

**A CALM CONSIDERATION OF
THE PRESENT STATE OF PUBLIC
AFFAIRS; WITH REMARKS ON
E.L. BULWER'S LETTER**

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A calm consideration of the present state of public affairs; with remarks on E.L. Bulwer's letter by E. L. Bulwer

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E. L. BULWER

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A
CALM CONSIDERATION
OF THE
PRESENT STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS,

ADDRESSED TO

The Loyal & Unprejudiced

OF ALL CLASSES;

WITH

REMARKS ON MR. E. L. BULWER'S LETTER.

BY A LIBERAL CONSERVATIVE.

"Awake! arise! or be for ever fall'n!"

"I am no orator, as *Brutus* is,
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man.

* * * * *
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
And tell you that which you yourselves do know."

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THE
PRESENT STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS,

&c. &c.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN,

AT a moment when the enemies of order are attempting to "fright this isle from its propriety, and making common cause throughout Ireland as well as in Great Britain, to oppose a Conservative Ministry, from which alone we can expect tranquillity or security;—though but an humble individual, I feel it my duty, as a plain man and a good citizen, to call upon you to consider what should be *your* course at this most important juncture.

After the unnatural excitement produced by the agitation of an improvement in the theory of representation, now settled by the Reform Bill; an agitation which most seriously injured the interests of every class of the community, and

paralysed the energies of trade ; it is evident to us all that the kingdom is in need of repose. Are we to live in a continual turmoil, to suit the purposes of a few factious and defeated politicians ? or shall we make a stand against the mania of *change for its own sake* ?

These are questions which it behoves every man to reflect upon. Men of sense, unprejudiced by the rage of party feeling,—men who have valuable interests in the well-being of the State,—will at once resolve to throw their weight into the scale of practical and good government, which, in the words of our most gracious Sovereign's answer to the unconstitutional, and factious *Address of the Common Council of London*, "WILL CORRECT ABUSES, AND IMPROVE THE CONDITION OF THE COUNTRY."—*This* is what we want ; *this* is *all* that we are desirous or anxious for. How much more will that ministry deserve from us which will really carry into effect this practical benefit, than a *doctrinaire* cabinet, ever pestering us, and wasting the truly valuable time of Parliament, with fanciful, new-fangled, and dangerous experiments in *amateur* legislation. Would they have a new Reform Bill every year, and spend the entire session in the unprofitable discussion of it, to the utter neglect of all real business ?

But the adventurers who have nothing to lose, and whose hopes of advancement lie in agitation,

are working hard to get up another strife among the lieges; for confusion is their kingdom, and anarchy their jubilee! They halloo for Lord Durham and the Destructives, in whom all their hopes of revolution and expectations of plunder are centered.

For the *first* time in our modern history, it has been attempted—by a contemptible few it is true, but the attempt has been made—to force upon the King an obnoxious minister, and a low set of men, dreaded by all the respectable part of the community. My friends, it is not wise to treat this with contempt: if these men be not crushed in their *first* treasonable project, we shall have to fight a battle on far less advantageous ground. If we do not show that we are opposed to Jacobinism in its birth, the spirit of revolution will stalk abroad, and infest our hearths and homes; the torch of civil war will throw out its horrid glare,—sons will fight against fathers, and brothers fall by the hands of brothers; all the charities which spring up so beautifully in private life will be destroyed; fierce discord and bloody treason will reign triumphant in the land!

The question is, Shall we support the Monarchy? Behold the first attack upon it! Afar off, in the haze, may be discerned the accursed *tri-color*, and the fiend who bares it, gathers around him the ghastly myrmidons of dread Republicanism! The

first advance of the enemies of human happiness will be insidious; but if it be not resolutely checked, they will march with the rapidity of desperation, scattering misery and destruction in their path, to the assault of the throne and the profanation of the altar. To avert the horrors of revolutionary France, and a surely succeeding despotism from our homes and our loved ones, requires but *one effort*, and *now* is the time to make it! Will you allow the moment to escape? Can you be so far sunk in apathy? If you would not have repentance, bitter and unavailing, come too late, beat back at once and for ever the insolent brawlers who even now dare to challenge the sacred prerogative of the King, in the inviolability of which both prince and people are equally interested. The fate of Britain depends upon your firmness.

Loyal Englishmen, stand forth and *support your Sovereign, and the servants he has chosen* to carry on his government, or William IV. will be *the last of our kings*, and the youthful hope of Britain, the Princess Victoria, *will never sit upon the throne of her ancestors.*

You have a security against misgovernment in the power which you possess of returning your representatives to Parliament. By their means you can at any time overthrow a *bad* ministry, by simply outvoting them in the House of Commons. But, unless it were possible to

imagine a Cabinet selected from the maniac Destructives,—the revolutionary Radicals without character or guarantee of any kind, the day is gone by when we can ever see *bad* ministers. The late Cabinet were not *bad* men, but they were ignorant and incapable; they commenced by cajoling, and ended by deceiving, the people; they got into power by holding out a bribe to the lower orders; they promised to them impossibilities, and caused it to be spread abroad that the Reform Bill would produce unheard-of wonders for them. It was to make all Englishmen at once prosperous, happy, and rich, the poor Irish were all to be *jintlemen*, and the universal Scotch nothing less than *lairds*. Such prospects were not to be withstood; but when the people found it was all a cheat, and that they got nothing by sending either scamps or madmen into Parliament, and it became at length but too apparent that their beloved ministers were thinking only of place, patronage, and quarter-day, they felt as indignant men must, when they discover an imposition; and in my conscience I believe that they are ready to welcome the ministry that will “*correct abuses, and improve the condition of the country.*”

In the censure which I cannot but express on the late ministers, I must except the venerable Earl Grey, his Grace of Richmond, Lords Stanley and Ripon, and the independent Sir