



PS 2677

.C6

Copy 1

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

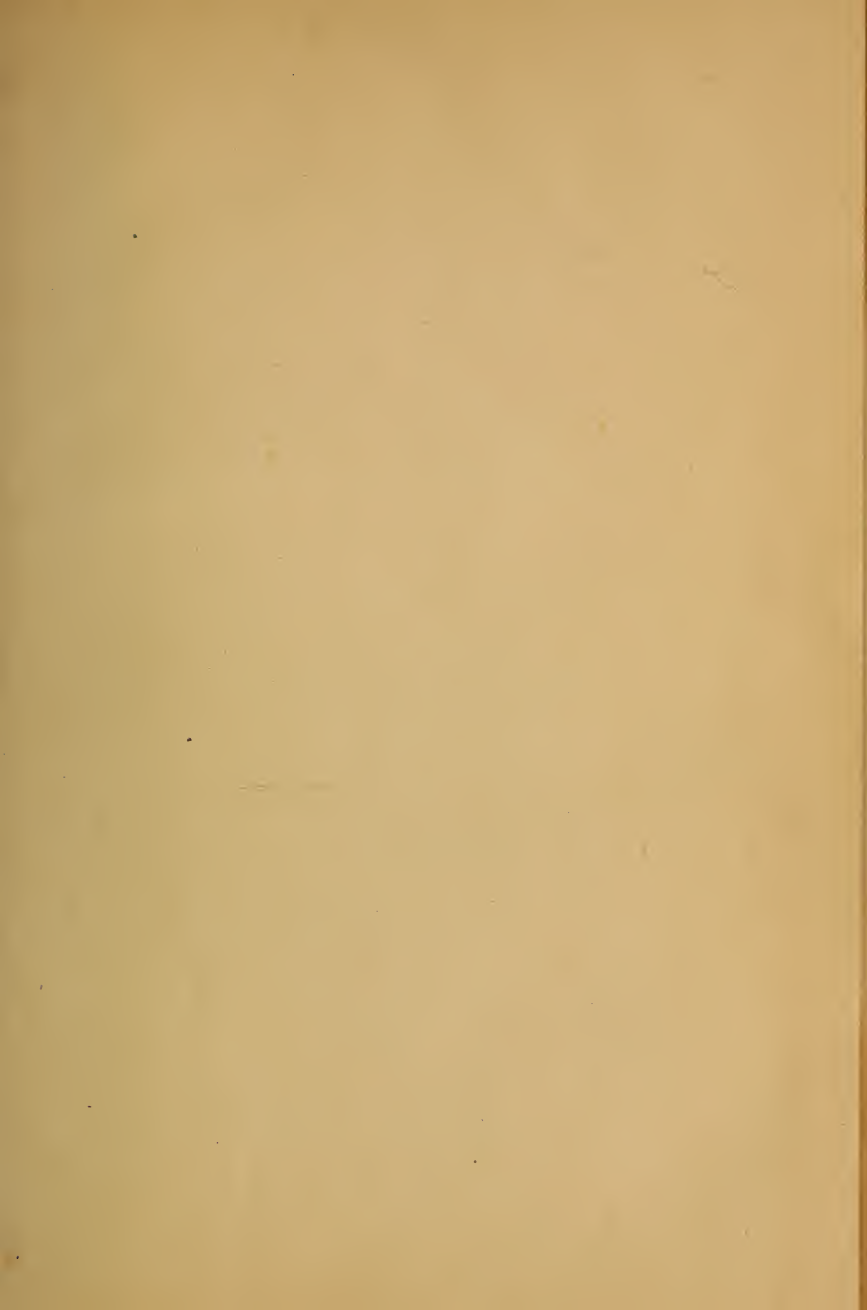
PS 2677  
Chap. .... Copyright No. ....

Shelf C6

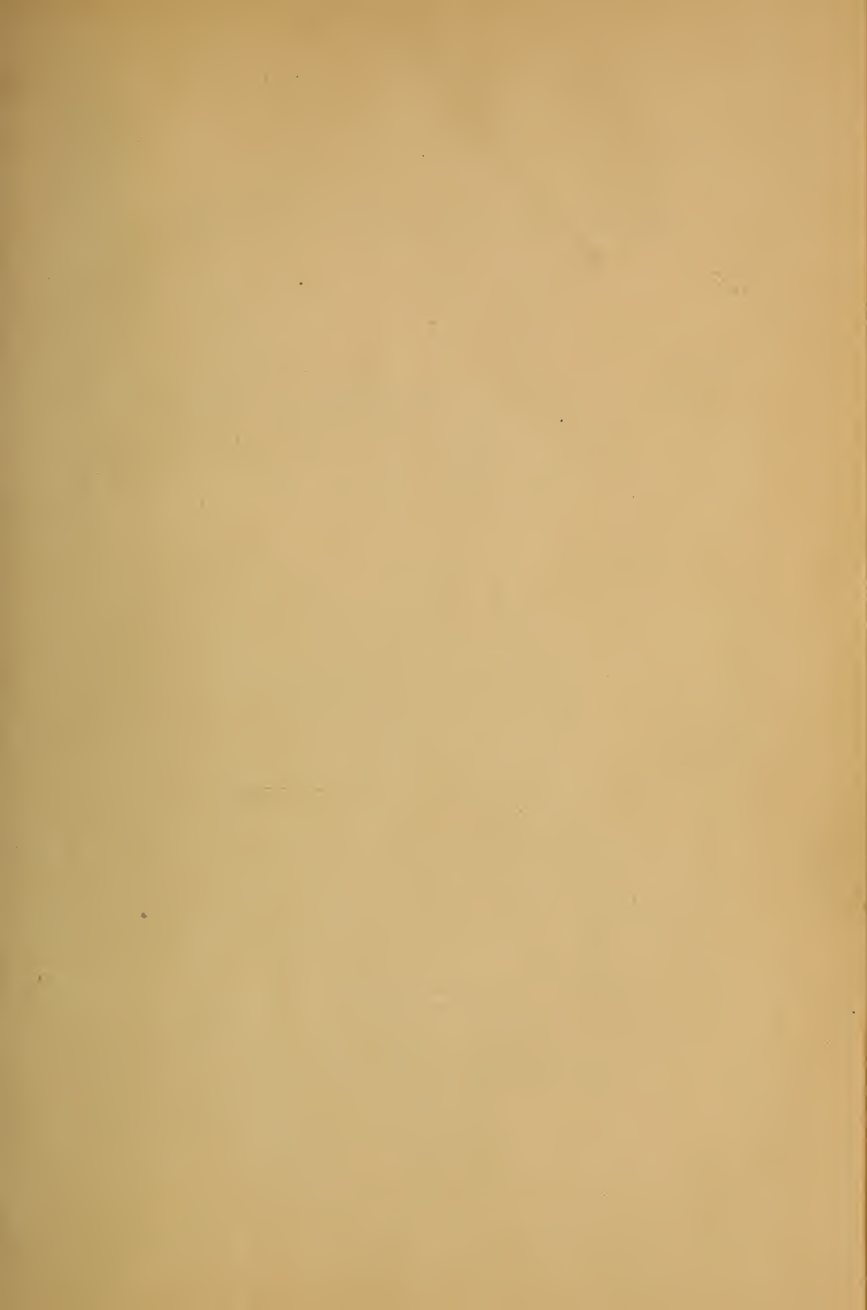
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.













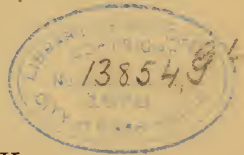


# COLONY BALLADS

AN ATTEMPT TO REPRESENT SOMETHING OF THE SPIRIT  
AND THE CIRCUMSTANCES ATTENDING THE SEP-  
ARATION OF THE BRITISH COLONIES OF  
MIDDLE NORTH AMERICA FROM  
THEIR MOTHER COUNTRY

GEORGE L. RAYMOND

33



NEW YORK  
PUBLISHED BY HURD AND HOUGHTON  
Cambridge: The Riverside Press  
1877

PS 2677  
. C 6

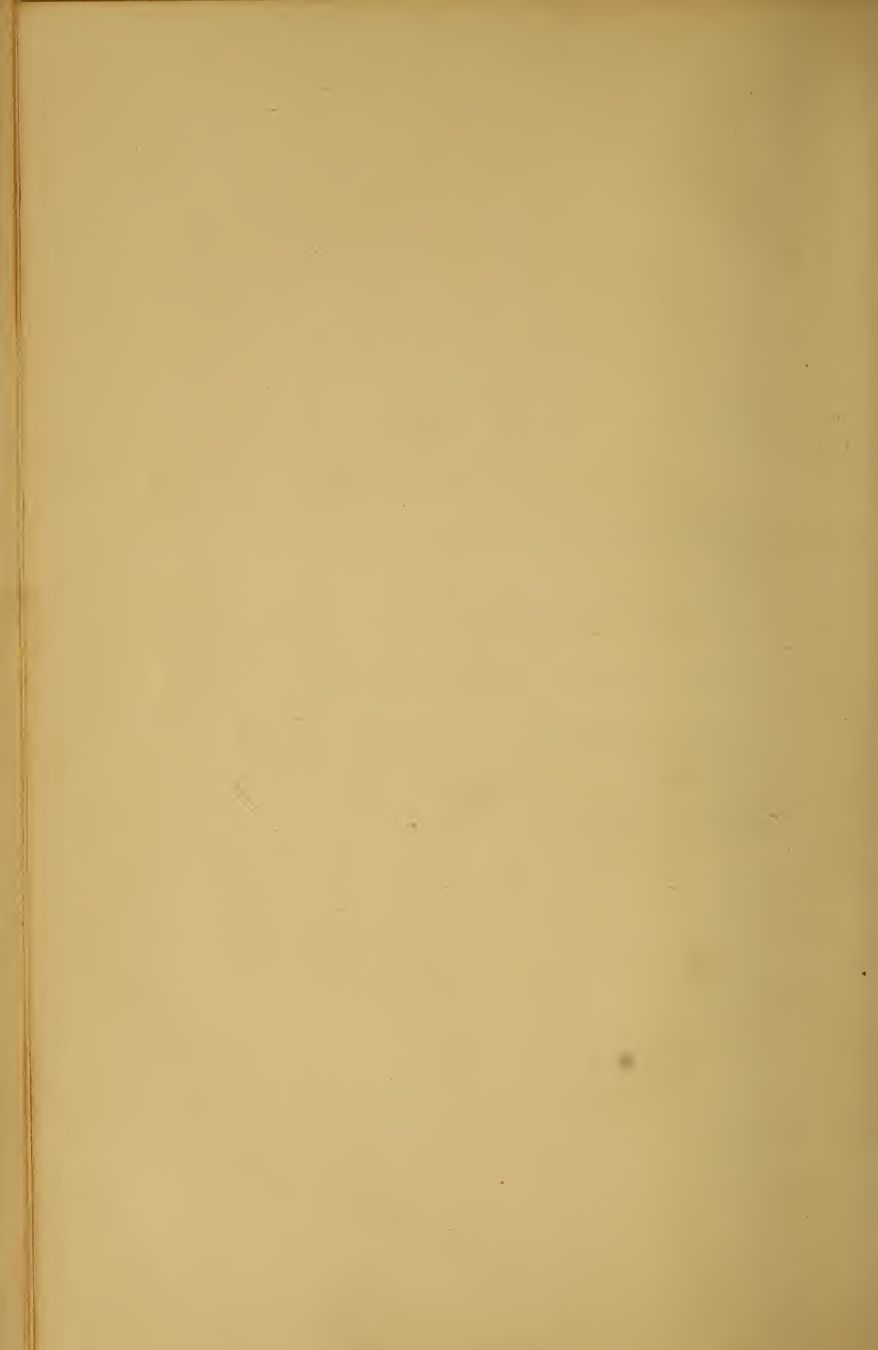
COPYRIGHT, 1876  
BY GEORGE L. RAYMOND

*The Riverside Press, Cambridge:*  
PRINTED BY H. O. HOUGHTON AND COMPANY.

## CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
OUR FIRST BREAK WITH THE BRITISH . . . . .	1
THE LAST CRUISE OF THE GASPEE . . . . .	18
THE LEBANON BOYS IN BOSTON . . . . .	34
THE CROWN'S FIGHT AGAINST THE TOWN'S RIGHT . . . . .	52
THE RALLY OF THE FARMERS . . . . .	61
ETHAN ALLEN . . . . .	69
HOW BARTON TOOK THE GENERAL * . . . .	86



## COLONY BALLADS.

---

OUR FIRST BREAK WITH THE BRITISH.

1765.

GREAT BRITAIN'S lords in council,  
As all things bore report,  
Had planned, like royal liveries,  
New modes to fit the colonies  
To further serve the court.

If, brought to form one body,  
The colonies now ally;  
What comes, to pall their freedom all,  
Will prove, so Franklin thought, too small.—  
“We join,” he wrote, “or die.”

And "Freedom is a birthright  
Our fathers hand us down ;  
Blood-bought," the lawyer Otis said :  
"One king of old it cost his head ;  
And one his throne and crown.

"If lost in young New England,  
Old England's, our mishap !  
We lesser fish that flounder here  
About the outer edges fear  
But nets that all entrap.

"Our laws are in our charters  
For scores of years enjoyed ;  
Nor court, nor king, nor mere consent  
Of merely King and Parliament,  
Has power to make them void.

"By these, and Magna Charta ;  
By all our Saxon rights ;  
By claims of nature, mind, descent ;  
A protest sent to Parliament  
Should show what now it slights."

The people sent their protest,  
The lords, in naught restrained,  
Tore the laws, to freedom's grief;  
Each sail from England sped, a leaf  
To show that madness reigned.

Dissolved were our assemblies ;  
Supreme the generals made ;  
Removed the judge our rights decreed ;  
And on the church our fathers freed  
The hands of bishops laid.

"Our Pilgrim race," preached Mayhew,  
"Were called to liberty ;  
And free, this side the deep, must be  
Though madcaps, chasing, make the sea  
Blood-red with chivalry.

"The clouds about and waters  
Are His who guides the church ;  
And earth that heeds how Plymouth Rock,  
To whelm the foe, throws back the shock,  
Shall yet our secret search."

“God guide the House of Commons!”

We cried, with lifted eyes.

God guided them and us, alas

But all our Heaven He scorched to pass

His finger through the skies.

The Stamp Act came to test us.

It laid the lash on each.

To ship, to wed, to loan, to own,

Were safe henceforth for him alone

Whose seal belied his speech.

“Stamped papers bring but vouchers,”

Wrote Green, “to license knaves.”

“To tax us,” Adams said nor bent,

“Where none our people represent

Is but to brand us slaves.

“Our chartered free assemblies,

The men we choose and arm

With power to tax, and pay and stay

The governor’s, general’s, judge’s sway,

Alone keep each from harm.”



“Alone!” cried Thomas Chase then,  
“But British agents curse  
To find that our assemblies true  
Find something nobler here to do  
Than fill a noble’s purse.”

“And therefore,” Hancock added,  
“To plunder yet, prepare  
This law that all their fleet empowers  
To seize each honest ship of ours,  
And wrest a bounty there.

“Then, freely thus to plunder,  
They force our merchants wronged  
Redress to seek in foreign courts  
From him alone the gold supports  
That once to them belonged.

“For one my fleet shall carry  
No stamp though all I lose.  
If England take, I hold my soul.”  
The people heard, and soon the whole  
Had vowed no stamps to use.

New York had lived by commerce.  
To sacrifice inspired,  
Her merchants swore no goods to buy,  
No boat to sail, no trade to ply,  
Nor aught a stamp required.

Said Isaac Sears, their leader,  
"A human lord, to shine,  
His gloss from those about must take.  
A rival stripped alone can make  
Mere decency divine.

"To gild the edge of title,  
For this is England made  
Our sole resort for all we buy;  
For this they check the mills we ply.  
For this, our foreign trade.

"The noble class above us  
Who hold for gold the seive  
Ours oozes through, would not eschew  
Their royal rule — to others do  
What makes them humbly live.

“And shall we not live humbly  
Who only pride restrain?  
And buy at home more homely goods?”—  
“Buy homespun!” rang from bay to woods.  
Then rang the looms amain.

But keen and crafty tories,  
They prowled around at night;  
They listened long and bought and sold  
And pried and plied, and some cajoled  
This homespun league to slight.

“Till stamps shall come from England  
We dare not wait,” said Edes.  
“If once a few our tories own,  
The wrong through all the land is sown:  
No hand the danger weeds.”

“Resign the trust!” cried Boston,  
Her stamp-man’s trade to stay.  
The cry, like thunder, threatened storm.  
Wild torches flashed; the air was warm;  
The people had their way.

“Resign!” ere long the echo  
Through all the land had rolled.  
The sovereign people’s arm was bared.  
Through all the land no agent dared  
A hated stamp to hold.

“Our governors,” howled the tories,  
“Shall sell to spell the crown.”  
The governors swore the task to take ;  
But we, we swore, our lives the stake,  
To put their purpose down.

The night before the Stamp Act  
Should take effect, ah me !  
We slept not much ; we melted lead ;  
We whetted steel ; we planned ahead,  
We Sons of Liberty.

Then, when the morn was breaking,  
From seashore back to plain,  
In all the towns were tolled the bells  
That all began with doleful knells,  
As though for Freedom slain.

Anon, they rang out madly  
What might appear to be  
The land's alarm-bell — nay not now ;  
They pealed to hail the birth and vow  
Of Sons of Liberty.

New York sprang wild to hear them.  
Was flooded every way.  
The people left their shops and mills.  
The farmers flocked from all the hills ;  
The sailors from the bay.

Now who would buy stamped papers ?  
The governor stood, agaze.  
The stores before were all shut to ;  
Enough of wiser work to do  
On this, a day of days !

“We would not, and we will not,”  
Said Isaac Sears, “submit.”  
The governor cried, “Your drums may beat,  
But here a fort and there a fleet  
They scarcely thus outwit.”

“The stamps,” said James, his major,  
“A sword should cram them down  
These choking throats, and him that squirms  
The army crush as crush they worms—  
Or burn them out the town.”

“Aha,” replied our leader,  
“For this you soldiers came?  
For this a wily governor  
Sent word abroad the French made war?  
Aha, were we the game?”

“Not daring yet to tax us,  
For this a lawless crown  
Bade British troopers take from hence  
Free meals at every town’s expense—  
Your pay to keep us down?”

“For this to you from England  
Must our ‘civilians’ yield?—  
You Braddock-men who boast but run  
While ours stay back with Washington  
Alone to hold the field!

“Yes, yes, in genuine danger  
We know who win the day ;  
Whose treasure here and blood it is  
That, from our fathers’ time to this,  
Have held each foe at bay.

“And need we now your army ?  
You know—your sovereign too,  
Our wars are his that cross the sea,  
Or fret the Frenchmen here that he  
Excuse may find for you.

“How strong, think you, our patience ?  
How long before it tire ?—  
Ah, Britain’s lion’s whelp may get  
So tough by cuffs like this, as yet  
To turn and rend its sire !”

“Clear treason !” cried the major ;  
And “treason !” cried his chief.  
The other’s eye their fury brooked,  
Then calmly toward his comrades looked  
To give his thoughts relief.

“There live such royal spirits,  
Their loyalty so great,  
That when to wrong their ruler strays  
The notion of the nation sways,  
The spirit of the state.”

And then he told those courtiers  
Their words should he report.  
They heard the people's groans that rose  
To greet the words he bore, and chose  
To seek, near by, the fort.

The fort, the crowd surrounded.  
Its guns were at them swung.  
“Now dare to fire you on the town,”  
The crowd cried out, “the gates go down,  
The governor find you hung.”

The governor urged his honor ;  
“Had pledged,” he said, “his oath,  
And ought to further Britain's aims.”—  
We thought New York had equal claims  
On oath and honor both.



“And let his pledge be given  
He let the stamps alone,”  
Said Isaac Sears ; and all the crowd  
Who heard him say it, shouted loud  
To make the words their own.

All day, with waning patience,  
That pledge was waited for ;  
But, when there came an answer none,  
No man could check a course begun  
To force the governor.

At night, the boys with torches,  
They started out for sport.  
The house of James they sacked, and took  
The army's flags his fear forsook,  
And marched them round the fort.

The governor owned his coaches,  
His sleighs, and horses trained.  
They burst the barn before his eyes,  
And dragged away with heartless cries  
The treasure there contained.

They framed a devil's image,  
The governor's image too ;  
And, side by side, made both careen,  
Wheeled round and round the Bowling Green  
Where fort and fleet could view.

At last, of sleighs and coaches  
They formed a funeral pyre ;  
And, full in face of all the town,  
Who only roared its roar to drown,  
They set the whole on fire.

Then came a wake and wailing,  
As ashes covered all ;  
And not a clause in laws unjust  
The governor hoped on us to thrust  
But some one dared recall.

“A foe to all of England !”

“A foe to all of us !”

“In Scotland went with Jacobites !”

“Has vowed to murder here our rights !—

Ere that we toast him thus !”

Then met the colony's council  
To vote what questioned none :—  
“Those stamps Great Britain's crown assigned  
To agents here who all resigned ;  
None made the governor one.”

At last the governor wavered ;  
He wrote an answer thus :—  
“I wait the dawn of further light.”  
Cried Isaac Sears, “the fox is bright.  
Morn makes him free from us.

“Now send we back this message :—  
‘Awhile the town will wait  
But four and twenty hours from now  
Will hold the stamps or else will vow  
To hold no more debate.’”

The governor begged the army ;  
The army begged the fleet,  
But no one cared to free the fort  
Of papers borne to brave the sport  
Of those who filled the street.

The courage there of courtiers,  
It bowed to wisdom higher :  
The power of right that ruled the mass,  
It overawed the royal class ;  
They did not dare to fire.

They did not dare to kindle  
The flames of war, to fling  
No light of glory round a throne  
Where British freemen flushed alone  
To blush for Britain's King.

So nought was left the loyal  
Except to yield us all.  
Our mayor took the stamps resigned,  
And bore away to store behind  
The bolts of City Hall.

And, all relieved, the people,  
They cheered that right was done ;  
Cried " Liberty and Property !  
No stamps to curse the Colony !"  
And parted, one by one.

At morning, all the papers  
Were published stamps without.  
Men trusted not to notes but men.  
The boats in harbor sailed again ;  
Their foes were moored in doubt.

And none a stamp had purchased,  
Or sealed himself a slave ;  
And half of England, trust my word,  
Were thrilled with joy, when proud they heard  
How we ourselves could save.

At last there came a daybreak  
When all the thankful kneeled ;  
And bells were rung, and banners hung ;  
And England's weal was drunk and sung, —  
The Stamp Act stood repealed.

Great Britain's lords in council  
Had talked of fire and ball ;  
But, when they touched their liberties,  
Met manhood in the colonies  
They could not thus intrall.

THE LAST CRUISE OF THE GASPEE.

1772.

ONE windy day in March,  
A ghost that brought dismay,  
A vessel fleet, through snow and sleet,  
Made Narraganset Bay.

There were smugglers in the bay,  
And smugglers on the shore ;  
But loyal still to royal will  
Ten times their number more.

But the captain railed at all,  
His boasts afloat his ale ;  
" Rhode Island low is full, you know,  
Of fellows fled from jail ;

“And Puritans fled from law,  
From kings they fear to fear.  
Aha!” he laughed, “our loyal craft  
Has brought the Cavalier!

“Our guns shall speak in tones  
To make the whole bay ring;  
And teach to each within their reach  
To reverence here the King.

“Upon the sea are ships:  
On bounties bound to fall,  
Their sails we rip till flags they dip  
To heed our royal call.

“Upon the shore are sheep;  
Beside the sheep is wood:  
Sure, fealty nice should sacrifice  
To yield its navy food.

Some lawless were at sea;  
Some lawless were on shore;  
This ship, I ken, a band of men  
Ten times as lawless bore.

The sheriff went and warned  
The captain, angered sore,  
By claims polite and chartered right,  
To plunder there no more.

The captain waved his hand,  
Said he, "The fleet has made  
A vow devout to carry out  
The English Acts of Trade."

Wrote Hopkins then from court,  
"No warrant, none have you."  
"The navy's crew injustice do,"  
Wrote Governor Wanton too.

The captain dodged reply ;  
"Let Boston urge his plea :  
Not their affair ; the admiral there  
His ship should oversee."

And then he turned away.  
One heard him mutter near,  
"The admiralty, I think I see,  
Ship back their bounties here."



But yet the wronged ones wrote.  
The admiral there was bold.  
He swore to hang the Island gang,  
And teach them who controlled.

And more, the man forgot,  
An English soldier he,  
To honor those the people chose  
In a colony just and free.

“The navy know their trade,”  
He rash to Wanton wrote ;  
“In mere pretense and insolence  
You board the Sovereign’s boat.”

Wrote Wanton, “Those at home,  
Your lords, shall judge your note.  
And every time it hint of crime,  
Our sheriff boards the boat.”

But months and months went on.  
The cruiser fired away.  
None plied an oar ; lived near the shore,  
But feared to be its prey.

Cried Captain Lindsey bold,  
"An outrage none should bide !  
Rhode Island grit must yet outwit,  
And trip the rascal's pride.

"He knows my Packet here,  
Her trade, as well as I.  
Now let him dare to sink me there,  
His guns shall I defy.

"If down we go, the law,  
It floats to stand upon ;  
If that go too, this case is through ;  
But Britain, more anon !"

So high his flag he flew ;  
And wide his sail he spread.  
The cruiser fired ; her men perspired ;  
Her captain's face was red.

"All hands aloft !" he cried ;  
"All sail !" and, while they strove,  
Both ships, away in clouds of spray,  
Like squalls the waters clove.

When off of Nauquit Point,  
Shrewd Lindsey knew his ground ;  
Afar he steered, the bar he cleared,  
And then the ship swung round.

Up tossed her canvas high ;  
Then dipped, as round it ran,  
A saucy way that seemed to say  
Now catch me if you can.

The cruiser's captain saw ;  
And mouthed an awful oath :  
"Now catch I not, then fire and shot  
Or bottom catch us both.

"Straight on, nor tack!" he cried ;  
"Straight on! the bar is spare ;  
The tide is high ; across we fly,  
And head them off, up there."

Deep plowed the cruiser's prow  
The broken waves below,  
So bows a bull whose pride is full  
To toss a stubborn foe.

She plunged and reeled and rolled.  
Ah better had she tacked !  
The sea, it flew the bulwark through.  
The mainmast swayed and cracked.

The wind, it whistled there ;  
The boatswain whistled here.  
The captain swore ; the mainsail tore ;  
The jib had ripped its gear.

A flood had forced the deck.  
The crew were floundering round.  
Then, clean and chill, the whole was still ;  
The cruiser fast aground.

When Lindsey saw, such cheers  
Went back from all his men,  
The hostile crew, that heard them, flew  
To man their guns again.

But Lindsey kept his course.  
He here could do no more ;  
And, ere the night, the cruiser's plight  
Had told along the shore.

“There stays the ship,” said he,  
“Till comes, anon, high tide.”  
“Till Providence shall lift her thence,”  
John Brown, his friend, replied.

And Providence, at dusk,  
Was rallied out to greet  
Its Daniel Pearce who rattled fierce  
His drum along the street.

“The cruiser lies aground!  
High tide at three o'clock!  
Who care to go and meet her so,  
Come all to Fenner's dock!”

The people flocked, and lo,  
In Captain Whipple's care,  
Eight boats of Brown who roused the town  
And sent the sailors there.

Each boat a captain steered;  
And muffled every oar;  
And, when they bent, the men who went,  
All told, were sixty-four.

Their arms were culled with care  
From all their friends could loan;  
And all the yawls, for cannon balls,  
Were stocked with paving-stone.

They battled wind and tide,  
Three hours amid the gloom.  
The midnight passed. They saw, at last,  
The hated bulwarks loom.

“Who comes?” the watch called out.  
“Who comes?” the captain cried.  
Then swift alarmed, in tones that armed,  
The crew that toward him hied.

“Move off!” the captain roared,  
His pistol aiming well;  
Then fired — alack! fire answered back;  
He started, staggered, fell.

Then, deathly dark and fierce  
As tidal waves, where fleets  
Are whelmed and whirled and downward  
hurled  
Till the earthquake there retreats.

Our men, at Whipple's cry,  
"Up, up!" cleared every check ;  
And dashed and leapt and slashed and swept  
Across the cruiser's deck.

Their men were all below ;  
And ours on deck alone ;  
Clean work had done, nor fired a gun,  
The foe before them flown.

"Surrender here!" rang out ;  
And out the cabin glanced  
At first a few, then all the crew ;  
Then one and all advanced.

"First know," said Whipple then,  
"That here you sail no more ;  
And next prepare your boats to bear  
Yourselves and yours ashore."

The sailors went and came,  
They came with bags and coats.  
They called their roll, and said the whole  
They owned was in the boats.

Meantime, the captain's wound  
The men who made had dressed ;  
And rowed him, sore but safe, ashore  
With all his trunks possessed.

“All hands embark!” rang out ;  
And all the yawls were full ;  
Save one for those the work to close,  
While off the rest should pull.

Three cheers anon bespoke  
The vessel's farewell trip,  
When, white as spray the former day,  
Thin smoke made dim the ship.

Then seldom off her track  
So fast had flown a crew,  
While flashed the fire, and, streaming higher,  
The red flag redder flew.

The cruiser sailed in state ;  
Once more her swivel plied ;  
Then powder, ball, and hull and all  
The thunder's self defied.



High filled the heaven above.  
Her ghost was not for heaven :  
Each wounded cloud roared long and loud ;  
Then back the whole was driven.

When all was still, there seemed  
Faint sparks to fill the place—  
“Nay, nay,” said one, “the morning sun ;  
A new day dawns apace !”

It dawned for these, at least ;  
When soon there hove in sight  
Full half the town who crowded down  
To cheer their deed that night.

But list! the cheers were checked.  
“Keep mum!” the murmur spread ;  
The government sought those who went,  
A price on every head.

“Five hundred dollars down,  
For him who tells of one,”  
Was first proclaimed : but no one named  
A man who aught had done.

“Five thousand,” offered then,  
“To know who took the lead ;  
And half as much to know of such  
As joined him in the deed.”

The King’s commission, last,  
Sat half a year or more ;  
But not a word they ever heard  
Of all the sixty-four.

Forgotten were they then ?  
They might have passed, by day,  
Without a wink to make you think,  
Or hint that it was they.

But, when the night had come ;  
When every door was locked ;  
The shutters fast, and blew the blast  
Till all the chimney rocked ;

When, safe from eyes and ears,  
In homes where all were true,  
The way those men were feasted then  
A king, full well, might rue.

And when the board was bare ;  
When, round the roaring fire,  
The nuts were cracked, and cider smacked  
Till tooth and tongue would tire ;

When each his tale would tell  
About that ship and night,  
And still the way he dodged to-day  
The British spy and spite ;

The boys that husked the corn  
Would bend, anon to spring  
And draw the ears, like swords, with cheers  
To make the rafters ring !

The host who stirred the fire  
Would stab till cinders flew !  
You well had thought the flames he brought  
The cruiser's would outdo !

The girls, where dashed the blaze  
Like spray a ship concealed  
Along the walls, would aim like balls  
The apples red they peeled !

“To arms!” would cry the men;  
Then spy their prey purloin;  
While mother’s yarn would snap to darn  
The dance that all would join.

Ah, so we hushed the tale!  
Yet spies that sly would roam  
Could not decoy the smallest boy  
To tell what passed at home.

We hushed the tale, yes, yes,  
Till proof made all believe  
That all with nerve the weak to serve  
Applause from all receive.

We hushed it, till the hush  
Became our countersign  
To save from those we knew were foes,  
And make our men combine.

We hushed it, till we learned  
What thousands would be free,  
And longed to know which way to go  
To gain their liberty.

We hushed it, till we heard  
The guns at Lexington ;  
Then shouted loud, a mighty crowd,  
“ Our heroes lead us on ! ”

2\*

THE LEBANON BOYS IN BOSTON.

THE TEA PARTY, DECEMBER 16, 1773.

“NEW trouble down in Boston,”  
Was told us half the year;  
Yet every week the postman came  
With something new to hear.

“Alas,” they wrote, “that freedom’s right  
Should life so hale beget  
That lords its envied strength should drain  
With sword and bayonet.  
Like leeches, cling the frigates  
About our wasted port;  
The wharves inflamed with soldiers;  
An open sore the fort.

A foreign Board of Customs,  
Our courts cannot restrain,  
Like vultures, where a scent of death,  
Their living come to gain.  
Of old, when all stood up for rights,  
The Stamp Act was repealed ;  
We stooped to thank the Sovereign then,  
He thinks we now will yield."

We read, and thought together  
That something must be done ;  
And we the ones to do it,  
We boys of Lebanon.

The words of Samuel Adams  
We heard a neighbor quote : —  
"They silence our assembly.  
A sword is on its throat.  
Our charter made a target,  
Our judgment-seat a fort,  
Our men they rob for rations ;  
Our boys they shoot for sport.  
Our faith that their horizons burst  
And zeniths held not down,

They ring with Acts to Tolerate,  
And bring a crippling crown.  
I care not what to others  
A loyal feeling brings ;  
To me it still shall loyal be  
To serve the King of Kings.”

We heard, and swore together  
That work must be begun ;  
And we the ones to do it,  
We boys of Lebanon.

We signed a pledge of union.  
To all the land we wrote.  
We went to meet the postman.  
We read the Boston note : —  
“In union only is there strength ;  
And strength our only stay.  
Alas that some divide us ;  
Alas that some give way.  
All trade with Britain broke we off ;  
But now the weak agree ;  
‘Enough,’ they say, ‘if none will taste,  
If none will trade with tea.’



“Who lie in wait the weakness spy.  
They try to trap it thus :—  
‘East India’s losing traders  
Shall tea bring free’ to us.  
As though their thriving did not heap  
Her lap with tribute gold,  
‘Let them,’ cries England, ‘take the tax ;  
Let them the duties hold.’

“Already bound for Boston,  
May tea be on the waves,  
A bait flung out to tempt us  
To touch, and then be slaves.  
And if the strong should falter,  
Nor snatch the bait away,  
What keeps the weak from craft that makes  
The whole land England’s prey ?  
What keeps temptation from the men  
By habits old unnerved ?  
What principle restrain them  
Who reason never served ?—

“And yet, this plot to parry,  
If Boston men conspire,

Their town may prove an altar ;  
Their fortunes melt in fire.  
The sacrifice is ready ;  
Yet first they wait reply,  
To know they own a country  
To save, before they die."

We met, and swore together,  
If fighting must be done,  
In Boston we would do it,  
We boys of Lebanon.

We started out at midnight.  
We got the Indian suits,  
We kept for sport or safety  
When red men raised recruits.  
We packed them all in knapsacks.  
The girls our kisses dealt ;  
Flung guns on every shoulder,  
And tomahawks in belt.  
We crept along the forest.  
We dropped the ledges down.  
We scattered near to Boston.  
We met within the town.

We hunted out our cousins.

We told them why we came.

“Aha,” said they, “we plot the same.

We join you in the game.”

They showed us then, at morning,

The Tree of Liberty,

Where those who planned the Stamp Act

Were hung in effigy.

A pole was now beside it.

A flag it bore flew high.

The church bells all were ringing.

A crowd had gathered nigh.

“To see this tree, the agent

Of stamps,” we heard, “resigned.

Here too East India’s agents

Should learn the people’s mind:—

‘All tea that comes from England,

Untouched to England goes ;

Or brand we these, its consignees,

Our own, our country’s foes.’”

The people cheered the purpose.

The resolution passed.

The crowd about went homeward.  
The sky was overcast.

The message reached the agents.  
No promise would they sign.  
Again the town demanded one.  
Again did all decline.  
Then Boston's grand Committee  
Of Correspondence, said  
"We write to all the province ;"  
And fast the riders sped.

From every hill and valley  
Came back, as though one word,  
What Samuel Adams read with pride  
Where all the people heard :—  
"Without a voice dissenting,  
We swear by you to stand.  
Our wealth or life preventing,  
The tea shall never land."

Then dawned the stirring Sunday  
When swift the news was passed,  
One tea-ship off the harbor !"—  
The crisis came, at last.

Not many went to church then ;  
But all began to pray,  
With eyes to duty open wide—  
The Puritanic way.

In haste we met together,  
Our work must be begun.  
We planned how best to do it,  
We boys of Lebanon.  
With Proctor named as captain,  
We formed, as soldiers free,  
To cling like air and water there  
About the ship with tea.

The Town's Select Men waited on  
The vessel's consignees ;  
But these the fort had waited on,  
Well locked with British keys.  
True courtiers, they would tender  
The governor there their tea.  
The governor called his councillors,  
The council said, "Not we ;  
Our homes are with the people ;  
And we are not the ones

To hold the cup that Freedom drugs  
To them, ourselves, or sons."

The consignees still waited there  
While they the tea controlled ;  
The ship, in form, once entered,  
The harbor's laws must hold.  
So quick the Town's Committee,  
With close at hand a writ,  
They sealed the vessel's owner's word  
Not yet to enter it.

At Fanueil Hall, next morning,  
To answer bells that rung,  
Men swarmed, like bees, to buzz before,  
Prepared to die, they stung.  
The governor's sheriff waved his staff:—  
"You meet unlawfully!"  
The staff but made them busier buzz,  
With Saxon loyalty.  
The consignees they summoned.  
"The tea," these wrote, "we stack."  
"The tea you ship to England,"  
The people answered back.

And then to ports in England,  
And all at home they wrote :—  
“Tea taxers here, or traders,  
Our country’s foes we vote.  
Think not our men will waver,  
Our wives their vows abate ;  
If bitter keep the herb they steep,  
More bitter still their hate.”

Two tea ships more had anchored.  
Our guards, like nerves, were strung  
From bay to every belfry’s rope,  
The slightest stir had sprung.

Then spake the vessels’ owners :—  
“Our cargoes, entered not,  
In twenty days, the law will take ;  
The fleet their fate allot.”  
“Ere that you sail from Boston,”  
The Town’s Committee said.  
“Nay, nay, ere that,” was answered back,  
“In Boston blood were shed.”  
They pointed down the harbor.  
Behold, the fleet below,

Like prongs along the channel,  
To rake a coming foe!  
They pointed toward the castle.  
The flash of every gun  
Bespoke an aim to pierce with flame  
A prey that dared to run!

No hope for writs of clearance,  
No hope in flight, they showed.  
Thus checked, the people's purpose rose  
To bounds that overflowed.  
Collector and comptroller,  
With solemn pleas they sought;  
The governor then, exulting  
To think his trap had caught.  
"You mark the fleet and castle,  
Should trouble brew," said he,  
"Your Hancocks, Rowes, and Phillips  
Might risk as much as we."

But Molineux said only,  
"They more would risk if slaves;  
Then, what were treasured most, would be  
Enough to give them graves."



“Of slaves,” the governor answered,  
And glowed about the phrase ;  
“Of slaves because a land has laws !”  
And passed the laws to praise ;  
“And you would dare to break them ? —  
And reason, what of it ? —  
I trust in human nature,  
When reason says, submit.”

“We trust in human nature,”  
Said Young, who near him stood ;  
“And peace, where thrives oppression,  
It does not deem a good.  
We trust in human nature ;  
The conscience, governing there,  
The right may guard as well as kings  
With crowns their dearest care.  
Love rules in human nature,  
For, all of history through,  
The slaves have been the many,  
The tyrants been the few.”

The governor turned in anger ;  
“Well, well, we then shall see.

Your hint of flint can frighten  
No clearance here from me."

Still met the town together,  
Their final vote to take.  
Not one, of seven thousand there,  
Had wish the peace to break.  
Said Quincy, "Crowds and shoutings  
Not now can end the strife.  
Come other crowds, and other shouts ;  
And go estate and life.  
The structures fair of freedom  
Men rear beneath the sky,  
Press down on deep foundations,  
Where thousands buried lie.  
Our course we well may ponder :  
A bow may span the cloud,  
But hope's first march beneath the arch  
Meet flash and bolt and shroud."  
The people paused and pondered ;  
But, when they called for hands,  
Not one of all but voted,  
The tea, it never lands.

And then we met together ;  
If fighting must be done,  
Our time had come to do it,  
We boys of Lebanon.  
Another morn the vessels  
The fleet and fort would hold ;  
Then, who could say what power could stay  
The tea from being sold.

Close by we sought our quarters.  
We cleared our knapsacks quick.  
We donned our Indian guises.  
We stained our cheeks with brick.  
Anon, we all were ready ;  
Half, tomahawks in hand ;  
And half, with muskets only,  
We heard our last command.

A moment then we waited.  
We knew the danger there.  
We looked above for courage.  
We bent below in prayer.  
We swore by God in Heaven,  
Our names to keep from all.

We swore to stand together,  
Till death should doom to fall.  
We swore, by truth and honor,  
Should half essay to flee,  
To cast that half the harbor in  
To perish with the tea.

The twilight long had tarried.  
The darkness deeper grew.  
In old South Church, the people  
Still pondered what to do.  
The dimness veiled our coming.  
We listened near the door,  
Till Adams said, "For freedom fled,  
We here can do no more."  
And then we yelled together,  
"To Griffin's wharf come on!"  
All ready we to do the rest,  
We boys of Lebanon.

Then off flew some as sentries  
To stand and sound alarms,  
Should coming spies or soldiers  
Compel resort to arms.

The twilight long had tarried.  
The darkness deeper grew ;  
“ Full time,” said we, “ to take our tea ! ”  
The people thought 'so too.

To Griffin's wharf we led them.  
We rowed, and reached the ships.  
No captain there, nor sailor,  
Dared open once his lips.  
We crowded every gangway.  
We brought out every chest ;  
Tore every wrap to guard the tea,  
And steeped the bay our best.  
No time was there for shouting,  
No wish was there for strife.  
Three hours we wrought in silence,  
Each thankful more for life.  
Anon, the work was ended ;  
Anon, we back could row,  
The heaven was black above us ;  
The harbor black below.

None thought on shore to cheer us,  
Though all had waited there.

Their silence seemed the silence,  
Where souls have flown to prayer.  
Their silence seemed the silence  
Of war's reserves, where breath  
Is hushed to hear the order,  
To call, they fear, to death.  
Their silence seemed the silence  
Of heavens, close and warm,  
Ere, like a shell that houses hell,  
They burst to free the storm.

As hushed as on a Sabbath,  
The people homeward went ;  
Their eyes alone transparent  
To show the soul's content.  
But we, we met together,  
When all the work was done,  
To toast the dawn of freedom,  
We boys of Lebanon.

Then, early stirred at morning,  
We left with Paul Revere,  
Who through the South went riding off  
To bear, from Boston, cheer.

We spread through all the country.

We told, how all was done ;

Till all the shoremen stored away

A tomahawk and gun.

Throughout the land, no tory

Would brave their sworn attack.

East India found no agent.

The tea that came went back.

But, better far for freedom,

There flew, from mouth to mouth,

From soul to soul, a tide to roll,

And sweep from North to South.

The source was patriotic ;

It flowed to flood the land.

No colony held its borders ;

No jealousy could withstand.

Before, men talked of union ;

But now was union won,

When all the land, on every hand,

Held boys of Lebanon.

THE CROWN'S FIGHT AGAINST THE  
TOWN'S RIGHT.

LEXINGTON, APRIL 19, 1775.

“A GALLOPING horse is coming  
Across the field! — do you mark?” —  
We woke and flew to the window.  
We peered away in the dark.

The night, a cloud about us,  
It bore a bolt to fear.  
What flashed and clashed? — who brought it? —  
“I, I!” cried Paul Revere.

“The British are off for Concord  
To seize the colony's arms!  
And Dawes and I the river  
Stole over, and over the farms.”



“ But wait you, Paul, a moment ;  
    A guide shall ride below.  
Below you cross the forest ;  
    Nor plain the way to know.”

“ Quick, quick ! ” cried Paul, “ about us  
    Shine eyes, like owls at night.  
Like stars that bar the darkness,  
    The whole to cage in light.”

Yet wait you, Paul, and waiting  
    How, say, does Boston fare ? ” —  
“ Alas,” he sighed, “ no saying  
    How many shall breakfast there.

“ Ever since the Port Bill lowered  
    The flags of all its fleet,  
The town had starved, if others  
    Had spared it nothing to eat.

“ Are strung their forts to fasten  
    A chain about Boston Neck ;  
Is strung the bay with frigates,  
    All trade to dog and check.

“Like fate shall doom the city  
Till all yield up, they say,  
Free meetings, courts, and charters,  
All rights they wrest away.

“And yield that all the ardent  
Who dare the truth to tell,  
They bear away to Britain ;  
They find a felon’s cell.

“And those who called our Congress,  
They swear to take to-day.—  
High time to rouse the country !  
High time to save the prey !”

“Off, off !” we cried, and parted.  
Then dragged from under the hay  
The guns, manure had mantled  
When borne from Boston Bay.

Our wives poured out the powder  
From pockets and tucks they ripped ;  
And cartridges too, from Boston  
In candle boxes shipped.

With God we left the women ;  
The hill had hardly won,  
When wild the bell rang telling  
Of Paul in Lexington.

At midnight, saw he Charlestown.  
Not two had struck the clock :  
That trembling church and belfry,  
Had rallied all its flock.

They sought the green together ;  
Set guards on every road ;  
Then sought the inn to measure  
The fate they might forbode.

Ten times their band in number  
Were foes they watched before ;  
And here should they withstand them,  
Or fly to join with more.

“Stand here !” said Jonas Parker ;  
“The law, it armed the town.”  
“And here,” said Clark, their pastor,  
“Be right and shame the crown.

“What though their guns, in thunder,  
Arouse a rain of blood? —  
Their echoes yet may yonder  
Proclaim how comes the flood.

“If crowd there then to Concord  
The men to save the stores,  
Our limbs, though red and falling,  
Were ripe to all their cores.

“Are times of war, when cannon  
Are clogged by only rills;  
Our blood may check the Briton,  
More check the more he spills.

“Are times that twigs, though buried,  
Have snared an avalanche so;  
How blest our lives if ended  
Where tyranny shared our woe.

“We are few; yet view a witness, —  
The church, from Heaven on high, —  
How right may move to triumph  
With only one — to die!”

He paused — the door flew open.

All heard a watch call out:—

“ Full drive a horseman coming!

May come an English scout!”

And out they flew to face him;

But not too quick to meet

No enemy, only a neighbor,

There galloping up the street.

“ The foe are come !” he stammered ;

“ They capture all they meet.

I dodged a man and musket.

And hark ! — you hear their feet !”

We hearkened ; and heard, behind him,

A tramp that well might scare ;

It crushed the brain of moisture ;

It clotted the lungs with air.

It chilled the heart that shivered

A load of fear to bear ;

Till duty sprang indignant

To drum to courage there.

“Sound drums and guns!” said Parker,  
“And bell! If these but halt,  
Where time is all we plan for,  
We win though none assault.”

They halted, then drew nearer.—  
What need of halting more?—  
They came, of old an army;  
We never had fought before.

We stood but sixty farmers,  
Those homes and wives between,  
Whose hands, up waved or wringing,  
Seemed fringing all that green.

“Be theirs the blame!” said Parker,  
“Fire not, till fire is sent.  
Stand firm; God’s House behind us,  
And Heaven when balls are spent.”

Athwart the gray of morning,  
None knew how large a force  
Came crowding across the common,  
With cries and orders hoarse.

At double quick, and onward,  
With bayonets fixed, they came ;  
Deep, wide and wild about us,  
As red they burst as flame.

Before them rode their leader,  
Our steadfast front to curse.  
“ Lay down those arms ! ” he shouted,  
“ You villains, all disperse ! ”

But, true to law and country,  
Scarce one his musket dropped.  
The foe before us faltered,  
Broke up, moved slower, stopped.

“ You rebels ! ” roared the leader,  
While up his pistol came ;  
A hint his minions welcomed ;  
We saw them all take aim.

We saw, but all had waited,  
When “ Fire ! ” their leader cried ;  
And shot, and howled, “ Surround them ! ”  
And round us spurred to ride.

A flash! — alas the lawless! —  
Up surged the fiery flood;  
All overwhelmed, our brothers  
Were sinking, drenched with blood.

“Serve right before the Briton!”  
Cried Parker’s soul that sped;  
And scores, it seemed, were wounded;  
And half we feared were dead.

“Away!” a voice repeated,  
“Away while yet you may.  
To stay were now but murder!  
To wall and fence away!”

Off sped we then to pick them,  
Like Indians, one by one,  
But walls, in smoke between us,  
The foe were wise to shun.

They cheered and left for Concord.  
Our wounded home we bore;  
And then we vowed, in Concord  
To meet the foe once more.



## THE RALLY OF THE FARMERS.

CONCORD, APRIL 19, 1775.

THE Concord men had warning.

They all, through half the night,  
Like ants along the meadows,  
Had dragged the stores from sight.

And, days before the march came,  
Our Salem Congress too,  
They knew the arms were menaced,  
And here had left but few.

And here flew men till morning  
Rolled up, with tides of light,  
A surf of bayonets, flashing,  
To drive the town to flight,

Then sought they heights that Heaven  
    Made bright, and not the foe ;  
Whence breezes borne were sweeter  
    Than war notes blown below.

There farmers, roused in Bedford,  
    In Littleton and Carlisle,  
In Westford, Lincoln, Chelmsford,  
    Flocked in, through each defile.

And there, when came a rumor  
    How Lexington men had fared,  
No lion loose a vengeance  
    More bold than theirs had dared.

Anon, they watched the Briton  
    About their village rave,  
Of flour full sixty barrels  
    Tear open, stave from stave.

They saw him spike their cannon,  
    Pave all their pond with balls,  
And wheels pile up and wagons  
    To block the ways like walls.

They saw a foe that feared it  
Their liberty-pole cut down ;  
Then burn with all the pile there  
That yet might burn the town.

The flames had caught the court-house.  
Our men were hard to stay.  
But "Justice," cried our leader,  
"Will house in Heaven to-day.

"We wait, till here divided  
They drift, our arms to take ;  
Or flood, like waves, their columns ;  
Where waits this ridge, they break!"

Just then, by both the bridges  
The foe a force had placed ;  
A check to ours beyond them,  
While further stores they traced ;

A check to men who viewed it,  
While maids and mothers turned  
To fly from houses plundered,  
When sacked, it might be, burned.

“The north bridge,” argued Hosmer ;  
    “On, on, keep back the foe !”  
“No man of mine from Acton,”  
    Said Davis, “fears to go.”

And then our leader Barrett  
    The word to follow gave,  
Where moved the men of Acton  
    Behind their captain brave.

With arms beside them trailing,  
    In double file and slow,  
Naught flaunted but undaunted,  
    These farmers faced their foe.

The British rushed to ruin  
    The bridge, and then retire.  
“Let stay !” cried Major Buttrick.  
    They answered but to fire. .

Dead Davis fell, and Hosmer.  
    “For God’s sake,” Buttrick cried,  
“Fire, fire !” — and three fell dying  
    Upon the British side.

Thus Heaven, where hung the impulse  
A grander man to mould,  
Had Saxon hurled on Saxon,  
The new world on the old.

The British swift retreated.  
Their colonel, where they sped,  
First marched to reinforce them ;  
Then all for Boston led.

But now were men from Reading  
And Sudbury marshaled out,  
And Woburn, wild to flank them :  
Their march became a rout.

We had but half their number ;  
But made so dangerous,  
Those Red-coats journeyed safer  
With Spanish bulls than us.

With guards at every turning,  
They covered well their flanks ;  
But smoke that leapt from ambush  
Shot, ghost-like, through their ranks.

From Dedham, Essex, Danvers,  
From Chelsea, Marblehead,  
From Dorchester, from Brookline,  
Our men to trap them sped.

Back slunk their line before us,  
A weary, wounded snake:  
Up hill, down dale, round river,  
It dragged, with bleeding wake.

The whole reserve in Boston  
Poured out to help them back;  
But all the trees and houses  
Seemed haunting now their track.

They turned to shoot our mothers;  
They turned our babes to kill;  
Our vengeance raged at Cambridge,  
And reigned at Prospect Hill.

Down sweeping, Heath and Warren  
A charge to break them led;  
Then Pickering's men from Salem  
Burst, storm-like o'er their head.

Full night had known its fullest,  
Ere all their fears were stilled ;  
Full nine score badly wounded,  
And more than threescore killed.

Nor, till they touched the river,  
Beyond the fleet had passed,  
Our eyes that watched the danger  
Were once behind us cast.

And then, alas to view it !  
Hot, bitter tears we shed ;  
Full thirty found we wounded,  
And well nigh sixty dead.

Our wives had lost their husbands ;  
Our mothers lost their boys ;  
The sun in blood that evening,  
Had set on all their joys.

Yet, when we clasped those corpses,  
As over Huns of old,  
It seemed the skies were filling  
With souls for ours enrolled.

Our prayers when all were buried,  
Were vows to Heaven that led,  
From hearts that hailed the glory  
Of passing toward their dead.

With that we held our weapons ;  
Had foiled the British aims ;  
We held our homes : — the women  
Had quenched the Court-house flames.

Our men had fought the army ;  
Were soldiers made the hour  
The crude, provincial farmer  
Had proved and knew his power.

And so, despite the anguish  
That filled the morrow's morn,  
The voice that wept betokened  
A nation, newly born.

“And I,” said Samuel Adams,  
“Thank God this day to see !”  
“And I,” came back from Hancock,  
“It makes the new world free !”



ETHAN ALLEN.

TICONDEROGA, MAY 10, 1775.

WHEN rang the bell at Lexington  
Our men had flown to arms ;  
And women now, for miles around,  
Were all who ploughed the farms.

All Boston seemed, where Red-coats shrank,  
A foiled and wounded prey ;  
Yet one, fresh draughts of blood drank in  
From fleets that filled the bay.

And soon, like words men breathe at night  
Near foes who plot their death,  
The whisper wild was urged along  
Our pale wives' haunted breath.

That, while like mighty mushrooms grew  
Their earthworks night by night,  
By day our threatened men could find  
No arms with which to fight.

The story awed Connecticut,  
And our Assembly there ;  
And Mott and Phelps arose and swore  
To make the want their care.

They passed to Pittsfield ; there were joined  
By Easton, Brown, and more ;  
Then on to Bennington, and there  
Could muster full two score.

A feeble force to brave a fort  
Where each yard yawned a gun ;  
Yet those who slight the light of stars  
But seldom see their sun.

The sun that dawned before them here,  
That doubt could scarce survive,  
Was Ethan Allen's sword that flashed  
To make Vermont alive.

As thick as rills that rift in Spring  
Each bond the sun destroys,  
Came pouring over all those hills  
His grand Green Mountain Boys,

Two hundred hardy men, as brave  
As ever mountains reared,  
Fought famine, frost, and bears at home,  
And naught beyond it feared.

Ere long, a shout the vale rang out;  
Then "Onward!" called the voice  
Of Allen, named to lead the lines,  
Who all had hailed the choice.

But one who heard his charger spurred,  
And cried, as came he near,  
"Nay, nay, in me your leader see,  
For Cambridge sent me here."

"And Cambridge, Cambridge, what has she,"  
Cried Mott and Phelps, "to say?  
Our Hartford sent us forth, and we  
Bade Allen lead the way."

“And we,” cried those Vermonters true,  
“We came with Allen here :  
And all agree none brave as he  
To lead the mountaineer.”

The other hushed to hear them cry ;  
And honor high to all :  
They faced the traitor Arnold thus,  
Who thus began his fall.

And honor due to Allen too ;  
High compliment, I trow ! —  
Where good and guile were joined awhile  
The former found a foe.

Three days they tramped, then Allen spake  
“We split in parties three ;  
One north, one south, one onward straight  
To seek the lake with me.

“From north and south, our comrades fleet,  
They forward all that floats,  
To make for Shoreham where we wait  
To cross when come the boats.

“Now fall in line, and follow close  
Behind the lantern’s glare,  
Beyond, Ticonderoga dawns ;  
At morn, we breakfast there.”

Then, down the hunter’s trail, our line  
Wound on as glides a snake,  
Then, late at night, prepared to spring  
Lay coiled beside the lake.

“Now off,” said Allen, “North and South,  
And list for sound of oar,”  
Alas, to think that Heaven above  
Should favor man no more !

To north and south we scattered far,  
We listened o’er and o’er,  
But not a sound, to north or south,  
The empty breezes bore.

A few could find the boats to cross,  
Alas, but all too few !  
Night sped, and Allen, near the fort  
Could count but eighty-two.

“My men,” he muttered, “look — the light, —  
Before can cross the lake  
One boat again for other men,  
The morning full shall break.

“Yet note the wall. — You know it well, —  
Ten times our force, if seen,  
Though clad in mail, could never scale  
Those cannon thick between.

“And here the boats. — What say you all?  
Your guns lift up, no breath.  
The lake cross here? — or weapons there?  
Face cowardice? — or death?

“Your guns all up? your hearts all true?  
How well! Had one turned back,  
Yon mountains heaped not rocks enough  
To hide his skulking track.

“He easier might have faced, at home,  
Where snow-capped hills all flame,  
The sun! than wives and little ones  
Whose cheeks were fired with shame.

- “How oft, without a roof for these,  
Your grants of land all spurned,  
With no more gold to buy when sold  
The homes you once had earned ;
- “How oft, when all was torn from you,  
And all had urged in vain  
Your chartered rights, the common law,  
And all that God makes plain ;
- “How oft then have you prayed aloud  
That Heaven would send you down  
A chance from off your country’s brow  
To hurl the hated crown !
- “That chance has come ! But once for all  
Can dawn a day like this.  
And all the glory meant for life  
Keeps midnight if one miss ;
- “But if he win — ah yonder sun  
Sheds not a splendor fit  
With which to rise above his name  
Or earth that welcomes it !

“ Yes earth! For they forgot, our lords,  
They dealt with Puritans,  
True sons of those whom Cromwell led,  
Whose right means every man’s;

“ Who take their individual ills  
For proofs of general pain;  
And where one prince has made them wince  
Strike all, that man may reign.

“ And they forgot, we mountaineers,  
High rangers like the Swiss,  
Had learned to value freedom’s world  
By looking down on this!

“ And longed to prove it! Aye, my men,  
To-day you show with me  
How freemen, forced for self to care,  
Crown self, and keep it free

“ Now quick, but quiet—Start with steel.  
Nor fire till sure you hit.  
First through the gate, if through we may.  
If not, then over it.



“I lead. You follow. Should I fall,  
Move on, my corpse may give  
At least a vantage ground! Move up.  
The cause, it is, must live!”

Then Allen left, and leapt behind  
First Arnold, rivaling still;  
Then Brown and Easton, all the line  
Stole softly up the hill.

The startled sentry aimed his gun  
Straight out at Allen's face;  
But Allen flew, as flashed the flint,  
To dash it from its place.

The sentry dodged, and darted down  
A passage through the mound.  
In poured our men; you might have thought  
The sentry had been drowned.

Swift, one by one, by Allen led,  
They plunged along the gloom;  
No thought of scores that, just beyond,  
Might make the place their tomb.

On ran the sentry ; on our men, —  
Their mountains gave no game,  
Nor guide so swift to apprehend  
The grounds on which they came.

At last, uploomed in dusky light,  
Close choking all the way,  
One armed with ball and bayonet  
To hold the whole at bay.

“Take heed!” he cried. “We take it, man,”  
Went back where Allen sped ;  
Then clashed his sword that glanced the gun  
To cleave the crouching head.

“Have mercy,” groaned the wounded wretch.  
Cried Allen, “Down your gun!  
Hist, hist, my men, within the fort!  
And now the barrack, run!”

No need to bid. A moment more,  
Our boys had crowned their race ;  
And closed, with shouts like thousands, round  
The soldiers' sleeping place.

Meantime, "The captain!" Allen cried;  
And scarce the word had said,  
Ere on a door was pounding loud  
To rouse his foe from bed.

It opened partly, where behold!  
In robes as white as fleece,  
The chief, beside his blushing bride,  
A picture stood of peace.

"Surrender!" ordered Allen then,  
"If not, by Him on high,  
Your garrison, my men beset —  
Nor hope for quarter, — die!"

The captain's anger now had burst  
The spell of night's repose.  
"Surrender!" hissed he — then turned pale  
To hear those shouts that rose —

"And what, I beg to know, and who  
Are all your rebel crew?  
And whose the name in which you come  
And bid to yield to you?"

“Of God Jehovah?” Allen cried;  
“And” — while his sword flashed high —  
“The Continental Congress, man!”  
And now had flashed his eye.

It flashed to vent the conscious force  
Of him who fights for man,  
The power that burns to sweep from earth  
Each prince or partisan.

And Congress then, as Congress aye,  
The child of God to shield —  
Jehovah in the man at least —  
It forced the foe to yield.

The day was won; the garrison  
Filed out across the green.  
More general welcome where they came,  
I ween was seldom seen.

Not one who bore a cumbering gun  
Or lugged a lazy sword,  
But some one, all politely bent,  
To lend his aid implored.

Alack, we stacked our shoulders full,  
Relieved of all their care;  
Then, Arab-like, good will we proved  
By taking breakfast there.

For days we never turned aside  
Our gazes amorous,  
Till, like a bride to watch with pride,  
Went each one home with us.

And then the fort—ah me, to see  
The trouble rare it took  
To clear the space, and give the place  
A less unfriendly look!

Ten score of cannon, hills of flint,  
And tons of guns and balls—  
We waited weeks, to find the means  
To cart them out the walls.

But first, we mailed a message home;  
And I have heard it said,  
When Congress heard, the floor was wet  
With tears those men had shed.

At Cambridge, at the news, the air  
With such a shout was rent,  
It almost equaled there the roar  
Of guns our fort had sent.

And Allen?—Allen lived and thrived,  
The chief of all that tract,  
Where fleets and forts and all gave way  
When bold our boys attacked.

But war has tricks; and life has turns;  
Misfortunes find the true;  
And Allen once, across the sea,  
Was borne a prisoner too.

Yet heroes' homes are human hearts.  
There, English crowds would cling  
About the form of him they felt  
Was grand, beyond their king.

He came back home and church bells rang —  
You might, in truth, have thought  
A second Christmas day had come,  
And Saviour's advent brought! —

And guns were fired ; and, rank on rank,  
His State made haste to call  
This bravest soul of all her sons,  
The General there of all.

And all the people while he lived,  
They loved that eagle eye ;  
And when he died — ah friends, you know,  
Such spirits cannot die.

To-day, go search those mountains green,  
Those valleys, humbly trod  
By souls whose simple faith is firm  
To country, home, and God ;

Ask men who own those towering trees,  
Or plant those hillocks steep,  
The school boys, bounding back from school,  
Or watching well the sheep ;

The housewives, where in thrifty homes  
The generous meal is spread ;  
The sisters, softly handing down  
The Book when prayers are said ;

Ask all, who value aught they own,  
Whose fame all value most?  
The flushing cheek and flashing eye  
Will figure him they boast.

Nay more, to-day, in any State  
Our whole broad land throughout,  
If aught to forward waits so weak  
No hand dare aid its doubt;

If fashion's forces bind the soul  
So conscience hardly breathes,  
Where love is fettered, truth is hushed,  
And right her sabre sheathes;

If all the crowd below are cowed  
Because some power that reigns,  
Each fortress holds that aids defense,  
And arm that each retains;

And yet, if dreams of braver life  
That always bless the true,  
Rouse those whose foes swarm thick, at morn,  
As clouds to trembling dew;



Then would you fire these on, like powers  
That, lightning-shod, flash nigh,  
And crush to storms each cloud that forms  
Where heaven would cleanse the sky:—

Wherever faith should conflict face,  
And wrong compliance shun;  
Just name the name of Allen there—  
The strife, you find, begun.

## HOW BARTON TOOK THE GENERAL.

NARRAGANSETT BAY, JULY 10, 1777.

“THEIR wrongs are due to Prescott,”

Brave William Barton said ;

“He made them wear his colors there,  
Though blood should dye them red.

“Blame not the line ; the leader

Has filled the town with fear.

No heel more base could Britain place  
To foul her footstool here !”

“Say footpath here,” said Potter ;

“Just now their doorsteps go

To pave the way where, once a day,  
His lordship walks, you know.

“Then meets he three together,  
Or one who wears his cap,  
He ‘Rebel!’ calls; their heads are balls;  
His cane a club to rap.”

“Small vengeance!” answered Barton;  
“Yet wrinkles show the will.  
A grazing ass that kicks but grass  
Has tricks that yet may kill.

“The Friends lift hats to no one,  
Is that in them remiss?  
Yet one in town his steed rode down,  
And he imprisoned for this.

“Then Trip—none knew the reason—  
One day to jail was sent.  
Whereat, in grief that sought relief,  
His wife to see him went.

“She heard but, ‘No; nor write him  
Till hangmen execute!’—  
Who domineers o’er woman’s tears  
Is less a man than brute!

“For one, with guns to follow  
And force a way, I swear  
To trap the wretch, and hither fetch,  
Or die beside him there.”

“Sure death, sure death!” was muttered.  
“The troops fill every road.  
If one could fly then one could try,  
But where another mode?”

“He quarters yet,” said Barton,  
“At Quaker Overton’s.  
The house you know; the land is low;  
The bay behind it runs.

“The fields are full of soldiers;  
No hope to reach him thus.  
His fleet, they say, fill half the bay;  
Yet half that leaves for us.

“Three frigates guard his quarters.  
What then? — when clouds are hung  
From starry heights to veil the lights  
Not there for evil swung;

"When rough are breeze and breakers,  
Then soft, with muffled oar  
And heaven to keep, I dare to creep  
Between the fleet to shore."

His comrades hushed to heed him.  
Then gave their hands and swore,  
With heaven to keep, that they would creep  
Between the fleet to shore.

The night was dark and lowry ;  
The bay was wild and wide ;  
Each patient oar they bent before  
Like velvet stroked the tide.

Above, through English bulwarks,  
Came sounds of English feet.  
Above, "All 's well!" rang out to tell  
How full the hostile fleet.

They pulled to pass a guard-boat,  
To land, pour out, divide ;  
To file about, the prey to scout  
And trap on every side.

Each party prowled in danger ;  
Crept softly toward and round  
A sentry near a guard-house here,  
And there a camping ground.

At last, the net was ready,  
Was held at every side,  
Brave Barton sly the front door nigh  
Had found it open wide.

“Who comes?” there called a sentry.  
“Your countersign?” he asked.  
“Have none to-night” — the tone was light —  
“Have here deserters passed?”

“Ah, from the fleet?” was answered.  
“Yes,” Barton hissed, “from one!”  
And, quick as dashed a tiger lashed,  
Had clutched his throat and gun.

The sentry cowed and gave it ;  
Lay gunless, gagged and bound.  
Our men, at last, the door had passed,  
Nor yet had roused a sound.

The Quaker host sat reading.

“For what come you?” he said;  
Then, when he heard “For Prescott,” stirred  
To point them overhead.

As soft as cats, the captors  
Stole up each tell-tale stair,  
And crossed a floor, — was locked a door  
Nor time, nor sound to spare.

Then Sisson, one of thousands,  
A burly, patriot black,  
Bent down; took aim with head and frame. —  
One butt — the door flew back!

The shock their prey had started.  
He sprang in haste from bed.  
He clutched to hold his watch of gold  
That hung beside his head.

“And darkness take you robbers  
From sword,” he cried, “and shot!” —  
“No robber harms; put by those arms,”  
He heard, nor left the spot.

“You, general, stand a captive.  
And see—these daggers three.  
You breathe a word, you make us heard,  
That breath your last shall be.

“Move on!”—“I dress,” said Prescott.  
But Barton bowed polite ;  
“Nay, nay, not so ; we came, you know,  
Without our wives to-night.

“Your hands bear all you carry.  
Like pitch the night, and hot.  
Your last resort.—The time is short,  
Thank God you lie not shot.”

Down stairs, they marched the captive,  
But hark!—the neighboring room!—  
A window crashed!—Out Barton dashed,  
Peered anxious past the gloom.

All well!—The noise was over ;  
Another captive bound ;  
The general's aid a prisoner made  
Just where his feet found ground.



Then general, aid, and sentry,  
A sword at every head,  
Their captors wound the camp around,  
Like needles there and thread.

At last, they reached the water ;  
At last, were off to glide  
With muffled oar between the shore  
And boats that watched beside.

Above, through English bulwarks,  
Came sounds of English feet.  
Above, "All 's well" rang out to tell  
How fooled the hostile fleet.

Anon, their stroke was bolder :  
For Warwick Point they bore.  
A coach and pair were there to bear  
Their captive far on shore.

Then Prescott broke the silence :—  
"The push was boldly planned."  
Said Barton, "Yes, and with success ;"  
And took his reins in hand.

Success it was for Newport.  
The foe knew all it meant ;  
The prison door they closed no more  
To bar our innocent.

Success it was for Barton.  
In days like those of old  
No envy rife, nor party strife,  
Would slur a deed so bold.

Through all the homes in Newport,  
Through all our camps afar,  
His name was rung, his praise was sung,  
As victory's morning star.

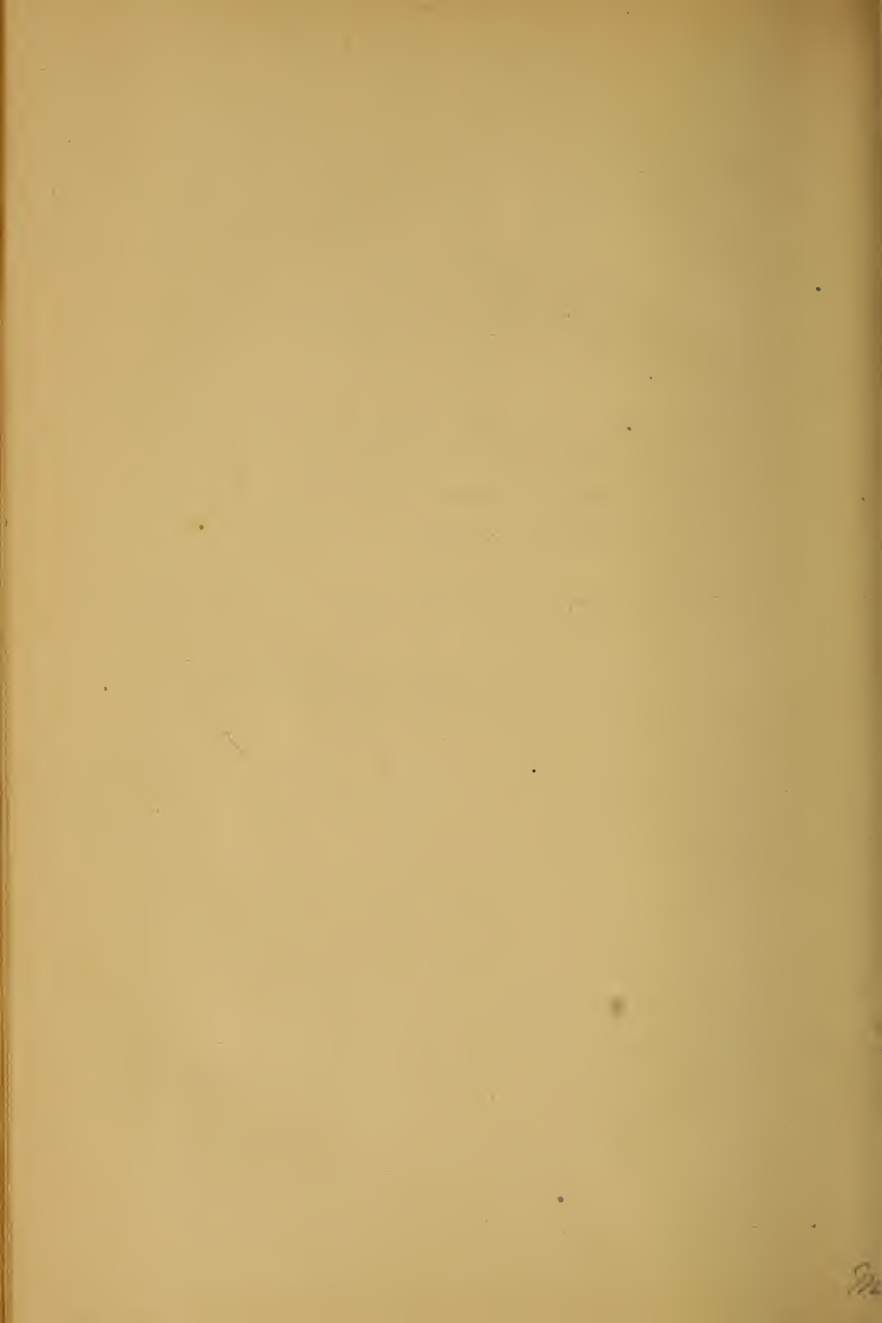
Where dawned that day of freedom  
The man whose light so shone,  
So blest his land, appeared more grand  
Because he rose alone.

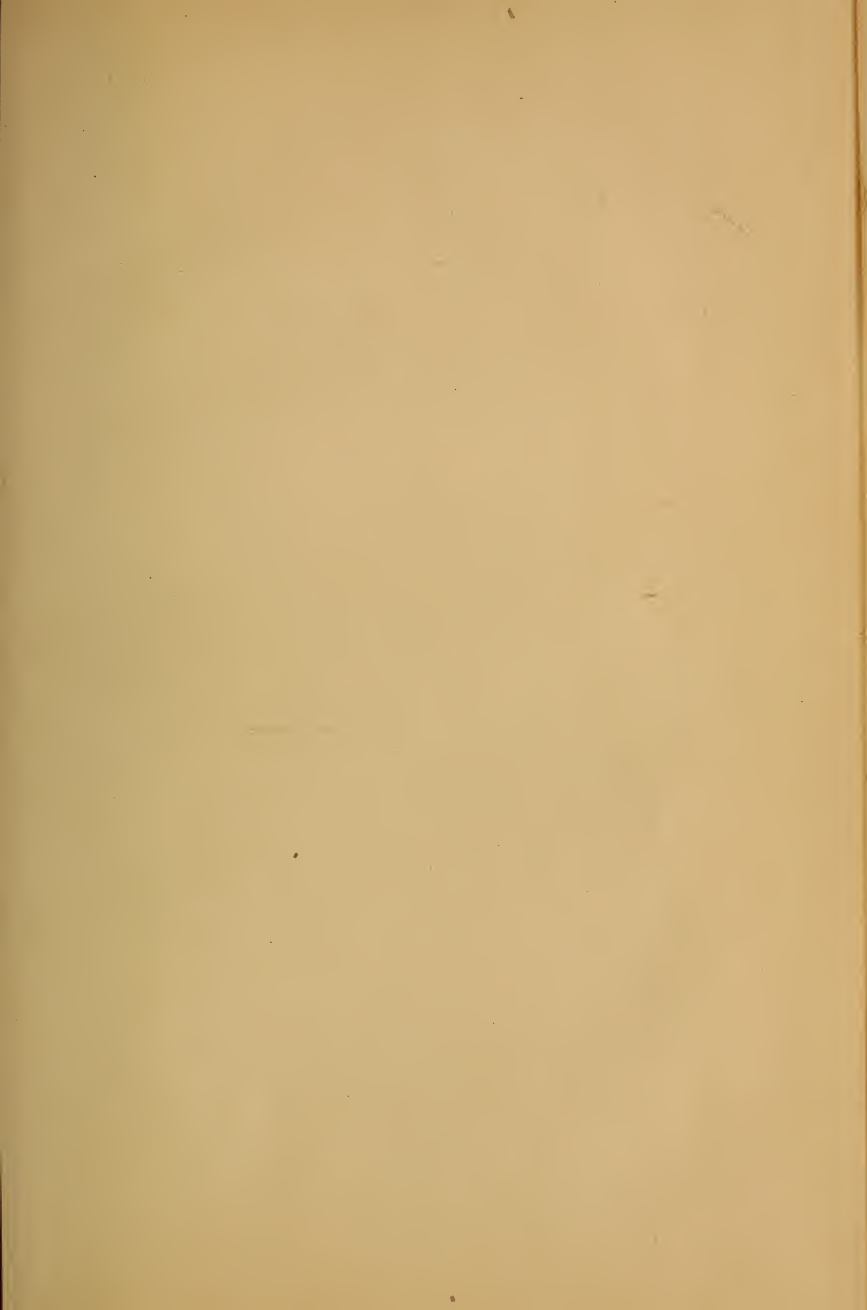
Ere long, a grateful Congress  
Sent one that for him brought  
A sword, with rare inscriptions there  
To treasure all they thought.

In green Vermont they gave him  
A generous grant of land ;  
They felt this one enough had done  
On soil, his own, to stand.

But what of all was fittest,  
Was cheered in every tent,  
Were words that raised the one we praised  
To lead our regiment.

Where weak and few the forces  
Our land could call its own,  
We knew this man would hold the van  
And fight, though left alone.



















LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 165 700 1