same sun; two chords of the same harp; two arrows from the same quiver; two thunderbolts twin-born in heaven, and most glorious in their conflicts and conquests on earth."

Such was the patriot-soldier and statesman, JOSEPH WARREN. From among the numerous champions of freedom apparently raised up by the hand of Providence, to hurl back the avalanche of tyranny, it will be difficult to select one who combined within himself all the requisites for the important part he had to perform. Ardent in the cause he espoused; fearless, and of incorruptible integrity; self-reliant, and imparting his own courage to the faltering by a consistent example; a powerful orator and writer; a nervous and convincing reasoner in conversation and debate; conciliatory and engaging in his manners; and with a natural air of command, combined with the necessary talent to lead and direct his companions in emergencies,—it is not

surprising, that, at the comparatively inexperienced age of thirty-five, his ability in the cabinet should have been acknowledged by an unanimous nomination to the Presidency of the Provincial Congress, and his military talents recognized by an appointment to the command of the army. His name stands associated with every amiable and noble quality; he has left an example worthy alike the contemplation and imitation of all who can appreciate whatever adorns human nature. Statues and monuments are worthy commemorators of his deeds; but his best eulogy is in the sincere admiration of his countrymen.

THE END.