

An address to the inhabitants of Boston, (particularly to the thoughtless youth) occasioned by the execution of Levi Ames. Who so early in life, as not 22 years of age, must quit the stage of action in this awful manner. He was tried for burglarly on the 7th of September, and after a fair and impartial examination of facts, the jury went out but soon return'd who upon their oaths pronounc'd him guilty. Learn to be wise in others harms, and you shall do full well. [Boston 1773].

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[1773, Oct.]

An ADDRESS *to the Inhabitants of BOSTON, (Particularly to the thoughtless YOUTH:)*

Occasioned by the Execution of LEVI AMES,

Who so early in Life, as not 22 Years of Age, must quit the Stage of action in this awful Manner. He was tried for BURGLARY on the 7th of September, and after a fair and impartial examination of Facts, the JURY went out but soon return'd, who upon their Oaths pronounc'd him GUILTY.

Learn to be wise to others Harms, and you shall do salt well.

THE Day's far spent, the Night comes on space, Rebellious Man has almost run his Race; This Day brings forth the Fruits of Sin and Shame, Which shews the Frailty of the human Frame.

A solema Sadness seated on each Brow, A scene of Sorrow is apparent now, Mirth act subsides, Death's founded in our Ears, Grief can't be check'd, nor yet the gushing Tears.

What is the Cause, and why this sudden Change, That each Spectator look; so very strange; Is any lost to Reason, Justice, Truth? Too much the Case with this unhappy Youth.

With acheing Heart and trembling Hand I write, In present Sorrow losing all Delight, That Youth in Paths of Vice will go astray, The mournful Cause of this sad Change to Day.

When first the Prince of Day withdrew his Light, And wrap'd Creation in that Veil of Night; When all were slumbering at this silent Hour, But Hearts of Prey that seek whom to devour.

Industr'ous Man o'ercome with Sleep retires, Thinks to enjoy what most he then desires; The Time that Nature has ordain'd for Rest, When all the living may with Sleep be bless'd.

Then at this Hour when all in Sleep are lost, But crasty Thieves who live at others Cost; The rav'nous Men disturbs the weary Swain, Tho' e'er so sick or exercis'd with Pain.

Thro' Fear of Death he dares not then descend, Least that the Night in Blood and Slaughter end; The Day approaches and the Morning Light, Opens to View the Actions of the Night:

The injur'd Husband now with Grief behold, The Havock made with Silver, Cloths and Gold; What can he do when 'most beside Himself, By this Attack and loss of all his Pels:

Investigate, use ev'ry Means to find, This wretched Nuisance now to all Mankind; Bring him to Justice, let him share his Fate, See if his Life must have a longer Date.

The Day's appointed, and his Trial comes on, The Cause is solemn, how the People throug; 'Gainst him Lawyers slated Matters clear, And made the Justice of their Pleas appear.

The Judges speak, and all with one Consent, Firmly agree he has his Life mispent; The Proof's so strong they do in Conscience say, He for all this his Life at last must pay.

This being done, the Court do them adjourn, Until the Jury shall again return, By whom he now must either stand or fall, As on their Verdict does depend his all.

The Peers return, and is a solemn Frame, Agree'd, and they, his Destiny proclaim; Enters the Prisoner, overwhelm'd with Grief, Least now at last he shan't obtain Relief.

But now commences the deciding Blow, Say Jury, is he Guilty, yes or no, GUILTY, Guilty he is, remand him back again, He must endure an Ignominious Pain.

Surprising Horror, Oh! Heart rending Thought, That Youth to this thro' his own Means is brought; That he would not be warn'd by others Fate, By sad Experiences now he's wise too late.

The Day's appointed that this must take Place, A Grief uncommon covers ev'ry Face; This is the Day, the mournful Hour is nigh, Men in the Morning of his Life must die.

Behold him now, be wise at others Cost, Let this Example not on you be lost; I speak to you my fellow Youth be wise, By this poor Object here before your Eyes.

Learn then by this to the Path of Vice, And all such Wretches as would you entice; Delight in Virtue, and its Path's pursue, You'll live well here and live hereafter too.

Pity this Man, and let us learn from hence, May this deter us from the likes Offence; He now stands tott'ring on the Verge of Time, Soon face his Judge to answer for each Crime.

Before that we behold the setting Sun, He with this World will have entirely done; Be separated from Enjoyments here, The World of Spirits to his View'll appear;

His Soul this Night will be by GOD requir'd, His fate he'll know before that we've retir'd; Happy the Youth, who very shortly dies, If sought the LORD with penitential Cries.

For GOD has said such in their latest Hour, May Mercy find from his almighty Power With him forever than he'll live above, And there enjoy his everlasting Love.

God's Words of Comfort to the Gospel Thief, May well afford his Friends a great Relief; *Why will you die, repent, reform and livs*, Are Invitations which we find him give.

Ah! I see him gasping, breathing out his last, Of Time and all its fading Things he's past; Happy! Thrice Happy! If he'd gone the Way To the bright Regions of eternal Day:

To live where there's Ineffable Delight, And join forever in the Fields of ; The Youth just gone no more than we did know, But now is wiser than all here below.

May one and all consider of their , Profit by this, and wisely spend their Days; Retire in Peace, nor once forget this Day, Let is remind us not to go astray.

A parting Hour for all of us there'll be. Both Old and Young, of highs and low Degree; May each avoid such awful Views of Death, And be prepared to resign their Breath.

Accept of this, you Thoughtless, Young and Gay, Our Change may come before another Day; May we be happy, and a Life , A glorious Prospect open to our View.

No Moths , no Thieves break thro' and steal, A Place of Rest where we no Pain can feel; Then Sin and Sorrow will will, affl'ct no more, When landed safe on the SHORE.