Mr. FITZGERALD'S

SPEECHES, &c.

(4)

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Speech, delivered at the MARY-LE-BONE MEETING, having "gone abroad to the world" in a very imperfect state, and yet in such a form as would lead people to suppose it was given *verbatim;* and *that* spoken at the MIDDLESEX MEETING at Hackney, having been *falsely* reported in the *Times*,* the author is induced to print both in justice to himself and the *Cause:* and being about to do so, he thinks it not irrelevant to preface them with the little Speech delivered by him, a short time previously, at *Taunton*, as intimately connected with and introductory to the others.

* See NOTE in the Appendix.

TO

PETER MOORE, Esq. M. P.

&c. &c.

MY DEAR SIR,

IN dedicating the following Speeches to you, to which, indeed, you have a prescriptive right; for the second *might* not, and the last *would* not have been delivered, but for your politeness in the former, and your persuasion in the latter instance——in dedicating them to you, therefore, I do not so much intend a compliment to you as to myself, by letting the world know that you thought me not unworthy of contending by your side in the great cause of REFORM.

I am, dear Sir,

Your much obliged,

faithful, humble Servant,

JAMES FITZGERALD.

Queen Street, Bryanstone Square,
January, 1821.

Spoken at a Public Entertainment in

TAUNTON,

Upon occasion of the abandonment of the

"BILL OF PAINS AND PENALTIES."

GENTLEMEN,

IN rising to return thanks for the honour you have done me, in drinking my health, I feel no small embarrassment; not only because this is the first time I ever addressed a public company, but because I am sensible of the utter inadequacy of any talents, much more my humble abilities, to do justice to the glorious cause, in order to celebrate which we are this day assembled here —namely, *the triumph of truth and innocence over falsehood and villany.*

With regard to any merit which I may be supposed to derive from the part* I have acted on this ever-memorable occasion, I can only say, that I am amply rewarded by the approbation of my own conscience and the applause of my countrymen: and if I indulge, perhaps, a secret pride, it is, I trust, an honest pride, and one which, I am persuaded, I entertain in unison with every gentleman in the room, who has, in any manner, contributed to the defeat of the foulest and the most formidable *conspiracy* that ever disgraced the annals of the world.

And, Gentlemen,—well, indeed, may we be proud; well, indeed, may we rejoice; high may we hold our heads; for, in the language of the Poet: "Never was such a day of triumph known!" *Our foes are fallen!* Where is the high commanding tone, the lofty promises, the assured success of their redoubted *General*, when, in his

* *Mr. FitzGerald* was the writer and bearer of the *North Petherton* Address to HER MAJESTY, for which see Appendix.

leading speech, he rallied his heartless and mercenary followers, already half overawed or intimidated by the cool but determined courage of their heroic opponent? Where is, I say, that haughty tone, the loud large promises, the feats of prowess and of *proof*, the deeds that *were* to be done?—gone, with the breath that gave them an imaginary existence, or only to be found, to his eternal shame and confusion, in the records of *forensic* infamy.

Boadicea has routed the Romans! Her foes are vanished; scattered, like chaff before the breath of heaven. They are not, indeed, individually destroyed; but they are *politically* annihilated. As soon might one hope to re-gather chaff, from the four corners of the earth, into the sieve out of which it had been blown—as collect again, in one body, that execrable phalanx, or their treasons, perjuries and abominations, in the notorious *Green Bag*, whence they were exploded.

Gentlemen,—I repeat it, never was such a day of triumph known.—When it is considered, that

blood-thirsty and inextinguishable war was denounced by the most powerful and the most corrupt Government in Christendom, aided and abetted by all the *kindred* Cabinets of the Continent, against a defenceless and unoffending *female*, and that female a *foreigner;* assisted only by partisans, equally unarmed and defenceless as herself; acting, not merely without pay and without the hope of emolument, but in direct sacrifice of all their worldly interests—these things considered, ours is, I aver, a victory, at once the most noble in its nature and the most important in its result, that ever planted laurel upon Britannia's brow.

It has not, indeed, resounded through the territories of *Europe* with the eclat of Waterloo; but it has pealed a louder and a longer *Io Pean*, through the shores of *Great Britain*. It has not, it is true, flung the awful and lurid flare of *death* over the face of nature; but it has shed the dancing silver light of *life* upon the habitation of

man. If we cannot vaunt of trophies wrested from the man we hate, we provided and bore them for the *Woman we love.* If we did not fight for our political existence and the liberties of Europe, we fought, at least, for stakes equally sacred and dear—*Justice, and the love of Truth.*

But, Gentlemen,—of those two momentous and never-to-be-forgotten conflicts, the feature, perhaps, the most worthy of remark is, that the one actually did and the other was calculated to end in *slavery.* By a strange, though not *unintelligible* fatality, that very battle, which was fought *avowedly* for the restoration of the liberties of Europe, terminated in *rivetting its chains anew:* with this difference only, that, *before* that battle, all the nations of Europe were the slaves of a *foreign* despot, and *after* it, each of them became the slave of its *own.*

Such, Gentlemen,—is a faithful, though feeble portrait of those two mighty contests of *Waterloo*

and *Brandenburgh;* each, in its kind, the greatest that ever employed the heart, the head or the hand of man.

SPOKEN AT A MEETING

Of the Parish of St. Mary-le-bone,

To Petition his Majesty for

THE DISMISSAL OF MINISTERS.

GENTLEMEN,

In coming forward to second and support the *Resolutions*, I have to claim your indulgence for a few moments, whilst I state my reasons for so doing.

Gentlemen,—when I look round and consider, that I am about to address so numerous and intelligent a body* of the inhabitants of the most enlightened city in the world, long accustomed to eloquence such as has, this day and at all times, shed a lustre upon the cause which it advocates; and when I further reflect, that this is but my *second* essay in public speaking, I confess I feel

* Supposed to exceed a thousand.

somewhat appalled: notwithstanding, I should think that I compromised my duty and the interests of that respectable portion of the community, of which I have the honour to be the representative with her MAJESTY, if, being an inhabitant of the Parish of St. Mary-le-bone, I neglected to avail myself of the present opportunity, to record the sentiments of myself and my constituents, touching the vital question upon which we are now assembled.

Gentlemen,—In my first oratorical essay, it was my peculiar and fortunate lot to have to celebrate, in as high a strain as my poor abilities would afford, the glorious and signal victory of our gracious QUEEN CAROLINE over her dastardly and infamous enemies, with the capture and destruction of their *Bag* and baggage. But, natural and rational as was our joy upon that memorable occasion, let us beware of losing, in excessive and unprofitable rejoicing, the season for action that may never return; and, like Hannibal after the battle of Cannœ, leave the dominion of the

world and the destruction of ourselves to the almost exterminated foe.

Let us not, I say, deceive ourselves: much certainly has been done; but more, much more yet remains to be done. "We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it." The formidable Python, though severely wounded and disabled for the present, still drags his slow poisonous length along amidst the courtly weeds and rank grass of his native corruption, or coils up his filthy form and hides his horrid head within the long deserted walls of some *rotten borough*, to inflict, at no distant period perhaps, a secret and deadly blow upon his valiant but incautious conquerors. *The wound then that we have given him must be followed up.* Glorious, as undoubtedly our late victory has been, it can be called great solely in proportion to its results; and thick and verdant as are the wreaths of laurel with which it has encircled the brows of its heroes, those laurels will bloom coeval only with the soil of *liberty* in which they were planted. When *slavery*, like

the blast of the desart, shall drive over the land, that soil will sicken, and those laurels are no more.

And drive over the land it will, unless by prudence and perseverance we avert it. Have we not long perceived the suffocating heat of the atmosphere, the shrill notes of the coming storm, and the agitation of the sands which threaten to blast our hopes, and perhaps to bury ourselves in the ruins of the state? And who are to blame?—Can we say to the elements, ye are unjust; we had no warning of this? Methinks I hear a voice from heaven exclaim,—"And have ye had no warning? What was that suffocating heat which ye felt, but the glow of the furnaces where your chains were forging? What were those shrill notes and that agitation which ye perceived, but the brazen voice of the trumpet summoning the myrmidon squadrons of a military despotism, to fix those chains fast and for ever upon you?—Have ye had no warning? Where is your commerce?—gone! Where is your manufacture?—

gone! Where is your agriculture?—going!—Go to, then, ye have had your *three* warnings."

Gentlemen,—to this are we come at last, and we have none to blame but ourselves. The Heavens are just: we have had *our* warnings, as had all nations that ever fell beneath the iron mace of oppression; and if *we* fall too, we fall, like them, through our own cowardice and folly, not by the fixed and immutable decrees of fate.—Not three, but three hundred warnings have we had; yet, like the old man in the fable, we heeded them not, till the grim tyrant—not death, for he indeed were far preferable—but *slavery*, is at our threshold. And whom have we to thank for this?—*His Majesty's Ministers.*

Who banished gold from the country, that by means of a fictitious *paper-currency* they might be enabled to carry on, for their personal aggrandizement and the accomplishment of their atrocious designs, an iniquitous and unnecessary war, which ended, as they were aware it would, by

plunging the people in inextricable distress—who did this?—*His Majesty's Ministers.*

And when, contrary to all expectation, this same people bore, for a long period, with unexampled fortitude and forbearance, their wrongs alike and their distress—who was it then that, with a refinement of Machiavellian policy, truly worthy of the Borgias and the Clements, disseminated that very treason which was to furnish an excuse for loading them still further with bolts and bars; or raising them, in cruel scorn, to that momentary "bad eminence," to which their RULERS alone had undisputed title—who dared do this?—*His Majesty's Ministers.*

Who, without cause, without law, and even without warning, mowed down the living field of *Manchester*, the ripe and the unripe, the bearded and the unbearded, the seared and the fair, with one wide, undiscriminating and ruthless sweep? —And then, advancing in audacious and unconstitutional barbarity proportioned to their ill-got power, suspended that *palladium* of our liberties,

the *Habeas Corpus Act*, in order that the yet ungathered victims of that bloody and unnatural harvest might be gleaned by the iron clutches of their infuriate foes,—who could do such deeds? —*His Majestys Ministers.*

In short, Gentlemen, to sum up, in a few words, their manifold and monstrous iniquities: —who deluged and disgraced the land with sedition, treason, spies, informers, perjurers and assassins?—and after having committed every possible crime against the *people*, then, with an audacity unparalleled in the annals of mankind, directed their flagitious and abominable machinations against the *Queen Consort* of these realms, the illustrious, amiable, heroic and *innocent* CAROLINE OF BRUNSWICK—who could be found base and bold enough to act thus?— *His Majesty's Ministers*!

Gentlemen, fellow-countrymen, and friends,— I shall now draw to a conclusion, with this advice, that as the great Roman never ended an oration without these words, "Carthage must be de-

stroyed:" so the burthen of all our speeches should be, *Ministers must go out.* We should have taught, not only to our wives, our children and our domestics, but even to our jays and parrots—*Ministers must go out*; that it may continually ring in our ears, until we have accomplished their dismissal. Let us then present a temperate and loyal, but, at the same time, a firm and manly Address to HIS MAJESTY, earnestly imploring him, that he may be graciously pleased to dismiss, from his presence and councils for ever, his present Ministers, who have ruined the country, insulted the people, degraded Royalty, outraged the Queen, and plucked the brightest gem from his Majesty's crown.

Gentlemen,—once more, and for the last time, I repeat it; it is the imperative duty of all who love the King, respect the laws, and dread anarchy and confusion, to endeavour to impress upon his Majesty's mind, that there is no alternative between his *instantly* dismissing his unworthy and baneful Councillors, and *entirely* changing

the measures of his Government, or running the hazard of a convulsion, that may shiver his throne to atoms, engulph the constitution, and make England but a name.

Spoken at the

MIDDLESEX MEETING

AT HACKNEY,

To petition the House of Commons

FOR

REFORM IN PARLIAMENT.

GENTLEMEN,

If, on a late occasion, when I had the honor of *Seconding* the RESOLUTIONS of a petition to HIS MAJESTY from the first parish in this County, touching the DISMISSAL OF MINISTERS —if upon that occasion I naturally felt, from a consciousness of my inexperience, a just alarm at expressing my sentiments before such an assembly, how much more should I now feel, when I behold myself surrounded by persons of the first rank, fortune and talents in

this great *Metropolitan County.* Yet I borrow confidence from the recollection of the flattering attention I experienced on the late, and the distinguished* invitation I received upon the present occasion.

And, gentlemen,—worse were it than false modesty—it were dereliction of duty,—of that first, sacred and paramount duty which every man *owes* to his COUNTRY, if, even with the humble means that I possess, I refused to come forward, especially when called upon, in her behalf, in the hour of need. And if ever that hour was, if ever it can be, it is surely now, when she is groaning beneath an accumulated load of oppression, corruption and distress, such as never before, through the wrath of heaven, by *evil councillors* visited devoted country; and which, like a gaping earthquake, threatens to swallow her up to quick perdition and a nameless grave.

But,—and which is no idle fancy, no vain alarm—should this fine land, once rich in all that sheds lustre upon the sons of men—fair

* From the Chairman, (Mr. Moore.)

and fertile fields; thronging cities and o'er-teeming marts; splendid palaces and cheerful cots; charitable institutions, and venerable piles that lay, indeed, "a load on earth," but point their spires at heaven—should such a land, I say, once the seat of arts and arms, of freedom and humanity, sink, as it were, at one dread yawn into the bowels of the "vasty deep," leaving us not an escutcheon, but the pitying or the scornful page of foreign nations and of future times—if this *should* happen, who would have to answer it at the great day of retribution?—

Not these—of whom I rejoice to see so many* and so illustrious examples before me now—the *Independants*, slanderously and most falsely denominated jacobins, revolutionists and traitors; but those—the real jacobins, revolutionists and traitors — the *Corruptionists*, who, under the various designations of placeman, sinecurist or pensioner, suck the

* Calculated at 2000.

blood and batten upon the vitals of their native country! — And who, linking their serpent forms into one formidable, frightful and almost indissoluble knot, amidst the vast savannas of corruption, erect their hideous heads and hiss destruction to all those who have the virtue or the valour to attempt their dislodgement.

But, gentlemen,—you will naturally enquire whence grew those vast and irreclaimable savannas in the heart of a cultivated, populous and *once* flourishing country?—I will tell you, Gentlemen, under the deplorable visitation of a *worse* than GOTHIC ADMINISTRATION, and their predecessors, their prototypes, the offspring of that baneful hydra, the MISREPRESENTATION OF THE PEOPLE! When the Northern barbarians—acting, like our RULERS and their minions, upon a system of universal rapine and destruction,— overran the Roman Empire, the fair and smiling face of Italy, that garden of the world, became quickly deformed and begrimmed with forests and morasses, peopled, no doubt, with monsters and reptiles

of every description, like *our rotten boroughs* and savannas of corruption.

Again, Gentlemen, would ye know how this hydra, that upholds such an ADMINISTRATION despite of the scorn and indignation of the people, is itself upheld?—The answer is,—by that mysterious and most anomalous of all animals, that *Nondescript* commonly called the BOROUGH FACTION; a species of deformity begotten upon itself, and forced into fatal maturity in the hotbeds of *St. Stephen's*: which, conjointly with the other two, its worthy progeny, produces a *triform* monster, at once more odious and horrific than the fabled triple-headed dog of hell; and which, stationed in the avenues of the *House of Reform*, vomits forth fire, denunciation and death, at all who dare approach that sacred, but too long-closed sanctuary.

But terrible and appalling as is this threefold monster, yet might we have been able to grapple with and strangle it in its mid career, had it not been for another and infinitely more

terrible—I know not what to term it, not "that shape hath none," but that has so many shapes, that which to designate it by, I am utterly at a loss. If the Grecian Poets, during their Arcadian days of innocence and freedom, could fancy nothing, in their sublimest flights, more formidable than a three-headed dog, to guard the portal of the infernal world; or in their utmost jealousy, an Argus with a hundred eyes:—how would they be amazed at a—— monster I will not say, that hath, in truth, a "becoming mien and marvellous good carriage," and is in semblance very like ourselves—but *multitudinous-man*, shall I call him, with a hundred thousand heads; in other words, the STANDING ARMY!

Yet this is not all. For, tremendous as this *multitudinous-man* is, were he always to retain his greatest magnitude, though we could not openly cope with, yet might we take many advantages of him, by reason of that very magnitude which so justly causes our alarm: or, at the worst, we might hide from him in *holes*

and corners, as the *ultra-loyal* Address-makers do from us ; or, as the Liliputians did from the Man-Mountain, in his pocket. But, unhappily, for us, unlike the Man-Mountain, our *multitudinous-man* can diminish his bulk, in every ratio, from his greatest dimensions of several square leagues down to the size of a common man. Therefore, go where we can, he can go also: as appeared but too plainly at the late *Kilmainham Meeting*, when he most illegally and impudently forced himself into the *Court-house*, and nefariously turned out the FREEHOLDERS *of the Metropolitan county of the sister kingdom, at* THE POINT OF THE BAYONET !

For, you must know, Gentlemen, that though his strength diminishes, of course, proportionately with his stature, he can multiply his natural strength a hundred fold, by means of artificial arms of steel—very long and sharp, Gentlemen — and mouths of brass, extremely deep and wide: the slightest *point* from the former of which, though merely an *Argumentum ad hominem*, would be *felt* more than the

finest oration of a Demosthenes or a Cicero; while the thundering declamation of the latter would quash the eloquence of a whole—even British Senate, and strew both upon the winds of heaven.

Do ye ask what we must do then?—Why, go directly, with our PETITION in hand, to that very *House of Reform*, so guarded with the odious many-membered *triform* monster, and the formidable, self-expanding, self-contracting *multitudinous-man*. Ha! does it startle you?—True, indeed, that House is beset with danger and difficult of access, like the Poet's Temple of Fame: yet there must ye go, although it were placed upon Schrechorn's craggy brow, Chimborazo's, capped with endless snow, or Etna's, pouring forth her floods of fire. There must ye go—be not appalled—your PETITIONS in your hands, county following county, city after city, town upon town, parish, hundred, village, hamlet, people of all denominations and descriptions, from the Highlands to the Land's End; and from Dunmore Head to the Cliffs of Dover. There must ye

go—no back-slidings, no pausing in mid-way; for "to go back were harder than go forward" —forward then must ye go:

"Like to the Pontic sea,
"Whose icy current and compulsive course,
"Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but holds due on
"To the Propontic and the Hellespont:
"Even so your *firm-bent* thoughts, with steady pace,
"Must ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to *Ministers*,
"Till that a capable and wide *Reform*
"Swallow them up."

Do this—and then your *ships*, now mouldering with the dry-rot, and gaping in their timbers, like fish out of their native element, will once more, laden with the wealth of nations, ride triumphant upon the subject billows, in quest of "worlds beyond the western main:" then the wheels of your *manufacturing machines*, now stopt entirely or "grating harsh thunder" with coagulated rust, will whirl again their viewless but animating flight, to the "cheerful hum of men:" then your drooping *peasantry*, will drive, as formerly, "how jocundly their teems a-field;" whilst the farmer

will light up his honest face with smiles, to see his granaries emptied of their fusty stock, to the great detriment and sorrow of vermin in general: then *plenty*, as before, will shed her horn upon her favourite land: lean, scowling *poverty* will skulk away: *pauperism* in all ranks will cease, and every male will be a man.

Do not do this—and then come, in quick and endless succession, "with Tarquin's ravishing strides," *censorship of the press* and retrogation of mind, as the first and essential step towards enslaving you: *treason on construction, Ex post facto, and gagging bills; suspension of Habeas Corpus, and military law and massacre,* without approach to rebellion: *vexatious ex officio informations,* that ruin without a verdict: *packed juries* and consequent *perversion of justice; arbitrary and undefined imprisonment* at the discretion of the judge; and that enhanced by *solitary confinement* at the pleasure of the magistrate: *Bills of pains and penalties by inference,* and *persecution of*

innocence by suborned evidence : surveillance ; espionage ; which, though in full force, are not yet matriculated : and, no doubt, in due time, *star chambers, lettres de cachet, dungeons, fetters, fire and faggot, torture and the rack !*

Oh ! my countrymen, be not deceived ; think not, that, having gone so far, ye may now stop short with impunity ; or say to your RULERS, as Hardiknute said to the waves, " thus far may ye go, and no farther." Ye have gone too far, or ye have not gone far enough ; too far to be forgiven, and not far enough to be free. *Unlike* the waves, indeed, that never flattered even a king, those RULERS will treat with and cajole you into security ; and then, *like* them, they will rush in upon and overwhelm you, when you are not dreaming of their approach.

Be not deceived then. Now, is the time to conquer or be conquered. Ye must root your enemies out, or they will set their feet upon your necks. Trust not to compromise or promise, which if they make, they do not mean to keep. Trust them not. Storm them

out. Let the countless voices of congregated myriads, fill the welkin with the cry, "*Reform*;" and, like a mighty convulsion of nature, scare and scatter them from those seats which they have too long usurped, to the impoverishment of the people, the disgrace of the country, and the demoralization of mankind.

APPENDIX.

COPY OF

AN ADDRESS

To Her Majesty

Queen Caroline

From the Inhabitants of

NORTH PETHERTON,

SOMERSET.

To the Queen's most excellent Majesty.

MADAM.

We, the loyal Inhabitants of the Parish of NORTH PETHERTON and its Vicinity, in the County of Somerset, beg leave, without distinction of rank, sex, or condition, most respectfully to approach your Majesty with the humble tribute of our condolence and congratulation: the former, upon occasion of the irreparable losses which your Majesty has sustained in the death of so many members of your illustrious family, particularly in that of our late revered Sove-

reign, who was at once, indeed, the Father and the Friend of your Majesty and his people; but, more than all, do we condole with your Majesty upon the untimely fate of your inestimable and ever to be lamented daughter, the PRINCESS CHARLOTTE, of SaxeCobourg, the Nation's darling and your Majesty's last hope: our congratulation we offer your Majesty, upon the event of your return to the country, where you are beloved and protected, which is your natural home, and of which you are and always must be, during the life of his present Majesty, the sole lawful QUEEN.

We had not so long delayed to throw ourselves at your Majesty's feet, but from a sense of our comparative unimportance, and the distance at which we are placed from the great scene of action; but when we behold others, similarly situated, daily and hourly pressing forward, we should deem it an indelible disgrace, not only to ourselves but to our posterity, if we too did not now, after seeing the WHOLE of the evidence *against* your Majesty, come forward to record, in characters more permanent than those of brass, our unaltered and unalterable persuasion of your Majesty's immaculate honor.

It is not our intention here to profane your Majesty's ears or consume your valuable time by entering into an enquiry, touching the nature of the evidence and the allegations against your Majesty, as scandalous as they are unfounded; but we cannot help remarking upon the extraordinary, and to us conclusive circumstance, that not one NOBLEMAN or GENTLEMAN of Italy, much less of England, nay of any of all the countries which your Majesty visited in the course of your travels—not one could be found base enough to join this nefarious conspiracy,

"*And pawn his soul for power or sordid lucre.*"

How gross then, how revolting, how palpable must that conspiracy be, which, countenanced at least if not promoted by the most powerful Government in the world, could not procure one single solitary votary above the rank of *Master of a Polacre!* What the rest are, we know; and would to God that we knew less of them!

But, MADAM, could we possibly entertain a thought uncongenial with our own wishes and your Majesty's reputation, it would quickly vanish when we called to mind the hateful and un-British system of *Espionage* (a term for which we have not even a synonime) that, during a period of five and twenty years, inces-

santly pursued your Majesty through three quarters of the globe; for, seeing that the readiest road to riches and honors is by insulting and defaming your Majesty, it would follow, this Argus-sighted pest, whose hundred eyes never winked at once, must, had your Majesty been guilty, have discovered something to justify the outrageous preamble to the "Bill of pains and penalties."

Deeply as we deplored, in common with the Nation, the sad necessity of going into the present disgusting investigation, equally injurious to the dignity of the Crown, the morals of the people and the safety of the state, yet were we amongst the number of those, who saw in it the only resource of your Majesty, amidst the unrelenting and fiend-like persecution of your enemies.—When their infernal machinations, on a former occasion, assailed at once the honor and the life of your Majesty, all parties were disappointed: your enemies, because they failed to rob your Majesty of that life and that honor; and your friends, because they failed in the means of *proving* your innocence. All was mystery. Now, MADAM, by the pending trial, odious even and

unconstitutional as the mode of it is, the eyes of the nation are opened; and your Majesty's honor, beaming through the filthy obscuration of malice, perjury and treason, is seen as pure and plain as the sun in its zenith, when its rays have dispelled the mists of the morning.

Much as there is to be admired and extolled in the various virtues and eminent qualities of your Majesty's character, and much as there is to be condemned and execrated in our present political system, we refrain from dwelling upon either, that we may avoid alike the imputation of flattery or faction: at the same time, it would be injustice to your Majesty, to the Empire and to ourselves, if we did not record our honest opinion, that no *Queen Consort* of this realm has ever made a more distinguished figure, and that no name will be held in greater estimation to the latest futurity, than QUEEN CAROLINE; whilst the present generation, for the noble stand which they have made for that *Queen*, against injustice and oppression, will occupy the fairest page in history.

That your MAJESTY may enjoy all health and hap-

piness, and reign long in the hearts of a devoted, though distressed people is the fervent prayer of,

Madam,

Your Majesty's most dutiful

And affectionate Subjects.

North Petherton, Somersetshire,
18th. September 1820.

NOTE.

The Editor of the *Times* having been guilty of gross injustice to *Mr. Moore* and *Mr. Fitzgerald* on the preceding occasion,—so much so, as to excite expressions of surprise and indignation, in the Members of the Mary-le-bone Committee—Mr. F. wrote him a letter of remonstrance, which, as it was just, he felt but could not answer: therefore, waiting his opportunity, like a base and cowardly assassin, he laid hold, at the Hackney Meeting, of a trivial and very common occurrence—some interruption, which induced Mr. F. to resume his seat, sooner than he otherwise would have done—and thereupon made a most virulent, false and *personal attack* upon him, in his Report of Mr. F's Speech at that Meeting. This Report—upon the *good faith of the Times*—was copied *verbatim* into the *Courier*, *Star* and *Traveller*; and no doubt, into many of the Weekly and Provincial Papers.

For a *true* account of the said Speech, see *Morning Post*, *Morning Chronicle*, *Morning Advertiser*, *and Morning Herald*, of the 17th. instant.

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