

drilled their parliamentary vassals accordingly; poor Mr. Sheridan's memory failed him too immediately after. The Carnatic was engulfed in the duties of Somerset-house, the Nabob of Arcot was too far off, Mr. Sheridan felt himself slumbering in the oblivious sweets of office—he could not quite rouse himself from his new dream of delight, and like a man who is between sleeping and waking, he spoke, somewhat disturbed by duty, memory, conscience; although overwhelmed with the fatigue of the fête he gave at Somerset-house, and the Narcotic of his Treasurership, he did say, “I retain my former opinion as to the Carnatic. I am friendly to inquires, but the *present* is not a time to risk a division of his Majesty's Ministers.” What insult to the House, inconsistency in himself, what an impudent mockery of the nation; If he retained his opinion, why did he not pursue it, after the expence he had put the country to in printing the papers he had moved for; If your Ministers were enlightened and honest, what division could follow a performance of their duty? I would ask him what he has done *since* on these questions; How far he has proved himself friendly to inquiry since his dismissal from his “bed of roses?” I think he cannot object to divide his Majesty's Ministers now. I wish these stains were taken out of his political character. An effectual lustration on these points, would leave him more pure than most of his contemporaries. Upon one of Mr. Paul's motions against the Marquis of Wellesley, Mr. Fox