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A
LETTER
FROM A
Noble-Man Abroad,
TO HIS
Friend in *ENGLAND*.



LONDON,
Printed in the Year 1722.

A

LETTER.

Dear SIR,

AT this critical Conjunction when the Rumour of a new Parliament sounds like the last Trumpet, to awaken the Genius of Old *England*, and raise departed Liberty to Life, it would be a Crime to be silent.

My Retreat into this Country, which was meant only to be out of the way of beholding the Calamities of my own, and of hearing the Cries and Lamentations of my Fellow Citizens, to which I could neither see nor bring any Remedy, may expose me to the Reproach of having abandon'd my Friends in their Distress, if I should reman indolent when the least Glimmering of Redemption appeared.

In those Times of Distraction, so like our own, when the will of a Triumvirate, supported by a Majority of bribed Senators,
and

nd an Army at Command was the sole
 law; when *Cato* and *Cicero* were in Dan-
 er of being torn to Pieces in the Streets;
 when to be honest was to be proscribed;
 what Course could good Men take over-
 our'd by Numbers, and despairing of the
 Common-wealth, but to retire to *Athens*, or
 some remote Corner to lament in Silence,
 and to seek for Comfort in the Study of
 Philosophy, 'till the Madness was over,
 and a more auspicious Season invited to a
 Deliverance by a new Struggle?

We have lived to see our antient Consti-
 tution in a manner dissolved, and the most
 important Articles of our new Contract, u-
 pon settling the Protestant Succession, E-
 vaded, Suspended, or set aside; the Wealth
 and Strength of the Kingdom exhausted in
 Foreign Quarrels, and for Foreign Acqui-
 sitions; the very Nation it self Sold to make
 Purchases abroad and to enrich Strangers.

We have lived to see the first Honours
 of Peerage bestowed to dignifie Prostitution,
 the Freedom of the People, the most
 inestimable Article of their Freedom, the
 Freedom of Elections, betrayed by their
 own Representatives, so that the most pre-
 cious Part of our Liberty may be justly
 said to have been stabbed by its own Guard.

We

We have lived, to see more Persons illegally seiz'd, whipt, fined, imprison'd, impeach'd, attainted and executed, within the Compass of One Year, than our Histories can shew us in Two Hundred before.

We have lived, and we yet live to be trampled upon, by the vilest, the most ignominious of all Tyranny, the Tyranny of Ministers, the Tyranny of Fellow Subjects, raised from the Dirt of Faction, supported by Senates, chosen and directed by Corruption.

We were contented to forget the past Injuries, when we heard from the Throne, that Peace and Tranquility were settled in *Europe*; that all Fears of Foreign Invasions were over, and we were quietly established at home, when we were graciously advised to be intent upon recovering our Losses, and to imploy our utmost Industry and Diligence in retrieving Commerce and restoring Trade.

This pleasing Scene gave us new Life, and we began to rejoice in the Prospect of future Felicity, when another Voice was heard from the Ministry; and because in Times of Tranquility, standing Armies might be thought a Grievance, a new
kind

kind of War was contrived, a Plague was denounced, Forces were decreed to be kept on Foot to defend us from the Almighty, and to resist the very Hand of GOD. Impious and Execrable! when our Persons were become free from the Suspicion of Treason, a Law was made to make us liable to the Suspicion of Infection, that when our Goals are empty, our Pest-Houses may be filled at their Pleasure.

Upon this amazing Resolution, we saw the City of *London*, the Metropolis of *England*, the most famous, and once the most flourishing City in the Universe, like a weeping Matron, appearing at that Bar, which is called the *Dernier* Resort of Justice and Equity; we saw her waiting with all Duty and all Humility, imploring only to be heard, but sent imperiously away in Despair, with Minaces instead of Redresses.

For ever blessed be those Glorious Names which stand upon Record, protesting against so insolent an Administration! What are we then to expect from such a Set of rash and daring Politicians, as openly bid Defiance to GOD and Man? Is there the least Hopes remaining, but in the Union of honest Men, true Lovers of their Country; who,
have

have Virtue enough to sacrifice all private Considerations to the Publick Good?

By the Artifice of cunning and designing Men, who have been too long kept divided in Parties, and exasperated against one another without Sense or Reason, only to help them to climb, and be a Ladder for ambitious Knaves.

It is high Time for all those who have the same Bowels for their Country, to join Hearts and Hands in its Deliverance, to forget and forgive past Divisions, to seek to redress Wrongs, not to revenge them, and to sacrifice every other Passion to the general Welfare.

Let then no other Denomination be heard among us, no other Distinction but that of good *Brittons*; let all who would merit that Name, unite, embrace, and take a *Roman* Resolution to save their Country, or perish with it.

Brutus was a sworn Enemy to *Pompey*, the Murderer of his Father; but when it happened that *Rome* must perish, or *Pompey* be supported, *Brutus* became *Pompey's* Friend.

Brutus took an Oath to *Cesar*, but *Brutus* never swore to be an Enemy to his Country.

Brutus

Brutus owed much to *Cæsar*, but *Brutus* thought private Benefits as well as private Injuries, were to be sacrificed to the Publick Safety. And *Brutus* was an honourable Man.

The Interest of the State is the First Object of Men of Honour; Piety and Loyalty are included in it; to be false to one's Country is to be false to God and the King.

If then we neglect the approaching Opportunity upon the next Election; we betray all the Ties of Nature, Religion and Allegiance; if we lose it we are lost with it. If a Majority of such Men should again prevail, Farewel to all that is dear to the Lovers of Liberty and *Britain*.

That Authority which (we know from the general Sense of the Nation) can be continued in the same Hands, by no other Means but Violence and Corruption; must be maintained as it is got.

You Sir, are but just arrived at the Age of entring upon the publick Stage; and you arrive at it in this critical Moment, when all is at Stake. It is therefore, I have singled You out from the Rest of my Countrymen, to kindle your Virtue and animate your First Appearance.

I have seen your Father who was the Friend and Companion of my Youth; have seen him at the Head of his Freeholders amiable in his Person, sincere in his Friendship, firm in his Principles, beloved and almost adored by his Country, nobly asserting in the Midst of Ten Thousand Acclamations, this very Cause which now calls so loudly for Help. He was the Delight and Darling of all that knew him. Forsee you to be his Heir in that as in his Virtue and Fortune. Tread in his Steps you will need no other Precept, or Example.

Remember me to my Friends; recommend me to the Continuance of your Affection, and tell them that Old as I am and wearied out with vainly wishing for better Times, I am yet ready to enter the Lists at their Call, to stand for Liberty and *Britain*, or fall an honourable Victim to *God*, my Country, and my Friends.

Love me and believe me,

Dear Sir,

Your most Affectionate

Kinsman.











