

imagination of his enemies; but let us reflect on the long and various services of Lord Melville,—on the numerous vocations he had,—the complicated claims of his different official situations, and of the nation itself,—upon his time, attention, industry, and talents, great and comprehensive as they all were; when we have entertained these considerations, and made the common allowances for human pride and weakness, who will contend, that any man, however innocent, shall have sufficient command over himself, to answer, at all times, according to the cold dictates of reason and prudence,—particularly to questions, which, whether authorised by his conduct or not, went to brand him with never-dying infamy;—mark him before the whole world,—before your Majesty (whose attached, and I do say, honest servant, he had been so long), to his family and to posterity, with perfidy, corruption, and deliberate plunder! Bring me the man,—place in my presence,—the *least* perverted bandog of the last administration! Let him (if possible) enjoy the high and proud consciousness of his own purity (as I do believe Lord Melville did); let him be so interrogated, and I mistake if indignation,—rage,—and resentment, would not disqualify him from answering, either satisfactorily to others, or advantageously for himself. When a human being is thus goaded beyond the limits of patience;—would a generous adversary,—would a lover of justice, after having applied torture to extort an un-