

scattered with a lavish hand. And do you presume to hope, my Lord, that a proud and generous nation will tamely bend beneath the yoke of ignominy, which you have imposed upon them? Is it from a perusal of the history of your own country, and peculiarly of the year 1713, that you venture to draw this inference? Inadequate as the Treaty of Utrecht was to the just expectations of the people of England, it was at least only *negatively* bad, your's is so, in the most *affirmative* sense. Even the political ashes of Lord Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke will disdain to mix with your's. You stand, my Lord, superior and alone, amid the ruins of the Commonwealth, like Marius among the remains of the Carthaginian grandeur; and like him, you may shed tears of fruitless remorse, over the departed glories you can no longer restore. But, to the present age, as well as to distant times, you are accountable for your public conduct; and though you may, like other illustrious culprits, escape the punishment due to your actions from your own cotemporaries, yet posterity, rigid and impartial, will inflict upon your memory the most exemplary severity. To the judgment