

From of Arthur A. his friend
Joac Eccles SIX *Days*

LETTERS,

ADDRESSED

TO HIS EXCELLENCY

EARL FITZWILLIAM,

LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

By Bolingbroke.

D U B L I N :

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Houses of the Oireachtas

INTRODUCTION.

THE Letters which compose the following pages, were meant originally for a public paper; and the two first were inserted in the MORNING POST, early in the month of January. The Editor of that print having thought proper to suppress the third, for reasons best known to himself, the Author offers them, in their present form, to Lord Fitzwilliam, and the Public, whom they were meant to serve.

He is sensible that many inaccuracies and literary defects must necessarily abound in a work written upon the spur of the occasion, and under the pressure of various avocations:—the lapse of time likewise, since some of them were first written, in many instances, has rendered the subjects that compose them stale. All periodical publications are too evanescent in their natures, and generally of too trifling and particular a tendency, to claim revision, or merit; being collected into one regular work; but the author of them feels, that he must have appeared to have shrunk from the duty of a good citizen, if he had suppressed glaring truths, which, though operating against the interests of a few individuals, seemed to him necessary to be known and investigated, and tending to general benefit.—These are no times for squeamish delicacy,—and the man who looks tamely on his country's wrongs, is unworthy of the name she bestows upon him.

If the most flagrant corruption—if the most barefaced and scandalous misapplication of the public money—if prostitution and venality go hand in hand for a number of years,—can that man be called a traducer, who exposes profligacy, and drags the offenders forth to public notice? The POLITICAL PORTRAITS, which appear in the following sheets, though the colouring may appear high to some, are, nevertheless, real effigies. If the painter has been fortunate enough, to “catch the living manners as they rose,” the critic will excuse the incorrectness of the dauber, for the merit of the likeness, and the connoisseur perhaps afford them a corner in his cabinet.

The Fifth and Sixth Letters, which were written on the subject of the WAR, were meant to be followed up by others on the same subject, as affairs abroad, or circumstances at home, required it.—This was a wide field for argument and speculation to range through,—and in attempting to touch a subject of such momentous magnitude as the FRENCH REVOLUTION, and the progress of the present unhappy WAR, the Author, he hopes, felt as he should do,—like a man, and the citizen of a free state. The rejection of his Third Letter, put a stop to this his original intention; and he now, after a hurried and incorrect abridgement of that important subject, in his Fifth and Sixth Letters, submits the whole to the judgment and feeling of his countrymen, under the signature of

BOLINGBROKE.

L E T T E R S
TO
EARL FITZWILLIAM.

L E T T E R I.

MR LORD,

NO Viceroy ever undertook the government of this country at so critical a period as the present, nor was there ever so much amendment and controul hoped for and wanted, in the administration of it, from any, as is now expected from your Lordship.

Harraffed by a long and ruinous war, unexampled in the annals of mankind, the people here, as well as in Great-Britain, anxiously expect its termination; when they may breathe a little from the accumulated oppressions under which they have groaned, and recover those energies which are nearly exhausted. Drained of men and money as this country has been, not only during the American contest, but in the progress of this destructive crusade, tho' lavish of both, and ready as it has

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ever been "to stand and fall with the British Empire," the diseases that it has engendered within, are still more severely felt and impatiently suffered than even the scourge of a foreign war, imposed upon her by a union of interests, implied by this tacit compact. Her treasury and her blood have flowed freely in support of her Imperial Confederate: but, when the temple of Janus was closed, Britain forgot her part of the covenant, and, in every struggle for power, which took place in the Sister Kingdom, during those foreign troubles, and at every change in her Ministry, Ireland was sure to be the sufferer;—if we except one auspicious period, during the government of the Duke of Portland, when, by a native exertion of strength, she shook off the chains that manacled her commerce.

Since that period, my Lord, a party has sprung up here that has governed with a rod of iron, and a confederacy has taken place that has monopolized almost every place of trust and emolument, from the first Law Officer of the Crown to the Guager on the quay of our Custom-house;—while the people have been oppressed and the treasury exhausted, to support a wretched system of oppression.

Your coming has been looked to like that of one who was to regenerate the land, and cleanse it from its impurities, and the nation expects largely at your hands.—The reputation you possess for
honour

honour and integrity will be now put to the test, and the character you bear for sound sense and good discretion, will be best illustrated by the measures you adopt.—I entertain no doubt of either; and tho' perhaps you may, at first, find it difficult to remove every vice in the Constitution, each effort to restrain the inordinate growth of corruption, that has of late years become intolerable, will have its effect and in the end prove successful.

The crafty and concealed measures which before the time of Lord Buckingham were thought necessary for security, if not for decency, to corrupt the national representation, were then laid aside as useless, and a system of venality openly avowed by the runners of his administration, as the principle and expedient by which they governed.—Then first was heard of that *Back-stair influence*, which has since uniformly strove to counteract the good intentions of the sovereign;—that bloated *incubus* which had lain on the bosom of Royalty and oppressed it with its weight;—the phantom of that power which, in the days of Lord Chatham, had crept and lay concealed behind the Throne, and which, to use his emphatic expression, “was greater than the Throne itself;”—a clumsy heap of vague systems of exploded controul;—an inflated mass of Algebraical chimeras, puffed up by self-sufficiency and adapting itself to the solving of every political problem—where vulgar arithmetic and the learning of the computing-house was made

made the standard for every department, and by a misapplication of it, *division* was the rule by which abuses were *multiplied*. Furnished with Cocker's Arithmetic and armed with a dipping-rule, this political Hercules, who was to cleanse the Augean stable, made his way into every office, as if keeping a ledger was the sure guide to œconomy.—Splendid, tho' mean, his ostentatious display of mock majesty served only to degrade him; nor could the troop of horse which attended his excursions protect him from the contempt he merited.—Profuse without being generous, his state was the triumph of an overweening arrogance, where an empty importance and a silly strut recalled to mind a true picture of the Squire of Cervantes.—It was this prevailing propensity to thrift and that sedulous attention to trifles in œconomy which degraded the Representative of Royalty into the Steward of an Hospital and Chief Inspector of Pots and Porringers;* an office for which Nature seemed to have intended him, and better adapted to his genius and talents than the government of a great kingdom. Astride this hobby-horse, he lost sight of consistency; and tho' he professed to drag defaulters into day, by the energy of his administration, he it was who first introduced that corrupt mode of influencing the House of Commons, by the aid of a profligate

* He removed from the Castle, to the royal Hospital at Kilmainham, for the purpose of retrenching the expenditure and robbing the old Men of half their coals and candles.

junto which has since grown into a formidable oligarchy.

By investing, with the first offices of the State, men of one principle and one family, he transferred to them a degree of patronage and power which has overawed and depressed the people. Then first appeared that many-headed monster which has increased and fattened on the spoils of the public, to the disgrace of the national jurisprudence and the embezzlement of the public revenue.—Such monsters must ever exist in Governments conducted by such means, and similar excrescences must ever be produced from a conjunction of prostitution and profligacy ; but their devastations must cease when men are found wise and honest enough to oppose them, and such, I trust, will compose your Lordship's administration ;—men more indebted to industry and a virtuous education than the good fortune which alone raised their predecessors. For, to use the language of that great Statesman, whose signature I have ventured to adopt —“ Fortune maintains a kind of rivalry with wisdom, and picques herself often in favour of fools as well as knaves. Socrates used to say, that altho' no man undertakes a trade he has not learned, even the meanest, yet every one thinks himself sufficiently qualified for the hardest of all trades, that of Government.” And he supposes such a man to be “ *Imprudent, presumptuous, ungracious, insolent, and profligate in speculation as well as practice !*”

Is this a fictitious character? Or would not one suppose that Bolingbroke had looked forward to the present day and, with a happy prescience, had depicted the character of a great law officer, who, having wandered from the direct path of professional duty, into the labyrinths of politics,—intoxicated with sudden elevation and giddy with authority, had mistaken the high road that led to reputation?

Since the shameful retreat of Lord Buckingham, his place has been supplied by perhaps the only man of rank in Great-Britain, who would have been mean enough to accept the government on the like terms, and whose only object in submitting to the controul and guidance of his worthy predecessor was the income annexed to the Lord Lieutenancy. The same filthy system of jobbing, the same coercive measures, and a similar routine of political manoeuvre, which disgraced the one, and rendered him obnoxious, has been practiced by the other, under the kind tutelage of his legal preceptor. And here, my Lord, let me call your attention to those glaring abuses which have crept into the administration of the country over which you are now called to preside; not as your predecessors were, by secret intrigue and the influence of a back-stair interference, but by the voice of an independent interest, and your own high character for incorruptible integrity and enlightened understanding. Nor are you the miserable automaton, which was moved about by the hand of a ministerial

terial juggler, who, concealed behind the screen, made his puppet play the part he had designed for him; but a redeeming power, sent not only to govern, but to guide a people labouring under heavy and accumulating evils, and left to chuse your own council and advisers. Reject therefore with scorn the insinuations of those men who have heretofore dabbled in politics, and rendered the government suspected and despised; who have inflamed the animosity of this nation by a system of oppression, and the coercion of laws too arbitrary for a free people.

If a personal request from an high and imposing authority has been acceded to, let it be qualified as it should;—by confining the object of it within his proper sphere of action. They surely are unfit to conciliate, who have been the foremost to coerce, the people,—and times like the present demand a mild and lenient government.

The first judicial station in the kingdom has been held by a man who has constantly endeavoured to blend the politics of the Castle with his judicial character; thereby uniting the exercise of two duties which should ever be distinct, and that are incompatible with one another. I shall not impute, to the noble person here alluded to, either want of integrity or legal knowledge. But this I will say, that to participate in the management of a country at any time, but more particularly at a time like the present, when a total
 revolution

revolution in human opinions has taken place, and where the political storm, raised in a neighbouring kingdom, has conveyed to this an electric shock, which has quickened its languid pulse, promoted a freer circulation of opinions, and roused, from its paralysis, the enfeebled body of the nation, such a man is radically unfit.—Unfit, from a want of temper to forbear, and manners to conciliate;—unfit, from his well known contempt of, and dislike to, that body of the people from whence he rose, and which he has too often dared to calumniate; and finally unfit, because he has neither native nor hereditary dignity to counterbalance those wants in that assembly where he presides, and to which he has become obnoxious, by the most indecent and unprovoked attacks levelled against its most venerable and dignified characters—men revered by that public which he affects to despise, and esteemed by that nation which he has called “besotted.”

I am, my Lord, &c.

LETTER

LETTER II.

MY LORD,

THE state finesse which prorogued the Parliament and sent you over, Lord Lieutenant, was too rank even for John Bull to swallow; and there is not a thinking man in England, or Ireland, who does not believe that the division of Mr. Pitt's friends in the Cabinet upon both these questions, if I am well informed, was conceived by Pitt himself, and meant, imposingly, to mask over his fears and his designs. This was an argument which our young Machiavel had before more successfully practised on the question of Parliamentary Reform, to which he had been pledged, when a candidate for popularity, but on which, at his accession to power, he found it both prudent and convenient to be left in a minority. It is true he brought forward the measure: but how came it that his friends voted against it? A Minister joining with the opposition to promote a Reform, to which he was solemnly pledged, when personal aggrandizement was his object, and yet his political adherents opposing it!—“*Risum teneatis amici!*”

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The Goddess of Chastity transformed Actæon into a stag for his temerity, that he might be devoured by his own hounds. Happily, our immaculate Minister is of a less inquisitive temper in matters that concern the fair sex; and, probably, it might have been in resentment for some of her neglected or abused rights that a divinity, less ceremonious, so changed our young Iulus that his friends knew him not and opposed him. I should here beg pardon of Mr. Burke for the allusion I have made to Actæon and his *bounds*; his fanciful imagination, that gives "to airy nothings local habitation and a name," first adopted* the comparison; no doubt from some striking similitude to his friends on the Treasury Bench. He has since had an opportunity, by joining in the *cry* and *hunting* after Court favours, to ascertain more fully the justness of that application, and know that to cringe and fawn, to howl and to double, are the characteristics of the species he has been so fond of appropriating on all occasions to his present associates; and that men, by aping the properties of brutes, may well be made the subjects of such comparisons. It was a cunning *cast* of this sort that sent us a new Viceroy, and the Minister, finding his popularity on the decline, and that the hour of danger and retribution was approaching, adopted an artifice that he had before so happily availed himself of.—He appeared in a minority once

* *Vide* his Speeches on the Regency, "*passim*."

more, that he might transfer, if possible, a portion of popular odium on the new coalition, by linking men of worth and integrity with some old staunch hounds of the pack, and letting them run in couples.

Avoid the snare, my Lord, and let not your honorable mind, unsuspicious of such low cunning, be made the dupe of a paltry artifice; take for your friends and advisers men like yourself, and leave the broken squad of Pitt and Buckingham their places as long as they can keep them. Under the lash of honest and indignant virtue, they must shrink abashed, and, in the end, conscious of their own insignificance and the diminution of their former power, they will leave the stage to better actors; for, "they who affect to head an opposition, or to make any considerable figure in it, must (says Lord Bolingbroke) be equal at least to those whom they oppose; not only in parts, but in industry, and the fruits of both, information, knowledge, and a certain preparedness for all the events that may arise." Select such men, my Lord, and let them be the pillars of your Administration. You will find them not on the Treasury Bench or in office. Their integrity, added to other high qualities, rendered them unfit for any place of trust or confidence under the two last Administrations. Their talents were hid in the gloom and their virtues withered under the blast of a malign influence. They could only mourn in secret, and in silence, over a wounded Constitution, now about to
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be renovated under your auspicious rule.—Such characters are not likely to obtrude; and your political sagacity must be exerted to discover them.

You may, perhaps, find a man of this description, whose integrity has been proof against the secret machinations of one party, and whose prudence has stood aloof from the injudicious and intemperate zeal of the other. “ One of these fierce and indomitable spirits, even now upon the Bench, whose rugged and clumsy attachment to his duty would be proof against the arts of that mighty necromancer Pitt himself.*” You may find him, like Cincinnatus, cultivating his farm and adding to a vigorous and improved understanding a fresh store of useful knowledge and classic taste;—consuming the fire of his genius and the energies of his mind in the pursuit of attainments which can only be useful to himself, or, at most, but feebly reflected on his friends and the public, from that partial elevation to which his merits alone have raised him, and where his integrity and wisdom have daily exercised themselves,—when the Councils of the nation might be informed and guided by the spirit of his patriotism, and the tumults of contending factions stilled by the thunder of his eloquence.—Men of this description will not be easily brought to coalesce with the characters I have already described; and, to obtain their

* *Vide* “ Glean of Comfort.”

assistance and advice, other measures, than those the country has hitherto groaned under, must be adopted.

At a time like the present, when all Europe is in arms, and revolutions which occurred once or twice in a century, now arise every day ;—when the ancient system of politics, and the tactics of former ages, have yielded to modern principles of reform and the undisciplined valour of men determined to be free ;—when confederated sovereigns have beheld their armies routed and dispersed by a rabble whom they affected to despise, and the natural ardour of the human mind overcome every obstacle raised by discipline and art—such a time is not calculated for coercive measures, and the true wisdom is to conciliate before it be too late.

The public mind has been kept in a state of fermentation by the measures adopted in England for the maintenance of the government, as it is miscalled ; but, in truth, for the suppression of particular opinions and particular men. The policy of the minister has failed him in both, and the *Trial by jury* has risen like a Phoenix from the flames that have been kindled to destroy it.—Mr Pitt has shewn himself not only a miserable war-minister, but an injudicious statesman in the home department. He has uniformly blundered every measure since the commencement of the war, both at home and abroad—“ *Iliacos intra muros peccatur, et extra.* ”—
By

By each succeeding failure he has evinced the necessity of a total and radical reform:—yet he still clings reluctant to his former power, and relinquishes, one by one, the partners and privileges of his former greatness. Some honest minds have been carried down in the vortex which the bulk and magnitude of him and his sinking adherents have occasioned. They will however, I trust, rise buoyant from the gulph into which mistaken sympathy has plunged them; but they must attach themselves to other men and to other measures, if they hope to regain their former popularity and the high character they held in the Common Wealth. For the hour of trial must come, when that warning voice that long since deprecated these evils, and whose prophecies, like those of Cassandra, were unheard or despised, until their final accomplishment, must prevail, and the MAN OF THE PEOPLE interpose for the salvation of his country.

CHARLES FOX is a name that grateful Britain will one day hand down to posterity with the first and greatest of her deliverers; whose undeviating consistency was reviled as obstinate insanity, but whose sound and judicious discernment of events, and prognostication of the catastrophe they have led to, falls little short of inspiration.—Oh, blind and senseless nation! that could mistake wisdom for folly, and compare the cunning of a state juggler to the divine workings of a “*Heaven-born minister!*”

The French revolution, the point of disunion between Mr. Fox and his friends, has formed an
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era in human affairs heretofore unexampled; not only in the variety and novelty of its circumstances, but in the magnitude and importance of its consequences;—forming, as it were, a grand drama on a vast theatre, where a great portion of the human race were the actors;—exhibiting to an astonished and admiring world the struggles of a great people shaking off their chains, and breaking in pieces the manacles of their former bondage;—presenting to our view every virtue and every vice that can exalt or debase human nature;—painting, with the lively energy of enthusiastic genius, the triumphs of liberty and the blessings to be enjoyed by a free people—waving garlands for the brave, and strewing laurels over the tombs of those who had died for their country;—and, finally, exulting, with an eloquence commanding and energetic, over the new birth of a new constitution; yet presenting, in perspective, and often undiminished and in full view, the riot of intoxicated success, and the ruthless barbarism of private revenge and public retribution;—man, savaged by his former sufferings and divested of mercy, and woman, the consoler of his fate, disrobed of her fairest ornaments, intercession and humanity, striding over the slain, and insulting the falling victim. These are the scenes that have agitated and surprised all Europe; and, as the varying acts, or roused disdain, or raised its admiration, have drawn from that great auditory a condemnation or applause that has divided the theatre.

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This sympathy, my Lord, (to carry the allusion a little further) has spread so universally, that those who should have sat silent and “looked tamely on” became partisans of this or that side of the question, and have espoused the cause of the French or of the Allies with ten times more rancour than ever agitated the Imperial residence of the great Constantine, during the disputes between the Green and Blue factions. Nay, so bigotted are men in their opinions, that some, forgetting their own pertinacity, persecute their opponents with rancour and animosity; and the governments of Europe are so vigilant or so suspicious, that to deliver an abstract opinion, or discuss a general doctrine that may vary in a point from their established system, incurs a penalty to the author little short of treason or the pillory.

Weak and foolish men! who suppose that persecution can destroy a sect;—who do not reflect that, by smothering a flame, we make it blaze the stronger, and that the perverseness of human nature is such, that the more we resist the current of opinion, the higher it rises, and the more force it acquires till its waves overtop their feeble barriers, and we are overwhelmed in the inundation.—No, my Lord, your administration will not, I trust, be stained with state prosecutions, but a system of union promoted that shall render them unnecessary. Those massy pillars that support the constitution, the LIBERTY of the PRESS, the TRIAL BY JURY, and the RIGHTS OF REPRESENTATION, which,
undermined

undermined and stripped of their capitals, stand, dismantled monuments of an edifice sinking to decay, will be restored to their just proportions and long lost ornaments. Again let them rise majestic, and let there be inscribed on their entablatures the names of Russel, Sidney, and of Somers;—those illustrious statesman who combated for freedom, or died for their country. The friends of the people will guard the rising edifice committed to your care, for it is they alone can conciliate. But, my Lord, *half measures* will be of no avail towards restoring the people to their long lost confidence in their rulers. A *total change* of men and measures must sooner or later be adopted, and I sincerely hope the glory may be reserved for you and your friends, finally, to effect it. It must cast a radiance round your character, and will not discredit the confidence your Sovereign has reposed in you.

I am, my Lord, &c.

L E T T E R III.

MY LORD,

I HAD entertained the fond hope that in all my communications with your Lordship, I should have had only to point out measures that called for redress, and reprobate abuses which you could remedy;—that my task would be that merely of a concealed friend and adviser, who wished well to your person and to those who were most likely to act with you; and my knowledge of your character, corroborated by what report spoke of you, inclined me to believe that your mind was of too elevated a cast, to endure any bonds but those imposed by affection or duty.—But when I hear of concessions made to some, and compensations to others, tending to place you in an unworthy point of view, can I be silent?—Can I stoop with unbecoming adulation to applaud an act which must tend to tarnish the lustre of a character so deservedly esteemed, and calculated to call down on your administration the suspicions of the people? What! my Lord,—was there no other mode to get rid of old and hardened offenders, but by
offers

offers of compensation and reversionary grants? If compensations of this sort were preconceived in England by the Minister, to remunerate his friends here; and that their removal from office was only to be purchased at such a price;—I can but regret that unhappy state of politics which made it necessary for you to accept the government of this country upon such terms. But if, on the contrary, it was an act of free-agency, and a liberality of your own, that sent those men out of office, rejoicing in the prospect of future titles and emoluments, I am constrained to say it was an act highly reprehensible.—The persons, who are likely to succeed them, I must admit, are deservedly dear to this country, and well entitled to the best employments it can furnish. But, much as they are respected, I should hesitate to provide even for them, through the means of a practice so fatal to the prospects of others, and destructive of those resources which future Chief-governors should possess for the maintenance and reward of the rising generation.

That critical and coy moment that waits for no man, and which, once lost, so seldom returns, passed away inauspicious to this country, when the Parent and the Patriot strove together, and the interests of the Land succumbed to maternal tenderness.*—Had your Lordship accepted the Government

* This alludes to the circumstance (perhaps not generally known) of Lord Fitzwilliam's declining the Government of Ireland, in August last, through the solicitude of his Countess for her Son's education in England.

on that eventful day, when Fame announced your appointment here,—when Nature and the Seasons invited you, and Expectation stood on our shores with anxious gaze awaiting your arrival—all had been well.—The enemies to freedom had fallen.—Their reeling squadrons had not had time to rally,—their ranks would have been broken—their adherents dispersed—and your triumph, and that of your friends, had been compleat——But the dæmon of Discord was busy and the Genius of Ireland had fled.

By the dismissal of those persons, some of whom I have alluded to, a system of oppression, that threatened the subversion of all social order, has received its death blow.—That High-priest of Prerogative, who has heretofore rode triumphant on the necks of the people, curtailed in his privileges, no more can hope for incense from his followers. The legal benefits he conferred on those vassals who upheld his maxims of subjugation and tyranny are no more within his reach.—The black train of spies and informers, which supplied pabulum to the favourites whom he fostered, have slunk away in hopeless dejection.—

That prompt officiousness which sprang forward, with jejune alacrity, in the pursuit of state prosecutions, where prerogative was to be upheld and liberty laid prostrate, must now resume its former habits nor flippant folly again presume with glib Garrulity to prate of *Privileges*.

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That haughty fastidiousness which marked the upstart in authority, and made him brow-beat his inferiors in station, but which could, occasionally, be softened and mellowed down, by his fears, into the semblance of reserve and the affectation of dignity, must now be checked with prudent precaution, lest clients should forsake the pedant out of office, and the skill of the technical conveyancer be exerted to redeem the errors of the miserable crown-lawyer.—In fine, that fit and ready instrument of oppression in every shape—that clumsy and common-place advocate for despotism, who could ape the Bashaw while in office, and yet fawn and crouch with abject servility on his more contemptible patron—the slave of his caprices and the awkward imitator of his loose levities—must now content himself with every legal offal, and the professional drudge, chained down to his writing desk, no longer be permitted, like an hungry wolf, to prowl at large, and prey upon the public.

The abolition of the infamous and inefficient establishment of POLICE, calculated more for patronage than protection, I am happy to find, is to be the first peace-offering made to the city, and those salutary measures of reform, to which opposition were pledged, unconditionally granted.—This leading object accomplished, the people look to others, of perhaps no inferior magnitude, and

and a few more splendid victims remain to be sacrificed, as a propitiatory offering, on the altar of offended justice. In every change one or more must be made unhappy;—and it will be for your Lordship to determine, into which scale you will throw the weight to make it preponderate:—that, which contains the hopes and the happiness of the nation, or this, to which the repinings and regrets of an official junto cling reluctant.

The CONSTITUTION OF THE REVENUE, that great channel of Commercial wealth has been made the vehicle of corruption, and in the hands of an unprincipled ruler, the patronage annexed to it was a fatal instrument of fraud.—In the language of true Whiggism*, “ the Board has been divided, and sinecure offices split “ for the same unconstitutional and venal purposes, “ to multiply the number of commissioners, for “ no other purpose than to encrease the influence “ of the minister, and gratify the individual ;” and in many offices the receipts have not amounted to the salaries.—Palaces were reared and assigned to the first and second Commissioners ; and furnished with a magnificence, and at an expence, unheard of and unparalleled :—yet no Parliamentary inquiry took place, and these luxurious embezzlements

* *Vide* Resolutions and Declarations of the Whig Club.

were ranked under the head of *Secret-Service-money*, and *Extraordinaries* !!!

Let me indulge the hope, my Lord, that in time these abuses will be inquired into and rectified, and that the Treasury Bench may be no longer incumbered with clumsy financiers, and simpering Commissioners;—Let us imitate at least one virtue attached to the Constitution of our Sister Kingdom, and, by incapacitating Commissioners of the Revenue from holding Seats in Parliament and their subalterns from voting at elections, gain one step towards a Reform of the Commons-House.

The spawn dropped by each retiring Lord Lieutenant has increased beyond all endurance, and the resources of the country are inadequate to sustain the swarm that infests every department. They cling together, “knöt, and engender,” and, having filled themselves with the good things of the land, fall off, and are succeeded by others as foul and ravenous. Ireland resembles the fox in the fable, who, having a sore spot upon him, and being tormented by flies, was content to let them remain, lest others, more greedy might succeed, and suck out all the blood that was left. The vermin we are plagued with are not only glutted, but they have deposited their eggs where they are most likely to become productive, and they have burrowed in the constitution

tution of the state till they have reduced it to a mass of rottenness.

One of those foreign pests, imported by Lord Townshend, has proved as great a curse to this country as any that ever fell upon it. Recommended to that nobleman by a fawning submission, the characteristic of his countrymen, he “wormed” himself into his good graces, and, as Scotchmen seldom overlook the main-chance, this sorry adventurer whose obsequiousness first introduced him to notice, was thought a fit person to represent * *Jack Robinson* in this country, and the RED-BOOK having been once committed to his custody—no one sooner learned the art of his mystery. Placed in his niche in the House of Commons, this † “*living image of corruption*,” night after night, sat calculating the odds of the state game of hazard, till at length he set up for himself, and by a lucky throw was established in office. A villa was now purchased, with a true Caledonian forecast, for the convenience and repose of each new Lord Lieutenant; and, by the tender of accommodation and refreshment at this his little Baïæ and a shrewd management of time and circumstances, he so contrived it, as to be the

* This was the personage through whom Jenkinson, and afterwards Pitt, dispensed the bounties of the treasury to indigent members of Parliament.

† *Non meus hic sermo*:—This portrait was drawn by the late Henry Flood, and the likeness is a striking one.

humble

humble servant of each in his turn. By a judicious adaptation of trifles to their humours and inclinations, he flattered the vices and lulled the suspicions of all;—even of the *chaste* and *wary* Buckingham, who could not be prevailed on to dismiss his kind host and friendly entertainer: and, in order to rivet this attachment the stronger, his children received in succession the name of each new patron of their father's virtues; and Townshend, Harcourt and Buckingham, by an happy climax, stand the family nomenclature*.

This is the minion who has crouched to every viceroy, and whom every viceroy has rewarded:—who has felt the pulse of each needy senator, and, if indignant virtue spurned at the proffered bribe, has passed off the affront with the semblance of wine and the affectation of inebriated jocularities. Not content with accumulating wealth, and enriching himself by new loans and new lotteries, he has called, from the bleak and barren mountains of the North, his brawny and bare-legged kinsfolk;—for whom also he has amply provided.

That a fellow of this description should have enjoyed the fruits of his accommodating pliability, for a number of years, without enquiry or molestation, has been the disgrace of your predecessors, and has deservedly rendered them odious. The

* Has Mrs. * * * proved no longer prolific, or shall the name of Wentworth grace another bantling?

cup of iniquity which was nearly emptied before, and of which others had drank largely, it was reserved for this man to exhaust:—*Ille impiger hausit spumantem pateram*—He has drained the chalice to the lowest and the foulest—*lees*.

But the period is, I hope, arrived, when such characters will be scrutinized, and a vigilant enquiry take place in a department which, being the depository of national correspondence, ought to be guarded as the sanctuary of private opinion and public confidence. If any thing in a commercial country should be more sacred than another, it is the department where both repose secure in the good faith of government and the safeguard of the laws. A violation of that trust is a stab inflicted not only on the interests of the state, but on the liberty of the subject, and an inquisition is established in the very bosom of the constitution.

But, my Lord, if there are abuses existing in public offices that demand redress—the manners of the court itself call not less loudly for reformation. The castle, instead of being the resort of the first and fairest characters in the land, has been deserted, as a place impure, where no staid foot should enter, and our late *virtuous* Viceroy has been made the dupe of meretricious artifices. You, my Lord, have no depraved appetites to indulge, no concealed vices to gratify: the snug and convenient rendezvous, so commodious to another, is useless to you. Surrounded by
 blessings

blessings, as you are, the pleasures of domestic enjoyments will relieve the labours and the cares of office. The maternal fondness of your truly amiable and affectionate Countess will incline her to withdraw herself from the foul air engendered in those apartments, so lately dedicated to the most shameless abandonment, and induce her to consign a portion of her time and tenderness on the moral education of a son, on whom the hopes of his illustrious family repose. But, if the dignity of her station demands a sacrifice to fashion and the splendour of Court etiquette, (the bane alike of domestic happiness and the tranquil enjoyments of the heart) the pride of conscious worth must support her in the exercise of so severe a duty, and the dignified demeanour of the modest matron will repel the bold obtrusion of the fashionable demirep.

My Lord, the filthy and obscene vermin that have clung to, and defiled, the robe of office, *must* be brushed off, nor the purity of *your* household be profaned by pimps and panders.—That licentiousness, so disgraceful to female character, banished far, should now retire, at least from the Castle, and the representative of his Sovereign appear as he ought, the protector of religion and the laws—the patron of merit, and himself the example of chaste manners and correct morals.

I am, my Lord, &c.

LETTER

 LETTER IV.

MY LORD,

I CANNOT too frequently inculcate the necessity of a TOTAL AND RADICAL REFORM; nor should the man who wishes well to his country, and feels the pressure of impending danger, shrink from a duty imposed on every citizen in the state, "to cry aloud and spare not,"—when he sees the welfare of the whole put in jeopardy.—He affords himself at least this consolation in the hour of calamity—that he has done his duty. Believe me, my Lord, the friends of the people are the only peace-makers, and in order to obtain their entire confidence, the sacrifice expected should be unqualified—AN ENTIRE CHANGE OF MEN AND MEASURES.

It has been held an established maxim in physicks as well as ethicks—that "a part should be sacrificed for the preservation of the whole;" the rule applies equally to politics, and the axe should be laid vigorously to the root of the evil. A corrupt portion has been divided—but the whole has not been eradicated, and while a single sucker from the

the old stock remains, new shoots may be expected to spring forth and impede the progress of cultivation. This sacrifice, if it can be called one, is due, my Lord, to your own dignity, and the consistency of your measures.

If those placemen and pensioners, created by the breath of the plastic Buckingham, are not dismissed—your administration will be blown upon.—If the regency jobs are to remain in *statu quo*, the MAN OF THE PEOPLE will never coalesce:—that man who has monopolized almost the whole of my admiration and esteem, and has left but a second place in my heart, for your Lordship and a few others.

Must I then see you for ever divided?—Shall the dereliction of a few contemptible individuals, foisted on your bounty, make you hesitate in the adoption of this honourable cartel?—Will not your kindred mind expand to meet a disinterested proposition, if such proposition has yet been conveyed to you,—from the man who has been the friend of your youth, and the associate in your principles, and from whom an unhappy difference in opinion has politically severed you?—Unhappy to you, my Lord—but glorious for him.—Unhappy!—because you have lost the participation in so great a portion of his heroic sufferings;—calumniated and reviled as he has been through the most infamous agency, and by the dissemination of the most atrocious calumnies,

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to excite and inflame the public mind against him.—Has he not said, you shall have his best support, provided you break in pieces the idol of incivism, demolish the shrine erected by the REGENCY BILL, and disperse the priests of Baal? Is this difficult to accede to, or must the temple of the constitution be defiled by fresh idolatries?—The ingenuous mind which shines apparent through his manly visage is in this most luminous;—he can forget and forgive the friends who have forsaken him;—afford him an opportunity of amicable adjustment, and he will return to their embraces;—but cherish those fanged adders, the progeny of Buckingham, and he cannot approach you. Regenerate the land to which you have been sent, on an apostolic mission, by the expulsion of that reptile race it has so long nourished, and WAR shall no longer divide you.

Suffer me, therefore, to point your attention to those of the old leaven, who having supported his administration and been the avowed abettors of the Regency Bill, have either by address, through family connection, or the intercession of friendship, still retained their stations.—They have been the first to hail your arrival, and levee your secretary—but believe me, my Lord, when I say such men are not to be confided in.

If a sputtering and consequential prater, a *prime* mover in state mechanism—the coy and covert partisan of that measure which aimed at the sub-
version

version of the Sovereignty of Ireland, should obtrude with a tender of his support, and feigned congratulations—repel him with disdain ;—he possessed not the confidence of the party he *would* have served, and he can neither be true, or necessary, to your administration.—Let him therefore be dismissed ;—his removal will make a vacancy for some, more congenial to your principles and the public at large—leave him to *ruminate*, at leisure, his legal *quiddities*, and exercise his sagacity in the detection of a flaw, or the dexterous management of a notice, a species of legerdemain no juggler can be more expert in.

Private regards have often been the bane of public benefits, and every human creature has been in his turn the dupe or victim of his predilections. It is perhaps this unfortunate, though not unamiable, infirmity, that has sustained in office men unfit to sit on the same bench, or participate in the same councils, with their patrons and protectors, and that has induced an interference which, though to be lamented, I cannot condemn with asperity.—It reflects honor on the friend, while it discredits the Patriot.

It cannot but embarrass the supporters of your administration to confer with a man whose clumsy fastidiousness was irksome to his former friends, and must prove offensive to his present associates.—This his affected roughness is not, believe me, the homely garb in which honest worth arrays itself ; it is the imposing semblance of manners which
have

has been accounted by the world,—the external sign of stubborn and unaffailable integrity, but which, nevertheless, conceals a shrewd and crafty knowledge of man's weakness, and a promptness and alacrity to profit by them.—A

“ ————— fellow,
 “ Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
 “ A saucy roughness ; and constrains the garb,
 “ Quite from his nature :—he cannot flatter,—he !—
 “ An honest mind and plain :—*he* must speak truth,
 “ And they will take it, so ;—if not, he's plain.
 “ These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
 “ Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
 “ Than twenty filly ducking observants,
 “ That stretch their duties nicely.”

The exception made in favour of this man, has been convenient, I admit, towards obtaining information ; and, as the chief of the gang was ready to peach, it was prudent to respite him ;—but, having extended that mercy—through necessity alone—you should act towards him as I could with all informers to be acted by ;—suspend him speedily.

The enormous deficit in the public Revenues, which remains unexplained and unaccounted for, in a very few years, demands immediate Parliamentary enquiry ; and the Treasury-accounts have been so negligently kept, or are so wilfully defective, that no light has been thrown on the expenditure of the public money ; nor have there been any documents brought forward, tending to explain, or elucidate the most flagrant defalcations ; a pursuit which

which even the financiering Buckingham, with all his arithmetical skill and accuracy, was forced to relinquish as hopeless.—Let me ask, my Lord, in the name of justice, what has become of the defaulters?—Will no public functionary impeach?—Has no official character come forward to give evidence?—Are the whole gang faithful to each other?—Has conscience, or self-preservation, dictated to no one of them the necessity of an open and immediate confession?

Their uniform and total silence on a robbery of such monstrous magnitude, and daring depravity, evinces that they all were more, or less, "*participes in crimine*,"—and to a man they should be cut off.

The Board of Treasury was a novel institution in this country; and, like most *modern improvements*, was calculated for patronage alone.—What reformation, give me leave to ask, was made in the appropriation, or issuing, of the public money by those noble Lords, so wise and disinterested?—Did they fill up the chasms,—or even expose to view that immense *hiatus* that threatens to swallow up national credit?—No!—they sat and were silent.—They were occupied, like the crafty Calonne, with inventing expedients to procrastinate the calamity, or divert the public attention from the impending bankruptcy; they received their salaries, and paid their compliments to the Lord Lieutenant—and that was doing sufficient.. I blush, with indignation, when I contemplate the

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hardened and incorrigible effrontery of such characters;—and the pen almost drops from my hand, when I come to state the amount of this *deficit*, which in the course of fifteen or sixteen years has arisen—to—£.600,000—unaccounted for.—£.600,000 issued out of the Treasury without a King's letter!—Sometimes unknown to the Lord Lieutenant, and without even his warrant—for what?—for nothing;—no specific or appropriate object or purpose assigned or specified; and now after the lapse of fifteen or sixteen years impossible to identify.—Great God!—Where has justice slept all this time?—How was patriotism and public virtue occupied?—and is it only *now*, that the people are to be told the dreadful truth?—Even the head of the Exchequer had not nerve enough, with all his boisterous and clumsy materialism, to expose to public view the naked and impoverished state of national credit, and slunk to England to negotiate a new loan—for what?—Shall I speak out?—To pay the interest of Government securities, fallen near 30 per cent. in their value!—

If something be not done, and that speedily, I know not where this enormity will end.—We have been borrowing money, and contracting loans at a vast premium, to pay the interest of former debts; and, having mortgaged the last acre of the national demesne, Ireland must send her harp to the pawn-broker, if justice does not interpose between her and her creditors.—Yet we are
 plausibly

plausibly told, " there is money enough in the
 " Treasury to answer all possible demands—that
 " England owes £100,000 for military payments,
 " and therefore—" Ireland is in Credit!"—
 " tho' £1,600,000, is proposed to be raised by
 " loan, exclusive of taxes, at 5 per cent. interest
 " and an annuity."*—And this is the way in which
 Ireland is proved to be in CREDIT! This is
 demonstration with a vengeance;—and appears to
 me a singular mode of proving the prosperity of
 the country,—because a few Jew-brokers and
 money-lenders have been induced, by the offer
 of an annuity, to redeem the nation from imme-
 diate bankruptcy.

If that power and patronage, which I am in-
 clined to think you possess, has been granted
 unconditionally, how happens it, my Lord, that
 the persons I have described are continued in
 office—and that many others of inferior note
 keep their places, and enjoy their salaries, while
 some of the steadiest and most uniform opposers
 of their corrupt influence, remain unprovided
 for?—I speak not of those hungry mendicants,
 who cluster round every new viceroy, in hopes
 of state scraps and the sweepings of office; nor
 yet of those importunate retainers who croud
 the anti-chamber;—an hireling band, the scum

* *Vide* Chancellor of the Exchequer's Statement on opening
 the Budget.

and refuse of former administrations :—But of those men who have heretofore inveighed with honest indignation against profligacy and peculation ;—who are too independent to crouch—too proud to solicit.—Such men should not be repelled by coldness or neglect, nor their services lost to the public, through any squeamish qualm, or dubious procrastination. The desperate effort of a dying junto, goaded by rashness and led on by folly, must be opposed with steadiness and strength, and this forlorn hope, cut off from all intellectual succour, can make but a feeble resistance against the united powers of reason and eloquence.—The loss of a true friend is irreparable ; neglect may alienate the best intentioned ; let it not therefore, be said, that like Brutus, friendship gave the blow.

I know your Lordship's intentions are the best and purest ;—virtue and honor it is true may hesitate ; but when *secrecy and celerity* should be made the order of the day, neither preference should be permitted to plead, nor execution be procrastinated.—Strike the victims while they are yet reeking from their abominations, and taken with the *manner* upon them ; nor by an irresolute postponement of the sentence—suffer them to meditate and contrive additional enormities.—

My Lord, the length of this letter warns me that it is time to conclude, before I exhaust
your

your patience, or weaken my own resources; the hints I have given may help to guide you through the devious paths of this political wilderness.— You will, I am convinced, act with the same temperate and steady conduct, that has marked you out, in troublous times like the present, as a fit person to govern this country; and we may hope to see the sun of your administration set serene and unclouded by the lowerings of discontent and dissatisfaction.

I am, my Lord, &c.

LETTER

LETTER V.

MY LORD,

THE unpromising aspect of affairs on the Continent, and the late disastrous turn they have taken, force me, however reluctant, to address to you a few observations on that subject;—a subject of the last importance to this country, and on which I but slightly touched in a former letter, aware of your Lordship's opinions on that head, and fearful to wound a sensibility, which, I knew, was as prompt to acknowledge an error, as it was ready to punish the violation of humanity, by which it had been occasioned. It was that extreme delicacy of mental fibre, that hurried you into the approbation of a War, I admit, waged against a people, ferocious and sanguinary in the first paroxysms of their resentment, and polluted by the blood of their unhappy Sovereign. It was sympathy at the fate of his unfortunate Queen, and the amiable Elizabeth, that kept alive the vengeance which was hurled against their executioners; and in the contemplation of *their* sufferings, you forgot, my Lord, those of your country: but

but "what was Hecuba to us, or we to Hecuba, that we should *bleed* for her?" And where was reason and humanity, when the destroying angel was let loose, and the minister pronounced it a war, *ad internecionem*?—A war that has laid waste the fairest provinces of the earth, and swept away with unrelenting fury, a large portion of the human race, amongst which was the flower of your countrymen.—A war of opinions.—A war that has changed its aspect with the event of every skirmish, and of which ministers know not, at this day, the object or the motive: though our armies have been beaten and are melted away, and our commerce has been injured, nay, almost annihilated;—though our country has been menaced with hostile invasion, and each Gazette is the chronicle of foreign losses and defeats, and of domestic sorrows and private bankruptcies;—in fine, a war, which has overturned established principles and established governments; and in which fate and the elements seem to have fought against us.—In such a perplexing uncertainty, the mind of the devout, unable to unravel so novel and complicated a chain of circumstances, cuts the Gordian knot—by recurring to the mysterious designations of an all-ruling providence, and the chastisements of the Almighty!!!—But the eye of philosophy, not filled with mystic reveries, applies its powers to investigate the natural order of events, by recurring to *first* principles; coolly analyzes the heterogeneous mass,—contemplates from an elevated

vated distance, the jarring opinions of mankind ;—surveys the heaving chaos, struggling into form, and unimpassioned views the moral change,—as far as man can view dispassionately, a series of events, each day start forth so interesting to humanity.

But, my Lord, the first impression of indignation having subsided ; let me hope that the interests of your native country, as well as the welfare of that to which you are now affianced, will prevail over human frailty ;—let me hope that the man and the christian having done their duty, and a tear being wiped from the eye of compassion, that the veil may be withdrawn, which obscured the vision of the mourner.—For the period is now arrived, when neither human pity, nor human effort to relieve, can aught avail. The victims are slain,—and the grave cannot give up its dead.—Let us therefore, look to *ourselves*, and contemplate, with a cool and unprejudiced mind, what part we are now called upon to act.

The division of parties in England, I do not hesitate to declare, procrastinated the war ; and the pretext set up to gloss over its continuance, namely, the navigation of the Scheldt, not only lost Holland and the Netherlands, but has bestowed on Great-Britain, by a reciprocation of civilities, the honor of maintaining the House of Orange, which she before gave to France, in the person
of

of James when a voluntary exile—and we too may participate with her in generosity, by having the Stadtholder a pensioner on the Irish establishment.

This war whose uncertain source and devious progress, like the waters of Nile, have heretofore baffled our research, “*occuluitque caput quod adhuc latet;*” like her coy fountains, took its rise from an humble origin, and, as the traveller who astounded by its cataracts, his mind raised to admiration by the expansion of its bosom, expects to view it issuing in foaming torrents from some ruptured mountain,—or swelling in majestic fulness from some mighty lake, sees, with surprize, a shallow opening, and a scanty rill cover the land and fructify all Egypt. So we, contemplating the devastations of this war, and the importance of its termination—look in vain, to broken treaties and the interests of great empires for its origin.—For its consequences—alas! have we felt them too severely already.—In vain, have we scanned the vast map of partition;—in vain have we contemplated the *Balance of Power*;—in that we could find no encroachment of limits,—in this, the beam stands horizontal and unshaken.—

No,—it originated with one man;—an enthusiastic declaimer for chivalry, who, like Peter the hermit, concealed under a Jesuit’s cowl a rancorous and unforgiving temper; and a pertinacious adherence to opinions engendered in the recesses of a cloister, and brought to maturity by

the heat of a fanciful and disordered imagination. Hence this modern Crusade, that has stained with blood and carnage all Europe, and immolated on the altar of female beauty, depicted by the hand of our modern Apelles, myriads of human victims—an offering at the shrine of his favourite saint—the beauteous and unhappy Marie Antoinette!!—

In speaking of this unfortunate princess, who has called forth all Mr. Burke's eloquence, and made him forget his years,—let me not be supposed to ridicule or insult the memory of fallen greatness; or, by a brutal farcism, violate the ashes of her, who once had every requisite to charm and whose misfortunes must awaken all our sympathy.—No! unhappy Antoinette, your beauties and your sufferings, which once called forth my admiration and my tears, live impressed on my memory, and your errors are obliterated from my recollection, when I reflect on the severe expiation you have made.

But the furious and sanguinary atonement demanded by Mr. Burke, argues a mind diseased, and adds to the number of his political inconsistencies*—What!—the humane philanthropist—the

* The author of the celebrated Letter on the French Revolution—and the advocate of Monarchy, in the debate on the address to the Prince of Wales during the King's incapacity, 27th January 1789,—used these memorable expressions, characteristic of his loyalty and highly illustrative of his subsequent conduct—"If he were asked did he hate a *Republican speculation*, he could answer no—he loved, he revered,—he adored

Indian intercessor! whose active and unwearied humanity neither slumbered nor slept when offended justice demanded his assistance; who exhausted the midnight lamp in framing charges and composing Phillipics, against a modern Verres, that were to send him down to posterity, ranked with Demosthenes and Cicero!!—The friend of Afric and emancipation—exhausting his powers in the pursuit of one daring offender, yet forgetful of the sufferings of his country;—labouring to bring *one* victim to justice by a lingering and painful examination, and inflicting on his harassed mind the tortures of a State-Inquisitor;—while the rights of Magna Charta were violated, to stretch him on the rack. Yet sending, in cold blood, and dispassionately, *thousands* of his country-men, to bleed in the cause of a Sovereign to whom *he* had sworn no allegiance; and enlisting himself under the banners of a man whom he had been accustomed to revile, for the sole purpose of subduing Frenchmen!!——Throwing off the companions of his youth, and the friends of his political fortunes, to support a minister who had uniformly

the true principles of a Republic—“Oh Republic!” exclaimed Mr. Burke, “*how art thou libelled—how art thou prostituted, buffooned and burlesqued!*—Oh! fabric, built after so many ages, and cemented by the blood of patriots, how art thou degraded, &c.!!!

treated

treated *him* with * derision and contempt, and held him up as a maniac and a dotard to the world; and, finally, receiving the reward of his duplicity, by accepting a pension from his Sovereign, whom he had formerly attempted to starve, † in his rage for economy; and whom he pronounced to have been “hurled by God from his throne,” ‡ while suffering an incapacity that interested the feelings of all Europe.—Yet that Sovereign has been insulted by the introduction of this man into his cabinet, whose madness, or whose folly, recommended a war of extermination against human reason and the human race.

Though I lament the domestic losses and disappointments of an individual, perhaps amiable in private life; and though it may appear ungenerous to goad the heart already stricken by providence in the loss of an only child; yet when I consider the fathers that have lost *their* sons, and the mothers that have wept over their first-born, in the progress of this accursed war, and look back on the advisers of it, the sorrows of

* In the debate on the King's speech, when the Marquis of Lansdown was Minister, and Pitt Chancellor of the Exchequer, the latter declared that he *despised* Burke, and that expression became the signal for a general and unremitting abuse.—Yet Burke coalesces in 1794, with the man who had declared publicly his contempt of him.

† Alluding to Burke's bill for retrenchment and economy in the household.

‡ This memorable expression on the Regency bill needs no comment.

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the individual are obliterated from my mind by the tears of thousands, and, in the universal execration of mankind, I no longer hear the broken sighs of the hoary politician, who lost sight of such accumulated horrors, in the pursuit of a ruling passion, or the vanity of upholding an opinion. Trained up from his youth in the doctrines of infallibility, and bred and educated in the school of rigid and strict discipline,—a Church-militant, from his cradle, and accustomed to obey the general of his order;—his reveries ran on discipline and military tactics, and his first essay has proved the destruction of thousands of his fellow creatures !!!

Mr. Burke has been accounted a man of reading;—where did he find examples to warrant the commencement of such a war, or authorities to support it? I will call to his recollection, if it be not too much broken and enfeebled, like his wit, the opinions of some statesmen and philosophers, on this important question.

Permit me, therefore, my Lord, to state a few authorities, which seem to have been neglected, or forgotten, in the general and unreflecting enthusiasm of the times, and which Mr. Pitt, statesman as he is, appears never to have perused or heard of, against the political PRINCIPLE, that should ever deter a *commercial* country, being an insulated maritime state, from entering into a continental war, like the present.

Great-

“ Great-Britain is an island: and whilst nations
 “ on the continent are at an immense charge in
 “ maintaining their barriers, and perpetually on
 “ their guard, and frequently embroiled to ex-
 “ tend or strengthen them, Great-Britain may,
 “ if her governors please, accumulate wealth in
 “ maintaining her’s; make herself secure from
 “ invasions, and be ready to invade others, when
 “ her own immediate interest or the general interest
 “ of Europe requires it; of all which Queen
 “ Elizabeth’s reign is a memorable example and
 “ undeniable proof.”*

Where, my Lord, was the *general interest* of Europe concerned? Or what principle of policy called on us to risque our commercial advantages in the prosecution of such a crusade?—If *our wise governors had pleased*, we might have been the carriers to all the rest of Europe; England, as the great depot of military stores and provisions, might have maintained an armed neutrality, and after having strengthened and enriched herself at the expence of the belligerent powers,—might have asserted her superiority—wielded her trident over the ocean and commanded peace.—This would have elevated her in the eyes of surrounding nations, made her the emporium of Commerce and arbitress to all Europe. If the *balance of power*, so much talked of and so little understood, was to be preserved at any risk, why did not the

* Idea of a Patriot King.

British Flag wave triumphant on the shores of the Baltic?—A naval force might have appalled the Semiramis of the North, and obliged her to check her ambitious progress. Why were not our fleets and armies employed in a better cause?—Poland, snatched from the talons of the Black Eagle, had then gratefully acknowledged her obligations to Great-Britain.

While Catharine invaded the Crimea, with an army of Cossacks, and Oczakow was taken by assault, while the Ottoman Porte trembled for the fate of Constantinople,—and her crescent was died in blood;—England remained an unconcerned spectator, and saw that vast empire expand itself from the Frozen ocean to the Black sea.—

We negotiated, it is true, with Prussia, and assembled a fleet at Spithead, which was to awe the northern despot at Petersburg; but this impotent armament ended in gasconade, and has affixed on Pitt—the epithet bestowed on him by the dying Mirabeau.—“ *Ministre préparitif.*”

This *balance of power* then, which has cost England so much blood and treasure to preserve, is at an end, and experience has shewn, that a system founded on the vague speculations of wild theorists, is as little calculated to maintain tranquillity among nations, as the Cartesian vortices were to account for the phenomena of Nature, and the revolutions of the Planets. A great volcano had exploded, and, instead of removing from the eruption and the smোক,—till its fury was spent,
and

and the torrents of Lava, that had threatened devastation, began to subside and fertilize the soil they had covered,—we rush to the very mouth of the crater, through a prying curiosity, or an experimental rage; and, by a frantic precipitation or a foolish philosophy, have incapacitated ourselves from enjoying the advantages of our own local situation, or assisting and supporting the cause of our allies.

It was our own interest—“ to advise and warn; to abet and oppose;” and not, “ officiously, to enter
 “ into action, much less into engagements that implied action and expence.”—We should have left other nations, “ like the Velites or light-armed troops, to stand foremost in the field and skirmish perpetually; but when a great war began, we should have looked on, ~~like~~ the powers of the continent, to whom we incline, like the two first lines, the Principes and Hastati of a Roman army: and on ourselves, like the Triarii, that are not to charge with these Legions on every occasion, but to be ready for the conflict whenever the fortune of the day, be it sooner or later, called us to it, or the *sum* of things, or the *general* interest, made it necessary.*”

This my Lord, was the true policy which should have been adopted.—Had the dispassionate and cool authority been consulted, which I have just now quoted in the abstract, and applied to the

* Idea of a Patriot King.

present system of politicks, Chauvelin had not been dismissed with hauteur; nor the treaty of *Pilnitz* been the æra from which we are to date all our calamities.—That accursed treaty, so secretly negotiated, and which, like a meditated assassination, shunned the day, was the fatal rock on which the policy of the minister struck, and the interests of the nation were wrecked, ~~upon~~.—

“ That minister “ who, as a politician is
 “ too *vain* to think coolly; too *impetuous* to deli-
 “ *berate*, and whose case will one day prove (pray
 “ Heaven the application may not be prophetic)
 “ that the *summit* of Fortune’s wheel is most dan-
 “ gerous, whilst those who sit near its axis are
 “ secure and easy.”*—That wheel, whose revolutions, for three years past, has brought nothing but misfortune and defeat, may now be expected to take another turn, if we will but open our eyes to surrounding dangers, and, before it be too late, impede its rapid progress. The hand which gave it the first direction and *impetus*, you, my Lord, cannot remove; but it is, nevertheless, in your power to weaken its force, by the wisdom of your councils and the energy of your administration. It can never be too late to retract an error, and I am sure it will never be your interest or inclination, by increasing the disorder, to impede the cure, and, by adding obstinacy to impolicy, bar the door against reconci-

* Burton’s character of the Ancients.

liation.—For, reconciliation is yet within our reach, if we use those means towards obtaining peace, upon honorable terms, for ourselves, which we might have exerted in mediating for others.

“ That was the post of advantage and honor,
 “ which our singular situation among the powers
 “ of Europe should have determined us to take,
 “ in all disputes that happened on the continent.
 “ If we neglect and dissipate our strength, on
 “ occasions that touch it remotely or indirectly,
 “ we are governed by men who do not know
 “ the true interests of these islands, or who have
 “ some *other interest* more at heart. If we ad-
 “ here to it, so, at least, as to deviate little and
 “ seldom from it, as we shall do when we are
 “ wisely and honestly governed, *then* will this
 “ nation make her proper figure;—and a great
 “ one it will be. By a continual attention to
 “ improve her natural, that is, her *maritime*
 “ strength, by collecting all her forces *within*
 “ herself, and reserving them to be laid out on
 “ great occasions, such as regard her *immediate*
 “ interests and her power, or such as are truly
 “ important to the general system of power in
 “ Europe; she may be the arbiter of differences,
 “ the guardian of liberty, and the preserver of
 “ that *balance* so much talked of, and so little
 “ understood.”*

* Idea of a Patriot King.

This my Lord, would indeed have been the true policy;—how Burke and Pitt overlooked it I cannot divine. They had perhaps—“ *other interests more at heart.*” What they might have been I shall treat of hereafter, and relinquishing the consideration of those remote causes which led to this detestable war, for the present, resume the subject in another letter.—’Till when, I remain—

My Lord, &c.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

MY LORD,

IN the conclusion of my last letter, I was led to suppose that those persons who were most zealous for the continuance of the war, had "other interests more at heart," than the commercial advantages and general welfare of the nation. And I was fortified in the supposition, not only by the abstract policy that *should* govern a maritime state, in avoiding a continental war; fortified as I was by a current of authorities:—but by the disasters and defeats which happened during its continuance, that have, in my mind, established the general maxim, beyond the possibility of a doubt, or the danger of a contradiction.—Nay, the authorities I have alluded to support me still farther, and I feel myself warranted by them in saying, that had England succeeded in her efforts against France, the wounds she had received during the conflict, in her finances and commerce, had scarcely been healed in a century;—as was the case during all her wars on the continent, and lately in that with America.

Though

Though the *pride* of the nation might have been gratified, and a few individuals enriched by her conquests and their contracts, the general mass of citizens must have participated in the ruin occasioned by so severe a shock on public credit.

“ England,” says an ingenious and philosophic French writer, “ is always impoverished by war,—even when she is most successful against the naval armies of France; and owes all her grandeur to her commerce.” And he supports his position by this inevitable conclusion: “ That among the European nations, war, after a certain term of years, reduces the conqueror to the same distress as the conquered. It is a gulph that swallows up all the channels of plenty. Ready money,—that principle of all good and all evil, levied with so much difficulty (in the provinces) flows into the coffers of an hundred stock-jobbers and farmers of the revenue, who advance the sums demanded by the State, and by these advances gain the privilege of plundering the nation, in the name of the Sovereign. The people, in consequence of this, regarding the government as their enemy, conceal their wealth, and want of circulation throws the nation into a languishing condition.”*

* Voltaire's Age of Louis XIV. Book II.

This, my Lord, must ever be the case, and we, alas! have too fatally experienced it. Our funds have fallen below any thing known in former wars; and emigration and bankruptcy have been the consequences.—“ We must stand or fall with Great-Britain;”—a severe maxim of reciprocity! which, should blindness or insanity still urge the conflict, must eventually prove our ruin.—

The sinews of war have been strengthened and supplied, by drafts from this country and so prolific has she been in this particular, that I consider myself moderate in the computation, when I say above 120,000 men have been supplied by her, during the last three years, to assist Great-Britain. Yet, when a French fleet appeared but five leagues off our coast, and a supply was solicited—we were desired to “ raise men on our own establishment;”—at a moment too, when, by an additional act of imprudent generosity, we voted £.200,000 as a supply to man her Navy, without any stipulation for a return of protection.—This then, is the Nation for whom we have combated, and this the recompence for our profusion of expenditure.—Ought not this fresh instance of neglect, or imbecility, rouse us to a sense of our present danger, and stimulate our exertions towards averting the most dire of all calamities.—

“ As

“ As war is the last of remedies,—*cuncta prius*
 “ *tentanda*,” says the illustrious Dr. Johnson, “ all
 “ lawful expedients should be used to avoid it. As
 “ war is the extremity of evil, it is surely the duty of
 “ those whose station intrusts them with the care
 “ of Nations, to avert it from their charge.
 “ There are diseases of animal nature which
 “ nothing but amputation can remove : so there
 “ may, by the depravation of human passions, be
 “ sometimes a gangrene in collective life, for
 “ which fire and sword are the necessary reme-
 “ dies ; but in what can skill or caution be
 “ better shewn, than preventing such dreadful
 “ operations, while there is yet room for gentler
 “ methods ? The wars of civilized nations
 “ make very slow changes in the system of em-
 “ pire. The public perceives scarcely any altera-
 “ tion but an encrease of debt ; and the few
 “ individuals who are benefited, are not supposed
 “ to have the clearest right to these advantages.
 “ If he that shared the danger, enjoyed the
 “ profit, and, after bleeding in the battle, grew
 “ rich by the victory ; he might shew his gains
 “ without envy. But at the conclusion of a ten
 “ years war, how are we recompensed for the
 “ death of multitudes, and the expence of mil-
 “ lions, but by contemplating the sudden glories
 “ of paymasters and agents, contractors and
 “ commissaries, whose equipages shine like mete-
 “ ors, and whose palaces rise like exhalations.—

These

“ These are the men, who, without virtue,
 “ labour, or hazard, are growing rich as their
 “ country is impoverished; they rejoice when
 “ *obstinacy* or *ambition* adds another year to
 “ slaughter and devastation; and laugh from
 “ their desks at bravery and science, while they
 “ are adding figure to figure, and cypher to
 “ cypher, hoping for a new contract from a new
 “ armament, and computing the profits of a
 “ siege or of a tempest.”*

I have transcribed this entire passage, for the
 edification of Messrs. Burke and Pitt, they can,
 no doubt, purge themselves from the foul charge
 of *obstinacy* or *ambition*;—and their conduct has
 proved, that they could have *no interests more at*
heart than the prosperity of the country. You,
 my Lord, stand acquitted “ *in foro conscientiae*”
 and I believe, from my soul, that you foresaw not
 the consequences which were likely to follow the
 first fatal mistake. The dismissal of Chauvelin, I
 repeat, was that false step, which, like the first
 indiscretion of a female character, was not to be
 retrieved.—Since that period, blunder has followed
 blunder, and mistake been added to mistake.
 What a miserable predicament has that one error
 plunged us in!—We must either be inconsistent
 with our former declarations,—“ not to treat with
 the present existing government of France,”—or

* Johnson's Falkland's Islands P. 106-7.

be driven to the necessity of risking our last guinea, and our last life.

It was the rejection of an authorised Envoy from the NATIONAL CONVENTION OF FRANCE, speaking the sense of its constituents;—it was that haughty contempt of his person and mission, that inflamed the resentments of an high-minded people, whose spirits were kindled into enthusiasm by recent successes, and who considered the nation insulted in the person of its minister. Yes,—it was the dismissal of Chauvelin that brought Louis to the scaffold;—it was our refusal to treat, that stirred up the Gallic spirit to resist.

They came, submissive, to court our friendship and alliance; and sought the fraternity of a free nation, whose example had led them to independence and whose constitution they had, in part, adopted.—We rejected the suitor with disdain, and proudly arrogated to ourselves the right of dictating the form of government to be adopted by a nation composed of TWENTY FIVE MILLIONS OF FREEMEN!!

France beheld herself hemmed in, as it were, and surrounded by a formidable confederacy, eager to rush forward, in hopes of certain conquest, and anxious to divide the spoil. Already had her fairest provinces been partitioned; and England, Austria, Spain, and Prussia had their dividends assigned.—The project failed:—We mis-calculated their resources,—and, though ambitious to interfere with their internal government, we knew not their internal strength. The

efforts of a great nation, surrounded by enemies and menaced with captivity and chains, are like those of a lion in the toils, formidable, and often fatal to his hunters:—and France, had her capital been invaded, would, probably, like the captive Danite, have brought ruin on the heads of her spoilers.

The retreat of the Duke of Brunswick should have opened our eyes and convinced us of our error. Deceived by false rumours, and the misrepresentations of men who had abandoned their country, who had by that abdication lost their all; and who, therefore, were interested in the removal of every obstacle that lay in the way of a resumption of their property, which could only be achieved by the conquest of France,—Brunswick incautiously entered Champaigne, and found, too late, that he had been deceived.—His army were attacked by famine and disease, and the French levies, which he expected to have flocked to his standard, existed only in the imaginations of the Emigrant Chiefs.

That moment was fatal to the cause of the Allies, and the precipitate retreat of the finest body of troops in the world, which the Great Frederick had himself disciplined, and which he had so often led on to conquest and to glory, infused fresh courage into the forces of the Republic.—Dumourier advanced towards the Netherlands, and the memorable battle of Jemappe, shewed us what sort of enemies we had to contend with. The “*joieux entre*” into Paris, was put off to another Campaign; and the avowed

avowed object of the war—changed for the protection of Holland, and our *faithful* allies, the Dutch.

Dumourier, in the zenith of conquest, and in the midst of his career—turned traitor and fled;—his genius, like that of Brutus, forsook him; and the bright halo, which glory had wreathed around his brow, vanished at the touch of *gold*;—it could atchieve no more: his army continued true to the cause in which they had embarked, and their leader escaped with difficulty.—This too was a moment for reflection; and here we should have made a pause.—But “*obstinacy and ambition*” were anxious to “add another year to slaughter and devastation.”—*Avarice* recollected that she had large sums in the Dutch funds, her principal was there, and the interest of her money, was the “*interest* she had most at heart.”—In this speculation the minister was also deceived.

The authority of the Stadtholder had been declining from the period in which the Duke of Brunswick began his march into Holland;—the people were averse to his government, and only waited for an opportunity of freeing themselves from the yoke of the House of Orange. Their discontents were more than usually expressed, upon the question of opening the navigation of the Scheldt, and nothing could have maintained the dominion of the reigning family at that period, but the interposition of the Duke of Brunswick and an alliance with Prussia.—The resistance of their Belgic neighbours, to the controul of the Empire,
and

and the ambitious views of Joseph, infused, likewise, amongst them a spirit of independence, and they anxiously expected the arrival of the French as their deliverers.—The flight of Hope from Amsterdam spoke emphatically the sentiments of the people, and ministers should have had sagacity enough to have made the most of that circumstance, by withdrawing our forces from a quarter where they were considered as officious interlopers, and in which, when occasion offered, we might expect those whom we professed to protect, most indignant at our interference, and ready to turn their arms against us.

The abdication of the Stadtholder, and the union of the two Republics, have formed a bloodless epoch in times of sanguinary revolution, and evince that the *protection* held out to the Dutch, with such barefaced and ostentatious knight-errantry, was nothing more than a pretext to afford it to the House of Nassau. Here too, the same blundering inconsistency—the same crooked policy that dictated an offensive war to oblige TWENTY FIVE MILLIONS OF FREEMEN to alter their government and resume their chains, failed; when the protection of an ally became the ostensible motive, and we stood, as it were, on the defensive!—

We must therefore turn back to the other alledged motives, this one having failed us, and consider what probability there is of attaining any one of the objects of the present contest,—namely, The RESTORATION OF ROYALTY in France, after the death

death of the unfortunate King ;—RESISTANCE TO THE PROGRESS OF REPUBLICANISM ;—PREVENTION OF DISSEMINATION OF JACOBIN PRINCIPLES AT HOME—and the fulfilment of *secret engagements* entered into abroad with foreign powers, by the TREATY OF PILNITZ.—That these were the professed objects of the war, we may collect from the avowal of the minister.—Why he found it necessary, so often, to change his ground, or how he had been so baffled in every one of them, remains for investigation.—For the present, I shall confine myself to *his own* statement, and see how far *his own* objects and inferences bear him out.

In the debate on the King's Speech, in January 1794, the minister declared—that “ the system adopted by the French had developed principles destructive to the general order of Society, and subversive of all regular governments.”—That—“ the French themselves, with a view of extending their system, had been guilty of *usurpation on the territories of other States.*”—That “ they had discovered *hostile* intentions against Holland,”—and “ had disclosed views of aggrandisement and ambition entirely new, in extent and importance ; and menacing, in their progress, not only the *independence* of Great-Britain, but the security of Europe.”—

To subdue a country like France, so extensive and populous, for the purpose of restoring the family of Bourbon to the throne, of which they had been deprived by the voice of an armed Nation,

Nation, was as wild and chimerical a notion as ever entered into the mind of man.—For, relinquishing the argument of abstract policy and general commercial interest, as operating against it,—I cannot but look on it in the light I do, when I consider that by effectuating that purpose, supposing it probable, Great-Britain had embarked in a war, not tending to territorial acquisition, which should never be her object, or the advancement of her commercial concerns, but to restore a line of succession which had ever been the avowed and natural enemies of her empire, and through whose interference she had lost America.—A family whose ambitious views, and insatiable avidity, had involved us in a series of continental wars and loaded and oppressed us with accumulated debts and difficulties.

But the progress of *Republicanism* was to be checked, at all hazards, and *Jacobin principles* eradicated;—because they might find their way into these countries, and endanger the safety of the British Constitution!!—Can any thinking man suppose for a moment, that a people newly re-generated, and feeling the first rays of freedom pervade their minds, grown torpid through oppression,—should, relinquishing the great concerns they were engaged in, prepare to distract and annoy a free government, whose example they were ambitious of following, till resistance and contempt had alienated their hearts from us?—Was there no other mode of repelling *Jacobin principles* and preventing their baleful influence,—
but

but by sending off the flower of our armies to invade France, instead of keeping them at home to protect England? Why did we become the assailants, and rashly enter into an offensive war with an *armed nation*, when we had so little to fear from a descent on our coasts, had they been kept at home?

But, we had entered into *secret negotiations*, and the honor of the state was pledged.—What! enter into treaties with arbitrary states, to protect the purity of the British Constitution, and, by annexing territory to their domains, secure the independence of Great-Britain!

Where my Lord, give me leave to ask, was the evidence of any serious attempt to introduce those execrated principles! Are the records of the Old-Baily filled with the black catalogue of these apprehended conspiracies? Could the administration in England, after the most sedulous industry, convict one glaring offender, or even produce a particle of evidence to charge any individual with treasonable practices?—No!—Complaints made against existing grievances, and measures proposed for the redress of them, were the only species of rebellion against the existing government. Yet we are gravely told,—“peace cannot be negotiated while these principles are propagated;”—and the minister most unequivocally declared that “the moment would never arrive, when he would not think *any* alternative preferable to that of peace with France, upon the system of its then rulers!”—Since the period of that *humane* declaration, the existing government

ment in France *has* been changed, the system of terror has yielded to *moderatism*, and the Jacobin club is no more.—The enemy have, indeed, *evacuated the territory of France*, and the door of reconciliation is still open. Yet, instead of seizing this turn of events, as a favourable moment in which to treat, while there is yet no decree of the Convention in force to prevent negotiation,—we prepare to subsidize the Emperor, and invade France, once more, with an army of 200,000 Austrians!

Thus, in pursuit of a chimera, as wild and as distant as the former,—England is drained of two MILLIONS of money, not paid by instalments, as was the case with our *disinterested* and *honorable* Ally of Prussia, in order to secure the performance of the stipulation;—but handed over at once, and in one gross sum,—to abide every risque, without any guarantee whatever for the due performance of the covenant.

This, I confess, appears rather a singular mode of securing the independence of Great-Britain and repelling invasion from her coasts, by preparing to send a fresh armament abroad, and negotiating a loan of 200,000 foreign mercenaries,—not to protect ourselves, but to attempt the recovery of lost territories, and the dominions of other states.

Though the Gallic empire has spread and expanded itself from the banks of the Rhine to the British Channel and the German Ocean,—and we possess not one maritime spot on her coasts to effectuate a landing;—yet we threaten
to.

to raise France from her foundations—had we but a spot whereon to place our lever!

Are we then, seriously, never to have peace, while France is governed by her present rulers? Shall an obstinate adherence to a *dictum*, as cruel as it is untenable in sound argument, forbid us to transplant the olive?—Because the minister has said, we “can have no *security* from the governing powers there”—are we to be for ever precluded from negotiating?—No doctrine can be more fallacious; for, to borrow the argument of Mr. Fox,—that objection must hold “so long as ambition and the desire of interfering with the internal policy of other kingdoms exists among Princes.” The attempt of Louis the XIV. to establish the house of Stewart on the throne of these kingdoms, was as violent an attack upon our liberties, as could well be made; yet we never refused to make peace with France—under cover of the pretext that no *security* could be hoped for, or attained, from a government so hostile to the liberty, and the principles of the British Constitution.—

To invade an *armed nation*, therefore, by carrying on an offensive war, instead of treating with her, is *madness** in the extreme;—and the distinction made by Mr. Pitt is hostile to his declaration: for, “it is not an *army* we have to engage, but an *armed nation*.”—Such a nation must be invincible, while she acts on the defensive, and England would resemble her, if driven to the same necessity, by becoming an “*armed nation*.”

K

But

* “*Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat.*”

But, supposing, for argument's sake, that acquisition of territory was the object,—Good God! what prospect could we have of retaining foreign acquisitions, and, at the same time, procuring a lasting peace?—On what side soever I turn, I perceive nothing but rashness, and a personal and selfish dread of losing power.—A concert and confederacy of foreign and despotic princes, which threaten the subversion of independent states, and an overthrow of the Balance of Power in Europe. What hope can then remain of subduing France, and forcing on her another form of government than that she has thought proper to adopt, when we are compleatly beaten from her frontiers,—and that part of our allies has deserted us?—If during the two last campaigns, we were unable to subdue her spirit, and controul her sentiments and opinions, by the force of united armies,—what prospect presents itself that can warrant us to hope, that with an handful of Austrians, (to speak comparatively) we shall reach Paris, and dissolve the Convention?

Though Valenciennes, Conde, Quesnoy and Landrecy have been surrendered, and we have not a single fortress in our possession on her frontiers; we prepare for another continental campaign!—Though the capture of Guadaloupe, and the probable surrender of Martinique, and perhaps Jamaica,—points out to us the necessity of withdrawing the remainder of our troops from the continent, and sending them to defend our own West-India islands, we go on.—Though subsidized Prussia has betrayed and forsaken us, we proceed

to

to subsidize Austria also, that she may betray us likewise.—

To starve France into compliance, is as problematical as to subdue her by any military force we can raise or purchase. What! starve TWENTY-FIVE MILLIONS—the inhabitants of a country the most fruitful on the globe!—Distress may press them for a season, but distress must stimulate their exertions;—famine will encrease their military force, and want at home must drive them to seek subsistence abroad. It is from the common enemy they will procure support.—It is a system of inhumanity and baseness that human nature revolts against;—a system of barbarous policy, which Henry the 4th of France rejected with indignation, when besieging his own capital;—a system of desperate and unrelenting rigour, which even the outcasts from that country execrate. “What!” say they, “can we rejoice at a system which though calculated to restore us to our country, must yet deprive us of our families?—We cannot forget that we have wives, children and relations in France; and can we rejoice at a system that is to send famine to their dwellings?”

No, my Lord! You are not of a nature to support such a system, nor are the materials you are made of, capable of sustaining a part in such a proceeding. You are too much of the man and the christian, to be an accessory in an act of baseness and barbarity which can prove of no avail.

Become therefore, before it is too late, an intercessor with your Sovereign, to avert the calamities that threaten his empire. He, like you,
has

has a tear for pity, and will not reject the petitions of his subjects for PEACE! Your councils will have weight and authority, for your integrity is unimpeached—and such men are best fitted for the advisers of princes, in lieu of those who look only to personal aggrandizement.*—“ The scene
 “ that opens before you, is great, and the part
 “ that you have to act difficult.—It is difficult,
 “ indeed, to bring men from strong habits of
 “ corruption, to prefer honor to profit, and liber-
 “ ty to luxury; as it is hard to teach princes the
 “ great art of governing all by all, or to prevail
 “ on them to practise it. But if it be difficult, it
 “ is a glorious attempt;—an attempt worthy to
 “ exert the greatest talents, and to fill the most
 “ extended life.—Pursue it, my Lord, with
 “ courage, nor despair of success.”†

“ *Deus hæc fortasse benigna*
 “ *Reducet in sedem vice.*”

I am, My Lord, &c.

BOLINGBROKE.

* The Minister is in the annual receipt of upwards of £.10,000 per annum, under Government, and his relatives receive annually by pensions and places £.71,000 more—making in the whole, upwards of £80,000 a year, besides patronage, &c.!!!—This is a proof of his disinterestedness.—

† Letter on the Spirit of Parties.