

If Boston could have been treated like other places,—like New-York and Philadelphia, the tea might have gone home from thence as it did from those cities.—That inveterate, desperate Junto, to whom we owe all our calamities, were determined to hurt us in this, as in all other cases, as much as they could. It is to be hoped they will one day repent, and be forgiven; but it is very hard to forgive without repentance. When the news of this event arrived in England, it excited such passions in the Minister as nothing could restrain; his resentment was kindled into revenge, rage and madness; his veracity was piqued, as his masterpiece of Policy proved but a bubble: The bantling was the fruit of a favourite amour, and no wonder that his natural affection was touched, when he saw it dispatched before his eyes.—His grief and ingenuity, if he had any, were affected at the thought that he had misled the East India Company, so much nearer to destruction, and that he had rendered the breach between the Kingdom and the Colonies almost irreconcilable; his shame was excited because Opposition had gained a triumph over him, and the three kingdoms were laughing at him for his obstinacy and his blunders: Instead of relieving the Company, he had hastened its ruin: Instead of establishing the absolute and unlimited

sovereignty