

his *brother*, nor any way of consanguinity to him, as I do not hold military rank, nor a station in society to excite his envy, he can not pursue me by every art of circumvention—misrepresent my conduct, obscure my designs, impede my promotion, obstruct my duty, nor deny me, by virtue of an official situation, that open and fair investigation which the laws of the land provide equally for a royal soldier as for any other citizen. Whether *he* have done so by *another*, let his memory and conscience decide. I need not mention to you the subjugated, helpless, insulted, plundered, bound and fettered condition of the whole Continent. The power, terror, ambition, vengeance of Bonaparte—his vigilance, restlessness, and hatred, against this still independent, and (under your Government) happy Island. Here the dispensations of Divine Mercy have been seen; and we acknowledge them in the preservation of our constitution, our religion, our liberties and our rights. For these blessings we are indebted to Providence and your Majesty. The dread features of misrule, and anarchy, massacre, and democracy, have not *yet* appeared, to dissolve the bands of social kindness, and destroy confidence—to illumine the flames of war within our own walls—to open the land to an ill principled despoiler of all that is venerable, sacred, and holy. It must be obvious to a personage of your experience and wisdom, that we can be preserved from internal destruction and irreversible misery only by the firm *union* of *all* ranks of society—