

great. The brave men of La Vendée, who, without arms, killed more of the Jacobins than all the allies taken together, would, if supplied with ammunition and artillery, and strengthened by those gallant British soldiers who died of the plague in the West Indies, have at least divided that portion of France, and with it *Brest*, for ever from the Republic.

Indeed, my Lord, the conduct of Mr Pitt and *his* party (for to that part of the King's ministry are generally attributed all the miscarriages of the war) has been such, that a good man could hardly lament those miscarriages, if they were not pitched against an enemy, whose views are so utterly irreconcilable with the political existence of Great Britain, and the peace and safety of mankind. We must, therefore, support while we abominate the men who oppose France, though feebly, while they oppress England greatly, until we have a chance of an administration who would not at once plunge us fathoms deep under the despotism and control of the present five tyrants of France—those monsters, who, like all upstarts invested with unexpected power, exert it in abuse; and, having in their hands the means of imparting peace and felicity to the world, invoke the  
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