

I believe there is not to be found in the widest range of history another instance of a party so enlightened, so intelligent, so respectable, and in private life so virtuous, yielding themselves up so blindly, so submissively, and with so complete an abandonment of the plainest dictates of reason and common sense, into the hands of leaders so undeserving of their confidence. In and after the days of Washington, you stood on a proud eminence—on high and commanding ground. You were the friends of order and good government. You were tremblingly alive to the honour of your country. You identified it with your own. But it is difficult to find a more remarkable change in the conduct of any body of men than has taken place with your leaders. The mind can hardly conceive a greater contrast than between a genuine Washingtonian federalist of 1790, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6, and the Bostonian, who, covered with the pretended mantle of Washington federalism, destroys the credit of his own government—and collects the metallic medium of the nation to foster the armies preparing to attack and lay it waste. Never were holy terms so prostituted. Washington from heaven looks down with indignation at such a vile perversion of the authority of his name.

Let me request your attention to a few facts—and to reflections and queries, resulting from them—

I. Your proceedings and your views are enlogized in Montreal, Quebec, Halifax, London and Liverpool. The Courier, and the Times, and the Morning Chronicle, and the Ledger, and the London Evening Post, and all the government papers are loud and uniform in your praise. ¶ *This is an awful fact*, and ought to make you pause in your career.

II ¶ *Your party rises as your country sinks. ¶ It sinks as your country rises* This is another awful fact. It cannot fail to rend the heart of every public spirited man among you. For the love of the God of peace—by the shade of Washington, by that country that contains all you hold dear. I adjure you to weigh well this sentence—