

2 COUNTY OF  
DOWN ELECTION,  
1805.

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THE  
PATRIOTIC MISCELLANY:  
OR MIRROR

OF

*WIT, GENIUS, AND TRUTH,*

Being a correct Collection of all the Publications  
DURING THE LATE CONTESTED ELECTION,  
BETWEEN

*THE HON. COLONEL JOHN MEADE,*

AND THE RIGHT HON.

*LORD VISCOUNT CASTLEREAGH,*

*President of the Board of Controul, for Indian affairs, Secretary  
of State, &c. &c. &c.*

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TO THE  
ELECTORS OF THE COUNTY OF DOWN.

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GENTLEMEN,

PERMIT me to dedicate to you the following Miscellany, originally written for your amusement and information. When we shall exist no more, its contents will exhibit to ages yet unborn, the PUBLIC SPIRIT, the INDEPENDENCE, and ZEAL, which glowed in your breasts at the late ELECTION. Your example will be to them a guide, and while memory holds a place in the human mind, your names will be revered.

IF, in the hurry inseparable from a Contested Election, I have mislaid any Manuscript, or overlooked any Publication, I have to beg you will attribute it to its true cause, and that you will consider me, what I really am, and have been, YOUR FAITHFUL FELLOW-LABOURER in the late GLORIOUS and SUCCESSFUL CONTEST.

THE EDITOR.

*Downpatrick, 2d Sept. 1805.*



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## PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS.

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THE event of the very arduous contested Election, in the year 1790, and the manner in which Lord Castlereagh then became one of the Representatives for the County of Down, must remain so strongly imprinted on the mind of every Freeholder, as to render a recapitulation at this time unnecessary.—His Lordship's political career also, since that period, is so well known, as to require no comment, unless where his conduct appears connected with the circumstances, which led to the last contest.

His Lordship has declared that, until his dying day, he shall feel proud of the part he took in the business of the Union!—Into the abstract principles of that famous measure we are not inclined to enter; we shall allow his Lordship and its other eulogists, to solace themselves in predicting the innumerable advantages and immense happiness which Ireland has *yet* to derive from the extinction of its Parliament, in the humble, but sincere hope, that all these predictions may be verified.

None of us, however, can forget the "*suaviter in modo*" which distinguished the conduct of Lord Castlereagh upon that memorable occasion; nor can we forget, that whilst he was the Irish Secretary of State, and that important question was under the *cool, dispassionate, unbiassed* consideration of the legislature—the Marquis of Downshire, the Father of the Irish Militia, in every point of view, the true, the steady, the sincere friend of his Sovereign, his Country, and its Constitution, who was ever ready to shed the last drop of his blood in their defence, was superseded in the command of his Regiment, displaced from those offices under the Crown, which he, and his ancestors, had so long and honorably filled, and struck out of the list of Privy Counsellors, in the most violent and insulting manner—merely because, as an Independent Irishman, having a deep-rooted affection for his native country, he, in a decided and manly tone, avowed his disapprobation of the measure, and had



proceeded, in a constitutional way, to lay before Parliament the collective sense of the Freeholders of the County of Down upon it, in the form of a dutiful and loyal petition.

Of the odium attached to the whole of this transaction, so far as it is exposed to the public eye, we perceive Lord Castlereagh in possession of no trifling share :—and it would be extraordinary, indeed, if the retrospective view of so unmerited, so foul, and so malignant an attack upon an illustrious, venerated, and patriotic nobleman, failed in drawing down upon its *authors* the indignation and abhorrence of his high-minded, generous countrymen.

The self-interested family of Lord Castlereagh, came in for a large portion of the honors, torn from the brow of the much injured Marquis; and the Earl of Londonderry was elevated to the offices of Governor and *Custos Rotulorum* of the County of Down.

The vindictive aims of the noble Viscount were not solely directed against the Marquis of Downshire, they extended to all connected with him, by the ties of friendship, and unalterable attachment.

To the everlasting disgrace of a military government, Major MATTHEWS, an officer of distinguished abilities, and acknowledged military experience, who had raised the discipline and character of the Downshire Regiment to a pitch not exceeded by any other in Ireland, was dismissed the service along with his friend and Colonel, the noble Marquis; and was also deprived of the collectorship of Lisburn, for signing, as a Freeholder, the County of Down petition against the Union.

The late Mr. Reilly of Scarva, member for Blessington, a steady friend of Ireland, and well acquainted with its interest, was likewise removed from a situation which he had long meritoriously filled, in the Account Office, for the same *crime* of *honestly* expressing his opinion, on the question of the Union, and adhering to his illustrious friend, in despite of official power and persecution.

And, on the other hand, Mr. Richard Magenis, who had been returned to three successive Parliaments, by the interest of the Downshire Family, succeeded to Mr. Reilly's seat at the Board of Accounts, as a reward for deserting his Patron and Benefactor, and giving an unqualified vote with the noble Secretary, in all the



divisions upon that momentous question.—His friends, indeed, assert that Mr. Magenis's vote was *not* influenced by any sordid motive, and that he supported the Union from principle and conviction.

*Risum teneatis amici!*

How Lord Downshire's fine Regiment was divided, and disposed of, to promote the views and patronage of his enemies, will not soon be forgotten.

Power, acquired by any other than fair and laudable means, naturally arrays itself in the garb of presumption and arrogance, but seldom throws aside the cloak of dissimulation and low cunning.—assumed consequence, cannot command the warm attachment of the heart—it is devoid of honorable sympathy, and seeks for support, in kindred meanness, sordid motive, and prostituted principle.

The new Governor and Custos Rotulorum of the County of Down, one of the Representative Peers of Ireland, being thus raised to a situation, infinitely beyond his proudest hope, beheld, with exultation, (so far as his selfish heart was capable of feeling an emotion) the elevation of his Son to the Presidency of the Board of Controul.

He was aware, that men could not entirely forget the steps by which he and his son had ascended to their present stations. He well knew that the figures in his family picture had been drawn much larger than the life, and that, as the false colouring had considerably faded, the cold, selfish countenances of the portraits were beginning to excite symptoms of aversion and disgust.

With what satisfaction, then, did he perceive the inquisitive eye attracted from the family picture at home, and fascinated with the richness of the Indian Landscape, so adroitly exhibited in perspective by his dexterous son!

Many unthinking, though well-meaning people, were dazzled with the luxuriant scenery of the East, and some of them became the dupes of the wily president. India was ransacked for abutments to support and strengthen the weak, tottering fabric of the quick-reared, and crazy house of Londonderry.

The Presbyterian Interest, he considered, was all his own; (the Ministers having already been bribed out of the national purse, by an additional *Regium Donum*) but still more to secure it, the sons of some of these Ministers, along with the sons and relatives of such



families as had *election* interests to dispose of, in the County, were now appointed to *Cadetships* and other lucrative situations; and sent out to enrich themselves in the luxuriant and inexhaustible provinces of India:—relying on these arrangements, so cunningly planned, and so artfully executed—conceiving that the spirit of the County of Down Freeholders was completely broken—that his purchased friends and the Presbyterian Clergy could awe the people, and lead them as they chose—reckoning, besides, upon the minority of the young SCIONS of the House of Downshire, and never taking into consideration the possibility of the MARCHIONESS engaging in the arduous business of a contested election—the Governor and the President considered the County as completely within their grasp and controul.

The confident, the haughty tone of the Secretary's address to the County of Down Freeholders, upon vacating his seat on his *last* official appointment, manifests how totally unexpected was any sort of opposition to his pretensions.

The exercise he took between the India House and Downing-street, and thence to East Sheen, he had conceived was quite sufficient for his health; but a journey to Downpatrick was never taken into the calculation! He dispatched the Writ to the Governor upon the 11th of July, and took it as matter of course, that the Sheriff, upon the 27th, would return the Right Hon. Henry Robert Stewart, commonly called Lord Viscount Castlereagh, as a Knight of the Shire for the County of Down!

But how short-sighted is human policy, more especially where it is not honest! How often frustrated are the deep-laid schemes of unprincipled ambition!

An honorable and highly respectable Candidate became his opponent—and we are sufficiently acquainted with the glorious struggle, and its interesting result.

The deceived Landlords of the County, who had allied themselves to Lord Castlereagh, (but on this occasion only, it is to be hoped) discovered their utter inability to controul the sentiments of its high-minded Freeholders—and his Lordship perceived how insignificant was the support he could derive from a mercenary and venal set of Clergy, who had bartered the confidence of a virtuous and enlightened people, for his favor, and a little paltry pelf.



How much the noble Secretary, and his family, have over-rated their abilities, situation, and consequence—how much they have under-rated the power, the resources, and the patriotic zeal of the House of Downshire, operating on a high-spirited, and independent County—the event of the late election has fully shown.—It has proved, likewise, that although upstart arrogance, and ill acquired power, may, for a time, seem to flourish, Justice will finally prevail, and a day of retribution must ever await such unprincipled acquisitions.

The Freeholders of the County of Down have immortalized their names—they have discharged themselves of that load of pestilential *virus*, which had attempted to blast and wither the independence of the County—they have dashed to the earth, by one bold, animated effort, a paralyzed and quivering Secretary of State, who had long been endeavouring to trample on the rights, the interest, and the feelings of the Downshire Family, which are inseparably interwoven, and indissolubly connected with the rights, the interests, and the feelings of the honest, proud, and independent Freeholders of the County of Down.



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## ADVERTISEMENTS, ESSAYS, &c. &c.

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*BELL'S MESSENGER, LONDON, 21st July.*

IT was natural for Lord *Castlereagh*, knowing the power which his predecessor in office exercised in Scotland, to lay himself out for similar prerogatives in Ireland. He flattered himself with the expectation that he should have to walk over the course at the ensuing election for the county of Down; but it appears that the Hon. Colonel MEADE, son of the Earl of CLANWILLIAM, has already got the start of him, by commencing an active canvass, and being supported by the powerful interest of the Marchioness of DOWNSHIRE, whose family is supposed to have more than ten thousand tenantry in that county. It is therefore presumed, that neither a profuse distribution of the patronage of his offices, long applied to personal, rather than public purposes, nor all the support, or even authority he must derive from his situations, will much assist the noble successor and defender of Lord *Melville*, in his attempt to be re-elected for that great and populous county.

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### TO THE GENTLEMEN, CLERGY, AND FREEHOLDERS OF THE COUNTY OF DOWN.

*Gentlemen,*

HAVING this day received HIS MAJESTY'S WRIT, commanding me to return a Knight of the Shire for the county of Down, in place of the Right Hon. *Henry Robert Stewart*, commonly called *Lord Viscount Castlereagh*, I do hereby give notice, that I shall, at 12 o'clock, on Saturday the 27th day of July instant, in the Court-house, at Downpatrick, proceed to hold said Election, in pursuance of said writ.

JAMES CLELAND, Sheriff.

*Newtonards, July 15.*

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*CHRONICLE-OFFICE, BELFAST, July 17, 1805.*

WE are desired to state, that the Marchioness of DOWNSHIRE has, in the most decided and unequivocal manner, refused her support to Lord *Castlereagh*, on the approaching election for the county of Down.



TO THE GENTLEMEN, CLERGY, AND FREEHOLDERS OF  
THE COUNTY OF DOWN;

*Gentlemen,*

HIS MAJESTY having been graciously pleased to confer on me the Office of *Secretary of State*, for the Colonies and the War Department, and my *seat* for your *county* being thereby vacated, allow me to intreat a renewal of that trust with which you have so long honoured me.

I regret that the duties of my situation (in the present circumstances of the war) must necessarily preclude me from soliciting this favour in person. Thus situated, I must commit myself entirely to your favour and indulgence, in the humble hope that my interest will not be permitted, by you, to suffer, from indispen- sible absence on the public service, and that I shall not be deemed unworthy of being again chosen your Representative, on the approaching Election.

I am, Gentlemen,

With great regard and respect,

Your much obliged and faithful servant,

CASTLEREAGH.

*London, St. James's Square, 11th July.*

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BY an Advertisement in another part of this day's paper, it may be expected that a contest for a Representative of the county of Down will take place, as a Gentleman of independent principles and fortune has announced his intention of offering himself as a candidate for that county.

*Commercial Chronicle-office, July 20, 1805.*

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TO THE GENTLEMEN, CLERGY, AND FREEHOLDERS OF  
THE COUNTY OF DOWN.

WHEN LORD CASTLEREAGH did himself the honour, in an advertisement some days since published, of soliciting the honour of the votes and interest of the Freeholders of this respectable county, on the ensuing election, he was not aware that any contest was likely to ensue, and flattered himself, that under the circumstances of the public official duty he has to attend to, his constituents would not only excuse, but highly approve of his not coming in person to acknowledge their former kindness, and entreat their present support; more especially as his brother, General Stewart, has undertaken to come to Ireland, and express these sentiments to the Electors, and to assure them, that he can confidently say, that as soon as Lord Castlereagh receives the intelligence that there is any probability of a contest for the honour of their representation, he will immediately solicit his Majesty's leave of absence, and will appear on the Hustings at the opening of the poll.

*Mount-Stewart, July 22, 1805.*



## COUNTY OF DOWN ELECTION.

THE Freeholders of the county of Down are requested to observe, that the Hon. Colonel JOHN MEADE will offer himself as a candidate for its representation at the ensuing election, which commences on Saturday next at Downpatrick, where, it is hoped, every independent Freeholder will attend, and honour him with their vote and interest.

It is presumed the shortness of the time will fully excuse Colonel Meade for not personally soliciting their favour in a canvass through this extensive county, and that those who are wellwishers will not only pardon him, but exert themselves to the utmost, in establishing his success, and along with it their own liberty and independence.

*Hillsborough, July 23d.*

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## TO THE GENTLEMEN, CLERGY, AND FREEHOLDERS OF THE COUNTY OF DOWN.

I Do not presume to offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the very high honour of representing your county in Parliament, relying on any merit of my own, (though, with respect to my family, I cannot be considered deficient in pretensions,) but in the flattering partiality of the first interest in your county, and the indulgent favour of other truly respectable friends, who, in promising me their support, have given me a decided preference to your late Member.

As I am actually precluded, by want of time, the day of election being fixed for Saturday the 27th instant, I trust that all those worthy Freeholders who are wellwishers to the cause I have espoused, will excuse my not soliciting their suffrages in person. It is neither by personal professions nor promises, too often fallacious, that I look to obtain them; yet, whatever professions and promises I may make, shall be faithfully performed: and if I am so fortunate as to become, on this election, one of your representatives in parliament, I beg of you to be assured, that, on all occasions, I shall be happy in receiving the instruction of my constituents, and will never, in any instance, betray the sacred trust reposed in me.

I have the Honour to be,

With the greatest respect,

GENTLEMEN,

Your obliged and faithful humble Servant

JOHN MEADE.

*Gill-Hall, July 23, 1895.*

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THE election of a Knight of the Shire to represent this county, in the Imperial Parliament, in room of Lord Viscount Castlereagh, who vacated his seat on being appointed one of the Secretaries of State, commenced at Downpatrick, on Saturday last. James Cleland, Esq. High Sheriff, having opened the Court by proclamation, the usual oath was administered to him. The writ for holding the election being then read, as also the sections of the act of parliament, against rioting, entertainments, &c. at elections, Sir James



Blackwood came forward, and proposed the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Castlereagh, as a proper person to represent the county of Down in Parliament. Andrew Savage, Esq. seconded the motion.

Francis Savage, Esq. the sitting member for the county, then proposed the Hon. Colonel John Meade—this was seconded by Geo. Matthews, Esq. Colonel Meade, then, addressed the Freeholders as follows:

*Gentlemen,*

"Being bred a soldier, and little accustomed to speaking in public, I shall not occupy much of your time on the present occasion. I am sorry it has not been in my power to wait in person on as many of my friends as I could have wished; but from the very limited canvass already gone into, with the zealous support I have met with from many of the most respectable gentlemen of this county, added to the influence of my family, I have every hope of success. Should I be honoured with your preference, I will make it my particular study to keep in view the true interests of this country, and strictly adhere to the instructions of my constituents, whose sacred trust I will, under no circumstances, betray."

Sir James Blackwood said, that Lord Castlereagh not having yet arrived, but being hourly expected, he would propose an adjournment. If, however, this could not be complied with, he should propose that General Stewart, the noble Lord's brother, be, in the mean time, permitted to receive his votes.

Major Matthews objected to this, and stated, that as General Stewart was not a freeholder in the county, he could not act in the manner proposed, nor be permitted to represent Lord Castlereagh, at the election.

This being disposed of, a show of hands was called for, which having taken place, the High Sheriff declared they were in favour of Lord Castlereagh. A poll was immediately demanded on the part of Colonel Meade, after which, by consent of both parties, an adjournment took place till Monday, at ten o'clock, at which hour the poll will commence on each day of the election, and be carried on by tallies, but no round of tallies to be sent in after four o'clock, afternoon. Colonel Meade to produce the first tally as determined by ballot.

No other candidate appeared.

Our accounts from Down relative to the proceedings of yesterday, state, that very little business was done, no votes were taken, and it was determined upon, that the Freeholders should bring their leases with them when they come to vote. The court was adjourned till this morning at ten o'clock.

We are informed that the Marchioness of Downshire and her Son have arrived in Dublin from London, and were expected to be in Hillsborough on Sunday.

Lord Castlereagh had not arrived at Downpatrick, yesterday at mid-day.

*Belfast News-Letter, July 30, 1805.*

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### BROTHER FREEHOLDERS,

THE casual circumstance, of a small Majority on the close of this day's poll in favour of Lord C——h, arises from two Baronies in



which his principal strength lay, being brought forward—but the zeal, and enthusiasm of the county at large, in favour of Colonel Meade, already presents an evident superiority—a sure forerunner of that decisive victory, which the friends of pure and unsullied representation are to obtain—the cloud of disgrace, which for some years, has hung over the county of Down, is now dispersing—rectitude and truth, again appear, in their wonted splendour—the good *old* spirit of the county is roused—the hearts of the freeholders beat high in its cause—they come forward with ardour to wipe off the stain of misrepresentation, and convince the world, that the county of Down will no longer suffer the man, who, filched from Ireland, its parliament, its constitution, its independence, to hold therein, the name of, Knight of the Shire!!!

A deluded tribe of unfortunate electors, will, no doubt, be driven in, by *agents, bailiffs and gospel hacks!!!* contrary to their consciences, to give an ineffectual vote, and thereby protract the election for a few days more.—Let those freeholders, who have not yet come forward, judge for themselves—whether their names shall be registered in the schedule of an unsuccessful prostituted Candidate, or—enrolled in the records of Freedom and Independence!!

Downpatrick, 31st July 10, 1805.

COLONEL MEADE is much surprised to find the support which he receives from the interest of the Downshire Family, brought forward against him as a grand reason why the free and independent electors of this great, wealthy, and respectable county should not give him their votes.

The past services of that family to the county, live in the mind of every elector.—The farmer, the manufacturer, and the merchant, have long felt and will long feel their beneficial effects; and as inconsistency never yet was found in that family, he congratulates the county on the fair prospect of a continuance of such services.—Were it even possible for them to adopt measures injurious to their country, they themselves, from the stake they have in this county and in this kingdom, would be among the first sufferers. That family flies not to the rigours of the law, to intimidate the wretched, neither do they add its power to the winter's cold, to starve poor but independent freeholders into a compliance with its mandates. They have been the refuge of the poor under persecution, and their friends when assailed by distress. Colonel Meade thinks himself honoured by such a connexion; and, relying on the free and independent electors, is convinced by the zealous and cordial support he is daily receiving from the different parts of the county, that their and his wishes, will, in a short time, be crowned with success.

*Commercial-Chronicle Office, August 3, 1805.*

#### TO THE INHABITANTS OF NEWTONARDS, &c.

AN old inhabitant of the county of Down, begs leave to remind the gentlemen of Newtonards, that the Countess of Clanwilliam, mother to the present noble candidate, Colonel Meade, is



grand-daughter to Rose Colville, who was born in the castle of your town, her father's residence, he being the proprietor of that estate long before the Stewart family were known in the county of Down.

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AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG,  
TO AN OLD TUNE,  
BEING LORD C——'S ADDRESS

TO THE  
COUNTY OF DOWN ELECTORS.

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AIR—"The night before Larry was stretch'd,"

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ATTEND, ye Electors, to me,  
Who want either place or promotion,  
No matter what kind or degree,  
The Army, the Church, or the Ocean,  
The Customs, the Law, or Excise,  
With any, or all I'll supply you;  
Come forward and whisper your price,  
And, cost what it will, I can buy you!  
*Sing tol de rol, tol de rol lol.*

'Tis fit my intentions be known,  
Then hear ye, when I am elected,  
Your Interest I'll pin on my own,  
And thus it shall not be neglected;  
But lest you should question my word,  
Which, God knows, would heavily grieve me,  
I swear by the *faith* of a Lord,  
And *now* you may safely believe me.  
*Li tol de rol, &c.*

Oh! can you forget the parade,  
When first on your shoulders you bore me,  
How stoutly you roar'd and huzza'd,  
And ran with my motto\* before me;—  
The Oaths, whose *surprising* effect  
As a *Candidate*, strongly did bind me,  
But when I was *member elect*,  
Were left on the hustings behind me.  
*Sing tol de rol, &c.*

These oaths, just as good as when new,  
My brother is order'd to gather,  
Which will, if demanded by you,  
Be cramm'd down *his* throat by my father;

\* Honour and Honesty!!!



As I can but badly be spared,  
 I send the *bold* General to coax ye;—  
 So now I'll be sworn and chair'd;  
 Elected and perjurd by proxy!!!  
*Li tol de rol, &c.*

London, 22d July, 1805.

THE  
 NEWTONARDS ADVENTURER,  
 OR,

*The History of Union Bob!*

TUNE—"BALLINAMONA."

SAYS Bobby "in Ireland no longer I'll stay"  
 "I've perjurd myself, and must therefore away,"  
 "To London I'll go, where they'll make me a Lord,"  
 "For—I'll make *them* believe I *can* keep my word!"  
*Och! my tight little Bobby M'Gregor,*  
*The arch little Bobby M'Gregor,*  
*My snug little Bobby M'Gregor,*  
*An Oath is no matter with me.*

Shall I tell you how Bobby came first into vogue?  
 'Twas by acting the part of a poor shabby rogue,  
 His Conscience he bartered—for lucre and pelf—  
 And by selling his county *degraded himself!*  
*He was then, &c. &c.*  
*A Place and a Title for me.*

When WHIGS were in fashion then Bob was a WHIG,  
 But for WHIGS and their tenets he car'd not a fig,  
 Tho' he swore by that BEING, who reigns in the sky,  
 That a WHIG he was *born*, and a WHIG, he would *die!*  
*Arrah! tight, &c. &c.*  
*No Conscience or Honour for me.*

When the SENATE of Ireland to Britain was sold,  
 I'm your Agent, says Bobby, for *Title or Gold*,  
 And much to the credit of Ireland—we find,  
 Pitt could get no Agent—so much to his mind.  
*As my tight, &c. &c.*  
*Ambition and Interest for me.*

Says Pitt my dear Bob—you're the light of my soul,  
 Go on and you're sure of the *Board of Controul*,  
 Humbug your constituents—your native land sell!  
 And send "HONOUR AND HONESTY," marching to H—ll!  
*With my tight, &c. &c.*  
*The plunder of India for me.*



This *Jobber* of places, would still domineer,  
 And again on our HUSTINGS he dares to appear!  
 Reject him with scorn—and with shame send him back  
 To his friend *Billy Pitt*, and the rest of the pack.

*Alas little Bobby M'Gregor,  
 My poor little Bobby M'Gregor,  
 My sad little Bobby M'Gregor,  
 "This COUNTY remains not for me."*

Then, brother ELECTORS, your FREEDOM assert,  
 Support Colonel MEADE, he's the man of your heart,  
 And with hearts full of joy, let each FREEHOLDER sing!  
 The friend of his COUNTRY, his PRINCE, and his KING!

*And kick out little Bobby M'Gregor,  
 The mean little Bobby M'Gregor,  
 The sad little Bobby M'Gregor,  
 And no "Union Jobber" for me.*

Killileagh, 27th July, 1805.

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### TO THE ELECTORS OF THE COUNTY OF DOWN.

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*"Quid verum atque decens curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum."*

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Gentlemen,

THIS ADDRESS to you proceeds from a private man; one retired from the active scenes of life—no longer engaged in the pursuits, or implicated in the prejudices of the busy world—not resident in your county—not having a freehold in it—and totally unconnected with either of the present candidates for your representation: unbiassed, therefore, by party; uninfluenced by personal considerations, why then do I thus come forward? wherefore interfere in a matter with which I seem not to have any concern? My motto explains my motives; because truth and propriety are the objects of my warm solicitude and earnest research; and because, in every material point within my cognizance or contemplation, I feel myself bound to exert my utmost efforts to promote those when discovered. On this ground I stand erect—on these principles I boldly advance within your notice, and call on you for attention.

Your extensive, populous, and industrious county, is of high political importance. Full of nobility, gentry, and a more than usually respectable and independent yeomanry, its sentiments, its decisions on any question of public notoriety, must greatly influence public opinion, and, through that, deeply affect the welfare of the state. A question of that description now awaits your determination. Though not novel in its nature, the circumstances under which it is submitted to you, give it a new complexion, and attach to it a more than common interest.

At the last general election you chose Lord Castlereagh as one of your representatives. The supposed and implied period, during which you had then deputed him to exercise that important trust, was for seven years, or during the continuance of the present Parliament.



He has lately been appointed to fill an office of a dignified station; and, at this crisis, peculiarly arduous duties. The appointment bespeaks the high confidence of his sovereign. By the laws of our country his acceptance of it has vacated his seat. He again solicits your protection, and the honour of re-election. An opposition to this, has, I see, been suddenly excited. The public papers (whence alone I derive my tardy intelligence) announce another candidate; and set forth, in his behalf, the recommendation and support of a lady of distinguished rank and powerful influence. The pretensions of the former, or the claims of the latter, I am, by no means, disposed to controvert; but an ardent sense of right and regard for propriety, oblige me to think, and impel me to state the opinion, that the opposition to the present re-election of Lord Castlereagh is not expedient, is not correct, is not decorous. Every clear-sighted politician, every loyal subject of the united kingdom, must fully concur in the position laid down by an eloquent and spirited writer, whose first letter, (signed Walsingham,) on the political state of Europe, has been, with true taste and sound judgment, given to the public last week in both the excellent Belfast papers.

The position I allude to is this—"The last hope of Europe rests on the firm, inflexible, and united minds of the British people, unequivocally expressed."—Is this, then, a fit season for setting afloat the dangerous spirit of electioneering controversy; for rousing to animosity and dissention a large portion of the community, till now happily tranquil?—Is it liberal to take advantage of a circumstance, which, though it silences the senator, is creditable to the man; and to try to evict from his seat, a member who had been unanimously elected to it, and your representation consigned to him on the well-understood presumption of a seven years possession? Is it becoming, and will you, loyal gentlemen and yeomen of Down, lend yourselves to the measure?—to reprobate your late choice, because your Sovereign has approved it, and to reject from *your* confidence a man honoured and sanctioned by *his*?—Will you countenance the unconstitutional idea of assuming a negative to the appointment of the crown, and exercising a kind of *Veto* on the Royal Prerogative?—No—you will say to the highly respectable lady who has solicited your suffrages for her friend—"We admire your character—we doubt not your professions—we are aware of the weight your ancient and estimable family is justly entitled to from its conduct, its property, and its connexions; but we think you mistaken in seizing the present opportunity for pressing your claims and exerting your influence—We cannot submit to be inconsistent—we will not consent to revoke prematurely, and without strong cause, a trust which we had reposed without dissent."—The abilities displayed by Lord CASTLEREAGH have vindicated the judgment, and the favour shown him by our good King has justified the expediency of our choice—by that choice, then, we will abide—a change of it would be, at this time, an unhandsome and an unwise measure. It would impeach our own discernment, and reflect on that of our Sovereign—It would tend to embarrass his councils, and paralyze his exertions at this momentous crisis, when unanimity and energy are indispensably necessary to the safety of our country.



Such, gentlemen, are the thoughts and feelings of a most truly impartial and disinterested observer. Such, I do trust, will be the tenor of your decision—and that you will thus justify the high opinion entertained of your good sense, independent spirit, and genuine patriotism, by,

July 28, 1805.

With much respect,

Your obedient Servant.

PHILALETHES.

## TO THE FREEHOLDERS OF THE COUNTY OF DOWN.

Gentlemen,

THROUGH the medium of the Belfast Newspapers you are addressed upon the subject of the pending election, by PHILALETHES, the friend of truth, and advocate of Lord Castlereagh!!!

In that elaborate performance, you are told, that having once honoured Lord Castlereagh by electing him for your representative, for a certain period, no change of circumstance can afterwards warrant you in giving a preference to any other candidate in opposition to his Lordship's just claim; that any attempt of the kind would be *unhandsome*, and highly *indecorous*!!

In order to have made converts to his opinion, the enlightened author should have furnished you with a catalogue of the important services of Lord Castlereagh (for important they doubtless must have been, when the price demanded is a life-lease of your suffrages.) It was, I suppose, found more convenient to leave the merit of the discovery to the exercise of your own imagination, than to attempt entering into a detail of *such magnitude*.—There can, however, be no apology for overlooking his Lordship's *virtues*;—*they* might have been comprised in narrower limits;—his *love of truth*—*gratitude for past services*—his *steady adherence* to those principles which first recommended him to your notice—and his *Amor Patriæ*, which ever soared superior to *sordid* consideration, &c. &c. those topics, properly urged, might have been attended with the happiest effect.—You are also told, that opposition to the re-election of Lord Castlereagh would be considered as exercising a kind of veto upon the Royal Prerogative: this position goes to prove, that the three great branches of the Legislature should centre in one, and that every thing, of course, should become subservient to the crown. The author has certainly a strong claim to your gratitude for the lively interest he evinces for the character and consistency of your county—the elective franchise—and unbounded attachment to your venerable constitution.

Notwithstanding PHILALETHES' appropriate motto, and well-affected humility, I think, his production savours much of the loaves and fishes; nor do the folds of his drapery, *deep* as they are, effectually conceal the *unmitred Bishop*.

A WHIG.

August 1.



## MR. PHILALETHES.

Sir,

NOTWITHSTANDING your figurative Greek name, I recognize you—your real appellation is *Chief Consul*, of the *General Synod of Ulster*—and by that name, sir, I now address you; for the assumed Greek name “LOVER OF TRUTH,” suits you not.

The dull, tedious, laboured, second hand Thesis, which, through the medium of the Belfast newspapers, and other modes of conveyance, you wish to obtrude on the freeholders of the county of Down, will not pass current now—it was *studied*, prior to the last meeting of the Synod at Cookstown, and there daily dealt out; save and except, that clause, containing your cordial advice to the electors of Down, and your sincere wish that they would be so very, *very* good, as to make their *Representation hereditary* in the Family of *Stewart!* and this same clause (I have good reason to believe) cost you and the newly made Secretary, no little time and trouble to manufacture, for, like ill-omened birds of night, ye have been hovering round the county for several days, before you got into print.

You have, however, modified one of those elegant expressions in the speech at Cookstown, peculiar to yourself, with which you annually amuse and instruct the *General Synod*—here it is—assuming that look of suavity always attendant on the insolence of office, and elegantly adjusting the spectacles on your forehead, you said, “*aw, aw, aw*, take care! do not hit Government a slap in the face!!!” and the audience, to which you there addressed yourself, said—*Amen*.

But allow me, sir, to tell you, that the independent, well-informed, high spirited freeholders of the county of Down, will not brook such language from you, or any other *Chief Consul*—they will not follow your advice—they did not enter into a *seven years* contract with Lord Castlereagh—if they had, it would have been faithfully performed on *THEIR PART*—they will not re-elect their late representative—your coadjutor in selling the rights of Irishmen! *He*, indeed did it by wholesale; *you*, by retail—they despise both you and him, (and from the manner in which you and several of your brethren have degraded the name of clergyman, and disgrace yourselves by soliciting and suborning votes for the idol whom ye worship)—they would be justified in representing to Government, that the wages of prostitution (raised off the people by your patron, Lord Castlereagh, in new and unheard of modes of taxation, and so wantonly lavished on you and other national incumbrances) ought to be withdrawn from you, and applied to *USEFUL* national purposes.

They are at present better employed, than in reading any trash that either I or you can write—they are voting for a representative, who does not attempt to deceive them, by fine flourishing speeches, without meaning—an Honest Man, who will drive your *Lord and Master* out of the county: I shall therefore, only add, awake not sleeping dogs; and, in the words of an elegant writer, say, “*cease viper, you bite against a file.*”

CINCINNATUS.



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 LINES ADDRESSED

 TO THE E—L OF L—N—D—R—Y.
 

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COLD-HEARTED, selfish, vengeful, drawling peer,  
 Thy race of *meanness* run, thy end is near,  
 Thou thought'st, forsooth, *thou from M'Gregor sprung*,  
 Thy name to *range*, the HILLS and MEADES among.  
 As well with Alpine rocks, might mole-hills vie :  
 As well the whale attempt to skim the sky :  
 As well our MOIRA to an \* *Arnold* yield,  
 The palm of honour in the tented field :  
 Or Bruin *Forde* receive a polish fine,  
 And woo, successfully, the tuneful nine :  
 As well might *Ballyleidy*, gen'rous prove,  
 Or be prolific in the bed of love : !!!  
 His friend, *Tom Potter*, charm our ravish'd ears,  
 And fascinate, with music of the spheres ; !!  
 As well might *Mussenden* true valour show,  
 Or feel a sympathy in other's woe :  
 As well might *Price* an *Herschell's* eye display,  
 And count the systems in the milky way ;  
 His son, the *Major*, join to calculate,  
 The Georgium Sidus' annual motion's rate :  
 As well KERR buy from steady *Dick Magenis*,  
 For *farthings* each, the towns Moybrick and Finnis ;  
 Or his son *Willy* cease to like a dinner,  
 Or harshly treat a poor repentant sinner :  
 As well might *Johnny Crawford* † now recall,  
 The *feelings* once express'd in *Linen-hall*,  
 And tell us that in *these* he was sincere :  
 As well might *Jemmy Clewlow* tope small beer,  
 And, *smacking*, praise the goodness of the cheer :  
 As well might *Rainy Maxwell* candid be,  
 And act a part with MATTHEWS, honest, free :  
 As well might *Roger Johnson* cease to drink :  
 Or *General Stewart*, e'er aspire to think :  
 As well might *Auchinleck*, in op'ra dance :  
 Or little ‡ *Lucca* brave the rage of France.  
 Or *Cleland* claim to mitre, fair put in,  
 Supported by the suffrage of *Elphin* :  
 With as much success, you could now persuade,  
*Dick Annesly*, that his "*blushing honours*" fade ;  
 Or that his brother *Frank* did children get,  
 To whom the peerage is by patent let :  
 As well could *Castlereagh*, in words of truth,  
 Himself consistent prove, in manhood, youth ;  
 Repeat the *sentiments* of former years,  
 And thus excite our hopes, or lull our fears ;  
 His *perjuries*, his *union bribes* excuse,  
 His thousand shameless—but enough my muse ;  
 As thou, poor mushroom, raw-bon'd hungry Lord,  
 Against the HOUSE OF DOWNSHIRE, draw the sword.

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 \* The celebrated American turn-coat General.

 † See Resolutions of Volunteers, in the Linen-hall, at Belfast, in 1792  
 —Mr. Crawford in the Chair.

‡ The last of the small Republics in Italy, not swallowed up by France.



What tho' thy *recreant* son a *blow* did aim  
 'Gainst noble DOWNSHIRE's pure unsullied fame;  
 What tho' he did his *treach'rous arts* employ,  
 His mind to harrass, and to blast his joy;  
 His name enroll'd in honour's sacred fane,  
 'Mongst ERIN's dearest sons shall still remain;  
 Still fondly cherish'd, shall his mem'ry be,  
 And DOWNSHIRE's WIDOW triumph over thee;  
 The HILLS shall flourish, MEADES shall fragrance give,  
 When all M'Gregor's race, have ceas'd to live.

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FOR THE ELECTORS OF DOWN.

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"TWO STRINGS TO MY BOW."

AN ADMIRER NEW SONG.

BY LORD VISCOUNT C.——

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'TIS very well known I'm a *prop* of the state,  
 From London I've run to address you;  
 Your fortunes are *made*—you have only to wait,  
 'Till you sell me your Consciences, bless you:  
 For all you, my jolly electors, must know,  
 That in India I've pick'd you snug places;  
 And Bobby's my name, with "two strings to my bow,"  
 I sport, as it *suits* me, *two faces*.

A volunteer bold, as ye know, once was I,  
 And the Whig-club huzza'd for their member;  
 And I hawk'd round "*my honour*," ('twas *all* in *my eye*)  
 My "*honesty*" none need REMEMBER;  
 But loudly I swore, and did bellow and blow,  
 For freedom, for truth, and such stuff;  
 Yet Bobby has now got "two strings to his bow,"  
 And can swear, if *you chuse it*, ENOUGH,

Though *my friend*, SIMPLE HARRY, (God pardon the King,)  
 Resigns from a *delicate* feeling;  
 For pleasing ALL palates, I'm now just the thing,  
 As I traffic in all *double* dealing;  
 My credit, my fame, and my genius are low,  
 But my perjuries flourish how duly!  
 Then Bobby's the boy with "two strings to his bow,"  
 And the father of hypocrites truly.

For know I can bribe with such excellent grace,  
 That—I cabbag'd the Union—for money,—  
 While I stabb'd in the back—I could smile in the FACE,  
 And I lied and deceiv'd ALL—how funny;  
 Any other, 'tis true, having pilfer'd you so,  
 Might blush when he comes to abuse ye,  
 But Bobby I am, with "two strings to my bow,"  
 Then *sure* you a member will *chuse* me.

Away to the hustings—for now I have power  
 To dub you nabobs and tithe-proctors;  
 And all your sweet children from this blessed hour,  
 Shall be judges, and bishops, and doctors;  
 To you my pagodas, so tempting, I'll show,  
 At lacks of rupees make you caper,  
 But Bobby can WORK with "two strings to his bow,"  
 And he'll LOAD you with RICHES—ON PAPER!

Drumbo, 24th July, 1805,



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TO THE INDEPENDENT ELECTORS OF THE COUNTY  
OF DOWN.

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*Gentlemen.*

PERMIT a brother Farmer to address you—one, who holds, neither a furrow of land—a place, a pension, nor an expectation of any favour, either from the DOWNSHIRE Family—the Hon. Viscount CASTLEREAGH—or his *humane* Father!

When you think of the ensuing election, shortly to take place in your county, for one to represent you in Parliament; you will do well to recur to *former* elections, for your county—and recollect what was sworn to be performed by Lord C.—, then the Hon. Mr. Stewart—that by the certainty of the past, you may form a just conclusion as to the probability of the future.

Have your rights been preserved inviolate? or have they been used as means of convenience? or as *stilts* to the crippled statesman?—Have you a parliament you can exclusively call your own—to sit in your own land, and direct their sole attention to your concerns?—an Irish Parliament! a non-entity!—Who made it so? Who brought about its dissolution? (thereby enabling *foreign* legislators, transacting *Irish affairs* in *London*, to tax you and your posterity for ever) not a farmer among you, but must say to this *apostate* candidate—*young Lord*, thou art the man!—And yet he sits proudly in office, in the British metropolis, calling for your support!!—it is not the first time insult has been added to injury; you have it now in your power to resent the injury, to do yourselves *some* justice, and show him how you feel.

Let the English cabinet avail themselves of the abilities of the hitherto FAITHFUL servant of his country—and let some obsequious courtling, with a few *Melwillite* pickings, buy for their favourite, a snug *Cornish Borough*. But let not the *large, spirited, wealthy, and independent* county of Down, so far forget themselves, as to elect the man who has laboured to degrade them—let them not forget themselves nor their brethren of Ireland; but show to the whole world their contempt of *the man and his measures*.

Fellow-tillers of the soil!—independent farmers!—support no man, who would make Conscience cringe or truckle to convenience—who would offer up the rights and liberties of his constituents, on the altar of his vile ambition—support no “*Test-breaking*,” Conscience-prostituted character.

Who have claims on your support? what family in your county has been most consistent? Who opposed the union? who, to the last, resisted British influence, and sacrificed interest to the good of his country?—was it not DOWNSHIRE! On his principles the Hon. Colonel JOHN MEADE, a man of PROBITY and TRUTH, now offers himself a candidate for the representation of our county, whose family is well known to us all, and whose valuable Grandfather FAITHFULLY served us in Parliament for many years, who not only showed himself the steady patriot, and incorruptible statesman, but also testified his sentiments of the rights and happiness of the people, by his unrivaled regard to his tenantry.



Brother farmers, let us join hand in hand in support of Colonel MEADE, a man, in whom, I am well informed, there is no GUILT.

A COUNTY OF DOWN FARMER.

Killinchy, 23d July, 1805.

## TO THE INDEPENDENT ELECTORS OF THE COUNTY OF DOWN.

Gentlemen,

YOU are summoned to attend a meeting of the freeholders of the county, at Downpatrick, on the 27th inst. for the purpose of filling a vacancy in your representation, occasioned by the promotion of one of your representatives, to a high situation in the state.—Sudden as this call has been, you will not, I am convinced, too hastily, and with indiscriminating hand, lavish your favours unworthily.—In my humble opinion, Colonel MEADE is highly eligible to the honour of Representing you—his family possess a large stake in your county—his venerable grandfather for a series of years, was its faithful representative; but unlike our modern ephemeral patriots, (who too often survive their character and fame) his integrity terminated only with his existence.

Colonel MEADE has another, and in my mind still stronger claim to your suffrages—in being the chosen friend of the family of Downshire—a family that have uniformly supported the real interests of their country—a family under whose fostering auspices, your Staple Manufacture, from a state of infancy, was made to flourish—the liberal promoters of every thing that could tend to the general weal.

Many of you, and with good reason, I am well aware, have for a length of time abandoned electioneering pursuits—with feelings wounded, by a strong sense of the duplicity of those who meanly filch'd your favours—favours which served but as the ladder to elevate to present greatness—you now contemplate those subjects with an eye of apathy, bordering upon disgust;—let me, however, conjure you to lay aside this disposition for a time.—You are not to consider the present as a political question—no, gentlemen—you are now called upon (and in your own breasts you must feel that you are imperiously called upon) to come forward to offer up a *small* tribute of gratitude and respect to the memory of the *lamented and much injured* Downshire. He, gentlemen, never abused your kind partiality—He, never solicited your favours with a view to *betray you*—He violated *no test*—He made no promises to support Parliamentary Reform, in order to *cajole you*—He did not sedulously instill into the public mind, certain principles, and afterwards revel in the demoniac luxury of persecuting, with relentless cruelty, the unfortunate converts to those very principles—He never bartered the interests of his country to promote *his own aggrandizement*—nor did his exalted, unsuspecting mind, know what it was to “smile and smile, and be a villain!”—No, gentlemen—in his friendship he was sincere—in his generosity, unbounded—and the latest effort of that truly great man's life, was to oppose, with all his influence, the most obnoxious and degrading act, this country ever witnessed.



Rouse, therefore—come boldly forward, and by your unanimous voice, show to the world, that you well know how to appreciate parted worth.

AN IRISHMAN.

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TO THE INDEPENDENT FREEHOLDERS OF THE COUNTY  
OF DOWN,

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*Brother Freeholders,*

I HAVE seen, with surprise, a *Manifesto* issued from *Mount-Stewart*, and addressed to you, stating, "That Lord Castlereagh was not aware of any opposition," &c. &c.—It is really very presuming in you to think for yourselves, and thereby disturb his Lordship's repose!—Basking in the sunshine of Court favour, he seems to think it a mighty trouble, to be obliged to show his face among you, and give an account of his parliamentary services. I know not what *his* feelings are; but I know that an HONEST MAN would be ashamed to meet an *old* friend with a *new* face.

This same publication likewise tells you, that his *Father* and the *General* are quite sufficient to put a stop to any opposition that yet exists in the county; but should they not, he will join his countenance to theirs—and then, who will dare to oppose the junction!! What portion of the county he means by "his Constituents," may be very well understood at *Mount-Stewart*—but surely he does not mean to comprehend the freeholders of the county in that appellation—his household troops may be described by such a term; but I trust every honest elector despises it!—He tells you if you still persist in opposing him, that "He will appear on the hustings at the opening of the poll:"—a few days there, will convince this *recreant Lordling*, that although he riots in all the splendor of EASTERN luxury, adorned and pampered with the gems and spices of *ransacked provinces*; and, in idea, entering his Indian palaces, reclining on his palanquin, or exalted on the back of an Elephant!—the good sense, and independent spirit of the county of Down, will not suffer him to enter the British Parliament, mounted on the shoulders of its Electors.

Compare this little *ambidexter* statesman, with the revered and much lamented nobleman, once joined with him in your representation—indeed the character of your deceased representative, is degraded by the comparison.—Need I tell you, how much the one loved Ireland, and only ceased to serve his country, when he ceased to exist!! How much this candidate for a continuance of your favour—this *pretender* to patriotism—this *violater* of every sacred engagement, has injured his *native* land;—He has sold its PARLIAMENT for the first seat at the Board of Control—and we may very fairly conclude, that by some other new degradation, or pull on our property, he has wrought himself into the first place in the War Office. Like another *Melville*, with power in one hand, and corruption in the other, he comes to invade the representation of our county;—but I hope and trust he will meet the fate attendant on *all Invaders*.—To elect such a man would be an eternal blot on the character of the county of Down.



The Hon. Mr. MEADE comes forward with every advantage which a character highly respectable, a good Family, and good connexions can give him. His ancestors never perjured themselves to the county, nor harassed its inhabitants. Compare the merits of the two Candidates—we have every reason to believe that the one will be a good and faithful Representative—we have fatal proof that the D——l himself could not be worse than the other.

*Dundonald, 26th July, 1805.*

A FREEHOLDER.

### DOWNPATRICK RACES!

TO-MORROW, Tuesday 30th inst. will be run for, at the Court-house, in Downpatrick, the celebrated GOLDEN CUP, well known by the name of DOWN INDEPENDENCE—the best of three four-day heats.

*Entered for the above.*

COLONEL MEADE'S elegant, high spirited Horse—BEAT HIS LORDSHIP!—a fine EGYPTIAN\* Brown, (*not a black hair on him*); great odds in his favour.

Lord Castlereagh's Piebald Hack—UNION—formerly "*Honour and Honesty*"—having once broke down, and frequently run the garran—there is ten to one, that he bolts during the first heat—and if he does not, that he will be distanced the second.—Weight for inches!!!

*29th July, 1805.*

\* Colonel MEADE was in Egypt with sir Ralph Abercromby; his brother was killed by his side, and he himself received five wounds!!!

### TO THE INDEPENDENT ELECTORS; THE TENANTRY OF MR. NEEDHAM;

*In the Barony of Mourne, and Lordship of Newry.*

Gentlemen,

YOUR worthy and highly respected landlord, in concurrence with almost all of the illustrious and noble personages interested in the property and welfare of the county of Down, has generously allowed you to follow your own inclinations in the choice of a representative for your county in the present vacancy. Permit a brother freeholder to call your attention to the very important situation in which you stand at the present conjuncture. The mind of your landlord's agent has been perverted by promises of appointments in India for his children;—he, no doubt, will attempt to sway your inclinations and influence your votes, in favour of Lord Castlereagh; thereby bringing the influence of the plundered wealth of the Indies, to operate in the county of Down, not for the interest of your landlord, the advantage of your country, or of yourselves—but, like the candidate whom he favours, promote his own selfish and avaricious views. I need not tell you, gentlemen, that the



situation of an agent is uncertain—not held by a tenure of perpetuity—short and transitory may be the power of Mr. *Needham's* present agent; but the connexion between you and your landlord is permanent—follow, then, the bent of your own inclinations;—consult the real interest of your country;—concur in preventing an *apostate Irishman* from abusing the representation of the county of Down;—follow the example of all noble, virtuous, and patriotic men. Support Colonel Meade—you will thereby ensure the approbation of your own consciences, and eventually secure the regard and esteem of your Landlord.

Rostrevor, 26th July, 1805.

A DOWN FREEHOLDER.

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*“Fingere qui non visa potest.”*

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### TO THE ELECTORS OF DOWN.

WHEN PHILALETHERS addressed the Electors of Down, last week, he stated his motives truly, and his opinions with manly freedom. He spoke not the language of a partisan—no servile adulation, no insolent calumny, dropt from his pen. He stood forward to recommend the re-election of Lord Castlereagh on broad public grounds.—That sentiments and arguments laid before the public, are fair objects of animadversion and refutation, he does not deny—but strictures formed of gross *misconstructions* and *illiberal insinuations*, are as fair objects of complaint.—Such he has experienced from a writer subscribing himself a *Whig*. To vindicate himself against these, he must once more obtrude himself on their attention. He relies that their candour will scorn the artifices of misrepresentation.

His former address neither denied the plenary right of electors to vary in their selection of Representatives, under varying circumstances;—nor did it, on the part of Representatives, “once elected,” make the absurd claim of a “Life-lease of the suffrages of their constituents.”—It argued against the propriety and expediency of a change in the *particular* instance now under the consideration of the electors of Down. It asserted, that such change, made in *this PARTICULAR CASE*, “would countenance the idea”—and it showed, that, at this *very* peculiar crisis, it must, in *some degree*, have the effect “of exercising a *kind of veto* on the Royal Prerogative.”

By this assertion *Philaletthes* abides—he maintains that it does not, either in substance or expression, involve the unconstitutional doctrines charged upon it.—It “goes not,” to disturb the well-arranged order of the state—to recommend a dangerous preponderance in any branch of the legislature—nor to inculcate, in the *insidious* language of the *Whig*, “that every thing should become *subservient* to the Crown.”—it implies nothing inimical to the “elective franchise,”—nothing derogatory from the value of that inestimable privilege—but it “does go” to place in a strong point of view, the true and tenable position—that the exercise, by the electors of Down, of their unquestioned right to prefer another candidate to Lord Castlereagh, would, *under existing circumstances*, be an *unhandsome* and *unwise* measure.



So much for the misconstructions of the *Whig*; a few words more on his *insinuations*.

A writer so well informed, and so shrewd (*Philalethes*, denies him not his full merits,) could not be ignorant—"that *irony* implies, and is to be interpreted into, its *reverse*." Under this *admitted* rule of construction, his composition is of very coarse materials and unseemly texture.—Exclusive of the uncandid statements already pointed out, it is made up entirely (for *argument* it affects not) of invective, "bare and rude," against the candidate he opposes; and of disparaging reflections, founded in *conjecture* alone, on the motives of *Philalethes*.—With every allowance that can be made for the operation of party zeal, and electioneering turbulence, a just and enlightened public will indignantly condemn an attack made with such weapons—it will not recognize the man who wields them as a *Whig* of the *firm old Band*.—Those exalted characters would disdain to use them—and *Philalethes* regrets that a writer so capable of contending for the cause he has espoused, should have resorted to such instruments in its defence.

August 7, 1805.

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### TO DOCTOR PHILALETHES.

WHAT obligations are I and my FELLOW FREEHOLDERS under, to your generous regard for us, and our interests, so pathetically exemplified by your late *flattering* Address! How seldom do we meet with such an instance of philanthropic liberality, in these *selfish* days, from a *stranger*! The narrow benevolence of mankind, in general, rarely extends beyond the confined circle of their own neighbourhood; but *yours*, warm as the sun, expands like the horizon from district to district, till even the astonished bosom of our *distant county* feels the benign influence of its *patriotic* embrace! You are, indeed, entitled to the distinguished epithet of *Doctor*, whether it happen to be *appropriately* used on the present occasion or not; while, with all the meekness of a true *Divine*, you warn us to suppress that ungrateful spirit of *opposition* that has arisen among us against the *quondam* FRIEND OF OUR LIBERTY AND INDEPENDENCE, who, displaced by his *new elevation*, now comes to solicit our support to enable him to recover his vacated seat. Among other *cogent* reasons, showing the impolicy of such an opposition, you argue thus:—"Is this a fit season for setting afloat the *dangerous* spirit of electioneering controversy; for rousing to animosity and dissention a large portion of the community, till now, happily tranquil? Will you *evict from his seat* a Member who had been unanimously elected to it, and presumed on its secure possession for seven years? Will you divert the attention of the *new Secretary of State* from Bonaparte and the war, by thus embarrassing him in Downpatrick? such conduct is highly censurable and indecorous, and may be productive of fatal consequences to the safety of the Empire at large." Now, my dear Doctor although I, who am a great admirer of eloquence and ingenuity, might be *fascinated* to agree with you in opinion, yet it will be contended by the majority of my brother Electors (and with much plausibility too), that there is no danger of any disturbance, or disaffection to



Government, or friendship for Bonaparte, taking place in this county, even if *your* favourite Candidate should not succeed—that his new opponent is as loyal a man as any *Unionist* can be, and that his character is free of all *political blots*. Why then, say they, not give him a trial, when we have so fair an opportunity. He is supported by some of our *best friends*—the steady friends of the PLOUGH AND THE LOOM. Who bade LORD CASTLEREAGH vacate his seat? his own ambition.—These are potent arguments, dear Doctor, and have already produced their effects.

The liberty of choosing our Representatives in Parliament, is one of the vital privileges of our glorious constitution; and it is a pity it should ever be sacrificed to selfishness, and cramped by power, or become the tool of ambition. Let us be tender, dear Doctor, of this privilege.—Let us not lose it through neglect, nor destroy it by intemperance. LIBERTY is a plant that cannot bear extremes either of heat or cold. The *hot-bed* may suddenly raise it to a preternatural size, but it will shrink and shrivel again, when exposed to the chill influence of the open air. *You may remember* how it towered once at DUNGANNON, exciting the astonishment of surrounding Naturalists—but alas! (*you may remember also*) how soon the gigantic wonder dwindled and at length became a dwarf.

Perhaps, as your place of residence is so remote, you may not have heard that the grandsire of our young candidate cherished *this* inestimable plant, during his whole political life, with a fatherly care; and that his constituents evinced their gratitude, by repeatedly investing him with the sacred trust.—The remembrance of the grandsire's virtues, no doubt, now strongly operates in favour of the grandson. It draws the affections of many to him, whose interest, if consulted, would, perhaps, lead them a contrary way. Let not, then, the *kind* zeal of *Philalethes* for the welfare of a county, in which he is but a *casual sojourner*, induce him to overstep the bounds of modesty too far, by dissuading the electors thereof, particularly *those of his own order*, from following the bent of their inclinations in giving the Honourable Colonel Meade their *honest suffrages*. Pretended impartialities will not do! the *trick* will be discovered.—The Scholars already begin to exclaim,

*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes!*

A word to the wise is enough.

REGIUM DONUM.

SELF SHALL STILL BE CENTRE.

SUNG BY LORD CASTLEREAGH,

At a Select Meeting of his Friends at Downpatrick, July, 1805—

To the Tune of "*The Vicar of Bray*."

*His Lordship was strongly supported in the Chorus by Sir James Blackwood, Bart., and Daniel Mussenden, Esq.*

A Stripling sly to you I came,  
In days when *Tests* were common,     I  
Those *Tests* to me were all the same,  
As they took nothing from one;

NOTE.—1. At the general election of the year, 1790,



For I'd been taught to *lisp* and *speak*,  
 In tones that best might please you,  
 As, father's *Drawl*, and uncle's *Squeak*, 2  
 I saw began to tease you.

CHORUS—*Upon this rule I will insist,  
 Until my dying day, sir,  
 That self alone shall interest  
 The mind of Castlereagh, sir!*

In then I came with patriot blaze,  
 And *northern whiggish* fire,  
 Ambition soon, new hopes did raise  
 And fann'd my young desire;  
 I panted after rank, and name,  
 M'Gregor's had not boasted,  
 An humble race unknown to fame,  
 Content with boiled, and roasted. 3  
*Upon this rule, &c.*

Though "*honesty* and *honour*" bound 4  
 Me to the *Whig Reformists*,  
 Their's soon I found, was barren ground,  
 And join'd with the *Conformists*.  
 The Northern Union I forswore, 5  
 Reform, emancipation,  
 A Place Bill, Pension Bill no more  
 Seem'd suited to the nation.  
*Upon this rule, &c.*

Camden, in lucky time, came o'er,  
 And found me apt and willing,  
 In years a youth, in courtier's lore  
 A sage, from constant drilling.  
 For every post I stomach feel,  
 As keen as my good *Sire's*,  
 When anchovies or collar'd eel  
 Excite in him desires.  
*Upon this rule, &c.*

To move the Parliament away,  
 And silence Irish faction,  
 Cornwallis came;—O happy day!  
 O fortunate transaction!  
 Though bound in conscience to defend  
 Old Ireland's laws and honour,  
 To answer my own private end,  
 I forc'd the yoke upon her.  
*For there's no law I will insist,  
 Until my dying day, sir,  
 That I'll not change, and shift, and twist,  
 As suits Lord Castlereagh, sir!*

#### NOTES.

2. The ears of the county of Down Freeholders were well accustomed to the cadences of the peer, and his brother, in 1783, and 1790.
3. Lord Londonderry, however, is not content with the simple cookery of his *frugal ancestors*, as his table conversation proves him a complete adept in the culinary art, to the no small annoyance of many a *thirsty* guest.
4. Lord Castlereagh's motto, in 1790—*Heu pudor!*—*Ingenuous Youth!!!*
5. See Resolutions and Toasts of the Northern Whig-Club, of which his Majesty's present Secretary for the War Department and Colonies, was then a zealous member.—See lists of Toasts given by the Hon. Robert Stewart, at some of those meetings, as produced by Mr. Grattan in one of the debates upon the question of the Union.



Whether with Fox, or Grey, or Pitt, 6  
 Or Addington, or Wyndham,  
 Upon the treas'ry bench I sit,  
 I'll give votes, or rescind 'em :  
 This way or that, I'll pliant bend,  
 Into new systems enter,  
 Or cling to old, as chance may send,  
 But *Self shall still be centre.*

*Upon this rule I will insist,  
 Until my dying day, sir,  
 That self alone shall interest  
 The mind of Castlereagh, sir!*

## HEIGH HO! BOBBY

A NEW SONG.

BY THE GENERAL.

POOR Bobby is come—Pitt's lackey and hack,  
 In the dumps all from Donaghadee,  
 And besides we have here the delicate Black,  
 As fine a fed hog as you'll see.

*Heigh ho! Bobby!*

To Dublin we've sent for a lawyer, in haste,  
 To write bonny songs this election;  
 And his brains may be gummy, yet Counsellor Vaste  
 Shall receive the *three Tails* for perfection.

*Heigh ho! Bobby!*

And the Minister too—for his orthodox creed,  
 In GUINEAS shall finger the *Donim*;  
 While his sleek jolly brothers with Turbot we'll feed,  
 Till the gluttons shall blubber out *bonam*.

*Heigh ho! Bobby!*

Alack-a-day! once the *true blue* did unite,  
 And stuck to us *close* when in *need*;  
 But the spirit of FREEDOM *deserted us* quite,  
 And they now vote for DOWNSHIRE and MEADE,

*Heigh ho! Bobby!*

O! then, Colonel Jemmy, your pioneers gather,  
 And set them to work in this hobble;  
 Lest half the *dear gold* from the purse of my father,  
 Shall scarce help us out of the squabble.

*Heigh ho! Bobby!*

Time was, that Bob's voice, like the bugle of fate,  
 Could sound to the Hillsborough trumpet;  
 But since he was made a *mere tool* in the State,  
 It expires like the joy of a strumpet.

*Heigh ho! Bobby!*

For these Down-men are devils, they care not for Pitt,  
 For his ribbons, his stars, or his dinners;  
 But TRUE to their TEXT, they refuse to be bit,  
 by *Test-breakers*, Swaddlers, or Sinners.

*Heigh ho! Bobby!*

- 
6. Mr. Grey has said, that nothing short of an *earthquake*, can remove my Lord Castlereagh from the cabinet.—There really seems to be something *ominous* in this metaphor of Mr. Grey's, as all the HILLS and MEADES of his native county, are already in commotion against him.
7. In this line the Baronet and the COURAGEOUS *ci-devant* Captain, not waiting for the chorus, burst out with uncommon animation.



But Bobby's a *Colonel*—my Laird Castlereagh,  
 On the SOLDIER and LADY shall thunder;  
 Yet stop—*his own ear* might be *bit* by a *flea*,  
 And the EGYPTIAN\* might cause him to wonder.  
*Heigh ho! Bobby!*

\* The gallant Colonel MEADE, now a candidate for the county Down, distinguished himself greatly in Egypt, under General Abercrombie; and received there no less than five wounds.

## GOOD BYE TO YOUR LORDSHIP.

SIT down neighbours all, and I'll tell you a story,  
 About a Down Elector, and Castlereagh the tory;  
 I had it hot from stiff-rump the parson,  
 Who would lay down his face for a peer to place his a—e on.  
*Bow wow wow, &c.*

The statesman came bowing, and cringing, from court,  
 Said, he hoped for the honour of his vote and support,  
 The farmer replied, for what do you want my vote, sir!  
 Pray, are you turn'd out, since you turn'd your coat, sir!  
*Bow wow wow, &c.*

No, no, my good friend, that is not the reason,  
 But Minister of War, I am made for a *season*—  
 Which causes me now, for to vacate my *seat*, sir,  
 And makes me afraid, I am come rather *late*, sir.  
*Bow wow wow, &c.*

My Lord, I am sure, that never can be the case,  
 For, according to the *test*, that you took before my face,  
 All your conduct, when canvass'd, will bear examination,  
 Except, by Commissioners, appointed by the nation.  
*Bow wow wow, &c.*

But let you come before a select committee, sir,  
 Who are qualified your virtues, and services to see, sir;  
 Let that now be the *test*, of your Lordship's perfection,  
 As you're not sure any other, would so well obey direction.  
*Bow wow wow, &c.*

But as for my vote, I am happy to say to you,  
 Since your sentiments are chang'd I've no longer any tie to you,  
 So no more will I hear, of your double-fac'd bounty,  
 But the interest, and support, of the Father of the County.  
*Bow wow wow, &c.*

*The following appeared in the Belfast News-Letter, of the 2d August.*

THE Court met at ten o'clock, and in a short time Lord Castlereagh entered, and seated himself near to the Sheriff. After a few minutes pause, his Lordship rose and spoke to the following effect:—  
*Gentlemen Freeholders,*

As it was not in my power to be present on the first day of the election, I am desirous of shortly stating to you now the reasons which occasioned my absence.—Upon the vacancy in the Representation of the County taking place, I did myself the honour of soliciting a fresh mark of your esteem, in again placing me in the dignified situation which I formerly held, and of conferring upon me that important trust which you had confided to my charge for several years past. I was not then aware, that any opposition would be made upon

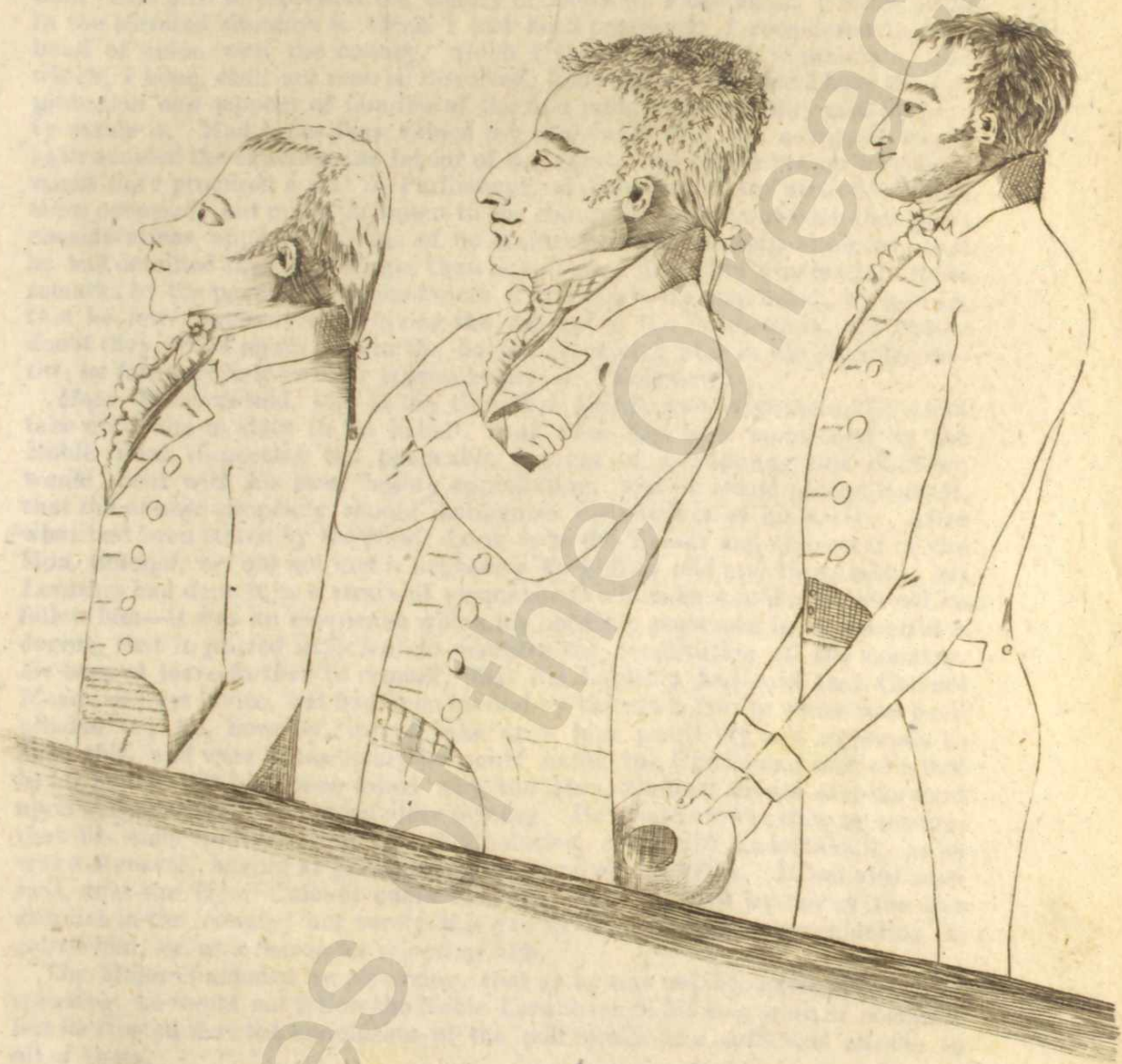


the present occasion; but so soon as I learnt that was to be the case, I felt it to be my duty personally to solicit the honour of your support. I trust it will not be necessary for me to offer any apology for not immediately appearing in the County, on the vacancy being declared. You, Gentlemen, must be fully sensible, that the important duties connected with the situation to which I have been appointed by his Majesty, require my closest attention, and when it is also recollected, that in a period of war, these duties become greatly multiplied and doubly important, you will, I am persuaded, be of opinion, that I was best attending to your interests, when applying myself to the discharge of those public duties which are so intimately connected with your own. These circumstances will fully explain to you, and, I trust, justify my not being present on the first day of the election; and I must add, that having left London only on Friday afternoon, you will be satisfied that I have not lost much time by the way.

I shall now make a few observations respecting the opposition that is made to my re-election, and the gentleman who claims your support. That one of the family of Clanwilliam may justly and with propriety offer himself to become your Representative in Parliament, is a proposition which no gentleman who knows the respectability of that family, can deny. Upon a former occasion, a member of that family held that dignified situation: the gentleman who now solicits your support, and whom I must, notwithstanding the relations in which we are placed, call my Honourable Friend, is, I am persuaded, possessed of those qualities and honourable sentiments, which are calculated to secure to him general esteem. None of those who know him, can hold him personally in higher respect than I do; and I am fully persuaded, that in the present contest, he, and those gentlemen who act along with him, will carry on the business of the election with all that temper and decorum, that is consistent with the nature of the case, and it shall be my study to adopt a similar line of conduct.

I shall now advert to some of the circumstances which are connected with the opposition offered against my re-election by my Honourable Friend upon this occasion. I observe he is not now present; but in none of the remarks which I mean to make, shall I feel disposed to derogate from that respectability and honour which have always distinguished him. That one of the family of Clanwilliam might justly look up to the honour of becoming your representative in Parliament, is what might naturally be expected; but it may be asked, if, upon the present occasion, the claim now made is with the consent and approbation of that family. I have reason to believe it is not. If it had been so we might have expected that the elder brother, next to the Peerage, would have solicited that honour. He, however, has not done so; and among the Gentlemen who honour me with their support, I have the pleasure to count many members of that family. From what then has the present opposition taken its rise?—Has it been from the Hon. Gentleman himself who stands forth as my opponent? I doubt that. I have rather reason to believe it takes its rise from a Noble Family which possesses great influence and great property within the county; and, if the report be true, he did not solicit, but has been solicited to stand forward upon the present occasion. How far the interference of that family, in the mode in which it has taken place, has been constitutional or proper, it is not necessary for me now to discuss; there is a proper tribunal competent to judge of that, if it ever shall come before them. The family to which I have alluded were, upon a former occasion, understood to have recommended a gentleman to your notice, and accordingly the Honourable Gentleman who was my colleague, was chosen one of your Representatives in Parliament. Has not, then, the influence attached to this family been fully gratified? or shall the county be told, that nothing short of complete ascendancy will satisfy their expectations—that all the other noble and respectable families in the county must yield to their mandate, and that family alone shall lord it over them with uncontrolled authority. The respectable families in the county who honoured me with their support, possess property of not less importance, and will not fail, with equal spirit, to maintain their independence. It is certainly well known that upon many occasions those holding the honours of the Peerage, have indirectly given their support and countenance in the election of a Commoner; but probably it was never known before, that any person possessing a Peerage should, by public advertisement in the News-papers, openly declare their interference







Houses of the Oireachtas



at an election.—I shall here take notice of what is in public report, for the truth of which, however, I do not pledge myself, and though my Honourable Friend is not present himself, when he returns it will be in his power, or those who act for him, may now contradict it, if the report be unfounded. It is reported, that having obtained the interest of this family, in respect of votes, he is also to have the use of their purse, that is, that the whole expences of this election shall be defrayed for him. My purse is not so long as to prompt me to disturb the peace of a county, or to challenge competitors to a canvass, but still I have enough to enable me to stand any contest where my own honour or the honour of this county is engaged, and whatever expence is necessary shall not be spared upon the present occasion. I have had the honour for fifteen years past to represent the county of Down in Parliament, I felt a pride in the elevated situation to which I had been preferred, I considered it as a bond of union with the county, which I should ever wish to maintain, and which, I hope, shall not soon be dissolved, knowing as I do, that I have the approbation and support of families of the first rank, respectability and property within it. Had I not thus valued my connexion with the county I might have avoided the expence and labour of a contest, and I have reason to believe might have procured a seat in Parliament, without any of the anxieties which these occasion; but my attachment to the county of Down was such that these considerations appeared to me of no moment.—His Lordship observed, that he had detained the Court longer than he intended to do, but was led into these remarks by the peculiar circumstances of the case—He concluded, by saying, that he felt confident of receiving the support of the Freeholders, and had no doubt they would again do him the honour of placing him in the dignified station he formerly held as their representative in Parliament.

*Major Matthews* said, that as the Hon. Col. Meade was not present, he would take upon him to state in his behalf, that what had been mentioned by the Noble Lord respecting the peaceable manner of conducting this election, would meet with his most hearty approbation, and he would pledge himself, that the utmost propriety should distinguish the conduct of his party. After what had been stated by the Noble Lord, as to the honour and character of the Hon. Colonel, he did not find it necessary for him to add any thing more; his Lordship had done it in a strain of eloquence in which he would not pretend to follow him—it was an eloquence which his Lordship possessed in so powerful a degree, that it proved sufficient to overturn the constitution of the country. He begged leave further to remark, that his Lordship had said that Colonel Meade did not invite, but had been invited by the noble family which had been alluded to; he, however, would take upon him positively and expressly to deny this, and were it necessary he could name the Gentleman who solicited in his behalf. It had been asked why the Hon. Colonel should step forward upon this occasion, and not his elder brother. He would answer this, by stating, that his elder brother, from his official duties, could not undertake it, as he was a General, having at present the command of a district. It had also been said, that the Hon. Colonel came forward, recommended by one of the first families in the county, but surely this can never be urged as an objection against him, or as a reason for rejecting him.

The Major concluded by observing, that as he was not accustomed to public speaking, he would not follow the Noble Lord through his long train of remarks, but he trusted that the conclusion of the poll would be a sufficient answer to all of them.

*Mr. Ruthven* said, the Freeholders had heard a long speech from his Lordship, in which he had spoken of the independence of the county, but he hoped, the Freeholders would show to his Lordship, that they were sufficiently independent to return a Gentleman of their own choosing. His Lordship, he said, had been the means of carrying through the measure of the union—but had that measure lessened our taxes or increased our trade. At the time a tax was laid upon the linen trade, did his Lordship endeavour to prevent that? He concluded, by remarking, that the Irish Parliament had now been transported to England.

*Lord Castlereagh* rose, and said, he should again beg leave to intrude upon their attention for a few moments. The Hon. Gentleman who had spoken last had laid him under obligations for which he was bound to thank him. He admired



his manliness and candour, for when any Gentleman had reason to complain of his public conduct it was fair to express it openly rather than follow the conduct of some who went about with secret insinuations. The Hon. Gentleman had objected to his conduct in regard to the union; but let Gentlemen reflect a little and they will find that in respect to most public measures, especially one of so much consequence as the one alluded to, men are fonn to entertain very different sentiments, as it did happen upon that occasion; he, however, was still of opinion that the union would be found of the greatest advantage to this country. A very short period had elapsed since that measure had been adopted, but it would be found that by Ireland having become an integral part of the Empire, the expence which she had since contributed to the State, had been considerably less than would have fallen to her share had she been left to maintain the troops necessary for her own defence, and to defray the expences of her own Government. With regard to what the Hon. Gentleman had said respecting the tax upon the linen trade, he would shortly state that at the time that tax was imposed, the Legislature had resolved to lay a tax of 4 per cent. upon all manufactured goods exported, which it was supposed would not injure them materially in foreign markets. No exception was made as to linen because it might have excited claims for exempting other manufactures without just grounds, though they might have been supported by plausible reasoning. It ought, however, to be recollected, that upon an urgent representation being made to the Imperial Parliament that this tax was considered prejudicial to the trade, every degree of liberality and attention was shown to the wishes of this country, which evinced how anxious that Parliament was to prove to the Irish nation the most tender regard for their interests, and a strong inclination to comply with their desires, and in consequence thereof the tax was taken off. With regard to lessening other taxes it must occur to every Gentleman, that, during a period of war, there was no opportunity for carrying these measures into effect. It was a pleasing circumstance, however, to contemplate, that by the mutual intercourse of the two nations, now formed into one, the trade of both had been, and would be promoted, and by the English merchants embarking their capital in Irish manufactures, great advantage must arise to this country.

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ON Saturday July 27th, 1805, the Rt. Hon. Lord Viscount Castlereagh, having been proposed by Sir James S. Blackwood, a proper person to represent the County of Down in Parliament, a Spectre! spoke from the Hustings to the following effect.

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Gentlemen,

I take leave to congratulate *myself* and you, that I have once more such *weighty reasons* for addressing you in this place, and altho' my public conduct may have been sufficiently *notorious*, I shall avail myself of the presnt opportunity to state how anxiously my heart has been devoted to encrease the *happiness* of my *constituents*, and to advance their *general, or particular interests*.

In the first place, I shall remind my *Brethren*, the Presbyterians of this great and Independent County, that I did, on a former occasion, declare myself, one of their body and although I do not now *publicly* profess their religion, they will have the goodness to recollect that the court never go to Meeting, and of course will excuse my seeming neglect.—I beg also to direct their attention, to my early exertions, to organize the Whig-Club in the North, and the great benefits I have thereby conferred on this County; if however some *misguided* men have fallen a sacrifice to these principles, which I, and my associates then favoured—if Birch and Baker narrowly escaped being hanged



—if Porter, Gowdy, Orr, and others were hanged, they themselves only are to be blamed, who did not recant, and new model their political creed, with as much *dexterity* as I did, and when I rejected their petition, and urged their execution—I did so—because my principles being then changed, and my situation altered, you know I could not help it—I trust, therefore, my Whig-Club Brethren will still show themselves my friends, assured that I am just as *sincere* in my political attachment as ever!!!—

On the support of the high church sect in this county, I think I may safely calculate, as it must appear that the force of my attachment to them alone, could induce me to break thro' a solemn TEST given to the Dissenters; and they may confidently rely on my zealous exertions in their cause during this Parliament, for the present state of health of our most Gracious sovereign seems to promise that he may live so long.

To my worthy Roman Catholic *Brethren*, (for brethren I will call them too,) assuring them that when next I change my religion it shall be to theirs. I wish to suggest how successful my exertions have been, in sowing dissention between the Presbyterian Clergy and their flock in regard to the *Regium Donum*: and how *attentive* and *polite* I was to the most Revd. Father in God, Doctor John Troy, and how energetically I laboured in Parliament to establish all the arguments, I derived from him in favour of the *Union*, which at once gave you and him *content, reform and emancipation*.

To the various description of Freeholders, I must observe, that no person is so eligible to represent the different religious and political sects into which they are divided, as I, who have been of all *popular* and *ministerial* creeds, who have been successively a Pittite and an Addingtonian, and am willing to be the friend of any person who is able to promote the *honour* of my constituents by *serving* ME, and that I am equally qualified to represent in my proper person, their religious as political varieties, having, I may confidently assert, just as good a claim to any one confession of Faith as to another. I shall only beg leave to add, as some of you may *still* feel a partiality for TESTS, that I have not the least scruple to take any, that you can propose, and that the confidence with which you honour me shall gratefully be acknowledged at the end of every seven years, by your *sincere* friend, and *faithful* Representative.

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## A DIALOGUE

*Between two Farmers, on their way to Down Election.*

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*Robert.* WELL, Neighbour, are you for the election?

*John.* I am going there, and suppose you are bent the same way, and for the same purpose, of voting for Colonel MEADE, who is come of good breed, as the saying is; for do you know, Robert, that his Grandfather, Mr. HAWKINS MAGILL, (God bless his Memory) gave his tenants leases for ever, at 2s. 6d. per acre. He had only one child, a daughter, who was rich enough, he said, when she had 12,000*l.* a-year; and therefore, he would make the people comfortable—He was the landlord!



*Robert.* Aye, that was very well; but he is dead, and cannot serve us now; but Lord C.—— may do us a great deal of good; he may bring many things about.

*John.* Oh, fie! where is your grateful remembrance of departed merit? you know, Robert, call a man ungrateful, and you may call him any thing; but you say Lord C.—— may bring about many things: yes, many, and disastrous are the things he has brought about: he brought about a Rebellion, and a pretty Reformation of Parliament, as he promised; his reformation was destruction; indeed, in almost every thing, by a strange fatality, he must kill before he can cure.

*Robert.* Do not say so, John; look what he did for the Dissenters; he got them the large bounty.

*John.* Yes, indeed, in his *old way*; at the destruction of their rights and privileges; as he had to destroy a Parliament before he could reform it, so with the Presbyterians, he must degrade before he can give, and destroy their GLORIOUS EQUALITY, in order to establish one class, Bishops; a second, Rectors; a third, Curates; and a fourth, nothing at all. The Dissenters should curse the man who has said to their congregations, ye shall be so many, but no more.

*Robert.* John, John! the ministers would not join you; no, John, nor Elders, either.

*John.* But, friend Robert, the people would; nay, most of the ministers think as I do; but they are browbeaten, and awed to silence by Lord C.——'s slave and jackall, who, with his 400 annual pieces, can show how easy it is to worship both God and Mammon.

*Robert.* You are saying too much; Lord C. was praised in many addresses.

*John.* O yes, did you never hear of a church first sainting a man, and then damning him afterwards; a few months may show this to be your Lordling's fate:—but Robert, I doubt you are priestridden; you take your account of things from your minister, who is not backward in praising any one who will fill his belly, or encrease his store. Let me tell you what my minister said yesterday; (at times like these one can scarce get election matters kept out of their prayers) "Trust no man," says he, "whose character stands thus,—whether he smiles or frowns, whether his path is adorned with the rays of beneficence, or his steps are *dyed in blood*, makes an attention to self, the spring of every movement, and the motive to which every action is referred:"—I am certain he had Castlereagh in his mind when he said so.

*Robert.* You may say as you like; our minister advised us all to do as we were bid, and not fly in the face of his Lordship.

*John.* Your minister is a *fine fellow*; in giving you such advice, he was only showing a specimen of his gratitude to his Lordship, for his *especial* and *merciful care* in providing for the Rev. P. and W. most HEAVENLY QUARTERS! Pray, Robert, do you come from Grey-Abbey? Or were you bred on the back shore?

*Robert.* No matter where I was bred, but tell me, did you see the county of Down Freeholder's dateless address, beginning with "Friends and Countrymen!" What do you think of it? does it convince you?

*John.* Think of it!—why, what would I think of a thing, begin-



ning in surprise, and ending in confusion?—*Convince* me! that it does, that it came from the hand of some *fumbler*—it has no point in it, save the exposing C——, the old son of Lord Londonderry; to whom, no doubt, he ascribes the great power of “moving Heaven and earth;—the earth, indeed, he may move, with the help of the Dundonald Elephant; but HEAVEN, friend Robert, is beyond his reach.—“The Lady being gained,” sounds sweetly; how beautiful! when placed with the fine word, “hawked;” a word expressive of the peddling trade, which the writer was bred to. I grant you, the pious exclamation of “GOOD GOD!” covers many defects.

*Robert.* Is there no force in the last sentence of the address?

*John.* Yes; to convince me that Colonel MEADE should be our man; his friends are amongst us, their property in our county, himself an independent-minded man; and that C—— is a *court creature*, his father's pensioner; having his property just at home, you know; it lies in India!

*Robert.* Faith, John, I would wish to vote with you, but I dare not.

*John.* O fie! “dare not;” what are you afraid of? Don't you know that Lord C—— is shortly to be embarked in the first cargo of outward-bound India Trinkets; that a certain great man is not well; and that another truly great man will soon come after him? Do your duty, man; if you do not, you deserve to be trampled on; nay, to have your back flayed for drum-heads to the general's army.

*Robert* Well, John, you are right; I will go and vote with you, and my own conscience; from what you say, and what I thought myself, I see the Colonel will be the man; that his is the NOBLE side; the STRONG side; and what is best of all, it is the side that is JUST.

*John.* Colonel Meade's is the just side; his family, whose estate is large, represented us faithfully, when we heard of no *M'Gregor*. Colonel Meade will be with us and his friends, when C—— busied in making his footman's son a bishop, or an Indian officer—Colonel Meade will mind our linen and muslin manufactures. But what will C—— mind? Why, the filling places—the selling nankeens—Elephants teeth—Indian shawls—and pounds of bohea.

*Killileagh, July 29th, 1805.*

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### C —H, SOLUS.

ALL now is lost, and ev'ry hope far fled!  
 (My minions, too, must share in my disgrace)  
 O! that in Lethe's forgetful liquid bed,  
 I might but dip this more than Janus face!  
 What now avails my logic or my lore?  
 My skipjack change from one to t'other side.  
 My honour's gone—Fame set to rise no more!  
 Farewell ambition and presumptuous pride!  
 Where are ye now whom Dad M'Gregor rais'd,  
 From petty 'squires to both rank and name;  
 Whose ev'ry word my ev'ry action prais'd,  
 And suit and service done to sound my fame.  
 Ah, *Robin Bluff!*—Ah, *Jemmy Black*, quick send  
 Your two battalions to your Lord's relief!  
 You got them, not from merit, but to lend  
 Support and succour to your ruin'd Chief.



Where are those puppets—understrappers gone!  
 Who, with long rods and trappings, I decoy'd?  
 Who swore firm faith to L—nd—y's son?  
 And sold themselves to perjury and pride!  
 Where are the Hacks, the Union-jobbers fled?  
 Who, like myself, their native country sold—  
 Rejoic'd when heart of patriot inward bled,  
 And nicely finger'd master Billy's gold,  
 Come all ye hosts—ye mirmidons—ye tools  
 Of union and taxation—dreadful trade!  
 Come all my sycophants—my supple souls,  
 And save me from the triumph of this MEADE!  
 Vain had I fancy'd that old Erin's death!  
 Would wrap in torpent sleep the men of Down;  
 Cut off all spirit of the latest breath,  
 And leave me still the *Bobby* of renown.  
 Was it for this that I sedition sow'd—  
 Reap'd the fruition of that bloody deed!  
 Hang'd the poor wretches, tho' repentance flow'd,  
 And smil'd to see the ruin'd victim bleed!  
 'Twas all, and more; but let me now have done,  
 My guilty breast must seek remorse ere late;  
 From this damn'd contest I must quickly run,  
 For ominous of mine was Melville's fate!  
 Ye parasites—ye pimps of pow'r, adieu!  
 Ye secret friends of old CLANWILLIAM'S RACE,  
 Another sun will shortly shine on you,  
 And plunge my sadden'd soul in deep disgrace!  
 Yes, Noble DOWNSHIRE'S Progeny will shine!  
 His NAME—his MERITS will again revive,  
 While curse and execration rests on mine!  
 And my demerits time itself outlive!!!

Lilliputian Esquires—a la *Diable je vous commende.*

X. Y.

## THE FLOWER OF KILLILEAGH;

OR, THE

## SWAGGERING DOCTOR'S GARLAND!!!

JACK LITTLE was a preacher bold,  
 He came from Killileagh;  
 For the space of a month he his parish left,  
 To pimp for L—d C—h!!!

He was a jolly, portly man,  
 With a wig about his ears,  
 Sometimes he swore, sometimes he drank,  
 And sometimes, fought in fairs.

A cowherd brave, his father was,  
 But, alas! poor man, he is dead,  
 And to show his love for his only son,  
 He taught him his fav'rite trade.

So now with a club, in his blanket clad,  
 He tends eleven cows,  
 And, when they do not as he likes,  
 This club he at them throws;

Which gave to his arm a neryous force,  
 Killinchy records show!  
 How many tinkers in one night,  
 Did its manly vigor know.





*Little Pompous*  
alias  
*The Flower of Killiteagh*







His voice so loud, his throat so clear,  
 Made *Glascart* hills resound,  
 Which caus'd him to the preaching trade,  
 An apprentice to be bound.

And each Lord's day, at *Glascart*\* porch,  
 Upon a stool so low,  
 A plate was laid, on which as he pass'd,  
 Each man might a penny throw.

These pence a-piece, Seceders gave,  
 To send young JACK to school,  
 Where he did learn to read and write,  
 Which show'd he was no fool.

From this, the hist'ry of his life,  
 In silence passeth on,  
 Till in the pulpit, we him find,  
 The cutty stool upon.

Next week will be, published *Part the Second*, showing how he purchased a boat, and became fisherman—how he *hawked* the fish about the town—the simplicity of his dress—the length of time he could wear a shirt without washing—and that the neighbourhood might want no kind of bodily refreshment—how, he became *Butcher*, and supplied the Town with *cheap Young Beef*—how, as the making of sermons, might take off his attention from these *just* and *necessary* avocations, he contracted with *Jemmy Russel*, to make them for him, by the Year, at the rate of three farthings a couple—how, he became a doctor of divinity—and married a Wife—how, *soon* she died after marriage—His amours with *Jane Dill*,—how, after finding it more expensive to keep a W—e, than a wife, he married again—how, he locks up his wife when he leaves home, lest, in his absence, she might *eat too much*—how, he turned her out naked at midnight, one night that he came home drunk from the Presbytery, for taking the dirty sheets off the bed, and putting clean ones on, a month too soon—how, he swaggered through the county, to procure votes for his only Lord—how, he was frightened away from Downpatrick, by PRIEST MALONE!!! and how, on finding himself *blown*, he took to his bed, and died.

Cum multis aliis!!!

---

### SONG.

SINCE fiction, as †Waller has told us,  
 Is best suited to dealers in rhyme,  
 And tho' his advice very old is,  
 Since it has not been weaken'd by time.

Come, goddess of lying, befriend me,  
 And help a young lord to portray,  
 Not one word of truth shall offend you,  
 For I'm going to praise *Castlereagh*!

His consistency, honesty, truth,  
 His candour (I'll easily show it)  
 And his love of his country forsooth,  
 Are excellent themes for a poet.

A patriot in life's early bloom,  
 He still has continu'd the same,  
 Like the heroes of Greece or of Rome,  
 For gold he ne'er barter'd his fame.

---

\* A Seceding Meeting-house near the place of the Doctor's nativity.

† Mr. Waller's famous reply to Charles the 2d, when asked by his Majesty, why he had written a finer panegyric on Oliver Cromwell than on him, was, that poets always succeeded best in fiction.



A \* friend to the Gallican light,  
 Against Kings he most gallantly talked,  
 Then leaving the croppies to fight,  
 Away he most prudently walked.

He felt t'other side was too strong,  
 And that loyalty still would prevail,  
 So candidly own'd he was wrong,  
 And discreetly preserved his tail.†

In our house then a minister grown,  
 He ceased to admire reformation,  
 And propos'd, as is very well known,  
 By a union to work our salvation.

How ably he gilded the bait,  
 Many men in this county can tell,  
 Then, leaving poor Ireland to fate,  
 He most heartily bade us farewell.

To London he merrily hi'd,  
 When such is his love for the state,  
 Let who will o'er her councils preside,  
 Most humbly he kisses their feet.

He for Addington boldly harangued,  
 And now with Will Pitt see him vote,  
 ‡ And, till Harry Dundas shall be hanged,  
 He will not again turn his coat.

Thus, honest, consistent, and true,  
 Patriotic, upright, and sincere,  
 Men of Down! he's portray'd to your view,  
 Can you doubt of electing the peer!

But lest you should think that my praises  
 Are not very fairly bestow'd,  
 And suppose such a lie to your faces,  
 Could never be seriously urg'd.

Like the cautious § sign-painter, of old,  
 Who wrote under his sign "This a Tree,"  
 Take notice, this honest good Lord  
 In poetry, is Lord Castlereagh.

---

## SONG

BY SIR JAMES BLACKWOOD.

TUNE—"The prada I resorted."

YE Gentlemen all join with me,  
 To praise my lord—to praise my lord,  
 And let us all united be,  
 With one accord—with one accord;

---

\* Lord C. — was at the head of the Whig Club, in Belfast, in the year 1791,

† The mark by which loyal men in those days were distinguished.

‡ His Lordship was almost the only person who could be found hardy enough to speak in defence of Lord Melville's sundry peculations.

§ The sign-painter, having painted a tree, which was more like a house, thought proper to mention under it, what it was intended to represent. So, hereafter, the epithets "honest, independent," &c. it is necessary people should be told they are meant for his Lordship.



His praise from east to west should ring,  
The whiggish boy—the whiggish boy ;  
We'll win the day, then dance and sing,  
O ! that's the joy—oh, that's the joy !

*Sam Burdy* to Dremore is gone,  
His fame to sound, his fame to sound ;  
Like prophet he is look'd upon,  
In his native ground—his native ground ;  
With vacant stare—but round paunch full,  
He struts about—he struts about,  
And sputters as his mouth was full  
Of stirabout, of stirabout.

*Black George*, from Comber, he is here,  
With prying look—with prying look,  
He gormandizes with the peer,  
Oh ! wondrous luck—oh, wondrous luck.  
*Bob Black* of Derry, too, beside,  
Conceited Dowdle—conceited Dowdle ;  
\* *Dungannon hekey* stuff'd with pride,  
Who shakes his noddle—who shakes his noddle.

*Magenis*, too, is on the whip,  
The union dean—the union dean ;  
Does round about the hustings skip,  
For sake of gain—for sake of gain ;  
Indeed I greatly fear if he  
Stays long in Down—stays long in Down ;  
The *Serjeant* will have *Lavery*,  
In Warringstown—in Warringstown.

*Tom Cumming* with his iron phiz,  
Was long in doubt—was long in doubt ;  
The hundred pounds a year it is,  
Brought him about—brought him about :  
If MEADE would give him *nine-pence* more,  
He'd have his vote—he'd have his vote ;  
For DOWNSHIRE Interest then he'd roar,  
With open throat—with open throat.

*Dan Mussenden*, that cringing elf,  
Does all he can—does all he can ;  
Is proud and vain of his paltry self,  
As if a man—as if a man.  
My Lord despises all their sort,  
Like any dirt—Like any dirt,  
And if he'd meet them near the court,  
At them he'd squirt—at them he'd squirt.

I own that I am sanguine,  
To bring in Bob—to bring in Bob,  
Altho' he's had a hand in  
A dirty job—a dirty job ;  
Rebellion he prolong'd, that he  
Might circumvent—might circumvent  
Much blood was shed to take away  
Our parliament—our parliament.

---

\* The unmitred bishop got some fugitive applause for an intemperate speech made at a Dungannon Meeting, which literally turned his head—as it has never been seen steady, in conversation, from that day to this.



Let's now drink the *McGregors*,  
 We all are dry—we all are dry  
 Although their sires were beggars,  
 When MEADE's were high—when MEADE's were high.  
 Huzza! we'll now toast the young lord,  
 Who talks so fair—who talks so fair;  
 And, if he ever keeps his word,  
 'Twill make all stare—'twill make all stare!

---

TO THE FRIENDS OF INDEPENDENCE IN THE COUNTY  
 OF DOWN.

---

CASTLEREAGH, OR MEADE!

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*"I beg you will hereafter believe, that I measure the integrity of men  
 by their conduct, not by their professions."*—JUNIUS.

LORD Viscount C.—— once more solicits the honour of your support. If threadbare professions could ensure his election, then should his Lordship be your representative. But so often has he duped us, by the whistling of promises, that credulity itself can no longer be imposed on; and as his Lordship disdains to practise the doctrine he has preached, we must trace his virtues on the general map of his political life.

Lord C. in his early years, gave some promise of a man. As a disciple of Reformation, he was first puffed into notice. No one bawled more loudly for Liberty and Independence. He dwelt on the Rights of Man, and Catholic Emancipation, almost to surfeiting! But how can we reconcile Lord C. to himself?

Recollect his Lordship's entrance into the Irish Parliament. The curtain of separation between him and his constituents, was drawn the moment of his election. The door of the House of Commons had hardly closed on him, when he seems to have volunteered as the enemy of his country. Where shall we find his adherence to oaths? How shall we account for his desertion of principle? What were the fruits of his ministerial existence, and the advantages enjoyed by Ireland, as the effect of his patriotism?—These have descended to

*"The family vault of all the Capulets."*

Or shall we trace the beneficial measures of his government, in the bloody records of his uncle's administration? Shall we find them in the attempt (however vain) to detract from the merits of our illustrious DOWNSHIRE—and follow them out to the shameful, but momentary triumph over that great and venerable character?

Whatever be the consequences to ensue from the completion of the Union, it is now established—and we are silent; but the means employed to accomplish it, can never be forgotten. Lord C. was the caterer for diseased appetites—and carved away whatever pieces were dainty. When attacked for his corruption, in the united parliament, something more forcible than modesty chained his tongue, and he durst not defend what it was impossible to justify. His Lordship may think himself a wise man—the interested may call him a



great one; but I assure his Lordship, that I never could discover either his wisdom or his talents, any more than his "*Honour and Honesty*;" and I believe the world will give him just as much credit for the one, as for the other.

With respect to Colonel MEADE, who now opposes his Lordship, we shall judge fairly. If he has no personal pretensions, he, at least has family ones—highly and justly respectable. Some men, calling themselves independent, have advanced, that the Colonel is *imposed* on your County!—If, in that opulent and respectable county, no man possessed courage and virtue enough, to assert its independence—it was justifiable and expedient in every view of policy, to bring forward a candidate who could look, undismayed, on the patronage of his Lordship, and afford a salutary lesson to those who have deceived you.

But were Colonel Meade's pretensions even humble, the interest on which he stands is the noblest recommendation. He has been selected by a family whose virtues are most dear to us—and he now offers himself to your notice with a candid confidence. The virtues of the late Lord DOWNSHIRE, are green in our memory;—his private and public integrity—his fortitude and perseverance. As a friend, a patron, and a landlord, he can never be forgotten. Ireland acknowledged his paternal care; but in the immediate interests of your county he was indefatigable; and his projects were all directed to its happiness and prosperity. Remember, then, in supporting Colonel Meade, you pay a tribute to his exalted worth, and cover his enemies with confusion.

No language, in my opinion, can be sufficiently strong to convey to the Marchioness of DOWNSHIRE, a sense of our obligations. With a magnanimity suited to her rank, and the honours of her family, she has boldly erected the standard of Independence—around it let every true Irishman rally; and, by supporting her exertions, preserve to themselves the freedom of election. She saw us the sport of the unfeeling and unprincipled, and resolved to rescue us from degradation. Let, then, every freeholder, who would transmit to his children the blessings he enjoys, give his strongest support to Colonel Meade, and by doing so, second, with all his influence, the generous exertions of the Marchioness of Downshire.

27th July, 1805.

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### WANTED, IMMEDIATELY,

At the Printing Office of L——d C——gh,

A SUPPLY OF

**WIT, GENIUS, AND TRUTH!**

For which, an adequate Reward, either in *Money* or *Promises*, will be given.

If *they* are not to be had, at market, a few more *PUNSTERS* will be employed, and paid as usual!—Apply to the Reverend John Cleland, Broker Extraordinary!

Downpatrick, 6th August, 1805.



## MEN OF MOURNE!

IF ye want any further proof of the neutrality of Mr Needham, and of his determination, to allow his tenants to vote *as they please*, the example of the Rev. Lucas Warring, who this day polled for Colonel Meade, (and whom you all know to be the attached, and zealous friend of your Landlord) must convince you, that you are not to be intimidated by the threats of *any Agent*—as you may be assured, that, the Great and Good Man, who has allowed you to vote as you please, will protect you in the exercise of your rights.

Downpatrick, 31st July, 1805.

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 MINISTERS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

Pretending to be Disciples of the Holy Jesus, what keeps you from your respective Congregations, hunting through the county, and darkening the street at his *Lordship's tail*, trying to influence the consciences of honest, ignorant men, of your persuasion? What, though *you* have *sold yourselves* for one hundred pounds a year, would you persuade others to do as you have done, who got none of the money? You, B——k, from Derry! and you, C——mm——g, from Armagh! what business have you in the county of Down?—Do you think our own clergy cannot take care of their flocks? If the pension you have from government, was given for the purpose of hiring you to be *jobbers* at elections, it was most shamefully laid out; for you have neither *abilities, influence, character, nor qualifications!* Go home—go home, and thank your Maker, that my Religion teaches me to be so merciful.—As for me, I consider you completely my servants, being obliged to contribute to this very pension of yours, so glaringly prostituted, on such *unworthy reptiles*.

Given under my hand, this 2d day of August, 1805.

JOHN MALONE,

Officiating Priest at Lisnagade, a Freeholder  
of the County of Down.

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 CONSISTENCY IN LORD C.——!!

HOWEVER his Lordship may have acted towards his *old* friends, he sticks close to his *new* ones—for he entered Kirkeel yesterday morning, accompanied by the *Ex-Chancellor*, of famous WINDOW-LIGHT memory!—the son of the *Agent* of Mr. NEEDHAM, (although Mr. Needham nobly allowed his tenants to vote according to their consciences)—three *bailiffs*, and three *hearthmoney collectors!*—His eye caught, by chance, the majestic tops of BINIAN—the spirit of the mountain frowned on him, and said—“Short-lived has been the house of *McGregor*, and in thee will its fame end—while the noble family which thou opposest, always the friends and benefactors of their country, will, like me, live for ever.”—Three old women, and five little boys at the same time shouted, COLONEL MEADE for ever!!! His Lordship was so appalled by the voice of the mountain, that he and his suite fled out of the town.



## BELL MARTIN'S GARLAND.

### A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

Showing the danger of trusting to the *Vows and Promises* of deceitful Men :

*How BELL MARTIN was courted by a youth of high degree ; and how, after having ruined her, he bribed her to perjure herself, to take away the life of an innocent man.*

Set forth for the example of all who are in danger of being prostituted to the selfish ends of designing Seducers.

TUNE,—“ NELLY DORNAN, of Kirkeel town.”

YOUNG ROBERT was of comely stature,  
Of comely stature and fair was he;  
With *many* blessings of bounteous nature,  
Of talents *rare* and high family.  
He cast the eyes of impure affection,  
Upon a maiden of low degree,—  
Yet neither beauty nor fair attraction,  
Could *other* eyes in this damsel see.

Her face was brown as the sun could make it,  
As were her bosom and shoulders bare,—  
Yet Robert oft to this maiden spake it,  
That she was fairest of all the fair.  
He prais'd her eyes, tho' grey-green their colour,  
And swore no lady's were half so bright,  
No precious diamonds of lustre fuller.  
No Star possessing such dazzling light.

He prais'd her waist, and he called it taper,  
Made every feature possess a charm,  
He swore the graces had join'd to shape her,  
To show to mankind a perfect form;  
Then clasp'd her unto his amorous bosom,  
And oft conjur'd her to ease his pain,  
The silly maid did not long refuse him,  
Nor did young Robert request in vain.

Now three *long* weeks were gone past and over,  
Since first this couple each other knew,  
Young Robert still was a constant lover,  
And she to him was not yet untrue;  
But soon she found that his graceful figure,  
Which did her bosom with love inspire,  
Was quite *deficient* in *manly* vigour,  
Was form'd to raise, not to quench desire.

For comfort then, to some lusty peasant,  
From Robert's arms was she forc'd to go,  
Yet she refus'd not his frequent presents,  
For *little* else had he to bestow;  
Until accusom'd to constant raking,  
She courted every clumsy clown,  
And both her love and her home forsaking,  
Became the LAIS\* of the County Down.

\* A noted Harlot of Corinth.



Through every town in this County ranging,  
 She sold her favours both far and near,  
 Her numerous lovers for ever changing,  
 And many bought her acquaintance *dear*;  
 At length she thought she would cease from roving,  
 And rest her wand'ring foot at last,  
 So o'er the Lagan herself removing,  
 She fix'd her dwelling in fair Belfast.

And there young Robert all unexpected,  
 Beheld her low on the sreet reclin'd;  
 And all unnoticed and quite neglected,  
 Her tatters streaming in every wind;  
 His conscience touch'd, he *almost* relented,  
 And wish'd he had not pass'd that way,  
 And for a *moment* his heart repented,  
 That he had led this *fair maid* astray.

To you who read, should have been related,  
 How Robert's station meantime was chang'd,  
 How he in parliament now debated,  
 Nor thought of her who the country rang'd?  
 How he got there need not be repeated,  
 You all can witness my story *TRUE*;  
 The oaths and bribes which the damsel cheated,  
 With *like success* he employ'd on you.

And see again as this arch deceiver,  
 Holds up, unblushing, his face on high;  
 Displays his creed, but each true believer  
 Turns from the scroll his indignant eye!  
 His former oaths have been violated,  
 And every sacred engagement scorn'd,  
 Again, oh! be not infatuated,  
 But be by fatal experience warn'd!

Be not like her whom my tale will mention,  
 Who, once deceiv'd was deceiv'd again,  
 But let his offers of *PLACE OR PENSION*,  
 His *OATHS AND BRIBES*, be employ'd in vain.  
 Whene'er he smiles, let each eye suspect him,  
 'Tis thus he marks his deluded prey,  
 With bribes and promises secures his victim,  
 And swears and flatters but to betray!

*End of the first Part.*

## PART SECOND.

Oh! gentle reader! the past digression,  
 Your patient goodness will sure excuse,  
 As necessary to the useful lesson,  
 Which is the end of my *humble* muse;  
 And to my story again proceeding,  
 Will strive your patience for to reward,  
 And you will see in the following reading,  
 That Robert now is become a *LORD*.

Oh! many curses have hourly risen,  
 On him, the author of all their woe,  
 From those whose husbands or sons in prison,  
 For unknown causes, this Lord did throw,  
 But one above all the rest he hated,  
 Tho' fenc'd by innocence in strongest mail,  
 Yet by this Lord he to die was fated,  
 So here again I resume my tale.



Lord Robert went to his noble dwelling,  
 Not far from where the poor damsel lay,  
 And this command to his servant telling,  
 "Go fetch BELL MARTIN to me straightway."  
 He pointed out with his Lordly finger,  
 Unto the spot where the damsel lay;  
 The faithful servant he did not linger,  
 But brought BELL MARTIN to him straightway.

And when she came he did gently chide her,  
 For flying from his desiring arms,  
 From his researches, why did she hide her?  
 And rob his love of her *countless* charms.  
 He said this night she with him should rest her,  
 Which would be spent in renew'd delight,  
 Then of her rags she did soon undress her,  
 And with Lord Robert did pass the night.

Next morn the Lord in her ear related,  
 How she a mighty reward might gain,  
 For that a man whom he deeply hated,  
 In Carrickfergus did now remain;  
 "You must go there at the next assizes,  
 "And swear the *traitor's* life away,  
 "And what my Lawyer to you advises,  
 "Upon his trial be sure to say;  
 "If of his life we cannot deprive him,  
 "Which by your aid I would fondly gain;  
 "We from his country, *at least*, may drive him,  
 "And all our toil will not be in vain."  
 Then to her sight the bright gold displaying,  
 With which her virtue before he stole,  
 Then, but the hire of her body paying.  
 But now the price of her *precious* soul!

With the young Lord she continu'd living,  
 But still complain'd of his *feeble* love;  
 The day of trial at length arriving,  
 To Carrickfergus she did remove;  
 But when produc'd by the prosecution,  
 To swear an innocent life away,  
 Her hesitation and deep confusion,  
 The hellish secret did soon betray.

She to the Judge and the Court related,  
 How she was brib'd against him to swear,  
 Then soon the prisoner was liberated,  
 And from his dungeon again set clear.  
 What more became of this wretched woman,  
 My muse has sought, but in vain to know;  
 God grant no damsel by man inhuman,  
 May e'er be brought to *such* shame and wq.

And may her crime and her numerous failings,  
 Be not imputed to her alone;  
 But may this Lord for his evil dealings,  
 By end untimely for all atone.  
 Let *this* deceiver no more among you,  
 Enjoy the trust he has long abus'd,  
 You warm'd the serpent—it turn'd and stung you,  
 Take back the power he has so misus'd.

For if your servant has prov'd deceitful,  
 And sold his trust for his private end,



Would you rather choose who was thus ungrateful,  
 Than try another more worthy friend.  
 No! Let us show this insulted nation,  
 We won't reward, whom we find unjust,  
 Nor will we suffer the exaltation  
 Of any STEWART who betrays his trust.

Belfast, 2d August, 1805.

## SAWNEY'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

Down, August 5th, 1805.

I AM a gay pedlar, from Scotland I came,  
 One Bobby M'Gregor, you've heard of my fame,  
 So flashy was I, and my wares sold so well,  
 You'd think they were sound, tho' rotten as Hell.

Derry Down, down,  
 down, Derry, down,

The Virtues sure always, will have their rewards,  
 So I sold rotten worsteds, and purchas'd in Ards;  
 And now in my coach, I can ride there and here,  
 And Sawnie M'Gregor is also a Peer.

Derry down, &c.

You'd have thought these high honours were won in the field,  
 That before Ireland's freedom, I'd supported a shield;  
 But my father had preach'd, how that he sold his King,  
 His gospel I lik'd, and sold all in the ring.

Derry down, &c.

The Peerage I sold, and I threw in myself,  
 Of the *Commoners* too, I made pretty pelf;  
 Religion and Trade, I threw into the scale—  
 For Pitt has a stomach as great as a whale.

Derry down, &c.

Again I have barter'd myself for a place,  
 My character, Whitbread\* has stamp'd with disgrace;  
 They laugh at me too, and think it a farce,  
 That a stripling, like me, could act *Rajah* and *Mars*.†

Derry down, &c.

Now, methinks you all know, this day's poll—has to run,  
 Again I'll betray you, as oft I have done;  
 For *Honour* and *Honesty* are not my trade,  
 If you look for such virtues, you'll find them in MEADE.‡

Derry down, &c.

\* Mr. Whitbread, that upright man, who detected Lord Melville's infamous practices in cheating the nation, declared in the House of Commons, that Lord Castlereagh was too corrupt to be admitted on a Committee, where enquiry might affect the life or character of a fellow subject.

† *Rajah* and *Mars*.—His Lordship is President of the Board of Control, for India affairs, and Secretary for the War Department.

‡ *Meade*.—*LICET, et ab hoste doceri*—an ingenious Punster, from Dublin, no doubt well *fee'd*, says, that MEADE signifies a liquor made of *honey* and *water*;—most happy explanation! Those substances are two of the most PURE and UN-CORRUPT in nature, and, as such, perfect symbols of OUR WORTHY CANDIDATE's disposition.

*Naturam expellas furca, LICET usque recurret.*



## REWARD.

**DROPPED**, by *General Stewart*, this morning, between *Lord Castlereagh's* Committee Room, and the Court-house, a **LETTER**, sealed with his Lordship's Seal, and addressed to the *Right Honourable William Pitt, &c. &c.*

Whoever will bring said Letter, in any shape, to *General Stewart*, or the *Rev. John Cleland*, at the Committee Room, shall receive **ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS REWARD**; or **THREE HUNDRED POUNDS** if the Seal be unbroken.

Signed by Order,

**JOHN CLELAND.**

The following Letter was dropped, in the street of Downpatrick, by *General Stewart*, who was intrusted to deliver it to a *KING's Messenger*. It was accidentally found by a *FREEHOLDER*, who thinks it but right to submit it to the inspection of the County. He is sorry that the *poor General* should be in such confusion for the loss of the Letter; but he cannot resist availing himself of the opportunity of giving it to the public.

## LETTER FROM LORD CASTLEREAGH TO MR. PITT.

MY DEAR PITT,

*Downpatrick, August 7, 1805.*

I NOW evidently see that this election will go against me, which occasions me more uneasiness than you and I are in the habit of feeling at trifles.

The appearance of this **CURSED WOMAN** in this COUNTY, hath excited as much emotion as that of **MARIA THERESA**, in Hungary!!!

Were it not for the yelping, barking, and bullying support of some of those *petty Squires*, which, you know, I have been labouring to **SECURE**, for some time past, I really think I should not have been able to have stood the Poll two days. The feelings of the people are against me, and let *us say* or *do* what we will, my *dear Pitt*, *entre nous*! **HONESTY, TRUTH, and CONSISTENCY**, must ever attach the rough, unadulterated **SONS OF NATURE**.

With you, at *Westminster*, I mind not the Puritanical Cant of **WHITBREAD, GREY**, or any of that prating faction; we are accustomed to fight there in phalanx, well arrayed, and move, in the pure refreshing atmosphere of the Court; but here, I breathe a more northern, and a sharper air, and stand insulated: there is, too, in **THIS PLACE**, a troublesome association of ideas, that flurries and disorders my system!—You will smile, but I cannot help it.

I pity Melville now, more than ever; as I fancy I experience, at this present moment, sensations somewhat similar to his, differing a little, to be sure, in degree—“*tantum in modo*,” By the bye, present my most sincere and affectionate regard to *Melville*, and tell him, we shall endeavour to console each other, when we meet: we must, as **HORACE** says, “*damusque petimusque vicissim*.” For, as **Solomon** saith, “sweet as the honey that droppeth from the honey-comb, is the consolation of a friend in the day of trouble.”

I wish to heaven, I had followed *Canning's* advice, and gone quietly in for the Borough of *West Looe*, what an expenditure of time and money would have been saved. Besides, my losing a seat for this damned County, might have been made to assume the appearance of obedience to his Majesty's commands, who, at this critical period of the *War*, would not hear of me leaving my post, &c. &c.—It is



now too late, and I must e'en endure, as well as I can, the insolent TRIUMPH of this *persevering little Woman*! I wish my poor father could bear it, with as much philosophy as I shall endeavour to summon to my aid; but he, poor man, is so absorbed in local county politicks, so "*totus in illis*," that, I fear, he will not long survive the disappointment.

You will order *Quintin Dick*, to accept of the *Chiltern Hundreds*, and have my name returned in the Writ for *West Looe*!

I shall carry on the *farce* here a few days longer, and then, steal away from the Hustings, and bid a long, long adieu to the County of Down!—I dare not, however, say to its Electors, "*PLAUDITE*."

I don't know how it is that I stumble so much on Latin quotations; but, in truth, (I would own it to no other man living,) I never before felt so much *unhinged*!

The Official Despatches I answered an hour ago. I forward you this by another KING's Messenger.

Ever, my dear Pitt,

Most sincerely your's,

CASTLEREAGH,

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### LORD C——GH'S PRAYER,

*Appointed to be read thrice a day, in all the Mosques of Mammon, during the present pending Down Election.*

O LORD! though tired with the frequency of my applications, yet, I beseech thine ear, now to hear me.

I was born in sin and brought forth in iniquity, the curse and scourge of many; whilst young, I was laden with deficiencies and transgressions; according to the multiplicity of my crimes, O forgive!

Thou knowest, as others feel, that the sport and glory of my youth was to involve the unsuspecting in the deepest guilt and shame. No misgivings of humanity have ever prevented my accomplishing their ruin; for my heart has been as adamant, and my face as flint, therefore, shall I ever praise thee.

I ask not forgiveness for the breach of oath, of trust, or of promise; my mental reservation, regard to *self*, and the interest of my father's house, atone for these in thy sight—instead of crimes thou hast made them hallowed means in my hand, of doing great things in the land—Have I not thereby, according to thy direction, led a brave, but credulous people, to a foreign city, to the strong hold of my power and glory; selling them at the price of blood, and by the merchandize of their own stores.—Why should my countenance fall, when the sepulchres of their fathers, I have filled with recent dead, and caused their cabins, and gates of many cities, to have been consumed with fire! O, remember me, according to the great good I have done to IRELAND! Reward me for the due submission I have taught her people! Have I not taxed them for the light of Heaven? Have I not made them sore from the hat on their head, to the brogue on their foot? Have I not made their potatoe, to them, a dry morsel? Their moulded bread, have I not caused them to eat with an aching heart, and made them allay their thirst with the bitter water of some muddy pool? All these things have I done in thy sight, O Mammon!

I thank thee for the long continuance of power, to drive the



swinish multitude with the rod of iron, and for the opportunity of satiating vengeance on old and young. I also thank thee for the many helps afforded, for the seasonable assistance of my father, and other such *saints*! in aiding me to cut off many from the land of the living, and of *bravely* staining their dwellings with their own blood:—Hath not the zeal of this cause eaten me up, from the hanging of the boy, for merely putting on my Rev. Cleland's night-cap, to the taking of the life of the six months, respited, innocent man! O Lord, remember all these things to me for good, and reward them speedily.

I thank thee, that thy servant has been empowered to fulfil the creed of many, by showing, on earth, the effects of an inexorable spirit, and the dreadful horrors of vindictive wrath! Wherefore, O Lord, exalt me in thy due time, and cause me to triumph over all mine enemies.—Make me to dwell, for ever, with *spotless Billy Pitt*! O! for the helping hand of the *pure Dundass*; a hand, that was never stretched out in vain! O! how it would smite to the ground, my foes in this cursed election, and uphold those who are ready to fall: confound all his enemies, that this *faithful servant* of thine may live in peace and splendor to the last—this grant, for the sake of his *countrywoman*, and my dear granny, MALL COWAN! O! terribly confound my enemies, in this election, and distract their councils; above all, may the verdant, blooming branches of the DOWNSHIRE FAMILY, be speedily blasted, and rendered fit only to inspire their mother's heart with a melancholy horror. O! teach me, more than ever Balaam could, to curse this woman, that all the people love, and to curse all those who bless her; my prayer is, that she may never raise her head to disturb my peace, or oppose my righteous ways!!

Would to thee! MEADE had perished in Egypt; visit him and his friends with all the plagues of Egypt, and drown, in a red sea of blood, all who regard the House of Downshire:—But bless all my pimps and parasites, especially the Knight of Cushendall;\* give him of wives and concubines a great abundance.—Greatly bless the holy, Reverend *Cleland*, and bright *Black* of Derry, and the great *Little* of Killileagh; enable me to give them the loaves, as they themselves can find the fishes; and, as our race is fast running, may we sweetly die together, and be gathered to the land of our grandfathers, Haman, Judas, and Ahitophel, that our names may not *stink* in the nostrils of mankind;—and now, bless all such as my father and myself; may no bloody ghosts of murdered dead, haunt our chambers—that whilst we have dedicated our youthtime to Belial, and in manhood sacrificed to Moloch, we may quietly set apart the evening of our days to thee, O Mammon, and the glory shall be mine!!

\* When Sir James B—s—w commanded the L—— cutter, he and his crew met a smart resistance, in seizing some smuggled goods at Cushendall. He instantly ordered one of his men to fire, which he did, killing one, and wounding others. Sir James and his men were obliged to fortify themselves in a house, which the enraged mob were proceeding to destroy; but Sir James *bravely* surrendered the man he had ordered to fire, that they might take his life for that of their friend. The populace, moved with humanity, when they saw the man who had only obeyed orders, thus basely given up, hurt not a hair of his head; but permitted him, with Sir James, and the rest of the crew, to get quietly off—threatening Sir James, should he ever return. This he neither has done, nor ever will do, till he goes to be dubbed, the *Knight of Cushendall*!



DEAR SIR,

YESTERDAY, on my way from Newry, I stopped some time here. There is an election going on for a Knight of the Shire. The Candidates are Lord Castlereagh, and Colonel Meade.—The former has great influence, I find, from having it in his power to send out to India the younger sons of petty country squires, there to rob and plunder the innocent, unoffending Gentoos, and afterwards to be cut to pieces by Holkar.

Colonel Meade is the son of Lady Clanwilliam, the daughter of a Mr. Magill, a man of great respectability, the best of landlords.—For a series of years he represented the county in parliament, and was, as some who knew him, say, the BROWNLOW of his day.

I did not stay long at the hustings—the din of so many discordant voices, issuing from so many Courts, was irksome. I saw a croud in the street, with which I mixed, caused by one of those itinerant instructors of the populace, a *Showman*, who carried on his back, the WORLD IN MINIATURE, where you can see every thing for a Penny! On the other side of the box, stood a county of Down farmer, a robust, fine, healthy looking man—Corruption had not yet tainted the bright glow of honesty, which beamed in his intelligent face, although, as I was informed, he came from the neighbourhood of Mount Stewart. I cannot describe him better, than by saying, he looked just as your friend M——r M——ws, would do in the dress of a farmer.

I was highly diverted with his observations on the exhibition—paid my penny, and now for the entertainment.—

*Showman.* There you shall see first of all, the great E—l of L—d—y; his ancestry, to be sure, like the source of the Nile, is lost in a bog!

*Nilus in extremum, fugit perterritus orbem,  
Occulitque caput quod adhuc latet.*

But he himself is a great man; he daily eats a turkey, a goose, a gander, a hen and chickens, together with a shoulder of mutton, and, in a moment, is hungry again! He is only exceeded in voracity by an animal in England, called *the Dragon of Wantley*\*—There you shall see, strongly painted in his haggard face, dread, terror, and dismay—"A troubled Conscience, who can bear?"—the ghosts of PORTER and of GOWDY haunt his pillow, and SINCLAIR's house in flames, at the dead hour of midnight, is blazing in his tortured imagination! "Lord Almighty preserve me from such a Conscience," said the farmer; "but I have heard it said, that men with such ravenous appetites, always have the lousy disorder, and breed nothing but vermin."

*Showman.* There you shall see another great Lord, son of the last one—look at him—he was once representative for the county of Down, and declared, nay, he swore, that † "I lay claim to that zeal for public liberty, which youth might challenge without arro-

\* A monstrous dragon, in England, that swallowed a church, with a high steeple, the pulpit, and all the congregation.

† Many of the Electors remember this.



gance—it has ever been held out to me as the noblest object of my attachment, and I feel no danger of its being supplanted by the allurements of power or ambition!—There you shall see him forgetting all this, and going over to England, where, that he might have “two strings to his bow,” he purchased another seat, and, to show that he was a *merchantable commodity*, made many fine speeches against Ireland, being admitted to a participation in the trade to the East Indies.

The English Minister, finding him an useful tool in the shop of corruption, made him his principal instrument, in every *dirty job*! His voracity was equal to that of his father; but his appetite was unnatural; he liked, of all things, to feed on *oaths, promises and declarations*, seasoned with the *rights, privileges, and independence* of his native land; and one day he swallowed the Irish Parliament at a mouthful, which he digested like an Ostrich!

There you shall see Downpatrick, and a great election going on therein.

There you shall see him on the evening of the 12th day of that election, driven off the hustings, and sacrificed on that altar which he had erected for the purpose of destroying the peace, rights, and interest of the DOWNSHIRE Family.

*Showman.* There you shall see L——y C——h, ——Stop! friend, said the farmer; in this county we always treat the LADIES with respect: and, God bless her sweet face, she has trouble enough already. I am informed that her husband is so *useless a fellow at home*, that he seldom minds even to *wind up the Family Clock*!

*The following appeared in the Morning Chronicle,  
London, Aug. 31, 1805.*

### SONG,

SAID TO HAVE BEEN SUNG BY

LORD CASTLEREAGH TO MR. PITT.

CONTAINING

A TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE LATE CONTEST IN IRELAND.

SAD news from the kingdom of Ireland I bring,  
I believe I must get to my Bow a new String,  
I thought, my dear friend, that the Doctor and You  
Were “Two Strings to my Bow” I should always find do.  
Down, down, down, we are down.

As I travers’d the sea to my own native land  
For the county of Downshire determin’d to stand,  
I smil’d on the prospect that gilded the way  
To the certain success of your friend CASTLEREAGH.  
Down, down, down, we are down.

There were things, to be sure, that were not quite so well,  
There were folks there I knew would be ready to tell  
How in life I set out a Reformer, like you,  
And, like you, by a Place, how I soon was brought to.  
Down, down, down, we are down.

By others I knew too, the mob would be told  
How not only myself but my country I’d sold,



Yet still these reflections awaken'd no fears  
So stout are my nerves for a youth of my years.

Down, down, down, we are down.

The subjects I own that tormented me most  
Was the fear I might meet my Lord DOWNSHIRE'S poor  
Ghost,

That his Spirit the People of Ireland might tell  
How in vain I implor'd him his Country to sell.

Down, down, down, we are down.

How in vain with my Dukedom, and Ribbon, and Fees  
This high-minded Marquis I studied to please,  
How, because he his Country preferr'd to all Place,  
I proclaim'd him a Rebel, and doom'd to disgrace.

Down, down, down, we are down.

Yet I knew my pretensions too well to despair,  
Never gaping Electors saw such bill-of-fare  
As the one that you know I took out of this town,  
Pd a sop for all ranks from the Peer to the Clown.

Down, down, down, we are down.

At home they-might stay, or abroad they might go,  
I could furnish them all with "Two Strings to their Bow,"  
In my office of State and my Board of Control  
There was picking and chusing enough for the whole.

Down, down, down, we are down.

Then I fondly imagin'd, my friend, that your name  
As united with mine would still add to my fame;  
And I could not but think, as the DOCTOR'S friend, too,  
That by his means I likewise should pick up a few.

Down, down, down, we are down.

But, alas! my dear friend, then, the truth it must out,  
With all my pretensions, I'm fairly turn'd out,  
And, if Englishmen think like the People of Down,  
What is more—we shall soon be turn'd out of this town.

Down, down, down, we are down.

To my utter surprise, every rank and degree  
Join'd in curses of you, and in hisses at me;  
Yet I fought, and harangu'd, and kept open the Poll,  
'Till I could not cajole a vote more for my soul.

Down, down, down, we are down.

So now it was time, when I found my defeat,  
To fob up an excuse for my sudden retreat,  
So, forsooth, I alleg'd that my friend, Colonel MEADE,  
By the *Arts of Corruption*, I found would succeed.

Down, down, down, we are down.

Then justice I solemnly vow'd should be had,  
That I knew all the votes of the Colonel were bad;  
But, at present, I knew that you wanted me here,  
For the nation had paid for my absence too dear.

Down, down, down, we are down.

But the loud laughing boobies began to smoke this,  
Tho' you know I can play such a part not amiss;  
And a damnable fellow, one TROTTER by name,  
Blew the County of Downshire at once in a flame.

Down, down, down, we are down.

So, compell'd by this uproar, my speech to curtail,  
Like a Dog with a Canister tied to his Tail,  
I scour'd through the County of Down to the Sea,  
And, by G--d, never more will see Donaghadee.

Down, down, down, we are down.



## THE DOWN FREEHOLDER'S ADDRESS.

Electors of Down, you'll believe what I say,  
 Tho' my speech be not deck'd, with the posies of May,  
 Such figures I leave, for my Lord Castlereagh,  
 Oh! he is the fellow, for glazing a Lay.

*Derry down, &c.*

There is only one *virtue*, I see in this Peer,  
 A bounty from Heaven, this County to cheer;  
 His *Vices* must cease, when his Sun it has set,  
 For its not in his breeches, a son to beget.

*Derry down, &c.*

Each Shuttle in Ulster, feels heavy his Tax,  
 Each rood of Potatoes, and half rood of Flax;  
 From a *close Cornish Borough*, let him seek fresh renown,  
 I'll be damn'd if he ever, shall represent Down.

*Derry down, &c.*

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### AN EPISTLE CONSOLATORY FROM LORD MELVILLE TO LORD CASTLEREAGH, ON HIS *Recent defeat at the County of Down.*

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*My Lord.*

IN these "peculiar times" can I refuse,  
 The tribute of my sympathizing muse?  
 No artifice nor cunning could control,  
 \* "Deliberate sense" "events" "defective roll."  
 Cheer up, my Lord! nor let this sad disgrace,  
 Abate your keen desire for pow'r and place;  
 A Minister should learn to *brave* defeat,  
 And *keep* his temper tho' he *lose* his seat!

† Your "Friend" shall soon "celestial" aid dispense,  
 And *worth like yours* shall find a recompense!  
 What tho' on *Downy* wings, alas! no more,  
 Like the *fam'd* Icarus, aloft you soar,  
 Yet shall some Courtly Member freely lend,  
 An *easy seat* to Melville's trusty Friend!

‡ The shipwreck past, in port securely moor'd,  
 Saint Stephen's soon shall hail her fav'rite Lord!

§ In tranquil apathy you *there* shall sit,  
 Nor heed the poignant shafts of saucy wit.

|| Should Whitbread, breeding and good manners lack,  
 And *quiz* your "sixteen strings" and "supple jack;"  
 Should Foster of the union dare complain,  
 And say you *leagu'd* with base *Corruption's* train!

¶ Sit still and mute, till Grey provoke reply,  
 And then, *like me*, rise up and justify!

\* Vide Lord Castlereagh's Letter and speech to the Electors of Down.

† The "Heaven-born" Minister.

‡ Post tot Naufragia tutus.—TERENCE.

§ Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo.—PLAUTUS.

|| Parliamentary Debates on the Union.

¶ Mr. Grey's Speech.



No doubt, your usual gallantry you'll show,  
 \* And praise the *Fair* who caus'd your overthrow;  
 Chide the slow "tedious Poll" that thus could mar,  
 The glories of a Minister of war!  
 And should the Senate, still indignant feel,  
 At loss of honesty or want of zeal,  
 They'll never fail to find in Castlereagh,  
 The strenuous advocate of Pitt and me.

Let Whitbread, then, our secret acts disclose,  
 † And Abbot's fortitude abash the *Noes*;  
 Lycester shall, in one night, reverse their vote,  
 And Canning patch once more a thread-bare coat;  
 Still unsubdu'd, while yet on chosen ground,  
 Firm in the "gude auld" cause we'll both be found;  
 Unite with Pitt in bonds of close alliance,  
 And bid the Public Voice a bold Defiance.

MELVILLE.

### THE DREAM AND DISAPPOINTMENT.

*Scene at Sea, between Donaghadee and Portpatrick,—after-  
 wards changes to the Pier at Donaghadee.*

O'ER the rolling ocean bounding,  
 Swift her course the vessel held,  
 Thro' her ropes the wind resounding,  
 All her crouded canvass swell'd.

Racking doubts and deep repining,  
 Prey'd on Robert's noble soul,  
 Till upon his couch reclining,  
 Slumber o'er his eyelids stole.

Fancy's wand, that lightly hover'd  
 O'er his pillow as he lay,  
 To his troubled dreams discover'd  
 Two fair forms in bright array:

One appear'd majestic towering,  
 On her arm a shield she bore,  
 On her brow—in anger lowring,  
 Bright with gems, a crown she wore.

She to Robert's couch advancing,  
 Press'd with stately step the ground,  
 While her shield at distance glancing,  
 Cast a golden light around.

As she stood on Robert gazing,  
 Soon the heavenly Fair was known,  
 On her breast in diamonds blazing,  
 HONOUR'S glorious name was shown.

Near her, but of smaller stature,  
 Stood a form of port less bold;  
 Mild her mien, yet ev'ry feature  
 Spoke a mind of fearless mould.

Every thought her looks conveying,  
 Firmly trode the lesser dame;

\* The Marchioness of Down.

"Gaz'd on the Fair who caus'd his care,  
 And sigh'd and look'd".—ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

† Vide the Debates of the ever-memorable 8th, of April, when the casting vote of the Speaker (Mr. Abbot) decided the question of Lord Melville's Impeachment.



On a naked heart displaying—  
HONESTY, her humbler name.

O'er the sleeping statesman bending,  
HONOUR first the silence broke,  
Shame, remorse, and fear, contending,  
Fill'd his bosom as she spoke—

“ Wake, apostate! and behold me,  
“ Once thy glory; once thy pride!  
“ Me, who with my sons enroll'd thee,  
“ Who became thy guard and guide;  
“ Me, who on thy truth depending,  
“ Grac'd thee with my SACRED NAME,  
“ When thy youthful thoughts ascending,  
“ Seem'd to seek for honest fame.

“ But my SACRED NAME degraded,  
“ Think'st thou I again shall see,—  
“ By my power shalt thou be aided,  
“ Who despis'd'st my power and me ?

“ No!—the now approaching trial,  
“ Sure will crown thee with disgrace;  
“ Vain will be thy flat denial,  
“ Vain thy bold, unblushing face;

“ Vain thy specious, long addresses,  
“ Fram'd thy crimes to varnish o'er,—  
“ He who *once* like thee transgresses,  
“ Never shall be trusted more.

“ Those whom *once* thy promise cheated,  
“ Never will believe again,  
“ All thy arts will be defeated,  
“ TRUTH shall triumph, JUSTICE reign.”

Here she ceas'd.—His ear invading,  
“ Now another voice arose,  
HONESTY, with harsh upbraiding,  
Thus disturb'd his short repose:—

“ Sleep, ungrateful!—but thy slumber  
Ne'er shall bring thee peace or rest,  
“ CONSCIENCE all thy crimes shall number,  
“ To torment thy guilty breast.

“ Thou whom eloquence has gifted,  
“ With a smooth and pliant tongue,  
“ Ever has thy voice been lifted,  
“ To maintain or palliate \* *wrong*;

“ Smarting from my indignation,  
“ Low † *one titl'd robber* lies,—  
“ He, whose crimes, thy false oration,  
“ Strove to hide from honest eyes;

\* The eloquence of Lord C——, though, in defiance of his sacred engagements with the county, to maintain the Independence of Ireland, and endeavour to procure a reform in parliament, every man may remember, was exerted with, fatal success, to destroy that independence he had sworn to maintain—to annihilate that parliament he had pledged himself to reform!

† Lord Viscount Melville—in whose unworthy case Lord C.——, was almost sole advocate, wherein he displayed such wonderful, but then ineffectual power of oratory, during the debate on the celebrated Tenth Report.



" Let *his fate*, an awful warning  
 " To thy guilty heart convey,  
 " And, no more my counsel scorning,  
 " This my last command obey ;  
 " Alter now thy bark's direction,  
 " Point her prow to Britain's shore,  
 " 'Tis decree'd, at DOWN ELECTION,  
 " Thou shalt never triumph more !!!"

From his restless slumber starting,  
 Robert gaz'd with eager eyes,  
 Thus he spoke, as slow departing,  
 Hand in hand they sought the skies.

" Why do drops, so cold and chilling,  
 " O'er my clammy forehead stream?  
 " Whence these fears, my bosom filling?  
 " Hush, my heart!—'twas but a dream.

" From the shore tumultuous swelling,  
 " Hark! what grateful sounds are borne,  
 " Every hill the tidings telling,  
 " Flames with joy at \* my return,—

" Fly, my bark, and quickly bear me,  
 " Where my friends, with loud huzzas,  
 " Come to welcome and to *chair* me,  
 " Shaking earth with shouts of praise."

To the shore impatient flying,  
 Pleas'd, he sought the crouded way,—  
 " Whence these sounds!"—a voice replying,  
 Smote his heart with deep dismay ;

" Not for *thee*, its bounds o'erflowing,  
 " Rolls the stream of joy along,  
 " Not for *thee*, our fires are glowing,  
 " Not for *thee* the welcome-song.

" No! our loud and grateful praises,  
 " Are to greet a NOBLER NAME,  
 " And to heaven's high concave raises,  
 " DOWNSHIRE'S pure, unsullied fame !"

From the tumult sudden turning,  
 Muttering curses, off he stole;  
 Rage and shame alternate burning,  
 Tore the tortur'd statesman's soul.

In his rapid chariot lolling,  
 Swift he quits the hated ground,  
 While, like distant thunder rolling,  
 Execrations burst around !!!

Belfast, 4th August, 1805.

\* To make this part of the poem intelligible to many of our readers, it is necessary to observe, that the most noble the Marchioness of Downshire, with her sons, the young Marquis, and Lord Arthur Hill, had reached Donaghadee some hours before Lord C———, and that the expressions of joy which he beheld as he approached the shore, and arrogantly supposed were intended to compliment him—he found, on his landing, to be the grateful effusions of honest, and independent hearts, who could despise the perjured statesman, though, supported by the interest of England, and the wealth of India, and voluntarily give to worth and honour, what guilty power had sought in vain to purchase.



THE SECOND CHAPTER,  
OF THE  
FIRST BOOK OF THE CHRONICLES  
OF THE  
COUNTY, CALLED DOWN.

---

1. AND in those days, there shall appear a youth named Robert, tall of stature, rather comely—but of *Shambling Gait*, who will derive his birth from one country, his religion from another, and his politics from a third.

2. And he will offer himself, a Candidate to represent a great and populous portion of the land of his nativity—and he will declare—even before his *Beard is grown*, that the first object of his ambition is to be returned for it.

3. And he will tell openly, that he will pay all due deference to the opinions of his constituents and to the dictates of his own conscience, and all the people will wonder exceedingly, and many of them will believe him.

4. And he will go to the first meeting of the *Northern Whigs*, in that town, as thou goest towards the *West*, called BELFAST, and he will entreat to be enrolled a member of their body, and he will sign, with *his own hand*, all their papers.

5. And the Members, will take great delight in this youth, yea, many of them will enter into subscriptions to support him in his election, and the people of Belfast will wonder exceedingly, and many will believe him!!

6. And he will stand on the Hustings in the chief City of that county called Down—even the City of St. Patrick, on the first Day of the fifth month of the year called according to the Christian manner, 1790 (it being the first day of the Poll) and in the presence of that great and independent county, he will take its TEST, and the people will be pleased therewith, and will inquire whose son the stripling is!

7. And Robert will answer, I am the son of Robert the son of McGregor, the old and faithful servant—and like him, I will not draw the sword in wrath.

8. And during the continuance of the Poll, he will proclaim a great Feast, to celebrate the memory of the immortal WILLIAM—and invite all the Princes and the Governors and the Sheriffs, and the Counsellors, to make merry on the occasion!!

9. And he will take the chief place of the entertainment, and will speak in words of high praise of the venerable CHARLEMONT, and then give his health, together with that of the GLORIOUS VOLUNTEERS OF IRELAND!! and the people will wonder much.

10. And the Princes, and the Governors and the Sheriffs, and the Counsellors, will wax glad—and the young patriot, will declaim in sweetest accents on the character of GRATTAN, and *his illustrious friends in Parliament*, and drink their healths; and he will drink disgrace to the *bribers* and the *bribed*.

11. And he will expatiate with much seeming delight—on the *Independence of our Parliament* and drink “*prosperity, and everlasting Inde-*



pendence to Ireland"—and the people of those days, will wonder exceedingly, and believe him !!!

12. And, in the warmth of his heart he will anticipate the Doctrines of *Thomas Paine*, and drink "*equal Liberty to all Mankind*"—and he will drink "*all the Whig Clubs of Ireland, and the Whig Interest all the World over.*"

13. And to fill up the measure of his country's love, he will drink the health of *CHARLES FOX*, and likewise "*our Sovereign Lord the people*"!! and what is very marvellous moreover, he will not be drunk!!\*

14. And it will come to pass at the end of the Sixtyeighth-days Poll, that he will be returned for that great and respectable county—and he will publish an Advertisement, and will thank his electors for their noble, virtuous, and independent support.

15. And he will say in this Manifesto, "*I love the cause of the people—I revere the constitution and I will maintain, and defend both, with the ardour of affection, which a youthful heart dictates, and which your generous confidence demands.*"!

16. And the honest people will wonder exceedingly, and say, Amen.

Extracted from the Book of the Chronicles of the house of *Stewart*, by the Reverend *Robert Black & Co. Dealers in Divinity &c. &c. &c.*

\* All these Toasts were given and drunk by Lord C——, in the Northern Whig-Club, of which he was a Member.

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THE THIRD CHAPTER,  
OF THE  
FIRST BOOK OF THE CHRONICLES  
OF THE  
COUNTY, CALLED DOWN.

---

1. AND lo, and behold the young man Robert grew in stature, and multiplied in words, and gat him a name, among the Princes, and Rulers, and Squires, of Down.

2. And Robert the elder, his father who was sirnamed Hungerhold, even Robert the son of William the Letter-carrier, likewise waxed great, and by means of Robert his son, became one of the elders of the land, and sat in the high places.

3. And his love of power, daily became greater, and greater, until his body became like unto that of a Goat? and had Pelican's wings!

4. And I beheld, until the wings thereof were plucked, and he was lifted from the earth, and made stand on the earth as a man, but a man's heart was not given unto him.

5. And behold another beast, like unto a Bear, called Matthew, and it raised itself upon one side, and it had three Ribs, in the mouth of it, between the teeth of it, and it said to the last beast, arise, devour much flesh: and there appeared likewise ten other beasts, many of which had horns.

6. And Robert, answered and said, have I not devoured much flesh, but to what purpose? do I not daily devour all manner of fowl, after its kind, and every creeping thing after its kind, and every sort of fish, which swimmeth in the sea, yet am I not filled!



7. And he said moreover, what availeth all these things unto me, so long as I see the family of Downshire, beginning to appear in its wonted splendor, under which all the assumed blaze of my family, will be annihilated?

8. And Robert said unto Matthew, now shall this house of Downshire, lick all that are round about us, as the ox licketh up the grass of the field!

9. Let us therefore send messengers unto Blaak, the son of Baalam, to that City, which is by the river of the land of Foyle; even the City of Londonderry, to call him, saying,

10. Behold my son, hath he not already given unto thee, and thy tribe, the rewards of Divination? and cannot he further promote thee and thy children, unto very great honour? And I will do whatsoever thou sayest unto me, let nothing therefore hinder thy hastening unto me.

11. For an opposition hath came forth, from the *Hills*, and the *Meades*, behold they cover the face of the land of Downshire, and they abide over against me.

12. Come now, therefore, I pray thee, curse me the *HILLS* and the *MEADES*, and the supporters thereof, for they are too mighty for me, peradventure thou mayest cause me to prevail; for I wot that my son hath said, and many have been made to believe, that he whom thou blessest, is blessed, and he whom thou cursest, is cursed!

13. And, the messenger departed, and came unto Blaak, and speak unto him, the words of Robert the elder, surnamed Hungerhold.

14. Now Blaak was keeper of one hundred and eighty-two Asses, besides Colts, which he fed in different places, upon that kind of provender, which, in those days, was called *Regium Donum*!!!

15. And Blaak rose up in the morning, and called forth one of his Asses, named Coming, (which was kept in the city of Armagh, and was lean in flesh, but a thorough hack)! and went with the messengers.

16. And as he came to the borders, of the land of Downshire; an Angel of the Lord, stood in his way, as an adversary against him, (now he had got upon the shoulders of his Ass, and the messengers were with him,)

17. And Coming, the Ass, saw the angel of the Lord, standing in the way, and his sword drawn, in his hand, and the Ass turned aside, to go into the field, and Blaak smote him, saying, proceed; and the Ass opened his mouth, and said, seest thou not that Spirit, which standeth in my way—it is the free, and independent Spirit of the county of Down, against which, all your divinations and enchantments are vain—even the gates of hell cannot prevail against it.

18. And Blaak said unto the Ass, I would there was a sword in my staff, for now, would I kill thee; and the Ass said unto Blaak, am I not thine Ass, upon which thou hast ridden, ever since I was thine, unto this day? Was I ever wont to disobey thee? And he said, nay.

19. And Blaak's eyes were opened, and he saw the Spirit, and he fell down before it, and was sore afraid; and the Spirit said unto Blaak, why hast thou beaten thine Ass? Thou shouldest have known me likewise.



20. Proceed now on thy journey, for so strong is my power, that all thy endeavours to support the tottering fabrick of Robert's greatness, are futile, and he shall be sorely discomfited.

21. And when Robert heard that Blaak was come, he went out to meet him, unto that city which is on the utmost border of the Ards, on the coast of the great lake.

22. And he proclaimed a mighty feast, and gathered together, many Patriarchs, and Rulers, and Elders, and Judges, and Counsellors, and Scribes, and Seers, and Prophets, and they all eat and drank together, and were exceedingly merry.

23. And it came to pass, on the morrow, that Robert took Blaak, and the Patriarchs, and Rulers, and Elders, and Judges, and Counsellors, and Scribes, and Seers, and Prophets, and brought them to an high place, on which there is a Temple.

24. And Robert said unto Blaak, is not my son able to promote thee to greater honour? and to raise thy children to great power, and high command in India, therefore mind what I say unto thee, curse me this family of Downshire, and defy the children thereof.

25. And Blaak the son of Balaam, took up his parable and said, Robert the elder, surnamed Hungerhold, hath brought me from the the river, that runneth from the mountains of the West, saying, come, curse me this Family of DOWNSHIRE, and defy me the Children thereof.

26. How shall I curse whom God hath not cursed? Or how shall I defy, whom the Lord hath not defied?

27. For, from the tops of the rocks, I see him; and in the HILLS I behold him. The power of the House of Downshire is great—it rests on the affection of the people—its virtue has gained their hearts, and who can withstand even its Children! Blessed is he that blesseth thee, and cursed is he that curseth thee!

28. Behold its sons shall rise up as a great Lion, and lift themselves as a young Lion—they have, as it were, the strength of an Unicorn; surely, there is no art, or divination, can prevail against them.

29. And Robert said unto Blaak, what hast thou done unto me? I called thee to curse mine enemies, and behold, thou hast blessed them altogether. And Robert's anger was kindled, and he smote his hands together, and said unto Blaak, flee thou to thy place, and look for no further reward.

30. And Blaak said unto Robert, that Spirit which I met on my entrance into this, thy county, doth still overaw me; so that I dare not, for it, practise any of my evil inclinations.

31. Besides, I have already received the reward of my sorcery, and will henceforth endeavour to obtain a good name; but there are many of my brethren, such as K——r, the son of Josias, N——n, the son of Moses, and the high priest of Carnmony, who, for another *Donum*, would curse thee, even the Son of God!

32. And now, behold, I go unto my own people; come, therefore, and I will advertise thee what will shortly come to pass—A Star shall arise in the Land of Downshire, which shall smite the corners of C——h, and overthrow the short-lived power of L——n——y!



BY COMMAND OF THE  
SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

On Monday next, and the following days, will be presented (at the Court-House of Down,) the celebrated TRAGIC, COMIC Operatical FARCE of

THE CONTESTED ELECTION;

Not exhibited in this county, since the Year, 1790, now brought forward, for the benefit of the Independent Electors of the county of Down.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Rob Sitfast,	- - - - -	L—D C.——H.
Sir Cripplebrain Fruitful,	- - -	Sir J. B—KW—D.
Squire Bruin,	- - - - -	M. F—DE.
Sir Valourous Fightall,	- - - -	D—N M—SS—D—N.
Whipperin,	- - - - -	Rev. J. CL—L—D.
Mr. Leatherhead Tipple,	- - -	R—R J—N SM—TH.
Sir Brazen Chucklehead,	- - -	BARREN BULLYSSON.
Rev. Donum Squibwrite,	- - -	Dr. B—K.
Sir Apostate Friendless,	- - -	D—K A—SI—Y.
Miss Tabitha Filchvote,	- - -	ACH—N TH—S—N.

*In the Course of the entertainment, several BUCKS will be enlarged by Sitfast—who will be hunted into Cover by Col. M—de's high blooded Staghounds.*

THE FOLLOWING SONGS WILL BE INTRODUCED.

“BOBBY M’GREGOR’S FINAL FAREWELL TO THE  
COUNTY OF DOWN.”

BY L—D C—ST—R—H.

“MADAM YOU KNOW MY TRADE IS WAR.”

BY D—N M—SS—D—N.

“A SUP OF GOOD WHISKEY.”

BY R—R J—N SM—TH.

AND,

“ERIN GO BRAGH.”

BY J—N C—F—RD.

The whole to conclude with a grand Spectacle of the Victory obtained by the Independent Electors of Down, over Br—b—y, C—r—pt—n and Fraud.

N. B. No admission behind the Scenes.

TO THE MEN OF KILLINCHY.

JEMMY BREEZES GHOST.

A NEW BALLAD.

THE wind blew loud at dead of night,  
The bell it tolPd the hour,  
When hapless ghost, and wicked sprite,  
O’er perjur’d souls, have pow’r.



The rain in gushing torrents, beat  
 Against the window sore ;  
 When stood a Ghost at BOBBY'S feet,  
 Inside his chamber door.

On bed of down, " my Lord " was laid,  
 Yet wild his troubl'd dream ;  
 He groan'd for all his *Guineas paid*,  
 For *blood* he caus'd to stream.

He thought on all his LOVE-SICK vows,  
 That broke poor MARTIN'S heart ;  
 His hustings oath—his patriot bows—  
 Then own'd th' apostate's smart.

In homely sheet, distain'd with blood,  
 A threat'ning Spectre came ;  
 With Pike of eighteen feet, it stood,  
 The point was bright with flame.

Sleep'st thou, it cries, and can'st thou sleep  
 Thou false and perjur'd Lord ?  
 Awake—awake ! the watch I keep ;  
 I come to claim thy word."

BOB hears—he starts !—the icy drops  
 His sea-green face bedew ;  
 ONE comes, then down ANOTHER hops,  
 By guilty conscience drew.

Oh ! who art thou (he, shiv'ring, speaks,)  
 Thou angry, awful shade ?  
 Thy furious looks my *courage* breaks,  
 My PRIDE in DUST is laid.

" I'm *Jemmy Breeze* (it thunder'd strong,)  
 THAT Breeze who FOUGHT for thee ;  
 You taught me first the Patriot song,  
 And swore to succour ME !

You taught me first, Reform to ask,  
 And scorn a LIFE CONTENT ;  
 You bade me urge the glorious task ;  
 Then, me to prison sent !

In vain I whisper'd in thine ear,  
 Thy motto, still, I bore ;  
 And walk'd before thee far and near,  
 The last Election, o'er.

In vain I told, for thee, I bled,  
 And ask'd thy father's power,  
 To save me from a clay cold bed,  
 In manhood's blooming hour !

But O ! in vain !—THAT father's heart,  
 Ne'er knew a feeling fine ;  
 He bade me FINISH OUT my PART,  
 A PART more justly THINE !

You left me too !—no pitying tear,  
 You dropp'd o'er Jemmy's grave ;  
 You swore to me a love SINCERE,  
 Yet SCORN'D your friend to save.

For this, thou proud, unfeeling man,  
 Nor peace nor joy you know,—  
 Killinchy voters, never, can  
 For you, DECEIVER, go.

How dare you Freedom's name pollute ?  
 Where's all the oaths you swore ?



Houses of the Oireachtas





*Robert the Elder.*



YOU STOLE and SOLD the GOLDEN FRUIT,  
From Freedom's PROMIS'D store.

No voter then, shall you obtain  
From THAT, my native ground,  
Or *Jemmy Breeze* has DIED in VAIN,  
And FRIENDS NO WHERE are SOUND.

Yes—you deceiv'd and robb'd us quite,  
And friends, I have, who'll try  
To put you OUT, in proud despite  
Of all your family.

Then, Bobby, think on what I tell,  
When comes the death-bed gloom;  
And mind poor *Jemmy's* long farewell,  
Who met, from thee, his doom!"

The ghost thrice wav'd in angry mood,  
His Pike, in circle true;  
And thrice he shook his locks of blood,  
And, mutt'ring sad, withdrew.

August 8th.

## THEATRE ROYAL DOWNPATRICK.

By Permission of J. R. Cleland, Esq. High-Sheriff.

To-morrow, will be presented by his Majesty's servants, a new Dramatic  
entertainment, call'd

### ALL IN THE WRONG,

or,

*A Trip to Babylon.*

Principal Characters by L—d C—h, Gen. S—t, Sir. J.  
B—d, Mr. F—d, Mr. Pr—e.

Mob, Whippers-in, Pimps, Constables, &c. &c. by the rest of the Company.  
D—k A—ly, D—k M—g—s and D—n M—nd—n, fam'd for  
their skill in shifting, have kindly undertaken to be Scene-shifters.  
Ballyw—lw—l J—hns—n, Candlesnuffer.

The Scenery, Machinery and Decorations entirely new, the piece opens with  
a grand Eastern Scene, with Pagodas, &c. Lascars carrying Lacks of Rupees,  
Writers, and other adventurers, from the North Country, striving for the  
Spoil, in distant perspective—Grand Chorus by all the Characters:

*"Let's Worship the Golden Image, which Nebuchadnezzar the King  
hath set up."*

After the First Act, L—d C—h will sing a new and Admired Edition of  
**THE VICAR OF BRAY,**

In the Chorus of which, he will be join'd by (Soi-disant) L—d  
A—sl—y, D—k M—g—s and R—n—y M—x—ll.

After the Second Act, the Notorious, Celebrated Booby Ward, will exhibit  
his astonishing

### MAGICAL TRANSFORMATIONS,

In the course of which he will change from a Colonel to a Captain, and  
from a Captain to a Colonel again, nay will actually be both one and the other,  
at the same time, a feat never equal'd on any Stage, and far surpassing the  
*Bottle Conjurer*—he will also, in a manner peculiar to himself, separate himself  
from his own

### FLESH AND BLOOD,

and be, in sight of all present, converted into an *Insignificant Reptile,*



licking the feet of the *Golden Image*, &c. &c.—and, what is more astonishing, he will perform all this by natural means, as all the world knows that *A Booby is no Conjuror*.

After the Drama,

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, of good connexions, just arrived from England, Aged only 17 Years, will Perform the  
Admired BRAVURA SONG,  
“*Spirit of my sainted Sire,*  
“*With success my soul inspire.*”  
Being his first performance upon any Stage.

To which will be added, an old after-piece, not acted here these fifteen years, called,

### VIRTUE TRIUMPHANT.

The principal Characters by the Marchioness of Downshire, Lady Clanwilliam and Colonel Meade; the others by Major Matthews, Messrs. F. Savage, Ruthven, Montgomery, Fortescue, Thompson, Reilly, Waring, Waddle, &c. with Lords Dungannon and Roden.

In the course of the Entertainment, the favourite Song of

“*STEADY SHE GOES, ALL’S WELL,*”

Will be Sung by Major Matthews, and the Grand Chorus of

“*Kick out these Rascally Knaves, Boys,*”

By the Characters.—The whole to conclude with a Grand Procession, and a Tripple Hornpipe—by the Rev. Hugh Montgomery, Mr. Kerr, and Major Waring.

Price of Admittance, a good Registry and a hard Oath—no half price taken.

### THE VISION OF ROBERT, THE ELDER.

THE rising radiance of the midnight moon, shot along the tremulous bosom of the beautiful Lough of NEWTONARDS, tipt with silvery lustre, the dusky brow of venerable *Scraba*, while a floating veil of ascending vapour concealed the picturesque prospect around his rocky base. Stillness reigned profound, save when the watchful sea-bird cheered his timorous mate; or the spent wave sunk murmuring on the strand. Sleep had scattered his poppies over the couch of carefulness, and even the anxious breast of ambition enjoyed a temporary repose—when lo! a VISION of portentous aspect, arose before the terrified view of the Elder ROBERT’s imagination!—The *well-known* shade of a Departed Patriot stood beside his bed, and in tones that harrowed up his soul, thus burst the bond of silence—

“*Proud Upstart!* the day of degradation is at hand, that shall sink the aspiring hopes of your family in the gloomy abyss of despair! The HILLS OF DOWN shall witness your abasement, and the song of Triumph resound over the flowery MEADES of green IVEAGH! Then black *Lecale* shall curse her apostacy, and crest-fallen *Ards* lament, in the bitterness of grief, her lost importance among the Baronies.—The strong Castle of *Reagh* shall totter to its



foundation.—It shall fall, to rise no more!—Mark my words!—  
**MY WRONGS SHALL BE AVENGED!**"

It ceased, and vanished.—The ghastly Robert shook with horror, and awoke in agony!—The chamber rang with his frantic cries!—"DOWNSHIRE! DOWNSHIRE! you have undone me!"—he exclaimed, and expired!

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## DOWN ELECTION.

A FEW PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED,

For the use of

YOUNG BEGINNERS AND GROWN UP CHILDREN.

---

A was an *Annesley*, who would be a Peer,  
 B was a *Blackwood*, so fam'd for good cheer.  
 C stands for *Cleland*, a Sheriff impartial,  
 D *Davy Kerr*, of acres Field Marshal.  
 E *Edward Ward*, so amorous, so bright,  
 F for the *Fordes*, who in hunting delight.  
 G was a *Gordon*, Attorney, and Squire,  
 H was *Hans Hamilton*, Knight of a Shire.  
 I stands for *Johnston* of Bally-will-will,  
 K for the *Kennedys*, more silly still.  
 L stands for *Lysaght*, "a lad of great hope,"  
 M for MONTGOMERY, who must be a Pope.  
 N stands for nothing, and also *Nick Price*,  
 O for O'REILY, from Scarva so nice.  
 P stands for *Potter*, of scene-shifting fame,  
 Q for a *Quaker*, and *Bradshaw* his name.  
 R stands for *Rainy*, for rope, and for rogue,  
 S for two *Savages*, both much in vogue.  
 T for the *Thompson*, whose Son's in the East,  
 U ugly *Cunning*, the prostitute Priest.  
 V for *Vere Ward*, a Committee-man great,  
 W for *Wakefield*, and *Watson*, so neat.  
 X for *Xantippe*, with tongue that would burn ye,  
 Y for that *Yahoo*, the *Cultra Attorney*.  
 Z for the *Zany*, who lives at Ardglass;  
 by nature a blockhead, in conduct an ass.

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TREASURY CIRCUS, DOWNPATRICK.

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ENTIRE CHANGE OF ENTERTAINMENTS  
 BY CASTLEREAGH'S OLYMPIC COMPANY,

Assisted by a select Band of Amateurs.

LORD Viscount C——, would think himself deficient in that candour and blushing modesty, which have entitled him to a confidence he has never forfeited, did he not expressly state his real sorrow, that those Amateurs, unasked, and unwished for, should have intruded into the Circus. They positively refuse to withdraw, and are anxious, as they state, to give a true eclat to the Catastrophe. His Lordship, however, would rather furnish, in his



old way, and assures a discriminating Publick, that he could most cheerfully and readily dispense with their Exertions.

*New Legerdemain, and Juggling Tricks, by a host of GOSPEL HACKS.*  
Various Feats of Horsemanship, Plunging and Capering, by a squad  
of blustering Squires; and a strange, but justly  
admired SOMERSET,

BY LORD VISCOUNT C.———,

*From Lofty to Ground Tumbling, by the whole Company.*

PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS,

FATHER FOGERTY, Agent to the Troop.

The COLONEL-MAJOR, Captain of the Train Bands.

The Lying SECRETARY CLERGYMAN.

The Stags, M——— is and M——— EN.

A NEW BALLAD, CALL'D JEMMY BREEZE'S GHOST

BY BAWLING JACKEY.

To which will be added,

THE LIAR.

Young Wilding, the Liar, by the Derry COLONEL,

In which he will introduce Select Imitations of

"My ain Willy O!"—"Say Gentle Harry,"—and "BOBBY was a  
a bonny Boy."

A New Whimsical Serio-Comic PANTOMIME, written by Judge Down,  
call'd

HONOUR TRIUMPHANT;

OR,

THE MINISTER DISH'D.

CHARACTERS.

Brass-face, the Minister, - - - -	Mr. BOB;
Goldfinder, - - - -	CLERICAL BLACK;
Drunken Buffer, - - - -	TINKER LITTLE;
Blustering Soldier, - - - -	YOUNG CHARLEY;
Jack Fearless, - - - -	COLONEL MEADE;
Thump-him-down, - - - -	SOBER KERR;
Friar Friendly, - - - -	PRIEST MALONE;
And Harlequin True-face, - - - -	MAJOR MATTHEWS,

SPIRIT.—Ithuriel, the Spirit, by a Young NOBLEMAN—his  
first public appearance on an IRISH STAGE.

And COLUMBINE CONSTANT, by a Lady of Distinguished rank,

*In the course of the Evening, the following New Scenery—*

A Hermitage at MOUNT STEWART, surrounded with gloomy groves  
of Cypress, and Yew.

View near Delhi.—Massacre of the Innocent for plunder.—On the back ground

THE COUNTY OF DOWN NABOBS IN EXPECTATION.

Inside of a Cabinet in London, Members in full Council. Entrance of a  
King's Messenger from Downpatrick. A tall, lean man, in Black,  
exhorting to patience. Their faces brighten on the arrival of  
a Hamper of "London particular Madeira."——  
and, the celebrated

*Drunken Dance, by the Performers in Character.*



To which will be added, a New Interlude, written expressly for the occasion,  
called

## THE LISBURN DESERTER.

Principal Character, by *Hump-backed BILLY*.

In which he will introduce the Song of "Two Strings to my Bow."—He will also exhibit the method of Entertaining a whole Company with a SINGLE Bottle of Wine:—How to eat and drink PLENTIFULLY, and almost DAILY, at a Nobleman's Table; pretend the most lasting attachment; swear the strongest friendship, and THEN, basely and shamefully desert his PATRON's family, in the HOUR of DANGER.

The whole Amusements to conclude with a grand display of FIRE-  
WORKS, in which will be seen a Transparency of the Devil  
dropping Guineas into the Bags of Prostituted Clergymen;  
and his departure with them, on a visit to the  
Palace of PANDEMONIUM!

THE HORSES AND CHARIOT OF REAL FIRE!!!

☞ No admittance, on any account, behind the scenes.

DESERTERS! DESERTERS!  
DOWNPATRICK HUE AND CRY!

DESERTED, on or about the 3d instant, from Lord C——h's  
New Corps of *Pioneers*, now stationed at Downpatrick, *Three able-*  
*bodied Recruits*, of the following description—

### BOB NIGER,

From the neighbourhood of *Derry*—age unknown—five feet eight inches high—tallow complexion—bold front—bulky carcass, and swaggering gait—noted for his loquacity—a great dabbler in *Politics*, with a little spice of *Religion*—Report says he went off in dudgeon, because his Captain would not make him a *Corporal*, for the fellow has uncommon vanity, though but of languid ability.—It is conjectured that he is now skulking in the woods of M——t S——t.

### TOM-COME-AND-GO.

From the County of *Armagh*—a relation of *Bob Niger's* by the button-hole—age unknown—size unknown—but towers like a *Goliath*, and could swallow *Bonaparte* at a mouthful.—His aspect is grim, but his disposition cheerful.—It is said he was corrupted by *Bob* to desert; ("Evil communication corrupts good manners") and is now also concealed in M——t Stewart plantations.

### LITTLE POMPOUS,

From the neighbourhood of *Killileagh*—age unknown—looks big—speaks big—swears big—wears a *Coat and a Wig*—loves women—loves money—loves whiskey—hates to pay for it—is a *Quack*—prescribes—practises *Midwifery*—Professes *Theology*, *Calfology*, *Cowology*, *Swineology*, &c. &c. In short, he knows every thing, and and will be soon discovered, for he cannot bear *obscurity*.

Whoever shall bring each, or all of the above *Renegadoes*, either to the Commanding Officer, at Head-Quarters, or to the Rev. JOHN MALONE, of *Lisnagade*, shall be rewarded with a *Regium Donum*.



## BOBBY'S DESPAIR.

A NEW SONG.

Tune—'Ah! Damon, dear Shepherd adieu!'

AH! BOBBY, lost creature! adieu,  
 To FREEDOM once fondly allied—  
 But alas! as in stature you grew,  
 The lov'd *Friend* of your youth you denied.

Tho' HONOUR AND HONESTY mourn,  
 Your vile tergiversation full sore;  
 Yet happy the day will return,  
 When your falsehood shall vex them no more.

What tho' you now bask in the rays,  
 Of P—tt's sunshine, and ape him in pow'r,  
 Tho' you soar, with an aquiline gaze,  
 And make many a *tim'rous Bird* cow'r;

Yet, scorning your boasted CONTROL,  
 Proud station, and impudent claim,  
 You'll find INDEPENDENCE, a fowl,  
 Among *Cocks of the North*, is true game.

Ev'n now high he raises his crest,  
 See his eye! with what spirit it glows!—  
 Indignation burns hot in his breast;—  
 The loud note of DEFIANCE he crows!

He cries—"BOBBY, exert all your might,  
 "Places, Pensions, and Promises fair,—  
 "In Corruption's—in Knavery's spite,  
 "Or the Prince of the pow'r of the air;  
 "Spite of *B—w—d, P—ce, Potter and F—de,*  
 " \* *Doctor Pompous, Old Dick, and the Dean,*  
 "Preacher *Bl—k*, or the *dubious Lord,*  
 "INDEPENDENCE A TRIUMPH WILL GAIN!"

Then, BOBBY, lost creature! adieu!  
 Your success is now hopeless indeed—  
 The INCREASING MAJORITY view!!—  
 Fly! fly!—you're no match for—a MAID!

\* This unfortunate Hero, has already fled from the field of Battle, in sore amazement, at the sight of the Witch's GARLAND.

FOR THE ELECTORS OF DOWN.  
 CASTLEREAGH'S CHICKENS;  
 OR,  
 THE MIDNIGHT CANVASS.

AN ADMIR'D MEW SONG.

BY SOLOMON SLY, ESQ.

SCENE—NEAR HOLLYWOOD.

THE moon-beam was hid, and the wind it blew cold,  
 And the waves loudly lash'd the green shore;  
 When the Squire with his doxy, a canvass to hold,  
 The fields of MOUNT CHASTE wander'd o'er.

Bluff, bluff was the Squire, coarse his sinews were strung,  
 But the widow was buxom and fair;  
 And sadly they GROAN'D, as the DEATH-SONG they sung,  
 Of CASTLEREAGH, fever'd with care.



Yet, ONCE, did the Squire, as he brimm'd the full Glass,  
The deeds of his DOWNSHIRE record;  
Now he thought "pick who can," the TRUE watchword to pass,  
So he vow'd FEALTY NEW to THIS Lord.

At each house did they knock, and each voter desir'd  
Not with MEADE nor with FREEDOM, to go;  
They swore that all Honour, all Truth had expir'd,  
And that conscience was laugh'd at below.

The widow (and oftentimes the story is told)  
BACK gammon did well love to play;  
And she saw no Adonis like JEMMY the BOLD,  
To wind up the clock every day!

To MOUNT-CHASTE when return'd, in the parlour a fire,  
The cold winds of night did defy;  
And jellies and wines fed the rising desire,  
Spic'd beef, and a rich pigeon-pye.

Fill, fill up a glass, cries the whimsical dame,  
Here's a health to my Knight of the Lance;  
And confusion to Downshire, to Meade, and to Fame—  
To the virtues of modesty's glance.

Here's success to LORD BOB, and to CHARLEY the brave,  
And to TOM and to CAPTAINS a score;  
Here's the man who ALL NIGHT my sweet kisses would crave,  
And yet sigh in the morning for more.

Now sparkles the goblet, the wine it laughs high,  
As the hero embraces his fair;  
Then with soft billing kiss, and a HINT of the eye,  
He swift leads her up the BACK STAIR.

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

Then "the Grinders," they sung to a melting "heigh ho!"  
And swift flew the hours of the night;  
And a Canvass—the toast that enchanted them so,  
Still was drunk with the fumes of delight.

Then huzza for M'Gregor the 'Squire and the Deed,  
For the WIDOW, for BLACK, and OLD NICK, O!  
True chickens are they, of the Castlereagh breed,  
New feather'd and tarr'd with one stick, O!

August, 5th.

## HONOUR AND HONESTY.

COME sing of old Erin, the pearl of the West,  
Ere a squalid M'Gregor came over;  
Of Down, now disturb'd by its Traitor, its Pest,  
Each bad measure's plotter and mover.

*Mummery boys, flummery boys,  
Honour and honesty's beggarmen's toys.*

How Stewart, in ninety, most solemnly swore  
"If we trusted, that he would obey, sirs;  
"His humble endeavours he'd never give o'er  
"Till a virtuous reform had the day," sirs.

*Mummery, &c.*

Of honour and honesty, virtue, and fame,  
Of oaths who can take, who can break them,



Of ancestry noble, upstarts without shame,  
And justice that yet may o'ertake them.  
*Mummery, &c.*

In the paths of religion how smoothly we trod,  
When our teachers were tools of no party,  
With bribes he seduc'd them, they move at his nod,  
No more in their calling are hearty.  
*Mummery, &c.*

If apostacy pleases, or perjury mars,  
Let Robin again be return'd, sirs,  
He'll back to old England to manage the wars,  
Your cabins be pillag'd and burn'd, sirs.  
*Mummery, &c.*

Think on his good sire, you remember him well,  
Fir'd your souls at fair Liberty's mention.  
Remember your neighbours, your children that fell  
In the trap of his Whiggish invention.  
*Mummery, &c.*

He tells you the union is just quite the thing,  
The bill of increase of taxes, the dandy,  
But when or how comforts from union can spring,  
He does not tell that, 'cause he can't see.  
*Mummery, &c.*

He tells you his purse is not long to be sure,  
But then, that his spirits wont fail him;  
But we find that the Treasury's robb'd by the poor,  
And that Bills of Indemnity bail him.  
*Mummery, &c.*

The thirst of ambition's not always the same,  
He tells you good men of this county;  
In some 'tis praiseworthy, in others 'tis blame,  
Then let MEADE be the man of your bounty.  
*Mummery, &c.*

Avaunt, thou apostate—young Meade's is the day,  
To our country we wish no more evil,  
In any Election when virtue could sway,  
'Twould go hard between you and the devil.  
*Mummery boys, flummery boys,  
Honour and honesty's beggarman's toys.*

---

### A NEW SONG,

CALL'D

BOBBY M'GREGOR.

Tune—"I live by my means, and my ways."

---

I once was a promising youth,  
The pet of my elegant sire,  
And never inclined to truth,  
Of course was a notable liar;  
To excel in deception I strove,  
To favour and flatter was bent,  
And my genius the more to improve,  
To school with JACK CLELAND was sent.  
*Tol lol, &c.*

My virtues increas'd with my years,  
Humanity fled from my heart,



And the Widow and Orphan in tears,  
 Could no feeling of pity impart;  
 To the Devil I pitch all my friends,  
 If self ever stood in the way,  
 And to answer my purpose and ends,  
 To serve them I'd swear and betray.

*Tol lol, &c.*

In "HONOUR AND HONESTY'S" cause,  
 By fools I was chosen to stand,  
 To reform and new model laws,  
 And the National pow'r to command;  
 I readily swallow'd their TEST,  
 Which I solemnly swore to maintain,  
 But an oath to me ever's a jest,  
 When the breach is attended with gain.

*Tol lol, &c.*

My plan being now almost clos'd,  
 My Country resolv'd to betray,  
 The UNION I boldly propos'd,  
 And by *Bribery* carri'd the day;  
 I feather'd my nest while in place,  
 By actions base, cruel, and foul,  
 And to make up for all my disgrace,  
 I preside at the BOARD OF CONTROL.

*Tol lol, &c.*

Now honest Electors of Down,  
 You've heard a true state of my claim,  
 I therefore desire you will crown,  
 With success my pretensions to fame;  
*Tame Spaniels*, once more take the lash,  
 Which already so well I've appli'd,  
 And if e'er you're so foolish and rash,  
 On a damnable *High Horse* I'll ride.

*Tol lol, &c.*

## THE FREEHOLDER'S REPENTANCE.

### IN THE SCOTTISH DIALECT.

YE douce Electors, wha to vote,  
 Can gang ilk seventh year ay;  
 Oh! tak' advice, avoid my lot,  
 An' keep your conscience, clear ay!  
 What signifies a Landlord's wrath,  
 His frowns, or promis't favour,  
 If by a fause, unsonsie aith  
 We mak' the deil receiver

O' us some day.

A fumbler chiel, they ca' Sir J——s,  
 My landlord is, I grant it,  
 An', right or wrang, my vote he claims,  
 Laird sma' shanks canna want it:  
 For fain wad he retain the place,  
 We fix't him snug an' warm in;  
 Sae fine a form, sae sleek a face,  
 We thought could lodge nae harm in,

Ance on a day.

But soon the messin's tinkler tongue,  
 Against us loud did clatter,  
 For a' his expectations hung  
 On favour 'yont the water.



Nor did he lang expect in vain,  
 A Laird, he's aiest creatit.  
 Then gets a lucky lift again,  
 In Privy Council seatit

Anither day.

When dark rebellion stain't this lan',  
 He prov't our foe right steady ;  
 How many widow't wives may ban  
 His auld inhuman daddie !  
 When Newton square ran owre wi' blood,  
 Remorse did ne'er affect him—  
 Wi' hellish joy exultin' stood,  
 And triumph't owre each victim,  
 Weel pleas't that day.

Oh ! meanest, maist disgracefu' crime !  
 This young Laird e'er committet ;  
 Auld Irelan', ye may rue the time,  
 Your Parliament he flittet.  
 Poor isle, yer' interests a' maun be  
 Subservient to his pleasure,  
 Tho' his great grannie, weel wat ye,  
 The buttermilk did measure,  
 Exact yon day.

A' this I ken'd, and muckle mair,  
 Bit ay the Laird insistet,  
 Whiles threaten't, aften promis't fair,  
 An' soon my Conscience wrestit.—  
 He wad repeal the peet-moss act,  
 He promis't fu' sincerely ;  
 An' gie us our half-guineas back\*  
 We clinket year and yearly,  
 For that some day.

By warldly interest led astray,  
 My saul adrift I sent it,  
 And gaed to vote, ah ! waefu' day !  
 Lang, lang shall I repent it.  
 Their brib'ry oath I swallow'd keen,  
 Thinks I, in this nae sin is ;  
 Bit soon reflection to my e'en  
 Call't up the twa half-guineas†  
 Sad thought that day.

Now, tho' your Lan'lord ban and scaul,  
 Dear frien's, let me advise ye,  
 For fear o' man, ne'er thraw the saul,  
 Nor let a bribe entice ye.  
 Like me, in auld age, led aside,  
 Tho' ne'er afore unsteady ;  
 For Firin's sake, an' did provide,  
 Baith for my saul an' body,  
 Owre sure some day.

A GANAWAY FREEHOLDER.

\* The Baronet here alluded to, caused every one of his tenants, who did not hold a grand Lease, to pay half-a-guinea yearly, for the privilege of making turf.

† This law, of two years standing, was to be repealed; and every one who was entitled to vote, in future, to have free access to the bog—the half-guineas were also to be returned. This consideration caused many to vote against their own judgment.



## THE CONCLAVE.

A famous new SONG, giving an account of a Meeting, held at Downpatrick, on the afternoon of Monday the 12th of August, 1805, by special summons from L—d L—d—y, on receiving the report of all his Emissaries out on the whip, in the different parts of the county—showing how they were driven into town, by Logan, the Police Constable, from Dublin, publisher of the Hue and Cry, and Aid-de-Camp Extraordinary to G—l S—t, &c. &c. &c.

GOD prosper long the County Down,  
Its Lords and Nobles all,  
Of Conclave great, the muse shall speak,  
Which in it did befall.

The time, the place, and eke the hour,  
Which did together bring,  
Such Lords, and Squires, of high report,  
I now begin to sing.

First, mounted on a "piebald hack,"  
Came gallant C—h,  
Heav'ns! how he gallop'd, whipp'd and spurr'd,  
To have the foremost way.

And next, the gentle M—w F—de,  
Well mounted on a bear!  
Came grunting, growling, roaring loud,  
To be the second there!

From Bangor Castle, booby Ward,  
With esquires half a dozen,  
Came pegging on with furious speed,  
To vote against his cousin.

\* J—n C —d, came from Crawford's-burn,  
A Leopard he bestrode,  
And oft he thought on Linen-hall,  
As past Belfast he rode.

Then N—s P—e, from Saintfield house,  
Came trotting on an ass,  
"Sweet ass," he cri'd, "make haste, that I,  
"Hugh Kennedy may pass!"

H—h K—y, in limestone cart,  
Set out upon his journey,  
Driven by that enchanting youth,  
His brother, the attorney!

From Blackwood house, the brave Sir James  
High brandishing his weapon,  
In Colonel's uniform y'clad,  
Came flying on a Capon.†

\* This Gentleman was Chairman of a Meeting at the Linen-Hall, in Belfast, in 1792—where certain Resolutions were entered into, which see.

† An Animal which does not possess all the qualifications of a Cock.



A midnight mare, call'd *Window Tax*,  
Was rode by I——c C——y,  
He has not brains for Chancellor,  
Which makes him look so sorry.

Hans H——n, of Shire a Knight,  
Will meet both scorn and skaith,  
In Dublin county he'll be pinn'd,  
By ——, Earl of Meath.

D—n M—n—n, of Larchfield-hall,  
Came riding on a Cow,  
For all the horses that he had,  
Were drawing in a plow !

From Lisburn, R——r J—n—n S——th,  
As hard as he could pelt,  
Of whiskey he had naggins five,  
That day, within his belt.

A—— S——ge, not from *Hollymount*,  
But Styne of L——n——y,  
On back of foaming boar upset,  
Was driven across the ferry.

G——n, attorney—captain—squire,  
As fast as whip could crack,  
Came cant'ring in, as if he had,  
The D——l at his back !

\*M—g—s Dick, of Waringstown,  
With palsi'd nerves, unstrung,  
To get the Dean a Bishop made,  
His chairman goads along.

T——m P——r whipp'd from *Ardview-Hill*,  
With all his ways, and means !  
Came in, in time to snuff the lights,  
And shift, and trim the scenes.

Bold A——k, of dancers, chief !  
Of tropes and figures full !  
Rode foremost of his company,  
Exalted on—a bull !

With visage fix'd, on rump of bull,  
All company he scorns ;  
And, manfully, the tail he grasps,  
Dreading to look at horns !

\* The state of his nervous system is such, that he could bear no other mode of conveyance than a sedan chair, in which he was carried into town, by V——l A——kin——n, Esq. Deputy Governor of Waringstown, and the Reverend John Stockdale, Confessor, and Family Chaplain, &c. &c. His son, the Dean, walking nine paces in front, with a gold headed mace to clear the way.



Houses of the Oireachtas





THAT VET-RAN CHIEF OF DULL HARANGUES

*Conceal yoursel as weel ye can*



That vet'ran Chief, of dull harangues,  
Sweet R—y M—x—ll, bright,  
Cramm'd full of speech by *Bruce* and *Joy*,  
Drove in a Calf, milk white !

Ex-banker *Whoms*, an Adder rides,  
Surcharg'd with spleen and gall,  
And swears the friends of Colonel MEADE,  
By Ch—st, are Rebels all !

But Banker once had bosom friend,  
\* His name was *Johnny Hughes* ;  
Who told some things in House of Lords,  
Which Banker sorely rues !

† Cl—l—d, Killevy's Rector mild !  
To roll, his eyes begin,  
As mournfully "*he galls his jade*,"  
Lest he should lose *Elphin*.

With many more of smaller note,  
Whose names no mention crave ;  
On horse, on foot, on cars, on carts,  
Attended this *Conclave*.

Tho' last of all, not least renown'd,  
The *Gen'ral* bold, advanc'd ;  
Himself he view'd with much delight,  
His fiery charger pranc'd.

His courage was not quite so high,  
When Armstrong from Armagh,  
*His Honour* quizz'd in Court of Mourne,  
And made th'Attornies laugh !!!

PART THE SECOND will be published to-morrow. It will contain the proceedings of the Conclave, and show how D—N M——s was unanimously called to the Chair:—how he proposed VAL A——KIN——N for Secretary ; but it being doubtful to which side he belonged, the Rev. JOHN STOCKDALE was elected to that Office, by ballot, and how ALEXANDER GRINDER, Esq. Agent and Lamp-breaker, at Rathkeltar Mac-Duagh, was appointed *door-keeper* and *whisper-bearer* !

\* A notorious *Informer*, who gave information against the United Irishmen of Belfast, to the Secret Committee.—If we believe his testimony, there are now several gentlemen in Belfast, outrageously loyal, who were concerned in the matters which produced the catastrophe of 1798 !

† The living of *Killevy* is worth £1200 per annum ; in addition to which, he was to have had the Bishopric of *Elphin*, for his meritorious services in forcing part of the County of Down into Rebellion.—The event of the Election will blast all his hopes.



SCENE EXTRACTED FROM A NEW PLAY,  
ENTITLED,

PERFIDY PUNISHED;

OR,

JUSTICE DONE AT HOME.

Now performing with unbounded applause in the North of Ireland.

DRAMATIS PERSONE.

Lord Viscount Slender.

Sir Isaac Pliant.

Matt. Surley, Esq. of Seaford HOUSE.

Hampden Crawford—a *quondam* patriot.

Sir Daniel Fightall—of Larchfield-hall.

Sir James Fruitful—a Trading Colonel!

Don Andrea Portoferara—a Country Justice!

Squire Nick Tinsel—an Astronomer and celebrated Logician at Saint-field!!

Solomon Limestone—a distinguished performer with the long bow!

The Yahoo—Brother to Solomon—a pettyfogging Attorney from Cultra!

David Supple } a mean, Servile, fawning, base, sordid, Parasite to  
an Attorney } —any great man, now in the pay of Old M'Gregor  
father to Lord Slender!

Brigadier General M'Gregor—} distinguished by his exploits at York,  
against the English!

Doctor Thomas Kennedy, Bailiff—

Electioneering Chaplain extraordinary to Viscount Slender, retained to preach the funeral sermon of old M'Gregor—Scotch Doctor of Divinity, confessor of Arthur Johnston, Esq.—Resolver of the doubts and scruples of Hampden Crawford, Esq.—“Vicar of Bray”—and formerly a jobber in pigs, and dealer in charities, in the borough of Downpatrick!

The Rev. Jonathan Snake—head Bailiff, in constant waiting!

Tom Potter, with other Bailiffs, } also, many runners, spies, pimps, in-  
formers, &c. &c. at the street door!

Stuart Goose } Master of the Ceremonies, and head dancing-master at  
Dublin Castle, sent down specially with Logan, the Thief-  
catcher, to attend on Viscount Slender, in Downpatrick!

SCENE—LORD VISCOUNT SLENDER'S LODGINGS AT DOWNPATRICK.

Lord Viscount Slender, *solus*, reading.

“And, as a Hare, which hounds and horns pursue,  
Pants to the place.”

[Throws down the book.

Psha! confound this book, it exactly describes my own situation—  
harrassed by this infernal Election—torn from London, where, tho'  
I am not wanted, yet it is mortifying to let people see, they can do



without me, execrated by my own countrymen, and neighbours, what a vexatious state is mine!—The warfare of Parliamentary debate I have passed through with ease, supported by a servile majority, and the purse of the country used for its own destruction—I have sustained the odium drawn on me by the most unpopular of measures, though it has made me

“ A fixed figure for the hand of scorn,  
To point his slow unmoving finger at,  
Yet could I bear that too, well, very well,  
But *THERE*, where I had garnered up my heart,  
Where either I must live, or bear no life,  
The fountain from the which, my current runs,  
Or else dries up, TO BE DISCARDED THENCE.”  
That is a blow I'm not prepared to suffer,  
It racks my soul.

Enter *Sir Isaac Pliant*.

*Sir Isaac*.—My dear Lord, I sincerely lament your present situation, I too have been unfortunate, and feel for your mortifications.

*Aside*—Ah! I feel more—Gracious heaven! I shall lose my seat for *Newry*, and that too, before I have secured the additional *Eight Hundred a year*, on the Irish establishment.

*Lord Viscount Slender*.—Oh! *Pliant, Pliant*, the horror of my situation, sets description at defiance!—How can I return to *Pitt* and *London*, stamped with the dismissal, the execration of my former CONSTITUENTS, adding fresh odium to an already disgraced Ministry, and stigmatized as the betrayer of my NATIVE LAND.

Oh *Melville! Melville!*

*Sir Isaac*.—Recollect his *Honest boldness*, his *fortitude* and *dignified demeanour*, under *misfortune*.—Recollect the *manly vigour* with which you stood forward, the *Champion* of his *injured fame*—In his *friendship* and *confidence* you will find ample consolation, for all the insult and degradation you now suffer—And do not forget, my dear Lord, how often we have subdued the clamour of the IRISH COMMONS!

*Lord Slender*.—IRISH COMMONS! talk not to me of Irish Commons, empty sound! *there*, I was *secure* of a majority, and the unfortunate circumstances of the country atchieved a work of which I was only the *Ostensible Instrument*: But *HERE*, my remnant of Character, my *all* is at stake: ENGLAND will scowl at a *disgraced Secretary*, returning crest-fallen to his office, hooted out of the county by his former Constituents, and conquered by a Woman! IRELAND already rejoices at my fall—my Countrymen smile at my pangs, and I have no conscious feeling of rectitude to support me—Oh, *Melville, Melville*, where shall we hide ourselves?

[Throws himself into a chair, much agitated, and weeps.]

*Sir Isaac*.—Oh, my Lord, this weakness unmans you—rouse yourself, if it is even to prepare for flight!

*Lord Slender*.—Aye, there you have touched a string—But where, and How?

Enter *Matt. Surly* and *Hampden Crawford*.

*Matt*.—By God, *Castlereagh* you're thrown out—And, as I would not wish to be *in at the death*, I advise you to *steal away*—MEADE's majority hourly encreases—the cry of the county is against us.

*Lord Slender*.—It is these damned UNITED IRISHMEN whose party revives.



*Hampden Crawford*—No, my Lord, no—that I deny, and surely on this point, at least, I am *qualified* to express an opinion—There is a JUNCTION of Property and real Independence against you, that is IRRESISTIBLE—Take my advice, and retire—I hope I have so much influence remaining amongst my OLD FRIENDS, as to protect you from personal injury—They cannot surely forget MY FORMER STATION.

Enter *Sir Daniel Fightall*.

*Sir Daniel*—You had better lose no time, *my Lord*, in leaving Ireland.

“For he who fights and runs away,  
May live to fight another day;  
But he who is in battle slain,  
Will never rise to fight again.”

Enters hastily, *The Rev. Jonathan Snake*.

*Snake*.—My Lord, my Lord, we must go—the people are preparing the chair for COLONEL MEADE.

*Lord Slender*.—Confusion! Order the Carriage! What feelings are mine!

Enter *Sir James Fruitful*, *Squire Nick Tinsel*, *Don Andrea Portoferrara*, *Solomon Limestone*, *David Supple*, the *Yahoo*, &c. &c.

*Fruitful*.—All's over, all's over—They have MEADE in the Chair.

Enter *Doctor Bailiff* weeping, and wringing his hands.

*Doctor Bailiff*.—Oh Sirs dear, Sirs dear, what shall we do?—Bless my heart—the shouts of the people are dreadful—Oh dear me!

*Lord Slender*.—Give me your hands, *Nick Tinsel*, *Pliant*, *Sir Jemmy Fruitful*, *Matt*. Farewell—

And oh!

“Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness.”

This is the state of man who errs like me,  
A killing frost nips up his roots, and then  
He falls as I do.

“I have ventur'd—

Like little wanton boys who swim on bladders,  
These many summers, in a sea of glory,  
But, far beyond my depth, my high blown pride  
At length broke under me, and now has left me,  
Weary and worn with service, to the mercy  
Of this rude stream that must for ever hide me,—  
Oh my friends!

Had I but served my country with half the zeal  
I served my own ambition, she would not, in my agony,  
Have left me naked to my enemies.”

*Exit in great confusion.*

Enter, *The Brigadier General McGregor*.

*The General*.—He's off, he's off—Damnation seize them—Farewell.—

*Exit, running.*

*Matt. Surly*.—This is an ugly job, Boys—By Jesus we had better be off too, and get home as well as we can. (*Aside*) Blood and 'ounds! I must lose no time in sending *Arthur* to *India*.

*Exeunt omnes in deep dejection.*



DOWN ELECTION.  
DIARY OF THE STATE OF THE POLL.

FOR LORD VISCOUNT CASTLEREAGH.

		Gross	DAILY. Majority.	GROSS. Majority.
First Day, . . . . .	25	25	10	10
Second Day, . . . . .	103	128	14	24
Third Day, . . . . .	186	314	6	30
Fourth Day, . . . . .	160	474	14	44
Fifth Day, . . . . .	144	618	4	48
*Sixth Day, . . . . .	161	779	19	67
Seventh Day, . . . . .	188	967	11	78
†Eighth Day, . . . . .	123	1090	00	31
‡Ninth Day, . . . . .	109	1199	00	23
§Tenth Day, . . . . .	103	1302	00	12
§Eleventh Day, . . . . .	107	1409	00	00
Twelfth Day, . . . . .	72	1481	00	00

\* The daily encreasing majority, hitherto in favour of Lord Castlereagh, need not alarm the friends of COL. MEADE, it arises entirely from the present mode of polling the county by Baronies; had his Lordship's *apparent* strength, been *real*, the majority would have been three times the amount of what it now stands—its sources are nearly dry, in several Baronies—and in the course of this week, the supporters of the FREEDOM, INDEPENDENCE, and RESPECTABILITY of the County, will be amply gratified, with a majority in favour of Col. Meade; progressively becoming greater, until his Lordship shall be convinced, that his hopes and efforts on this occasion to become a Representative for the County of Down, have been idle dreams!

*Downpatrick, 6th August, 1805.*

† A Majority of 47, on this day's polling, will sufficiently evince the well founded hope of success, which the friends of Col. Meade are to entertain.

*Downpatrick, 8th August, 1805.*

‡ Lord Castlereagh's celebrated majority has decreased, is decreasing, and shortly, like the baseless fabric of a vision, will dissolve, and leave not a wreck behind.

*Downpatrick, 9th August, 1805.*

§ The friends of COLONEL MEADE, congratulate the county on the event of this day's poll—the majority is not delusive—it is not forced from casual, scanty, interested channels—it flows from the spring of the heart—its impulsive motion emanates from that enthusiastic ardour which every honest man feels, when, obeying the dictates of an independent mind, he gives his vote to prevent such a candidate as Lord Castlereagh, being again his Representative in Parliament—it is cherished by the virtue, the patriotism, the unspotted honour of the house of Downshire.

The friends of COLONEL MEADE have no doubt, his majority will daily advance, until the close of the poll, and fully avenge the wrongs of an injured county, by driving from the Hustings, with disappointment and disgrace, the *Agent* who trafficked the PARLIAMENT—the CONSTITUTION—the INDEPENDENCE of IRELAND! and who betrayed his Country, for his own personal Interest and aggrandizement!

*Downpatrick, Saturday 10th August, 1805.*



## FOR THE HON. COLONEL JOHN MEADE.

		Gross.	DAILY. Majority.	GROSS. Majority.
First day, . . . . .	15	15	00	00
Second Day, . . . . .	89	104	00	00
Third Day, . . . . .	180	284	00	00
Fourth Day, . . . . .	146	430	00	00
Fifth Day, . . . . .	140	570	00	00
Sixth Day, . . . . .	142	712	00	00
Seventh Day, . . . . .	177	889	00	00
Eighth Day, . . . . .	170	1059	47	00
Ninth Day, . . . . .	117	1176	8	00
Tenth Day, . . . . .	114	1290	11	00
Eleventh Day, . . . . .	131	1421	24	12
Twelfth Day, . . . . .	102	1523	30	42

Thirteenth Day, about two o'clock, the majority was 91 133 when Lord Castlereagh came on the hustings, and declared his intention of *declining the poll*! The friends of Colonel Meade, however, continuing to poll the remainder of that day—and likewise Wednesday, the majority, at the final close of the poll, was 450, in favour of Colonel Meade.

## DOWN ELECTION.

*The following appeared in the Belfast Commercial Chronicle, of the 19th August.*

ON Tuesday last, about half past one, James Cleland, Esq. the Sheriff, intimated to the Court, that he had received a message from Lord Castlereagh, signifying his Lordship's wish to decline the poll; in consequence of which, the Court was adjourned for about five minutes. When the Sheriff had resumed his seat, Lord Castlereagh came into Court, and in an eloquent and concise speech, confirmed the purport of his message.

His Lordship said, that, by the advice of his friends, for whose support he should ever retain the most heartfelt gratitude, he was induced to take the step he now did, of declining further to trouble the county.—He had to blame the remissness of a considerable number of his freeholders, in not having registered, or having done it in so irregular and insufficient a manner, as to render their support ineffectual. It was a great satisfaction to him, and he spoke it to the honour of the county, that this election had been conducted on both sides, in such a temperate and handsome manner. And here he took occasion to predict, that the principles on which the opposition to him has been founded, will soon be regretted by the county. His Lordship said, that, in respect to the Union, and the share his duty prompted him to take in bringing about that measure, it was a circumstance he would be proud of till his latest breath, notwithstanding it had been matter of much clamour against him. He said, his absence from the affairs of the state, at the present important crisis, was a great loss to *himself*, and to the *nation*.—He was entitled to assume considerable merit, from his having so soon declined to disturb the peace and convenience of the county,



seeing that (in his opinion) he could have struggled much longer, and left his opponent but a *very small* majority of votes. He concluded by passing some very handsome compliments on his opponent, and repeated what he had asserted on a former occasion (2d day of the poll), that he felt conscious he had served the county faithfully for fifteen years, and he accounted it his *highest honour* so to have done.

When his Lordship sat down, JOHN BARNARD TROTTER, Esq. rose, and, in reply, said,

“MR. SHERIFF, AND GENTLEMEN FREEHOLDERS,

“I would not presume to intrude myself on the freeholders of this respectable county, on the present occasion, but, carried away by the powerful sensations that press about my heart, I cannot refrain from congratulating them on the glorious victory they have now obtained;—a victory so glorious to this county—so glorious to Ireland itself. The noble Lord has asserted, that defective registry has occasioned his defeat; but to substantiate this assertion, it is necessary that his Lordship should first prove, that the defective registry was *solely* on his part. If, however, it is far from being so, as I am well informed, and that the defects in registry, if weighed and balanced together, would be found nearly equal, or rather the preponderance against us; what, then, becomes of his Lordship’s argument?—No; the fact is, that the great property against him, and the general voice of the people, have borne him along like the mighty stream of a mountain torrent, and at length he has sunk to the bottom.—No; it is in consequence of the melancholy conviction that he cannot proceed long, that the noble Lord yields. Last night a consultation of his friends was held, and a DOLEFUL consultation it was!—and then, when he found how unavailing the contest, he resolved to give up the pursuit. His Lordship has said, that if there had been a prospect of success, he would have remained on the spot; I *think* he said so—though I am in some degree of doubt—and he has also stated, that the duties of his high station do not permit him to continue one moment here; this contradiction I cannot reconcile.”

[Here Lord Castlereagh said he was unwilling to interrupt Mr. Trotter; but it would be much better, if, when his words were repeated, Mr. T. would state what he *had* said, not what he had *not*.]

“And had Lord Castlereagh *attended* to what I advanced, he might have observed, that I expressed doubt on the occasion, and even waited for him to correct me, if wrong; this can never be considered as a mis-statement. However, if he says that I am mistaken, I do not persist in urging this apparent contradiction against him. As to the state of public affairs mentioned by his Lordship, no one feels more impressed than I do with their emergency; but he had done well to have considered with himself *before* he left London, whether he could perform his duty *and* attend this election. Could he have decided to choose between the two things, and had he left us unmolested, he would have saved the county much trouble and harassing—himself, infinite mortification! I am satisfied that the duties of his high station did require all his attention, at a moment when an enemy, whose power every wise man wishes to see diminished, insolently threatens the shores of the empire—an enemy, whom every hand should be raised to repel, every nerve strained to oppose! And here, I am happy to declare, for



myself, and those with whom I have the honour to act, that, on this point, we are to a man *with* his Lordship—*Here* we stand forward with our hearts in unison with his, and though we differ from him so widely in other respects—*here* we do not yield to his, zeal: we glow with a common ardour for the public defence and public weal, and we feel as strongly as he can, for the honour of the empire, and the safety of the state. [*A general cry of "Hear!" "Hear!" in which his Lordship joined most warmly.*]

"His Lordship has spoken with admiration of the good order that has prevailed during this contest. I rejoice that his Lordship bears this testimony in favour of the country; nay, the freeholders may rejoice that they have now in his Lordship's person the bearer of most pleasing tidings to his Majesty. He will go to the closet of his Sovereign—he will approach his feet, and say—

'SIRE—set your royal breast at ease! your subjects of the North of Ireland, formerly infected with the poison of disaffection, have returned to their duty and former peaceable habits! They have vindicated their rights in a legal and constitutional manner; this I must avow, though, Sire, I am their victim. They have cast away the pike for the ploughshare; that turbulence which showed itself in arms, has subsided; their actions now run in their ordinary and lawful channels; they have firmly and calmly asserted the privilege of electors, and freedom of choice; to me the struggle was fatal; I, Sire, am defeated!'

"As to the principles on which our party have acted, to which his Lordship has alluded; they are clear as day; they court investigation; they demand inquiry. And here, let me pay a just tribute to the memory of one who is now no more; if it is right to mention a name which may rouse the latent feelings of some breast at peace, may wound some heart which has ceased to throb for his loss—it is the name of the late Marquis of DOWNSHIRE.

"He was a man ever distinguished for uniform and principled loyalty to his King, and filled with a genuine love for his country."—[Lord Castlereagh, in a low voice, here seemed not to concur with Mr. Trotter.] "A warm, generous, and faithful friend. A landlord, affable to all who approached him—he was truly the father of his tenantry! A man!

—————take him for all in all,

'We shall not look upon his like again.'

"He, when a measure was proposed, which, he conceived, must be injurious to Ireland, stood in the breach.—He defended his country with his last breath—and now she repays him with the high tribute of esteem for his memory, and deep regret for his loss!

"The noble Lord beside me, to whose talents, eloquence, and various acquirements, I am most willing to pay homage, (though I lament their misapplication,) who has spoken of future benefits of the Union, and advantages not yet received, what a part has *his* been? He also says there are various opinions on this great subject, and that Mr. FOSTER has changed his." (Lord Castlereagh interrupted Mr. Trotter, asserting, that he had never said so.) "I do not know if it was so, as I only have it from a newspaper, there his Lordship is certainly made to say so.

"The noble Lord, when the Union was proposed, of which he was afterwards *the eloquent instrument*, acted most differently; indeed, to accomplish that measure, *he* gave all his talents and exertions: For



this, the freeholders of this great county have stamped him with their disapprobation; they have set a mark upon him, that "every one that runs may read; they have succeeded in obtaining the man of their choice, and they have *rejected* his Lordship. For this, his former constituents now send him to seek a seat elsewhere.—And who have done this? Men of much intelligence, of clear and sharp understanding, who can read and reflect—and judge for themselves.—Men who publicly reject his Lordship, because they understand him.

"The character of the county is redeemed. The freeholders have selected a gentleman of high worth and respectability, of a noble family, of unblemished character, and one who, we may fairly presume, will act with principle and integrity. They may be proud of their exertions; they have, in a constitutional manner, attained their object, in choosing a new representative, and placing him above a Right Hon. Secretary of State—the minister of the Union.

"They may now return to their homes pleased and tranquil, proud of the work they have achieved, and satisfied that they have done honour to themselves and their country, in having exercised their elective franchise in the most glorious and independent manner."

To this speech Lord Castlereagh made no reply, but immediately quitted the Court.

At the time Lord Castlereagh abandoned the poll, the majority in favour of Colonel Meade was 90, or 91; but the Colonel's friends continuing to poll the remainder of that day, and likewise Wednesday, raised his total majority to 450.

*Extract of a Letter from Hillsborough, dated Thursday 15th August, 1805.*

"THIS forenoon, about 11 o'clock, the High Sheriff closed the books, and stating the Majority in favour of COL. MEADE to be 450 (a vast number of Electors in several of the Baronies who would have voted for him, remaining unpollled), declared him duly elected.

"Colonel MEADE was chaired through Downpatrick, amidst the unanimous acclamations of its inhabitants, and a vast body of Freeholders, assembled from the neighbourhood.

"He then proceeded to Ballynahinch, accompanied by a numerous cavalcade, of most respectable Freeholders and others. He was likewise chaired through that town. It being Fair Day, the concourse of people present is inconceivable, and the enthusiastic applause of every spectator, evidently manifested Colonel MEADE, to be the MAN of the PEOPLE!

"As he approached Hillsborough, the numbers increased; and never, in my life, did I see heartfelt satisfaction and pleasure so strongly expressed, as in the countenances of its exulting inhabitants! Memory presented to each of their minds, the benefits derived from the kindness, the friendship, the benevolence, of the Noble House of DOWNSHIRE! The SHADE of its late Lord, seemed to smile on the procession, and to say, 'The grateful tribute of affection you have this day paid to my WIDOW and CHILDREN, is to me most acceptable. You have restored to its lustre the BLOOMING HONOUR of my family, which has been *blown* upon, but NOT *tarnished*!'



"Colonel Meade was afterwards chaired through Dromore to Gill-Hall, the venerable seat of his ancestors, with the strongest expressions of esteem and affection. The several gentlemen, from all parts of the county, who had more immediately interested themselves in conducting the election, dined at the Corporation Arms, where, at the festive board, they passed the evening in the full flow of social enjoyment; distinguished, however, by that steady, cool regularity, which so strongly marked all their proceedings during this election. They were honoured with the presence of the young Marquis, Lord Arthur Hill, Lord Jocelyn, &c. &c.

"The town was illuminated; the bells were ringing; and the evening concluded with every demonstration of joy."

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*Extract of a Letter from Dromore, dated August 14.*

"Yesterday evening, as soon as the news arrived at Dromore and its vicinity, of Lord Castlereagh having declined polling any longer, the whole neighbourhood assembled on the lawn before Gill-Hall House, to testify to the Countess of Clanwilliam their great joy at Colonel Meade, being chosen one of their representatives:—Her Ladyship ordered them a bonfire on one of the adjacent hills, and most cheerfully came out herself and drank three Toasts.—"The KING, and all the ROYAL FAMILY."—"The county of Down and Linen manufacture,"—and, "The MEMORY OF HER FATHER."

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### TO THE GENTLEMEN, CLERGY, AND FREEHOLDERS OF THE COUNTY OF DOWN.

I HEARTILY congratulate you on the signal victory you have obtained, and am proud in being the honoured instrument by which you have asserted your Rights and Independence.

Be assured, I shall be a faithful guardian of your interests, and will never betray the trust, with which you have so highly distinguished me.

To the High Sheriff, I beg leave to return my best acknowledgments, for his upright and impartial conduct, in every respect, during the election.

I am, and ever shall be, with the greatest respect,

GENTLEMEN,

Your very faithful, much obliged,

And devoted humble servant,

JOHN MEADE.

*Gill-Hall, August 16, 1805.*

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### TO THE GENTLEMEN, CLERGY, AND FREEHOLDERS OF THE COUNTY OF DOWN.

*Gentlemen,*

UPON a careful inspection of the Registry of the county, in its present most defective state, it appearing probable that a majority, small certainly in itself, but nevertheless sufficient to determine



the fate of the election, was likely to remain at the termination of the poll, in favour of my opponent—I have thought it due to the Freeholders of the county (under the advice of my friends), to abstain from giving them farther, and, as I conceive, unnecessary trouble, on the present occasion.

I must always remember, with the utmost gratitude, the cordial, and zealous support, I have received from a numerous and most respectable body of friends, in a contest for which the county at large were wholly unprepared: and whilst I have to regret that *my* hopes, and *their* exertions, have been, in this instance, disappointed, I cannot but consider the result as the effect of circumstances, and by no means as the deliberate decision of the county.

I have the honour to be,

GENTLEMEN,

With great truth and respect,

Your most faithful and obedient servant,

CASTLEREAGH.

Down, Aug. 16, 1805.

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### TO THE GENTLEMEN, CLERGY, AND FREEHOLDERS OF THE COUNTY OF DOWN.

THE Committee who conducted the late election of the county of Down, on behalf of the Honourable Colonel JOHN MEADE, think themselves called upon to undeceive the public, and to refute the assertions of Lord Castlereagh, in his retiring Address to the county:—The noble Lord says, “Upon a careful inspection of the Registry of the county in its present most defective state, it appearing probable that a majority, small certainly in itself, but nevertheless sufficient to determine the fate of the election, was likely to remain, on the termination of the poll, in favour of my opponent; I have thought it due to the Freeholders of the county, (under the advice of my friends) to abstain from giving them farther, and, as I conceive, unnecessary trouble, on the present occasion.” In reply to which, the Committee are of opinion, that his Lordship must have been egregiously misinformed, or has merely seized on this, as a plausible pretext for retiring from the Hustings; for they are prepared to prove, that the registry of freeholders was defective, to a much greater extent among the friends of Colonel Meade, than those of Lord Castlereagh; and that, notwithstanding such defective or bad Registries, had the County been polled to the last man, the Majority, instead of being *small*, would have considerably exceeded the number which now appears in favour of Colonel Meade at the final close of the poll.

Lord Castlereagh further states it “to be a contest for which the county at large were wholly unprepared;” and that “He cannot but consider the result *as the effect of circumstances*, and by no means as the deliberate decision of the county.” It is difficult for the Committee to ascertain what the noble Lord means, by calling it a contest for which the county were wholly unprepared; but if he means, that the Election was sudden and unexpected, surely that was a point as highly favourable to his re-election, as it was otherwise to his opponent, and which He did not fail to take advantage of,



before it was generally known that he had vacated his seat, by soliciting support, and obtaining promises from many respectable freeholders, who, as they state, had they been apprised that any opposition was intended, would not have engaged themselves to him, and by instantly expediting the Writ, and bringing on the election, thereby evincing an intention of taking the county by surprise, and to preclude, as far as in him lay, all possibility of a contest.

In considering the result *as the effect of circumstances*, and by no means as the deliberate decision of the County, Colonel Meade's Committee are ready to join issue with the Noble Lord; for, though he is silent as to the particular circumstances, yet if any meaning can be put on this particular expression, it can be no other than what the Committee apply to it, namely, the unpopularity of the noble Lord among all ranks and persuasions of his late Constituents, founded on their just abhorrence of his unfaithful conduct as their Representative, as also, the great superiority of property among his opponents; these circumstances must ever prevail, and on all similar occasions in future, as a natural consequence, produce similar results; and the Committee admit, that it cannot be considered as the deliberate decision of the county, for the noble Lord was fully convinced, at an early period of the Election, of its being more prudent for him to retreat and abandon his pretensions (under the advice of his Friends), than to persist in a contest, and come to a deliberate decision, by polling out the county, which would have manifested to the United Kingdom his Lordship's *weakness*, and the very large balance in favour of Colonel Meade both in numbers and property.

Signed by order of the Committee,  
 GEORGE STEPHENSON,  
 SECRETARY.

Downpatrick, 16th August, 1805.



*The following Publications, in favour of LORD CASTLEREAGH, are all that we have been able to collect, and, as far as we know, all that were published on his part.*

## ADDRESS

### TO THE FREEHOLDERS OF THE COUNTY OF DOWN.

*“Were the Bodies of some people as gigantic as their Ambition, their hands would grasp the extremities of the earth, and their heads reach where the sun hides itself.”*

SCYTHEAUS TO ALEXANDER.

’TWAS thus from the blue hills of ERIN resounding,  
The voice of a Spirit borne loud on the gale,  
’Twas the GENIUS OF IRELAND—I heard her wild song,  
My heart beat indignant—I penn’d down her tale:  
‘ Rise, rise, sons of FREEDOM, your rights to assert;  
‘ Stand forward with pride, as before did your sires,  
‘ Ambition is rous’d—and her ills to avert,  
‘ Hear the song that alarms, while it boldly inspires.  
‘ Hark! the thunder of battle from Gallia’s proud shore!  
‘ Lo, the flag of defiance in air wide unfurl’d,  
‘ The threats of the WRETCH whom all mankind abhor,  
‘ Spread terror and doubt o’er a slumbering world.  
‘ And who are ye call’d on, urg’d, press’d and incited,  
‘ To send forward your champion in LIBERTY’S cause?  
‘ What day-star of valour—what statesman-like talents,  
‘ To whelm a proud foe, and give strength to the LAWS?  
‘ Where, where are his actions? where are they recorded?  
‘ Has FAME ever sounded his deeds in your ears?  
‘ Has political merit e’er rais’d him to glory?  
‘ Has Eloquence rais’d him above his Compeers?  
‘ And who is He?—What is He? whence came he from?  
‘ Where lies his Estate?—In the county of Down?  
‘ No, in Greenland, in Zembla, the Devil knows where:  
‘ So snug are all things of this Man of renown.  
‘ In the land of his fathers, a traveller—a stranger—  
‘ Go view him—’tis done—he’s recogniz’d by no man:  
‘ Yet boldly he stands unappall’d at the danger,  
‘ The tool of Ambition urg’d on by a WOMAN.  
Whose pride, thirst of power, was never yet equal’d;  
‘ To gratify which, she courts country and town:  
‘ In the “Old Family Spirit,” she hopes to repeat—  
‘ My coachman shall sit for the county of Down.”

Let the voice that hath energy cry out aloud;  
Let the soul that hath warmth its firm dictates obey,  
Let the heart that hath spirit be rous’d to oppose  
‘ The man who would ravish our Freedom away.



' Let him mount on the Hustings his *lesson to spell*,  
 ' From the bold face of freedom he *will ever shrink back*,  
 ' Let his noble supporters praise ORATOR MUM,  
 ' And eke, praise the Prompter who stood at his back.  
 ' Come, Castlereagh, come, thou pride of a Nation,  
 ' Come forward to rescue our necks from the yoke,  
 ' Raise, raise, thy proud voice, flash conviction around,  
 ' While Irish hearts cry, " There, my countryman spoke."  
 ' Like Tyrtæus to raise up all thoughts to true glory,  
 ' Such influence thy words to all bosoms impart,  
 ' Like Cicero arise! 'tis to save a whole country,  
 ' Like him touch the strings which vibrate to the heart.  
 ' The eyes of a Nation are turn'd to this country,  
 ' Shall we shrink a close Borough? no, whilst we have thee,  
 ' *Interlopers* may vanish—for true to thy interests,  
 ' The county shall live independent and free."

FALCONER.

29th July, 1805.

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### A NEW BALLAD.

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*Let us rally around the friend of our King,*  
*HIM again to the house we'll triumphantly bring*

---

COME, united electors, to Down with all speed,  
 To tender your votes to the ORATOR M-a-d-e,  
 Who has not an acre of land in your county,  
 But starts upon M-th-w's and H-lls—gh's bounty,  
 His cause is so bad his own kindred neglect him,  
 Had D-WNS—E another, 'tis clear she'd reject him.  
 Your interests so dear if you ever confide  
 To S-v-ge and M-a-e all the world will deride.  
 In the commons the former your rights cannot plead,  
 On the Hustings you witness'd INCAPABLE Meade,  
 Who stutted and stammer'd, and scarce could pronounce,  
 Tho' aided by R-i-ly and M-tth—ws to bounce;  
 And prompted by R-thv—n, yet still 'twas in vain,  
 By the noise he lost all he endeavour'd to gain.  
 This candidate's victuals, his drink, and his show,  
 Are paid by the purses of D-WNS—RE and CO.  
 From London he came in a postchaise and four,  
 Attended by R-i-ly and M-tth—ws and more.  
 When ask'd by his kin what brought him from thence?  
 'Twas D——re that pays it, so DAMN THE EXPENSE;  
 I'm arriv'd for the county myself to declare.  
 At this sudden reply, all relations do stare,  
 And loudly exclaim'd, don't trouble the county,  
 Confide less in D——re than Royalty's Bounty.  
 Our support has been pledged and plighted to those,  
 Whose more natural claim you'd vainly oppose;  
 Return her BASE COIN by which you're enlisted,  
 So often rejected, so often resisted\*.  
 No Meade e'er possessed a senator's head,  
 Return to the camp from which you were led.—  
 The obstinate BOY resisting those prayers,  
 By folly urged on, to Downpatrick repairs.

\* The Marchioness's kindness to the Honourable Candidate had been offered to many others, and did not ultimately fall on him till she could get no other.



So much for the MAN who solicits your choice—  
 And now for the WOMAN who'd bias your voice.  
 Hunted on by AMBITION, by VANITY led,  
 TWO members to have she puzzles her head.  
 We've witness'd in France Monopoly's reign,  
 At the feet of one man many countries have lain.  
 God grant that in Down we never may see,  
 At the feet of one woman electors so free.  
 A parson to Down M-ad's brought to assist him;  
 'Tis stated the devil himself can't resist him;  
 A Bishop he's nam'd, and thought with great glee  
 That the Bishop of Down he surely would be;  
 But for once in a way he was out in his creed,  
 For D——re she tried but could not succeed;  
 New prim'd then with spite, tho' scarce able to move,  
 He's brought into Down all his hatred to prove.  
 Electors, beware, don't mind what he teaches,  
 Buoy'd up with the hopes of a MITRE he preaches.  
 From objects so hateful pray now turn your eyes,  
 By talents transcendent see CASTLEREAGH rise,  
 His merits so great to all Ireland are known,  
 With pride this free county doth claim him HER OWN.

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### THE FOLLOWING DIALOGUE

*Was overheard yesterday, between the R—v. D——r D——n, and  
 W—m B——y, a respectable Freeholder in the neighbourhood of  
 P—t—y, on seeing Lord Castlereagh coming up to the Court-house.*

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DR. THERE'S the man, William, that put you and me down. If it had not been for him, I would have been a member of the Irish Government to-day, and you would have been a free, happy man: I would have been in the place to do for you.

WM. I thought so once; but I believe we are much better as we are. It is not an easy thing to manage the government of a kingdom in such troublesome times, and when we have to struggle with such enemies. I doubt, Doctor, *you* would hardly have brought us as well through. Castlereagh is a damn'd clever fellow.

DR. Aye, very clever;—he contrives to keep *us* down at any rate. MEADE would be a thousand times better man for us; he would never be able to find out what we were doing, nor disconcert any of our measures. William, if we had had such a fellow as Meade, in place of Castlereagh, some years past, we might have done as we pleased.

WM. And prettily we would have done! Very pleasant to have our wives and children murdered before our eyes, our properties taken from us, and every scoundrel doing what he liked, without any one to hinder him. And as for dependence, I believe we are as well to depend on ENGLAND as on FRANCE. I think, Doctor, you have seen enough to put these thoughts out of your head.

DR. Aye, if we had no better spirits than yours, we might lie down and be trampled on. What right have I to submit to Stewart, my own neighbour's son? Do you think he's made of better stuff than I am?—No, William, if we had spirit in us, we are as fit to govern the nation as he is, and I believe we would do it with more mercy.



WM. Oh! Doctor, I'm ashamed to hear you. Has not the country experienced the greatest mercy? When we might all have been hanged like dogs, are not we all happy and quiet, almost as well as ever we were? and if we have any more taxes to pay, by G—d it's our own doing, that could not rest when we were too well, but must raise such troubles in a quiet country. I think, Doctor, you have felt some mercy yourself.

DR. Yes—tender mercy, William—I know I can trust you: and though you may differ from me to-day, if you live long enough, I think you'll be of my mind yet. Now's our time to get revenge for our past disappointments. The K—g will soon slip his wind; and the P—e is a blade we can make our own of, if we can keep Castlereagh and some of those sharp fellows from getting about him. Now, we have a member already, just the thing put in by Downshire, as the boys do at prison-base, to keep the town till there be an open for a smart fellow like you or me:—and to tell you a secret, he's one of ourselves; you see he opposes the K—g and Gov—t on all occasions, and is not ashamed to acknowledge me, and link me about the streets, after all that has happened. Now, let us put in Meade, and we'll have a pair of them to fill the place, and keep out these watchful fellows till our time comes.

WM. Our intimacy has been so great, Doctor, that you need not fear my hurting you, but I fear you'll get into a scrape; and I would advise you, as a friend, to keep yourself quiet at home. It ill becomes you to stand up against those whose mercy permits you to be here to-day. And as for filling up our Parliament with wig-blocks, I cannot see the use of it. Give me the man that can watch our enemies; and let us live at our ease.—CASTLEREAGH has proved his ability, and I'll exchange him for no STUM. Good morning to you, Doctor; I wish you may'nt be *higher* up yet than you expect.

DR. *Higher up!* Yes, I hope I will. I trust I will not sit lower than a Consular Chair; and you might be near me if you pleased.

WM. Oh, Doctor, I have got too much of your raising already. You brought our parish near the brink of perdition; you led some of your own brethren to the rope, and had I been weak enough to follow your suggestions, I would not be here to advise you to-day. But I cannot help pitying the man who was once my teacher; and I pity your wife and your poor family. For God's sake, reflect on the escapes you have had, and be more cautious in future. Had you not been taken up a few days before B—n—h—h battle, and kept in safe custody, how dreadful would have been your fate!—How narrowly too did you get out of Dublin the third day before the death of Lord Kil—rd—n; and how kind was Providence, that prevented the signal for your rising in the North. But laying aside all considerations of danger, your influence among your old neighbours is gone, and it is vain for you to think of leading them again to oppose a paternal, forgiving Government. They recollect your former exertions among them with horror; and in truth they would rather see you coming there to pay them your debts. For what you owe me, I will never distress you; but there are others differently disposed. Oh! what a foolish way you took to cure your desperate circumstances, and neglected the duties that would have kept



you happy with your people. You have now got yourself settled again, and let the experience of the past, teach you more prudence than —

DR. William, I can bear with you no longer.—Talk to me of *prudence* and *debts*, and such stuff! Did I study *Paine* for such purposes?—No, I have higher objects in view; and if I cannot command VICTORY, I will at least enjoy REVENGE.

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### AN EPIGRAM,

*For the amusement of the worthy Electors of Downshire.*

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Whoever looks into Johnson's Dictionary may find that MEADE signifies a Mawkish Liquor, made of HONEY—like the Colonel's promises—and of WATER—cold and weak like his performances.—MUM is also defined to be a torpid and stupifying sort of ale, dull and heavy in itself, and making others so.

---

Sam Johnson, though great and renown'd is his name,  
Gave DIFFERENT meanings to words of the SAME  
Were he living last week\* and to Down he had come,  
He'd learn from the Colonel that MEADE is but MUM.

\* When the Colonel attempted an Oration.

---

Matthews and TROTTER to'ther day,  
Join'd in a little punning play,  
As friends should do—Why not?  
Says Matthews, "Trotter you're fam'd,  
" For lying—(and from that you're nam'd)  
" Fast as a horse can TROT."  
Says Trotter with a smiling face,  
" My worthy friend were that the case,  
" The county I could call up,  
" To witness in this cause of fun,  
" MY race of lies YOU so outrun,  
" Your sirname should be GALLOP."

---

### A NEW SONG.

---

"TUNE—*Ally Croker.*"

THERE liv'd a young man—I don't know well where, Sir;  
He's sure started up, from the devil knows where, Sir,  
His fortune is to make—as well as his election,  
And therefore he is under—the Downshire protection.  
But what can he do—if she wishes him to speak, Sir.  
For very few words can the poor Colonel squeak, Sir.

M—tg—my and M—tt—ws, and one or two more, Sir,  
They wrote him out a speech—and bid him con it o'er, Sir;  
But all he cou'd remember was—I AM A SOLDIER BRED, Sir,  
And tho' I cannot speak—I will do as I am bid, Sir.

Oh! what's to be done if she orders him to speak, Sir  
Without his jolly friends, to clap him on the back, Sir?



Her ladyship's address—oh! who can get o'er it,  
 When she begs for your vote, and so movingly implores it,  
 For herself and DEAR SON she relies upon your bounty,  
 To make a snug Borough of this opulent county;  
 But what's to be done—if she wishes him to speak, Sir,  
 Why NOTHING will be done, for dam' me, if he can, Sir.

Take advice, noble Colonel, and sound your retreat, Sir,  
 For if you do persist, you surely will be beat, Sir,  
 We will stick to the man, who can both speak and act, Sir,  
 And NEITHER can you do, take this as a fact, sir.  
 For what could you do, if she wish'd you for to speak, Sir,  
 Get LITTLE FRANK to help you—GAD that would be a  
 treat, Sir.

---

### THE BARGAIN SUSPENDED, OR DAVY IN THE DUMPS.

A DOWNSHIRE DITTY,

FOUNDED IN FACT.

“TUNE—*O Doody's description of Pizarro.*”

---

When the M——s call'd with a look debonair,  
 On the Portavo miser, (God save the sweet pair,)  
 He made his best bow and he handed a chair;  
 “Well! your ladyship's welcome to old Davy Kerr.”  
*Fal de ral la, &c.*

She admir'd his oak chimney-piece curiously carv'd,  
 Gave a cake to his dog, and his kitten half-starv'd,  
 And then for his freeholders set a sly snare;  
 “Were you ever in Parliament, good Mr. Kerr?”  
*Fal de ral la, &c.*

No Ma'am; but I've got a fine boy I declare,  
 Whom a seat for this county would suit to a hair,  
 He's a polish'd young cub Ma'am, tho' I'm an old Bear,  
 “He must sit in Parliament, sweet Mr. Kerr.”  
*Fal de ral la, &c.*

The bargain was struck and these powers agreed,  
 That Davy this time, should support Colonel Meade,  
 And her ladyship promis'd, (oppose her who dare,)  
 Poor Down next election, should choose Master Kerr.  
*Fal de ral la, &c.*

Thus the county once free independent and bold  
 Like a close rotten borough was barter'd and sold,  
 But their plot for the present has vanish'd in air,  
 And her ladyship's sick at the thoughts of old Kerr.  
*Fal de ral la, &c.*

For his Registry book when produc'd in her cause  
 Like an old miser's conscience was all full of flaws,  
 Disappointed he cry'd with a horrible stare,  
 “Why Nick you've deserted your friend Davy Kerr.”  
*Fal de ral la, &c.*

Men of Downshire, be steady, be wise and beware  
 Of female ambition, and drive away care,  
 Fill a health to our King and his Army and Navy,  
 May our Foes, not our Freedom, be sent to old Davy.  
*Fal de ral la, &c.*



AN HONEST HINT,  
FROM A DOWNSHIRE FARMER.

---

YOU worthy electors of Downshire I pray  
Before 'tis too late take a hint from my lay,  
In the parliament house let it never be said,  
That Down has two MEMBERS without any HEAD.

*Derry down, &c.*

That the Colonel is valiant, we freely admit,  
But like ORATOR MUM in the Senate he'd sit,  
In Egypt—promotion he gain'd and renown,  
But a MUMMY from Egypt's no member for Down.

*Derry down, &c.*

Let me put to your judgment a case clear and plain,  
Suppose some good measure you wish to obtain,  
Don't you want a good speaker to carry it through,  
ONE SAVAGE you've got—would you like to have TWO.

*Derry down, &c.*

'Tis said CASTLEREAGH fills a dignify'd place  
Why to serve King and Country is no great disgrace?  
But a BLOCKHEAD IN PLACE must be laid on the shelf,  
King and Country may sink—He SERVES NONE BUT HIMSELF.

*Derry down, &c.*

The ladies I love, but when beauty is flown,  
They should mind other matters than canvassing Down,  
Lady SANDS, when she'd palm a dull Colonel on me,  
I regard just as much as the SANDS OF THE SEA.

*Derry down, &c.*

With good natured wishes I'll finish my rhyme,  
May old Lady Sands live a very long time,  
May she serve the YOUNG COLONEL I wish, I declare,  
But to RUN THE OLD SOLDIER on Down is not fair.

*Derry down, &c.*

---

A NEW SONG  
ENTITLED  
GALLOPING DREARY DUN.

---

A BOLD Widow I am, and I have a son,  
Gallop'g dreary dun;

A bold Widow I am, and I have a son,  
And HE is a MARQUIS as sure as a gun;

*With my hairy gaily gamborealy, nigling, rig-  
ling, galloping, galloway, dragle tail dreary dun.*

If my boy was of age, how happy I'd be;  
Gallop'g dreary dun,

If my boy was of age, how happy I'd be;

I wou'd put this great county under his knee.

*On my hairy, gaily, &c.*

This C—LEREAGH Peer grieves my heart sore;  
Gallop'g dreary dun,



This C——LEREAGH Peer grieves my heart sore,  
To think that I cannot ride as before.

*On my haily, gaily, &c.*

My poor boy's cash shall fly like chaff in the air,  
Gallop dreary dun;

My poor boy's cash shall fly like chaff in the air,  
To beat this great Peer quite out of his chair.

*On my haily, gaily, &c.*

To please my ambition I'll set up a MAID,  
Gallop dreary dun;

To please my ambition I'll set up a MAID,  
Tho' LEARNING or talents has none, as its said.

*With my haily, gaily, &c.*

Shou'd I fail in my wishes, I'm surely undone;  
Gallop dreary dun,

Shou'd I fail in my wishes, I'm surely undone,  
In squandering the cash of my poor little son.

*On my haily, gaily, &c.*

But hereafter my boy may make me account,  
Gallop dreary dun;

Hereafter my boy may make me account,  
For this rash foolish act, in endeavouring to mount.

*On my haily, gaily, &c.*

This last thought that strikes me, has tortur'd my breast,  
Gallop dreary dun;

This last thought that strikes me, has tortur'd my breast,  
It has sicken'd me much, so I'll lye down and rest.

*And dismount off my haily, &c.*

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#### COUNTY DOWN ELECTORS.

#### A NEW SONG.

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HUZZA! my lads, the country's up,

And we shall have some fun;

Last week they were a canvassing,

The Poll is just begun.

Old Downshire's Orange squad I hear

Have set up *Colonel Meade*,

And bluster, bully, lie and swear,

For which they have much need.

The Colonel is a younger son

And is not over bright;

So Riley—Matthews and Old Hugh,

Still keep him in their sight.

He walks about, and makes a bow,

But seldom speaks a word,



So little Frank and he, d'ye see,  
Will perfectly accord.

To Parliament they both will go,  
And vote as they are bid,  
But the deuce a place will either get,  
As the other member did.

If by good chance Charles Fox comes in,  
A Mitre they may get,  
And clap it on M—tg—m—ry's head,  
If they can make it fit.

G—d—— your b——d; the bishop cries,  
Our country's well supported,  
Had Union Bob but done the job,  
He ne'er had been exported.

But as old Londonderry's son,  
Is not the man for me,  
In spite of Ned or Bobby Ward,  
No Member shall he be.

#### TO THE FREEHOLDERS OF THE COUNTY OF DOWN.

THE electioneering puff, which appeared a few days ago, in the Belfast Newspaper, calling on one of the best informed counties in the Empire, to support the cause of Freedom, and Independence, by aiding an ambitious family, to reduce that county, to the state of a venal Borough, is so truly ridiculous, that it is difficult to conceive how the most despicable tool of party, could have the hardihood to insult common sense with such unqualified absurdity.—Is it not notorious that one of the members for the county of Down, has been nominated by the influence of the Downshire family—the family alluded to? And is the present attempt to oppose the re-election of Lord Castlereagh, more or less than this, that the same family, not contented with the influence of returning one member to Parliament, is determined, if you will permit it, to monopolize the representation of your county altogether, by returning both? That this is a fair statement of the fact, cannot be denied—it is impossible to doubt for a moment, that Colonel Meade, standing as he now avowedly does, upon the money, as well as the votes of the Downshire family, must feel himself both in the county, and in Parliament their humble tool and dependent—he cannot in private honour, however inconsistent with his public duty, after submitting to accept such a support, pretend to a more independent existence—will you then, with such a glaring, and conclusive proof, staring you in the face, of the foul conspiracy formed against your independence, withhold one moment, vigorously, and unanimously, to defend yourselves, against the most bare-faced attempt to enslave you for ever. What is that Freedom and Independence, which the family now, for the first time, deemed so patriotic, has hitherto supported!—Was it the popular object so long pursued by the people of your county?—Was it reform of the Irish Parliament?—No—they have at all times, and



under all circumstances, uniformly opposed every species of reform, even the most moderate reform of any kind, which must have afflicted the rotten Boroughs, as the Union has done, could not suit the palates of their dependents, who were fed upon the fruits of corruption.

What political merit, then, do they possess?—their advocates are reduced to the miserable necessity of taking refuge in their opposition to the measure of the Union—it is true the late head of that party, or family, did oppose the measure of the Union in a certain unqualified degree—it is true, he did manifest a temporizing policy on that occasion, by declaring he would resist it at that time, although he might be induced to support it under different circumstances—but surely there are few persons so ignorant, as to be unacquainted with the motives of that qualified opposition; there are few who do not know that he was a considerable Borough owner, whose influence was reduced through means of the Union, by the destruction of the rotten Boroughs, and consequently there are few who can be imposed on by the fulsome arguments of those who would persuade you to give merit for that opposition, which in other words, was the defence of his Borough influence, until he could be satisfied by suitable compensation.

In fact opposition to the Union is the great object of merit assumed to themselves by the Downshire partizans, and the support of that measure seems to be the chief objection alleged by them against Lord Castlereagh—let us therefore calmly and coolly for a moment consult our reason, and as briefly as the subject will admit, let us inquire how the matter stands briefly I say, for it cannot be expected that on this occasion I shall trouble you with a minute investigation of a measure, so comprehensive in its nature and so extensive in its details:

You are told in general terms that the Union is the ruin of the country; but you are not told wherein it has produced that ruin, and for this good reason, that the assertion is not true; allow me then to point out a small portion of the many advantages, which you have derived from that measure.

We all know that owing to the popular dissensions in some parts of Ireland (now happily subsiding since the Union took place) which have justly been considered the weakest parts of the Empire, and of course the more likely to be invaded by the foreign enemy—the consequence is, that we have a much larger military establishment, than otherwise would fall to our share—had the Union never existed we would be obliged to bear all the expense of that establishment, which is now enormous, and which in the event of actual invasion, when more troops must be poured into the country, would be altogether ruinous—by means of the Union, however, let the number of troops here be what they may, Ireland has only to pay two-seventeenths of the whole military establishments; thereby saving, yearly, to this country, upwards of one million sterling, which, but for the Union, must have been paid by additional taxes imposed upon the people.—Here is a saving of national expense in itself of immense extent; but you are told that the taxes are high, notwithstanding the Union; undoubtedly they are high, and must always be so in the time of war, and chiefly so in such a war as the present, when



a rapacious despot, (who has already enslaved and beggared every country within his reach) is ready to rob you of your property, and to ruin that prosperity of which he so much envies you, if you do not continue your present powerful but expensive means of defence, which now bids him defiance.

I do not say that your taxes are small, but I can, with truth, assert, without the fear of contradiction, that your taxes at this time would have been greater to an enormous extent, had the Union with great Britain never existed—and you must also admit, that in the present mode of taxation, due care is taken to throw the burthen as much as possible on the shoulders of the wealthy.

It is said, however, you have been robbed of your Parliament—but, did you never complain of that Parliament;—did you never say it was incurably corrupt?—did you not declare it to be chiefly composed of rotten Boroughs, from the representatives of which good to the nation was never to be expected?—it may be natural enough for these persons who carried on a traffic in rotten Boroughs, and who fattened on the food of corruption, to raise a hue and cry, against the Union which deprived them of their undue influence, but surely that argument, can have no effect on the independent, and respectable freeholders of the county of Down. Some may say, that had the Parliament been allowed to remain, it might have been reformed—surely experience has sufficiently proved to you, that constituted as it was, with a great majority of Borough members, it never would have reformed itself by fair means, and would you after all the experience you have had, encourage any attempt to accomplish that object by acts of violence? I may safely answer for you, that you would not. With the miserable state of slavery to which France has been at last reduced, by means of such acts before your eyes, and with the recollection of the various dangers attendant upon civil commotion, so fresh in your memories, it is not to be believed that you would have sanctioned any attempts to reform the Parliament by an appeal to arms. Therefore, as far as relates to the Irish Parliament there was no alternative, but either to preserve it with all its faults, which have so often been pronounced intolerable, or to change the system of governing, as it has been done, by the measure of the Union.

And in that change, observe how your interests have been attended to; you are not governed by a Parliament, in which you are not fairly represented, you have at least your full share of representation, and that of the purest kind—for the rotten Boroughs have been destroyed, and Ireland has one hundred representatives, almost all chosen by the counties and great Towns, whereas Scotland has only forty-five members who are chiefly the representatives of Boroughs.

That your interests have met with the highest attention in the Imperial Parliament is equally observable; for when you complained of a duty of four per cent, imposed on the export of all goods, manufactured in Great Britain, or Ireland, as a burthen on the linen manufacture, your request was immediately complied with, and the duty taken off the Irish linens, altho' it has been allowed to remain on all the manufactures of England and Scotland without exception.

The new regulation of Parliament, allowing a preference to the importation of Irish grain into Great Britain, (which insures to you



the exclusive advantage of the British market for the produce of your farms, and against which (as too favourable for you) petitions from various parts of England, and Scotland, have been preferred in vain) is another striking instance of the advantage you have derived from the Union. I might enumerate many other extraordinary marks of attention, to your interest by the Imperial Parliament, and many other benefits arising from the Union, which you must admit was the only practicable cure for the evils we have all so repeatedly complained of; but what I have mentioned, added to the encreasing prosperity, observable in every part of this flourishing country, sufficiently prove, that you have every thing to hope for, and nothing to fear from the decisions of the Union Parliament, and that you have no small reason to rejoice at the change which has swept away the rotten Boroughs, and left you in possession of all that was valuable in your former House of Commons.

Let not your understanding then be insulted by the absurd outcry of the loss of your Parliament, "and the destruction of the constitution," the idle revenge of the disappointed Borough-mongers, who fattened upon the spoils of the people, and who are frantic at the happy change, which has freed your country from the miserable effects of their destructive system.

I call upon you as rational men to consult your understandings, and fairly to inquire who has the strongest claim to the gratitude of their country and your support.—Is it that party who were the invariable supporters of the rotten Borough system?—or the man, by whom that pernicious system has been destroyed?—is it the party, whose destructive measures had they continued, would by this time have doubled your taxes?—or the man by whose exertions that ruinous increase of burthens upon the people has been prevented?—is it the party, who have always "rode upon the rigging of the church?"—or the man, who is the stedfast friend of religious toleration, and the invariable benefactor of the dissenting interest?—Is the gratitude of the country, or your support due to a faction, who call upon you in the name of that freedom and independence, which, you know, they have so long and so unfeelingly trampled underfoot?—or to LORD CASTLEREAGH, who, hand in hand, with the merciful CORNWALLIS, arrested the sword of vengeance, and poured balm into the wounds of your bleeding country.

WEIGH calmly and candidly the facts, which, as a fellow freeholder, (though not of your county) I have felt it my duty to lay before you, do not allow yourselves to be carried away by cant phrases, and idle assertions, totally destitute of truth, and which are thrown in your way to mislead your understandings, by a party whose only prospect of success, seems founded on the hope of being able to humbug you. Do not suffer any faction, but least of all the faction, which now aims at it, to destroy the independence of your county, by nominating both your members; for were you to do so, rest assured, the time is not far distant when you would grievously repent your folly, and want of foresight, but come forward like men determined to do an act of public justice, and by re-electing Lord Castlereagh, convince the world that you are not yet ready to become the Dupes and Slaves of an expiring faction, *who never had one sentiment in common with the* INDEPENDENT FREEHOLDERS of your county.

A FREEHOLDER,

8th August, 1805.



## AN ADDRESS

## TO THE INDEPENDENT ELECTORS OF THE COUNTY DOWN.

SMA' Voters an' great!  
 Near the head o' the State,  
 Ye see I'm already exalted to sit:  
 An' aiblins ane day,  
 Gif my cartes I richt play,  
 I'se double a corner, an' jink BILLY PITT.

CHORUS.

Up hill an' doon brae,  
 Then canter away,  
 To vote for y'ere ain cannie Laird C———h.

Remember what pass'd  
 When I *wheel'd* ye last—  
 I vow'd frae your int'rest me naething should sever  
 I promis'd ye warm  
 A rousing *Reform*—  
 An' I *naill* it, ye see, by the UNION for ever.

Up hill, &amp;c.

When your winnocks were taxt,  
 My anger hat wax'd—  
 Yet your trade's now sae brisk, that I trust ye don't feel it,  
 An' be of guid cheer,  
 When I'm made Premier  
 By the word of a Peer, I'se soon gar them repeal it.

Up hill, &amp;c.

Ye've remarkit na doubt,  
 Let wha will be out,  
 How *daftly* I keep my political station:  
 Statesmen ken my desert—  
 My uprightness of heart,  
 That blen's wi' my *ain* still the guid o' the Nation.

Up hill, &amp;c.

Tho' Calumny carp,  
 Vainly trying to warp,  
 By foul slander and lies, your exalted opinion,  
 That my *Country* an *self*,  
 I sel't for vile pelf,  
 An' fobb'd the fixt price o' us baith at the Union.

Up hill, &amp;c.

But I'm na venal *Hack*,  
 An' I scorn a' the clack  
 Of ill natur'd Envy, or glibgabbet Slander,  
 Tho' H——y D——s.  
 O' himsel' made an ass,  
 Hal Stewart has mair wit than to act like a gander.

Up hill, &amp;c.

I'll strain ilka nerve,  
 My adherent to serve:  
 "Gif-gaff makes guid friens"—'tis the bond of affection.  
 Ye Free men of Down,  
 My *merits* to crown,  
 Assist me again to secure my Election.

Up hill, &amp;c.

Mickle mair might I add,  
 But yon Corsican Lad,  
 That Lords it owre Italy, Holland an' France Sirs,  
 Deman's a' my cares  
 Lest he unawares,  
 By night or by day o' our shores shou'd advance Sirs.

Up hill, &amp;c.



*For the inspection of every honest Elector of the County of Down, who has sense enough to discriminate*

## TWO LIKENESSES.

### No. I.

Was educated with the strictest care and attention, which he repaid by willingness to receive and profit by instruction.

### No. 1.

When a boy, he plunged into the sea, and, at the hazard of his life, saved a playfellow from drowning.

### No. I

Soon displayed talents which qualified him to sustain, and principles which proved him to deserve honors, distinctions and confidential station in public life.

### No. 1.

Manifested a sincere ardour for liberty—for that liberty which is truly and rationally called so—that liberty which can only be preserved by an equal regard to the rights and privileges of the three branches of the Legislature, and a sacred veneration for our inestimable Constitution.

### No. I.

Contributed to detect and frustrate the machinations of France, to put down rebellion, and afterwards to procure an extension of Royal Clemency to a deluded and penitent multitude.

### No. I.

Is *guilty* of having exerted himself for the attainment of a measure, by means of which, instead of being slaves to France, we participate of the constitution, freedom, strength power, (and shall, when time and peace come round) of the wealth, industry, and prosperity of Britain.

### No. 1.

Relies on the virtue and good sense and real independence of the county for support.

### No. I.

When Ireland shares the glory and riches of England—when she grows with her growth, and strengthens with her strength—after ages will bless his memory as the benefactor of his country, who, in despite of vulgar invective, and short-sighted prejudice, saved and felicitated the Irish nation, and Fame shall twine her never-fading laurels round his urn.

Honest and sensible electors of Down, which of the Likenesses (you see they are faithful ones,) or which of the Originals, from whom they are delineated, will you support? It is every man's public interest to have a member returned to parliament who can speak in it—and every man who regards that public interest, should regard NUMBER ONE.

### No. II.

Was brought up like many *Young Masters*, and *spoiled pets*, in the Servants'-hall, and Stables, amongst Jockies, Grooms, Cockfeeders, and Pipers.

### No. II.

When a School-boy, was probably "*Dipt in the Shannon*," by which he was emboldened in maturer age to attempt to represent us in Parliament.

### No. II

Soon displayed talents for Horse-racing, Cock-fighting, and other accomplishments which entitled him to a pair of Colours.

### No. II.

Manifested a sincere ardour for Pleasure and promotion, as most young Ensigns do.

### No. II.

Contributed to Clubs, Balls, Assemblies, Billiard-rooms, Fun and Frolic—"Bravo Colonel."

### No. II.

Is *innocent* of any public business, of any ability for, or concern about it.

### No. II.

Relies on Petticoat Influence.

### No. II.

When Ireland flourishes, and busy Peeresses are forgotten—when Death shall alike compel the Colonel and the drum-boy, to march from this world to the next—the noise of the Canvassing Officer, and of the belabourer of Parchment shall equally cease, and with their respective merits be consigned to oblivion. Fame, who too often blames, when living, those whom she has the justice to extol, when dead, will neither praise nor censure the Colonel.



## APPENDIX.

THE foregoing publications are given to our readers, arranged nearly in the order which marked their first appearance. We cannot avoid observing, that those written in favour of Colonel Meade, seem to possess all that expressive power which genius and fancy impart to the mind, when the heart is interested; and we are pleased to find, that very little personality appears in them, except where the character delineated, has been conspicuous for immorality, or famous for acts, seemingly injurious to society.

From the very best information, we have good cause to believe, that many of these publications were written by youthful pens:—if, therefore, in such case, the satiric lash has been too keenly applied, it may safely be attributed to the impetuous ardour of juvenile ideas, and not to the formal malevolence of design. The general sentiment of Lord Castlereagh's character, as a statesman, a member of parliament, and a minister, is in them most strikingly exemplified.

*"Satis eloquentie, sapientie parum!"*

When we consider that these Essays are the voluntary production of unhired writers, from different parts of Ireland, and elsewhere, we do not hesitate to declare, that the general opinion, not only of the county of Down, but of the nation at large, is in every respect, contrary to that of Lord Castlereagh, even on the famous question of the Union, although his Lordship has said, "he will ever feel proud of the part he had acted therein!" Having already declined entering into the merits of that question, we now dismiss it, once more expressing our sincere wish, that it may be productive of all the advantages which his Lordship has laboured so much to make us believe this country will derive from it.

The event of this election, and the spirit which actuated the opposition to Lord Castlereagh, on the occasion, must have already convinced his Lordship, that the most splendid abilities, joined with the power of high official situation, and the temptation of the rich gems of India, exposed to the view, cannot influence the will of a high-minded, generous and well-informed people, more especially, when co-operating with a Family of immense possessions and power, which has ever been directed to promote the welfare, and encourage the industry, trade, and manufactures of the country.

The influence of this family, and the interference of an illustrious Female, have been used as a foundation, on which to erect a superstructure, that might mislead the understanding of the county of Down freeholders:—but the magnanimity, perseverance, and regard to her family, and the true interest of the county, so strongly manifested by that truly noble and respected lady, during her residence here, have, in our opinion, most justly entitled her to the applause and thanks of every friend to the Government, Constitution and prosperity of the United Kingdom.

Lord Castlereagh has said, at some time during the Election, "that he is the invariable benefactor of the Dissenting interest."—If, by that denomination, he means the Presbyterians, we are au-



thorized to deny the assertion. They say, "that placing their ministers, as pensioners, on the national establishment, has a tendency to render them independent of their Congregations, that the terms on which these pensions have been obtained, are subversive of the tenets, doctrines, and discipline of the Presbyterian church, and will eventually annihilate its fundamental principles." They say, likewise, "That the interference of their ministers, at the late election, and the very active part taken by many of them, to influence Freeholders of that persuasion, (who are by far the most numerous class in the county of Down) was highly unbecoming the sacred office which they hold, and derogatory of the character which a minister of the gospel ought to sustain."

The paucity of the publications in favour of Lord Castlereagh, not to say ought of their intrinsic merit, (for we have heard that a celebrated squibwriter was *hired* to manufacture them) will appear to our readers worthy of notice; and we are convinced they will give the matter that due consideration which it deserves. A correspondent has favoured us with the subjoined, which we lay before our readers, not with a view (we seriously affirm) of biassing their judgment.

"The publications in favour of Colonel Meade, seem to me to resemble the host of Freeholders, who, with an irresistible impulse spontaneously, and cordially came forward to vote for him; while those in favour of Lord Castlereagh, like the reluctant, feebleband of electors, forced to vote against their own opinion, come forth, *'like snail creeping, unwillingly.'*"