



A MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION
ON THE
Fifth of March.

Together with a few LINES

On the Enlargement of
EBENEZER RICHARDSON,
Convicted of MURDER.

AMERICANS!
BEAR IN REMEMBRANCE
The HORRID MASSACRE!
Perpetrated in King-Street, BOSTON,
New-England,

On the Evening of March the Fifth, 1770.
When FIVE of your fellow countrymen,
GRAY, MAVERICK, CALDWELL, ATTUCKS,
and CARR,

Lay wallowing in their Gore!
Being *happily*, and most *inhumanly*
MURDERED!
And SIX others badly wounded!
By a Party of the XXIXth Regiment,
Under the command of Capt. Tho. Preston.

REMEMBER!
That Two of the MURDERERS
Were convicted of MANSLAUGHTER
By a Jury, of whom I shall say
NOTHING,
Branded in the hand!
And *disgraced*,
The others were ACQUITTED,
And their Captain PENSIONED!

Also,
BEAR IN REMEMBRANCE
That on the 22d Day of February, 1770.
The infamous
EBENEZER RICHARDSON, Informer,
And tool to Ministerial hirings,
Most *barbarously*
MURDERED
CHRISTOPHER SEIDER,
An innocent youth!

Of which crime he was found guilty
By his Country
On Friday April 20th, 1770;
But remained *Unsentenced*
On Saturday the 22d Day of February, 1772.
When the GRAND INQUEST

For Suffolk county,
Were informed, at request,
By the Judges of the Superior Court,
That EBENEZER RICHARDSON'S *Case*
Then lay before his MAJESTY.
Therefore said *Richardson*
This day, MARCH FIFTH! 1772,
Remains UNCHANGED!!!
Let THESE things be told to Posterity!
And handed down
From Generation to Generation,
Till Time shall be no more!

Forever may AMERICA be preserved,
From weak and wicked monarchs,
Tyrannical Ministers,
Abandoned Governors,
Their Underlings and Hirings!
And may the

Machinations of artful, *devising* wretches,
Who would ENSLAVE THIS People,
Come to an end,
Let their NAMES and MEMORIES
Be buried in eternal oblivion,
And the PRESS,
For a SCOURGE to Tyrannical Rulers,
Remain FREE.

AWAKE my drowsy Thoughts! Awake my muse!
Awake O earth, and tremble at the news!
In grand defiance to the laws of God,
The Guilty, Guilty murd'rer walks abroad.
That city mourns, (the cry comes from the ground,)
Where law and justice never can be found:
Oh! sword of vengeance, fall thou on the race
Of those who hinder justice from its place.
O MURD'RER! RICHARDSON! with their latest breath
Millions will curse you when you sleep in death!
Infernal horrors sure will shake your soul
When o'er your head the awful thunders roll.
Earth cannot hide you, always will the cry
Of Murder! Murder! haunt you 'till you die!
To yonder grave! with trembling joints repair,
Remember, SEIDER'S corps lies mould'ring there;
There drop a tear, and think what you have done!
Then judge how you can live beneath the Sun.
A PARDON may arrive! You laws defy,
But Heaven's laws will stand when KINGS shall die.
Oh! Wretched man! the monster of the times,
You were not hung "by reason of *old Lines*,"
Old Lines thrown by, 'twas then we were in hopes,
That you would soon be hung with *new made Ropes* *
But neither *Ropes nor Lines*, will satisfy
For SEIDER'S blood! But GOD is ever nigh,
And guilty souls will not unpunish'd go
Tho' they're excus'd by judges here below!
You are enlarg'd but curst is your fate
Tho' *Cupbings*'s eas'd you from the prison gate
The *Bridge of Tories*, it has borne you o'er
Yet you e'er long may meet with HELL'S dark shore.

* *Lines* - the name of one of the judges
* *Name of another judge, or early assassin.*
+ *Do. of another of the judges*
* *Lowbridge another judge*