The distributor of stamps for the colony of Connecticut arrived in Boston from London; and, having been agent for that colony, and in other respects of a very reputable character, received from many gentlemen of the town such civilities as were due to him. When he set out for Connecticut, Mr. Oliver, the distributor from Massachusetts Bay, accompanied him out of town.

This occasional murmuring among the people, and an inflammatory piece appeared in the Boston Gazette. A few days after, early in the morning, a stuffed image was hung upon a tree, called the great tree of the south part of Boston. Labels affixed denoted it to be designed for the distributor of stamps.

Before night, the image was taken down, and carried through the townhouse, in the chamber whereof the governor and council were sitting. Forty or fifty tradesmen, decently dressed, preceded; and some thousands of the mob followed down King street to Oliver’s dock, near which Mr. Oliver had lately erected a building, which, it was conjectured, he designed for a stamp office. This was laid flat to the ground in a few minutes. From thence the mob proceeded for Fort Hill, but Mr. Oliver’s house being in the way, they endeavored to force themselves into it, and being opposed, broke the windows, beat down the doors, entered and destroyed part of his furniture, and continued in riot until midnight, before they were separated . . .

Several of the council gave it as their opinion, Mr. Oliver being present, that the people, not only of the town of Boston, but of the country in general, would never submit to the execution of the stamp act, let the consequence of an opposition to it be what it would. It was also reported, that the people of Connecticut, had threatened to hang their distributor on the first day after he entered the colony; and that, to avoid it, he had turned aside to Rhode Island. Despairing of protection and finding his family in terror and great distress, Mr. Oliver came to a sudden resolution to resign his office before another night . . .