

bones? General Brownrigge, perhaps, estimates them highly—but is not so conscious of the precious value, as he was of the extreme *liberality* of *Mr. Higgins*, and the equity of the distribution, made by General Knox in the West Indies.—I should not think that General Burton would go any considerable distance, to pick up the Duke's bones; and if Mr. Secretary Cook were completely tiled in, not many furlongs from Princess Street, I believe he would not leave a *certain plump muscular substance** for any *man's* bones.—Sir, the Duke of York could not satisfy *his* strong sense of duty, by communicating merely a suspension of the return; but he went the length of answering, that your Majesty's ministers were *for ever precluded* from recommending you, to order the Duke of Kent to resume his government—thus, degrading them into ciphers, and daring to answer for your will and pleasure! If he were King, Commander-in-Chief, and minister, such insolence, flippancy, and power of eternal exclusion, might be assumed—although' it would be then a proceeding not very well advised. He is Commander-in-Chief, the French and English are both so fortunate, and so unfortunate, as to know it—still, he is not, *cannot* act as our King;—nor, I hope,

* Mr. Secretary, remember that a great man is always observed *however sly, modesty* may render him—that it is generally light, at *one o'clock* at noon.