"THE FATHER OF THE REVOLUTION."

SAMUEL ADAMS, ÆT. 49.

IN presenting a brief sketch of Samuel Adams and his times, it has been with the distinct purpose of making it as personal as possible, with such details of the people, their manners, customs, modes of thought and life, as would serve for a setting to the somewhat sombre picture of the "Last of the Puritans."

The community as a whole was distinguished by a very severe tone of manner, in which the light and free conduct of a man of wit or pleasure seemed utterly at variance with the formal dignity and propriety expected from those in office. Externals were all-important, neglect of appropriate costume a great levity. Governor Shirley, indeed, at the hands of one Thomas Thumb, Esq., surveyor of customs and clerk of the check, 1760, received severe censure for permitting himself to be seen "sitting in a chair without a sword, in a plain short frock, unruffled shirt, a scratch-wig, and a little rattan!"

If the costume of a people influences national character, there seems much reason to connect the polite gravity of our Revolutionary fathers with the formality of their dress. One would certainly expect suavity and dignity as well as graceful courtesy from a gentleman in powdered hair and a long queue, plaited white stock, shirt ruffled at the bosom and fastened at the wrists with gold sleeve-buttons, peach-bloom coat, with white buttons, lined with white silk, standing well off at the skirts, stiffened with buckram, figured silk vest, divided so that the pockets extended on the hips, black silk small-clothes, large gold buckles, silk stockings, and low-quartered shoes. Wealthy families sent to England for their fine clothing, much of it being made as well as purchased in London. Boys wore wigs, queues, and cocked hats. Only military men and horsemen wore boots. It was a poor fellow who wore shoe-strings instead of buckles. No matter how elegant otherwise his toilet might have been, a shoe-string would have excluded him from genteel society as inevitably as a frock-coat or a colored tie from the Royal Opera-house to-day.

As late as 1750 there were not more than three carriages or chariots in Boston, even among families of distinction. To walk to a party or stay at home was the only alternative, unless one were the happy owner of a four-wheeled chaise. There was a frequent interchange of dinner and supper parties, but fewer crowded evening entertainments than now. The principal evening amusement was card-playing. Tables were bountifully loaded with provisions. Busy people dined at one o'clock, some at two. To dine at three was very formal. Punch-drinking was universal, though it does not seem to have been carried to excess. In genteel families a bowl, always capacious and often very elegant, was brewed in the morning, and served with free hospitality to all visitors. An advertisement from a *Gazette* of 1741 is sufficiently suggestive to bear copying:

"Extraordinary good and very fresh Orange Juice, which some of the Best Punch Tasters prefer to Lemmons, at $1 per gall. Also very good Lime Juice and Shrub to put into Punch, at the Basket of Lemmons. Also Yams, and Lamp oil.

"J. CROSBY, Lemmon Trader."

That the taste and habit were not exclusively Bostonian may be gathered from an

advertisement, dated Lyme, Connecticut, July 9, 1741:

"There is here now at Lyme, the first town on the East side of our River, at the Tail of a Saw Mill, a body of Ice as much as two carts can draw, clear and solid, and I believe it might last there a month longer were it not that so many resort there to drink Punch made of it. If any of Boston people have a mind for a taste, they must come quickly, and for 18 pence a bowl they shall be complimented with a 'Kindly Welcome, Sir, for your money.'"

Theatrical entertainments were prohibited by law, though under the head of "Moral Lectures" the law was sometimes evaded. As late, however, as 1796, Governor Adams vetoed a bill for repealing the prohibitory law, considering such amusements immoral in tendency, and totally unfit for a republican people.

The literature of the day was exclusively

THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH.

religious or political. As the times grew stirring, the weekly newspapers became the channel of communication between the party leaders and the people, usually in the form of letters addressed "To the Printer," in a day when editorials were not. Mr. Adams was the first in this country to demonstrate the power and influence of the press.

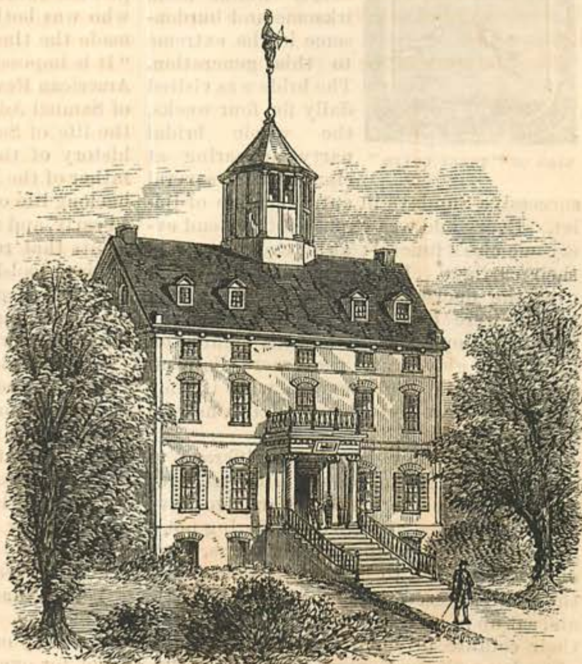
A cursory glance at the religious and educational position of Boston gives an impression of sturdy personal independence and true democracy. There was no Roman Catholic church or congregation in Boston till the close of the century. The great majority of the people were Congregationalists. The ministers disseminated principles of doctrine, morality, and liberty as equally important, the Old South, the largest church in town, being often the scene of the most exciting demonstrations on the part of the people in support of their rights. Faneuil Hall was the political head-quarters where principles of liberty were freely debated. There freedom of thought and speech was unquestioned. There was a carefully guarded system of common schools, and these were opened each day with public prayer. In these schools Mayhew, Chauncey, Cooper, the Adamses, Otis, Warren, Hancock, Cushing, and the rest received their early education. Every thing tended toward a true democracy. There were two Latin schools, one in School Street, and one in the north part of the town. In the old Latin School in School Street were two somewhat antagonistic elements, old Master Lovell being a stanch Tory, his son, the sub-master, as ardent a republican. That the sentiments of the latter fell fruitful seed in good soil is shown by an anecdote that has found its way into history, with General Gates as one of the actors, the true version being as follows: In the days when Beacon Hill still bore on its summit a veritable beacon, and fifty steps, more or less, led up to the few houses located thereon, the boys had a famous coasting place from what is now the head of Somerset Street, past the ground now occupied by the Congregational Club-house, down Beacon Hill, across Tremont, through School Street. On the corner of Tremont and Beacon, opposite King's Chapel, stood the Elliott House, occupied as head-quarters by General Haldiman, whose colored servant, in the most aggravating manner, spread ashes daily over the carefully prepared "coast." The Latin School boys, says Jonathan Darby Robbins, who was one of the party, remonstrated vainly, getting only gibes, taunts, and threats from the officious underling. It was not to be borne. A delegation was chosen to represent the case to General Haldiman, stating their ground of complaint and demanding their *rights*. The general at first thought they had been sent by their parents. Finding it, however, the spontaneous expression of their own boyish sense of wrong and injustice, he exclaimed, "The very children draw in the breath of liberty from their birth." He granted their request: their coast was sacred, and their snow forts no longer demolished.

The first political newspaper published in Boston was the *Independent Advertiser*, of which Samuel Adams was one of the conductors. Long before the Revolution it proclaimed itself champion of the rights and liberties of mankind. Foremost among those who denounced the aspiring few who "despise their neighbor's happiness because he wore a leathern cap or a worsted apron," was Samuel Adams, always the advocate of

the poor and lowly, truly the Tribune of the People.

A few words must serve to sketch briefly the prominent men bound by a common interest in a kinship stronger than blood: James Otis, so vehement, so wild, in his support of liberty, the British called him mad, yet the purest of patriots, possessed of soul-stirring eloquence; John Adams, ardent, eloquent, learned; John Hancock, whose wealth and social position and lavish hospitality gave him great influence; Joseph Warren, the skillful physician, chivalric in spirit, fascinating in social life, with judgment beyond his years, the dearly loved friend of Samuel Adams, who himself represented the sternness, the energy, the Puritanism of the Revolution, and of whom George Clymer writes in 1773, "All good men should erect a statue to him in their hearts;" Josiah Quincy, the Boston Cicero; Thomas Cushing; Benjamin Church, whose sun rose so gloriously, yet set in a cloud; William Phillips, the merchant prince; Oliver Wendell; Paul Revere, the ingenious goldsmith, ready to engrave a lampoon, rally a caucus, or in his capacity of dentist fit teeth for any who needed that service, which he warranted they could *talk* with, if they could not eat with them; Henderson Inches; Jonathan Mason; Rowe; Scollay. Here was a band of patriots with whom anarchy would have been impossible. Revolution was not their watch-word until the time for restoration or preservation was past. They demanded the ancient rights of town and colony. Ease, luxury, competence, were to them as nothing so long as they were denied the rights of their ancestors. It was of such men as these that Tories wrote to England, "The young Bostonians are bred up hypocrites in religion and pettifoggers at law, the demons of folly, falsehood, madness, and rebellion having entered into the Boston saints along with their chief, the angel of darkness" (Samuel Adams). Of the latter Bernard wrote, "Damn Samuel Adams! every dip of his pen stings like a horned snake"—more correct in expressing his mental condition than in his zoology. Admiral Montagu gave utterance to the wish of many loyalists when he wrote, "I doubt not but that I shall hear Mr. Samuel Adams is hanged or shot before many months are at an end. I hope so at least."

In 1740 Boston was esteemed the largest town in America. Before the close of the century, however, both New York and Philadelphia were in the van. At the time of the Revolution there were in Boston about sixteen thousand inhabitants. Among them were a few who were wealthy, almost none who were very poor, the majority being in the comfortable condition which naturally results from prudence, frugality, industry, and temperance. There was a slight property qualification needed for the right of suffrage, but it seemed to have no more exclusive influence than to stimulate men to acquire the needed possession.



PROVINCE HOUSE.

The Province House was the Governor's town-house, a spacious brick building three stories high, with a cupola, rich exterior ornaments, and a handsome flight of stone steps. Great elegance and formality were observed in the ample reception-rooms.

The streets were paved with pebbles, horseway and footway alike, with post and gutters to divide them. Merchants met on State Street as on an exchange. Few of the names of localities or streets have any significance to us now, so totally has all the nomenclature changed even in a single century. A sturdy North Ender, or his rival the South Ender, would look in vain for Cow Lane (High Street), Hog Alley (Avery Street), Love Lane (Tileston Street), Pudding Lane (Devonshire Street), or Black Horse Lane (Prince Street). The Washing-

ton Street of to-day was Orange, Newbury, Marlborough, and Cornhill. Few streets were numbered. Shops were known by signs, such as "Dog and Pot," "Three Nuns and Comb," "Black Boy and Butt," "Dog and Rainbow," "Blue Glove," "Elephant," "King's Head and Looking-Glass," "Buck and Breeches." These were either carved in wood or painted, and found their way into newspaper advertisements.

SIGN OF "THREE DOVES."

The formality and ceremonials observed at weddings and funerals would seem irksome and burdensome in the extreme to this generation. The bride was visited daily for four weeks, the whole bridal party appearing at church for several successive Sundays in entire change of toilet. Every one was expected to attend every one else's funeral; at all events, to send their carriage. Funeral escutcheons hung over the doorways until after a funeral; bodies were borne on litters instead of hearses. Copies of escutcheons painted on black silk, gloves, and rings were distributed among the pall-bearers, who, if they were popular, often accumulated a mugful of mourning rings.

Gentlemen, now happily indifferent to such vanities, in those days often sat forty minutes under the barber's hands to have their hair crêped and curled, suffering not a little from hair-pulling and hot tongs. Ladies who wished to be punctual often had their hair dressed the night before a party, and sat up in an easy-chair all night to keep their coiffure in condition. Do our belles of to-day make any greater sacrifices?

Toward the end of the century social forms underwent considerable change. The leveling power of France began to be felt. Powdered hair became unfashionable; wearing the hair tied was given up; short hair became common; colored garments went out of use, black or dark clothes being substituted; trowsers replaced small-clothes, and knee-buckles disappeared. The seriousness and gravity which had characterized the country fifty years before gave way to increased sociability and freedom.

The papers of that day contained many political satires, directed to different parties, according to the political bias of the papers, usually personal, often disrespectful, even irreverent, sometimes witty, but generally finding their point in local fitness and the relish which personality always gives to newspaper squibs. In Rivington's *Royal Gazette*, on the occasion of a day of general thanksgiving being appointed by the Massachusetts Congress, appeared the following:

"THANKS UPON THANKS.

"(*A Grace for the Poor of Boston.*)

"Thanks to Hancock for thanksgiving;
Thanks to God for our good living;
Thanks to Gage for hindering evil;
And for source of discord civil,
Thanks to Adams—and the devil."

A curious store of these on the Tory side is to be found in *The Loyalist Poetry of the Revolution.*

It is on such a background of social, religious, and political life that we would depict the character of Samuel Adams—a man who was both born for the times and who made the times; of whom it has been said, "It is impossible to write the history of the American Revolution without the character of Samuel Adams; it is impossible to write the life of Samuel Adams without giving a history of the Revolution, for he was the father of the Revolution." The key-note of his long life of over eighty years was sounded early, and never changed. The few fragments that remain written in a boy's hand in his school-books, his favorite topic for debate in college societies, the very theme of his thesis at graduation, speak in one tone—liberty! liberty! liberty!

Samuel Adams, born in Purchase Street, Boston, September 22, 1722, was the son of Samuel Adams, Esq., and Mary Fifield. His father was a man of ample fortune (fruit of scrupulous attention to business), a prominent politician, one of the founders of the "Calkers' Club"—a political club largely representing the shipping interest, from which, by an easy corruption, the "caucus" of to-day is said to have come.

Young Adams entered Harvard at the age of fourteen, through his brilliant college course but once subjecting himself to reproof for oversleeping himself and missing prayers. In a time when class rank was determined by social position and wealth, Adams ranked fifth in a class of twenty-two. Latin and Greek authors were his favorites, as the many quotations in his speeches and writings bear testimony. His father had designed him for the ministry, but his ardent temperament inclined him to a more active arena. That was no ordinary youth who in those days, going up for his Master's degree, chose for his thesis, "Whether it be lawful to resist the Supreme Magistrate, if the Commonwealth can not otherwise be preserved." That it was treated boldly and decisively we can not question.

His father's fortune becoming sadly diminished through unfortunate investments, Samuel Adams succeeded personally to his father's business of brewer—a fact that seemed to afford great merriment to the satirists and lampooners of the day, with whom

"Sam the Maltster" was a favorite topic. Admiral Coffin, in quite a different spirit, was fond of relating that he had often carried malt on his back from Mr. Adams's brewery.

The social and political circle which surrounded young Adams at this time contained many for whom name and fame were waiting. His father's most intimate friend was the Rev. Samuel Checkley, whose daughter Elizabeth became Samuel Adams's wife, Sunday, October 17, 1749. Miss Checkley's mother was the little Elizabeth Rolfe whose escape from the Indians at the Haverhill massacre, through the ready wit of a maidservant, who hid the child and her sister in an empty tub in the cellar, is a matter of history, her father, Rev. Benjamin Rolfe, and a hundred others having been killed.

Mrs. Adams was a woman of rare virtue and piety, as well as elegance of person and manner. After a brief but happy wedded life of eight years she died, leaving two children. In the family Bible is this record in her husband's handwriting: "To her husband she was as sincere a friend as she was a faithful wife. Her exact economy in all her relative capacities, her kindred on his side as well as her own admire. She ran her Christian race with remarkable steadiness, and finished in triumph. She left two small children. God grant they may inherit her graces."

Mr. Adams, in 1764, married for his second wife Elizabeth Wells, daughter of Francis Wells, Esq., an English merchant who some years before had come over in his own ship, "y^{e} *Hampstead* galley," with his family and possessions. The second Mrs. Adams was a woman of refinement and culture, a true helpmeet to her husband not only in the ready sympathy and appreciation she always manifested for the great chosen work of his life, but, possessing a genius for economy, she was enabled to eke out his at times too slender income, and not only keep the family from actual want, but, through all, maintaining a hospitable genial home, where no stranger ever dreamed that any essential comforts of life were missing.

To attempt to follow step by step the work of Samuel Adams in all the prefatory years of the great struggle would be to quote from every journal, from the records of every political meeting from the Sons of Liberty to the Calkers' Club. His style was always terse and forcible, easy of recognition even through the various signatures which he adopted.

He was an incessant, untiring writer; it has been estimated that his political letters and other papers would fill sixteen royal octavo volumes. In every glimpse we get even of his private letters at this period there is constant evidence of "the iron hand in the velvet glove," to the last so characteristic of the man. John Adams, in his diary, speaks of an evening with his kinsman at the Calkers' Club: "He [Samuel Adams] is zealous, ardent, and keen in the cause, always for softness, delicacy, and prudence where they will do, but stanch, stiff, rigid, inflexible, in the cause." After a close comparison of the four prominent speakers of the evening—Gray, Otis, Cushing, and Adams—he adds: "The *Il Penseroso* is discernible in the faces of all four, but Adams has, I believe, the most thorough understanding of liberty and her resources, as well as that habitual radical love of it, of any of them, as well as the most correct, genteel, and artful pen. He is a man of refined policy, steadfast integrity, exquisite humanity, genteel erudition, obliging, engaging manners, real as well as professed piety, and a universal good character, unless it should be admitted he is too attentive to the public, and not enough to himself and family."

Firm as was the friendship existing between Samuel Adams and John Adams, far stronger than the tie of blood (they were cousins), the character of the former was at times a curious problem to the latter. Samuel Adams's contempt for wealth was so

JOHN ADAMS.

marked as sometimes, in the opinion of his thrifty kinsman, to deserve censure.

Samuel Adams was far-seeing in a day when it was almost excusable to be entangled in the events of the day, without thought for the morrow. He was never deceived by apparent victories and partial concessions. When, on the repeal of the Stamp Act, the people were, to quote his words, "mad with loyalty," he could not re-

joice over a semblance of relief when the real evil remained unchanged. It is of interest to note the form in which this "loyal madness" expressed itself, for it surpassed any thing Boston had ever seen before. Bells were rung, ships in the harbor were decorated, bonfires lighted; the bells in Dr. Byles's church, nearest the Liberty Tree, rang

BRITISH STAMPS.

a joyful peal, answered by Christ Church, at the North End, and soon by the clangor of every bell in town; drums beat, artillery fired, steeples and house-tops were hung with flags; fire-works, such as staid New England had never before seen, were displayed at Mr. Hancock's expense, who, with Otis and other wealthy gentlemen whose residences bordered on the Common, kept open house. Mr. Hancock broached a pipe of Madeira for the populace, and all went merry as a marriage bell. Perhaps as good a deed as the day brought forth was the payment of the debts of the poor prisoners by the Sons of Liberty. Those who were released from jail had certainly substantial reasons for rejoicing. An illuminated obelisk or pyramid four stories high was erected on the Common, bearing 280 lamps; on top was a round box of fire-works. After the exhibition on the Common, it was designed to remove this obelisk to a permanent position under the Liberty Tree, as a "standing monument to this glorious era." Unfortunately it took fire, and was entirely consumed. Each side had hieroglyphics, verses, and portraits. A plate, in anticipation of the event, was engraved by Paul Revere, and several impressions struck off, the illustrations representing (1) America in distress, apprehending the total loss of liberty; (2) she implores the aid of her patrons; (3) she endures conflict for a season; (4) has her liberty restored by the royal hand of George the Third.

Soon afterward we first find associated in public office with Samuel Adams the name of John Hancock, who, with Thomas Cushing and James Otis, had been chosen representative for the town. As a specimen of prompt political manœuvre, the following is worth quoting from Gordon, showing how it was effected: "When the choice of members for Boston, to represent the town in the next General Court, was approaching, Mr. John Rowe, a merchant, who had been active on the side of liberty in matters of trade, was thought of by some influential persons. Mr. Samuel Adams artfully nominated a different one by asking, with his eyes looking to Mr. Hancock's house, 'Is there not another John that may do better?'"

The hint took. Mr. John Hancock's uncle was dead, and had left him a very considerable fortune (over £70,000). Mr. Adams judged that the fortune would give credit and support to the cause of liberty, the popularity would please the possessor, and that he might easily be secured by prudent management, and make a conspicuous figure in the band of patriots.

Hancock, at that time twenty-nine years old, was a man of ambition as well as of wealth, and to a man of Mr. Adams's keen discernment and foresight it was no small thing to secure his influence on the side of liberty. He never lost an opportunity of advancing him in popular notice and public position, where Hancock's profuse liberality, fine person, and affable manners made success certain. Through Gage's proscription, a few years later, the names of Hancock and Adams will be indissolubly connected so far and so long as the history of our country is known and read.

Whatever may have been the private views of Mr. Adams with regard to the ultimate future and independence of the colonies, no one can read the letters and petitions to the government, framed and many

"AMERICA IN DISTRESS."—[FROM REVERE'S ENGRAVING.]

of them penned by Samuel Adams, and fail to observe and admire the clearness and moderation with which the grievances are stated, as well as the firmness with which their rights are asserted. Yet an incident related by Mrs. Hannah Wells, Mr. Adams's daughter, shows how little faith he himself

had in the mercy or justice of the king. The young girl remarked, as she glanced over the petition to the king, "That paper will soon be touched by the royal hand." Her father quickly replied, "It will, my dear, more likely be spurned by the royal foot."

In 1768 Mr. Adams openly resigned all hope of justice from Parliament. American independence then became the one aim of his existence. With this in mind, it is easy to interpret the spirit which animated the exciting celebration of the third anniversary of the outbreak against the Stamp Act, August 14, 1768. The Boston *Gazette* for August 22 contains a full account of the proceedings. The people, to the number of three hundred and fifty, assembled under the Liberty Tree, thence adjourned to Dorchester, where a great feast was spread in the open air. Three large pigs were barbecued, forty-five regular toasts were drunk, not in cold water, but we have Mr. John Adams's word for it that there were no excesses committed, and, to the credit of the Sons of Liberty, not a single intoxicated person was seen through the entire day. Similar festivities were promoted and encouraged by James Otis and Samuel Adams, who esteemed them a strong element for popularity, and to keep alive in the minds of the people a sense of their wrongs as well as their rights. A few of the regular toasts prepared by Adams and Otis give the key-note. "The speedy removal of all task-masters and the redress of all grievances." "Strong halters, firm blocks, and sharp axes to all who deserve either." The procession formed at five o'clock in a "decent and orderly manner," Hancock's chariot heading it, and another bringing up the rear. They reached the city before dark, marched round the State-house, then quietly dispersed, each man to his own home.

The famous "Appeal to the World" in 1769 was written in defense of John Hancock, with regard to whom malicious misrepresentations had been made in England, charging that in a certain riot a barge belonging to an English vessel whose master had made himself obnoxious for divers reasons, chiefly unlawful imprisonment, had been burned before Hancock's house with his consent, when, in fact, it was burned on the open Common, and Mr. Hancock's influence had been on the side of law and order. It was in the excited meeting that followed, when a heavy rain had compelled adjournment from Liberty Tree to Faneuil Hall, and thence, for the great crowd, to the Old South, that James Otis uttered these fiery words: "If we are called on to defend our liberties and privileges, I hope and believe we shall one and all resist unto blood; but I pray God Almighty this may never happen."

As an instance of Samuel Adams's skill in dealing with mankind, an anecdote related by his daughter is worth place. At a meeting of the Assembly, where over two thousand persons were present, a committee reported that one Mr. Mac——, a stubborn Scotchman and a large importer, had refused to come into the non-importation association. An angry spirit was manifesting itself, when Mr. Adams, with that *suaviter in modo* which always distinguished him, arose and moved that the Assembly resolve itself into a committee *of the whole house,* wait on

JAMES OTIS.

Mr. Mac——, and urge his compliance. This was met by an affirmative, and, the business of the day proceeding, suddenly from an obscure corner, not relishing such a possibly *massive* argument, came a squeaking voice in a Scotch accent, "Mr. Moderator, I agree! I agree!" This unexpected interruption from the diminutive grotesque figure, in a reddish smoke-dried wig, drew all eyes upon him. His sudden conversion, and the manner in which it was obtained, brought thunders of applause. Mr. Adams, with a polite, condescending bow of protection, pointed to a seat near by, and quieted the discreet and frightened Scotchman.

However conciliatory Mr. Adams might be when the hour or the man demanded it, there were crises when only audacity and

SAMUEL ADAMS—THE JOHNSTON PORTRAIT.

firmness, a courage that looked only to ultimate good of the whole, at whatever cost of individual hazard, were demanded. Such was the memorable occasion in March, 1770, when, in the name of the people, Adams demanded of Hutchinson the removal of the royal troops from the town of Boston. The scene which preceded had been one of the wildest commotion. The "massacre" had excited the most wavering and reluctant; there was but one voice among the people, who were growing more infuriated as the government seemed to treat their appeals with scorn and indifference. Faneuil Hall would not contain the throng, not even the Old South; the very streets were densely packed to hear the reply of the Lieutenant-Governor, as read by Samuel Adams. In reply to his query, "Is this satisfactory?" a "*No*" thundered from three thousand voices that made roof and rafter ring. A new committee, with Samuel Adams as spokesman, was appointed to wait on the Governor and Council and demand the removal of the troops.

It was a grand and impressive scene, such a one as John Adams, recalling it in after-years, thought fit for a national historical painting. In the Council-Chamber was assembled the full pageant of civil and military authority in the brilliant costumes of the day—English scarlet cloth coats, large white wigs, gold-laced hats; the walls of the Council-Chamber hung with royal portraits and emblazoned with arms, while over it all the declining light of a winter's day streamed through the old windows. Before them stood Samuel Adams, clearly, calmly stating the demands of the people. "It is the unanimous opinion of the meeting that the reply to the vote of the inhabitants in the morning is by no means satisfactory; nothing less will satisfy them than a total and immediate removal of the troops." Hutchinson had previously intimated that one regiment, the Twenty-ninth, should be removed. This he repeated, adding, "The troops are not subject to my authority; I have no power to remove them."

Drawing himself to his full height, his clear blue eyes flashing, with outstretched arm, which shook slightly with the energy of his soul, gazing steadfastly at Hutchinson, he replied, "If you have the power to remove *one* regiment, you have power to remove *both*. It is at your peril if you refuse. The meeting is composed of three thousand people. They are becoming impatient. A thousand men are already arrived from the neighborhood, and the whole country is in motion. Night is approaching. An immediate answer is expected. *Both regiments or none!*"

The irresolute Chief Magistrate, surrounded as he was by the insignia of power, was no match for the iron man of the people. He quailed before the majesty, the greatness, of patriotism. The troops were withdrawn—troops that Lord North ever after spoke of as "Sam Adams's regiments."

It is this moment that John Singleton Copley, the greatest portrait painter of the day, has chosen for the portrait of Samuel Adams, painted for John Hancock, and which, now the property of the city of Boston, hangs in Faneuil Hall. An engraving from this portrait heads this paper. It represents a man in the prime of life, hair slightly powdered, a suit of reddish-brown (which seems to have been his habitual costume), a most republican simplicity marking his carriage and dress. We can almost feel and see the flash of his eye, almost hear the thrilling magnetism of his voice, which had such power over the souls of men. A full-size copy of this picture (by Onthank) is in Independence Hall, Philadelphia. The original of the Johnston picture, taken when Mr. Adams was Governor of Massachusetts, was destroyed by fire; the engraving from it, however, was considered an admirable likeness by those who only a few years since were still able to recall the venerable form and features of Governor Adams.

Miss Whitney has completed an admirable statue of Adams, who, with Winthrop, was chosen to represent Massachusetts in the gallery of distinguished Americans now collecting in Washington by order of government.

In the Boston *Gazette*, September 9, 1771, over the signature "Candidus," Mr. Adams expresses his inflexible determination and singleness of vision. "Should we acquiesce in their taking threepence only because they please, we at least tacitly consent that they should have sovereign control of our purses, and when they please they will claim an equal right, and perhaps plead a precedent from it, to take a shilling or a pound. At present we have the reins in our own hands; we can easily avoid paying tribute by abstaining from the use of those articles by which it is extorted from us." This advice he carried into practice in his own house. Tea was interdicted almost from the first hint of persistent taxation. A marked preference was shown for every thing of American manufacture. Mr. Adams never wore nor permitted his family to wear English cloth. "It behooves every American," he went on to say, "to encourage home manufactures, that our oppressors *may feel through their pockets* the effects of their blind folly."

It became a custom and a fashion among Boston ladies to make up spinning parties, meeting alternate nights, *without tea*, but varying discourse on the topics of the day with singing and playing on the spinet (an instrument then in vogue that resembled somewhat the piano-forte). One occasion is recorded when these Daughters of Liberty met in the house of a popular clergyman, spun 232 skeins of fine yarn, which they presented to him, much inspired in their work and songs by the presence of many of the Sons of Liberty. They put in practice the advice of one of their poets—

"First throw aside your top-knots of pride;
Wear naught but your own country linen;
Of economy boast; let your pride be the most
To show clothes of your own make and spinning."

The contempt which Samuel Adams always entertained for wealth, save as a means to a noble end, was little understood by the king's officers when, in 1774, a bribe of two thousand guineas a year was offered him, with a patent of nobility, if he would but use his influence on the side of the government. Said Governor Hutchinson: "Such is the obstinacy and inflexible disposition of the man that he never would be conciliated by any office or gift whatever." Governor Gage sent a confidential messenger to Mr. Adams to offer the alternative of personal advantage or of the anger of the king, begging him to make his peace with the king. Adams heard Colonel Fenton with courtesy; then, glowing with indignation, he arose and replied: "Sir, I trust I have long since made my peace with the King of kings. No personal consideration shall induce me to abandon the cause of my country. Tell Governor Gage it is the advice of Samuel Adams to him no longer to insult the feelings of an exasperated people."

As an instance of the popular esteem in which Mr. Adams was held, his daughter relates that before his departure for Congress in 1774, as the family were assembled at supper, a knock at the door announced a well-known tailor, who, refusing to answer any questions, insisted on measuring Mr. Adams for a suit of clothes; he was followed by a fashionable hatter, then by a shoe-maker, and several others on similar errands. A few days after, a large trunk, addressed to Mr. Samuel Adams, was brought to the house and deposited in the doorway. It contained a complete suit of clothes, two pairs of shoes in the best style, a set of silver shoe-buckles, a set of gold knee-buckles, a set of gold sleeve-buttons (still preserved by a descendant and namesake), an elegant cocked hat, gold-headed cane, *red cloak*, and other minor articles of wearing apparel; the cane and sleeve-buttons (which Mr. Adams wore when he signed the Declaration of Independence) bore the device of the Liberty cap. The journey to Philadelphia in those days was no trifling affair, it was taken on horseback, and, with needful stoppages, required fifteen days.

June 12, 1775, Gage proclaimed martial law. In this proclamation was the famous proscription of Hancock and Adams: "When his Majesty's gracious pardon was offered to all persons who should forthwith lay down their arms and return to the duties of peaceable subjects, excepting only from the benefit of such pardon Samuel Adams and John

Hancock, whose offenses are of too flagitious a nature to admit of any other than condign punishment." This proscription but added new lustre to the patriots' names, giving them enviable distinction and undying fame. In the Boston *Gazette*, June 24, 1775, appeared a rhymed version, of which we give one stanza:

> "But then I must out of this plan lock
> Both Samuel Adams and John Hancock;
> For these vile traitors (like bedentures)
> Must be tucked up at all adventures,
> As any proffer of a pardon
> Would only tend these rogues to harden."

In the fall of 1776, when Mr. John Adams and Mr. Samuel Adams were both in Philadelphia, the former sent his wife, by Mr. Gerry, a pound of green tea as a choice present, paying for the same upward of forty shillings. Through some mistake on the part of the messenger, the canister was given to Mrs. Samuel instead of to Mrs. John. On hospitality intent, the former invited the latter, with some friends, to a tea-drinking. Mrs. John praised the tea which Mrs. Samuel's *sweetheart* had sent her, and grumbled not a little in her next letter to John that he should not have been as attentive as his kinsman. The cream of the joke appeared, however, when Mrs. John discovered it was her own tea with which she had been so bountifully entertained. Of course, when the error was discovered, Mrs. Samuel returned all that remained.

GRANARY BURYING-GROUND.

Though but little above the medium height, Mr. Adams's erect carriage gave him the appearance of being tall. To the last he wore the tie-wig, cocked hat, knee-breeches, buckled shoes, and red cloak. Though cordial, he was always somewhat formal. There was something in his aspect and manner that, once having seen the man, made it impossible to forget him—florid complexion, clear dark blue eyes (no glasses), heavy, almost bushy, eyebrows, and a countenance whose benignant majestic expression never failed to impress strangers.

Mr. Adams has been represented as austere, strait-laced, and puritanical, permitting neither levity nor amusement in his household. But this is incorrect as to his home life. He delighted in young society and the sports of children, had always pleasant words for them, and was one of those benignant characters whom children approach with confidence and love. His own recreations were few—either riding with a friend into the country or sailing in the harbor, it may be to test one of his friend Hancock's newly launched ships; perhaps an excursion to Harvard College, his beloved *alma mater*, or the lighthouse, a "rough jaunt over sharp rocks to the point of the island opposite Nantucket, where there was a hideous cave containing marine curiosities." His only personal accomplishment was singing, for which he possessed both fine natural taste and "the voice of an angel." His two children, whose education he himself superintended, idolized him as an affectionate, tender father and wise friend.

It is a touching scene, sketched by an eye-witness, when, in 1800, Governor Strong, passing through Winter Street at the head of a great military procession, stopped before the venerable patriot's house, and, with uncovered head, saluted the old man, publicly expressing his deep reverence. The military presented arms, while the multitude stood silent, with uncovered heads, through the interview.

It is the last glimpse we have in public of the veteran statesman. His labor was ended. With scarce a struggle at the last, he died October 2, 1803. It is a curious coincidence that his birth, baptism, and death all occurred on Sunday. The papers of the day paid fitting tributes to "the father of the American Revolution." The usual military parade was observed; bells tolled; shops were closed; ships with flags at half-mast; minute-guns fired by artillery companies and at Fort Independence. The remains were deposited in the Checkley tomb, in the Granary burying-ground.