

# A N A D D R E S S

T O

The Right Honourable L—d M—sf—d;

M Y L O R D,

THE Time is come, when the Eyes, and the Ears, of the British Nation, are all opened to see, and to hear, what is doing, and what is to be done, on the great political Theatre of this Kingdom. Your Lordship therefore, as one of the Managers, will not be startled at being thus addressed, with the Sound of a Catcal, by one obscured among his Fellow-Gods in the upper Regions of the House. You know, my Lord, that this is, *inter alia*, the Birthright of an Englishman: to which however, be it said, that I do not here lay claim, but with a View *to save*, and not *to damn*. The Tragedy, that has been long acting, is now drawing near to a Conclusion. The Plot

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