

thickens, the unhappy Catastrophe is at Hand. The Cries of the People already shew that their Feelings are touched, their Affections moved, their Passions wrought upon—in so much, my Lord, that what is to come, I fear, will press too hard upon their animal Spirits. The bloody Scenes as yet remain unrepresented to the Sight! These, these, my Lord, will shock Humanity, perhaps more than Humanity can bear. Distress, carried beyond a certain Pitch, turns into Rage and Madness; and Rage and Madness know not what is past, what is present, or what is to come. Think a little then, my Lord, during the last Interlude, on the Temper and Disposition of the Audience. Observe, *Quid valeant humeri, quid ferre recusent*. It is not too late to give a Turn to this Drama, that may convert Catcalls into Plaudits, Tears into Smiles. One of our greatest Playwrights, and best Judges of the human Heart (*a*), has proved, that the deepest Tragedy may systematically be made to have a happy Ending (*b*). Of this Allusion, my Lord, there needs no Application. *Verbum sat Sapienti*. In your Lordship's Hands the Task is already done.

But, my Lord, without Allegory, and in plain simple Language, placed as your Lordship is, at the Head of British Jurisprudence, I cannot help looking up to your Lordship, upon the *present* Principles of the Constitution,

as

(*a*) Congreve.

(*b*) Mourning Bride.