

tearing away the veil that hides her imperfections, if such there are, by proclaiming them to the Public? I know, Sir, that it is the disingenuous but uniform custom of those out of office, to hold forth a picture of calamity which probably never existed, and to paint a long and melancholy scene of difficulties which, if true, it would be criminal to mention. But should the smallest foundation for such a display be no where to be found, it is then their method to have recourse to the tendency of measures they disapprove, to alarm the minds of the affrighted Populace with a pretended foresight of events that never can happen, and to point to the visionary forms of their own imagination.

There is not any thing, Sir, forgive me the expression, that can be more dishonest than such a proceeding: It is the poor artifice of a Quack, who, suggesting to the sick man's relations a pretended danger in his disease which he alone can cure, turns out the regular Physician: then sliding into his place, he makes the most of the time that is allowed him, and pilfers the helpless Patient without remorse.

In proceeding, Sir, in the displeasing task of examining your Letter, I shall think myself amply repaid for the trouble I may have, if I can communicate one ray of information to those dispassionate People for whom I write; if I can strip your arguments of those flowery wreaths that adorn them, and

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