

COMMENTS
The style of the celebrated Irish Orator, Com. PHILLIPS, has evidently been formed upon the model of the more celebrated CURRAN. His language, like that of his master, is bold, nervous, and figurative to excess. With all its faults, however, it possesses a charm, which captivates the fancy and interests the ear. Even those who dislike his political sentiments, are nevertheless delighted with the dexterity in which they are presented. Every thing which falls from the tongue of one of this child of genius, is read with avidity. The following address to the Electors of the County of Sligo, upon withdrawing from their election, is a fair specimen of his characteristic eloquence.

From the Dublin Evening Post.

Address of Mr. Phillips to the Electors of the County of Sligo, on declining the Poll.
Gentlemen, it is with feelings rather of gratitude than of disappointment, that I withdraw myself from the contest, upon the present occasion. I find that we cannot have a fair probability of success, and with every personal interest for you, or late members, and with the most heartfelt affection for you, I do not feel myself warranted in putting them to the expense of you to the inconvenience, necessarily consequent on a contested election. The state of your country, which I have but just received, has compelled me to this determination. It is an astonishing and disgraceful fact, that such is the politicalopathy of your country, that one twentieth of its freeholders are not registered. The only privilege which the people are left is the elective franchise, and even this it seems, they have not the spirit to exercise. After this, what right has Ireland to complain, if, either on the window tax question, or any other question, her representatives will not give themselves even the trouble of crossing the channel? If you are contented to submit to this degradation, it is not for me to murmur, capable as I am, by my own conduct, of redeeming myself indignantly. As I hear, however, that some of your news room wretches have taken offence at an expression in my address, and as every man who puts himself politically forward, should be able to give a reason for the faith that is in him, you shall have mine freely and fully. The declaration was, that if the next parliament be like the last, we may write the epitaph of the British constitution. I repeat it now, and I can add, that it is quite impossible things can go on, unless there be some change, either in the members we return to that state, or in the constitution of that state itself. Are you aware, that of what is called the house of commons, eighty two peers nominated 300, and 123 commons nominated 187; and thus you have, out of 658 members, 487 actually nominated by 265 constituencies, and that they call the representation of the people? If this continues, is there any more elections—is there any life in petitioning, where hired majorities control the house, and a borough-mongering influence can defeat the other? Does any man propose a reformation of the system? He is immediately denounced as a visionary, or worse. So it was in England, with Fox and Sheridan, and the consequence was, the lost America. So it was amongst yourselves, with Grattan and with Flood, and the consequence was, that who bought you, sold you. We were bartered into a province, and but the other day, in the Imperial parliament, upon a vital question, 75 of your members left you at the mercy of a puppet majority, who not only diverted your chain, but rebuked you for asking it! This is the way in which I wish to meet the question—not by empty declamation, but by stubborn facts, which are now recorded to posterity upon the adamant of history. Look to the conduct of the very last parliament in almost every instance, the name of the minister, and the justice or the injustice—conduct which, I will demonstrate has done more to ruin you, abroad, and to enslave us at home, than mere unequivocal, unblinking despotism ever could have effected. Look to that conduct. After a protracted war unparalleled in its duration, which began in its origin, during which money enough was spent to purchase the continent—during which we were at nearly fought, and subsidized every inch of soil—now libelling the worthies—now lauding the magnanimity of Alexander—to day, in the field with the convenient Prussia—now exulting upon Poland's plunder—now exulting along the Spanish inquisition—now at a distance acknowledging the French conquest—now at Waterloo, cheering the bloody of legitimacy. After this total abandonment of public principle—

the barons gambling with the nation's happiness—we found ourselves at last, consistent in nothing but our inconsistencies, seated in the legitimate congress of Vienna, between the Northern Autocrat and a sergent of Napoleon! Was not this a rare, a natural consummation, well worthy the fraudulent leagues and bloody infractions which had diversified the contest—well worthy the orphanage and the widowhood which had shadowed England with woe, and the frantic expenditure which has almost beggared her with debt? This has been the consequence, and what, do you remember, was the motive to this aggression?—Was it the establishment of human liberty—was it the advance of human morals—was it the vindication of national character—was it even any high toned and heroic impulse which flung a factitious glory over the warrior's progress, and gave the battle horrors visionary justification? Far from it. It was the most unjustifiable motive that ever unheated the British sword—the most unconstitutional that ever stained the British annals. It was a bare faced interference with a foreign country, in the choice of its own government—a direct violation of the very principle upon which England founded her glorious revolution. It was a legislative denunciation of the doctrine acted on in 1688, proclaiming James a martyr, and William an usurper, and the people no better than rebellious regicides! This war, however, of course, had its pretences. Its first, was the French republic—driven from this, its next was peace and retribution. Indemnity and security was the Premier's war whoop—and what has been our indemnity? The massacre of our population—the debasement of our character—the accumulation of debt beyond all precedent—famine in our streets and fever in our houses—the establishment in Europe of a military despotism, which leaves the very name of freedom a mockery—the payment of war taxes in time of peace, scarcely leaving it doubtful whether the burdens were imposed to support the war, or the war commenced to justify the taxes—the suspension of our constitution, if we offer to remonstrate. This has been our dearly bought indemnity! And what is our security?—an holy alliance, forsooth! A league of kings, unhallowed and mysterious, bound by compacts which must not be known, and fenced by havocuts which cannot be violated! This is our security! The breath of Princes—the caprice of an Hydra, now fatigued over the recent banquet, and only waiting for its hungry hour again to gladden in unorged capacity! Alas, what tenure have we even of such an alliance! Is there a member of that panic horde who has not been in turn the foe of his ally, and the ally of his foe, and do you expect they will preserve that faith towards us which they have not been able to preserve towards one another? Is there a man of them who did not bow to Napoleon, and confess his title, and count his confederation, and then denounce him as an illegitimate usurper? And was there among them, afterwards, a consistent renegade to deny the hand of fraternity to Bernadotte, raised from the ranks of that very Napoleon? Perhaps this instability of political principle may be counteracted by a personal attachment. Let Prussia answer it when she looks at Alexander, and remembers the perfidious abandonment of Pillsit. Let Sweden answer it when she thinks of Finland. Let Poland and Saxony acknowledge it to Prussia. Let Genoa sueak. Let extinguished Venice proclaim it for Austria. Let Austria herself avouch it for France, and then turn to her immolated daughter—immolated with a worse than Jewish cruelty, not to the god of battles, but to the infernal Moloch of self interest. I speak not now of that devoted France, bending over her violated charter, and with tears of blood expiating the credulity that put its faith in princes. But I speak of England, of the Parliament of England, consenting to the plunder, firing on the partition, squandering the resources of a generous and gallant people—fleets, and armies, and generations, and for what? To forward the hand of the continental intriguer—to establish the inquisition, and fortune and Ferdinand—for the Bourbon in France, and the Bourbon in Spain, and the Bourbon in Naples—the rooted hereditary enemies of the country, for the oblique blasphemy of divine right, dug up from its tomb, and re-baptized legitimacy—for the restoration of those languinary frauds upon human freedom, against which our sages wrote, and our warriors fought, and our revolution thundered! Shades of Locke and of Milton were these your doctrines!—Blood of the Ruffels and the Hampdens, has this been your legacy? People of England, is it for this that your orphan and your widow mourn in silent resignation—that your poor houses are choaked with a famished population? Let those men answer it, who, in the name of Parliament,

ratified the treaties, voted the supplies, advanced the subsidies, and cheered the minister, just reeking from that hopeful congress, where legitimacy, drunk with human blood, flung its sword into the scale against which the liberties of a world were balanced.
I have just touched their conduct, as to our foreign relations. Has it been compensated by their domestic policy? As far as in them lay they have virtually annihilated the British constitution, and paved the way for a military despotism. They leveled, one by one, every barrier which the wisdom of ages raised around the liberties of the people. They suspended the habeas corpus act. Fathers of families were dragged from their homes, loaded with irons; subjected to disease; stamped with ignominy; their helpless children turned adrift to beggary and prostitution; and then, as they had been imprisoned without crime, so were they released without even the decency of accusation. They then passed the infamous gagging act; public meetings were forbidden—the power of discussion was withheld—the right of petition was in fact annihilated. It was a natural consequence of the former measure—when innocence is no exemption from punishment, the privilege of complaint is but a mockery. They then countenanced Lord Sidmouth's circular—a magistral, perhaps ignorant, perhaps corrupt, perhaps both—we, at least, can fancy such a magistracy—were invested with an arbitrary construction of the law, upon which our most learned avers have differed in opinion. They then sanctioned the oppressive alien act, which flung back into the jaws of death the patriot victims of despotic power, and wrested from England her inalienable privilege of giving refuge to virtuous debilitation. They then scouted the repeal of the septennial act, an act which they were never delegated the power to pass, and upon the principle of which they might as well make the representation an heir-loom in their families. I will not further recapitulate their conduct, but I will remind you, that the situation of the captive under these measures was solitary imprisonment. Against all law or precedent, even magistrates were forbidden to visit them—one man died—another, Mr. Ogden, the subject of meriment, has survived only to protracted agony. I pass from the subject it is too painful to dwell upon. What was the pretence for this temporary despotism? a plot! a plot, hatched by two apothecaries and a lame cobbler—the tower was to be stormed, and the bank plundered, and London garrisoned by a buckram army, whose treasury was a cypher—whose equipage was a blanket—whose ammunition chest was an old stocking, and whose park of artillery consisted of the mortar which most rebelliously outlived the wreck of the apothecaries! Those people were arraigned upon the evidence of a villain all leprous with crimes, whom the event proved to be the only convict. A wretch, who, when we saw the predestined victim, and looked at the high priest, filled the mind of Ireland with terrific recollections, recalling instinctively that reign of blood when we too had our Castles and our Oliver—when the bribed and perjured cannibal went forth inducing the crime that he might betray the criminal—when neither youth, nor age, nor sex, nor innocence could conciliate, or avert those coirers of human blood—those vampires of the grave—those monsters without a name, before whose path the freshness of humanity withered—in whose accursed minds conscience was only a commercial instrument—and friendship, treachery, and gratitude, murder.—Who turned this land into one scene of hell, in which the pangs and the convulsion of the sufferer only stimulated the ferocious exultation of their tormentors. Who crept into this family of the nearest and the dearest, courting the beard, and pledging the cup and fondling the infant, even at the very moment when they were waylaying the unguarded confidence of the parent to devote him to the scaffold, and to rise upon his tomb!—I am shocked to ask, did the late parliament shield the employment of those ferocious and commercial Cannibals? If they did not, what was the meaning of the indemnity bill?—What difference is there between the perpetrator of a deed and the minister who instigated it and the parliament who protects it? I can see none—I see them chained together in one community of infiction, and whether I touch the highest or the lowest link, the thrill of horror is the same in its communication. Gentlemen, I say again, if these things continue, we may bid farewell for ever to our liberties. Of what use are all our visionary safeguards—of what use is the responsibility of ministers, if it is to depend upon the will of a parliament, whose majority is the creature of those ministers? What avails our so celebrated laws, if they are to be thus capriciously suspended? What is our confi-

tion with its theodetic blessings, but a practical and splendid mockery, if its noblest ornaments are to be effaced at will, and its strength turned into an engine of oppression? Oh! it is worse than fatuity in us to deceive ourselves. The tower in which we trusted turns out at last to be but a goodly vision; fair, indeed to the eye, but as false as it is fair, falling to pieces at the wand of the minister, when the forlorn people approach it for protection.
Such, gentlemen, are my reasons for the assertion I have made; their inference may be, perhaps, doubted by many, who can never see any thing, even problematical, in the basest conduct of the powers that be—their existence, however, at least, is undeniable.
In taking my leave of you, for the present, let me express my gratitude to the prompt, manly, and decided friends, who so independently proffered me, not only their interest, but their purse, and particularly to the professional friends, who, in addition, volunteered their service.
The period is approaching when all may be necessary; in the mean time, let every independent man in the county, register his freehold, and await with confidence the hour of his liberation.
I am, gentlemen, with gratitude and respect,
Your fellow-countryman,
CHARLES PHILLIPS.
Dublin, June 21st, 1818.
FOR THE KING'S PAPER GAZETTE.
On the Shop Spirit Licences and Assessment.
To the Honorable branches of the Legislature.
GENTLEMEN,
Every one is aware of the high and important duties of a Legislator; it is also known that in imposing burdens upon the people, for the use of the country, great care should be taken to make those burdens bear as equally upon one class of people as another; to pursue any other system, would be acting the oppressor, and the violation of a most sacred oath.—The shop licence for retailing spirits is the enormous sum of £8; four times what it was a few years ago. This heavy duty was imposed in the late war, when I dare say five or six times the profit was gained by the sale of a nucleus of liquor (or what it is at present, which makes it very natural to say, for what is this heavy duty continued? It may be said the money is wanted. Then why not let others help to raise it as well as shop-keepers?—The restrictions that some say shop-keepers are under, though not expressed in the licence, are very singular; some say less than a quart cannot be sold in a shop, which is attended by injury to many poor persons, who perhaps, are travelling, and might put a pint or half-pint in their pockets, or perhaps may not have money to buy more. The consequence is they must give the tavern-keepers four times as much, for what they can get at the shop, or go without. And for why are the tavern-keepers to be thus encouraged, who do not pay our farthing more for a licence, though they at the same time gain more by selling one gallon of liquor, than a shop-keeper does by selling of twelve or fifteen, and that without risk or capital. The tavern is allowed to sell out of the house, to the injury of the shops, but the shops are not allowed to buy tavern, not even by selling a less quantity than a quart. If the shops are not allowed to buy the tavern, is not fair the taverns should not injure the shops, except in cases of distance, where there are no shops.
To the taxes, every shop, lumpingly, is assessed at £20; no matter if he has not £20 stock, he has to pay as much as the man who has £20,000 stock. This certainly is most notoriously unjust, by taking as much from him who perhaps has not sufficient to pay his way, as you do from him, who has thousands to spare. I believe this is the only place where you bear stock in trade being assessed by government; I never heard of its being considered real property before, neither can I conceive how it can be put upon that footing; you very likely are indebted for every shilling you may have in goods; or suppose your credit does balance your debts, still what risks you have to run in the collection; is that the case with real property? No. I shall also notice the fairness of assessments. Supposing stock was considered equal to real property, a great quantity of land is assessed, from one tenth to one twentieth less than it is worth, and the same by houses; now I dare venture to say that the greater portion of the stores have not £500 stock in them, and a great many not above £100 stock, and if a store had £2,000 stock, it then would be rated only on an average with other things. I believe the only instance in England where stock in trade is rated, is to the parish rates. There the assessor goes round and enquires what your stock is—you tell him the greatest and the least amount of it, and then an average is taken. It may be said the truth might not be told; well, suppose not exactly—need you make a fool assessor—will he have no eyes? Do you not think a near estimate might be taken by appearances? or supposing all to fail, the injury would be less than at present. But in fact, you would find more eager to rate his stock higher than lower, from motives of pride.
Should you have reason to believe a false account has been given, at home the assessor will assess the person suspected, to what he thinks right, who will then have to make his appeal, if he pleases, and the commissioners will swear him to his average amount. But here we have no day of appeal, all goes on merrily, right or wrong. It is very evident how stock in trade came to be rated; some time since, merchants had things their own way, by their influence in the Government; therefore their study was to monopolize all the trade, which they did, to the great injury of this Province; a person with a small capital was crushed directly. These monopolizers charged what they pleased for their goods, and gave the farmer what they pleased for his produce. But now the trade is extended, and in the same proportion to the people; three times the families are getting a living with less than half the profit upon their goods, and consequently they consume three times as much produce, and that is what the Province wants, more useful consumers to reward the industry of the farmer.
If money is wanted, why not raise it upon

the fine houses that every where appear; and instead of rating them by chimneys, rate them by the number of outward windows, and as the windows increase in number, let the rate be the heavier. If I have 8 or 10 windows, and another three times as many, he can benefit for to pay six times the sum for them than I can, at least this is a good old English opinion, and I think it will hold good here. Many people are dabbling in articles without being assessed, to the injury of the revenue as well as the man who makes it a regular concern, and has to pay at present 32½ dollars for a licence, 8 days road duty, and assessed at £200—all this merely for a shop, be it ever so small or ever so large.
It was intended at first to petition the parliament to grant relief, but in the present state of the public mind, it was thought best to notice it this way at present, hoping they will take the matter under their consideration as early as convenient.
JOHN BULL'S OFFSPRING.
Fredericksburgh, 26th Sept. 1818.
TO THE EDITOR OF THE KINGSTON GAZETTE, SIR,
In my excursions through the Midland District, upon my private business, I was favored at this place with the perusal of your paper of the 22d instant; and I therein observed application of Mr. Thomas Coleman, of Thurlow, wherein he states that unfavorable opinions may have been formed by the Lower Branch Convention, and himself as one of the members "opened the business;" and in the course of his address, begged for leave to give a detail of the affair of a prosecution brought against him for a "Seditious Libel"—and in consequence of his having taken much liberty with my name, and character, in this production, in a very unwarrantable manner, I have only time now to say that I have no objections to meet this scurrilous and most turbulent person, so soon as he may think proper to continue a warfare by paper. At the present moment my mind is more usefully employed for the benefit of my constituents, than to stoop so low as to occupy any longer time to reply to Thomas Coleman's assertions; and in the event of further publication on his part, as he has threatened, I now say to the world, that I will positively and boldly call upon respectable characters for their certificates, testifying the conduct of this brave Dragon, the leader in Prussia's shameful retreat before Harrison's army, in the late war—in order to evince to the true and trusty subjects of our aged and beloved Sovereign, the duplicity of this vain man, while he holds forth such language of loyalty.
The present is merely to shew to the public, that I am determined to trace Thomas Coleman's character, and every good deed (if any) that I can learn he has ever done, shall not be unnoticed by your obedient servant.
JAMES McNABB.
AN ADDRESS to all the original Settlers of the County of Frontenac.
GENTLEMEN,
Friends, fellow sufferers, and fellow Subjects of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, &c. &c. &c.
The happy day is now arrived, that all our just rights will be regarded and protected, by that Government and Constitution we have labored so hard to maintain.
It is true that we have suffered all that men could suffer, we have reduced a howling wilderness to a fertile Province—we have been insulted, robbed, and plundered, of our property, under the name of law, contrary to the laws of God and the King. Deprived of our labour—the labours of our own hands, which is the gift of God to Men,—it is a right that no man has a right to take from us.
Thus we have been insulted by men in power, unknown to the King. But the King of Kings, in Heaven, has looked down upon us, and, by his good Providence, men are sent to govern us—men in whose confidence we may rely, and rest fully satisfied that justice will take place, and the wickedness of the wicked will overtake them.
Let me entreat you, one and all, to be steady and patient, to commit no violence in defence of wrongs, but to make your complaints known, in a peaceable and lawful manner, to those now sent to hear and redress them. It is needless, now, for any one to fill the News papers with trash about Mr. Gourlay and the Convention of friends to enquiry; the work is done, we have carried our point, we have and ever will be loyal subjects to our king and country, and true to those who have authorized us to represent them in Convention and in Parliament.
AMOS ANSLEY.
Sept. the 21st, 1818.
HALIFAX, Aug. 31.
The Nabby, Washington,