

LETTER II.

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TO THE EARL OF DURHAM, &c. &c. &c.

"Seditione potens : genus huic materna superbum  
Nobilitas dabat ; incertum de patre ferebat ;  
Surgit, et his onerat dictis atque aggerat iras."—VIRGIL.

TRUE TRANSLATION.

"Strong in sedition : overwhelm'd with pride,  
Noble, though only on the mother's side,  
Reckless of truth, he wickedly essays  
Again to kindle discord's direful blaze."

MY LORD,—Although, as I have before stated, I am not the apologist of those whom you have designated 'the official party,' I revert to a subject upon which you have bestowed so much malignant attention and unmerited vituperation, because *I mistrust your motives* : indeed, I am not only "*inclined to believe*," but confident, that you wish to destroy the salutary influence of rank, wealth, integrity, wisdom, loyalty and pure religion, and thereby serve and gratify the rabid and restless faction of which your Lordship is, at once, the leader and the dupe.

After maliciously and falsely imputing to the objects of your virulent antipathy all that is sordid, selfish, tyrannical, and politically criminal, you exhibit 'the cloven foot' of your contemptible slander, by invidiously observing that they are *Tories*, and, which you evidently consider equally *sinful*, '*belong to the Church of England* !' Such I trust they are, and such, for the honor and interest of this province, may a majority of the most illustrious and influential of its inhabitants long continue ! But, mark me, my Lord : I am no bigot, nor would