

Boston- AND COUNTRY



Gazette, JOURNAL.

Containing the freshest Advices,

Foreign and Domestic.

MONDAY, January 23, 1775.

To the Inhabitants of the Colony of MASSACHUSETTS-BAY.

MY FRIENDS,

A Writer, under the signature of *Massachusettsensis*, has addressed you, in a series of papers, on the great national subject of the present quarrel between the British administration and the colonies. As I have not in my possession, more than one of his Essays, and that is in the Gazette of December 26, I will take the liberty, in the spirit of candor and decency, to bespeak your attention, upon the same subject.

There may be occasion, to say very severe things, before I shall have finished what I propose, in opposition to this writer, but there ought to be no reviling. *Rem ipsam die, mitto male loqui*, which may be justly translated, speak out the whole truth boldly, but use no bad language.

It is not very material to enquire, as others have done, who is the author of the speculations in question. If he is a disinterested writer, and has nothing to gain or lose, to hope or fear, for himself, more than other individuals of your community; but engages in this controversy from the purest principles, the noblest motives of benevolence to men, and of love to his country, he ought to have no influence with you, further than truth and justice will support his argument.—On the other hand, if he hopes to acquire or preserve a lucrative employment, to screen himself from the just detestation of his countrymen, or whatever other sinister inducement he may have; as far as the truth of facts and the weight of argument, are in his favour, he ought to be heard and regarded.

He tells you “that the temporal salvation of this province depends upon an entire and speedy change of measures, which must depend upon a change of sentiments respecting our own conduct and the justice of the British nation.”

The task, of effecting these great changes, this courageous writer, has undertaken in a course of publications in a news-paper.—*Nil desperandum* is a good motto, and *Nil admirari*, is another. He is welcome to the first, and I hope will be willing that I should assume the last.—The public, if they are not mistaken in their conjecture, have been so long acquainted with this gentleman, and have seen him so often disappointed, that if they were not habituated to strange things, they would wonder at his hopes, at this time to accomplish the most unpromising project of his whole life.—In the character of Philanthrop, he attempted to reconcile you, to Mr. Bernard. But the only fruit of his labour was, to expose his client to more general examination, and consequently to more general resentment and aversion.—In the character of Philalcthes, he essayed to prove Mr. Hutchinson a Patriot; and his letters not only innocent, but meritorious. But the more you read and considered, the more you were convinced of the ambition and avarice, the simulation & dissimulation, the hypocrisy and perfidy of that destroying angel.

This illfated and unsuccessful, tho’ persevering writer, still hopes to change your sentiments and conduct—by which it is supposed that he means to convince you that the system of colony administration, which has been pursued for these ten or twelve years past, is a wise, righteous and humane plan: that Sir Francis Bernard and Mr. Hutchinson, with their connections, who have been the principal instruments of it, are your best friends;—and that those gentlemen in this province, and in all the other colonies, who have been in opposition to it, are from ignorance, error, or from worse and baser causes, your worst enemies.

This is certainly an inquiry, that is worthy of you: and I promise to accompany this writer, in his ingenious labours to assist you in it.—And I earnestly intreat you, as the result of all shall be, to change your sentiments or persevere in them, as the evidence shall appear to you, upon the most dispassionate and impartial consideration, without regard to his opinion or mine.

He promises to avoid personal reflections, but to penetrate the arcana, and expose the wretched policy of the whigs.—The cause of the whigs

is not conducted by intrigues at a distant court, but by constant appeals to a sensible and virtuous people; it depends intirely on their good will, and cannot be pursued a single step without their concurrence, to obtain which, all designs, measures and means, are constantly published to the collective body.—The whigs therefore can have no arcana: But if they had, I dare say they were never so lost, as to communicate them to this writer: you will therefore be disappointed if you expect from him any thing which is true, but what has been as publick as records and newspapers could make it.

I, on my part, may perhaps in a course of papers, penetrate arcana too.—Shew the wicked policy of the Tories—trace their plan from its first rude sketches to its present compleat draught.—Shew that it has been much longer in contemplation, than is generally known—who were the first in it—their views, motives and secret springs of action—and the means they have employed. This will necessarily bring before your eyes many characters, living and dead. From such a research and detail of facts, it will clearly appear, who were the aggressors—and who have acted on the defensive from first to last—who are still struggling, at the expence of their ease, health, peace, wealth and preferment, against the encroachments of the Tories on their country—and who are determined to continue struggling, at much greater hazards still, and like the Prince of Orange resolve never to see its entire subjection to arbitrary power, but rather to die fighting against it, in the last ditch.

It is true as this writer observes, “that the bulk of the people are generally but little versed in matters of state, that they rest the affairs of government where accident has placed them.” If this had not been true, the designs of the Tories had been many years ago, entirely defeated. It was clearly seen, by a few, more than ten years since, that they were planning and pursuing the very measures, we now see executing.—The people were informed of it, and warned of their danger: But they had been accustomed to confide in certain persons, and could never be persuaded to believe, until prophecy, became history.—Now they see & feel, that the horrible calamities are come upon them, which were foretold so many years ago, and they now sufficiently execrate the men who have brought these things upon them.—Now alas! when perhaps it is too late.—If they had withdrawn their confidence from them in season, they would have wholly disarmed them.

The same game, with the same success, has been played in all ages and countries, as *Massachusettsensis* observes.—When a favourable conjuncture has presented, some of the most intriguing and powerful citizens have conceived the design of enslaving their country, and building their own greatness on its ruins.—Philip and Alexander, are examples of this in Greece—Cæsar in Rome—Charles the fifth in Spain—Lewis the eleventh in France—and ten thousand others.

“There is a latent spark in the breasts of the people capable of being kindled into a flame, and to do this has always been the employment of the disaffected.”—What is this “latent spark”?—The love of Liberty? *a Deo, hominis est indita natura*. Human nature itself is evermore an advocate for liberty. There is also in human nature, a resentment of injury, and indignation against wrong. A love of truth and a veneration for virtue.

These amiable passions, are the “latent spark” to which those whom this writer calls the “disaffected” apply.—If the people are capable of understanding, seeing and feeling the difference between true and false, right and wrong, virtue and vice, to what better principle can the friends of mankind apply, than to the sense of this difference.

Is it better to apply as, this writer & his friends do, to the basest passions in the human breast to their fear, their vanity, their avarice, ambition, and every kind of corruption? I appeal to all experience, and to universal history, if it has ever been in the power of popular leaders, untried with other authority than what is conferred by the popular suffrage, to persuade a large people, for any length of time together, to think themselves

wronged, injured, and oppressed, unless they really were, and saw and felt it to be so.

“They,” the popular leaders, “begin by reminding the people of the elevated rank they hold in the universe as men; that all men by nature are equal; that kings are but the ministers of the people; that their authority is delegated to them by the people for their good, and they have a right to resume it, and place it in other hands, or keep it themselves, whenever it is made use of to oppress them. Doubtless there have been instances, when these principles have been inculcated to obtain a redress of real grievances, but they have been much oftener perverted to the worst of purposes.”

These are what are called revolution-principles. They are the principles of Aristotle and Plato, of Livy and Cicero, of Sydney, Harrington & Lock.—The principles of nature and eternal reason.—The principles on which the whole government over us, now stands. It is therefore astonishing, if any thing can be so, that writers, who call themselves friends of government, should in this age & country, be so inconsistent with themselves, so indigrent, so immodest, as to insinuate a doubt concerning them.

Yet we find that these principles stand in the way of *Massachusettsensis*, and all the writers of his class. The Veteran, in his letter to the officers of the army, allows them to be noble, and true, but says the application of them to particular cases is wild and utopian.—How they can be in general true, and not applicable to particular cases, I cannot comprehend. I thought their being true in general, was because, they were applicable to most particular cases.

Gravity is a principle in nature. Why? because all particular bodies are found to gravitate.—How would it be found to say, that bodies in general are heavy; yet to apply this to particular bodies and say, that a guinea, or a ball is heavy is wild, &c?—“Adopted in private life,” says the honest amiable Veteran, “they would introduce perpetual discord”—This I deny, and I think it plain that there never was an happy private family, where they were not adopted.—“In the State perpetual discord”—This I deny, and affirm that order, concord and stability in the state, never was or can be preserved without them.—“The least failure in the reciprocal duties of worship & obedience in the matrimonial contract would justify a divorce.” This is no consequence from those principles.—a total departure from the ends and design of the contract, it is true, as elopement and adultery, would by these principles justify a divorce, but not the least failure, or many smaller failures in the reciprocal duties, &c. “In the political compact, the smallest defect in the prince a revolution”—By no means. But a manifest design in the Prince, to annul the contract on his part, will annul it on the part of the people. A settled plan to deprive the people of all the benefits, blessings and ends of the contract, to subvert the fundamentals of the constitution, to deprive them of all share in making and executing laws, will justify a revolution.

The author of a “Friendly Address to all reasonable Americans”, discovers his rancour against these principles, in a more explicit manner, and makes no scruples to advance the principles of Hobbs and Filmer, boldly, and to pronounce damnation, *ore rotundo*, on all who do not practice implicit passive obedience, to an established government, of whatever character it may be.

It is not reviling, it is no bad language, it is strictly decent to say, that this angry bigot, this ignorant dogmatist, this foul mouthed scold, deserves no other answer than silent contempt.—*Massachusettsensis* and the Veteran, I admire, the first for his art, the last for his honesty.

Massachusettsensis, is more discreet than either of the others.—Sensible that these principles would be very troublesome to him, yet conscious of their truth, he has neither admitted nor denied them.—But we have a right to his opinion of them, before we dispute with him.—He finds fault with the application of them.—They have been invariably applied in support of the revolution and the present establishment—against the Stuarts, the
(See the Remainder, see last Page) Charles’s

As the great Business of the polite World is the eager Pursuit of Amusement, and as the public Divisions of the Season have been interrupted by the hostile Parade in the Capital; the Exhibition of a new Farce may not be uninteresting.

The GROUP,

As lately acted, and to be read to the wonder of all superior Intelligences, high head-quarters at Amboyna. The Author has thought proper to borrow the following spirited lines from a late celebrated Poet, and offer to the publick by way of Prologue, which cannot fail of pleasing at this crisis.

What! arm'd for virtue, and not point the pen,
Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men,
Dash the proud gambler from his gilded car,
Bare the mean heart which lurks beneath a star,

Shall I not strip the gilding off a knave,
Unplac'd, unpenion'd, no man's heir, or slave?
I will, or perish in the generous cause;
Hear this, and tremble, ye who 'scape the laws;
Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave,
Shall walk the world in credit to his grave;
To virtue only, and her friends, a friend,
The world beside may murmur, or commend.

Dramatis Personæ.

Lord Chief Justice Hazlerod,
Judge Meagre,
Brigadier Hateall,
Hum Humbug, Esq;
Sir Sparrow Spendall,
Hector Mushroom—Col.
Beau Trumps,
Dick—the Publican,
Simple Sapling, Esq;
Monsieur de François,
Crusty Crowbar, Esq;
Dupe—Secretary of State,
Scriblerius Fribble,
Commodore Batteau,
Collateralis—a new made Judge.

Attended by a swarm of court-sycophants, hungry harpies, and unprincipled danglers, collected from the neighbouring villages, hovering over the stage in the shape of locusts, led by Massachusetts in the form of a Basilisk; the rear bro't up by Proteus bearing a torch in one hand, and a powder-flask in the other; the whole supported by a mighty army and navy, from Blunderland for the laudable purpose of enslaving its best friends.

ACT 1st. SCENE 1st.

Scene, a little dark parlour, guards standing at the door, Hazlerod, Crusty Crowbar, Simple Sapling, Hateall, and Hector Mushroom.

SIMPLE.

I know not what to think of these sad times,
The people arm'd, and all resolv'd to die,
E're they'll submit.

CRUSTY CROWBAR.

I too am almost sick of the parade,
Of honours purchas'd at the price of peace.

SIMPLE.

Nond as I am of greatness and her charms
Elate with prospects of my rising name,
Push'd into place,—a place I ne'er expected,
My bounding heart leapt in my feeble breast
And extacies entranc'd my slender brain.—
But yet, e're this I hop'd more solid gains,
As my low purse demands a quick supply.—
Poor Sylvia weeps,—and urges my return
To rural peace; and humbler happiness,
As my ambition beggars all her babes.

CRUSTY.

When first I lifted in the desp'rate cause
And blindly swore obedience to his will
So wise, so just, so good, I thought Rapatio,
That if salvation rested on his word
I'd pin my faith, and risk my hopes thereon.

HAZLEROD.

And why not now?—What Ragers thy belief?

CRUSTY.

Himself—his perfidy appears—
It is too plain he has betray'd his country,
And we're the wretched tools, by him mark'd out
To seal it's ruins—tear up the ancient forms
And ev'ry vestige treach'rously destroy,
Nor leave a trait of freedom in the land.
Nor did I think hard fate would call me up
From drudging o're my acres,
Treading the glade, and sweating at the plough,
To dangle at the tables of the great;
At bowls and cards, to spend my frozen years;
To sell my friends, my country and my conscience;
Profane the sacred sabbaths of my God;
Scorn'd by the very men who want my aid
To spread distress o're this devoted people.

HAZLEROD.

Pho—what misgivings—why these idle qualms
This shrinking backwards at the bugbear conscience?
In early life I heard the phantom nam'd,
And the grave plate of moral sense
Presiding in the bosom of the just;
Or planting thongs about the guilty heart.
Bound by these shackles, long my labouring mind
Obscurely trod the lower walks of life,
In hopes by honesty my bread to gain;
But neither commerce, or my conjuring rods,
Nor yet mechanics, or new-fangled drills,
Or all the iron-mongers curious arts,
Gave me a competence of shining ore,
Or gratify'd my itching palm for more;
Till I dismiss'd the bold intruding guest,
And banish'd conscience from my wounded breast.

CRUSTY.

Happy expedient!—Could I gain the art,
Then balmy sleep might sooth my waking lids
And rest once more refresh my weary soul.

HAZLEROD.

Resolv'd more rapidly to gain my point,
I mounted high in justice sacred seat,
With flowing robes, and head equip without,
A heart unfeeling, and a stubborn soul,
As quality'd as a'er a Juffries was;
Sate in the knotty rudiments of law,
The smallest requisits for modern times,
When wisdom, law, and justice, are supply'd
By swords, dragoons, and ministerial nodes,
Sanctions most sacred in the Pander's creed,
I sold my country for a splendid bribe.
Now let her sink,—and all the dire alarms
Of war, confusion, pestilence, and blood,
And ten-fold misery be her future doom—
Let civil discord life her sword on high,
Nay sheathe its hilt e'en in my brother's blood,
It ne'er shall move the purpose of my soul;
Tho' once I trembled at a thought so bold;
By Philalethes arguments, convinc'd
We may live Demons, as we die like brutes,
I give my tears, and conscience to the winds.

HATEALL.

Curse on their coward fears, and dastard souls,
Their soft compunctions, and relenting qualms,
Compassion ne'er shall ease my stedfast breast
Though blood and carnage spread through all the land;
Till streaming purple tinge the verdant turf,
Till ev'ry street shall float with human gore,
I Nero like, the capital in flames
Could laugh to see her glotted sons expire,
Though much too rough my soul to touch the lyre.

SIMPLE.

I fear the brave the injur'd multitude,
Repeated wrongs, arouse them to resent,
And ev'ry Patriot like old Brutus stands
The shining steel half drawn—its glittering point
Scarce hid beneath the scabbard's friendly cell,
Resolv'd to die, or see their country free.

HATEALL.

Then let them die—The dogs we will keep down—
White N—'s my friend, and G— approves the deed,
Tho' hell and all its hell-hounds should unite
I'll not recede from swift partition
My wife, my country, family, or friends.
G—'s mandamus I more highly prize
Than all the mandates of th' aetherial king.

HECTOR MUSHROOM.

Will our abettors in the distant towns
Support us long against the common cause,
When they shall see from Hampshire's northern bounds
Thro' the wide western plains to southern shores
The whole united Continent in arms?

HATEALL.

They shall—as sure as oaths or bonds can bind;
I've boldly sent my new-born brat abroad,
Th' association of my morbid brain,
To which each minion must affix his name,
As all our hope depends on brutal force
On quick destruction, misery, and death;
Soon may we see dark ruin stalk around,
With murder, rapine, and inflicted pains,
Estates confiscate, slavery, and despair,
Wrecks, halters, axes, gibbetting, and chains,
All the dread ills that wait on civil war;
How I could glut my vengeful eyes to see
The weeping maid thrown helpless on the world,
Her fire cut off.—Her orphan brothers stand
While the big tear rolls down the manly cheek.
Robb'd of maternal care by grief's keen shaft,
The forrowing mother mourns her starving babes,
Her murder'd lord torn guiltless from her side,
And flies for shelter to the pitying paven
To skreen at once from slavery and pain.

HAZLEROD.

But more compleat I view this scene of woe,
By the incursions of a savage foe,
Of which I warn'd them, if they dare refuse
The badge of slaves, and hold resistance use.
Now let them suffer—I'll no pity feel.

HATEALL.

Nor I—But had I Power, as I have the Will
I'd send them murr'ing to the shades of hell.

ACT II.

THE scene changes to a large dining room. The table furnish'd with bowls, bottles, glasses, and cards.—The group appear sitting round in a restless attitude.

In one corner of the room is discovered a small cabinet of books, for the use of the studious and contemplative; containing, Hobbs's Leviathan, Siphthorp's Sermons, Hutchinson's History, Fable of the Bees, Philalethes on Philanthropy, with an appendix by Massachusetts, Hoyle on Whisk, Lives of the Stuarts, Statutes of Harry the Eighth, and William the Conquerer, Wedderburne's Speeches, and Acts of Parliament, for 1774.

SCENE I.

Hateall, Hazlerod, Monsieur, Beau Trumps, Simple, Humbug, Sir Sparrow, &c. &c.

SCRIBLERIUS.

Thy Toast Monsieur,
Pray, why that solemn Phiz?
Art thou too balancing 'twixt right and wrong?
Hast thou a thought so mean as to give up
Thy present good, for promise in reversion?
'Tis true hereafter has some feeble terrors,
But ere our grizley heads are wrapt in clay
We may compound, and make our peace with Hew'n.

MONSIEUR.

Could I give up the dread of retribution,
The awful reck'ning of some future day
Like fury Hateall I might curse mankind,
And dare the threat'ned vengeance of the skies,
Or like yon apostate, Pointing to Hazlerod, retir'd to a corner to read Massachusetts.
Fee, but slight remorse

To sell my country for a grasp of Gold,
But the impressions of my early youth,
Infus'd by precepts of my pious sire
Are stings and scorpions in my gored breast;

Oft have I hung upon my parents knee
And heard him tell of his escape from France,
He left the land of slaves, and wooden shoes;
From place to place he sought a safe retreat,
Till fair Bostonia stretch'd her friendly arms,
And gave the refugee both bread and peace,
(Shall I ungrateful raise the sacred bonds,
And help to clank the tyrant's iron chains
O're these blest shores—once the cure asylum
From all the ills of arbitrary sway—)
With his expiring breath he bade his sons
If e'er oppression reach'd the western world
Resist its force and break the servile yoke.

SCRIBLERIUS.

Well quit thy post;—Go make thy flatter'ing Court
To freedoms Sons and tell thy baby fears,
Shew the soft traces in thy puny heart,
Made by the trembling tongue and quiv'ring lip
Of an old grandaere superstitious whims.

MONSIEUR.

No,—I never can—
So great the lurch I feel for title'd place
Some honorary post; some small distinction,
To save my name from dark oblivions jaws
I'll Hazare all, but ne'er give up my place,
For that I'll see Rome's ancient rights restor'd
And flame, and faggot blaze in ev'ry street.

BEAU-TRUMPS.

That's right Monsieur,
There's nought on earth that has such tempting charms
As rank and show, and pomp, and glittering dices
Save the dear counters at below'd quadrill,
Viner unsoild, and Littleton may sleep,
And Coke sic mould'ring on the dusty shelf,
If by shuffling draw some lucky card
That wins er livers, or lucrative place.

HUM-HUMBUG.

When by Rapatio shew'd his friends the scroll
I wonder'd much to see thy patriot name
Among the list of rebels to the state,
I thought thee one of Reftiens's sworn friends.

BEAU-TRUMPS.

When first I enter'd on the public stage
My country groan'd beneath base Brundo's hand,
Virtue look'd fair and becken'd to her lute,
Thro' truth's bright mirror I beheld her charms
And wish'd to tread the patriotic path
And wear the lawels that adorn his fame;
I walk'd a while and tasted solid peace
With Cassius, Rusticus and good Hortensius,
And many more, whose names will be rever'd
When you and I and all the venal herd
Weigh'd in Nemesis just impartial scale
Are mark'd with infamy till time blot out
And in oblivion sink our hated names.

But 'twas a poor unsoild peace
Nought to be gain'd, save solid peace of mind,
No pensions, place or title there I found;
I saw Rapatio's arts had trick to deep,
And giv'n his country such a fatal wound
None but its foes promotion could expect;
I triu'd, and pimp'd, and year'd, and wav'ring stood
But half resolv'd to show myself a knave,
Till the Arch Traitor prowling round for aid
Saw my suspense and bid me doubt no more
He gently bew'd me, and with words as soft
And whispering softly in my listening ear
Shew'd me my name among his chosen band,
And laugh'd at virtue dignify'd by foist,
Clear'd all my doubts, and bid me persevere
In spite of the restraints, or hourly checks
Of wounded friendship, and a goded mind,
Or all the sacred ties of truth and honour.

COMMODORE.

Come 'mongst ourselves we'll e'en speak out the truth,
Can you suppose there yet is such a dupe
As still believes that wretch an honest man?
The latter strokes of his serpentine brain
Outvie the arts of Machiavel himself;
His borgian model here is realis'd
And the stale tricks of politicians play'd
Beneath a vizard fair.

Drawn from the Heav'nly form.

Of blest religion weeping o're the land
For virtue fall'n, and for freedom lost.

BEAU-TRUMPS.

I think with you—
Unparalleled his Effrontery,
When by Chicanery and specious art
Mid't the distress in which he'd brought the city
He found a few, (by artifice and cunning,
By march industry of his wily friend
The false Philanthrop—by undermining Tool,
Who with the Syren's voice—
Deals daily round the poison of his tongue.)
To speak him fair—and overlook his guilt.
They by reiterated promise made
To stand their friend at Britain's mighty court,
And vindicate his native injur'd land
Lent him their names to sanctify his deeds.
But mark the traitor—his high crimes gloss'd o'er
Conceals the tender feelings of the man;
The social ties that bind the human heart;
He strikes a Bargain with his country's foes,
And joins to wrap America in flames.
Yet with feign'd pity, and satanic grin,
As if more deep to fix the keen insult,
Or make his life a farce still more compleat,
He lends a groan across the broad atlantic,
And with a phiz of Crocodilian stamp,
Can weep, and wreathe, still hoping to deceive,
He cries the gathering clouds hang thick about her,
But laughs within—then sobs.

HUM-HUMBUG.

Why so severe, or why exclaim at all,
Against the man who made thee what thou art?

BEAU-TRUMPS.

I know his guilt,—I ever knew the man
Thy father knew him e're we trod the stage;
I only speak to such as know him well,
Abroad I tell the world he is a saint.
But as for int'rest I betray'd my own
With the same views, I rank'd among his friends;
But my ambition fights for something more.
What merits has Sir Sparrow of his own
And yet a Feather graces the Fool's cap;
Which did he wear for what himself achiev'd,
'T would stamp some honour on his latef heir—
But I'll suspend my murr'ing cares awhile;
Come t'other glass—and try our luck at loo,
And if before the dawn your gold I win,
Or e'er bright Phoebus does his woude begin

The eastern breeze from Britain's hostile shore
Should waft her lofty floating towers o'er,
Whose waving pendants sweep the wat'ry main,
Dip their proud beaks and dance towards the plain,
The destin'd plains of slaughter and distress,
Laden with troops from Hanover and Heils,
Would invigorate my sinking soul,
For then the continent we might controul;
Not all the millions that the vainly boasts
Can cope with Veteran Barbarian hosts;
But the brave sons of Albion's warlike race,
Their arms, and honours, never can disgrace,
Or draw their swords in such a hated cause
In blood to seal a N—'s oppressive laws,
They'll spurn the service;—Briton's must recoll,
And show themselves the natives of an isle
Who fought for freedom, in the worst of times
Produce'd her Hampdens, Fairfaxes and Pym's.
But if by carnage we should win the game,
Perhaps by my abilities and fame,
I might attain a splendid glittering car,
And mount aloft, and sail in liquid air,
Like Phaeton, I'd then out-strip the wind,
And leave my low competitors behind.

The Printers in this and the other American Colonies are requested to insert the following in their several New Papers.

To the PUBLICK.

THE Committee appointed by the Town of Boston to receive and distribute Donations for the charitable Purpose of relieving and employing the Sufferers by Means of the Act of Parliament commonly called the Boston Port Bill, from a due regard to their own Characters, and that of the Town under whose Appointment they act, as well as for the Sake of the said Sufferers, who depend upon the continual Beneficence of their Friends for necessary Relief; think themselves obliged, in this publick Manner, to contradict a slanderous Report raised by evil minded Persons, and spread in divers Parts of this Province, and perhaps more extensively thro' the Continent.

The Report is, that "each Member of the Committee is allowed Six Shillings, and, as some say, half a Guinea for every Day's Attendance; besides a Commission upon all the Donations received, and other Emoluments for their Trouble."

The Committee therefore thus openly declare, that the above mentioned Report is in every Part of it groundless and false; and that they have hitherto attended and acted in their Office, and still continue so to do, without any Intention, Hopes or Desire of receiving any other Reward in this Life, but the Pleasure which results from a Consciousness of having done Good—Satisfied are they of their own *disinterested* Motives and Conduct in this Regard, that they can safely appeal to the omniscient Being for their Sincerity in this Declaration.

And whereas the Committee have this Evening been inform'd by a Letter from the Country, of another Report equally injurious, viz. that "the Committee have employ'd Persons in working for themselves, and Gentlemen of Fortune with whom they are particularly connected in their private Concerns, and paid them out of the Donations received"; the Committee do with the same Solemnity declare the said Report to be as false as it is scandalous.

They were early apprehensive that the Enemies of Truth and Liberty, would spare no Pains to misrepresent their Conduct, and asperse their Characters; & therefore, that they might always have it in their Power to vindicate themselves, they have constantly kept regular Books, containing Records of the *whole* of their Proceedings; which Books, as the Committee advertiz'd the Publick some Months ago, are open for the Inspection of such as are inclined to look into and examine them?

The Committee now challenge any Person whatever to make it appear, that there is a just Foundation for such Reports. Until this reasonable Demand is complied with, they confide in the Justice of the Publick, that no Credit will be given to Reports, so injurious to the Committee, and to this oppressed and insulted People.

If the Friends of Truth will inform the Committee of any Reports they may hear tending to defame the Committee, and by that Means to discourage farther Donations for the benevolent Purpose of relieving the Sufferers above-mention'd, it will be acknowledg'd as a particular favor.

Sign'd by Order of the Committee,
SAMUEL ADAMS, Chairman.
At a Meeting of the Committee,
Friday Evening Jan. 20, 1775.

S A L E M, January 20,
We are desired, by several Gentlemen from Falmouth, to contradict, in the most explicit Terms, a Paragraph in Mills and Hicks's paper of the 2d instant, and copied in our's of the Day following, respecting the payment of the Taxes of that Town to the Honorable Harrison Gray, Esq;—And the the Printers of this Paper can, and do, with Pleasure, assure the Public, from the best Authority, that the Collector of Taxes for the town of Falmouth has not received any "Warrants" or D_i.

rections from the "Selectmen", or any other Persons, to pay any Taxes to the Hon Harrison Gray, Esq; We are also fully convinced, that our Brethren of that respectable Town *never will* suffer their Collectors to pay any of their Money into the Hands of that *sworn* Enemy to the Rights of this People.

The Freeholders and other Inhabitants of the Town, convened this Day, have made Choice of Messieurs Richard Manning and John Pickering for their Delegates at the Provincial Congress, to be held at Cambridge in February next.

R O S T O N, January 23.

His Honor Governor Trumbull, with the Advice of the Council, has appointed Wednesday, the first Day of February next to be observed as a Day of Fasting and Prayer throughout the Colony of Connecticut.

Last Friday Afternoon died Mrs. **MARTHA FOXCROFT**, aged 49, Daughter of the late Rev. Mr. **THOMAS FOXCROFT**. Her Funeral will be to-morrow Afternoon, when her Friends and Acquaintance are desir'd to attend.

The Town of Medford have unanimously voted to pay their Taxes to Henry Gardner, Esq; and have made Choice of Mr. Benjamin Hall, and Mr. Stephen Hall, tertius, for their Delegates at the ensuing Congress.

PORTSMOUTH, Jan. 20. About 60 Pounds of Tea was publickly burnt on the Parade in this Town at 8 o'Clock in the Evening, last Wednesday, belonging to a person who bro't it from Salem, who was so far convicted of his own Error in attempting the Sale of that condemn'd Commodity, that he put it in the Fire himself in presence of a large Number of Spectators.

DIED. Mrs. Susana Gallop, aged 68.
John Beadil Furlow, Esq; aged 23, Lieutenant in his Majesty's Regiment of Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

At Plymouth, the Widow Ruth Howland. She was a Woman of singular Merit; in her were united all the Vertues that render human Nature amiable. Her Death was sudden, universally regretted by her Acquaintance, and particularly distressing to her Family.

Donations receiv'd since our last.

- From **MASSACHUSETTS-BAY.**
- From Temple—40 Bushells Rye.
- West-Springfield, — 23 Hogs.
- West Parish in Barnstable—£. 6 13 7
- From the Aboriginal Natives at Mashpee, 16 0
- RHODE-ISLAND.**
- From Warwick — 5 Cattle.

THIS DAY PUBLISHED,
And sold opposite the Court-House in Queen-Street,
The IVth Chapter of the first Book
of the American **CHRONICLES** of the Times.

To be Sold by **PUBLICK AUCTION**, at the House of Mr. **BENJAMIN BURDICK**, Innholder at Marblehead, agreeable to the American Congress Association, on Monday the 30th of January Instant.

An Invoice of Goods, containing Cod-Lines and Quality Binding to the amount of £. 50 Sterl. imported in the Ship *Champion*, Nathaniel Fellows, Master. Likewise a Package mark'd F, containing Glass, Pictures, &c. provided the Owner shall send the Invoice of it. The Sale to begin at 11 o'Clock, A. M.

SAMUEL ABBOT

Hereby informs the Public, That he has removed from the Store he lately occupied on Green's Wharfe, to Mr. John Kneeland's Store, next Northward of Mr. Benjamin Andrews, near the East End of Faneuil-Hall Market,—where all Persons indebted to him or the late Co-partnership of Samuel Abbot and Company, are desired to call upon him for an immediate Settlement.

CORNISH'S
New-England Fish Hooks,

Of all sorts (prov'd by several Years experience to be much superior to any imported) warranted of the best quality to be Sold at Wholesale by

LEE & JONES,

At their Store near the Swing Bridge,
Where they have also for Sale,

VELVET CORKS, ALBANY PEASE, CREAM COLOUR'D WARE per CRATE, **BLUE AND WHITE CHINA CUPS AND SAUCERS** per Case, **GLASS WARE**, a few **HOGSHEADS WEST-INDIA RUM**, Paper Hangings, low **PRICED WATCHES**, Gold and Silver **LACE**—A beautiful variety of **MUSLINS, BROCADES** and **FLOWER'D SILKS, ARMOZEENS** and **PADU-BOYS, INDIA TAFFATIES** and **GORGORONS.**
Also, **NAILS OF ALL SORTS** and **COD LINES** at Salem and Marblehead.

VELVET CORKS.

Choice Velvet Corks, by the Quantity, or single Grace, to be sold by
Samuel Eliot,

At his Shop, near the Head of Dock-Square, just above the Market,
Where may be also had,
A small Assortment of English Goods & Hard Ware
At very low Rates.

THE Publick are hereby informed, that a Young Woman and a Child at the House of a Sergeant of the 55th Regiment at the head of Cross Street, were taken with the Small Pox, and soon after sent to the Hospital Ship in the Harbour; upon a strict Enquiry no one has this Distemper in Town.

By Order of the Selectmen,
WILLIAM COOPER, Town Clerk.
Boston, Jan. 22, 1775.

PUBLIC AUCTION,
TO BE SOLD,
By **BENJAMIN CHURCH,**

At his usual Place of Sale,
On THURSDAY Evening next,
A general Assortment of **EUROPEAN ARTICLES**, viz. **Broad-Cloths - Serges - Duffils - Cambrics - Cambleteens - Bed-Tickon - Check - Handkerchiefs - a Quantity of Cutlery, &c. &c. - House Furniture, - as Chairs - Tables - Feather Beds - Wearing Apparel - A neat Collection of Books, &c. &c. &c.**

TO BE SOLD
West-India and New-England Rum,
Anniseed, Clove, Snakeroot and Cinnamon Waters and Geneva by Wholesale and Retail, By

JOSEPH HALL,
At his Shop in Cole Lane, also Lish n Wine per the Cask, and Molasses by the Barrel and Keg

LISBON Salt, Bar-Iron, Cast Iron
Stoves, Pots, Kettles, Dags, Skillets and back Plates, Nova-Scotia Grindstones, Philadelphia Bread, &c.

TO BE SOLD
By **BENJAMIN ANDREWS,**
opposite East End of the Market.

All Persons who have any Demands on the Estate of Mr. **ISAAC PERKINS**, late of Ipswich, deceased, are desired to bring in their Accounts to **ELIZABETH PERKINS** and **ABRAHAM PERKINS**, Executors, for Adjustment, and all those who are Indebted to said Estate are desired to make immediate Payment to said Executors.

To be sold by PUBLICK VENDUE,

on **THURSDAY** the 2d Day of February next, at the House of Daniel V. St. Innsbider in Milton.

A certain Piece of Land, being a Wood Lot, Part of the Estate of Joseph Gooch, Esq; deceased, and contains twenty-six Acres and one Quarter of an Acre, said Land is sold by Virtue of an Order of the honorable Superior Court, and an undoubted Title will be given and warranted to the Purchaser, by **WILLIAM GOOCH** Attorney to the Executor; the Sale to begin at One o'Clock in the Afternoon: In the mean Time should any Person incline to purchase said Lot at private Sale, may apply to said Gooch, at Vernon's Head, in King-Street, Boston, who is fully impowred to sell the same.

LOST on **THURSDAY** last, between Scituate and Boston, a small Leather Pocket Book, containing a Note of Hand with four Entries on the back of it; Also, an Account of a Fishing Voyage.—In said Pocket Book was a Letter directed to Consider Merritt.—Whoever has found the same and will bring it to the Printers hereof, or to James Merritt, jun. of Scituate, shall have a handsome Reward for their Trouble.

WHEREAS the Proprietors of a Township, lying adjoining to Amarecoggin River, in the County of Cumberland, in the late Province of Maine, granted by the Great and General Court, on the 11th Day of June 1771, to Capt. Joshua Fuller and others, at a legal Meeting on the 16th Day of November last, granted a Tax of *Twenty Shillings* on each Right in said Township, to defray the Charges of the Propriety, which has been published as the Law directs; Several of which Proprietors are delinquent in the Payment of said Tax; Publick Notice is therefore hereby given to said Delinquents, that unless the same be paid to David Sanger of Watertown, Collector of Taxes for said Propriety, by 9 o'Clock in the Morning of the first Day of March next, their Right will be sold at Publick Sale for the Payment thereof.

The Sale to begin at 10 o'Clock in said Morning, at the Dwelling-House of Mrs. Dorothy Coolidge, Innholder in Watertown, and continued by Adjournment (if Need be) till all be sold.

January 17, 1775. *Alex. Shepard, Josiah Brown, Josiah Bisco.* } Committee for Sale.

To-Morrow Morning at Ten o'Clock,

Will be Sold by **PUBLIC VENDUE,**
At **GOULD'S Auction-Office,**
In Back-Street, (near his former Office.)

A large & valuable Collection of Books, both new and second-hand, in Divinity, History, Philosophy, Physic, Mathematics, Astronomy, Arithmetick, Travels, Novels, Plays, &c.

N. B. One elegant Set of Patrick, Lowth's, and Whitby, on the Old and New Testament.
R. GOULD, Auctioneer.
No Catalogues. Books may be seen this Day.
Sale begins precisely at Ten.

Burials in the Town of **BOSTON**, since our last
Ten Whites. No Blacks.
Baptiz'd in the several Churches, Three.

High Water at BOSTON, for the present Week.
Monday, 22 min. aft. 4 }
Tuesday, 8 min. aft. 5 }
Wednesday, 58 m. aft. 5 }
Thursday, 51 min. aft. 6 }
Friday, 47 min. after. 7 }
Saturday, 44 min. aft. 8 }
Lord's Day, 42 m. aft. 7 }
St. Barq. 24 Days At.

Charles's & James's,—in support of the reformation and the protestant religion, against the worst tyranny, that the genius of toryism, has ever yet invented. I mean the Romish superstition.—Does this writer rank the revolution and present establishment, the reformation and protestant religion among his worst of purposes?—What "worst purpose" is there than established tyranny? Were these principles ever inculcated in favour of such tyranny? Have they not always been used against such tyrannies, when the people have had knowledge enough to be apprized of them, and courage to assert them? Do not those who aim at depriving the people of their liberties, always inculcate opposite principles, or discredit these?

"A small mistake in point of policy" says he, "often furnishes a pretence to rebel government and persuade the people that their rulers are tyrants, and the whole government, a system of oppression." This is not only untrue, but inconsistent with what he said before. The people are in their nature so gentle, that there never was a government yet, in which thousands of mistakes were not overlooked. The most sensible and jealous people are so little attentive to government, that there are no instances of resistance, until repeated, multiplied oppressions have placed it beyond a doubt, that their rulers had formed settled plans to deprive them of their liberties; not to oppress an individual or a few, but to break down the fences of a free constitution, and deprive the people at large of all share in the government and all the checks by which it is limited.—Even Machiavel himself allows, that not ingratitude to their rulers, but much love is the constant fault of the people.

This writer is equally mistaken, when he says, the people are sure to be losers in the end. They can hardly be losers, if unsuccessful: because if they live, they can but be slaves, after an unfortunate effort, and slaves they would have been, if they had not resisted. So that nothing is lost. If they die, they cannot be said to lose, for death is better than slavery. If they succeed, their gain is immense. They preserve their liberties. The instances in antiquity, which this writer alludes to, are not mentioned and therefore cannot be answered, but that in the country from whence we are derived, is the most unfortunate for his purpose, that could have been chosen. The resistance to Charles the first and the case of Cromwell, no doubt he means.—But the people of England, and the cause of liberty, truth, virtue and humanity, gained infinite advantages by that resistance. In all human probability, liberty civil and religious, not only in England but in all Europe, would have been lost.—Charles would undoubtedly have established the Romish religion and a despotism as wild as any in the world. And as England has been a principal bulwark from that period to this, of civil liberty and the protestant religion in all Europe, if Charles's schemes had succeeded, there is great reason to apprehend that the light of science would have been extinguished, and mankind, drawn back to a state of darkness and misery, like that which prevailed from the fourth to the fourteenth century.—It is true and to be lamented that Cromwell did not establish a government as free, as he might and ought; but his government was infinitely more glorious and happy to the people than Charles's.—Did not the people gain by the resistance to James the second?—Did not the Romans gain by resistance to Tarquin? Without that resistance and the liberty that was restored by it, would the great Roman orators, poets and historians, the great teachers of humanity and politeness, the pride of human nature, and the delight and glory of mankind, for seventeen hundred years, ever have existed?—Did not the Romans gain by resistance to the Decemvirs?—Did not the English gain by resistance to John, when Magna Charta was obtained?—Did not the seven united provinces gain by resistance to Phillip, Alva and Granvell?—Did not the Swiss Cantons, the Genevans and Grisons, gain by resistance to Albert and Grisser?

NOVANGLUS.

[To be continued.]

Scates and Dutch Brushes.

Mens and Boys high Ironed Scates, Brushes in Setts, also single Floor and Hearth Brush, with long and short Handies, Dutch Looking Glasses, of various sizes, best large and small 3-threaded Sein Twine, Russia Duck, Dutch Chimney Tile, Bolting Cloths, and a Parcel of choice Junk, just Imported,

TO BE SOLD, at the Stores

Of Solomon Davis & Thomas Walley, Both in BUTLER'S-ROW.

Bottles in Hampers, holding 8 or 9 Gills, to be sold at Wm. Dennie's Store in King-Street, Boston.

To the worthy Committee of Correspondence in the Town of BOSTON.

GENTLEMEN,

As you have hitherto heard nothing from us in answer to your repeated messages, you may be ready to censure us for want of proper respect to you; or think we are regardless of our public grievances; insensible to the sufferings of our neighbors; and great delinquents in the common glorious cause.

We therefore beg leave to lay before you some general view of our proceedings, and of our excuses for former neglects, as also for not imitating the noble examples of charity in some other towns; and likewise to express the sense we have of our natural and constitutional rights, and our resolutions, under God, to live, or die with them.

We readily own we were not awakened to a sense of the public danger and interest so early as you; but this serves to impress our minds with a deeper sense of the obligation we are under to you, for your seasonable and vigorous exertions. And it is some comfort to us that the common cause has not suffered by us, and that we have not one addresser in the town; hope therefore you have in some degree apply'd that scriptural maxim in our favor, "he that is not against us is on our part."

As the unhappy controversy at first more immediately respected the merchantile part of the community, our ignorance may in part excuse us. As for the late acts of the British parliament, we have done every thing in our power to oppose them: for we were sufficiently alarmed by the Port-Bill of the wicked designs of a despotic ministry, a bill the most cruel and unjust that ever passed the British senate, and has brought the curses of millions on the man that framed it.

We have sent members to the county and provincial congresses, and trust they have ever acted and voted as steady friends to our injured country. Our jurymen refused taking the oaths under the late oppressive and unconstitutional acts. We cheerfully contributed our mite for our noble patriots on the Grand Congress, where, we hear, they supported the dignity of ancient Roman Senators.

We readily adopt the association of the continental congress, and have appointed a committee to see that the several resolves and directions of the congresses are strictly observed; and trust that a sacred regard will be paid to them by every person and family in town. We have no tea-drinkers among us; and shall make it our study to observe the rules of prudence and economy, and to promote our own manufactures. Our militia is regulated according to the directions of congress, and from present appearances we promise ourselves great success.

We view the capital of the province as suffering and bleeding in its country's cause; and feel ourselves oppressed by the same iron hand of tyranny: a sense of our own sufferings is increased from a consideration of our being disenabled to contribute towards the relief of our suffering neighbors. Being debarred from transporting our hay (one of the chief articles of our subsistence) to the market, by a measure base and insulting; deprived also of the common and almost only method of procuring our fuel; together with the great sufferings of Point-Shirley, you are sensible, must bring us present, and threaten us with greater future distress. But supported from a good cause we shall cheerfully persevere; and with the same ardor that we wish deliverance and prosperity to ourselves, we wish them to you.

We are but few in number, and of small ability; and as we earn our bread by the sweat of our brow, shall ever hold in utter detestation both men and measures that would rob us of the fruit of our toil.

We most heartily rejoice in the general union, and trust that, that, with the justice of our cause, must procure us the friendship of all the virtuous and wise people in England. But we have no doubt at all of the natural right of colonies to form into a government by themselves whenever they think it expedient; and therefore, if our grievances should not be redressed, impartial reason must justify British America in seperating from a state, that after many fruitful attempts to enslave its subjects at home, would fain entail bondage on these colonies.

However, we have strong expectations that our country will yet shake off its burdens, and have its rights, liberties and commerce established upon a firmer and broader basis than ever; and doubt not but under the blessing and protection of Heaven (for which we cease not to pray) America, like the rising sun will shine brighter and brighter, till the steady hand of time shall bring her to that happy period, when she may bid defiance to every oppressor throughout the world.

We shall only further add at present, that a consciousness of your arduous labors for your country's good must ever afford you a pleasing sensation; and while we unfeignedly thank you for

former good services, permit us to hope for the continuance of them. Be assur'd we never will desert the cause, nor submit to oppression.

This with what may be offer'd by the gentlemen that present it, we hope will at last place us in a more favorable light with you, than you may have hitherto viewed us in.

With all gratitude and respect, we subscribe ourselves, Gentlemen, your very humble servants,
Samuel Sargeant, } In the Name of
Samuel Sprague, } the Town of
Samuel Watts. } Chelsea.

Chelsea, Nov. 30, 1774.

Voted, That the above Gentlemen, viz. Messrs Samuel Sargeant, Samuel Sprague and Samuel Watts, our Committee of Correspondence, present this to the Gentlemen Committee of Correspondence in the Town of Boston.

TO BE LETT,

The whole or Part of a convenient Dwelling-House, as may best suit. Inquire of ADAM COLSON, a little to the Southward of Liberty-Tree, who has for Sale a Quantity of choice Leather dress suitable for Slings, Stroups, Belts, &c. As he has lately observ'd through the Towns in the Country very great Preparations are making in Order to defend themselves against the Indians: and that some Regiments were not compleat for want of Belts, he takes this Opportunity to inform the Publick, that they may be supply'd by said COLSON at a reasonable Rate.

Sea-Coal

Very suitable for Smiths use, to be Sold cheap on Board the Brig Sea Nymph, Capt. Paddock, at the Long Wharf, inquire at Bethune and Prince's Store in King-Street. Where is also to be had,

Malaga Wine, new Raisins in Casks & Jars, Quart Bottles, and a large Assortment of Irish Linens, Boston, January 22, 1775.

Excellent Old Jamaica R U M,

in Porter Casks of 40 and 60 Gallons.

Jamaica SUGARS,

per the Hoghead, of the first Quality, To be Sold At Timothy Fitch's Store, King-Street.

All Persons indebted to, or that have any Demands on the Estate of Mr. Benjamin Coates, late of Boston, Trader, deceased, are desired to bring in their Accounts immediately, to Mary Coates, Administratrix to said Estate, in order for a speedy Settlement. Boston, January 24, 1774.

N. B. HORSES and CARRIAGES to be Let as usual

To be Sold by Benjamin Dolbear, A very good London-made Fire Engine, with a Suction Hose.

Also, Very good Vinegar by the Barrel. Just IMPORTED and to be SOLD,

A few Casks of new Rice.

Inquire of John Winthrop, jun. or Stephen Bruce, near Mr. Thomas Handasyde Peck's in Merchants Row.

A small Quantity of choice Cayenne COCOA, to be sold—Enquire of Capt. Caleb Hopkins, or John Guliker, near Hancock's Wharf, North-End.

December 30th, 1774.

Stolen a large Silver Spoon, mark'd D. A. the Maker's Name BRIDGEN—If offer'd to Sale it's desired it may be stop'd, and they shall be reasonably rewarded: Inquire of Edes & Gill.

ALL Persons, who are indebted to, or have any Demands on THOMAS YOUNG, Physician, late removed from this Town, are desired to bring in their Accounts, and pay their respective Dues to PEREZ MORTON, Attorney to THOMAS YOUNG.

A large Grate STOVE, genteely decorated, fit to be used either in a Ship or House; to be sold for less than the Sterling Cost. Enquire of Mr. Moses Gill.

Excellent Brown Sugars.

A few Hogheads of very good Brown SUGAR, superfine and common Philadelphia Flour, Best Iron, Coffee, Chocolate, Piemonto, 18 Inch Pipes per Box, choice white Beans, West-India & New-England Rum, a few Barrels Pitch, and some hollow Ware, to be sold extremely cheap, by

DANIEL BELL,

At his Store directly opposite the East-End of Faneuil-Hall, Boston, where the least Favour will be kindly acknowledged.

Boston: Printed, by EDES & GILL, in Queen-Street, 1775.