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TO THE GENTLEMEN OF DUBLIN

## FROM THE AGE.

The Whig Ministers have got the country into such a situation merely to keep their places, as that they cannot now remain stationary. They have introduced a bill which contains provisions of which even they are now afraid; but how will they, after exciting the feeling they have done, be able to repress it? "On, on, on," must be now our motto. *Hurre, hurre! hop, hop, hop!* like the demon steed in Burger's *Leonard*; and who can say when we are to find a resting place?

Cobbett can tell what are the expectations of the Radicals—what they look to from the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill. It is only (see yesterday's *Register*)—

"1. An appropriation of a part of the public property, commonly called Church Property, to the liquidation of the Debt.

"2. A reduction of the Standing Army, including Staff Barracks and Colleges, to a scale of expense as low that of the army before the last war.

"3. A total abolition of all Sinecures, Pensions, Grants, and Emoluments not merited by public services.

"4. A sale of the numerous public estates, commonly called Crown Lands, and an application of the money towards the liquidation of the Debt.

"5. An equitable adjustment with regard to the Public Debt, and also with regard to all debts and contracts between man and man."

In other words, only a robbery of the Church—a prostration of the Aristocracy—a despoiling of the Crown—and a sponging of the debt. Aye, gentlemen fundholders, you go—depend upon it—you go without ceremony or compassion, when Parliament is reformed in the manner of Johnny Russell.

However, what do Ministers care? They have obtained their great object—kept in place half-a-dozen months longer than they should otherwise have done, and given the Premier an opportunity of putting a few Greys more in harness at the public expense—so what need they mind any smaller trifles, such as the overthrow of the old Constitution. They have triumphed most gloriously in the elections, having all the weight of Government, all the noise of the mob, all the unpopularity of Peclism in their favour. When the time comes we shall duly expose some election gambols, and some dealing with borough proprietors, quite edifying to relate. Meanwhile, we extract one pleasant passage from a most excellent article in *The Stamford Bee*:—

"We are in possession of the name of a rotten borough owned by a certain person calling himself a thorough Reformer, and who has promised in his place in Parliament to advocate the 'Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but,' &c., which was lately in the market for 2,000*l.*, on condition that the purchaser should vote for the Bill, but oppose Schedule A, which included the borough in question! This fact speaks volumes for the purity of these 'amiable and excellent friends.'"

Pray, is the name of the borough anything like Saltash? Or has one Tennyson anything to do with the business? We guess, as the Yankees say, that it is something like it. Next week we intend to say a few words more on the subject.

We have nothing further to add for the present, except that there is a split in the Ministry. Are Lord Grey and Lord Brougham on the best terms?