1835

Book Review of Stories of General Warren

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Repository Citation
Minor, Lucian, "Book Review of Stories of General Warren" (1835). Faculty Publications. 1321.
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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

GENERAL WARREN.

STORIES ABOUT GENERAL WARREN—By a Lady of Boston, 1833, pp. 131, 12mo.

The success of those grown up readers, who may choose to scan at a review of so very juvenile a book as this, we vraye, for the sake of bringing it, and its subject, somewhat into notice—pointing out some pharmacological errors—doing justice to its merit—and, above all, freshening the memories, if not informing the minds, of the less fastidious among our countrymen, as to a few of the incidents preceding and attending the commence ment of that great struggle, of which the cherished remembrance conduces so much to preserve in American bosoms a catholic, American, liberty-loving spirit. Those incidents will be found naturally to embody themselves in a brief account of the life of General Warren, drawn chiefly from the volume above mentioned. Those who may incline to despise either so simple a book, or a narrative of (to them) such trite facts, as these of which we shall speak, are probably not aware how shallow and narrow is the imagination existing through the country, and even in some minds that claim to be considered as enlightened, with regard to our own history. "Mr. President!"—recently, at a public dinner in Virginia, vociferated a young center of the Milestone school—a lawyer, we took him to be—"Mr. President! I give you, sir, the memory of the gallant General Warren, who fell at the battle of LEXINGTON!" And but a few months before, a friend as dear to us as ourselves, and whose age and opportunities should certainly have made him know better, confounded Sir William Berkeley, Governor of Virginia in the times of Charles I and II, with Norborne Berkeley, Lord Botetourt, viceroy of Georgia III, in 1780 and 1770! It would not surprise us, to hear a lawyer or a physician—still less a gentleman at large—talk of the burning of Charleston as simultaneous with the battle of Sullivan's Island, because Charleston was burned while the battle of Bunker Hill was fighting—as "John Bull in America" passes in silence from Boston, where the folk make wooden nutmegs, roast witches, and bake pumpkin pies, into Charleston, where they gouge and stab, drink mint juleps, eat young negroes, and feed old ones upon cotton seed.

The narrative before us is couched in a dialogue, between a mother and her two children; and, being obviously designed for gentlewomen and ladies not much higher than manna's rocking chair, has frequently an infantine simplicity of style, that makes us marvel at our own moral courage, in daring to serve up such a baby's mess. Convinced, however, that children's reading may afford both amusement and instruction to grown people, (witness "Early Lessons," "Frank," "The Parent's Assistant," "Sandford and Merton," and "Evenings at Home," our pluribus alius) licentious, as any rate, that among the palates for which it is our duty to cater, there are some youthful ones to which this dish may be both pleasant and useful; hoping, too, that by having her fruits of composition noted, the authors may be induced to correct, or "others in like cases offending" be moved to shun them, we do the venture. Indeed, not only the book's childishness of style, but many offenses far more atrocious in a critic's eyes—sins against grammar, idiom, and good taste—are in great part re-deemed by the good sense and justice of its reflections, the interesting tenor of its incidents, and the virtuous glow it is calculated to kindle. The sins are very many. Lay," used for "lie," is wholly unwarranted—scarcely palliated—even by the example of Byron, in the Fourth Canto itself: for he was compelled by dactyls' rhyme; a coercion, which the most tuneful and the most discou rant are alike powerless to resist. "Mr. Warren, the father of Joseph, while walking round his orchard to see if every thing was in good order, as he was looking over the trees, he perceived," &c. Here is a nominative without any verb. There is a four or five fold vice in the second member of the following sentences, in which, as it stands, the writer may be defied to show a meaning: "It often happens that a mother is left with a family of young children, and is obliged to bring them up without the controlling power of a father's care; it is therefore the duty of every female to educate her own mind, and that of her daughters, so as to enable her, if she should be placed in this responsible situation, to be able to guide aright the minds of those under her care." Enable her to be able! Educate her own mind! and that of her daughters! Are they to be supposed to have but one mind among them, as the Sirens had but one tooth? The use of educe for trux, in a match for the Frenchman's blunder, who, finding in the Dictionary that to press means to squeeze, politely begged leave to squeeze a lady to sing. "Enable them." Enable whom? Why herself and her daughters; and she should have said so. Never, surely, was prosing, born flat, printed prosing, to so little purpose. Again: "A mother should always possess....a firm principle of action." Does she need but one firm principle of action? If so, it is to be hoped the next edition will say what that one is; for it must be valuable. A common blunder in the forms of the infinitive mood, occurs repeatedly in this book: "Tell us if he did get in, and how he contrived to 1" The use of oneself, as a nominativo stant for the infinitive itself. This is one of the few cases, in which we are for going the whole. "He began to practice"—"I know it was not him!"—"he whom I told you was the first one!"—"to respect, was added admiration and love"—"this tax bore very heavy!"—"soldiers which"—"your country has much to hope from you, both in their counsels and in the field." These errors, a very moderate skill in orthography and syntax would have sufficient to avoid. Such a vulgarism as "assassins, or such provincialisms as "you may ride singly," or "you may ride all alone," and "walked back and forth the room," passing to and fro, or backwards and forwards in the room) would not have occurred, if the author had remembered, that the simplicity which suits children's minds, is altogether different from vulgarity. There is such a thing as neat and graceful simplicity in writing, as well as in dress and manners. They had contemplated making some attack on the British, or at least to endeavor to destroy their shipping. Contemplated to destroy! We will not further pursue this unwelcome

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Joseph Warren was born in 1741, in the village of Roxbury, one or two miles south from Boston, Mass. His father, a rich farmer, inhabited a house, the ruins of which we still visible; and was famous for raising the best fruit in that neighborhood. He was killed by a fall from one of his own apple trees, leaving a widow and four sons, of whom Joseph, the eldest, was 16, and John, the youngest, was 4 years old. This excellent woman appears to have much resembled the mother of Washington, in the skill and care with which she infused generous sentiments and virtuous principles into the bosoms of her children; and she reared almost as richly as Mrs. Washington, the fruits of her labors. Her sons passed through life, all honored and loved, and more than one of them distinguished. Her nature seems to have had more of amiable softness than Mrs. Washington's; who, it must be confessed, blended something of the sternness with the purity and nobleness of a Spartan matron. Mrs. Warren's door was always open for deeds of hospitality and neighborly kindness. It is not easy to imagine a lovelier scene than one paragraph presents, of the evening of a well spent life, still warmed and brightened by the benign spirit, which had been the sun of that life's long day.

"In her old age, when her own children had left her "fireside, it was one of her dearest pleasures to gather "a group of their children, or of the children of others "around her. She did all in her power to promote "their enjoyment, and her benevolent smile was always "ready to encourage them. On Thanksgiving-day, "she depended on having all her children and grand "children with her; and until she was 80 years of age, "she herself made the pies with which the table was loaded! "Not satisfied with feasting them to their heart's con "tent while they were with her, she also had some "nice great pies ready for them to take home with "them."

Joseph's education, till his fourteenth year, was at the public school in Roxbury; one of those common schools, which, from the earliest times of New England, have been planting and nurturing in her soil the seeds and shoots of virtue and freedom. Even in boyhood, our hero was manly, fearless and generous; always taking the part of his weaker school-fellows against a strong oppressor—always the "village Hopden, that with dauntless breast, "The little tyrant of his fields withstood."

At fourteen, he entered Harvard University. His talents, perseverance, gentleness and courage, here gained him the friendship and popularity. That he did not acquire or preserve the regard of his fellow students by any base compliances with vices or disorder, the following incident shows.

Some of them had once resolved on some breach of the laws, which, from the sturdiness of his principles, they knew that young Warren would approve, and by his powerful influence probably prevent. They therefore met in an upper room of the college, to arrange their plans secretly; fastening the door against him. He found what they were about; and seeing the window of their room open, crept out, through a scuttle door, upon the roof—crawled to the eaves—and there, seizing a water-spout nearly rotten with age, he swung and slid down by it to the window, and unexpectedly sprang in amongst the conspirators. The spout, at the instant of his quitting it, fell with a crash to the ground, and was shattered to pieces. Only saying, in answer to the exclamations of astonishment that burst from his comrades, "It's stayed up just long enough for my purpose," he commenced an expostulation against their intended misdemeanor, and succeeded in diverting them from it.

On leaving college, he studied medicine, and began to practise at the age of 23, just previously to a visit of the small pox to Boston, with those fearful ravages which usually attended its march, before the virtues of vaccination were known. Dr. Warren's judgment, tenderness, and skill, made him pre-eminentiy successful in treating the disease. And it is said, that his gentle and courteous deportment completely neutralized the usual tendency of such professional success, to enkindle the jealousy of his brethren. His mild features and winning smile, true indexes, for once, to the soul within, gained every heart; his knowledge and talents added respect to love. Thus, by the same qualities which had distinguished him at school and college, did he acquire among his fellow townsman an influence which no other man of his age and day possessed.

When the British Parliament and Crown began, in 1764, that course of unconstitutional legislation, which was destined, after eleven years of woody war, to end in a war of blood, Dr. Warren was among the first to stand forth for the rights of Americans—to assert, and to labor in demonstrating to his countrymen, that the power to tax, by itself (claiming, as they did, all the liberties of Englishmen) could not exist in a government of which no representatives of theirs formed a part. Pestered by him, and by others like him, the spirit of resistance to tyranny grew daily more strong. The inhabitants of the whole country, and especially of Boston, were incensed by the effort of the crown to tax them after tokens of their fixed resolve, to aspere the chain which they saw preparing for them. In 1768, Col. Dalrymple with two royal regiments, reinforced afterwards by additional troops, entered that devoted town, with more than the usual "pomp and circumstance" of military bravado; and there remained in garrison, to repress what the king and ministry were pleased to call "the seditious temper" of the people. Never was attempt at restraint more impotent; nay, more suicidal. The rush, fiercely and capriciously or unskillfully plied, served but to irritate the noble animal it was meant to check and guide: and no wonder that the rider was at length unmanned, and stretched in the dust. The New Englanders—we should rather say, the Americans—were too stubborn to be driven, and too ashamed to be circumvented. Every measure of tyranny, they met with an appropriate measure of resistance.
Tea had been brought from India, to be the vehicle of unconstitutional taxation. They threw part of it into the sea; another part they hidored from being landed; and the remainder they excluded from use, by mutual pledges to "touch not, taste not" "the unclean thing." Judges were sent over to judge them—creatures of the king—the panders of ministerial oppression. The people would not suffer them to mount the judgment seal—closed the court houses—referred all their differences to arbitrators chosen by the parties—and even so far tampered with the spirit of litigation and disorder, as to make tribunals of any sort in a great degree needless. Between the British troops and the Boston people, insinuations soon ran high. The soldiers seized every opportunity to exasperate the people: the people assembled in mobs, to revenge themselves on the soldiers. Amidst these tumults, Dr. Warren repeatedly exposed his life to soothe and restrain his countrymen. His eloquent per­ussions were generally successful. At first, the more violent would endeavor to repel him, and would chace to drown his voice. "While they did this, he would stand calmly and look at them. His interpidity, his commanding and animated countenance, and above all, his knowledge of the law on their side, so far as it was right to be, would soon make them as eager to hear as he was to speak; and finally, they would disperse to their homes with perfect confidence that they could not do better than to leave their cause in such hands." Those who seek to restrain the excesses of contending factions, may always expect rough usage from both sides. Warren incurred the occasional displeasure of his own party; but he did not escape insult and outrage from the British. They often called him rebel, and threatened him with a rebels doom. One day, on his way to Roxbury, to see his mother, he passed near several British officers, standing in the Neck, which joins the peninsula of Boston to the main land. Not far before him stood a gallows. One of the officers called out, "Go on, Warren, you will soon come to the gallows." and the whole party laughed aloud. Walking directly up to them, he calmly asked, which of them had thus addressed him? Not one was bold enough to answer him or to ask him of address; he calmly asked, which of them had thus addressed him? Not one was bold enough to answer him or to ask him of address. Warren continued his course unmolested. Insults, recrimination, and outrage, between the soldiers and civilians, were at length, on the 5th of March, 1770, consummated, by the former's firing upon the latter in the streets of Boston, and killing five men—with circumstances shocking to humanity. After one of the slain (Mr. Gray,) had been shot through the body, and had fallen on the ground, a bayonet was pushed through his skull, and his brains fell out upon the pavement. This was the first bloodshed, conse­quent on the long fostering irritations of the period. The officer (Capt. Preston) who gave the word "fire!" was one of the soldiers who had so finally obeyed it, and were in the ensuing October tried before a Boston jury: and, defended, in spite of obloquy, popular chace, and the remonstrances of timid or prudent friends, by John Adams and Josiah Quincy, Jr., were even by that jury, acquitted. It grieves us that we cannot pause here, to bestow a merited tribute on the moral courage of the illustrious counsel who dared defend, on the steady jus­tico of the tribunal that could acquit, and on the virtue and good sense of the multitude who, when the first paroxysm of natural excitement was over, could appraise that defence and approve that acquittal—horrible as it had been the deed—madam, as had been the unce­ssant circumstances. But though the killing happened not to be murder, (because the people had been the assailants,) still, the violent destruction of five human lives by acts of the soldiery in the streets of a peaceful city, was too impressive an example of what mischief may come of standing armies and lawless government, to pass unimproved. It was determined to solemnize each anniversary of that day, by a public oration. The question of base mischief; but in an instant, commun­ative of the tragedy, and of those great principles, the diageard of which had led to its perpetration. Warren delivered two of these orations. His first was on the 5th of March, 1776. It is not contained in the little book now before us, but we have seen it elsewhere; and after reading it, no one need be surprised at its having well urged the people, even at that early day, to forcible measures. It masterly argumentation is equal­ed by its burning appeals to the passions. All the four first of these orations had wrought so powerfully upon the public mind, that the British officers declared there should be no more of them: and that whoever undertook to deliver another, should do so at the peril of life. This menace daunted other, but only aroused Warren. Not wishing to be baffled, he selected the task of addressing the people; and prepared himself accordingly for the fifth anniversary of the massacre—1775. Meanwhile, the givings out of the officers, and the rumors among the populace, imported mortal hazard to him if he should persist. He persisted but the more resolutely. Early in the day, the Old South Meeting House— which, as the scene of these orations, deserves, better than Faneuil Hall, to be termed the cradle of liberty— was crowded to its very porch. Many a devoted friend

Mr. Adams was, at the time, 32 years old; Mr. Quincy only 26. They were both threatened with loss of friends, of popular­ity, and of all prospect of political preferment. The "Memor of Quincy" (by his son Josiah, once a prominent Federal leader in Congress, now President of Harvard University,) contain a letter from his venerable father, earnestly expostulating upon the step. The young lawyer's reply is also given—a triumph of violution of the motives, and even of the prudence of his resolu­tion, to undertake the defence. In the success of that defence, in the universal approbation which soon followed it, and in the professional and political advancement of the generous advocates, they found ample rewards for having braved the storm of popular­ity, in obedience to the call of duty.
of Warren's was there, determined to see him safely through, or to fall in his defence. British officers and soldiers filled the aisles, the pulpit steps, and even the pulpit. Thinking that if he pushed through to his place, a pretext might be seized for some disturbance, he procured a ladder to be placed outside, and by it, climbed through the window into the pulpit, just as all were expecting his entrance at the door. The officers quitted and receded, at his sudden appearance and dauntless air: while he, far from sure that his first word would not be answered by the history of English America, and, deducing the right through, or to fall in his defence. British officers and pulpit. Thinking that if he pushed through to his place, a pretext might be seized for some disturbance, he procured a ladder to be placed outside, and by it, climbed through the window into the pulpit, just as all were expecting his entrance at the door. The officers quitted and receded, at his sudden appearance and dauntless air: while he, far from sure that his first word would not be answered by the history of English America, and, deducing the right through, or to fall in his defence. British officers and...
"It even dear as our allegiance. We must defend it against the attacks of friends, as well as enemies: we cannot suffer even Britons to ravish it from us. No longer could we reflect, with generous pride, on the heroic notions of our American forefathers; no longer boast our origin from that far famed island, whence our seaman who attended us in sick bed, but one, desire that he might live long enough to have one more interview with Samuel Adams and Joseph Warren. His prayer was not granted. He died on ship board, just entering Cape Anne Harbor, on the 20th of April, 1775, eight nights after the battle of Lexington; where, unknown to him, his countrymen had already "sealed their cause with their blood."

Warren (now a brigadier general of the Massachusetts militia) was not unconcerned in that battle. Scouts of his had notified him on the 18th of April, that a detachment of troops was to march that night towards Concord: and then, remaining upon the watch, he saw Colonel Smith and 8 or 900 men embark for Charlestown. Knowing the stores and ammunition at Concord to be their object, he instantly sent messengers over the surrounding country, to give the alarm; and himself rode all night passing so near the enemy, as to be more than once in great danger of capture. His messenger to Lexington was Col. Revere; who, on suddenly turning a corner as he passed through Charlestown, found himself close to a party of the British. In a moment—he put his horse at full speed, dashed through them, and before they could well ascertain him to be a foe, was beyond the reach of the balls which they fired after him. It was his summons, that called forth the company of Lexington militia, upon whom, about sunrise on the 18th, was begun that bloody drama, of which the progress was to shake two continents, and the catastrophe to disembrace an empire. Warren, slopeless and in motion throughout the night, hurried to the scene of action; and, when the enemy were retreating from Concord, he was among the foremost in hanging the closest resemblance—rapid, condensed, passionate, of his own denunciations of Calilene, messenger to Lexington was Col. Revere; who, on after him. It was his summons, that called forth the company of Lexington militia, upon whom, about sunrise on the 18th, was begun that bloody drama, of which the progress was to shake two continents, and the catastrophe to disembrace an empire. Warren, slopeless and in motion throughout the night, hurried to the scene of action; and, when the enemy were retreating from Concord, he was among the foremost in hanging the closest resemblance—rapid, condensed, passionate, of his own denunciations of Calilene, messenger to Lexington was Col. Revere; who, on after him. It was his summons, that called forth the company of Lexington militia, upon whom, about sunrise on the 18th, was begun that bloody drama, of which the progress was to shake two continents, and the catastrophe to disembrace an empire. Warren, slopeless and in motion throughout the night, hurried to the scene of action; and, when the enemy were retreating from Concord, he was among the foremost in hanging the closest resemblance—rapid, condensed, passionate, of his own denunciations of Calilene, messenger to Lexington was Col. Revere; who, on after him. It was his summons, that called forth the company of Lexington militia, upon whom, about sunrise on the 18th, was begun that bloody drama, of which the progress was to shake two continents, and the catastrophe to disembrace an empire. Warren, slopeless and in motion throughout the night, hurried to the scene of action; and, when the enemy were retreating from Concord, he was among the foremost in hanging the closest resemblance—rapid, condensed, passionate, of his own denunciations of Calilene, messenger to Lexington was Col. Revere; who, on after him. It was his summons, that called forth the company of Lexington militia, upon whom, about sunrise on the 18th, was begun that bloody drama, of which the progress was to shake two continents, and the catastrophe to disembrace an empire. Warren, slopeless and in motion throughout the night, hurried to the scene of action; and, when the enemy were retreating from Concord, he was among the foremost in hanging
caught the infection: and mingled tears, and hands cordially shaken, softened for awhile the rugged front of war. Putnam and Warren entertained the British as guests, as sumptuously as the occasion allowed.

A few days afterwards, Warren was appointed Major General of the Massachusetts forces: but still retained his post as President of the Provincial Congress. He seems to have combined, with rare fulness, the qualities of a civil and a military leader. Cool yet brave, gentle yet decided and firm, he was precisely fitted to teach and enforce order and discipline. Mingling in the ranks, and talking with individual soldiers as with brothers, he gained their love, and infused into them his own ardor and sanguine confidence. He acted with equal talent in civil council. He spent a part of each day in sharing the deliberations of the Congress, which sat now at Watertown, ten miles northwest from Boston. His labors ended there, he would gallop to the camp at Cambridge. When the American commanders delibera-

ted upon the seizure and fortification of Dorchester Heights and Bunker Hill, with a view to strike at the enemy's rump, or to anticipate them in a similar movement,—Warren opposed it. Our raw troops, he thought, were not yet ready to cope with the trained veterans of England. Putnam, then commander-in-chief at Cambridge, thought differently. Warren removed his opposition before the committee of safety and the council of war: but when these bodies successively re-
solved upon the measure, he promptly gave his whole heart to promote its success; repeating his determina-
tion, to be, himself, ever at the post of greatest danger. On the 16th of June, when Col. Prescott received his orders, and marched with his thousand men to fortify Bunker's Hill, the session at Watertown was so pro-
tracted, that Warren could not leave it until late at night. So soon as he could, he prepared to join Pres-
cott—despite the dismmssion of his friends. To their assurances, that most of the detachment, and especially he—during and conspicuous as he was,—would in all probability be cut off; and that he could not be spared so soon from the cause; he replied, "I cannot help it: I must share the fate of my countrymen. I cannot hear the cannon and remain inactive." Among the most intimate of these friends, was the afterwards distin-
guished Elbridge Gerry; with whom he lodged regularly in the same room, and, on that last night, in the same bed. To him,—when they parted after midnight—Warren uttered the sentiment—so truly Roman, and in this instance so prophetic—"dulce et decorum est pro patria mori." By day-break, he was at the camp in Cambridge; where, finding that the British had not shown themselves, and sick with an acheing head, from mental and bodily toil, he lay down, to snatch a little repose. But he was soon roused by tidings, that the enemy were in motion: and instantly rising, he exclaimed, "my headache is gone." Others doubt-
ed what the object of the enemy's threatened move-
ment was. He at once saw it to be, the unfinish-
ed fortification upon Bunker Hill. The committee of safety (which sat in the house where he was) having received immediately to despatch a reinforcement thir-
ter, Warren mounted his horse, and with sword and musket, hastened to the scene of strife. He arrived just as the fight began, and seeking out General Putnam, (who was already there) desired to be posted where the service was to be most arduous. Putnam expressed his sorrow at seeing him, in a place so full of peril: "but since you have come," added he, "I will obey your orders with pleasure." Warren replied, that he came as a volunteer—to obey and fight; not to com-
mand. Putnam then requested him to take his stand in the redoubt, where Prescott commanded, and which was considerably in advance of the slighter defence, behind which Putnam and his men were stationed. On his entering the redoubt, he was greeted with loud huzzas: and Prescott, like Putnam, offered him the command. He again refused it; saying, that he was a mere volunteer, and should be happy to learn service from so experienced a soldier. We cannot, thrilling as they are to our recollections, undertake to narrate the well known particulars of that great day. But we commend the story, as told by the auditors before us, to the attention of our readers. Our business is with General Warren. He was constantly active; going through the ranks, cheering on his comrades, sharing their perils, and plying his musket against the advance-
ing enemy. When the British had twice been driven from the height, with a thousand slain; when the ex-
haustion of powder and ball, leaving the Americans no means of resistance but clubbed guns, against fixed bayonets and fourfold numbers, necessarily made the third onset successful—Warren was the last to leave his station. The lowest in that slow and reluctant re-
trace, he struggled for every foot of ground; disdaining to quicken his steps, though bullets whitened and blood streamed all around him. Major Small, of the British army, recognized him; and eager to save his life, called upon him for God's sake to stop, and be protected from destruction. Warren turned and looked towards him; but sickening at the sight and the thought of his slaugh-
tered countrymen and of the lost battle, again moved slowly off as before. Major Small then ordered his men not to fire at the American General: but it was too late. Just as the order was given, a ball passed through his head; he fell, and expired.

His body lay on the field all the next night. When one who knew his person, told General Howe the next morning that Warren was among the slain, he would not believe it; declaring it impossible that the President of the Congress should have been suffered to expose himself so hazardously. An English surgeon, however, who had also known Warren, identified his corpse; and, to prove the daring of which he was capable, added, that but five days before, he had ventured into Boston in a small canoe, to learn the plans of the British; and had urged the surgeon to enter into the American service. General Howe declared, that the death of one such adversary balanced the loss of 500 of his own men. Warren's body was buried with many others, English and American, near the spot where he fell; whence, sometime afterwards, it was removed to the Tremont burying ground, and finally to the family vault under St. Paul's Church, in Boston. His bro-

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of three days, the dreadful truth was disclosed to her. In General Warren's pocket, an English soldier found a prayer book, with the owner's name written in it. The soldier carried it to England, and sold it for a high price to a kind-hearted clergyman, who benevolently transmitted it to a minister in Roxbury, with a request that he would restore it to the general's nearest relation. It was accordingly given to his youngest brother, whose son, Dr. John C. Warren, still retains it. It was printed in 1559, in a character remarkably distinct, and is strongly and handsomely bound. If our due space had not already been exceeded, we would include in this sketch several other interesting particulars, connected with its illustrious subject: but we must forbear. There were ample contemporaneous testimonials to the merits of General Warren. Amongst others, was a vote of the general Congress, that a monument should be erected to his memory, "as an acknowledgment of his virtues and distinguished services," and that his children should be supported at the public charge. Like the prayers of Homer's heroes, this vote was half dispersed in empty air; the other half took effect, so far as the annual payment of a moderate sum went, towards the maintenance and education of the children. It is not until she has mentioned this fact, that our authoress bethinks her of saying, that General Warren was married to an excellent and amiable woman, who died three years before him; and that he left four orphan children. So important an event in human life might surely have been earlier told, and more regardfully dwelt upon. We would fain have had something said of his domestic life, who filled so large a space in his country's eye; something to exemplify what we hold as an everlasting truth—that a good son and a true patriot is sure to make a true husband and a good father. Situated as she is, our authoress cannot fail, by reasonable diligence of inquiry, to learn many things, worthy of the improved edition which we hope to see, of her interesting and valuable, though so faulty production. We, as one of the posterity whose gratitude and admiration General Warren so richly earned, can read in his destiny more than a fulfilment of the augury contained in the official account of the Battle of Bunker Hill, drawn up by the Provincial Congress. It speaks of him as "a man, whose memory will be endeared to his countrymen, and to the worthy in every part and age of the world, so long as valour shall be esteemed among mankind." To valour, we would add the lovelier and nobler names of courtesy, generosity, and integrity.