

reduce you to a cipher, who so recently had at once pardoned and elevated them; in the giddy joys of power, they forgot we had a throne, and a king—they were ignorant of your firmness, vigorous intellect, and courage, until they met a resistance which astonished, overwhelmed, and threatened to kick them out of the saddle; *then* consideration began, some respect, a little humiliation, unqualified recantation; “preserve us in our offices, salaries, emoluments, patronage, and we will not offend you; we will abandon the bill, the Catholics, any thing; all, all *but* our places: pray do not turn us out!” Such conduct placed the talents, like reptiles prostrate on the earth, and superinduced your Majesty to demand that pledge from them, which as it was altogether *new* in the history of our constitution, I am glad it was not given. It is generally believed that neither Lord Sidmouth, Ellenborough, nor Erskine, was summoned or consulted on the measure.—The other Bandogs upon their oaths thought the act necessary; if it were so, why give it up? If it were not, why introduce it? As the question stands, they have either sacrificed their conscience and judgment to their places, in having consented to withdraw a proceeding essential to the preservation of Ireland, or they have been guilty of gross folly and absurdity in endeavouring to introduce a law not dictated by necessity, nor previously approved by their sovereign; they urge their complaisance to your Majesty, their compliance with your conscientious