

THE following Addresses have been presented to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent; which Addresses His Royal Highness was pleased to receive very graciously:

To His Royal Highness the PRINCE REGENT.

May it please your Royal Highness,

IN the midst of the acclamations of an exulting and grateful people, we, the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council of the city of Edinburgh, participating in every event which can affect the glory of your Royal Highness's government, the prosperity of this land, and the general freedom and happiness of the world, approach the throne, to add our congratulating voice to the united voices of our fellow-subjects in every part of the empire.

The feelings we have now to express are not of that ordinary triumph, with which, during a period that is to be ever memorable in the naval and military history of our country, we have so often exulted over the achievements of British valour. It was then, indeed, our pride to think of the skill and the courage and the glory of the warriors, who, in every conflict of our armies or our fleets, had shewn, how powerful are the defenders of a free people. But our joy for the past was mixed with other feelings; and even victory itself, as often as we thought of the future, had a sort of gloom and sadness to our hearts, because it seemed still to speak of other blood that was to be shed for the purchase of other victories. Nothing seemed truly won; because there still remained, unsubdued, and unsoftened by all the miseries which it had produced, that dreadful power, which, in its insatiable thirst of war, found, alike in defeat and in conquest, only new motives to gather from the very lands which it had desolated, still wider means of future desolation. By the blessing of Divine Providence on the councils and arms of your Royal Highness, and the Sovereigns allied in the same generous cause, that power no longer exists. The great combat of Europe, which has been fought on so many fields, is now over: a victory has been gained, not over a few fierce bands, whose place might soon be filled by bands as ferocious, but over the principle of hostility itself: and he, whose single will had opposed itself to the peace and happiness of the world, as if the misery of mankind was to be lasting as his own miserable existence, now lives, only to be a more striking example of the insecurity of a tyrant's sway, and to have the additional wretchedness of knowing, in his state of exile from the human race, that the nations, from which he has been driven, are enjoying a prosperity, which it is no longer in his power to prevent or to destroy.

If the spectacle of one happy people be delightful, how much more delightful is that wide aspect of happiness, which Europe now presents. In the great family of the civilized world, nation is rejoicing with nation, in one general deliverance; plenty is returning to the field, and commerce to the shore, and purer influences of virtue to the heart. There is no longer a voice of terror, that commands man, wherever man is subject to it, to be ignorant and guilty: and we yield, therefore, to

the delightful hope of a lasting amity of nations, because it is not peace only which we see, but, with the diffusion of peace, the increasing diffusion also of knowledge, and virtue, and religion, which are the only securities of future tranquillity, as they alone are capable of comprehending the awful lesson of the past.

Such blessed effects it would indeed be gratifying to us to contemplate, though Britain had been only a spectator of the happiness produced. But, when we think of the distinguished part which this country has sustained, in the long warfare for the independence of Europe—of the zeal with which, when nation after nation had retired from the combat, she still looked fearlessly to the goodness of her cause and the protecting justice of Heaven, and, under the pressure of difficulties, from which feebler spirits would have shrunk, still held herself magnanimously forth, as the succourer of those who had lifted the standard of their ancient rights against the tyranny of the usurper; when we look to the deliverer of Spain, who, by connecting it for ever with the glory of his name, has ennobled to every age the land which he has delivered, and when we trace to the successes of an army worthy of their illustrious leader that spirit of resistance, which spread swiftly to the farthest kingdom of the North, and gathering in its return, from every people that had been oppressed, new hosts of avengers, crushed at length, beneath the weight of his own accumulated wrongs, the foe of the world, it is impossible for us not to feel, in our admiration of our country's efforts, a still livelier sympathy in all the happiness that is flowing from them. We are proud of being Britons; and with the pride of this distinction, we are impressed with still deeper gratitude to your Royal Highness's Government, and to the generous statesmen, whose liberal and heroic councils, seconded by the skill and gallantry of armies of heroes, have raised to so much glory the British name.

While we offer this humble commemoration of British wisdom and British heroism, your Royal Highness will permit us at the same time to express our admiration of the splendid military achievements of the confederate powers, and still more of the noble spirit of moderation that has attended all the successes of their arms. It is truly a spirit as glorious as it is unprecedented. In the ordinary vicissitudes of war, what is gained by one state is lost by another; but it is the peculiar character of these recent successes, to have had in view no selfish acquisition, and only that general happiness of the social community of mankind, in the establishment of which, the vanquished have gained still more than the victors. The liberators of every nation through which they have passed have marched calmly forward in their great career, as if they had previously conquered all the bad passions of the human breast. There is no presumptuous vanity of having overthrown a power which was before regarded as almost irresistible—no insolence of triumph—no remembrances of revenge. The Sovereign of Moscow, the leader of troops that had seen, with indignation, and hopes of speedy vengeance, the ashes of their holy city, is, at Paris, as considerate of the preservation of the capital of his recent invader, as if it were the me-