

Canadians and *Indians*, and come down upon Colonel *Bedel's* Regiment stationed at the *Cedars*, and taken them to a man, not less than about five hundred in number, many of whom were shot and others tomahawked in cold blood by the insatiable savages, after they were made prisoners. This we have from men of credibility, who were made prisoners at the same time, but found means to get away; the Colonel of said regiment being necessarily absent at the time of said fight, after provisions, &c.

That our Army has long been in a most deplorable situation in *Canada* as to provisions, intrenching tools, &c., and we view them as in danger of being driven wholly out of those territories; which event we have but too much reason to fear will decide the fate of *New-England*, and be of the most dangerous consequence to all the United Colonies.

That the minds of many officers and soldiers, and others, are greatly dissatisfied with the conduct of his Honour General *Schuyler*, and have great fears respecting his fidelity to his country, though they may be wholly without foundation; and we find a great backwardness in men to enlist in this expedition on this account. *God* forbid that we should harbour ungrounded jealousies of the deliverers, and, in a sense, saviours of our country, or wilfully shut our eyes against the greatest dangers.

We beg leave to assure your Excellency that we consider all the United Colonies but as one, and observe no other distinctions but those of friends and enemies to their country. We indulge no private disgust or resentment. We are of no faction or party. We wish not to injure the reputation and glory of his Honour General *Schuyler*, were it in our power; we sincerely hope his name may be handed down, with immortal honour, to the latest posterity, as one of the great pillars of the *American* cause.

We must not conclude without assuring your Excellency of the utmost repose and confidence placed in your Excellency by persons of all ranks and conditions within the sphere of our knowledge. We can cheerfully rest in your Excellency's wisdom, under the direction of Him who ruleth over all, for the directing the military operations in general through this great continent, in conformity to the advice of the honourable Continental Congress. We heartily pray for success to your arms, and salvation to *America*, and that your Excellency's disinterested services may meet with a glorious retribution in the resurrection of the just at the last great day, and your present tears for *America* be turned into never-ending joy and triumph.

ASA DOUGLASS, *Chairman of the Committee.*

Pittsfield, June 7, 1776.

To His Excellency GEORGE WASHINGTON, Esq., *Generalissimo* over all the Forces of the United Colonies:

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY: May a grey-headed farmer speak freely? Will your Excellency allow me to unbosom myself to you when I fear to do it, and think it unwise to other persons? I hear your Excellency is free of access, and ready to hear the story, if it is of importance, of inferior persons, and in their own natural dialect. I beg leave, for once, to speak, and ease my distressed mind.

I have been a constant observer of all our northern transactions, from the beginning of our troubles to this day. I early raised a company, and was at the taking of *Ticonderoga*; some weeks after which I was sent by the commander of said fort to the honourable Continental Congress. On my way to *Philadelphia*, I was thunderstruck to hear that that venerable wise body had ordered said fort to be deserted and given up into the hands of our enemies, and the cannon to be removed the hither side of *Lake George*. Knowing that to be the key to all *New-England*, and an inlet to the savages to ravage our frontiers for many hundred miles in length, (there being many thousands of new settlers, *New-Englanders*, north of said fort,) I viewed said doings of the Congress as the finishing stroke to *New-England*. When I arrived at *Philadelphia*, I carefully searched out the cause of it, and I found the land jobbers were the foundation or efficient cause of said resolution of Congress. I gave myself no rest till that resolution was reversed. On my way to *Philadelphia* I waited on *New-York* Congress, and could get no relief from them. I found them deeply interested, and they gave no encouragement of assisting me. And I believe in my conscience to this day that said Pro-

vince is not hearty, neither in the reduction of *Canada* nor in opposing *Great Britain*.

His Excellency General *Schuyler* was appointed to the command of the northern Army, to draw in that Province to the support of the cause of the continent; neither the General nor the Province (I mean near about the one-half) appear to me to be real friends.

Your Excellency cannot be a stranger to what events have taken place in *Canada*; and I think actions speak infinitely louder than words. I speak plainly. I believe, by all that has transpired, that General *Schuyler* is a traitor, and that an overwhelming destruction upon our Army in *Canada*, if not upon all the *New-England* Provinces, is near at hand. What but disgrace and infamy are constantly pursuing our Army there, and all for the want of their being provided for. Why is Sir *John Johnson* now at the head of a powerful army, swallowing up our forces by large mouthfuls in *Canada*? Is this the man that was taken in arms against his country last fall, and not so much as confined? Be astonished, O earth! Why was our Army last year universally disaffected towards General *Schuyler*? Was there no reason for their universal complaints?—I speak of officers and soldiers—when all was love and affection for the glorious *Montgomery*, not a murmur, not a whisper heard to his disadvantage. Why has our Army been starving, when *Albany* has been overflowing with provisions, and this country all round about us suffering through plenty? How many bushels of wheat were sold in *Albany* last winter for half a dollar, paid in goods at the highest price? And how many tens of thousands of bushels might now, in a day's time, be carried in for two-thirds of a dollar? Why has there been such cheating in that Army as to the pork? great part of which has been fit only for dogs to eat, owing to the wagoners letting out the brine to lighten his load.

The Army in *Canada*, O how unlike the one before *Boston* last year! I expect to hear nothing but disgrace and infamy from our *Canadian* Army, without some great change and mighty exertions. If *Canada* is gone, *America* is undone. I speak here from knowledge. A more important post as to the support of our cause is not upon this whole continent. Can't General *Schuyler* be removed, with honour, to some other post, or have an assistant General, or some other measure be taken to satisfy the minds of people in general? What a dark plot has been carrying on of late throughout *New-York* Government! What dependance has Government upon our internal enemies? What multitudes, from one end of *New-York* Government to the other, stand tiptoe to join our enemies! I expect it will be but a few weeks before this continent will be struck with amazement and horror. Great *Cromwell*, under *God*, I rest upon you to save this country from ruin! I pray that what I have written may do no hurt to the glorious cause of my country. May *God* preserve your Excellency, and give you wisdom from above, and lengthen out your life till millions shall proclaim, with a voice that shall shake the pillars of the world, the *American* cause is finished! This comes from my breast, and will be retained in your Excellency's.

I am your Excellency's humble servant,

ASA DOUGLASS.

I think few or none of *New-England* officers or soldiers will serve two campaigns under General *Schuyler*.

CAPTURE OF THE PRIVATEER YANKEE HERO.

Captain *James Tracy* sailed from *Newburyport* the 7th of *June*, in the *Yankee Hero*, for *Boston*, with twenty-six men only, including officers; this number was not a quarter of his complement; he was provisioned for a six months' cruise, and was to take in the remainder of his men at *Boston*. The afternoon he went out, going round *Cape Ann* he observed a sail in the offing, but in his situation did not think of looking after her. Two boats, full manned, with their muskets, who had put out after the sail, came on board, and informed him a number of transports had been close in with the cape that day. Fourteen men from the two boats joined him, and sent their boats on shore; he had now forty hands in the whole, (only a third of his complement;) with these he put away for the sail, which bore east southeast, about five leagues distance, the wind being then westerly; at six miles distance they perceived her to be a ship, and soon, from her management, to be a ship of war. As a contest with her must

have been very unequal, Captain *Tracy*, who intended to make a harbour that night, ordered the brig to be put about for the shore, not then suspecting the ship could come up with him; but he had not tacked ten minutes before the westerly wind died away, and the ship, taking a fresh southerly breeze, came fast in, endeavouring to cut the brig off from the shore. After some time, the ship thus getting in the wake of the brig, the wind again came fresh to the westward, upon which the brig hauled to the wind, in the best angle for the shore; the ship gave chase, and in an hour came up within half a mile, and began to fire her bow-chasers, which the brig only answered with a swivel, Captain *Tracy* reserving his whole fire, until the ship, keeping a constant fire, came up within pistol-shot upon his lee-quarter, when the brig gave her the best return they could make from their main and quarter-deck guns, swivels, and small arms, and after that kept up a constant fire. The ship was soon up alongside; and with twelve nine-pounders of a side, upon one deck, beside fore-castle and quarter-deck guns, and with her marines overlooking the brig as high as her leading blocks, kept a continual fire. After some time the ship hauled her wind so close, (which obliged the brig to do the same,) that Captain *Tracy* was unable to fight his lee guns; upon this he backed under her stern; but the ship, which sailed much faster, and worked as quick, had the advantage, and brought her broadside again upon him, which he could not evade, and in this manner they lay not a hundred feet from each other, yawing to and fro, for an hour and twenty minutes, the privateer's men valiantly maintaining their quarters against such a superior force. About this time the ship's foremast guns beginning to slack fire, Captain *Tracy* slacked under her stern; and when clear of the smoke and fire, perceived his rigging to be most shockingly cut—yards flying about without braces, some of his principal sails shot to rags, and half of his men to appearance dying and wounded. Mr. *Main*, his First Lieutenant, was among the first wounded, and Mr. *Davis*, one of the prize-masters, fell in the last attack. In this situation they went to work to refit the rigging, and to carry the wounded below, the ship having then taken a broad sheer some way off, and none of her guns bearing; but before they could get their yards to rights, which they zealously tried for, in hopes still to get clear of the ship, as they were now nearer in shore, or to part from her under the night, she again came up and renewed the attack, which obliged Captain *Tracy* to have recourse to his guns again, though he still kept some hands aloft to his rigging; but before the brig had again fired two broadsides, Captain *Tracy* received a wound in his right thigh, and in a few minutes he could not stand; he laid himself over the arm-chest and barricado, determined to keep up the fire, but in a short time, from pain and loss of blood, he was unable to command, growing faint, and they helped him below; as soon as he came to, he found his firing had ceased and his people round him wounded, and not having a surgeon with them, in a most distressed situation, most of them groaning and some expiring. Struck severely with such a spectacle, Captain *Tracy* ordered his people to take him up in a chair upon the quarter-deck, and resolved again to attack the ship, which was all this time keeping up her fire; but after getting into the air, he was again so faint that he was for some time unable to speak, and finding no alternative but they must be taken or sunk, for the sake of the brave men that remained, he ordered them to strike to the ship, (the *Milford*, of twenty-eight guns, *John Burr* commander.)

Thus was this action maintained for upwards of two hours in a low single-decked vessel, with not half the metal the ship had, against an *English* frigate, whose Navy has been the dread of nations, and by a quarter the number of people in the one as the other; yet the victors exulted as though they had overcome a score as much superior as this was inferior to them. The brig had four men killed and thirteen wounded, including officers; the number in the *Milford* wounded is not known, though there were some. The deprivation of these brave officers and men is to be regretted by all friends to this country. With justice to Captain *Burr*, of the *Milford*, it must be acknowledged he treated with humanity and politeness the officers and men that were wounded; but to the eternal disgrace of *Britain*, and the present King and Parliament, let it be recorded, that in this very action above related, upwards of thirty *Americans*

(prisoners in the *Milford*) were forced, at the forfeit of their lives, to fight against their countrymen; and the officers and men of the *Yankee Hero*, that were not wounded, are now detained in several of their ships, and may meet with the same cruel fate—an exaction that even savages have not been known to require. It is to the credit of the *Hero's* men that not one would enter upon the ship's books, though not only urged by every persuasion, but by threats.

Captain *James Tracy*, and Mr. *Main*, his First Lieutenant, we hear, are likely to do well of their wounds, though they mend but slowly; they and the other wounded men are at *Halifax*; twelve of the *Hero's* men were kept on board the *Milford*; Mr. *Robert Tracy*, his Second Lieutenant, and the rest of the brig's company, are on board the *Renown*, Commodore *Banks*.*

Address to the Convention of the Colony and Ancient Dominion of VIRGINIA, on the subject of Government in general, and recommending a particular form to their consideration: By a native of the Colony.

GENTLEMEN: When despotism had displayed her banners, and with unremitting ardour and fury scattered her engines of oppression through this wide extended continent, the virtuous opposition of the people to its progress relaxed the tone of Government in almost every Colony, and occasioned in many instances a total suspension of law. These inconveniences, however, were natural, and the more readily submitted to, as there was then reason to hope that justice would be done to our injured country, the same laws, executed under the same authority, soon regain their former use and lustre, and peace, raised on a permanent foundation, bless this our native land.

But since these hopes have hitherto proved delusive, and time, instead of bringing us relief, daily brings forth new proofs of *British* tyranny, and thereby separates us farther from that reconciliation we so ardently wished; does it not become the duty of your, and every other Convention, to assume the reins of Government, and no longer suffer the people to live without the benefit of law, and order the protection it affords? Anarchy and riot will follow a continuance of its suspension, and render the enjoyment of our liberties and future quiet at least very precarious.

Presuming that this object will, ere long, engage your

* HALIFAX, June 10, 1776.—On Sunday evening, arrived from off *Boston* harbour a Privateer brig, in the Rebel service, called the *Yankee Hero*, Captain *Tracy*; she was taken by the *Milford* frigate, of twenty eight guns, Captain *Burr*, after an obstinate engagement, in which the Captain of the Privateer received a ball through his thigh, soon after which they struck. She is a fine vessel, and mounts twelve carriage guns and six swivels; her colours were a pine tree on a white field.

The following is a copy of the *Yankee Hero* Privateer's commission, by *Alexander Brymer*, Esq., agent for her condemnation, taken by his Majesty's frigate *Milford*, Captain *John Burr* commander:

COLONY OF THE MASSACHUSETTS-BAY:

The major part of the Council of the MASSACHUSETTS-BAY, in NEW-ENGLAND, to JA. TRACY, Gentleman, greeting:

Whereas *James Tracey*, *Jonathan Jackson*, *Nathaniel Tracey*, *John Tracey*, and *Joseph Lee*, Merchants, have, at their own expense, fixed out and equipped, for the defence of *America*, a vessel called the *Yankee Hero*, burthen about one hundred and twenty tons, and have recommended you as a suitable person to be commander thereof: We have thought fit to commission you for the purpose aforesaid, and do accordingly, by these presents, give you, the said *James Tracey*, full power, with such other persons as you shall engage to your assistance, to sail in the said vessel on the seas, attack, take, and bring into any port in this Colony all armed and other vessels which shall be found making unlawful invasions, attacks, or depredations, on the sea-coasts or navigation of any part of *America*, or improved in supplying the fleet and army, which have been or shall at any time be, employed against the United Colonies, or employed by the enemies of *America* in any respect whatsoever; and also all vessels whose masters or supercargoes shall have had designs of carrying supplies of any kind to the enemy, or that shall be returning from the enemy after having carried such supplies, that such proceedings may be had thereon as are required by a law of this Colony, entitled "An act for encouraging the fixing out of armed vessels to defend the sea-coast of *America*, and for erecting a Court to try and condemn all vessels that shall be found infesting the same." And you are hereby directed in all your proceedings to govern yourself by the said act.

Given under our hands, and the seal of the said Colony, at *Watertown*, the 20th day of *February*, in the sixteenth year of the reign of his Majesty King *George* the Third.

By their Honours' command:

PEREZ MORTON, Deputy Secretary.

Signed—*B. Greenleaf*, *W. Spooner*, *Caleb Cushing*, *T. Cushing*, *John Whetcomb*, *Jedediah Forster*, *Eldad Taylor*, *B. Lincoln*, *Michael Farley*, *J. Palmer*, *Moses Gill*, *Jabez Fisher*, *B. White*, *S. Holton*, and *John Taylor*.