

glory, happiness and welfare of your people;—when I reflect that Great Britain is the *last* country that boasts her religion, laws, constitution, and her king;—when I think on the interval between Mr. Pitt's death, and the succeeding administration, and your conduct at that momentous period, can I shut my eyes and exclude from my senses, those marks of protection, mercy, and favour, with which providence has blessed us? If turbulence, irreligion, blasphemy, treason, rebellion, revolution, threaten our shores with invasion, our altars with demolition, our throne, and our laws with final destruction?—if crimes like these grow, and spread their baneful horrid course; I presume not to ask why such things are, but I thank Heaven for having endowed you with wisdom, virtue, and strength, to rouse yourself to the great call, and exalt yourself to the vast and complicated difficulties of your station:—I allude to that awful moment when you were graciously anxious to combine all the energies and faculties of the country, whether physical, political, or moral, and chose therefore an administration from all parties; when you permitted men to approach your person, and influence your government, who had for many years disturbed Europe with invectives against the former, and defamation against the latter; whose speeches in parliament had been most inflammatory,—whose principles and conduct had been calculated to clog the wheels of the state,—harass the ministers, debase and distress the spirit