A letter, from Tom Bowline, to his worthy messmates, the renowned Sons of Neptune, belonging to the Port of New-York. My dear boys. As the time is approaching, in which the ship, with the East India company's tea may be expected to arrive, and be moored in our harbour, to put the finishing stroke to our liberties, and ruin the trade of our country ... [Signed] Tom Bowline From my moorings in Ratline Lane, Dec. 20, 1773. [New York, 1773].

My dear Boys,

AS the Time is approaching, in which the Ship, with the East India Company's Tea may be expected to arrive, and be moored in our Harbour, to put the finishing Stroke to our Liberties, and ruin the Trade of our Country, by establishing a Monopoly; which will in Time (should it be effected) deprive Numbers of our worthy Merchants of their Sheet Anchor, and oblige them to quit their Moorings, and steer into the Country, to take a Trick at the Plough; and will (as sure as the Devil's in London) drive many of us to the cruel Alternative of seeking Employment in a foreign Country, to prevent starving in our own: And, as much depends upon our Steadiness, and Activity, in Regard to weathering this Storm; I must therefore, strongly recommend the Necessity of keeping a good Look out; and that we do, one and all, hold ourselves in Readiness, and heartily join our Merchants, and other worthy Citizens, in preventing this pestilential Commodity from being parbuckled on Shore.

I am, my Hearts of Oak, your Friend, and Messmate, TOM BOWLINE.

From my Moorings, in Ratline Lane, Dec. 20, 1773.