

JOHN DICKINSON, ESQUIRE.

ALTHOUGH I have not the honor to be known to you, I am not unacquainted with your native candor and unbounded benevolence. As happy as obscure, I am indeed a stranger to the language of adulation: flattery I detest; virtue I respect.

Be not offended, Sir, if I remark that your character is contemplated with profound veneration by the friends of the Constitution. Those abilities which you so illustriously displayed in defence of the Constitution, they now supplicate you to exert, in saving it from impending ruin, under the Syren form of delusive Independence.

Step then forth; exert those talents with which heaven has endowed you; and cause the parent and her children to embrace, and be foes no more. Arduous as this extraordinary task may seem, perhaps your virtue and talents may yet effect it. Your endeavors to stop the effusion of blood, of torrents of blood, is worthy of your acknowledged humanity—even the honest attempt, upon recollection, will afford you ineffable satisfaction.

My presuming to inscribe to you the following crude remarks is to remind you, Sir, what your distressed country expects, nay loudly demands from your extensive capacity.

I beg you will forgive this temerity; and that you may long enjoy the fruits of your exalted virtue, and remain an honor to your country, and to mankind, is the ardent wish of,

S I R,

Your most obedient

and respectful servant,

CANDIDUS.