

MASSACRE AT BOSTON.

ONE OF THE CAUSES LEADING TO THE REVOLUTION.

A Bloody Episode in Colonial History—Quartering of British Troops in Boston Had Long Been Considered a Grievance—Crispus Attacks Monument.

A Memorable Event.

The Boston massacre in itself was a matter of unimportance, it was a street brawl between soldiers and civilians, yet really it was one of the most important of the lesser causes of the Revolutionary war and, in this light, receives a distinction and a place in men's memories which otherwise it would neither hold nor deserve.

The quartering of British troops in Boston had long been considered as a grievance by the people and complaints of great bitterness were constantly made of the matter. It does not appear that the soldiers did any considerable damage or that the sufferings of the citizens were excessive, but it was just one of those things which prove a constant irritation and an excuse for complaint. March 3, 1770, a party of soldiers and rope makers of Boston had an encounter with clubs about the Crispus Attucks monument, and several men on each side were wounded. The next night it was attempted to renew the battle, but the authorities prevented it. Fighting would have served as the natural outlet on both sides had it been allowed, but being smothered, it burned more fiercely and the men were ready to renew the occurrence for an excuse to battle with each other. It happened that on the evening of the 5th two young men undertook to pass a sentinel at the foot of Cornhill, without answering his challenge. A struggle ensued and some soldiers ran from the neighboring barracks to the sentry's aid, armed hastily with any weapon they happened to pick up. The soldiers, in turn, attracted the attention of other citizens and windows were hastily thrown up and heads put out to see what the matter was. Evidently

ment was unveiled in Boston. He was a resident of Framingham and a man about 50 years of age. The removal of the British troops from Boston was demanded by the people and, after some effort to withstand the request, the Governor complied. Not again until Gage's arrival in 1774 were troops quartered in the city.



OLD STATE HOUSE OF BOSTON. (Near which the massacre occurred. The building is still standing.)

the prospects were fair for some sort of a settlement and so, eagerly donning their clothes, the good citizens poured into the street and surrounded the British. The officers were anxious to avoid any unpleasantness and succeeded in drawing the soldiers into the barracks. But the mob did not wish to be disappointed of its sport; it had come out to see a fight and it did not want its wishes balked.

As excited men. In a few moments another sentinel at some little distance was seen. A boy cried out that this soldier had struck him a few days before. It was just the excuse that the crowd wanted, and instantly twenty young men advanced and began to pelt the sentry with missiles. The man loaded his gun, but did not fire, and tried to retire into the building before which he was. He found the door locked, however, and he called loudly for the main guard whose station was within hearing. The officer in command sent to his relief a sergeant and six men and also dispatched a messenger to Capt. Preston, the officer of the day. The mob meanwhile was increasing every moment, and by the time Preston with six more men arrived on the spot it was a huge gathering. Preston behaved with coolness and moderation, but the soldiers were provoked and excited by the constant firing and insults of the crowd. "Come on, you bloody-backs," they cried. "Come on, you lobster-backs." "Fire if you dare." "Why don't you fire?"

The soldiers fired. One soldier was hit by a club, he drew back, leveled his musket and fired. Inspired by his example, seven or eight more discharged their arms and the mob fled. Two men were killed,



THE BOSTON MASSACRE. (A curious picture of the event from a contemporary engraving.)

three others mortally wounded and six injured slightly.

The people were terribly excited at the sight and when Gov. Hutchinson addressed them at the State House, promising that a full investigation of the affair should be made the next day. The next day Preston gave himself up to the authorities and, with six of his men, was put upon trial and acquitted. Popular sentiment, however, had its way in the funeral of these slain. These were Crispus Attucks, a half-breed Indian negro; Patrick Carr, an Irishman; and three Americans—Samuel Gray, James Caldwell and Christopher Maverick. Their bodies were borne with great pomp through the streets, a solemn funeral service was held over them, and they were buried in the common vault. The affair of the shooting received then the exaggerated title of "massacre," a name which has clung to it from that day to this.

Crispus Attucks. A good deal has been made of Attucks since this affair, and in 1898 a monu-



Once a year it comes With its flags and drums, With its cannon loud, With its rockets high And their starry crowd Filling all the sky.

Music in the air, Powder every where, Crackers making noise, Snapping at your feet, For the happy boys All along the street.

Then, hurrah! I say, Independence Day, Comes but once a year, With its noise and smoke, Let us hold it dear, Big and little folk.

Let us take our part With a loyal heart, I am our flag unfurled, I proudly stand in the front of the world, Free! American!

WHERE THE FLAG WAS BORN.

Birthplace of the Star Spangled Banner—Flags of the Colonies.

THE small two-story house still standing at 230 Arch street, below Third, Philadelphia, has an interesting history. In it the first flag, consisting of thirteen stars and thirteen stripes, was made by Mrs. John Ross. The design for the flag was from a drawing made by George Washington with a pencil, and the flag thus designed was adopted by a resolution of Congress on the 14th day of June, 1777. A committee of Congress, accompanied by General Washington, afterward called upon Mrs. Ross and engaged her to make



WHERE OUR FIRST FLAG WAS MADE.

a flag from this design. The flag then made is now known the world over as the Star Spangled Banner of the United States. There is a striking resemblance between the design of our flag and the arms of General Washington, and it is believed by many that the American flag was derived from this heraldic design.

Several flags were used by the people of the States before the present one was adopted. In the month of March, 1775, a red flag was hoisted in New York, bearing on one side the inscription, "George Rex and the Liberties of America," and on the other side, "No Taxation." In July, 1775, on Prospect Hill, Gen. Israel Putnam raised a flag upon which was inscribed the motto of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, "Qui transtulit sustinet." In October, 1775, the floating batteries of Boston carried a flag with the motto, "An Appeal to Heaven," the design being a pine tree on a white field. Virginia carried a flag in 1775—design, a rattlesnake coiled as if about to strike, and the motto, "Don't Tread on Me." But it was not until Jan. 18, 1776, that the grand union flag,



THE PINE-TREE FLAG.

bearing stars and stripes, was raised on the height, near Boston. A number of flags appeared—the rattlesnake, the pine tree, and the stripes, the various designs of the different colonies—until July, 1777, when the blue union of the stars was added

to the stripes, and the law adopted this flag as the great national emblem. Afterward a stripe was added with every new State; but, as it became manifest that in time the beauty of the emblem would be marred by the enormous proportions acquired by ad-



THE FLAG OF VIRGINIA, 1775.

ditional States, Congress reduced the stripes to the original thirteen, and the stars were made to correspond with the number of States.

The American flag is one of the most beautiful that float upon any land or sea. Its proportions are perfect when it is properly made—namely, as broad as it is long. The first stripe at the top is red, the next white, and the colors alternate, making the last stripe red. The blue field for the stars is the widest and square of the first set of stripes, viz., four red and three white. The colors of the American flag are in exquisite relief, and it is altogether a splendid national emblem. Long may it wave untarnished!

WHEN WE WERE BOYS.

A Picture of an Old-time Celebration in the Country.

"Now, Billy, don't get near them anvils," Sammy, will you stand back, or do you want to get blowed up? And a stranger to boys and to the custom would have concluded that Sammy certainly did want to get "blowed up," for it was the regular complaint of the men in charge that there "wouldn't be a speck of danger if it weren't for the durned boys crowdin' in so."

This was at 4 o'clock in the morning of a Fourth of July, years ago, in a country village. The boys were sunbathing in the public square, where the anvils were located, barbed with and clad for the most part only in tow linen shirts and lean pantaloons, and the sale was wonderful—many a pair for the affair was too important to be missed on account of a little informality in toilet. And close after them came two or three mothers with nervous warnings of caution.

The village was the whole population up, and in the country as far as boom of cannon or ring of bells could be heard, there was great excitement among the boys, each eager to get his breakfast and be off for the village. The men and women came in later if it wasn't a "good harvest day."

By 10 o'clock all the town was out, and so many from the country that the village contained 3,000 or 4,000 people. If the season had been very early "down on the sand barrels," a few watermelons were for sale, but not often. Of home-made beer, ginger cakes, currant pies, striped candy and the like, the sale was wonderful—many a pair for every big tree. In the village grocery the big cheese was cut an regular customers invited to taste it. "Cuba six" cigars (six for 5 cents) were so plentiful that every boy could have had his. The men gave way to unswerving generosity, and whiskey they had always with them—50 cents a gallon, and that that's good." Shutting up the "groceries"—they were not called "aloons" till near the war—would have provoked a riot.

The speaker gave "old England" a few vigorous whacks, pitted the "subjects of foreign despots," congratulated his fellow-citizens on their glorious freedom, and generally wound up with a statement that "but for our noble forefathers, who on this day so many years ago declared these colonies free and independent, we, fellow-citizens, would have been the subject of a despotism like the wretched Irish, perhaps, trodden into the mire of slavery and compelled to give one-third of all

we possessed to the king and his soldiers." In the enumeration of the horrors of despotism one count nearly always appeared—that one-third of what the farmer raised would be taken by the despot.—Boston Post.

When the Sticks Come Down.

Fourth of July is coming 'ad soon through all the land, Will sound the boom of cannon and the music of the band; Fire-crackers and torpedoes will be crackin' every where, With fire balloons and parachutes a-sailin' through the air; 'Ad rockets will be whizzin' up in every country with a frown, But you'd better get 'em under when the sticks come down.

I find that there is lots of things that acts in that same way, 'Ad starts up with a heap of fuss 'ad makes a grand display, While everybody's lookin' on, admirin' from afar, 'Ad says, "Wid'd a thought they could a sailed way up so far?" But when they bust in mid air, people scatters with a frown, 'Ad try to git from under when the sticks come down.

—Arthur Gerritt.

A Question About Firecrackers.

Mr. Magruder had forbidden his boys to buy anything on credit, and one day he called the children and said he wanted to know who had had five cents' worth of firecrackers charged to him at the toy store.

The older ones promptly said, "I did not," but the two little ones, John and Harry, seemed not so clear in their statements. John said he had bought five cents' worth of firecrackers with five cents; Uncle Frank had given him, and one time his mamma gave him five cents and he got some firecrackers at the toy store.

The older ones promptly said, "I did not," but the two little ones, John and Harry, seemed not so clear in their statements. John said he had bought five cents' worth of firecrackers with five cents; Uncle Frank had given him, and one time his mamma gave him five cents and he got some firecrackers at the toy store.

"Oh, I don't care about that," his father said. "Did you have five cents' worth of firecrackers charged?"

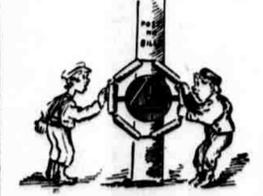
Little Harry could not stand it any longer. He must make John understand, and he went right up to him and said, "Johnny, did you ever get five cents' worth of crackers with a five cents nobody never gave you?"—Harper's Young People.

They Did Both.

"Let's break the silence," suggested one patriotic boy to another on the morning of the glorious Fourth.

"We can cracker, anyhow," replied the other.—Detroit Free Press.

Their Hopes More than Realized.



"She'll go splendid, Billy."



She does. So does Billy.

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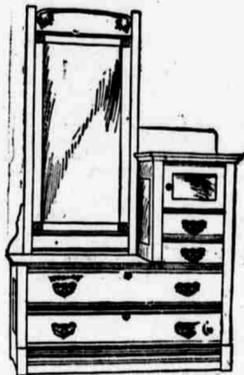
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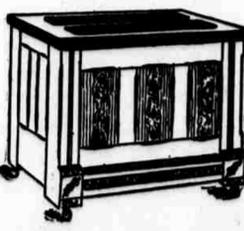
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