

These, Sir, are the Sentiments, zealous and fervent,  
 [ 10 ] I believe of the City, I am sure of your Servant,  
 and most obedient &c.

## N O T E S.

representatives in Parliament assembled, are the Crew, supposed to be on board this ancient Type of the Common-wealth. But what *Parl.* will our Minister *act* on board this imaginary Vessel? Will he, who has resigned his Employment from motives of Honour and Conscience; will he sit down in silent Approbation of publick Measures, or will he, with his own dictatorial Spirit, oppose in Parliament, what he disapproved in Council? Can Honour and Conscience; can Patriotism and the Arguments of Reason, lose their eternal Nature by the trivial Alterations of Place, or Employment? But, I fear, I am asking Questions, which his Passions, do not, at present, allow him, and which his Judgement never will be able, to answer.

## ANONYMOUS.

[ 10 ] *I believe, of the City.* Let the Reader acknowledge and admire our Alderman's Integrity. Through the whole long Length of his Letter, he has positively affirmed, that these are the Sentiments of the City. But here upon better Recollection, he modestly confesses, that he only *believes*. I am afraid, that not

many of his Readers will join with him even in this modest Belief.

## CANDID.

Difficult as it was and arduous, my Task is finished. Let me then congratulate my Readers and myself, that we shall part in the same good humour, with which we met. The right honourable Gentleman and his Citizen may perhaps bring us together again by generously obliging the Publick with their future Correspondence. Neither do I despair, of once more hearing our Patriot Commoner exerting his Eloquence against continental Measures, and once more declaring, "Not a man, not a single Guinea shall ever be sent to Germany." His Friends already assure us, that he holds himself uninfluenced by any Obligations, Honours or Pensions; and that whenever the Distress or Danger of his Country demands his Assistance, he will stand forth in her Defence. A motley Kind of Eloquence indeed, between the servile Compliances of a pensioned Courtier, and the patriot Spirit of a Tribune of the People.

## THE TRANSLATOR.

END of the Second LETTER.