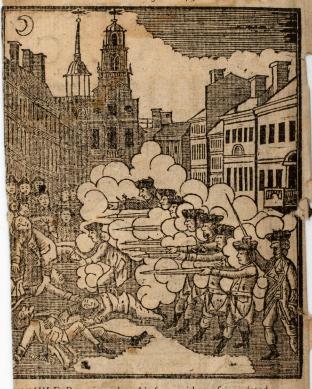
March the 5th, 1770.



WHILE BRITONS view this scene with conscious dread,
And pay the last sad tribute to the dead;
Vhat though the shafts of justice faintly gleam,
and ermin'd miscreants ridicule the scene;
se'er let one breast the generous sigh disclaim,
Ir cease to bow at FREEDOM's hallow'd fane;
ill with the thought let Fame's loud Clarion swell,
Fate to distant time the MURDER tell.