



REFLECTIONS

ON THE LATE

ELECTIONS

IN THE

COUNTY OF CAMBRIDGE.

Price One Shilling and Sixpence.

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R E F L E C T I O N S

ON THE LATE

ELECTIONS

J. Sikes. —

IN THE

COUNTY OF CAMBRIDGE;

WITH

INCIDENTAL REMARKS

ON THE

PRESENT STATE OF THE NATION.

BY A

FREEHOLDER OF THAT COUNTY.

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REFLECTIONS,

&c. &c.

MILTON, in the beginning of his immortal poem, asserts, that he has chosen the most sublime subject for it: I cannot boast the same pre-eminence with respect to the subject of this pamphlet. I have undertaken the cause of a county almost sinking from the view of mankind, almost lost in Cimmerian darkness, and void of human habitation and delight; a county become already contemptible in the eye of the Legislature. I rest the hope of exciting an interest in this Semiviro Comitatu, allowed only the moiety of a sheriff for its legal administration; and as if its powers of legislation were to be rendered co-ordinate, a mere shadow of a representative in Parliament is attempted to be obtruded upon it, as one of the Members for the county. Unhappy county! half of it, indeed, is covered with stagnant water desolating the land; there, the sickle of harvest is not heard, nor the milkmaid singeth blythe, nor the mower whets his scythe. It is fit only, in its present state, to be made a decoy for wild fowl, or rather a decoy for deluded freeholders. Yet is the place venerable;

the ground beneath these pools, these marshes, is some of the best bottom in the island. Epictetus was lame, deaf, blind, and subject to various infirmities and privations; yet was he dear to the gods, because he was irradiated by Heaven with the light of genius. The most lamentable part of his condition was what, I trust, shall never finally attach to the county of Cambridge—the circumstance of slavery.

This district, the most desolate of the county, was the last feat of Saxon liberty. It was here she deigned to linger ere she left the land. Amongst the ample woods, the leafy labyrinths of the Isle of Ely (for it is the desolating hand of despotism has created this world of water), Hereward, *ingentis spiritus vir, ultimus Romanorum*, defied the invader, and for such a period, and with such effect, that, had Edgar Atheling been endowed with the same faculties and disposition, the Norman robber had been driven back to those lands of previous plunder, wrested by his rapacious countrymen from the feeble hands of Charles the Simple, after having been repulsed in a similar attempt on England, by the wise and magnanimous Alfred. But I beg pardon for this old-fashioned tale; I shall take care how I get back to the heroic ages; they suit not the temper of modern times: for a solid reason I shall not have recourse to them. The vir-

tues of an individual in an ill-constituted government are even esteemed formidable to the state. Miltiades died in a prison; his son, the brave and generous Cimon, the just Aristides, were banished; almost all the great men of Athens were ostracised or exiled by the jealousy of their countrymen; but in this country we boast much of our countrymen, we boast of their virtues without jealousy; they are made subservient to the state; our great boast is the constitution of the country, the matchless constitution of the country, which to attempt to praise would be a work of supererogation. While this continues we shall have heroic defenders by sea, strenuous asserters by land, rising under the standard of its authority. The gigantic force of its vivifying principle made this little island the mistress or arbiter of the world, gave her dominions infinite, *undiminished*, until she endeavoured to withhold from a part the most extensive of her territory, and a considerable portion of her countrymen, the *charter* of their birthrights, the genuine assurance of their kindred connexion. In the attempt to ravish the *Tartar* lock from their heads, they assumed the strength of Sampson in resistance. Under the awful humiliation that succeeded this disgraceful essay of the mother country, she learnt to revere the constitution, and consolidate the remainder of her possessions. Possessions, indeed, we have still in abundance, and while we shall preserve

our constitution, we shall command the world ; we have more cause to call in temperance to our aid than ambition.

Does fear pervade our region at this moment of expected invasion? I will venture, at least within Great Britain, to assert, there is more to be apprehended, at present, from the contempt of danger than the dread of it. Why does this assurance exist? because it is known this country contends for the blessings of a *free constitution*, and those that are to invade us are the creatures of oppression, without a cause of their own, and impelled forwards by the scourge of a taskmaster. But in the representation of the country, the cement of our admirable constitution, from no part is greater energy derived, than that which springs from the representation of the county members*. Those who have proposed a reform, a dangerous experiment, have endeavoured to introduce a greater number of county members. Any alloy or deterioration in that part of the representation is proportionably to be dreaded. Juggling is

* The country is already reforming itself in its constitution. Midhurst, Helstone, *cum multis aliis*, have already emancipated themselves. Let a close borough be brought, by some party struggle, once before a committee of election, the darkness of subjugation is at an end, and the light of liberty let in upon it. All the rotten boroughs are mouldering away to their period, and will, if unmolested, consume themselves.

certainly amusing, and vice is a potent juggler.

I for a moment cheat the throng,
You every day, and all day long;

and the vice of ambition, the greatest of all jugglers, *præstigiator maximus*. But juggling is amusing while the juggler diverts us with the exercise of his art in things of small and trivial value, that excite no commotion in our minds on their appearance or disappearance. Should a juggler endeavour to convey away the title-deeds of the mansion he exhibits in, he would not be much relished for his slight of hand, let his performance be ever so exquisite. A juggle of the most impudent kind is endeavoured at the present moment to be introduced into this country, degraded already, as I have said, in the eye of the world by the contempt with which it has been treated in the material consideration of its legal administration, parcelled away as it has been to courtiers by draining grants, yet even there not without ultimate effects of utility. To drain the land is to bring the produce of the land forward for the benefit of the country and its inhabitants; but to drain the representation in the manner at this instant attempted, is to drain the constitution of its radical moisture, and to render it sterile and hopeless of produce in the most fertile part of its territory.

I accuse Sir H. Peyton of having formed a combination with the family of Yorke, to elude the representation of election in the county of Cambridge. Have I any particular indispotion to the family of the Yorkes? on the contrary, I am its wellwisher. That family has risen legitimately in the state by industry, and, I will add, by talents. Have I any personal *dislike* to the gentleman who is at this time the representative of the county? On the contrary, though certainly a supporter of ministries, I know his support has a limit, that is, the limit of honour*. He is the third of his family successively in the curule chair:—the son and grandson of a Chancellor of Great Britain may hold the seals as Secretary of State with great propriety. In my opinion, had he held the seals his father and grandfather obtained, he would have attained to a more permanent dignity, and a situation more adapted to his abilities; nor do I mean to flatter

* When Mr. Wallace, a member of the late administration, at that time just entered into the House, made a first speech that contained not merely the germ of arbitrary principle, but the full disclosure of that which would have entitled him to have become the prime minister of a king like James the Second, Mr. Charles Yorke revolted against such a declaration, though a supporter of the same party at the instant, announced himself as adhering to the tenets of the Revolution, and from a jealousy with respect to the constitution, did vote on a subsequent occasion with Opposition.

him when I declare, I think he had no cause to despair of attaining to that situation; I see nothing in his ~~own~~^{own} or the abilities of those he would have had to contend with, to occasion my refraining from this declaration; however, I am perfectly willing he should mount into the House of Lords without passing through the ordeal of the law. He has my passport to Dover—*avunculus excitet Hector*. I wish him harboured in the House of Lords, for which place he is at least as well calculated as that which he has abandoned. Have I any objection to Sir Harry Peyton as a freeholder? According to the tenour of his first appearance and declarations, he should have had my wishes for his sole success, considering him as he was considered by my friends, as the supporter of the independence of the county. It is in consequence of his shrinking from his original port and pretensions, that I shrink from the adherence to his character. How miserably has he thrown away fourteen thousand pounds for this moiety of a county! He has been as lavish of his money as his reputation. But he is young; he has only been negligent of his parliamentary character: *that* he may live to repair if he shall reflect;—the breach in his fortune may be more easily remedied: but neither of these objects will be effected by his appearing for the county, under the banners of

the Yorkes. I here think it necessary to declare myself no partisan of the Rutland family ; and though a freeholder of the county of Cambridge, more interested in the general effect of its representation on the country at large, than moved by any peculiar sensation for the county itself. The violation of the constitution is what I am alive to ; nor shall any regard to the feelings of Sir Harry Peyton or Mr. Yorke, prevent my animadverting on this part of their conduct. Public men should be amenable and amended to the tribunal of public judgment ; but I must confess, I think neither of these gentlemen such a leviathan in politics, as to have a right to absorb a whole pamphlet.

The state of public affairs is such, as to draw the attention of all within this island and its dependancies to the observation of its proceedings ; nor will the inquiry be unmingled with some degree of curiosity ; because amongst its Ministers few of their old acquaintances are to be found ; and it is not imagined by THEIR good will the gentlemen now in office are found in their present situations. I shall therefore venture to offer a few strictures on a pamphlet lately published, with cursory remarks, &c. ; which pamphlet is entitled to consideration more from its having apparently come from the OFFICINA of the Minister, than from any intrinsic merit.

The author of this pamphlet observes, amongst his other remarks, that whoever supposed the late peace was to endure for a moment, was not one of Mr. Addington's fools, but nature's fools. What privilege Mr. Addington had in his recent appointment of creating fools beyond any of his predecessors in office, is amongst the secret articles of the treaty : he has been more unfortunate indeed than former Ministers, if he has not found some already finished to his hand.

This distinction of folly reminds me of that of Sir Andrew Aguecheek, who observes, that himself does it more naturally, but the Clown with the better grace ; but it may be asked, what introduced Mr. Addington to the rank of Prime Minister but the peace ? Have his family honours their root then in folly ? is the world to assemble, and conclude the most solemn compact known to the universe ? and never was there a compact, in which the world was more interested to act a farce, or to aggrandize a family raised by this vehicle of wind, to the pinnacle of greatness.

This would justify the remark of the Chancellor Oxienstern : *Nescis, mi fili, quantilla sapientia regit mundum.* But folly usually shelters itself under authority. The Pisos, the Claudii of Rome might indulge themselves in some liberties ; but the men of Arpinum, the provincial aspirers unknown to the capital—Cicero and Marius did not in-

roduce themselves in the habits of slaves or fools to the Roman people. Is Memnon's statue to become vocal, in consequence of a little court sunshine, that it may breathe the accents of folly and impotence? yet is this statue described in another place, like the statue in Don Juan, descending from its pedestal, to chastise the monster of rape, perfidy, and oppression, by the overwhelming powers of its inevitable grasp.

Mr. Pitt is described as possessing *eloquentiæ satis, sapientiæ parum*; the Minister as exclaiming, "I am Sir Oracle, and when I open my mouth let no dog bark." Mr. Pitt may now say, indeed, "All the little dogs, Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, bark at me." But I will treat the Minister more liberally, and I believe more justly than his friend. An indiscreet friend is worse than an enemy, though I am far from being an enemy to Mr. Addington, as long as it shall appear he bears good will to his country. It is not by detraction from the characters of men, pretty well ascertained in their good and evil to the country, he can hope to raise any foundation of merit. His ministry must be a ministry not of words but of deeds. I will allow him what I believe he possesses, good meaning; that is, indeed, the staple support of his power. I will believe that his wish is, his administration should not be insignificant, not merely advantageous to his own family, but beneficial to the public.

It is ridiculous to claim any merit from the acceptance of the office of Prime Minister, to state that the public good was the sole object of his having submitted to the yoke. In Mr. Pitt's first appointment to the office of Prime Minister, he accused Mr. Fox of inordinate ambition, in the warmth of debate, such as Mr. Addington may expect to sustain from disappointed competitors, who have the presumption to imagine, notwithstanding the display of knowledge, experience, &c. so lavishly bestowed on him by his panegyrist; they are not much inferior to him in any respect, but that of court favour. When Mr. Fox was so accused, his reply was, "Shall I be accused of ambition by a man who has made himself Prime Minister of the country at four-and-twenty?" Mr. Addington, though mature in life, is still a non-adult in politics. Will Mr. Addington lay his hand on his heart and say, ambition was absent from his mind, when he accepted this office, weighty at all times, but more than usually ponderous at the moment of his acceptance? Let him not assert it; if he should do it, he will be disbelieved. But his panegyrist is as injudicious in his censure of his enemies as his praise of his friends. "Praise undeterr'd is satire in disguise;" his fear magnifies the importance of his enemies, and his confession gives them an importance they do not possess, but which they may be very willing should pass current in the world. He calls the Grenville family

the “Claudian family,” but no more like the Claudian family than I to Hercules*. The Claudian family entered Rome with the advantage of ascertained nobility of birth, the only birth, perhaps, ascertained in Rome, and five thousand followers at their backs.


They were introduced at once to a great situation on their entrance into Rome from the Sabines, and were considered essentially as the first family in the state; a situation they maintained with undiminished splendour, except in one instance, where, to rise to a superior height, the family for a moment degraded itself—a dangerous experiment, unsuccessful in that instance, as it has been in others. In that family, during their career as republicans, there were twenty-eight consuls, five dictators, six censors, and a decemvir. Six triumphs were obtained by them in military achievements. To them the Romans were indebted for their laws. They were great in peace and war. The Grenville family has been long seated in Buckinghamshire. What possessions have been involved in the property of that family during a considerable course of time, is best known to themselves. All pedigree is dumb that does not speak from the annals of the state; and few are the families, as


* The Claudian family began with the regal, and ended with the imperial line; but I shall consider them only as republicans. Not one of the Grenvilles, I imagine, would be flattered by being compared to Nero.


Gibbon observes, who can trust their history to the records of their country. In what manner do the Grenvilles burst upon the state of this country in momentous importance, as far as importance can be conveyed by property? Property has rushed in upon them as the office of Prime Minister upon Mr. Addington, like the Ganges in the fable, overwhelming their original powers. Possessed no doubt of their family seat, but with a small territory around it, they derive (I speak to the period of the present Marquis of Buckingham) their property principally from families with which they hold no community of blood*.

The advice of Appius Claudius, called the Blind, though certainly not from the unenlightened state

* The eldest sister of Lord Cobham was disinherited by her brother for marrying a clergyman, though a gentleman of very ancient family, in favour of the younger, who married a Grenville, the father of Earl Temple, George Grenville, &c. The hatred of the present Lord Temple to the church seems therefore to be hereditary. What community of blood have the Grenville family with the Doddingtons, the Craggs, the wife of the first Earl Temple, whose alien wealth is accumulated together to extend to an immoderate scope the narrow line of the Grenville property? The marriage, indeed, of the present Earl Temple brings a genuine property into the family with an accession of dignity. He seems to be a young man of industry, and by no means destitute of talents. Let him depend more upon his industry and talents than his property, at least not bring it into play in debate in Parliament: let him believe the allusion to it "will be more honoured in future in the breach than the observance."


 of his mind, saved Rome—The counsels of George Grenville were the cause of the loss of America. Claudius Nero destroyed the army of Asdrubal, and opened the way for the conquest of Hannibal—George Grenville by his narrow policy raised the spirit of a Washington, to the infinite deprivation of the territory of Great Britain, and diminution of her reputation. Like Joshua, he arrested the motion of the sun; for by the signing of the independence of America the sun of Great Britain was declared to set for ever.--The connexion of the Claudii with Rome was, as I have observed, of long duration in a career of unabated greatness. The decemvir, the tyrant of the people, was a remote ancestor (allowing for the wear and tear of restless ambition, incompatible indeed with the safety of the Roman state) from Clodius, the enemy of Cicero and Lucullus, the base sycophant of the people. No family can be more dissimilar from the Claudian than the Grenvilles. The Grenvilles have not yet run a second race. It will be long before any one of that family will think himself, from temper of mind and acknowledged situation, so confirmed that *he* can descend to the people as was done by Clodius; an example, indeed, more memorable than praiseworthy, but which does not seem likely to become the object of imitation to the Grenvilles: no failure of that kind has apperead as yet in them—" *et supra virtutem fortuna, et supra fortunam arrogantia.*"—In that





short period of their connexion with greatness, by the deprivation of America, they have done more injury to their native country than the Claudian fury dispersed through collected ages. Even now their faction is lighting a firebrand to consume the state, that they may come through its viscera into office. Is the language strong? Is it stronger than the occasion for it? Those, therefore, who have given cause for it may take the shame where it ought to rest. May penitence follow shame, and shame amendment! If there is a political hell, they have cause to tremble*. The author of the pamphlet is a vile dauber; he paints like the old painters, without light and shade, one heavy stroke for all his portraits. How ill has he blended the Pitts and the Grenvilles together! What resemblance is there between *the gentle shepherd* and the dictatorial soul of the Earl

* I speak of the public conduct of the individuals of this family. In private life, I shall not deny Lord Grenville is a gentleman and scholar; he has, too, tried abilities: but how are they at this instant tarnished by the factious abuse of them, and appetite of office! It would be injustice to Mr. Thomas Grenville not to acknowledge that no man has more improved on the public lately as a debater than he has done; and I believe, what is certainly no proof of arrogance, he has a larger portion of intellect than he is himself aware of, or has called into action. Want of animation in delivery is his fault as a speaker; let him exuscitate himself by action—*Magna eloquentia sicut flamma materia alitur, et motibus excitatur, et urendo clarescit.* But let him above all things endeavour to enlarge his conceptions, so as to embrace the public welfare.

of Chatham ? That mighty spirit sprung from the situation of a younger brother, and a cornet of horse, to the sway of his country. Sir Robert Walpole's wresting "the servile standard from his free-born hand," was the greatest stain on the memory of that minister, and the most fatal blow to his immediate authority: it furnished one more instance to prove how dangerous it is for the suggestions of the mean passions of men in power to attempt oppression against a lofty spirit. It is raising a Luther to destroy the reigning religion. Lord Chatham rose on the popular cause, and disdained not to lower his faces to the majesty of the people—their love and his authority followed him to the grave, and continue to dignify his memory.

How did William Pitt the younger rise but through the medium of a free people, professing a reform, dangerous in practical experiment, though grateful to the hope ? That was the ladder of his ambition, though, as Mr. Duncombe observed, he thought the Right Honourable Member *had kicked down the ladder* ; but lowliness is young ambition's ladder. Every thing that now proceeds from Mr. Addington originates from the people—*vox populi, vox Dei*.—So was it with Mr. Pitt at his entrance into office. There were then no Jenkinsons, &c. ; and well for him would it have been, had there been none subsequently, and had he depended

on his own strength and the support of his countrymen. *They* thrust him out of office: "there was the hand unseen" that subverted his power. But this writer concludes with producing Mr. Addington as the King's servant. So was Mr. Pitt; he preserved his sovereign from the effects of a calamity inflicted on him by the Sovereign of the world, at a time when there was little hope of his being reinstated in his original situation; when the medical *firman* was issued, declaring that the King's disease became the more incurable as the signs of convalescence appeared. Thanks to the interference of Mr. Loveden and the country gentlemen in the last resort;—the sovereign of the country obtained the justice due to the meanest peasant, and emancipation, just as the gates of the prison-house were closing on him, probably for ever! This was the work of Mr. Pitt and Lord Thurlow—" *Define Tydiden monstrare.*" They are now both equally involved in the shade of sequestration; a state they might not so easily have experienced, had they not been separated from each other in the course of their political career. But ambition, like the Turk, bears no brother near the throne. Their efforts, however, when united, cleared "with cuphrasy and rue, the visual nerve" in the illusrious object of their care;—for he had *much* to see. He has lived to see the victories of Lord Howe, St. Vincent, Aboukir, and the preservation of Egypt by Sir

Sidney Smith. His convalescence has been the convalescence of the empire. Had he been then confined in his palace like one of the *Rois Fainéans* in France, he would have closed his actual reign in calamity common to the kingdom as well as himself. He has lived to witness a more favourable course of fortune; may his career conclude with glory un-eclipsed! The meridian of his life was obscured by the loss of America. His evening, I mean the period subsequent to his convalescence, has been marked with all the genuine radiance of the setting sun.

Mr. Addington is to learn he is but *servus servorum*; the Jenkinsons may at any time send him to join his late friend in the Elysian fields, described by his panegyrist. What is to protect him from his fate? His single strength. "Man but a rush against his breast, his occupation's gone." Can his friend Mr. Tierney, whose talents are the only talents of the Administration (and therefore is he not ill introduced into the cabinet, and placed in an office, for the discharge of which he may be considered as competent), save him from a reverse of fortune? It may be said of him what was said of Sir John Miller, at the time he was calculating the weights and measures—"That gentleman has not weight enough to carry that measure;" but ability and industry are ever respectable. From these considerations is Mr. Tierney respectable.—His nuptial present, *don des noces*, I like not. If

it is the gift of another, it comes with an ill omen on his introduction into the management of affairs, I mean the tax on the funds. Is there any thing ingenious in the suggestion? There is not; on the contrary, there is great ignorance and presumption. The funds of Great Britain have been the funds of the world; they will cease to be so, I fear, from the period of the present tax—Is he to give up the master-spring of his political instrument to gain a right to exercise himself upon it? Dire alternative!

“Efurit intactam Paridi ni vendat Agaven.”

But I am willing to believe Mr. Tierney is not the author of this measure, though he certainly partakes in the guilt of concurring in it. Mr. Tierney must know his estimation with the public will depend upon the due exercise of his talents; let him proceed accordingly. He has got hold of a place he does not, I believe, intend to part with, nor is it my wish he should; but let him remember he rests on his abilities and conduct alone; he has not a single political friend himself, and he is at this time the single auxiliary Mr. Addington can boast.

So much for Mr. Tierney, seated in office; he will there be shaken by the passions incident to those who aspire to permanency, in an elevation

rocked by the winds, and subject to the gust of every occasion. Let him borrow the temper of one of his latest predecessors in the state he now holds; the wary and accommodating Lord Melville. With that cloak of concealment Mr. Dundas may now pass through the multitude as Æneas passed through Carthage, "*Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine agetur.*" But Mr. Tierney is made of sterner stuff; he dares to *like* and *hate*. Oh monstrous solecism in politics, for "politicians neither love nor hate!" But I cannot take my leave of Mr. Tierney, without doing justice to a part of his conduct, which will endear his memory to this country, as long as its constitution shall endure: if the country shall be forgetful and unmindful of his conduct on that occasion, it will be negligent and regardless of its dearest interests. Mr. Tierney walked alone the rough ascent to power; he had no helping hand to raise him; he comes now, not as a tributary, but as an auxiliary, communicating more strength than he receives.

In his political progress, he had the merit and good fortune of communicating strength to the constitution of his country—(may he never live to impair it!) Mr. Tierney has done more in the way of reform of Parliament, than any man that ever yet made his way to the House of Commons; and few have made their way as he has done,

pleading, and pleading successfully, his cause in the committee of election, “mocking old father Antic the Law,” and resting for support on the vigour of his independent faculties. He had the peculiar privilege of communicating virtue to the other House. One who is now an English Earl, well prepared his passage to the upper region, by an honourable and consistent motion in the lower assembly; a circumstance which has given him a place among the *noblest* class, the benefactors of mankind. It is not in mortals to command success, but Lord Belgrave deserved it, by his memorable *motion* respecting the freedom of elections: had those he is now associated with been swayed by a sympathy of soul, Corruption had been at this time nearer her last gasp, than the speculations of politicians had ever entertained the idea of its being reduced to. It was the failure of these gods of Epicurus, *Magnaque numinibus vota exaudita molignis*, that brought back this Cerberus to hell, after he had been dragged to light by these friends to freedom and manly prerogative.

The appointment of Mr. Yorke to the office of Secretary of State is not well ushered in by his brother's deficiency as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. But I may be answered by the writer of this singular pamphlet, Merit in this Administration is personal; so am I answered, and so will I receive the answer. Even the misfortune

of brotherhood to such a basilisk as Mr. Pitt, has not excluded Lord Chatham from a share in the cabinet. Junius observes of Mr. Horne, that he begins to hate him as cordially as if he had been his friend;—but Mr. Addington does not speak of Mr. Pitt as many did of Sejanus on his fall: *Nunquam amavi hunc hominem*;—he does not say this: on the contrary, he says, This man was my patron, he introduced me into the world, and first taught mankind to know me; or rather before I was known, but just entered into Parliament, he placed me in the most honourable and one of the most lucrative situations in the kingdom. I beg pardon for speaking in the person of Mr. Addington himself. The writer I conceive to have entirely adopted the sentiments of the Minister. The merit of the pamphlet consists in its having developed the secrets of the interior of the Parliament, and the arrangements of the Administration. I shall, therefore, take the liberty of considering the sentiments of the author as the sentiments of the Minister: should I err, the public will think of me accordingly. The author of them I conceive to be near the person of Mr. Addington; if, indeed, it should happen to be the brother of Mr. Addington, that would be proving nothing. *He* could know nothing of the secrets of his brother. Every thing in this Administration is personal, and the world is not a step farther than if it had been written by one of the family of the Roses,

and had less connexion with the person of Mr. Addington than that of Amadis de Gaul *.

To come therefore to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland himself, the Earl of Hardwicke: how relaxed must be the arm of the administration of Government, when the first drop of blood that issues from the revolt is to crimson the ermine of the Chief Justice in Ireland! Is this the country, in whose bosom the deliberate Lord Redefdale is to pour the depot of long-collected treasures, and which he makes his immediate hymeneal bower?—This is the singing of the mermaid before the storm; like the country mouse, in his visit to his friend in the city,

———“*Domus alta molossis*
Personuit canibus.”

The English Lord Chancellor in Ireland hears the cry of bloodhounds around him, and sighs for his uninterrupted walks to his chambers in Lincoln's Inn, with the humble expectancy of the awaiting fee. He has attained the object of his ambition; he has gone to Ireland as a place of retirement—*otium cum dignitate*. But this man, who possesses not one vigorous essential to suppress a storm, though by his inconsiderate motions respecting the Catholics he has not been unaccessary

* This is in *operis subsecivis* of the younger Rose; he is a young man of talents, and an author of no contemptible promise.

Sford,
 in raising one, is lost in the vast wreck and desolation around him. He appears like the man borne down on a haycock in the overflowing of the river, who being asked whence he comes, exclaims, "From Wan[redacted] in England*." Yet this is the man who could not brook the idea of becoming Speaker to the House of Commons. That office, I am sorry to say, has lost much of its original dignity, and I hope not to see it again in the hands of a lawyer, too frequently ignorant of its duties, and inadequate to the dignified discharge of them, but apt to proclaim his contempt of his situation, and not ashamed to treat it, and those who have conferred it on him, with marked neglect. I speak not of the present Speaker; I am convinced he views the office in another light, and will use his best endeavours to raise himself to an adequate poise with that situation of weight and importance, which cannot be achieved but by a diligent and faithful discharge of its duties; if he does so, he will have little cause to envy the gawdy feast of Lord Redesdale, at the Castle at Dublin, where he sits, like Damocles, with the sword over his head. At the time of the storm all is in confusion in Ireland; the Lord Lieutenant, the Commander in Chief in Ireland, and the corresponding Secretary of State in England, are all in opposition to each other, each anxious, no doubt, to remove the blame from himself.

* Ecce signum!

The case is serious in Ireland. At this moment Lord Edward Fitzgerald is considered as a martyr to the cause; well had it been, indeed, if due care had been taken to bring back that noble, but misguided youth, to his duty, to prevent his embarking in an enterprise where success was impossible; on the contrary, the spies of Government hung like grinning fiends over his destruction, and sought to build their fortunes on his ruins—*exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor*, he might have well said at his departure, for this is a war of revenge. The Minister must be well aware of the danger arising from the extremity; let him dispatch immediately another Chief Governor;—he must be a military man, a man of experience, prepared to meet what he must know he must *necessarily* encounter.

The invasion of England from the French may be to be desired rather than dreaded. In Ireland the invasion of the French would be formidable, not for the conquest of that island—that is impossible, while we retain what I trust we shall ever retain, the dominion of the sea;—but to prevent the outrages of the French against Ireland, of Ireland against itself (and God knows nothing more is required towards the desolation of that country), and expectation and mortification in the mother-country. Relaxation of discipline like Lord Hardwicke's would create a thousand Despard's,

and give consistency to his frantic schemes; and it is to be remembered, that Despard was an Irishman, and might not be unconnected with the ramification of this plot.

But, however, I wish to throw a shade over the death of that unfortunate man; his crimes, indeed, were great; but woe to those who treat an officer of merit (and his merit as an officer, while in the service of his country, was more than ordinary) with contempt and cruelty. From the Duke of Bourbon to Despard, from successful enterprise and captured sovereignty to conspiracy defeated, in the most wretched cabarets, the assemblies of inebriation and impotence, danger exists: if they succeed not in the first instance, they seem to stimulate others to future enterprise. Even Despard, perhaps, has left in the dregs of revolt, that which, though not more extended than a man's hand at its first appearance, may rise like a cloud to overspread the land, and burst with fatal effects on the country that gave him birth; if means be not found to *draw* off the electrical matter contained in it, before it reaches the earth.

Of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, it may be said, as of the Duke of Guise, "*Mon Dieu, comme il est grand étant mort!*" Was the scene of his apprehension well contrived? Should he not have been

reserved for public arraignment, with all the formalities of justice duly prepared?—But the same relaxation of discipline then pervaded the Government, as in the present instance. An hour more of life would have made Lord Edward Fitzgerald master of the Castle. Never let Government so forget its dignity and deliberation, as to be obliged to act the assassin. Can the hand that was dyed in the blood of Lord Edward Fitzgerald be washed white by all the waters of the Boyne? “Rather will that the multitudinous *ica incarnadine!*”

We are not likely to derive much benefit from the advice of Mr. Windham, who chooses the philosophic moment of deliberation, amidst surrounding massacres and depredations.

Mr. Windham is undoubtedly a gentleman of fine talents, and I will not deny there is that in him, which should constitute a politician; but in the long indulgence he has allowed himself, it may be applied to him, what Mr. Burke applied to some other individuals, “he brings into politics nothing but the passions they excite; he is unintelligible in debate, and impracticable in action, ill versed in the knowledge of mankind, either with respect to his countrymen or foreigners; he is a *rara avis*, and who should build his nest alone.” He has, indeed, got amongst those birds,

who build their nests in retirement and in lofty situations, and assemble not together, but for the purposes of depredation, amongst the kites and crows of the day. Why has he lent himself to the Grenvilles? His dignity is impaired by such a connexion; and with all his faults, they are faults of the head, and not of the heart. It is impossible not to feel a degree of good will to him: he has the merit of being disinterested, if a man can be allowed to be so, who is as much guided by whim, as others are goaded by interest.

On one occasion, Mr. Fox observed, he did not perceive what Mr. Pitt could gain by his attempt on a particular object; but, like Swift's Mad Molineux, he could gain his will: but the will of Mr. Windham is a weathercock, loose on the point of every wavering hour; yet Mr. Windham, though not a politician himself, is the cause of a due degree of political sensation in others; he has given a confirmation of character to Mr. Sheridan: I must confess, with all the faults imputed to him, I rejoice in that circumstance.

Mr. Sheridan stands, to the shame of Britain be it spoken, the only genuine politician of the day: I wish him well in every respect, and wish him, if I thought it were practicable for him, to obtain it,—a little more gravity, I mean not in his

general conduct, but in his general debate in Parliament; but that, alas! is hopeless. "Do you not see," said Yorick, "how my head has been so mauled by miscreants, that if a hundred mitres were to fall from above, not one of them would fit my head?" But I assert, Mr. Sheridan is respectable, not *merely* from talents, but from good intentions; to deny him that merit, would be to withhold from him the only reward he seems ever likely to obtain.

I have seen him charged with art, in a late publication, by an advocate of Mr. Windham: I wish Mr. Windham would learn to use the same degree of art, and acquire the same degree of management of himself and others in his political career. Some degree of art may perhaps be allowed to a politician, to set the passions on the side of truth.

Mr. Sheridan as a politician is pure; he has the merit of consistency: where will you find it elsewhere? Will you find it, as you should find it, in the great leaders, Mr. Pitt or Mr. Fox? As to Mr. Fox, I shall say, *Virgilium tantum vidi*; but I have seen a print in the shops, the shadow of a patriot, which bears a strong resemblance to the person of one who was formerly an eminent actor in public. It will not be long to be seen, for the form is apparently fading

away from the eye of the public ; yet is he one of the few who received the rare gift from Heaven—*quos Jupiter æquus amavit*—I wish I could add the rest. But hope has not yet deserted me. Though deprived of his eloquence, and the knowledge with which it was impregnated in debate, from which I with others occasionally benefited (and no person ever returned from any one of his political lectures, without deriving from some part of it, instruction and matter worthy of record), I do not yet despair ; hope dawns upon me when I look forward to the history expected from him : to that I look for the renewal of his talents. A book from a practical politician, or one who ought to be so like Mr. Fox, will be invaluable. What delight to see *Dalrymple* * confounded and traced to detection, by so keen an investigator ! Men like himself are bound to protect the memories of preceding politicians from false aspersions ; they have an interest in futurity : so shall their fame be guarded by those that shall succeed them, and calumniators be deterred from defamation, when the magnanimity of the living shall vindicate the virtue of the deceased.

Who shall dare to attack the memory of Algernon Sydney, when defended by its own honour, and the vindication of Charles Fox ? It will

* The veracity of Dalrymple has been already impeached by his countryman Laing.

be *Cicero* clearing the tomb of *Archimedes* from the weeds and vermin that surround it. To wish success to the sale of such a book, with such a cause, and such an author to bring its energies into action, would be superfluous in itself, and in myself presumptuous; the efforts of the author, and *his name affixed* to it, will command it.

Though last not least—the once powerful Minister, Mr. Pitt, must be adverted to. He has descended at last into the Arena; he has come into the senate like Cato, merely that he may go out of it again; but he does not, like Cato, any longer give his little senate laws. All I can advise him to is, let him write like Mr. Fox, let him do any thing rather than be a babbler; it does not become a man who has been so long at the head of the councils of the kingdom, to be a mere prater in Committees; it is not decorous, it is not honourable, perhaps not even honest: can a man speak with warmth in debate, and not remember sometimes, he is a *man as well as a Minister*?

Let him not further abase his dignity, already foiled by his contemptible motion; let him go a step farther, and try to add to what he is, from what he has been, by signifying, like the friends of Hamlet, “I could if I would, or if——” And he blends the present, past, and future, in irrevocable insignificance: already do his late

friends, but recent enemies (for this pamphlet of Mr. Addington, I do not mean the Minister or his friends, is a declaration of war against him)—already do they begin to mock him. We are told, every thing relating to him is adapted to office, insinuating the abuse of office, the intolerance of office, his gestures are fit for office. Is then Mr. Addington, I mean the Minister, Marcus Cicero, not Quintus, to acquire those gestures? they will be more honoured by him in the breach, than the observance: in the mean while, let Mr. Pitt endeavour to forget them in retirement.

We are told his talents are not so much to be dreaded in opposition: I think so too; but yet it is himself that has taught the Ministry to think so. He would have been esteemed *dignus imperio nisi imperasset*: if he had not burst out into a petulant opposition, his authority opposing would have been formidable to his adversaries, and not a *brutum fulmen*. Let him be warned by the example of Lord Grenville, to avoid faction; let him not give the nation any sensible disgust, and he will yet be the Minister of some future day. He may be yet *facile princeps*; he has made the fortune of many, he has neglected his own: both circumstances calculated for his return into office; and power, not property, will ever be his object. Excepting Mr. Fox, to whom even his absence cannot open a place in administration, with respect to talents, as

a close and regular debater, he has no competitor : with respect to experience, Mr. Fox, though considerably his senior, cannot be compared with him.

No man will easily, of the present age, be for so long a period Prime Minister. The wheel has gone full circle in his time, in law, divinity, and all the routine of the state ; but his friends are such misers, they cannot give up the interest of a day. He has already done enough for his friends ; if they are in such haste, let them proceed on their journey by themselves ; no better furnished than they are, they will be soon found in the SLOUGH OF DESPOND. Let them not embarrass the due course of his progress. *Festina lente* : the longest way round is the shortest way home. He must piece his patience with proverbs, but must for a time be content to be the cat in the adage : besides, he is now become a soldier : like Lord Digby, he bears the impress of the ostrich * : *Ferro vivendum est tibi quid præstantia plumæ*. He has had his golden age, he must learn to digest that of iron.

Here is the one portrait : “ This was your husband : now comes the other ; he is your husband.” He will be like the HULLA in the Arabian Nights Tales, that will not give up his place immediately

* See Lord Clarendon’s character of Lord Digby.

after occupation; a little chastisement will not drive him from the nuptial bed: he is aware the COMMANDER OF THE FAITHFUL will appear in due time, to support his authority. Mr. Pitt must acquiesce, *libero lecto*: after a cohabitation of sixteen years, he has been obliged to submit to a divorce; he has, indeed, since that time, made an ineffectual effort to recover the object of his affections; but with such visible marks of impotence in his manner, that the bright cause of the contest has already declared him sunk down to his grand climacteric*, and has confirmed the reign of his successful rival.

The successor of Mr. Pitt, and his duration, or rather the opinion entertained of him while he endures, which I am willing to believe the present Minister is at least equally solicitous respecting, will depend upon a due discharge of his office: he must be aware good intention alone cannot exculpate him where he is placed; but some ABILITY is requisite in him who gets the "start of the majestic world," and makes himself lord of the ascendant, for such I consider the Minister of Britain.

The abortive peace, after considerable sacrifices, however lightly his panegyrist may treat

* Vote on his motion of sixty odd.

the great consideration of that subject, has irritated numbers of his countrymen against him, impelled as much perhaps by passion as by prudence: his having resisted the surrender of Malta has preserved for him a hostage for his country's and his own security. His panegyrist boasts, prematurely and improperly, of the manner of his raising the force of the country against the expected invasion. He has perplexed the levies by checking the rise of the volunteers, many of whom, inspired by the martial spirit, or rather the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war, would have concluded their career in the regular body of the army. His attack on the funds is a serious cause of objection against him. There he has been undoubtedly misled in point of finance; but his intentions I believe to be generally good. His reply to Mr. Fox respecting the naval flag of Great Britain was spirited and correspondent to the dignity of the Minister of this great naval country. His rejection of the interference of Russia was equally judicious. He seems to have the spirit of an Englishman, but what he wants is STRENGTH; but that he will acquire neither by detracting from others, nor panegyriizing himself, nor allowing, which is the same thing, his immediate adherents to do so for him. His great fault seems to be, his indisposition to his being made a tool, and his possessing a desire to set up for himself, when he

considers himself as not well treated by those who professed to support him : but let him beware of those he still continues in league with, as well as those against whom he has suffered to go forth the language of resentment and defiance. Let HIM BEWARE THE BALANCE OF POWER IS NOT AGAINST HIM.

Lord Hawkebury in himself is not personally objectionable; he is grave and sensible, as far as a politician limited by such circumstances as he is restrained by can be; but he is the son of the great state spy, the Cabinet Warwick, proud setter-up and puller-down of ministers, a fine, old, inflexible piece of state furniture, a fixture in the interior of every administration, a man to find the clue of the labyrinth of Minos, and to keep it when he has found it. Mr. Windham may imagine himself likely to prevail against this monster; but the clue will not be wrested from him by that enthusiast in politics, or any other modern professor of that science. What is the Minister to do in this situation of danger and difficulty? I shall offer my advice to Mr. Ad-dington in the words of Shakespeare:

Be just and fear not;

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's. Then if thou fall'st, thou fall'st
A blessed martyr.

In the various considerations that have crowded in upon me, and the various characters I have been obliged to investigate, I have forgot the dark site of Cambridgeshire and its forlorn isle, where no Hereward now exists to illumine its recesses: freedom seems to have been driven from it by those who should have been its defenders. I did, indeed, apprehend Mr. C. Yorke would have been by this time enrolled amongst the Barons bold, and have given the French, if they had landed, no bad sample of our nobility, and Sir Henry Peyton would have put on his spurs to become the champion of Cambridgeshire, if not of the kingdom; at present he is only the Phaëton hurled from his car, and the reins are in the hands of the ordinary ruler of the steeds.

Mr. Yorke's creation has not yet taken place, but the force of the compromise has already had its effect. By the retreat of Sir Henry Peyton, Mr. Yorke gained his election, consequently his Secretaryship of State and peerage *ad libitum*. Sir Henry Peyton has gained nothing, but lost fourteen thousand pounds, and the good-will of the county, INFINITELY MORE VALUABLE: "Thy love was worth a million, Hal." The county, its rank in the muster-roll of Britain, even RUTLAND supercedes it in efficient force, thanks to the prowess and perseverance of the recreant knight who deserted the lists when the marshal had founded the

charge, and the eye of the county was fixed on the issue of the engagement. What a wearisome *travail* has he had betwixt YORKE and RUTLAND since that period, to avoid the encounter! yet was he young, strong, and equally well supported as the adversary he was to cope with: he says he had lost fourteen thousand of his followers, but those that remained were staunch, and, what was more material, would have maintained themselves at their own cost. He has had many fatigues to endure since that time, so that he may probably have become a shadow, like the county he left to mourn his desertion; he left the county a widow, but the brother of Rutland has dried her tears, like those of the widowed Anne in Shakespeare. Whether Sir Henry Peyton has been occupied in the same employment I know not, for there is more than one handsome widow in the history of this election; but let him make his efforts any where, but in the field of election. Few are the men qualified for politics, but their errors are commonly exhibited after the curtain is drawn up, and the play has begun. Sir H. Peyton has stood squabbling about the admission-money, and after having paid enough to purchase the whole house, has seen his adversary steal in at half price. Will he, after making himself ridiculous by ACTING THIS FARCE, seriously offer himself again before the county as a candidate? No cheering sounds will attend him to the hustings,

but a dead march will accompany him on the occasion: his name may appear again in the Crown Office, (and from the Crown Office he must henceforward derive his honours;) for no individual will venture to stand the expense of a future election: distrust has taken place between the electors and the eligible; distrust of which he has sown the seeds, but another has reaped the harvest.

He has had, however, his hour of free will and free election, and that in the morn and day-spring of his youth. His heart must have been warmed by the delicious moment, and his soul should have expanded on the occasion. On the contrary, there was the freezing point; the moment of his rise and his fall was coincident; the genius of the Yorkes stood predominant on the occasion, and mocked his descent from the hustings, which they have converted into the ladder of their ambition. Sir Henry Peyton may again be returned as member for the county, but never again as the representative of its free choice. In the prime of life, in the early promise of manhood, his countrymen consider themselves as abandoned by him, and given up to the aristocracy on the one side or the other, as the Manners or the Yorkes may be predominant. Why should he have given way to the Yorkes, or indeed to the Rutland faction, or any other family

that may be making its way by the gradation of power? Is no such character to exist in Britain as an independent gentleman of ancient family? and who was more likely to have filled the scope of that sphere than himself? Oh! what a falling off was there! but he may depend upon it the county will fall off from him whenever they can find another dupe with fourteen thousand pounds; “another and another yet succeeds, and the last fool is welcome as the first.” Here is the evil. Would you inquire why Cambridgeshire is so void of gentlemen’s seats, and destitute of population, that it can only afford the moiety of a sheriff and a representative in Parliament? The reason is evident; one county election paralyzes a family, and drives it from its residence for a long and melancholy period of time.

Sir Henry Peyton has indeed in due time stopt his career of expenditure, and gone off the stage with a flourish of independence—“moral to the last.” But that gentleman will assert he is more sinned against than sinning; he may supplicate for pity, but it must not be that pity which is akin to love, but which approximates to contempt. Is it his own cause he has singly betrayed? Is it himself alone he has rendered insignificant? He has rendered fruitless the combination of the freeholders of a county for the noblest purpose, the vindication of their freedom; they had chosen

for their assertor one whom they had esteemed, from strength, youth, family, and fortune, competent to the occasion; he betrayed them in the moment of victory, "spite of his victor-sword and fire-new fortune." The profusion of expense that accompanied his election was unnecessary. The county invited him, and the freeholders were bound to find their way to the hustings without mortgaging their member. He should have been the person who should have given the first example of checking a most unsalutary custom attending the Cambridge elections. The vigour of his conduct would have vivified the county for ages, and immortalized his own reputation; he should have stood upon the ground of character and independence; he would then have stood upon high ground indeed, above the overflow of floods, and superior to demolition. What has he done now? He has undone the vigour of his youth, and broke the heart of *his* county, of which he might have been the idol. Will he find any compensation for such a dereliction? Will this be effected by obtaining a peerage under that Administration, of which the Yorkes form a part, a part of which is of his erecting; a peerage he might have obtained, if it was fit he should have obtained it, with the good-will of his electors *honourably* and in *due season*; or he should have abstained from it for ever! But peace be to his manes! I shall re-

vert to the constitution and the country. Our constitution is a glorious constitution indeed: the constitution of no other country is without a taint; in America there is villanage; slavery existed even on the lands of a Washington, where Freedom seemed to have erected her citadel. Would you make the electors of Cambridgeshire the *villains* of Britain, and the mere tools of election? He must be a *villain* indeed who would attempt to do so, and deserves to be enslaved himself by Buonaparte, or any other despot. Such conduct would give more strength to the friends of faction than firebrands thrown into our dock-yards; or, what is most to be dreaded, mutinies amongst our sailors, if there is existing a man who calls himself an Englishman, who would endeavour to excite them. By Mr. Addington no such juggle must be countenanced; the freedom of election, under his administration, has had more than usual support. From such a foundation a superstructure may well be expected respectable and firmly constituted; but should there be any rotten timber in the building, the first foul weather will taint the tenement, and the tenant maintain but a precarious and insecure habitation during the period of his possession.

The laxity of Administration has appeared in the Nottingham election; the lord of misrule

has there obtained his full career; the Minister, after having allowed the “anarch old” to remain unchecked, himself continuing supine till the period of extremity, awakes at the ultimatum. What is done? “*Trepidabat potius quam consultabat.*” A precedent is established which shakes the foundation of the constitution; it is like the advice of Moliere’s physician, “That arm takes too much nourishment from your body; cut it off;” but, “*ex pede Herculem,*” you may know him by his cloven foot. Mr. Hawkins Browne * is at the head of the Committee, that eloquent *job-promoter*. If Mr. Tierney has had the singular felicity in his political progress of purifying the constitution, and promoting, at the same time, the advancement of his private affairs, Mr. Hawkins Browne stands in the opposite predicament; HE has deteriorated the constitution, and not in the least advanced, with respect to his own affairs, under each successive administration. In the catalogue of every Minister he is an adherent piece of lumber, unregarded till a new survey is taken by his successor, and then he is returned into the brokerage of the House, rejected and unpurchased.—“*O te, Bollane, cerebri felicem!*”

* This gentleman is respectable when he is not in the House of Commons: the highest eulogium I can bestow on him is to say, his private character is directly the reverse of his public.

Pitiless Ministers! will you not relieve the members from this remorseless rhetorician, that the House may be no longer oppressed by his common-place orations? Is he NEVER to be made a Lord of the Admiralty, or a Baronet? But the most charitable office would be to create him a Peer: then the House would get rid of him at once; but, alas! he is not of a quality subtle enough to pass through the portal of the other House!—Something too much of this.

I cannot quit my political discussion without adverting to an individual, who has made more noise in the world than Mr. Hawkins Browne in the House of Commons; his progress too has been something more rapid—I mean *Buonaparte*.

Of *Buonaparte* I have said nothing, because others have said so much. I am hostile to the enemies of my country, to him consequently most hostile; but his fury has disarmed his power. I prophesy his term in futurity will be short; he is a comet burnt out: long may it be before such a phenomenon shall appear again in the political hemisphere! But to whom do we owe the harmony of the sphere of Britain? what has preserved us from the pestilential effect of this portentous apparition? In the first place undoubtedly Providence, who gives to a great soul the means of working mighty effects by engines dis-

proportioned to the occasion. Sir Sidney Smith rose in the East the day-star of our safety, but we have not worshipped this star in the East.

We have brought no rich offerings before it; yet has the country, which has derived its safety from its influence, acknowledged its power and protection. Sir Sidney Smith has received a tardy acknowledgment of his worth from his country; tardy, and not coincident with the occasion: but many persons of transcendent merit have never, during their existence, obtained any testimony of a sense of their exertions from those who have benefited by their effect: to him the acknowledgment comes in the vigour of life, an acknowledgment not indeed adequate to his merit; but then it is a proud pre-eminence to have his country indebted to him: it will in the end ascertain the debt, as far as such a debt can be ascertained, and endeavour to discharge it with interest. In the mean while, let Sir Sidney Smith acknowledge the favour of the Almighty, who has selected him as the instrument of the deliverance of his country; a potent privilege, and bestowed only on the favoured by Heaven: with a stone and a sling has he confounded the champion of the Philistines, and has wrested his own sword from him to enforce the effect of victory: he has become the hero and saviour of Palestine.

The infidel fled before him, and we retain our religion, laws, and liberty, in consequence of his interposition. What has he to do after such a stupendous accomplishment? To revere *in silence* the Power that raised him from the confines of a prison, to cope, and cope successfully, with the most cogent athlete in the universe, to scatter his forces, and annihilate the projects of his ambition. *In silence* let him revere the wonderful workings of Providence in his favour, and through him of his country, nor *mar by complaint* the great devolution of consideration that will attach to his character. To him much is due: but *his* merit has not been unrewarded, who cut off the right arm of Buonaparte, and destroyed his confederate in the moment of intended co-operation—I mean the then Earl of Mornington, now deservedly by his country created Marquis of Wellesley*. The occasion demanded a man, and a man was found worthy the occasion. By his prompt and judicious conduct was the Eastern ally of the rising power of the French laid prostrate, at the moment he was big with the project of the destruction of the consideration of Britain. General Harris, and those who acted under his command, the immediate conquerors of Tip-

* The Earl of Mornington began his career of life with the most noble promise, discharging the debts of his father, un-compelled, to a very considerable amount: “*Insigni pietate cœnoscus.*”

poo Saib, should not be forgot in the triumphal song of their country, nor left unenriched or unadorned with the spoils and trophies of victory.

The victory of Aboukir was an era in victory itself; in vain the Nile, with crocodile tears, expanded her deceitful bosom, and as with a full investiture of security, seemed to invite

Cœruleum in gremium latebrofaque flumina victos.

The Admiral of Great Britain came on with his intrepid seamen; in vain the sons of Gaul attempted to repose on the imagined security of their anchors, floating fearlessly as removed from the reach of danger within the protection of the harbour. The anchor of Great Britain is the constitutional courage of her seamen; on this day it had an eminent trial: the dauntless spirit of the French had raised every obstacle to supersede the necessity of an engagement; but the genius of Great Britain under Nelson broke through all; her lion bore down on the *Amibis* of France; and the flag of Great Britain, the predominant flag of this country—(*so may it ever prove the unerring ensign of victory!*) soon waved high o'er the wreck of the hostile fleet—Nelson and Aboukir,

“*Ventis et Diis Agrippa fecundis*

*Arduus, agmen agens, cui, belli insigne superbum,
Tempora navali fulgent rostrata corona.”*

Other pamphlets have seemed to direct themselves to the founding of the depths or shallows of the reigning or the ex-Ministers: I rest my anchor on the constitution. May the duration of ministers be in proportion to their integrity and good-conduct; but with respect to the constitution, the admirable constitution, the author of this pamphlet shall conclude in the words of Father Paul, adopted by Atterbury, "*Esto perpetua,*" May it be immortal!

"Et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos."

A FREEHOLDER OF CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

THE END.

ERRATA.

Page 7, line 3, for "himself" read "his own."

— 12, — 2, for "that" read "than."

