

your overthrow. I could predict with tolerable exactness what length of time will elapse before it comes to an end,

..... "like the poor Indian's sleep,
While his boat hastens to the monstrous steep
Of Montmorency!" —

when this great measure of yours, on which you so much pride yourself, will be swept away for ever, with some other things which many of your supporters will be more sorry to lose; but it is sufficient to say, that *the day is not far distant.*

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

AN INQUIRER AFTER TRUTH.

May 20. 1844.

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