sale. In one of the sheets, a print "indicative of British prowess," I much question if the good man though a quaker, would not have said that it was ad—d lie. Poor old fellow! he little dreamed what was to happen at the close of the "enlightened eighteenth century."

"Mr. Oldner is told, that there is but one way left of saving his house, and that is by obliging man crafe exposing my "*cruelly* prints" at my windows for sale. It would seem by this that the cut-throats look upon me as Oldner's vassal; I shall convince them that I am not: to oblige me to desist from any branch of my lawful occupation would prove the most ungrateful job that ever my landlord undertook, should he be fifty enough to attempt it. As to obliging me to quit his house there are no hopes there neither; for I have a lease of it, and a lease that I will hold in spite of all the fans-culottes in America."

"But, what does the cut-throat mean by "*cruelly* prints?" I have Adam from the right side; that can be no cruelty print at any rate. I have, indeed, the portraits of the late king and queen of *France*: but as they are dead one would imagine that they could create no alarm. Poor Louis little thought, when he first hiring those portraits of himself and his queen, which now hang up in the Congress House, that the day would come, when a Republican would be threatened with hanging for exhibiting his likeness, in the capital of the Union. Others have exhibited him in their windows, threshed on the *scaffold*; they had a right to do; every man to his taste, and I to mine.—It is true, I have the portraits of Billy Pitt and Lord Grenville and several other noble personages; but then I have a Washington and Lafayette, by way of rubbing off as I pass, I have a right reverend Father in God in one corner of my window, and if I could procure that right irreverent Father in the Devil, Tom Paine, I would hoist him up in the other; for want of this I too place Doctor Priestley, who upon a thistle, is very capable of supplying his place.

[This attack on the amiable and persecuted Priestley every American will consider as ungenerous and illiberal, though in the sufferer before us it gives a point to the writer's skill.—The "Birmingham philosopher" is, however, invulnerable to the darts, and pinoplied as he is in confidence rectitude of mind and action, most futile at this effort to affect his character.]

"I am powerful a print of poor Richard, in the arms of a brace of angels, who are carrying him off God knows whither.

"And then, there are my books and stationary, almost the whole of which is English.—I have been looking round, and cannot for my life find any other American book than Adam's *Defence of the American Constitutions*, and *Peter Porcupine's works*. The latter of these my sovereigns have proscribed, and the former speaks about the *well born*; so that, unless my gracious Lords will condescend to permit me to sell these odious five things, I must shut up shop. But, if I must, I hope all the sell of the trade will be compelled to do the same. There is Mr. Carey, has published *Hume's History of England*, a book as full as it can hold of kings and queen's pictures, and *aristocracy* of all sorts and sizes, and contains, besides, a great number of instances of "British prowess," and of "the disgrace of our allies." Mr. Dobson and Mr. Carey, have published books on *Rigging*, and Mr. Brown has dared to publish his paper, and Mr. Brown has dared to publish his gazette even on *Impeachment*. These are crimes that cannot be even committed or attempted. Is not this aristocraphicanism to the last degree, and a downright insult on the citizens of the United States?—Again, there is Mr. Young, and several others that I could mention, who have the effrontery to expose for sale, *Washington's Real Bridge*, Ink-Powder, stamped with Liberty and Goddess's arms. Shall all this go unpunished, and shall poor I be put alive merely for exposing a print or two?—Foshid it justice! Democratic justice for bid it!

"Nay, should a fluff injunction take place, will the great Mr. Franklin Bache himself, come off blameless. He has informed us in this paper, that he is in correspondence with *Peter Porcupine*, and he is convinced that this *Peter* is not only an *aristocrat*, but a declared *royalist*. He has given *Tom Paine* the reversed lithographic print, and, also "traducing the people of this country," does not *Peter* in place them, when, in speaking of the United States, he says:

"Where sons of liberty their parents fling,
"Where every freeborn peasant is a King."

Is not this traducing the people? And yet Mr. Bache is publicly boasts of his intimacy with the fellow, and takes infinite pains to propagate his works? "Birds of a feather will flock together," says the old proverb, and it looks more than reasonable to suppose, that Mr. Bache, who, on such, he my conscience, is no republican, participates in the sentiments of his friend Paine.

"Nay, even Doctor Franklin was an aristocrat, and an abominable one too, as they be fear, in the very full item of his last will and testament. "I bequeath," says he, "to my worthy friend George Washington, my gold headed cane, formerly in the possession of his Excellency the Duke of Sartine, as a mark of my esteem for his character, and of the great sense I have of his services to my country." Shall we, after all this, be fooled into a belief that Franklin was a republican? Shall we, after this, be fooled into a belief that Franklin was a republican? Shall we, after this, be fooled into a belief that Franklin was a republican? Shall we, after