

The People rejecting you,—as unfit for their Confidence and Trust, which you had repeatedly betrayed, elected Me in your Room. I am not ashamed to own, that I exerted Myself, in Opposition to you. It was my Opinion, that a Man without Merit, Integrity, or Abilities, was totally disqualified to be the Representative of a Free People. You had Nothing to recommend you, but—proprietary Influence, Court Favour, and the Wealth and Interest of the Tools and Sycophants, who infest this City. Pray, Sir, what Catalogue of eminent Qualities, mark and distinguish your Character?—*a Man in Universal Odium—crept into the Province from a Foreign Dwelling—raised by the Hand of Charity—and by Cringing, and Fawning, and Pimping, and Lying, sneak'd into Proprietary Notice.*— You have, Sir, upon the Strength of Court Influence, been a Representative of this City, for several past Elections.—Will you be pleased to furnish the Publick with a Catalogue of the Services you did your Country in that Station: Swell up your Catalogue to Volume, I can still boast more—the single Service, I did my Country, in polling against, and defeating you in your Election, will weigh down every publick Benefit, you have done, even counting, if you will, from the first Moment, you crawled here, and cleansed yourself of your filthy Rags, up to your present elevated Sphere of—*One of his LORDSHIPS Judges of the Land AFFICE.*

AND is it Love of Justice, Mr. Dulany, that has placed you among the Number of my Enemies? What was the Opinion, you entertained of Me when we went, Hand in Hand, in the Opposition to our Adversary Doctor Stewart? Did you not, in your respectable Judgment, esteem Me far the preferable Man for one of the Representatives of this City? Did you not hold him, in that Contempt, which every Man then did and must still hold him? What Homage, what Bending of the Knee, what Condescension has worked so powerfully upon your Affections, as to induce a Reconciliation and a Change of Sentiment of him? Or what Reformation, do you mark; that demands your Compassion for him, and Leave to shine with you, in the Publick Gazette, in Vindication of injured Merit, and Reputation? And what Fault, Sir,—disclose it to the World—can you object to my Conduct, as merits the heavy Punishment of being expelled from your Arms, and blotted out from the Number of your Worthies? I beg permission to freshen up your Memory: After We were elected Representatives for this City, your Seat became vacant by your Acceptance of an Office, under the Government: I opposed your Re-election: I did it upon the Principle, We made our Opposition to our Adversary Doctor Stewart: The Motto of our Flag, and the general Voice, was NO PLACEMAN, I deemed it absurd and inconsistent Conduct to cut about and Vote for a Placeman—tho' recommended with a Catalogue of YOUR eminent Qualities. You were re-elected by mere Chance—but upon a Petition from the Citizens, complaining of an undue Election, you were again discharged from the House, and another Gentleman chosen in your Room. I was unfortunately of that Number, who were of Opinion, your Election was void, and voted accordingly. This, Sir, is the Cause of your Resentment against Me: And hence that pious Christian Resolution—extremely becoming a Gentleman of your amiable Character—to ruin my Reputation, and make a Sacrifice of Me.

BUT, Sir, I laugh at your Folly: Tho' from the bottom of my Heart I pity your revengeful Temper. You may rage, and foam, and gnash your Teeth—but it is a Misfortune you must lament, I am far out of your Reach.

As for you, Mr. Bruce. The Difference, subsisting between Us, is so well known here, that your Aspersions will have but little Weight. Your Passion for Wealth must naturally flame into Resentment, upon an Opposition or Disappointment of your Schemes of Property. Ask your own Heart, whence your Spleen and Bitterness against Me? Can you allege any other Reason, but that of Resisting your Personal Strength, which you exerted to put Me aside, while I made Application and obtained a Proclamation Warrant for a Tract of Land, which you had fixed a *ignominious* Eye upon, and endeavoured to affect by the same Method? It was this, that drew upon Me your Resentment: For from that Time I have constantly met with your *formidabile* Frowns and Opposition.

I might, Mr. Scot, pass over you without a single Observation, the People of this Province are so extremely well acquainted with the happy Figure, you make among Us, that

your invectives can as little affect my Reputation, as the *Hummering Bulls*, of the Pope of Rome. How natural it is, for the Wretch, that has just lifted up his Head from obscurity—to swell, and talk big of Himself! Is it not amazing Presumption that you, Sir—thou Pink of Modesty—should Trumpet forth even from that *pure and immaculate Fountain of Truth* your—OWN MOUTH! That you are one of the *BETTERS* of this City! when, but a few Years ago, your sole Dependence was the *Whisper Pipe*, and your Situation that only of a *penniless Emigrant* driven from Home by Poverty to seek for Subsistence abroad. And Thou deep Politician! How prudently have you since quitted the difficult Study of *Hippocrates and Galen*, and the disagreeable Administration of the *Whisper Pipe* and prudently embarked in the more profitable and honourable Employment of Dancing Attendance, and Fawning upon the Great? How well adapted to this prudent Scheme of Life is your affected Wisdom, great Gravity, and low, deliberate Voice you have, indeed, played off your Address, and natural Talents, to the best Advantage—yet in your most joyous Moments—when counting up the exorbitant Profits of your Offices, of Clerk of the Upper-House of Assembly, of his Lordship's Council, and Examiner General of the Province—do you not feel a poignant Compunction for the Prostitution of your Freedom for dirty Gold? does injured Liberty never rise up in View, and awfully reproach you? But, Sir, with all your Wealth, you are a wretched Dependant: Your Name was demanded in the Gazette: It was the Command of your Master, who out of Compassion to the miserable Abilities of your Party, has Commenced your Patron and Penman.

THE Consequences of a bad Life, Mr. Macnemara, which have reduced you to a servile Dependency, prevent many Observations upon your Conduct. Are you too, Sir, among the Number, who proclaim Me, "*unworthy of every Kind of publick Trust?*"—Certainly that Man, who can discard the Trust of Nature for a Brothel, can have as little Merit for the publick Confidence. And do you too, Sir, infamously Charge Me with want of *Virtue and Integrity?* And with a *Verisality of Principles?*—It is with Pain, I remind you of the unhappy Circumstances of your Children, reduced to Beggary, by your continued Round of *Vice, and Folly, Drunkenness and Debauchery.* Driven from the Bosom of that Parent, who, from the Ties of Nature, should nourish and support them, they eat their Bread under the Roof of the charitable Stranger! Is it *Virtue, or Integrity, or a Verisality of Principles,* that have extinguished the Feelings of Nature, and deadened all the Sensibility of the Father? What pleasures, can you find in the Harlots Embraces, to induce you to fling from your Arms your Infants in Distress, and weeping at the Feet of Charity Peace be to your Heart, if Peace can find Existence there.

HAVING thus, Gentlemen, shewn the real Motives of your Scandal and Abuse, I shall beg your Patience, while I apply Myself to your Charge of *Ingratitude*, and what you mention as an Extract of "*a LATE celebrated Speech* I made, respecting the Stamp Act.

I must, Gentlemen, confess, I am truly confounded at the matchless Assurance, with which, you have published to the World the most palpable Falsity, you could possibly invent, that, "*to your Appointment I was for some Years indebted for my best bread?*" And equally false, and malicious, is that virulent Assertion, that "*like the Viper I would sting the Bosoms, which had warmed Me into Life.*" Surely, the Man must possess the most despicable Meanness of Heart, who expects the Returns of Gratitude, for a *redundant, insignificant Benefit!* But what must be the Composition of the Soul of that Wretch, who boasts a Benefaction, in the Doing of an Act of Necessity, without Choice, or the most distant Intention of Conferring a Profit? I admit Gentlemen, that to your Appointment I was indebted for the Prosecutor's Place of the Mayor's Court of this City, and do you, for this, assume the sacred Name of Benefactors, and affect the Parent-Bosom, which has given Nutriment to my Existence? When you conferred upon Me, that honourable Appointment, did *Beneficence, and a tender Solitude* for my Happiness suggest the *Charity*, or did Necessity induce the Act? Let the Fact be stated.—In 1761 I qualified in the Mayor's Court, the Bench then consisted of three Practitioners, Messrs. William Paterson, John Bruce, Junior, and Myself, all of Us Students of the Law under Gentlemen of this City, who qualified merely for Improvement, without the remotest View of Profit: The Prosecutor's Place was vacant, at the Time of my Qualification, by the Death of an *Ordinary Keeper!* Who filed that *lucrative* at

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