

character so hateful in the eyes of all civilized mankind, that I hold it one of a Briton's most sacred duties to loathe a Frenchman ; and I cannot reflect without shame and horror, that any person so near and dear to me as you are, by the ties of blood, connection and friendship, should be a willing participator of their dangers and depravity. This is strong language ; but you must bear with me. What security have you, my dear Inchiquin, that the monsters, who compose the police, may not at any moment tear you from your bed, and plunge you in a dungeon, or transport you to some remote and destructive latitude ? Depend upon it, a foreigner must always be a mark of suspicion. I cannot at this distance think, without an involuntary shudder, of the Temple, the Wood of Vincennes, and the many other places appropriated to human immolation. How can you be certain that the next conscription, breaking through any immunities in which you may imagine yourself entrenched, may not drag you in chains like a malefactor to the frontier, and expose you to an ignominious death ? for such it certainly would be to fall in the cause of France. These are portentous, and you may think idle bodings. But I urge them with the more zeal, because, while you resided on the continent, I feared to expose you by venturing an appeal, which, if discovered, (and the French post-offices have no regard for the sanctity of a private correspondence) might have not only defeated its own purpose, but betrayed you at once into the power of the police. Does not your late act indeed attest the probability of the results I depre-