

## Chapter 4 Additional Material

### Whig Ideologies

Historian Lawrence Delbert Cress has noted that the prominent political ideas in America from the 1760s to the early 1780s, particularly fears of strong executive power and standing army, with a preference for weak national government, were not new. He traces them back to seventeenth-century England, when the King and Parliament came to blows in the English Civil Wars and almost did so again in the 1680s, and notes such concepts were popular among the radical elements of the Whig political party—or radical Whig ideology. The Whigs opposed unchecked royal authority: radicals feared domestic repression and standing armies, and argued a militia was the best type of military force. Moderate Whigs, however, did not oppose standing armies per se, but stipulated that the ability to raise troops and the taxes to pay for them lie in the legislative body of Parliament—which was established in the English Bill of Rights of 1689. Compared to radicals, moderates had a much greater fear of invasion from foreign powers than internal repression. Just as the imperial crisis had revived and popularized radical Whig ideology in America before the War of the American Revolution, the experience of the war and problems the country faced then and during the 1780s made many American leaders receptive to moderate Whig ideology. In particular, these people came to see the need for a stronger national

government than what had been created under the Articles of Confederation, and hence were called nationalists.

## Short Bibliography

Cress, Lawrence Delbert. *Citizens in Arms: The Army and the Militia in American Society to the War of 1812*. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1982.

### St. Clair's Defeat, full lyrics

Recent recording: <http://www.ibiblio.org/jimmy/folkden-wp/?p=7057>

*November the fourth in the year of ninety-one,  
we had a sore engagement near to Fort Jefferson;  
Sinclair was our commander, which may remembered be,  
for there we left nine hundred men in the Western Territory.*

*At Bunker's Hill and Quebec, where many a hero fell,  
Likewise at Long Island, 'tis I the truth can tell.  
But such a dreadful carnage, never did I see,  
As happened on the plains, near the River St. Marie.*

*Our militia were attacked, just as the day did break,*

*And soon were overpowered, and forced to retreat.  
They killed major Ouldham, Levin, and Briggs likewise,  
While horrid yells of savages, resounded thro' the skies.*

*Major Butler was wounded the very second fire;  
His manly bosom swelled with rage, when forced to retire.  
Like one distracted he appeared, when thus exclaimed he,  
Ye hounds of hell shall all be slain, but what reveng'd I'll be.*

*We had not long been broke, when general Butler fell;  
He cries, my boys, I'm wounded, pray take me off the field,  
My God, says he, what shall we do, we're wounded ev'ry man;  
Go, charge, you valiant heroes, and beat them if you can.*

*He leaned his back against a tree, and there resigned his breath,  
And like a valiant soldier, sunk in the arms of death;  
When blessed angels did await, his spirit to convey,  
And unto the celestial fields, he quickly bent his way.*

*We charged again, we took our ground, which did our hearts elate,  
There we did not tarry long, they soon made us retreat;  
They killed major Ferguson, which caused his men to cry;  
Stand to your guns, says valiant Ford, we'll fight until we die.  
Our cannon balls exhausted, our artillery-men all slain,  
Our musketrymen and riflemen, their fire did sustain;  
Three hours more we fought like men, and they were forced to yield,  
While three hundred bloody warriors lay stretched upon the field.*

*Says colonel Gibson to his men, my boys, be not dismayed,  
I'm sure that true Virginians were never yet afraid;  
Ten thousand deaths I'd rather die, than they should gain the field,  
With that he got a fatal shot, which caused him to yield.*

*Says major Clark, my heroes, I can no longer stand,  
We will strive to form in order, and retreat the best we can.  
The word retreat being passed all round, they raised a huing cry,  
And helter skelter through the woods, like lost sheep we did fly.*

*We left the wounded on the field, O heavens, what a shock!*

*Some of their thighs were shattered, some of their limbs were broke;  
With scalping knives and tomahawks, soon eased them of their breath,  
With fiery flames of torment soon tortured them to death.*

*Now, to mention our brave officers, 'tis what I wish to do.  
No son of Mars e'er fought more brave or courage true.  
To captain Bradford I belonged, in his artillery,  
Who fell that day amongst the slain;—what a gallant man was he.*

Appears in the *United States Songster*, Cincinnati: U. P. James, 1836, pp. 123–25  
(available via Google Books)