

pect, pity, and sorrow took possession of all who beheld him, while reason called down, both shame and reproach on the heads and names, of his persecutors and slanderers; on the managers and actors in that solemn mockery of justice, and national dignity. In Mr. Burke's own words, "I would not unplumb the coffins of the dead, to make bullets to assassinate the living;" but neither shall my reverence for the astonishing abilities, and acquirements of Mr. Fox, and Mr. Burke, while they were living, nor that awe, and silence, which generally attend the urns and ashes of such illustrious men, dispose me to forget their orations—their inhumanity—severity; nay scurrility and personal invective against Mr. Hastings; nor prevent me from recurring to the trial, and bringing the fact and their conduct back to the memories and feelings of my fellow countrymen; that by a calm review of the past, they may know how to trust the bandogs in future. It would be very difficult (with the single exception of Mr. Sheridan), to name one manager upon that trial, who sustained with dignity, and candour the high and honourable duty imposed upon him by the country. Mr. Fox, and Mr. Burke, did betray an intemperance, a coarseness of speech, virulence, and violence, equally repugnant to justice, disgraceful to themselves—degrading to the nation, and cruelly insulting to the *fabled* delinquent: