

applaud your grateful *humility*, in first acknowledging it to be the “*spontaneous bounty* of your SOVEREIGN,” and, in the same breath, *modestly* challenging it as a *merited right*; and afterwards closing the sentence with the political gag in your mouth, that you might not inform them on what services you grounded your *modest claim*.

But I believe I can account for the reason of your obtaining this same pension “*unasked*.”—That it was “the production of no intrigue,” I much doubt; but as for the asking for it at the moment, there was no occasion. Your famous *dagger scene* had made such a deep impression on the Treasury Bench, that they had ever afterwards a watchful eye on you: several times they attempted to keep you down; but in vain—till you so often let the cat out of the bag, they were afraid of losing her: the *Chiltern Hundreds* were therefore proposed and accepted—the grant of the pension made out—and you found yourself as snug and happy at Beaconsfield, as when you formerly enjoyed the munificent bounty of the Marquis of Rockingham, or the good-natured assistance of the simple but friendly Lord Verney.

Before I conclude, I have to apologize to the public for having so long trespassed on their attention
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