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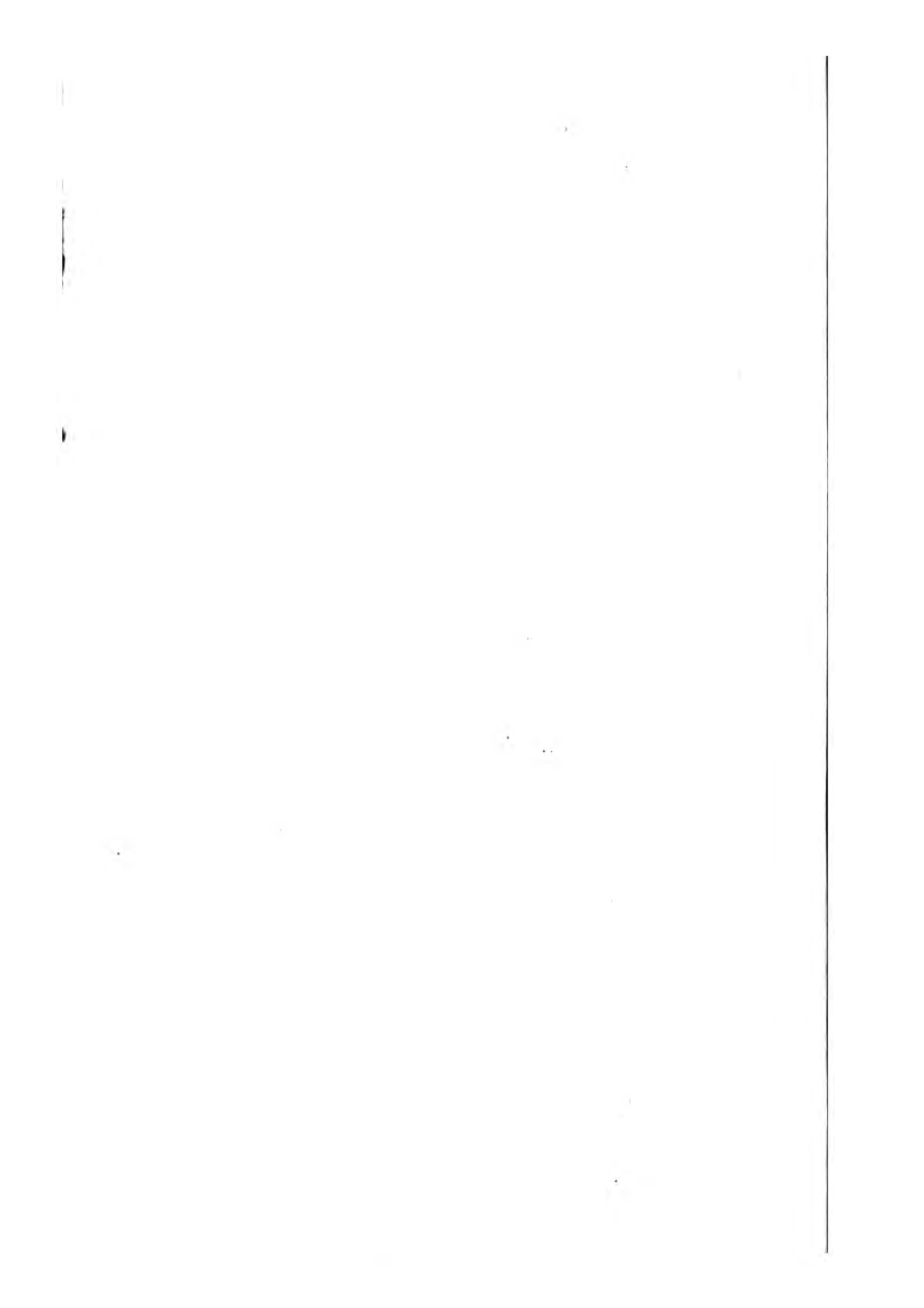
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1796

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B

A
L E T T E R

ADDRESSED TO

A NOBLE LORD,

BY WAY OF

R E P L Y

TO THAT OF THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

E D M U N D B U R K E,

BY

Bolingbroke.

“ Nec sum animi dubius verbis ea vincere magnum,
“ Quam sit, et angustis hunc addere rebus honorem.”

D U B L I N :

PRINTED FOR G. FOLINGSBY, NO. 59, DAME-STREET,

14 Mar. 1796.



A

L E T T E R.

MY LORD,

AS Mr. BURKE'S LETTER has of late occupied a considerable portion of public curiosity; and as I have reason to think it has met with your Lordship's critical perusal, it will not, I trust, be considered as an impertinent intrusion, if I trouble your attention with a few comments upon it.—As I know you entertain a degree of esteem for this extraordinary character, I had some hesitation, at first, in calling your particular notice to this no less extraordinary publication; but when I considered that the errors of a great man, tho' they might be canvassed by common and ordinary minds, should only be submitted to the judgment and decision of his *equals* in *science and knowledge*, and as Mr. Burke himself has “claimed the spirit of the English law—to be tried by *his peers*,” I saw no man in this country, who could more properly be called to sit upon his jury, than your Lordship.

B

To

To you, my Lord, on whom nature has bestowed the rare excellence, of viewing calmly and undisturbed, the tempest of the passions, secure in your own integrity, and embued with that fine taste which observation, travel, and the best authors have assisted to raise and purify, should most properly be consigned the works of the first artists, among which Mr. Burke's pamphlet may, with propriety, be ranked.

Vague, contradictory, and devoid of argument as it is, it still bears about it the style and colouring of a great master, but we nevertheless seem to view in it an inverted order; for, tho' dazzled with its brilliancy, we are perplexed with its variety, and the superabundance of loose and heavy ornaments with which he has thought proper to load it—a mob of metaphors which meet and jostle one another in every page of it; so that the author, who has thus confounded them together, appears to have lost all judgment and sound discretion, at a time of life when other men begin to enjoy those blessings the most, and to gain fire and imagination in proportion as he advances in years; like those volcanoes, whose lofty summits are covered with the frosts of age, but whose entrails are consumed by hidden conflagrations,—those impotent irruptions of the mind, which, tho' they astonish us with their glare, and astound us with their noise, neither serve to illumine the dark mazes of ministerial management, nor to purify the foul and pestilential regions of corruption and venality.

Tho' this singular Letter did not fall into my hands, till it had ran thro' several editions in London, and had been published a week here;—
tho'

tho' numbers, no doubt, of the pigmy race are sharpening, or have already sharpened, their literary stings, for the fell onset with this Man of Gath;—tho' the name and authority of Edmund Burke stand high in the annals of politics and the world of letters;—tho' he has attained a celebrity that rarely shines but on the tomb of a great man, and that the labours of his youth have been amply rewarded in his latter days, by the liberality of “a mild and benevolent Sovereign.” Yet am I not awed by the imposing sanctity of his reputation, nor intimidated by that impetuous and overbearing eloquence, which has resounded throughout all Europe and “animated it to eternal battle,” from entering the lists with this redoubted champion of the eighteenth century, and opposing my feeble shield against the furious career of this valorous crusader; who, in no bigotted age, but living in the midst of a liberal and enlightened people, by the force of a vivid and sublime imagination, aided by an uncommon degree of enthusiasm, has succeeded in conjuring up the demon of discord, and kindling the flames of the most bloody and destructive war that has ever desolated the earth or embroiled nations.—This indeed was to provide for both present and posthumous celebrity: for as long as the remembrance of this war, now explicitly avowed by him to be “the most clearly *just* and *necessary* that this or any nation ever carried on,” shall remain amongst men, or the woes and wounds it has inflicted on the miserable inhabitants of those countries, which have felt the scourge of its devouring vengeance, shall continue to be deplored by their posterity; he will be considered, while living, as the author and prime mover

mover of it, and future generations will point to his tomb, and say, "*Here lies the man who slew thousands.*"

That this man should again resume his pen, after the many evils it has already called down upon the empire, and the catastrophe which must inevitably follow the publication of those his eccentric notions, or what may be called with more propriety, the dreams of his distemperature, I can only consider as arising from a sensibility, weakened and paralyzed by inveterate prejudices, or resulting from the infirmity of a mind, roused and irritated to frenzy by contradiction and controul, which, in the anguish of its exacerbations, forced him to turn aside from contemplating the great work of general carnage, and universal devastation, on which his thoughts had so long been fixed, and towards which all his plans and publications had a tendency, to fasten, as it were, with rancorous and invenomed tooth upon those, who dared to question or condemn the lavish bounty of the Crown, in rewarding *such a man in such a manner.*

Was it not enough, that after having founded the first alarm, and (taking advantage of the national sympathy, awakened and excited by the crimes and cruelties then acting in France) roused Great-Britain to a bloody contest, in which one hundred millions of her treasure have been expended*, to avenge the crime of regicide, and

* According to Mr. Morgan's calculations, the present contest has cost Great-Britain, since 1793, £.101,504,044 !!!—*Vide*, "Facts addressed to the serious attention of the people of Great-Britain."

so many thousand lives devoted to appease the manes of aristocracy? Was it not enough to have cried "havoc, and let slip the dogs of war," which for three long years, have continued to tear in pieces and devastate the fairest provinces of the earth, and to drown Europe with carnage and with tears?—Was it not enough, to have been pointed out as the unhappy and regretful promoter of this ruthless butchery of the human race, —as the retiring source from whence arose those torrents of blood, that have been drawn from the "municipal*" country in which he was born, and his dearer country by adoption; and by silence and retreat to have evinced some compunction for the outrage he had committed against nature and humanity?—No! he must come forward in the gaudy and glittering trappings of a tinsel style, arrayed in all the pageantry of poetry, raised upon stilts instead of crutches, wielding a sword instead of a crozier, and crowned with laurel instead of cypress—to brave the sorrows of the nation, and tell the world with confidence and boasting, that he was the AUTHOR OF THE WAR,

"Nay an thou'lt mouth, I'll rant as well as thou."

—“Had he a mind to keep that *high distinction* to himself, as from pride he might, but from justice he dare not!!!” I mean not to garble Mr. Burke’s expressions, nor misconstrue his meaning; for, in the next and concluding paragraph of his work, he puts all ambiguity out of question.—He says: “It would be a most arrogant presumption in me, to assume to myself the *glory* of what

* A vile expression.

“ belongs

“ belongs to his Majesty, and to his Ministers, and
 “ to his Parliament, and to the far greater ma-
 “ jority of his faithful people: But had I stood
 “ *alone* to counsel, and that all were determined
 “ to be guided by my advice, and to follow it
 “ implicitly—then I would have been *the sole*
 “ *Author of the War.*”

Mr. Burke has certainly chosen splendid accessories, and it is but fair he should share in the plunder, whether it be paid on account of his avowed or *secret* services. The thrifty œconomy of the Minister might well afford, from the *savings* of the civil list, a more than ordinary compensation to so trusty a partisan, or reward such *bashful* merit from the surplus of the sinking fund, without adding to the £.150,000 * annually expended under the head of that extraordinary item, or recurring to the “ spontaneous bounty of the Crown,” for a pension so inadequate to his deserts!!!

I must confess, my Lord, that I have wandered a little from the original plan I intended to pursue; and have seized our author by the *wrong* end, if he will permit me to transfer that epithet from the head to the extremities of a work, which like its author, inverts every regular proportion in style and argument, and which, to be rightly understood, must be sedulously followed thro’ the devious and intricate mazes, thro’ which his erratic fancy loves to stray.

Perhaps I shall be considered as one of those persons, whom he calls “ the zealots of the new sect of philosophy and politics,”—and which having designated, he has left to others to explain.

* The amount of money stated to have been expended in 1795, under the head of *secret service money*. Vide Morgan.

Under the banners of the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale, I profess not to place myself, let them speak and act for themselves; nor is "personal abuse" the object of this letter—I am only acquainted with Mr. Burke from his political life and writings; "tho' the part I now take is from zeal to the *Cause*."—The *Cause* for which (tho' he has thought proper to forget that eminent personage, in his genealogy of the house of Bedford) Ruffel bled in the field, and Sydney on the scaffold—The *Cause* by which he has gained all his celebrity, and to which he has turned traitor and apostate—The *Cause* which saved Great-Britain from despotism, and gave her the blessings of a Free Constitution.—In that *Cause*, I trust, I shall ever feel a laudable zeal, nor shall I be deterred from exerting my faint efforts in support of it, by being denounced as one of the faction of the Priestleys and the Paines, of whose tenets and principles Mr. Burke feels such an horror.

Should any thing I now write, "be the means of bringing out," as he is pleased to call it, "some more *handsome things*," from the "*goodness and condescension* of Lord Grenville," I shall feel in common with him a very "vivid satisfaction."

And does Edmund Burke, indeed, stand in need of Grenville's praise, and does he estimate it as *such an honor*? Alas! how fallen, how changed!—To court invective as the means of "bringing out Lord Grenville's panegyric!" How are the mighty fallen!

" *Nec reparare novas vires multum priori*

" *Crederet fortunæ. Stat magni nominis umbra.*"

It is this gentle violence, which has heaped upon him so many compliments and enviable "*distinctions*," at which he coquettishly repines. These noble persons "would not let him remain in obscurity and inaction;" but, by their invectives, have called down upon him an applause, that must resound thro' the universe!"

Why *did* he not remain in obscurity and inaction?—No! he could not—he was haunted by revolutionary phantoms—the "hyenas" of France were let loose upon him—the "national menagerie," was presented to his disturbed imagination—those bloody revolutionists had "vexed the sepulchre, and, by their forceries, called up the prophetic dead," and the solemn deprecation which they uttered as they vanished, still rung in his ears, and prevented his repose——

"*Cease, cease—perturbed spirit!*"

In this his "wretched condition, tho' hardly to be classed with the living," we cannot but recognize that unhappy malady, which afflicted the latter days of J. J. Rousseau, and must lament the sufferings of the miserable, hypochondriack, who conjures up phantoms to add to his despair, and feels himself assailed by imaginary evils; and was not the venom of rancour mingled with his spleen, we could pity rather than condemn him, and in a sportive mood, compose a ditty rather than meditate a retort, and intitle it "*The Lamentations of poor Edmund.*"

No! He could not remain in obscurity and inaction—for so great is his antipathy to Republics and Revolutionary Governments, that he would willingly part with his skin, could he thereby "animate all Europe to eternal battle."

"*Nunc*

“ *Nunc quoque ne lassum teneat privata senectus,
Bella nefanda parat suetus civilibus armis.*”

Behold the recluse and retired, the melancholy and mortified hermit, of Beaconsfield, resume again his glittering arms, convert his ploughshare to a sword, change his cowl for an helmet, and like Peter of Amiens*, rush, incontinently, to battle.

I cannot divine what Mr. Burke means by his “ *mortuary pension* ;” I know that in the Saxon reigns, by the council of Ænham, the “ *symbolum animæ*,” or soul-shot, was payable as an oblation, upon the death of a man ; but how he can call a pension granted to an “ invalid servant of the public, to assuage the sorrows of a “ desolate old man,” an alms to the church, or a passport to eternity, surpasses my reading and my comprehension. *Perhaps* he meant that he might not long enjoy it, and took it, as some dying men do a wife, to shew how much he valued the hand that bestowed it.

Were I to attempt a regular analysis of the work before me, I should stumble at every step and entangle myself at every parenthesis. The author flies off from his subject the moment he touches it, and we are forced, by the aid of a mathematical diagram, to calculate the true angle of incidence, before we can conjecture where his

* “ Peter the hermit, Mr. Burke’s great prototype,” (says Mr. Gibbon) “ possessed that vehemence of speech, which seldom fails to impart the persuasion of the soul ; “ *et sponte fluens ei non deerat eloquium.*” Like him too, “ in his austere solitude, his body was emaciated, his fancy was inflamed ;—whatever he wished he believed, whatever he believed he *saw* in dreams and revelations,” &c.—What a striking similitude !

bolt will fall. I am therefore constrained, of necessity, to follow this political Proteus, who changes his principles as often as he changes his night-cap, thro' all his metamorphoses.—

“ *Omnia transformat sese in miracula rerum.*”

That “loose libels should be passed by in silence and contempt,” I am free to acknowledge; but has Mr. Burke’s practice in this, squared with his principles, and does he not rather seem to confute every position he lays down, in the conclusion he draws from it? “As long as he remained in public, he should live down the calumnies of malice and the judgments of ignorance,” when uttered by obscure men, no doubt; for, he waves his forbearance, when “they derive an importance from the rank of the persons they come from;” as if rank could entitle calumny to confutation, or ignorance derive consequence from nobility of birth, or an exalted station. This appears as if he sometimes forgot his political breviary. But let us return to his PENSION.—“If I am unworthy, says he, the Minister is more than prodigal;” and here, for the first time he puts a question fairly at issue, “throws himself upon his country,” which country is to try “the value of his services,” and challenges an “inquest of his *quantum meruit.*” This he has done with all due “decorum;” and, tho’ I am bound to prosecute, I wish not the “culprit to plead in irons.”

And here, without entering into a tedious disquisition on the merits of him, or the value of his services, which can only be estimated by a comparative statement of the good he has done, and the evils he has occasioned, and by striking a fair balance between his merits and demerits, let me admit that he “has done the state some service, and that they know it.”

But

But, in opposition to that, let me place the flagrant aggression on his part, avowed so vauntingly, of having been, if not in act, at least in intention, the author of a war unexampled for expence and carnage; and this must be taken *pro confesso*. But must his merits and his services be weighed in the false balance, in which he would place them, and according to the weights and measures by which he thinks proper to estimate their value? If so, to use his own language, and surely no language I could use could be so forcible. “Whatever his exertions have been, they were such as no *hopes* of pecuniary reward could possibly excite; and no pecuniary compensation can possibly reward them.” They are “quantities incommensurable!”—Yet, with all his boasted independence, he could accept a pension; but, like the Jew on his sabbath, he would not ask for it.

The object of his Reform Bill went, not to annihilate, but to modify the Pension List:—He considered it as a sacred fund for the incitement and reward of merit.—He “look-
 “ed on the consideration of public service, or
 “public ornament, to be real and very justice;
 “and he ever held a scanty and penurious jus-
 “tice, to partake of the nature of wrong:” and he declares, “that a cold penury must blast the abilities of a nation, and stint the growth of its active energies.”—I admit this to be just and true, but what does all this prove? Why, truly, that all his exertions were solely directed for the public good, and that he never sought any pecuniary compensation.—Tho’ there was “but
 “one voice, that no man in the kingdom better
 “deserved an honorable provision should be
 “made for him.”—Tho’ “he had earned it
 “before

“ before he had set his foot in St. Stephen’s chapel,”—by exertions and labours, as miscellaneous and extraordinary, as the qualifications for a poet, detailed in *Rasselas*; for, in the very “ first session he sat in parliament,” what had he not atchieved?—He had “ analyzed the whole commercial, financial, constitutional, and foreign interests of Great Britain and its empire!”—Tho’ his constitution sunk under the labour, and he had nearly fallen a martyr for the good of his country, yet this modern Hercules, who had cleansed the Augean stable, sought neither for place, profit, nor pension!—Disinterested man! who nobly could despise the rewards of well-earned services, and content yourself in making a laudable provision for others!

Let us now come to the second head of the proposition, and enquire “ whether the Minister has been more than prodigal ;”—for tho’ Mr. Burke has put this with an *if*, hypothetically and as a consequence to be deduced from his demerits, I must in admitting the converse, namely, his deserts, consider ministerial providence in the abstract. In the memorable year of 1780, when Mr. Burke introduced his plan of œconomical reform, we were accumulating, according to his own statement, a debt of about £.14,000,000 * per annum, which he then considered excessive, and for the reduction of which, he thought a system of the utmost frugality absolutely necessary, particularly in the reduction of the civil and pension lists. For the last three years we have been accumulating a debt of upwards of £.100,000,000 annually, and the debt of the na-

* *Vide* his speech on œconomical reform.

tion has advanced to the enormous amount of £.360,000,000 and upwards, the annual expence of which amounts to above £.13,000,000 ! *. His plan also went to prevent the abuse of, what he terms “ *surplus cash* under discretionary application,” namely, under the head of *secret service* and *special service* money : that fund could not amount to more, at the time we are speaking of, than about eighty thousand pounds per annum, which in the last year has swelled to the bulk of one hundred and fifty-one thousand pounds sterling. Yet under all these circumstances, while the civil list was encumbered with debts, and the public groaning under the pressure of accumulating difficulties—while the nation was called on to discharge those of the heir apparent, and the treasury was nearly exhausted, the *providence* of the Minister grants, and the *moderation* of the reformer accepts a pension !—a pension which he would wish the public to consider him as contemning—a pension totally inadequate to his deserts, and from the contemplation of which he had so often turned indignant ! “ When a disposition to “ expence was complained of, to that he opposed not mere retrenchment, but a system of “ œconomy, which would make a random expence without plan or foresight, in future, not “ easily practicable.” Yet this *disinterested* financier, this *provident* patriot, accepts an enormous annual benevolence, as a reward for past services, or for useful retrenchments, at the very moment when Great-Britain is labouring under an increased expence and an indefinite expenditure, brought upon her by this man’s vague and versatile projects ; and when the finances of the



* *Vide* Morgan.

country

country never stood in need of so much providence in grants and retrenchment in bounties !!

Is this or is it not “ a departure from his ideas, “ and the spirit of his conduct with regard to “ œconomy ? ”—Yet he gravely tells us, “ there is nothing in his conduct that can contradict, either the letter or spirit of his acts ! ”—He condemns with acrimony the French, whose women disrobed themselves of their best and most costly ornaments, to offer them up on the altar of the constitution for the salvation of their country.—Yet this pious Agricola exacts a superfluous boon, from the necessities of the state, for his past services, and levies a fine upon public industry and public calamity, at the moment in which the nation is on the brink of bankruptcy, and perhaps about to surrender her all to the importunity of her creditors—with a *debt of three hundred and sixty millions*, and a war still raging, which must add many more millions to the account of her losses !!

Mr. Burke defines a pension to be “ an honorable provision,” arising from “ the spontaneous bounty of the Crown.” What said his friend Dr. Johnson, before he became a pensioner? That in “ England, it was generally understood to mean, pay given to a state *hireling* for treason to his country ; ” and a pensioner to be “ a slave of state, hired by a stipend to obey his master.”—Surely if Mr. Burke had recently perused the Dictionary of the English language, he would have revolted at the idea of being dubbed a *slave* and an hireling, nor condescended to receive a stipend from that beneficent master, whom he had pronounced to have been “ hurled by God from his throne,” in the effusions of his loyalty; or accepted an hire from a Minister, who had been
in

in the habit of ridiculing and reviling him—but

“ *Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur cum illis.*”

And that is the motto I would bestow on our pensioner.

From what I have already said, I think it pretty manifest, that Mr. Burke has “ departed in some measure,” from his former ideas, and the “ spirit of his conduct,” in the year 1782, “ in regard to œconomy.” But perhaps he has since discovered, by the aid of some new light in philosophy, that the notions of œconomy which he then entertained “ were false and ill-grounded,” for so he expresses himself, notwithstanding the “ incredible pains” which they “ cost him,” and as a compensation for which, he estimates a pension amounting, as I am well informed, to £.3500 per annum, inadequate. I envy as little as he can the bounties of the Crown, when conferred upon merit, nor would I wish to “ stand between “ any man and his reward of service, or his encouragement in useful talent and pursuit.” I before waved every inquiry into his peculiar deserts and extraordinary merits, and I repeat again, as I before expressed myself, that, by accepting an overgrown and enormous pension, at such a time, and under such disqualifications, as his own solemn acts and former declarations laid him under, he has radically departed from his “ *ideas and the spirit of his conduct with regard to œconomy.*”

But enough I think has been said on this noisome and invidious subject, let me therefore quit, with him, for the present, “ those trifling, vexatious, and oppressive details,” by which he has “ falsely and ridiculously” endeavoured to palliate the most obvious deviation from consistency that folly ever blundered on, and which, in
my

my mind, still forms the “ very head and front of his offending.”

Stung, as by a gad fly, in the heat of his encounter with the Duke of Bedford, tho’ supported by the joint services, and kept in countenance by the united pensions of Mr. Dunning and Mr. Barrè, or as he himself more poetically expresses it, (for I love to quote Mr. Burke against Edmund Burke) “ as if some portentous comet had crossed upon him, and hurried him out of the highway”——of his argument, he suddenly flies off into the “ Rights of Man,”——details all the “ vices, crimes, horrors and miseries of the French revolution,” from whence, by a happy transition, he passes to the loss of our colonies, and the dangers that beset the British constitution, from which he prophetically and poetically concludes, “ that had they taken place, not France, “ but England, would have had the honor of “ leading up the death dance of Democratic “ Revolution.”——

“ *Grandeus Nereus : novit namque omnia vates,*

“ *Quæ sint—quæ fuerint—quæ mox ventura trahantur.*”

Full fraught with this prophetic fury, he crosses the Atlantic, flies over the British Channel, and arrives in Ireland, where he finds things “ run in a still more eccentric course,”——but he stops not a moment there; and upon casting our eyes a few lines lower down, lo! we discover him wailing over the tomb of Lord North, and lamenting, like the Prince of Denmark, the “ admirable parts—general knowledge—versatile understanding—infinite wit—delightful temper——and *disinterested* mind,” of poor Yorick.——

“ Alas! alas! that genius knows not how to stoop to method.”——

At

At this time, my Lord, Mr. Burke states himself to have been "connected with men of high place in the community, who "loved *Liberty* as well as the Duke of Bedford, and understood it as well." To "preserve the constitution entire, and practically equal to all the great ends of its formation," was to them the first object, "and popularity and power," were but "different means of obtaining that object". So much for the description of Mr. Burke's friends, and their principles, down to the end of the year 1782.

Can he contemplate without emotion and regret, his departure from those principles, and his abandonment of those men, who still rally round the standard of Freedom, and remain staunch to the cause?—Can he look back on that eventful period, when the people followed him with blessings, and when the **MAN OF THE PEOPLE** was his friend, without anguish and remorse?—Can he behold the division and dispersion of that **PARTY** to which he was pledged, and by which he was fostered and fed in his political infancy, without feeling the curse of ingratitude light upon him, and calling upon the mountains to cover his shame?—Can he in "that cheerless gloom; which darkens the evening of his life," find no consolation to shed a faint twilight over it, in reflecting, that the friends with whom he "commenced his political career," and linked with whom, as with a Theban band, he had combated for freedom and overthrown venality, were still leagued with him in a holy brotherhood, which age and mutual toil had sanctified and made venerable?—No! the consolations that assuage and mitigate the frowns of fortune and the chastisements of fate, to other men, are rejected or unknown by him. Like a way-

ward child, he could throw aside the passion that pleased, for the folly that flattered. The friend who differed was the friend who betrayed, and the tear which wounded affection shed, at the moment of separation, was, with sullen and implacable, with cold and unforgiving austerity, suffered to flow as an effusion of hypocrisy, unmingled with its kindred tear. Unfeeling *obduracy*, has been proverbially called, the vice only of the old, and that vice has met its punishment, in the visitation of its rival passion. The heart that felt, and the eye that indicated that emotion of friendship and regret, are hallowed by me, and I revere Charles Fox as much as I despise all those who could reject his proffered friendship. Manly, decided, open, generous, candid, and consistent thro' life, his deviations have been those of genius, and his errors the errors of humanity. He deprecated this destructive war—he foretold the consequences that must inevitably result from our embarking in it.—He warned, advised, adjured—but all in vain. Like the prophets Cassandra, he was unheeded, or despised, and the fulfilment of some of his predictions is yet finally to be accomplished.

On those points Mr. Burke differed, and the fears of the Aristocracy, and the panic of the privileged orders prevailed against an eloquence, impressive and exalted, and against arguments conclusive and irrefragable. What was the result? The long meditated dismemberment of opposition took place; Mr. Burke joined the seceders; the insidious Machiavel smiled at the success of his project; the Duke of Portland became the ready dupe of all his artifices, and Lord Fitzwilliam was degraded and dismissed from the government

government of Ireland, for the patronage of which he had consented to give up his friends, his party, and his principles. What compensation was Mr. Burke to get for the sacrifice?—*Emancipation* for the Catholics in Ireland, to whom his son had been sent on a mission, and for which he was paid largely, and a pension for himself. The first article of this capitulation was promised, but never performed, and he surrendered his virtue *at discretion*, and parted with the “immediate jewel of his soul,” to a betrayer, who laughed at his credulity, enjoyed his person and credit, and afterwards, like the inexorable Kirk, exhibited to him the suspension of his favourite scheme, and the death of his darling project. The pension, however, was granted, not so much as a reward for his tergiversation, as a tie which would fasten and bind down his wavering and alarmed conscience, and lead him to make some useful discoveries—for Edmund is sordid as well as timid. He feared the introduction of Jacobin principles and a permanent guillotine, and he wished to lay up some little store against the severity of a hard season. But having surrendered one pension * thro’ pique, he should now part with the other thro’ principle.

This is the true secret of this dark transaction, and the hinge upon which the whole system of his venality turns.—It is the conviction of the contemptible part he has been made to act in this comedy of errors, that has wounded him to the quick, and made him to cry out with such vehe-

* He gave up a pension of 300*l.* per ann. on the Irish establishment, out of pride, and resentment to Mr. Hamilton, with whom he had had a quarrel, and thro’ whose interest he had obtained it.

mence of agony. It is this phrenzy of compunction and despair, that has made his plea of justification a tissue of contradictions, a tessellated ground-work, inlaid with mosaic, and exhibiting the most varied and repugnant assemblage of figures and colours. It is this confusion of ideas that has forced him to contradict himself in every page, and that had made him declare, so wide of the fact that " he never for a moment, in reality " nor in appearance, for any length of time, was " separated from the good wishes and good opinion " of those " with whom he commenced " his political career."—Surely he does not think that the friends he forsook and betrayed esteem him the more for his apostacy! But " there is no madman, in his maddest ideas, and " maddest projects, that may not count upon " numbers to support his principles and execute " his designs."—

Mr. Burke has gone thro' a very general and diffusive detail of his conduct, during the whole of what he calls " a portentous crisis," from 1780 to 1782, in which I am as incapable as disinclined to follow him thro' all his "*contra indicants*;" in which he endeavours to point out and illustrate his ideas of reform, and the connection they had with those " hideous changes " which have *since* barbarized France, and threatened the moral and political order of the whole " world." From which it is obvious, that our seer must have had a prescience *then* of what has *since* happened; and, by the aid of a SECOND SIGHT, viewed with affright and horror the " revolution harpies of France," rising from chaos, and generating " all monstrous and prodigious things." But tho' he then saw revealed those visionary spectres, he saw not what conjured them up.—He saw
not

not the treaty of Pilnitz suspended over the republic of France, like a bloody and prescriptive scroll.—He saw not the confederate powers of Europe conspiring together, like a fell triumvirate, to deluge her fertile plains with slaughter.—He saw not the British Plutus, converting all he *touched* into gold, and grinding [down the faces of the poor, to export millions.—He saw not the hidden and destructive machinery—the secret wheels and latent springs that were employed in the fabrication of assignats, nor the intestine and civil butchery that was stirred up and excited, to foment discord in that unhappy and harrassed country, which so exasperated it against all those who had officiously intermeddled with its internal policy and government. Had he seen these things also, in his visions, he would have visited the crimes of the Marats and the Robespieres not upon France, but upon England; and discovered in his patron and protector the true sower of sedition; nor would he have compared the noble and ingenuous Duke of Bedford with the contemptible and profligate Duke of Orleans.

“ See what a grace was seated on this brow :

“ Hyperion’s curls—the front of Jove himself—

“ An eye like Mars, to threaten and command.”

This would have been the portrait of the noble descendant of the house of Ruffel, that had presented itself to him; and not the hideous resemblance of the execrable Egalite, in contemplating which, I am “amazed at the morbid strength, or the natural infirmity of the mind,” that could unite such dissonants.

In the discussion of his plan of economy and reform, Mr. Burke has taken up twelve pages; but as I have already extracted the marrow from them in my observations on his pension, I shall
come

come at once to the next strong hold in which he has entrenched himself.

Of himself he has spoken largely throughout, with much self-approving complacency, and a degree of egotism very pardonable in a man who is so wrapped up in his own opinions—who is so

—“ *Totus in se, teres atque rotundus.*”

And which, by the way, would come much better from some other less interested authority.

This brings me, my Lord, of course, to the concluding paragraph of page 23 of Mr. Burke's pamphlet, in which he becomes the assailant and makes a vigorous sally against the Duke of Bedford. I admit with him, that “there will always be some difference of opinion in the value of political services,” nor will I deny, that such services should not go unrewarded. Money is the great political pabulum, that cherishes and sustains every human exertion, and without which human exertion would fail, and human abilities lie dormant. I do not depreciate those services upon which he bottoms his merits; my argument goes to his consistency, and, with great deference, I think the Duke of Bedford had a *right* to complain of and question so prodigal and lavish a bounty, bestowed upon an individual possessing no office of trust under government, and who, though an old “invalided servant of the public,” had sufficient to maintain him, without being put in the list of pensioners, or driven to solicit an asylum in Chelsea-hospital.—Mr. Burke takes much merit to himself in having “done all he could to dis-
“countenance the meretricious French faction in
“their enquiries into the fortunes of those, who
“hold large portions of wealth, without any ap-
“parent merit of their own” and has “strained
every

“ every nerve to keep the Duke of Bedford in
 “ that situation, which alone makes him his su-
 “ perior.—What are we to collect from this
 passage, but that Mr. Burke wished to preserve
 and keep entire, from modern innovation, that
 property which he considers, from its bulk and
inequality, to that of the general fund, to be a
 radical defect in the constitution of the state?
 I confess it strikes me in that light, and appears
 obvious from the context of his observations on
 that head of his argument. And, as to the com-
 parison of respective merits, where *rank* makes,
 as he asserts, the *only* distinctions, I must differ
 with him in that point also.—I think the Consti-
 tution owes every thing to the Duke of Bedford’s
 ancestors. Mr. Burke thinks it owes them nothing.
 —I think his Grace’s principles and the side he
 has taken in opposition to Mr. Burke’s war, en-
 title him to that exalted rank which he holds in
 the empire he has thus endeavoured to preserve,
 and to the gratitude of every true lover of his
 country, and I think that the virtues from
 which those principles emanate, are “ becoming
 “ to all such men in all such times”—But the an-
 “ tiquated moralists, at whose feet Mr. Burke was
 “ brought up” (those, I suppose, are the Jesuits)
 “ would not have thought these the fittest matters
 “ to form the virtues of young men of rank,”
 and his argument is that “ what might have been
 “ well enough, and might have been received
 “ with a veneration mixed with awe and terror
 “ from an old, severe, crabbed *Cato*, (like himself)
 “ would have wanted something of propriety in
 “ the young Scipios, the ornament of the Roman
 “ nobility, in the flower of their life.—This is
 strange reasoning—that the young patricians
 should be excluded from all concern in the com-
 mou-

mon-wealth, and crabbed old Catos stand up alone for liberty and retrenchment—so that, should any of those severe censors think proper, to prevent all enquiry into their own pensions, and remain silent, as to public robbery and speculation, the abuses must go on—because such matters were not suited to be the “ornament of the young nobility”! But how does the comparison stand between the modern and the ancient censor?—Cato loved liberty and Rome, and would have died for them; he would have followed their remains to the grave and expired upon their tombs.

“ *Non ante restellar*
 “ *Exanimem quam te amplectar Roma, tuumque*
 “ *Nomen Libertas, et inanem prosequar umbram.*

Mr. Burke would prevent even the discussion of all subjects that tended to expand and enlighten the mind, would shut up all schools that lectured upon liberty, and send such of their professors as ventured to discuss the necessity of reform, to New South-Wales to study botany;—he would, according to the principles of “those antiquated
 “moralists at whose feet he was brought up”
 “shut up all academies” that might tend to enlighten or inform the people. “The ignorance
 “of the people, says Helvetius, the mother of a
 “stupid devotion, is a poison that, sublimated by
 “religious Chymists, (like Mr. Burke) spreads
 “round the throne the mortal exhalations of
 “superstition. The learning of the philosophers,
 “on the contrary, is a pure and sacred fire, that
 “drives far from kings the pestilential vapours of
 “fanaticism”—Nor should Mr. Burke set up
 as the only teacher. “Opinions and understand-
 “ing (says Milton in his address to the parliament)
 “are not such wares as to be monopolized
 “and

“ and traded by tickets and statutes and standards.
 “ We must not think to make a staple commodity
 “ of all the knowledge of the land,—to mark and
 “ licence it like our broad cloth and wool-packs.
 “ To prevent men thinking and acting for them-
 “ selves, by restraints, is like the exploits of that
 “ man who thought to pound up the crows, by
 “ shutting his park-gate;—and this obstructive
 “ violence, meets for the most part with an event
 “ utterly opposite to the end it drives at; instead
 “ of suppressing books” (or academies for *grown*
 gentlemen) “ it raises and invests them with re-
 “ putation. The punishment of wits enhances
 “ their authority, (saith the Viscount of St.
 Albans) “ and a forbidden writing (or lecture)
 “ is thought to be a certain spark of truth that
 “ flies up in the face of them that seek to tread
 “ it out.” Had Mr. Burke’s publications and
 speeches been referred to a ministerial licencer, the
 world had lost considerable pleasure as well as
 profit, and perhaps known less of the sublime
 and beautiful. Is it for him, who has been a ha-
 ranguer and pamphleteer from his infancy, to
 shut up “ by virtue of a *Senatus consultum*,” all
 liberal enquiry, and, dictatorially, prescribe bounds
 to free discussion? But “ the awful state of the
 “ time and not himself or his own justification is
 “ the true object in what he now writes, or shall
 “ ever write or say.” Why not adhere to his
 text then and not harass his readers with these
 tiresome and disgusting repetitions?

“ *Occidit miseros crambe repetita magistros.*”——

Antiquated doctrines fit only for arbitrary manu-
 script ages, and not suited to a liberal enlight-
 ened æra.

E

Because

Because the Duke of Bedford dared question the prudence, or propriety, of granting a pension excessive and beyond all moderate bounds, to a man who did not stand in need of so extraordinary a bounty, he is to be set up as a butt for him to level all his asperity at, and empty his quiver of every deadly shaft that malice or vindictive rage had dipped in venom. Invektive, at once inapplicable and illiberal, which he has contrived to spread over six or seven pages, to his own scandal and eternal disgrace. "The grants to the house of Ruffel might have been enormous," but "Is it for *him* to question the dispensation of royal favour," or is the Duke of Bedford answerable for the conduct of his ancestors?—Fie! Mr. Burke, indeed this *is* illiberal,—for—"It is his *ancestor*, the original pensioner, that has laid up this inexhaustible fund of merit which makes his Grace so very delicate and exceptionious about the merit of all other grantees of the crown." No—I am sure Mr. Burke would admit, if his vehemence could for a moment permit him to think coolly, that the classical adage is equally applicable to both, and that no man should stand charged for the crimes of those ancestors, whose merits have never been considered as heir-looms that descended to their immediate posterity.

"*Nam genus, et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi,*

"*Vix ea nostra voco.*"

By way of vindicating the royal bounty, so liberally bestowed upon himself, he arraigns "those prodigies of profuse donation" by which the remote and unoffending inheritor "tramples on the mediocrity of humble and laborious individuals,"—and ridicules, in a strain of the most pointed

pointed irony, all the splendid mummery of the herald's college, and cries down the "historians, "recorders and blazoners of virtues and arms" which compose that fruitful fountain of honor, and fertile source of Aristocracy, in a manner that would not discredit the eloquence of the most equalizing democrat, that ever chaunted "ça ira" at the grand "auto de fe," at which those bright insignia of nobility were condemned to suffer!!

And here, my Lord, let me pass over the tiresome ~~comparison~~ ^{review} of Mr. Burke's comparative merits, with those of the house of Russel, as speedily as possible; it is so illiberal and inconsistent, that I am sure your Lordship cannot but turn away with disgust and contempt from it. Nor would I have taken up that part of the subject, in conformity to my declaration at the commencement of this literary contest, namely, that I meant not to take up the cudgels in behalf of the Duke of Bedford, or the Earl of Lauderdale; the latter of whom, by the way, seems to have been totally forgotten, and is only dragged into the picture as his noble friend's *bottle-bolder*, did not a few miscellaneous observations occur, that tend to illustrate Mr. Burke's principles, and shew from whence arose the wrath of stern Pelides.

The crimes of his Grace's ancestor, in conjunction with Henry VIII. (to whom, by the bye, we are indebted for what is, perhaps improperly, called—the REFORMATION,) was according to him, "in plundering a part of the national "church, of his time and country," and conferring the spoils of a set of lazy monks, and voluptuous ecclesiastics, upon men more active and more deserving. This is the impious act of sacrilege, that roused the indignation of our anchoret,

choret, made him to quit his cell and throw off the weeds of mourning and humility, to “ defend the whole of the national churches, of all countries, from the principles and examples which lead to ecclesiastical pillage, thence to a contempt of *all* prescriptive titles,” &c. &c.—Well done, brave father Loyola!—Go on to defend, with all your might, the *whole* of the churches in the universe, against that by law established.—Go on to defend “*all* prescriptive titles,” that you may shew the world how culpable the *poor* Duke of Bedford is, in having had ancestors who bequeathed to him beeves and lands, and titles of prescription, and virtues, perhaps as patriotic as those of his calumniator.—Go on, to expiate the unfeeling and unmanly observation you cast upon your Royal Master, when suffering under divine visitation,—by the nasty flaver which, in your adulatory encomium, you have cast upon his patriotic amusements,” and his agrarian “hours of leisure.”

I cannot but pause one moment longer, over the catalogue of this man’s “MERITS,” to express my astonishment at his claiming credit for acts, that should oppress and weigh him down. “He has resisted the power and pride of France, under any form of its rule, and opposed it, with the greatest zeal and earnestness, when that rule appeared in the worst form it could assume.” Has he forgotten the American contest so soon? Did he then oppose with zeal and earnestness the interference of the French monarchy, with our trans-atlantic brethren, and the attempt of his most Catholic Majesty, to sever her Colonies from Great-Britain, and thereby ruin a great portion of her commerce, and weaken and dismember the empire at large? Is this the laudable conduct, from
which

which he claims such exalted merit? By “ ex-
 “ citing a spirit in the House where he had the
 “ honor of a seat, for carrying on with early
 “ vigour and decision, *the most clearly just and*
 “ *necessary war,* that this or any nation ever car-
 “ ried on,” he also claims for himself peculiar
 merit.—Good God! is not this adding insult
 to injury and contumely to oppression?—Oppres-
 sion of the worst sort—the oppression of the unof-
 fending people of England, thro’ the agency of the
 most unjustifiable crusade,—to maintain and uphold
 which, (to use the language of an ingenious friend)
 he echoes the words of a malignant Minister,
 and pleads guilty to the charge of promoting the
 most unjust—ungenerous—unprosperous—impo-
 litic and cruel contest, that ever called down ruin
 on an empire, or intailed misery and want upon
 a once prosperous and flourishing nation. If this
 be the merit upon which he rests his claim to
 public gratitude and private bounty, he will find
 very few who will contest with him the exclusive
 privilege of so singular a pre-eminence. Indeed,
 indeed, I fear “ that too much learning hath made
 him mad.”

From this sharp invective of the Duke of Bed-
 ford, in which Mr. Burke had almost exhausted
 the little breath and patience he had left; from
 this high tone in *fortè*, he has fallen into a modu-
 lated strain of soft *pianò*, and starts extatic to a
 more melancholy movement. He expatiates up-
 on the merits of his deceased son, in a strain of
 tragic pathos, whom he describes as a “ finished
 man,” and blubbers forth his eulogy with more
 than “ querulous weakness.” He was the incom-
 parable Creighton of the age he lived in; and
 “ in all the points in which personal merit can
 “ be viewed, in science, in erudition, in genius,
 “ in

“ in taste, in honor, in generosity, in humanity,
 “ in every liberal sentiment, and every liberal
 “ accomplishment, would not have shewn him-
 “ self inferior to the Duke of Bedford.” I be-
 lieve there was no rival contest between them,
 and wonder how Mr. Burke could drag, from his
 peaceful sepulchre, the corse of his dead son, to
 exhibit him before the tribunal of the public.

If an attack has been made, and that he has any
 more splendid and extraordinary *merits* to plead,
 why not plead them? Or does he imagine, that
 by making an affecting appeal to the passions of
 mankind; or rather womankind, he shall be able
 to prejudice their judgments? Or, by removing
 the pall which concealed so many fair proportions,
 “ move the stones to rise and mutiny” against
 the cruel and relentless Duke of Bedford?—Far
 be it from me to condemn the effusions of paren-
 tal partiality, tho’ expressed in the most exagger-
 ated and glowing hyperbole, or, fastidiously, de-
 preciate the pathetic funeral oration, a fond father
 has pronounced over his dead child. It certain-
 ly rescues him, in some degree, from the charge
 of *indiscriminate* obduracy, it shews that he has
 domestic virtues, and that domestic losses can call
 forth the most pungent of his feelings, and raise
 his afflictions to the most exalted sublimity of
 sorrow. But what has the public to do with his
 private griefs, and why draw aside the sacred
 veil, with which domestic calamity should ever
 be shrouded from the prophane inspection of the
 vulgar, whose eye has no sympathizing tear to
 shed over them?

Had he reflected how many fathers have
 lost their sons, and how many mothers have
 wept over their first-born, during the progress
 of this destructive war, of which he is so
 prompt to acknowledge himself the author,
 he

he would have silenced those piercing and heart-rending wailings, that must collect about him such an assemblage of fellow-sufferers, as should drown him with their griefs, and silence him with their reproaches. I am apt to suspect, my Lord, the sincerity of such loud and importunate lamentations, and have always considered them, as a vain ostentation of tenderness and sensibility, put on to attract female sympathy and condolence, and interest the weaker sex to stand forth as warm champions in the cause of the *tender-hearted sufferer!* With me, the sigh suppressed and hectic emotion are stronger indicatives of agonized affliction.—I own,—I do not like those sobbers.

This violent paroxysm having subsided, for all violent emotions soon subside, and, having wiped away the witnesses of his weakness and smoothed his ruffled brow, Mr. Burke again turns to the Duke of Bedford. The rules of prescription and immemorial possession are again defended and again confuted, by this sage Justinian, and the “whole revolutionary system, institutes, digest, code, novels, text, gloss, comment, &c.” of France, are anathematized in a new form of prayer composed by himself and pronounced from the “sanctuary” or “holy of holies” which he had erected on “the brow of the British Sion;”—and concluding with an “Amen! so be it.”

If this be not absolutely profane, it is ridiculous.—His head is so stuffed with miscellaneous matter, and his fancy so inflamed with sacred and prophane history, that, science and mechanics having failed to supply him with metaphors, the “dunghill and the shambles” are ransacked and rooted for filth and “offal” with which

to pelt and bespatter the Duke of Bedford, and the Rights of Man.

“ If the rude inroad of Gallick tumult” shall “ be introduced into our city by a misguided populace,” says Mr. Burke, in his prophetic furor, —“ we shall all of us perish and be overwhelmed in a common ruin.”—“ If a great storm blow on our coast, it will cast the whales on the strand as well as the perriwinkles,” &c. &c. —*If* the sky falls we shall catch larks—*If* Mr. Burke will permit me to put in my *if* also—Those *Iffs* are the most commodious instruments with which modern jugglers perform all their flight of hand tricks, and if all these dreadful calamities should come to pass, the Duke of Bedford’s title deeds, as well as Mr. Burke’s,—“ will be burnt in the courts of Bedford (Equality) house.”

Is he “ to blame, for those hostile” predictions? —For his insidious attempts and wicked insinuations, he is.—He would holla the ministerial bloodhounds, if he could, against such constructive traitors to his opinions as the Duke of Bedford and, like a true alarmist, affright women and children with the tune of *ça ira*, as they were scared of old with “ Malbruc and Raw-head and bloody bones:” for “ they are the Duke of Bedford’s natural hunters, and he is (as all such men as he are) their natural game.”

“ The men of property in France, he tells us, “ confiding in a force, which seemed to be irresistible, because it had never been tried, neglected to prepare for a conflict with their enemies at their own weapons.” and were therefore found in such a situation as the Mexicans were, “ &c. &c.” for, according to him, those “ unfortunate noblemen and gentlemen” who “ suffered by the “ cannibal philosophy of France”
did

did not dream that “the fabrick of the French monarchy under which they flourished, would be “subverted,” in the manner, and by the persons whom he describes, and were therefore, “dashed “in pieces in the storm, and our shores are “covered with the wrecks.”—Let us consider how these observations hang together—Had the men of rank and property in France rallied round the throne, it might have yet stood secure: their properties, had they remained at home to protect them, had never been confiscated.—It was their panic that brought down on them the vengeance of republicanism; it was by emigration they forfeited their estates. From the nature of things, France could not long have stood as an arbitrary government; her nobility were too rich and her peasantry too poor. Her clergy were too numerous and oppressive, and the throne, which should have been exalted in the hearts of the people, was reared on the heads of the hierarchy.—The people were ground down by arbitrary exactions; the nobles had their fiefs, and the monks their monasteries;—the gibbet stood on every privileged estate, to awe and to execute; and the game laws sent many a father of a family to the gallies. The court was luxurious and extravagant, and supplies were to be provided for both. Ministers were found fruitful in projects, and Neckar and Callone, by turns, abused the royal ear.—Immense loans followed immense taxes, and the hour of reckoning and account was put off to the last possible moment.—Patience began to be exhausted as well as wealth, and the massy pillars that supported the national credit, undermined by avaricious and scheming financiers, tottered and fell in hideous “ruin and combustion” not only on the

heads of the offending servants but on that of the unoffending master of that great family.

Such was the state of France, when Great Britain interfered with her internal policy, and an ambitious and impolitic minister, by his fastidious and haughty rejection of all terms of accommodation or treaty, plunged England into a destructive and ruinous war, and covered her shores with "the wrecks of the French nobility." Let me tell Mr. Burke that it was not "an handful of bearded men" that overturned the monarchy of France, but the confederated strength of TWENTY-FOUR MILLIONS OF MEN, oppressed and groaning under despotism. Let me tell him, that what has happened could not but have happened as the necessary result of moral as well as physical causes. "When a government (says Helvetius) becomes cruel to excess, its troubles are salutary. They are the pangs a medicine gives the patient it heals. To free a people from servitude, sometimes fewer men are sacrificed, than perish at a public rejoicing badly conducted.—The evil of insurrection is in the *cause* that produces it: the pain of a crisis is in the disorder that excites it.—When men fall under despotism, they must make efforts to shake it off, and those efforts are, at that period, the only property the unfortunate people have left. The height of misery is, not to be able to free ourselves from it, and to suffer without daring to complain." I have taken the liberty of transcribing this passage for the edification of Mr. Burke, should this letter ever fall under his perusal, to shew him there is a chain of causes existing in the moral as well as political world, that may lead to such events, and that the first link of that massy chain is rivetted to despotism.

It

It was an effort to throw off a tyranny that galled the people which convulsed that great empire, and subverted the "grand fabric of the French monarchy." But it was the flight of the nobles and the interference of Great Britain that led to the confiscations and massacres we have all witnessed with pity and with horror. Yes! the tyranny of Robespierre had its abettors in England, and the massacres which his ruthless reign gave birth to, were hatched and engendered there.— Let Mr. Burke, therefore, suspend his oracular predictions, nor build an hypothesis on visionary speculations. God forbid, that any thing similar should occur in our times, or our countries. God forbid, that the evils which exist in our days, and the abuses that result from a mal-administration should lie too deep, or grow too morbid to be eradicated. For though the people of England have always been fond of fighting, and the temple of Janus has seldom been shut for any length of time, I sincerely hope that, having sufficiently smarted from the wounds inflicted on their trade and commerce during the present war, they will be anxious to resume the garb of peace, nor suffer the reproach which was cast on the Romans, to fall upon them;

" Non erat is populus, quem pax tranquilla juvaret,

" Quem sua libertas immotis pasceret armis.

I sincerely pray, that they may not be driven and exasperated, by ministerial obstinacy, to tear in pieces and trample on that venerable constitution, heretofore so valued and respected. I do not think that, with all his chymical skill, Mr. Burke could convert a British subject into a French cannibal; and tho' the "heart of a thoroughbred metaphysician may be hard," I can tell him
what

what is much harder—the heart of a *thorough-trained Jesuit*—that “cruel unfeeling temper, which has distinguished the monks of every age and country;—that stern indifference which is so seldom mollified by personal friendship, and is inflamed by religious hatred, and that merciless zeal which has strenuously administered the holy office of inquisitor.”* It is philosophers of this class, and not the metaphysicians he alludes to, “who consider *men* in their experiments, no more than they do mice in an air-pump, or in a recipient of mephitic gas.”—It is “philosophy alone, (and perhaps it is no more than the boast of philosophy) that her gentle hand is able to eradicate from the human mind, the latent and deadly principle of fanaticism.”† The boast of that enlightened philosophy which is spreading over all Europe, to the downfall of sophism and bigotry.

The Abbè Sieyès has come in for his share of the Abbè Burke’s virulent invective; his “nests of pigeon-holes” are ransacked and rummaged of their eggs, and the whole embryo collection of systems which they contained, broken and thrown sportively, about by him, in his fanciful frolics.—He admits the experiment to be a novelty, yet ridicules, with the most inconsistent irony, the philosophers of France, for submitting their variety of fortments for selection. Certainly he is “*mauvais plaisant*,” and laughs at the Gallic architects who have drawn the plan, and raised the superstructure of a constitution, in the elevation of which he was not consulted or employed as a ground projector. However, it is but fair that we should wait a little longer, to see whether it

* Gibbon.

† Ib.

will stand the present rough season; before we condemn it altogether; nor should we pull it down, in order to convert its "ruins" into gunpowder, till we see whether that gunpowder should be wanting.—

"Is the genius of philosophy not yet known?" asks Mr. Burke, insultingly.—Yes, it is both known and acknowledged: that divine spark which the genius of Bacon sent forth, which was communicated to Boyle, Locke and Newton, which Des Cartes, Malbranche, Rousseau, Voltaire, Condorcet and Barthelemy, felt and followed that spark, which was hidden and almost extinguished during the dark ages of superstition and monastic mystery, has arisen, in the eighteenth century, to re-animate and re-illumine mankind, and dispel the vapours of fanaticism, which had spread from the cauldron of priestcraft over the whole Christian world. From that "hell-broth," has he extracted all those "rumps and sirloins and briskets," and "all sorts of pieces for roasting, boiling and stewing," of which he has made so execrable an *olio*—a disgusting farrago of vulgar metaphors and coarse allusions, better suited to the purlieus of Clare-market, than to the circles of polite or philosophic readers.

"Their only question," (meaning the *Sansculotte* philosophers, as he is pleased to call them) "will be, that of their *Legendre*, or some other of their legislative butchers."—How he *cuts-up!*—How he *tallows* in the *caul* or on the *kidneys!* &c. &c.

You are disgusted, my Lord.—Let me call your attention to some other matter, and turn from "those sharp incommodities, which beset old age," to the portrait of Lord Keppel, which presented itself immediately to the imagination of this "Philosopher of the Shambles," upon giving
the

the "*Coup-de-grace*" to the mangled carcase of the Duke of Bedford.

Well, Sir, and what say you of Lord Keppel? Why, that he "was one of the greatest and best men of his age," says Mr. Burke, and that "my son, in the early flush and enthusiasm of his virtue, and the pious passion with which he attached himself to all my connections," aided me in *squandering* ourselves in courting every kind of enmity for his sake."——This is truly the "feeble garrulity of age, which loves to diffuse itself into discourse of the departed great." But what it can have to say to the attacks made on Mr. Burke and his pension, I am puzzled to find out, except that, not having any living authorities to produce, in confirmation and support of his doctrines, he is driven to conjecture what his deceased friend would have thought upon the occasion, and how he would have reprimanded his nephew the Duke of Bedford; and he concludes, that he would have taken a decided part with him in this "awful crisis," not only from "his goodness of heart, his reason, his taste, his public duty and his principles," but also from—*his prejudices*!!—'Tis thus Mr. Burke would meet his enemies at the gate, and combat the "horrid medley of madness, vice, impiety and crime," with the arms of *prejudice*. And here, my Lord, he takes an opportunity of tracing the genealogy of Lord Keppel, and, by an anticlimax, tells us that "his family was noble, and it was Dutch:"——

*"And thou, Dalhousy, the great God of war,
"Lieutenant-general to the Earl of Mar."*

In order to let his readers know, that his Batavian friend was of opinion, "that no great com-
"monwealth

“ monwealth could, by any possibility, long sub-
 “ sist, without a body of some kind or other of
 “ nobility, decorated by honor, and fortified by
 “ privilege.”——But how Lord Keppel came to
 entertain that sentiment, so repugnant to truth,
 experience, and the custom and usage of his na-
 tive country, we are left to unravel as we may.
 But, certainly, the Commonwealth of Holland
 has subsisted for a long time without a body of
 nobility; the Republic of Geneva has existed
 without a body of nobility; the Commonwealth
 of America has subsisted without a body of no-
 bility; and Lord Keppel, had he lived, would
 have seen the Commonwealth of France exist
 without a body of nobility!! But Mr. Burke has
 grown wonderfully fond of privileges of late,
 and, perhaps, he thinks a peerage would be no
 bad ornament to a pension. However, tho’ he
 has drawn a picture of his friend, abounding with
 prejudices, he has accounted fully for some of
 the causes which produced the subversion of the
 French monarchy, “ in the desperate attainder
 “ passed on all their posterity by the Orleans,
 “ and the Rochefoucaults, and the Fayettes, and
 “ the Viscounts de Noalles, and the false Peri-
 “ gords, and the long *et cetera* of the perfidious
 “ Sans Culottes of the Court, who, like demoni-
 “ acs, possessed with a spirit of fallen pride and
 “ inverted ambition, abdicated their dignities,
 “ disowned their families, betrayed the most sa-
 “ cred of all trusts, and, by breaking in pieces a
 “ great link in society and all the cramps and
 “ holdings of the state, brought (as he would
 “ have it) eternal confusion and desolation on
 “ their country;” and he concludes this fiery Phi-
 lippic, with a sentiment of *benevolence* worthy of
 him,—that, “ for the fate of the miscreant parricides

“ cides themselves, he would have had no pity.”
 —What! no pity for the unfortunate La Fayette, the friend of Washington and the friend of freedom; the man who assisted in rendering America independent, and who lost his liberty, and nearly his life, to preserve that of his Sovereign!
 —What! no pity for those heroic characters, who abdicated their titles and estates, and rendered themselves worthy to be called MEN! Would Mr. Burke immolate them all on the altar of his *prejudices*? Would he confound them with Marat, Legendre, and Robespierre, as he has with Orleans? Is he not satisfied with abusing, in a strain of the most virulent invective, the Duke of Bedford, without overwhelming the *ci-devant* nobility of France with the foulest epithets?—He reminds me, my Lord, of the orator Cassius Severus, whom, as we are told by Tacitus, Augustus could not cure of giving foul language by a seven years banishment into Crete, and whom he was at last obliged to transport into the rocky Seraphos, where, no doubt, age confirmed and aggravated the disease.—*In Sano Seraphio consenuit.*—So incurable, with some, is the malady of scurrility.

I fear I have tired your patience, my Lord, in pursuit of a subject so diversified and miscellaneous, as to render an analytical review of it next to chimerical, and which, like the imagination of its author, spurns all order and contemns all rule; where paradox rises above paradox, till they form a monument of human inconsistency.—Of such materials is composed his episode on Lord Keppel, where he represents him, “ Looking to his Batavian descent,” and exclaims,
 “ how

“ how could he bear to behold his kindred, the
 “ descendants of the brave *nobility* of Hol-
 “ land, whose blood, prodigally poured out, had
 “ protected their *independence*;—to behold them
 “ bowed, in the basest *servitude*, to the basest and
 “ the vilest of the human race; in servitude to
 “ those who in no respect were superior in dig-
 “ nity, or could aspire to a better place, than
 “ that of hangmen to the *tyrants*, to whose *scep-*
 “ *tered pride* they had opposed an elevation of
 “ soul, that surmounted, and overpowered the
 “ loftiness of Castile, the haughtiness of Austria,
 “ and the over-bearing arrogance of France?”
 This is all pretty well for Mr. Burke, highly cha-
 racteristical of his love of *independence*, his dislike
 to *servitude*, and his abhorrence of “ *tyrants*” and
 their “ *sceptered pride*.” He forgets, perhaps, that
 it was the same indignant spirit that roused the
 people of France to resist aggression; and a simi-
 lar “ elevation of soul,” that prompted her nobi-
 lity to surrender distinctions, that stood in the way
 of so great and extraordinary a revolution. If
 this be not blowing hot and cold with the same
 breath, I have neither feeling nor discrimination.

Adieu! my Lord,—let me quit this field of
 controversy, to apologize for the liberty I have
 taken in monopolizing so much of your time and
 attention, and intruding my thoughts upon that
 lettered leisure, which has so often contributed
 to the satisfaction and improvement of men of
 taste and science, who have not thought you
 undeserving to preside over and direct their
 councils.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, March 14th, 1796.



