

GORDON'S HISTORY of the REVOLUTION.

From the INDEPENDENT CHRONICLE.

To CHARLES THOMSON, Esquire.

DEAR CHARLES,

TO whom would an old Whig write, sooner than to him, whose zeal and knowledge, in the late happy revolution, has rendered his name as immortal as the records he has attested.

I mean to tell you of a proposal which appears in our papers, for printing in four volumes, octavo, the History of the Rise, Progress and Conclusion, of the American Revolution. The author places D. D. to his name, to make the work valuable; but you know, Charles, that D. D. are the initials of *Dreadful Deceit*, as well as of Doctor in Divinity. The price is modest enough, *six dollars and two thirds*, one half down on subscription, according to the text, which says half a loaf is better than no bread. It is proposed also, if money enough can be had, to embellish the work with maps;—but first let us have a map of the author—he is not an Irishman, as you are Charles; he came from the north of England; has been the shepherd of a little flock in Roxbury, which he is about to leave in April next, in order to breathe his last in that country where he breathed first, and proposes to carry his very valuable manuscript with him, to employ a BRITISH PRESS, to publish the history of the AMERICAN REVOLUTION. Now is it not very extraordinary, Charles, that a man should possess confidence enough, to ask the Americans for money, to publish in the land of their enemy, a history, which, if well written, must in every page stamp infamy on the nation where it is to be pub-

ished? But would it not be more so, if the Americans would contribute to the support of a historian who openly avows his intentions never more to partake of the blessings of that revolution he is about to celebrate? If he was not conscious that the work will displease this country, why does he not give it to an American press? or why does he not stay in the country, now rendered the most happy in the world, by this same revolution? Does he love America well enough to hand her down to posterity to advantage, as Virgil did Rome, and Homer Greece, and yet does he fly from her? Now suppose, Charles, that the Americans were foolish enough to pay down three dollars and one third for a history to be printed beyond sea, which, when it arrives, will perhaps appear quite disgusting to us, and pleasing to Britain, and the author at the same time be under the protection of the British government; how silly would they look?

The author boasts of the encouragement he received from General Washington, in the year 1776. Had he then told that great man, that he was collecting materials to carry into the land of our enemies, to publish a history of our war against them, perhaps his boastings might have been without foundation, if they have any now. You know, Charles, that his access to papers has been nothing more than any one else might have had.

A good bye to the Doctor. When he prints his history, and sends it from Scotland to America, we will judge of it. It must be a candid one, because with an imagery peculiar to himself, such as cats tyed tail to tail, &c. he contended against our constitutions, in the revolution of this State.

I am, Charles,
your old friend,

TYPHO.