

ance of the sagacious Cumberland, can proclaim,—for they are profound, and penetrating. The nation felt a real sorrow at the death of Mr. Pitt, and also mourned the man : an awful pause ensued :—If we looked to the Continent, we saw only subjugation, tyranny, spoliation, and despair.—At home, gloom, confusion, and alarm ; the wisest men were bewildered, and the bravest appalled ; then, at that hour of affliction and terror when the public mind was shrouded in darkness—when our political energies were suspended, and our physical existence as a nation was menaced,—it was at that awful and benumbing hour that your magnanimity, wisdom, firmness, generosity, and affection for your people, your attachment for our religion, ordinances, and institutions, burst from your Patriarchal soul, and, like the sun, gave light and heat,—joy and hope,—animation and elasticity to the country :—then, indeed your Majesty became really known to your people ; “ first in the east, the glorious lamp was seen, regent of day.” So you appeared :—as such the nation felt, and hailed you. Darkness, langour, grief, despondence, and apathy, had been “ dreadfully visible” throughout the land :—they had appeared ; but, as the lion shakes the dews of night from his mane, they were dispersed by your vigour, promptitude, fortitude, equanimity ; by towering high over every personal consideration, and not yielding to any one impulse, resentment, view or passion, except the safety of the nation, and the