

His imagination could never have taken such flights but for some grand object. I believe he has two objects ; and time will pronounce upon my conjecture. I guess first that he has some very fine scheme indeed, for raising money ; and secondly, I guess that the war is to go on.

If he can contrive that Lord Malinsbury shall transmit some extravagant condition of the French directory, so as to seduce from his opponents in the house of commons *any thing* by which he may vamp up the unanimity so much prayed for by his disciples ; I do not see why we may not protract the blessings of this auspicious contention, until Lord Fitzwilliam and Mr. Burke themselves, should call in the dogs of war. The *proema* of such a *denouement* was very skillfully laid upon this occasion. He insinuated his plot with the art of a master—The piece went off like other farces.—*Valet res ludicra*—and truly enough I may say, *Suique plausu gaudet theatri*. He was charmed with the applause of his own fair and candid audience.—

From Sylla to Roberfpierre, from Jack of Leyden to Mr. Brothers ; no successful villainy or fortunate fraud, that either terrified the timid or deceived the ignorant for a short time, and finished in the indignation or contempt of the world, ever had its day with more flash, than the affair of the sixth instant.

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