

**A LETTER TO THE  
ELECTORS OF  
WESTMINSTER:  
FROM AN ARISTOCRAT**

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A Letter to the Electors of Westminster: From an Aristocrat by John Lettsom Elliot

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**JOHN LETTSOM ELLIOT**

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Bought of John Buttrick. Nov. 11 1822

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# A LETTER



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## ELECTORS OF WESTMINSTER.

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FROM AN ARISTOCRAT.

*John Pittson Elliott*

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Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:  
You cannot reason almost with a man  
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.  
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,  
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

SHAKESPEARE. *King Richard III.*, Act II. Scene 3.

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JOHN HEARNE, 81, STRAND.

1850.



## ELECTORS OF WESTMINSTER.

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GENTLEMEN,

The cold-blooded conspiracy against our working classes, which Fraud and Folly have combined to call "Free Trade," is raising such a spirit of discontent, and threatens us with such appalling disasters, that I scarcely feel I owe you any apology, for venturing *once more* to warn you of danger, which I believe to be imminent, and which will require, to face it, all the courage of all.

To *Protection* we must go back—and that soon—or be ruined: and, if I can throw one gleam of novelty over this dreary field of controversy; if I can confirm the faith of one wavering Protectionist, or bring one Free Trader to repentance; "then indeed"—as a noble lord pathetically and periodically remarks—"I shall not have lived in vain." \*

\* Hear his lordship's harangues on the Hungarian (or any other) insurrection—*passim*.

"And may I ask, Sir," haughtily demands *Protection*—"who has given *you* authority to interfere in my behalf? Am I indeed fallen so low as to have none but a perfect stranger to defend me?"

ARISTOCRAT.

Pardon me, Madam, if my zeal has outstripped my discretion: I acknowledge my temerity; but, in truth, my heart flew to your service from the first moment I beheld you.

PROTECTION.

And do you really take me for such a novice, as to be duped by a declaration like that? Why, my youth has passed away in listening to similar professions. Not one of the hundred and twelve who betrayed me, but flattered me with his tongue to the very day he deceived me. And then to think what charming fellows among them! Youth,—beauty,—fashion,—talent,—birth,—all that a—

ARISTOCRAT.

True, Madam; but where are they now? never should I have ventured to come forward, but for that air of loneliness and dejection, that still interests me in your welfare so deeply. To see you mourning there, like Petrarch's *Muse*—

"Vedova sconsolata in vesta negra."—



You, whom I had for years admired, so gay, and smiling, and radiant in all the splendour of white satin, whiter lace, pearls and diamonds!

PROTECTION.

I thank you for your pity, Sir; but at heart I am not altogether so disconsolate as I appear: I flatter myself I have still charms enough to "lure these tassel-gentles back again."

ARISTOCRAT.

Are you serious, Madam? do you really imagine that you will ever again have power to move that

———"gravem  
*Peelidæ stomachum, cedere nescii?"*

And as for Sir James—as well might you solicit that æolian harp there, to whisper a reminiscence of those soft "professions," which the fickle winds, at his bidding, blew away. No, Madam, they are both lost to you for ever; even a weathercock may turn rusty, and turn no more; and did you view your *quondam* pets in the light I do, you would think yourself, believe me, well rid of 'em.

PROTECTION.

Ungrateful wretches! to pass their youth in my—at my feet; and then to tell me all at once

that I have lost the power to please; grown old;  
*passée*, forsooth!

“Perit comarum fulgor, et frontis decus,  
Dentesque flavent candidi”!

The Monsters! and to take up with that bedizened brazen-faced foreigner. A pretty dance is she leading 'em, and serve 'em right too. As for that gay Lothario of Netherby, I own I am not so much astonished: but that demure Sir Robert! whom I had fondly hoped to prove

—— “a lover of the good old school,  
Who still become more constant, as they cool.”

How often do I call to mind the last kind words he spoke to me, when I taxed him with being about to desert me! Only imagine—“*My love, I contemplate no alteration,*”—and yet within a few months—O, I could tear his eyes out!

#### ARISTOCRAT.

I implore you, Madam, to be more calm. Are you not already sufficiently avenged? His heartless desertion of you has ruined, and justly ruined, his influence and reputation,

“And from a patriot of distinguish'd note,  
Has bled and purg'd him to a simple vote.”

But, to turn from this ever-painful subject,—how can I assist you? how aid you to recover those rights of which you have been so shamefully deprived?

## PROTECTION.

That, Sir, really I must leave to you, who have thus unsolicited broken in upon my retirement: and if men of the highest standing in the country have so cruelly deceived me, how can I be expected to place confidence in one, who is, after all, as far as I know, nobody—nothing—not even a Deputy-Lieutenant?

## ARISTOCRAT.

No one, Madam, can feel his many disqualifications more acutely than I: but if you knew how happy it would make me to render you the slightest service, I scarcely think you would use me thus disdainfully. Call to mind, Madam, “the Lion and the Mouse”: insignificant as I am, may I not possibly help to nibble the knot in the cord that binds you?

## PROTECTION.

And then the overweening conceit of writing yourself down, “Aristocrat”: as if your plebeian origin were not easily discernible in your air.

## ARISTOCRAT.

I assure you, Madam, it is not vanity that prompts me in the selection of my *nom de guerre*; which I adopt simply as indicating the social and