

such a disagreement between the outward and visible face of their conduct, and the inward spirit, which was constantly opposing every healing proposition, and dragging the nation into the road to war, that we could not doubt of a *secret influence* of a real minister, who pointed out the path to the ostensible one, and brought him back whenever he chanced to listen to his own opinion, and step out of the true road; yet when we sought for the person who, deaf to the cries of justice, callous to the feelings of humanity, could think of paving the way to arbitrary domination, by shedding the blood of thousands, we durst not say to the first judge in the kingdom, "*thou art the man.*" The time, however, is at last come when silence is no longer necessary; perhaps not safe: we have crossed the Rubicon, your Lordship's presence may be requisite to animate the troops, and inspire those Britons with martial rage, who might still pause at shedding a brother's blood. While the American dispute was considered as little more than a quarrel with the town of Boston *about drowning a few chests of tea*, the nation could hardly take the alarm; they could not suspect that a capital revolution was intended, or that the liberties of the whole empire were in danger; nor would the consequent steps that seemed to spring from that quarrel, by a *fatal progression of crimes*, give any great alarm to a generous nation, that generally believeth all things and hopeth all things that