

ships, or in other professions; still however the very service they have left is often an objection with the merchants.

In short, all ranks feel neglect and hardship; for the promotion of a few cannot affect the many. When long service and merit is passed unnoticed; old officers laid on the shelf, their claims unattended to, and *infants* (for such the law would term them) preferred over their heads; the pitiful pittance of half-pay, allowed for support, withheld for near *twelve months*, the case at this period; numbers immured in prisons, and greater numbers pining under the dread of a like situation;—when we see these things, can we wonder at the scarcity of officers, which produced the official menace; can we be surprised, if numbers fly from misery and distress, to protection and honour. Must we not be sensible of the justice of their complaints?

“ It is hard in one that feels no wrong,  
 “ For patient duty to employ his tongue;  
 “ Oppression makes men mad; and from their breasts,  
 “ All reason and all sense of duty wrests.”

JUVENAL.

Thus, truly, says the satirist; and what reasoning, or what duty can we expect from those, who merit so much, yet are so hardly treated. Hence it is we perceive the seeds of naval greatness