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A LETTER TO A NOBLE LORD
(After a painting by Romney.)
EDMUND BURKE'S

LETTER

TO A NOBLE LORD

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

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PREFACE.

The "Letter to a Noble Lord" is the best possible introduction to the study of Burke. It has brevity, force, and variety, and there is not a dull page in it. It may be made the subject of historical, biographical, and literary study. It is a clear and calm review of the great political measures of Burke's public career; it is a proud and sufficient apologia; and it is a masterpiece of golden eloquence. Alike in argument and irony, Burke rises in this instance to the height of his skill and fame. He speaks poniards, and every word stabs. Nor are the faults of his later manner so painfully apparent here as in the "Reflections on the French Revolution," which preceded the "Letter," and in the "Regicide Peace," which followed it.

The student of style should be taught to compare Burke's architecture of sentence and paragraph with the robust prose of Dryden and the pretentious manner of Bolingbroke. And he may institute a profitable comparison between this "Letter" and Wordsworth's superb pamphlet upon "The Convention of Cintra"—one of the crowning glories of English prose literature—and Cardinal Newman's "Apologia pro vita sua," both of which derive from Burke their inspiration and their splendor.

It will be seen that Burke always rests his case upon history. Tradition and expediency are the lamps by which his feet are guided. In this respect, though certainly in no other, he resembles the German Hamann—whom Pusey
ranked among the unintelligibles — who accepted, above all documents of human reason and analysis, the institutions and measures authenticated by history.

Lest the student should be "lantern led" by the rhetoric of Burke, it is well that the text of the "Letter" should be abundantly illustrated and corrected by reference to historical sources. From the wealth of easily accessible material, I may be permitted to recommend the histories of England by Lord Mahon (from the Treaty of Utrecht to the Peace of Versailles), John Adolphus (from the Accession of George III to 1783), and William Massey (England during the reign of George III); the "Grenville Papers," "The Bedford Correspondence," "The Journals of Lord Auckland," "Memoirs of Rockingham," "Diary and Correspondence of Lord Colchester," Brougham's "Statesmen of the Reign of George III," "Parliamentary History," "The Annual Register," Alison's "History of Europe" (or at least the Epitome thereof), the "Memoirs and Letters" of Horace Walpole, Fox's "Letters and Speeches," Wilkes's "North Briton," the "Letters of Junius" and the "Satires" of Churchill.

The bearing of the "Letter" upon the circumstances of Burke's life will be found fully set forth in the Notes.

ALBERT H. SMYTH.
INTRODUCTION.

Edmund Burke is sometimes ranked first among the writers of English prose of the eighteenth century. There is something imperial in his style. His sonorous sentences roll and toss in profuse and majestic eloquence. His thought streams from him, an impetuous and abundant torrent. His resplendent rhetoric surges forward with the pomp and state and endless barbaric variety of a Roman triumph.

His eagerness and exuberance betrayed him at times into grave faults of manner. His early and successful imitation of Bolingbroke — by no means a flawless model — set a permanent mark upon him. The high virtues of simplicity and sobriety are not his. In imagination and expression he is magnificent, in the proudest sense of that much misapplied term; but his literary taste is not absolutely pure, nor his sense of proportion true, and his style is often overheated.

Whatever the place to which he may be entitled among the masters of English prose, it is not likely that any writer will take precedence of him for subtle political wisdom and serious and fruitful reflection upon the principles of government and legislation.

Mr. John Morley has said of Burke’s three pieces on the American War: “They are an example without fault of all the qualities which the critic, whether a theorist or an actor, of great political situations should strive by night and by day to possess. If their subject were as remote as the quarrel
between the Corinthians and Corcyra, or the war between Rome and the allies, instead of a conflict to which the world owes the opportunity of the most important of political experiments, we should still have everything to learn from the author’s treatment,—the vigorous grasp of masses of compressed detail, the wide illumination from great principles of human experience, the strong and masculine feeling for the two great political ends of Justice and Freedom, the large and generous interpretation of expediency, the morality, the vision, the noble temper.”  

However transient, commonplace, or personal the theme, Burke never left it without investing it with the splendor of history or introducing into it considerations drawn from the widest range of political institutions. Now that the violence of party strife has abated, and the figures and events of one hundred years ago may be impartially studied, it is unlikely that there should be any dissent from Mr. Lecky’s opinion: “No other politician or writer has thrown the light of so penetrating a genius on the nature and working of the British Constitution, has impressed his principles so deeply on both of the great parties in the State, and has left behind him a richer treasure of political wisdom applicable to all countries and to all times. . . . There is perhaps no English prose writer since Bacon whose works are so thickly starred with thought. The time may come when they will be no longer read. The time will never come in which men would not grow the wiser by reading them.”

The “Letter to a Noble Lord” is a superb example of Burke’s gorgeous rhetoric, and of his high handling of a personal and transient theme. “The most splendid repartee in the English language,” says John Morley; and Mr. Gosse pronounces it “the most typical of Burke’s writings, the

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most accomplished and surprising in matter, the most splendid, melodious, and refined in manner."

It is marked by dignity and elevation; it is marred by no disastrous lapses from good taste and self-possession. It is at once the *apologia* of the proud, weary, broken-hearted statesman and the completest condemnation of the political fallacies and ethical monstrosities of the French Revolution.

An attack had been made in Parliament upon the pension granted by the crown to Edmund Burke. It was the close of his life, his son was dead, he was desolate and alone in his age. In his reply to his assailants—the Duke of Bedford and Lord Lauderdale—Burke reviews his services to the state. It is a majestic autobiography. He seems, as Mr. Ellis Yarnall has so well said of Wordsworth, to be awed by the greatness of his own power.

The "Letter" was published in London, Feb. 24, 1796, and appeared in the same year in Dublin and in Philadelphia, and was translated into French and German.

The *Anti-Jacobin* versified Burke's attack in the "New Morality,"—

And thou Leviathan! on ocean's brim
Hugest of living things that sleep and swim,
Thou in whose nose by Burke's gigantic hand
The hook was fixed to drag thee to the land.

And Gillray remembered it in his caricature of "the Republican Rattlesnake Fox fascinating the Bedford Squirrel" (Nov. 16, 1796), in which the Duke with unpowdered hair and a squirrel's body is falling into the capacious jaws of the rattlesnake coiled round the tree.

A swarm of pamphlets followed in the train of Burke's "Letter," containing every kind of answer—for the most part abusive and intemperate—and having in them so
little of real worth as to be undeserving even of record in a bibliography.

LIFE OF BURKE.

EDMUND BURKE, the second son of Richard Burke, an attorney, was born in Dublin, probably on Jan. 12, 1729. His father was a Protestant, his mother a Catholic. His first schooling was obtained at Ballitore, County Kildare, from Abraham Shackleton, a Quaker, for whom Burke always entertained the greatest reverence and gratitude as for the man who first awakened and directed his intellect. He entered Trinity College—"the silent sister"—in 1743, where he conformed little to the habits of the place, read desultorily, studied Cicero, and took his bachelor's degree at the Spring Commencements, 1748.

His name had been entered the previous year at the Middle Temple, and he now proceeded to England to read law. For the next few years little is known of him. Indeed, from 1752 to 1757 nothing is known with certainty. During that period, with the exception of a single fragmentary letter, not a shred of his correspondence exists. His health was weak; he rambled restlessly about in unknown places; and by his indifference to the study and practice of the

1 See "Memoirs and Letters of Richard and Elizabeth Shackleton." Compiled by their daughter, Mary Leadbeater, London [new edition], 1849. An affectionate friendship continued through life between Burke and his school companion Richard Shackleton.

2 His scholarship was never exact, and his literary taste was often bad, but he was not as ignorant of the classics as he has sometimes been represented. Charles James Fox in a letter to Anthony Robinson said that Burke knew as much of Greek as men usually do who have neglected it since their college days (Dilke, "Papers of a Critic").
law so vexed his father that in 1755 his annual allowance (£100) was withdrawn. Here our knowledge of Burke at this time ends. There is a curious parallel between the lives of the two Irish adventurers Burke and Goldsmith, who had been contemporaries at Trinity, though there it is unlikely that they ever met, and who about the same time came up to London, the one to vanish in the purlieus of literature and in doubtful wanderings, the other to "dispute his passage through Europe" for a year with a flute, a guinea, and one shirt. Benjamin West, who knew Burke well, said that there was about him a degree of mystery connected with his early life which their long intercourse never tended to explain.

While Burke was proud of his struggle — "nitor in adversum is the motto for a man like me" — it is probable that he shrank from the recollection of his shabby and unhappy early years. Perhaps he himself — the last survivor of his family — destroyed the letters and documentary evidence which related to those days. He chose at all times to keep a little solitude about him, and he enjoyed the independence and isolation of life in mighty and mysterious London. It was in this spirit that he said of the second city in the kingdom: "Though I have the honor to represent Bristol, I should not like to live there. I should be obliged to be so much upon my good behavior."

It seems that during the early years in London he visited the debating clubs, and frequented the theaters, where he made the acquaintance of David Garrick. When apologizing to his old friend Richard Shackleton for his neglect of correspondence, he says: "I have broken all rules; I have neglected all decorums, everything except that I have never forgot a friend, whose good head and heart have made me esteem and love him. What appearance there may have been of neglect, arises from my manner of life; chequered
with various designs; sometimes in London, sometimes in remote parts of the country; sometimes in France, and shortly, please God, to be in America.” He never visited America, nor contested the chair of moral philosophy at Glasgow, nor did he do many other things that his biographers have imagined.

In 1756 he undertook two adventures: he married, and he published his first writings. His wife was the daughter of Dr. Nugent, an Irish physician, who had attended him in his sickness and had received him into his own house to facilitate his return to health. Two sons were born of this marriage, — Richard, whose death occasions the most pathetic passage in the “Letter to a Noble Lord,” and Christopher, who died in childhood.

Burke’s first publication was “A Vindication of Natural Society, in a Letter to Lord —— by a late Noble Writer” (1756). It was an ironical commentary on the philosophy of Bolingbroke — whose works had been posthumously published in 1754 — and so dextrously was the rapid, ornate style of Bolingbroke imitated that even accomplished critics were deceived into the belief that the work was a genuine original. The other work of the same year, which, however, is said to have been written when Burke was but nineteen years old, was “A Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of Our Ideas on the Sublime and Beautiful.” A copy of this treatise fell into the hands of Lessing and Moses Mendelssohn, who held high converse in Breslau over the principles of art rather crudely enunciated therein, and Lessing was induced thereby to write the “Laokoon,” a classic of European literature.¹ Burke was now fairly launched upon literature. His interest in the theater caused him to begin a collec-

¹ Macaulay was wont to say that whenever he read Lessing’s “Laokoon” and Goethe’s “Wilhelm Meister” he felt like throwing everything of a critical nature that he had himself written into the flames.
tion of "Hints for an Essay on the Drama" at almost the same time that Diderot in his "Paradoxe sur le Comedien" and Lessing in the "Hamburgische Dramaturgie" were working a revolution in dramatic literature and furnishing a philosophical interpretation of the actor's art. The dull and sterile considerations of Burke's "Essay" are far removed from the fresh and fertile thought of his great contemporaries in France and Germany. The style, too, is simple and austere, illustrating the canons of Irish taste rather than the eighteenth-century English standard.

1 Wraxall says of Flood's oratory that "the slow-measured and sententious style of enunciation which characterized his eloquence, however calculated to excite admiration it might be in the senate of the sister kingdom, appeared to English ears cold, stiff, and deficient in some of the best recommendations of attention" ("Memoirs," vol. iii, p. 587). Lecky, in his remarks upon Irish style in the eighteenth century, says: "The standard of taste prevailing in Ireland, or at least in Dublin, during the first three-quarters of the eighteenth century appears to have been as far as possible removed from the exaggerated, overheated, and over-ornamented rhetoric which is so commonly associated with the term Irish eloquence. The style of Swift, the style of Berkeley, and the style of Goldsmith are in their different ways among the most perfect in English literature, but they are simple sometimes to the verge of baldness, and they manifest a much greater distaste for ornamentation and rhetorical effect than the best contemporary writings in England. Burke had by nature one of the most exuberant of human imaginations, and his literary taste was by no means pure; but it is very remarkable that it was not until a long residence in England had made him indifferent to the canons of Irish taste that the true character of his intellect was fully disclosed.

"... It represented, no doubt, in a great measure, the reaction of the cultivated taste of the nation against popular and prevalent faults, just as it is common to find among the illustrious writers and critics who have in the present century arisen in America a severity of taste and of literary judgment and a fastidious purity of expression rarely equalled among good English writers" ("England in the Eighteenth Century," vol. iv, p. 450). Sir James Mackintosh, describing the writings of Berkeley, says: "Perhaps he also surpassed Cicero in the charm of
An "Abridgement of the History of England," brought down to the reign of King John, and an "Account of the European Settlements in America" (1757) indicate a change of literary interest and a progress from abstract speculation to political and economic affairs. He proposed a yearly chronicle of political events, and with Dodsley as publisher issued the first volume of the "Annual Register" in 1759, receiving from his publisher one hundred pounds for his work. It was a time of great political and military activity, and the "Register" had abundant events to record. It was the climax of the Seven Years' War and of the expansion of England. In 1756 Clive won Plassey and took India into his grasp; in 1759 General Wolfe took Quebec and ended the long struggle between England and France for the possession of America. At this time, too, Burke began to gain a practical insight into public affairs. He was introduced to William Gerard Hamilton, better known by his nickname of "Single-speech," whom he accompanied to Ireland when Hamilton went thither in 1761 as secretary to the Earl of Halifax. Hamilton secured for his auxiliary a pension of three hundred pounds, but demanded that Burke should give to his service his entire time, and dream no more of "authorism." Burke refused to sell himself and threw up the pension after having held it for two years. He left the service of his first political employer entertaining an opinion of him that was afterward expressed by Dr. Leland with more force than elegance when he described Hamilton as a sullen, vain, proud, selfish, canker-hearted, envious reptile. In the year (1764) marked by this dissolution of amity Burke became a member of the famous literary club which held its sessions at the Turk's Head, in simplicity, a quality eminently found in Irish writers before the end of the eighteenth century" ("Dissertation on Ethical Philosophy," p. 214).
Gerard Street, and which numbered among its original members Johnson, Reynolds, Hawkins, Beauclerk, Goldsmith, Burke, and Dr. Nugent. This most celebrated of "clubs" had its origin in the thought of Sir Joshua Reynolds and in his conversation with Dr. Johnson. It grew to have thirty-five members, meeting once a fortnight during the session of Parliament. Edward Gibbon, who was elected March 4, 1774, formulated the now famous announcement of election to membership: "Sir, I have the pleasure to inform you that you had last night the honour to be elected a member of 'The Club.'" The club still exists, holding its meetings at Willis's rooms, St. James's Street, on alternate Friday evenings instead of Mondays, as in its earlier history. It has had in recent years many distinguished members. Dean Milman presided at the Centenary dinner June 7, 1864; Hallam, Macaulay, Earl Stanhope, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Henry Reeve, Sir Henry Taylor, Sir Frederick Leighton, Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Spencer Walpole, and other dignitaries of church and state have been connected with it, and Lord Acton, W. E. H. Lecky, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, and the Duke of Argyll are among its members at the present time (1898).

A change of ministry took place in 1765, when Grenville, during whose administration Wilkes had been prosecuted and the Stamp Act passed, was dismissed, and Lord Rockingham was summoned by the king to perform the duties of government. His appointment of Burke as his private secretary occasioned much scandal-mongering. Burke was

1 Burke was probably introduced to Lord Rockingham by William Burke, with whom his relations were most intimate, and who may or may not have been a kinsman. William Burke was a man of considerable ability—he was reputed to have written the Junius letters—and had an Irishman's facility for knowing people. He was a desperate stock gambler, and there were always ugly rumors afloat concerning the transactions of "the Burkes."
denounced as a Jesuit, a Papist, an Irish adventurer; but Lord Rockingham, after a frank conversation with his maligned secretary, built an absolute trust upon him, and a generous and an abiding friendship began between the two men, marred by no disagreement or slip of loyalty. Burke was returned to Parliament for Lord Verney's pocket borough of Wendover (Dec. 23, 1765). His maiden speech (Jan. 27, 1766) was on a motion that the petition sent from the American Congress should be received by Parliament. He argued that the petition should be received on the ground that it was in itself an acknowledgment of the rights of the House (see Bancroft, "History of the United States," vol. iii, p. 551). The Rockingham ministry came to an end June 7, 1766. Burke wrote its obituary—"A Short History of a Short Administration"—and, accepting the fate of his party, declined the overtures of Chatham, who sought to attach him to his administration. He visited Ireland, received the freedom of Galway, and for his opposition—in the next session—to the motion to forbid the importation of Irish wool into England received the further honor of the freedom of Dublin.

Burke was a lover of the country. He sought his recreation among trees and in gardens. In theories of arboriculture and stock breeding he took as keen an interest as in the great affairs of state. It was his ambition, as he said, to "cast a little root" in England, and on May 1, 1768, he purchased six hundred acres in Buckinghamshire, twenty-four miles from London. The estate, called Gregories, was in the parishes of Penn and Beaconsfield. It had been the seat of the poet Waller, and it is near the home of William Penn, and not far from the country churchyard of Gray's elegy. The mystery of Burke's purchase of this land for twenty-two thousand pounds has never been entirely cleared up. He was an adventurer when he entered Parliament, with no
apparent means of a livelihood. It is known that his brother Richard and his kinsman William Burke and Lord Verney were at this time gambling in East India stock, that the stock fell and the Burkes were ruined. Whatever may be our theory of Edmund Burke's financial resources and speculations, it is certain that from 1769 he was never free from the annoyance of debt. He borrowed thirty thousand pounds from Lord Rockingham, and the debt was never paid, Rockingham ordering all Burke's bonds to be destroyed. He was frequently under the necessity of negotiating loans for pitifully small amounts. The purchase of Beaconsfield was as fatal to him as the acquisition of Abbotsford to Sir Walter Scott. And yet Burke was not inordinately profuse in his living; his expenses in the country did not exceed twenty-five hundred pounds a year, and probably his city life (for he neither drank nor gambled) did not add greatly to this modest expenditure.¹

After a visit to France (1773), where he saw much of the old nobility and met Diderot and the Encyclopædists at the salon of Mdlle. de l'Espinasse, Burke consented to enter a contest for Parliament as member for Bristol. The six years during which he represented the second city of the kingdom were the years of the American Revolution. He opposed "The Boston Port Bill" and the proposal to alter the charter of the Province of Massachusetts. His famous speech on "American Taxation" was delivered April 19, 1774. In it he utters the warning: "Again and again, revert to your old principles. Seek peace and ensue it. Leave America, if she has taxable matter in her, to tax

¹ Charles Wentworth Dilke, "The Papers of a Critic," London, 1875, has exhaustively considered Burke's money affairs, and attempts to show how Burke supported himself in London before being retained by the Rockingham party, and where he got the money to buy and to keep up Gregories.
herself. I am not going into the distinction of rights, nor attempting to mark their boundaries. I do not enter into those metaphysical distinctions. I hate the very sound of them. Leave the Americans as they anciently stood, and these distinctions, born of our unhappy contest, will die along with it. They and we, and their and our ancestors, have been happy under that system. Let the memory of all actions in contradiction to that good old mode, on both sides, be extinguished forever. Be content to bind America by laws of trade; you have always done it. Let this be your reason for binding their trade. Do not burden them with taxes; you were not used to do so from the beginning. Let this be your reason for not taxing. These are the arguments of states and kingdoms. Leave the rest to the schools; for there only they may be discussed with safety. But if, intemperately, unwisely, fatally, you sophisticate and poison the very source of government, by urging subtle deductions and consequences odious to those you govern from the unlimited and illimitable nature of supreme sovereignty, you will teach them by these means to call that sovereignty itself in question. When you drive him hard, the boar will surely turn upon the hunters. If that sovereignty and their freedom cannot be reconciled which will they take? They will cast your sovereignty in your face.”

To Burke, as to Horace Walpole and many another thoughtful observer, the failure of the struggle of the English people in America meant the sacrifice of the English constitution and the mortification of English liberty. "Nobody shall persuade me," he said upon another occasion, "when a whole people are concerned, that acts of lenity are not means of conciliation"; and again: "I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people."

With the passing of Lord North’s government in 1782, Lord Rockingham, Charles Fox, and Lord Shelburne were
sent for to form a new ministry. Burke was appointed Pay-
master of the Forces, his brother made Secretary of the
Treasury, and his son Richard named to be his father's
deputy at the Pay-office. In three months Lord Rockingham
was dead, and Burke, allied with Fox, was pouring forth
daily invectives against Lord Shelburne. The administration
fell in 1783 and was succeeded by the ministry of the Duke
of Portland, in which North and Fox exercised sovereign
sway, and under which Burke returned to the Pay-office.

Between the American Revolution and the French Revo-
lution — the second portentous change in the world's affairs
with which Burke was concerned — intervened the trial of
Warren Hastings, which, with its allied Indian questions,
occupied Burke for fourteen years, and with whose story the
world is familiar through a hundred narratives of eloquence
and power.

**Burke and the French Revolution.**

The revolution which swept the feudal system out of
France was the most violent manifestation of a tremendous
series of changes which disturbed almost every country in
Europe. The earth was filled with the shrill cries of liberty
and equality and the proclamation of the rights of man.
The lurid effulgence of the French Revolution beat upon
English faces, arousing alternately hope and fear. An ideal
excitement seized upon the people, and the poets, always
the first to feel the rush of the nation in emotion, chanted
the praises of the new order. The eighteenth-century
literature, which had begun with the poetry of Pope
—steeped to the lips in artificial life — and which had
heard in Gray the distant approach of the voices of the
Revolution, now closed with the defiant songs of liberty of
Robert Burns. Wordsworth, also, and Coleridge and Southey
began in sympathy with the destroyers of the Bastille, but after the Reign of Terror grew disillusionized and conservative. Wordsworth visited France at the time of the September massacres, and in both the clamorous halls, the National Synod and the Jacobins, he

Saw the Revolutionary Power
Toss like a ship at anchor, rocked by storms.

Southey wrote “Wat Tyler” as one who was impatient of “all the oppressions that are done under the sun.” Coleridge sang his lofty gratulation,—

When France in wrath her giant limbs upreared,
And with that oath which smote air, earth, and sea
Stamped her strong foot and said she would be free.

The sentimental Jacobinism of Burns—a rebel to the last—formulated in song a programme of social aspiration. Dr. Priestley, Dr. Price, William Godwin, and Thomas Paine theorized about the uprising of the proletariat, and with metaphysical abstractions constructed an ideal society upon “Political Justice” and the “Rights of Man.” Even Parliament rocked upon the strong current of revolutionary sympathy. Fox declared that the fall of the Bastille was the greatest and best event that had ever happened in the world, and the Earl of Lauderdale appeared in the House wearing a rough Jacobin costume. Burke never shared the common transport. From the first he was uneasy and apprehensive. He distrusted “the blind hysterics of the Celt,” and watched the rapid and singular proceedings across the channel with absorbing interest and with suspended judgment. When the terrible events of the Revolution came on, and France performed the perilous feat that Carlyle called “shooting Niagara,” and the doctrine of the “rights of man” raged like a fever in the blood of Europe, and fanaticism, specu-
lation, and atheism dethroned Burke’s cherished idols of order, sobriety, and “gently enlarged precedent,” the statesman’s anxious vigils were startled by visions of stupendous and hideous catastrophe.

Dr. Price, in addressing an association called the Revolution Society, praised France in good set terms for having advanced the principles of the English Revolution to a loftier height. Burke considered that the preacher had given “the solemn public seal of sanction” to what was going on in France, and set to work forthwith upon a message and warning to the people of England. He toiled terribly upon it, correcting and rewriting it in every sentence, until, in exactly a year (November, 1790), “Reflections on the French Revolution,” a small octavo of three hundred and fifty-six pages, appeared. Sir James Mackintosh, then a young man of twenty-five years, replied to the “Reflections” in the just and sane “Vindiciae Gallicae,” though he afterwards recanted and joined hands with Burke. Thomas Paine retorted in the “Rights of Man” with an energy and fierceness which were a grim satisfaction to Burke.

The tears of passion shed in the “Reflections,” and the horror of anarchy which the gigantic diatribe displayed proceeded from deep sources of conviction; peace, friendship, all precious things Burke sacrificed in the intense heat of mind aroused by the Revolution. He quarrelled with Sheridan and separated from Fox, saying, “It is indiscreet at any period, but especially at my time of life, to provoke enemies or give my friends occasion to desert me. Yet if my firm and steady adherence to the British Constitution place me in such a dilemma, I am ready to risk it, and with my last words to exclaim, ‘Fly from the French Constitution.’” John Morley, writing of the memorable scene of May 6, 1791, when these fatal words were spoken, says: “The members who sat on the same side were aghast at proceedings
which went beyond their worst apprehensions. Even the ministerialists were shocked. Pitt agreed much more with Fox than with Burke, but he would have been more than human if he had not watched with complacency his two most formidable adversaries turning their swords against one another. Wilberforce, who was more disinterested, lamented the spectacle as shameful. In the galleries there was hardly a dry eye. Fox, as might have been expected from his warm and generous nature, was deeply moved, and is described as weeping even to sobbing. He repeated his former acknowledgment of his debt to Burke, and he repeated his former expression of faith in the blessings which the abolition of royal despotism would bring to France. With unabated vehemence, Burke again rose to denounce the French Constitution, — "a building composed of untempered mortar — the work of Goths and Vandals, where everything was dis-jointed and inverted." After a short rejoinder from Fox, the scene came to a close, and the once friendly intercourse between the two heroes was at an end. When they met in the managers' box in Westminster Hall on the business of Hastings's trial, they met with the formalities of strangers. There is a story that when Burke left the House on the night of the quarrel it was raining, and Mr. Curwen, a member of the Opposition, took him home in his carriage. Burke at once began to declaim against the French. Curwen dropped some remark on the other side. 'What!' Burke cried out, grasping the check-string, 'are you one of these people? Set me down!' It needed all Curwen's force to keep him where he was; and when they reached his house Burke stepped out without saying a single word." (Morley's "Burke," p. 264.)

At Margate, in ill health, Burke finished the "Appeal from the Old to the New Whigs," which was published in August, 1791, "the last piece that Burke wrote on the Revolution in which there is any pretense of measure, sobriety, and calm
judgment in face of a formidable and perplexing crisis. Henceforth it is not political philosophy, but the minatory exhortation of a prophet" (Morley).

At first blush it would appear that Burke entertained one set of political doctrines when he favored the struggle of the colonists in America and quite another when he inveighed against the aspirations of the revolutionists in France.

His course was in reality thoroughly consistent. "I flatter myself," he said, "that I love a manly, moral, regulated liberty"; but he could not conceive of liberty apart from order. He regarded with a reverence that was almost awe the vast and intricate body of English law and tradition, established by charter and custom. Lightly to overturn ancient opinion, to innovate in morals or religion, to experiment with the social order were to him acts of suicidal folly leading to atheism, anarchy, and dissolution. His notion of England was Tennyson's,—

A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown
Where Freedom broadens slowly down
From precedent to precedent.

Where faction seldom gathers head;
But by degrees to fulness wrought,
The strength of some diffusive thought
Hath time and space to work and spread.

He was everywhere recognized as the most stalwart defender of the constitution, for which he entertained almost a superstitious reverence. When Richard Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, whose liberal sympathies had caused him to be called "the levelling prelate" and "the Bishop of the Dissenters," recanted after the execution of Louis XVI and published his "Structures on the French Revolution and the British Constitution" (Jan. 15, 1793), Wordsworth regarded
him as a renegade, and replied with "An Apology for the French Revolution," signed "A Republican," in which the arguments were the arguments of Rousseau, and the object of his attack was rather Burke than Watson. He declared that Burke, with "a refinement of cruelty superior to that which in the East yokes the living to the dead, strove to persuade us that we and our posterity to the end of time were riveted to a constitution by the indissoluble compact of a dead parchment." Because of his evident sincerity of purpose and his great services to English liberty, Burke's opposition was regarded by the radicals with leniency and mild regret. Coleridge, in his "Sonnets on Eminent Characters" (December, 1794), compares Pitt, "the dark scowler," to Judas Iscariot, but addresses Burke,—

As late I lay in slumber's shadowy vale,
With wetted cheek, and in a mourner's guise,
I saw the sainted form of Freedom rise;
She spake! not sadder moans the autumnal gale—
"Great Son of Genius! sweet to me thy name,
Ere in an evil hour with altered voice
Thou bad'st Oppression's hireling crew rejoice,
Blasting with wizard spell my laureled fame.
Yet never, Burke! thou drank'st Corruption's bowl!
Thee stormy Pity and the cherished lure
Of Pomp, and proud Precipitance of soul
Wilder'd with meteor fires. Ah Spirit pure!
That error's mist had left thy purged eye,
So might I clasp thee with a Mother's joy.

"Murderous atheists," Burke called the sect of revolution. To him they were "bloody felons who annoy the world." He denounced all those who would irreverently meddle with forms of life about which had accumulated "the awful hoar of innumerable ages." He saw a new and pernicious doctrine spreading from the schools into the mass of the people and
threatening the old social order. It alarmed him that "rank and office and all the solemn plausibilities of the world had lost their reverence and effect" ("Present Discontents"). Government by contract, by constitutions made in the study and pigeon-holed and ticketed by an Abbé Sieyès, shocked his sense of the solemnity that attaches to the great invisible ideas upon which the progress of a nation is borne. "One sure symptom," he said to the sheriffs of Bristol, "of an ill-conducted state is the propensity of the people to resort to theories." And in his speech on Conciliation he declared that the discussion of abstract rights "is the great

Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casisus old,
Where armies whole have sunk."

"All the ancient, honest, juridical principles and institutions of England," he said, "are so many clogs to check and retard the headlong course of violence and oppression; they were invented for this one good purpose, that what was not just should not be convenient." Burke was willing to admit the right of England to tax her colonies, but he knew that if the integrity of the empire was to be preserved it was not expedient to enforce taxation. He waged his war of fourteen years against Warren Hastings and the mismanagement of India because he would save the empire, and he believed right conduct indispensable to the preservation of India. "Our business," he said, "is to rule, not to wrangle." And as he pursued political expediency in India and America in order to preserve the constitution inviolate and the integrity of the august empire, in precisely the same manner he warned England to keep out French infection—"the rude inroad of Gallic tumult"—lest England, too, should "lead up the death-dance of democratic revolution" and all "perish and be overwhelmed in a common ruin."
In his sixty-fourth year Burke announced his intention to leave Parliament upon the conclusion of the trial of Hastings. Accordingly, in 1794 he applied for the Chiltern Hundreds. His son Richard Burke was nominated for his seat in the House, and it was proposed to make Burke a peer,—Lord Beaconsfield. But in August, 1794, Richard Burke died, and the venerable statesman, overwhelmed and desolate, withdrew to Beaconsfield to drag out three sad, weary years. The arrangements for a peerage ceased with the son's death. Pitt, who was aware of Burke's financial distress, offered him a grant of twelve hundred pounds a year from the Civil List for Mrs. Burke's life, "to be followed by a proposition to Parliament in a message from the king to confer an annuity of greater value upon a statesman who had served the country to his own loss for thirty years. As a matter of fact, the grant, twenty-five hundred pounds a year in amount, much to Burke's chagrin, was never brought before Parliament, but was conferred directly by the Crown, as a charge on the four and a half per cent fund for two or more lives." The Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale attacked the pension because it had not been given with the consent of Parliament and therefore was an offense against the plan of economic reform. Burke's reply to the attack is "The Letter to a Noble Lord."

He died July 9, 1797, and is buried at Beaconsfield. On July 13 George Canning wrote to one of Lord Malmesbury's embassy, "There is but one event, but that is an event for the world,—Burke is dead."

The Personality of Burke.

Edmund Burke won many friends. He was a "clubable" man, as Dr. Johnson said, and men were attracted to him
and loved him. He served Lord Rockingham, in a political alliance, with unswerving loyalty, and he was devoted to Garrick and Sir Joshua Reynolds. The literary coterie with whom he was early associated believed in a great future for Burke in letters and philosophy. They admired his vast abilities and the riches of his knowledge. "Burke," said Johnson, "is such a man that if you met him for the first time in the street, when you were stopped by a drove of oxen, and you and he stepped aside to take shelter but for five minutes, he'd talk to you in such a manner that, when you departed, you would say, 'This is an extraordinary man.' He is never what we would call humdrum; never unwilling to begin to talk, nor in haste to leave off." Once when he was ill Burke's name was mentioned. Johnson cried out, "That fellow calls forth all my powers; were I to see Burke now it would kill me."

The opinion that the club entertained of Burke is perhaps expressed by Goldsmith in "Retaliation," —

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote;
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining.
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge disobedient;
And too fond of the right to pursue the expedient.
In short, 't was his fate, unemployed, or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

The qualities that amazed and fascinated his hearers in conversation were precisely the characteristics of his public
address,—great and varied supplies of knowledge, an imperial command of all the resources of language, and a subtle, sinewy flexibility of logic. Goldsmith said of him that he wound into a subject like a serpent. Never at a loss for the right word, he struggled with the hurrying crowd of his ideas. His thought issued in rapid speech, opulent with all gorgeous ornament. His style had the rapidity of Bolingbroke and the masculine vigor of Dryden. In his flight he passed from Miltonic elevation to Crabbe-like terseness of colloquialism.

His oratory suffered from natural disabilities. His voice was harsh, and he spoke with a marked Irish accent. He lacked tact, was choleric and irritable, and displayed at times a fierce Irish temper. On more than one occasion he was forcibly dragged into his seat by his coat tails when the fiery eruption of his anger or scorn threatened to bring him into danger. In 1778 Lord Mulgrave, in a speech on the navy estimates, acknowledged that not a shilling had been laid out on the purposes for which the last vote had been made. Burke's anger blazed. "Snatching 'the fine gilt book of estimates' from the table, he flung it at the Treasury bench, and the volume hit the candle, and nearly hit Welbore Ellis, the treasurer of the navy, on the shins."

And yet he was gentle of heart and sympathetic with all suffering or aspiring ones. The poet Crabbe, in peril of the debtor's prison, appealed to him by letter for aid; and Burke, occupied with the most exacting duties of his busy public life, paused to answer the begging note and to receive its writer and to relieve his distress with money and to grant him rooms in his own house at Beaconsfield. When his own income was inadequate to his needs he stinted himself that he might send James Barry, a promising Irish lad, to study art in foreign capitals.

"It is at his country home," says Mr. Morley, "that we
like best to think of Burke. It is still a touching picture to
the historic imagination to follow him from the heat and
violence of the House, where tipsy squires derided the
greatest genius of the time, down to the calm shades of
Beaconsfield, where he would with his own hands give food
to a starving beggar, or medicine to a peasant sick of the
ague; where he would talk of the weather, the turnips, and
the hay with the team men and the farm bailiff; and where,
in the evening stillness, he would pace the walk under the
trees, and reflect on the state of Europe and the distractions
of his country."

**THE HOUSE OF RUSSELL.**

Francis Russell, fifth Duke of Bedford (1765–1802), by
his speech upon Burke's pension provoked "The Letter to
a Noble Lord." He was the son of Francis Russell, Mar-
quis of Tavistock, and Elizabeth, sixth daughter of William
(Keppel), second Earl Albemarle. He succeeded his
grandfather, John Russell, the fourth duke, in 1771. He
was educated at Westminster School and at Trinity College,
Cambridge. After two years of foreign travel he took his
seat in the House of Lords, Dec. 5, 1787. He was not a
lover of books, and indeed had read so little that he told
Lord Holland in 1793 that he hesitated to address the
House for fear of exposing himself by his bad English. His
acquaintance with James Maitland (Earl of Lauderdale) and
Charles James Fox encouraged him, and he became a lead-
ing debater. He died unmarried, March 2, 1802, and was
succeeded by his brother John, sixth Duke of Bedford. On
March 16, 1802, Fox delivered an eloquent eulogy upon the
dead duke, which was seconded by Sheridan, and the
manuscript of which is preserved at Woburn Abbey.

The Russells are descended, as Burke reminds the fifth
duke, from John Russell, a gentleman of the chamber to Henry VIII, who was employed by the king in several important missions and was rewarded with the plunder of the monasteries. In 1540 the abbey of Tavistock, in Devonshire, and many manors belonging to the abbey were presented to him. After the accession of Edward VI still other large grants were made to him, notably the Cistercian abbey of Woburn in Bedfordshire, in 1547, and the abbey of Thorney, in 1549. These grants were the origin of the immense wealth of the family.

John Russell was created Earl of Bedford Jan. 19, 1550. He died in London March 14, 1555, and was succeeded by his only son, Francis Russell, second Earl of Bedford, who was Sheriff of Bedfordshire in 1547, Member of Parliament for Buckinghamshire, 1547–1552, and Lord Warden of the Stannaries, 1553–1580. He was a stalwart Protestant, was imprisoned during Queen Mary’s reign, and when released retired to Geneva, where he relieved the wants of many of the religious exiles. In 1558 he was made Lord-Lieutenant of the counties of Dorset, Devon, and Cornwall. Upon the accession of Elizabeth he was named Privy Councillor. He enjoyed the costly luxury of entertaining Queen Elizabeth twice,—at Cheneys and at Woburn. Upon the second occasion he wrote in some alarm to Lord Burleigh: “I am now going to prepare for her Maieses coming to Woborne, which shall be done in the best and most hastiest manner that I can. I trust yr Lp will bear in remembrance to provide helpe that her Mates tarrieng be not above two nights and a daye, for, for so long tyme do I prepare. I pray God, thi Rowmes and Lodgings there may be to her Mates contentacion for the tyme. If I could make them better upon such a sodeyn, then would I, be assured, they should be better than they be. So wr my heartie thanks to your good L. remayning always, as I have just
cause, yors, and so commit you to God's keeping. From Russell House this XVIth of July, 1572.

Yr L. right assured,
F. Bedford."

He was godfather to Sir Francis Drake, founded the Free School at Woburn, and left money to University College, Oxford. His eldest daughter married Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick. One of his sons, Sir William Russell (Lord Russell of Thornhaugh), fought bravely in the fatal battle of Zutphen, where Sir Philip Sidney fell. It was Sir William's only son Francis (1593–1641) who became fourth Earl of Bedford, having succeeded his cousin Edward, who died young and unmarried. Francis was one of thirty-three peers who in 1621 petitioned James I on the prejudice caused to the English peerage by the lavish grant of Irish and Scottish titles of nobility.

William, the fifth Earl of Bedford, was son to Francis. He commanded the Parliamentary Cavalry at Edgehill, but gradually separated himself from the Parliamentary cause and went to the king. He was made first Duke of Bedford (1694). According to Macaulay, he "accepted the dukedom with some reluctance, alleging, as a reason for preferring his earldom to a dukedom, that an earl who had a numerous family might send one son to the Temple, and another to a counting house in the City, but the sons of a duke were all lords, and a lord could not make his bread either at the Bar or on 'Change."

The Dukes of Bedford have been:

William, the first duke, succeeded by his son.
Wriothesley, the second duke, succeeded by his son.
Wriothesley, the third duke, succeeded by his brother.
Lord John Russell, the fourth duke, succeeded by his grandson.
Francis, the fifth duke, succeeded by his brother.
John, the sixth duke, succeeded by his son.
Francis, the seventh duke, succeeded by his son.
William, the eighth duke, succeeded by his cousin.
Francis Charles Hastings Russell, the ninth duke, succeeded by his son.
George William Francis Sackville, the tenth duke, succeeded by his brother.
Herbrand Arthur, the eleventh and present duke.

The present duke has published an exact account of his stewardship in administering the affairs of the vast property to which Burke refers. His book is "A Great Agricultural Estate, being the Story of the Origin and Administration of Woburn and Thorney," London, 1897. It is modestly and clearly written, and explains the contraction of values in land in England, the failure of agriculture, and the decline of rents, which have reduced to actual poverty many of the landed gentry. The Duke of Bedford's seventy-three thousand acres are farmed at a financial loss, though the deficit is handsomely provided for by the rentals of "certain lodging houses" in Bloomsbury— one square mile of houses in the heart of London!— which bring to the duke an annual income of three hundred thousand pounds.¹

The Thorney estate is situated in the basin of the Fenlands of the Bedford Level. It is lower than the sea, "the level varying from nine to twelve feet below high-water mark in the German Ocean." The Romans had attempted to drain the Fens, and their works had been maintained and carried on by the monks of Ely. The work had ceased and the land was submerged when Francis, fourth Earl of Bed-

¹ The great Bloomsbury estate came to the Bedfords through the marriage of William Russell, son of the fifth earl, to Lady Vaughan, daughter and co-heiress of the last Earl of Southampton. It is after this connection that the name Wriothesley (Southampton) appears in the Bedford line.
ford, resumed the task of reclamation; "the river beds were foul; the channels choked; the streams continually overflowed their banks; twice a day the tides drove back the fresh water and prevented the discharge of the upland streams. The country which Francis, Earl of Bedford, took in hand in the year 1630, in company with thirteen gentlemen adventurers, had thus become one vast deep fen, 'affording little benefit to the realm, other than fish and fowl, and overmuch harbor to a rude and almost barbarous sort of lazy and beggarly people.'"

In three years the whole level was declared to be drained. Within this space of time the Earl of Bedford and his participants had spent no less than one hundred thousand pounds, equal perhaps to three hundred thousand pounds at present. The undertaking was pronounced defective, because it was found that in the winter the lands were under water. "The king was declared 'undertaker,' and was not only to have the ninety-five thousand acres set out for the Earl of Bedford, but also fifty-seven thousand acres more from the country. 'Being prevented, however, by troubles arising in the kingdom,' the king, it seems, did nothing in the work of draining." The work was resumed in 1649 by William, Earl of Bedford, who with tremendous toil won back the land from the sea and the swamps.

The Dukes of Bedford have maintained an interest in agriculture. John, the fourth duke, was especially interested in planting. Of him the present duke relates the following anecdote: "The duke, perceiving that the plantation required thinning in order to admit a free circulation of air and give health and vigor to the young trees, gave instructions to his gardener, and directed him as to the mode and extent of the thinning required. The gardener paused and hesitated, and at length said: 'Your grace must pardon me if I humbly remonstrate against your orders, but
I cannot possibly do what you desire; it would at once destroy the young plantation, and, moreover, it would be seriously injurious to my reputation as a planter.' The duke replied: 'Do as I desire you, and I will take care of your reputation.' The plantation was consequently thinned according to his instructions, and the duke caused a board to be fixed in the plantation, facing the road, on which was inscribed, 'This plantation has been thinned by John, Duke of Bedford, contrary to the advice and opinion of his gardener.'” The fifth duke at the very time that he was assailing Burke’s pension was conducting experiments in the feeding of cattle and the growing of grasses, and of him Burke’s friend Arthur Young declared: “The agricultural world never perhaps sustained a greater individual loss than the husbandry of this empire has suffered by the death of the Duke of Bedford.”

The house of Russell has produced some men of distinguished power in the present century. Professor Jowett, the Master of Balliol, contributed to the Spectator, March 7, 1891, an appreciation of Hastings Russell, the ninth duke, which is a capital estimate of a highly accomplished man of a singular goodness and kindness of heart. “He was,” says Jowett, “one of the richest men in England, but he had also been one of the poorest. He would sometimes say that he had lived on all incomes from two hundred pounds to two hundred thousand pounds a year, and that he could do so again.”

But the most illustrious of the family was Lord John, first Earl Russell, the youngest son of the sixth Duke of Bedford, and born in London, Aug. 18, 1792. The Times on the occasion of his death said: “In him we have lost a man who illustrates the history of England for half a century better, perhaps, than any other person of his time. During his long season of toil there were more brilliant political
intellects, more striking masters of debate, and men more
gifted with the various qualities of party leadership. There
were, on the whole, statesmen of greater foresight and more
executive ability. There were statesmen who exercised a
far more powerful fascination on the minds of rich and poor.
But there was no other man so closely identified with the
political movements which will make fifty or sixty years of
our history memorable to the future.” A reformer and
leader in politics, he essayed to be a tragedian, a novelist, a
historian, a biographer, an editor, and a pamphleteer. His
audacity and universality made Sydney Smith say: “I believe
Lord John Russell would perform the operation for the stone,
built St. Peters, or assume with or without ten minutes’
otice the command of the channel fleet, and no one would
discover by his manner that the patient had died, the church	umbled down, and the channel fleet been knocked to
atoms.” He was the author of several political epigrams
that have circulated widely, — “the honorable member talks
of the cant of patriotism, but there is something worse than
the cant of patriotism, and that is the re-cant of patriotism”;
“one man’s wit and all men’s wisdom”; “a spur in the
head is worth two in the heel.” Lord John was raised to
the peerage in 1861, and died May 28, 1878. He was twice
married, first to Adelaide, daughter of Thomas Lister and
widow of Thomas, second Lord Ribblesdale, and then to
Lady Frances Anna Maria Elliott, daughter of Gilbert, second
Earl of Minto. His eldest son by the second marriage was
Viscount Amberley (1842–1876), who was an agnostic and
wrote “An Analysis of Religious Belief,” London, 1876, in
two volumes. He married a daughter of Baron Stanley of
Alderley, and his son John Francis Stanley succeeded Lord
John Russell as second Earl Russell in 1878.

Lord John’s eldest brother, Lord George William Russell
(1790–1846), served in the Peninsular War, was minister to
Portugal, and ambassador at Berlin. Of his three sons, the eldest was Hastings, the ninth Duke of Bedford, and the youngest, Odo William, first Baron Ampthill (1829–1884), ambassador at Berlin in 1871, and plenipotentiary at the Berlin Congress with Beaconsfield and Salisbury.

ALBERT H. SMYTH.
A Letter
from the Right Honourable

Edmund Burke

to

A Noble Lord

on the

Attacks made upon him and his Pension

in

The House of Lords

by

The Duke of Bedford

and the

Earl of Lauderdale

Early in the present session of Parliament

London:
1796.
A LETTER TO A NOBLE LORD.

My Lord: I could hardly flatter myself with the hope that so very early in the season I should have to acknowledge obligations to the Duke of Bedford and to the Earl of Lauderdale. These noble persons have lost no time in conferring upon me that sort of honor which it is alone within their competence, and which it is certainly most congenial to their natures and their manners, to bestow.

To be ill spoken of, in whatever language they speak, by the zealots of the new sect in philosophy and politics, of which these noble persons think so charitably, and of which others think so justly, to me is no matter of uneasiness or surprise. To have incurred the displeasure of the Duke of Orleans, or the Duke of Bedford, to fall under the censure of Citizen Brissot, or of his friend the Earl of Lauderdale, I ought to consider as proofs, not the least satisfactory, that I have produced some part of the effect I proposed by my endeavors. I have labored hard to earn what the noble lords are generous enough to pay. Personal offence I have given them none. The part they take against me is from zeal to the cause. It is well! — it is perfectly well! I have to do homage to their justice. I have to thank the Bedfords and the Lauderdales for having so faithfully and so fully acquitted towards me whatever arrear of debt was left undischarged by the Priestleys and the Paines,
Some, perhaps, may think them executors in their own wrong: I, at least, have nothing to complain of. They have gone beyond the demands of justice. They have been (a little, perhaps, beyond their intention) favorable to me. They have been the means of bringing out by their invectives the handsome things which Lord Grenville has had the goodness and condescension to say in my behalf. Retired as I am from the world, and from all its affairs and all its pleasures, I confess it does kindle in my nearly extinguished feelings a very vivid satisfaction to be so attacked and so commended. It is soothing to my wounded mind to be commended by an able, vigorous, and well-informed statesman, and at the very moment when he stands forth, with a manliness and resolution worthy of himself and of his cause, for the preservation of the person and government of our sovereign, and therein for the security of the laws, the liberties, the morals, and the lives of his people. To be in any fair way connected with such things is indeed a distinction.

No philosophy can make me above it; no melancholy can depress me so low as to make me wholly insensible to such an honor. Why will they not let me remain in obscurity and inaction? Are they apprehensive, that, if an atom of me remains, the sect has something to fear?

Must I be annihilated, lest, like old John Zisca's, my skin might be made into a drum, to animate Europe to eternal battle against a tyranny that threatens to overwhelm all Europe and all the human race?

My Lord, it is a subject of awful meditation. Before this of France, the annals of all time have not furnished an instance of a complete revolution. That revolution seems to have extended even to the constitution of the mind of man. It has this of wonderful in it, that it resembles what Lord Verulam says of the operations of
nature: It was perfect, not only in all its elements and principles, but in all its members and its organs from the very beginning. The moral scheme of France furnishes the only pattern ever known, which they who admire will instantly resemble. It is indeed an inexhaustible reper-
tory of one kind of examples. In my wretched condition, though hardly to be classed with the living, I am not safe from them. They have tigers to fall upon animated strength. They have hyenas to prey upon carcasses. The national menagerie is collected by the first physiologists of the time; and it is defective in no description of savage nature. They pursue, even such as me, into the obscurest retreats, and haul them before their revolution-
ary tribunals. Neither sex, nor age—nor the sanctuary of the tomb is sacred to them. They have so determined a hatred to all privileged orders, that they deny even to the departed, the sad immunities of the grave. They are not wholly without an object. Their turpitude purveys to their malice; and they unplumb the dead for bullets to assassinate the living. If all revolutionists were not proof against all caution, I should recommend it to their consideration, that no persons were ever known in history, either sacred or profane, to vex the sepulchre, and by their sorceries, to call up the prophetic dead, with any other event, than the prediction of their own disastrous fate.—"Leave me, oh leave me to repose!"

In one thing I can excuse the Duke of Bedford for his attack upon me and my mortuary pension: He cannot readily comprehend the transaction he condemns. What I have obtained was the fruit of no bargain, the production of no intrigue, the result of no compromise, the effect of no solicitation. The first suggestion of it never came from me, mediately or immediately, to his majesty or any of his ministers. It was long known that the instant my
engagements would permit it, and before the heaviest of all calamities had forever condemned me to obscurity and sorrow, I had resolved on a total retreat. I had executed that design. I was entirely out of the way of serving or of hurting any statesman or any party, when the ministers so generously and so nobly carried into effect the spontaneous bounty of the crown. Both descriptions have acted as became them. When I could no longer serve them, the ministers have considered my situation. When I could no longer hurt them, the revolutionists have trampled on my infirmity. My gratitude, I trust, is equal to the manner in which the benefit was conferred. It came to me, indeed, at a time of life, and in a state of mind and body, in which no circumstance of fortune could afford me any real pleasure. But this was no fault in the royal donor, or in his ministers, who were pleased, in acknowledging the merits of an invalid servant of the public, to assuage the sorrows of a desolate old man.

It would ill become me to boast of anything. It would as ill become me, thus called upon, to depreciate the value of a long life, spent with unexampled toil in the service of my country. Since the total body of my services, on account of the industry which was shown in them, and the fairness of my intentions, have obtained the acceptance of my sovereign, it would be absurd in me to range myself on the side of the Duke of Bedford and the corresponding society, or, as far as in me lies, to permit a dispute on the rate at which the authority appointed by our constitution to estimate such things, has been pleased to set them.

Loose libels ought to be passed by in silence and contempt. By me they have been so always. I knew that as long as I remained in public, I should live down the calumnies of malice, and the judgments of ignorance. If
I happened to be now and then in the wrong, as who is not, like all other men, I must bear the consequence of my faults and my mistakes. The libels of the present day, are just of the same stuff as the libels of the past. But they derive an importance from the rank of the persons they come from, and the gravity of the place where they were uttered. In some way or other I ought to take some notice of them. To assert myself thus traduced is not vanity or arrogance. It is a demand of justice; it is a demonstration of gratitude. If I am unworthy, the ministers are worse than prodigal. On that hypothesis, I perfectly agree with the Duke of Bedford.

For whatever I have been (I am now no more) I put myself on my country. I ought to be allowed a reasonable freedom, because I stand upon my deliverance; and no culprit ought to plead in irons. Even in the utmost latitude of defensive liberty, I wish to preserve all possible decorum. Whatever it may be in the eyes of these noble persons themselves, to me their situation calls for the most profound respect. If I should happen to trespass a little, which I trust I shall not, let it always be supposed that a confusion of characters may produce mistakes; that, in the masquerades of the grand carnival of our age, whimsical adventures happen, odd things are said and pass off. If I should fail a single point in the high respect I owe to those illustrious persons, I cannot be supposed to mean the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale of the House of Peers, but the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale of Palace Yard—the Dukes and Earls of Brentford. There they are on the pavement; there they seem to come nearer to my humble level, and, virtually at least, to have waived their high privilege.

Making this protestation, I refuse all revolutionary
tribunals, where men have been put to death for no other reason than that they had obtained favors from the crown. I claim, not the letter, but the spirit of the old English law— that is, to be tried by my peers. I decline his Grace's jurisdiction as a judge. I challenge the Duke of Bedford, as a juror, to pass upon the value of my services. Whatever his natural parts may be, I cannot recognize in his few and idle years the competence to judge of my long and laborious life. If I can help it, he shall not be on the inquest of my quantum meruit. Poor rich man! he can hardly know anything of public industry in its exertions, or can estimate its compensations when its work is done. I have no doubt of his Grace's readiness in all the calculations of vulgar arithmetic; but I shrewdly suspect that he is very little studied in the theory of moral proportions, and has never learned the rule of three in the arithmetic of policy and state.

His Grace thinks I have obtained too much. I answer, that my exertions, whatever they have been, were such as no hopes of pecuniary reward could possibly excite; and no pecuniary compensation can possibly reward them. Between money and such services, if done by abler men than I am, there is no common principle of comparison: they are quantities incommensurable. Money is made for the comfort and convenience of animal life. It cannot be a reward for what mere animal life must, indeed, sustain, but never can inspire. With submission to his Grace, I have not had more than sufficient. As to any noble use, I trust I know how to employ as well as he a much greater fortune than he possesses. In a more confined application, I certainly stand in need of every kind of relief and easement much more than he does. When I say I have not received more than I
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deserve—is this the language I hold to Majesty? No! Far, very far, from it! Before that presence I claim no merit at all. Everything towards me is favor and bounty. One style to a gracious benefactor; another to a proud and insulting foe.

His Grace is pleased to aggravate my guilt, by charging my acceptance of his Majesty's grant as a departure from my ideas, and the spirit of my conduct with regard to economy. If it be, my ideas of economy were false and ill founded. But they are the Duke of Bedford's ideas of economy I have contradicted, and not my own. If he means to allude to certain bills brought in by me on a message from the throne in 1782, I tell him, that there is nothing in my conduct that can contradict either the letter or the spirit of those acts. Does he mean the pay-office act? I take it for granted he does not. The act to which he alludes is, I suppose, the establishment act. I greatly doubt whether his Grace has ever read the one or the other. The first of these systems cost me, with every assistance which my then situation gave me, pains incredible. I found an opinion common through all the offices, and general in the public at large, that it would prove impossible to reform and methodize the office of paymaster-general. I undertook it, however, and I succeeded in my undertaking. Whether the military service, or whether the general economy of our finances have profited by that act, I leave to those who are acquainted with the army, and with the treasury, to judge.

An opinion full as general prevailed also at the same time, that nothing could be done for the regulation of the civil-list establishment. The very attempt to introduce method into it, and any limitations to its services, was held absurd. I had not seen the man, who so much
as suggested one economical principle, or an economical expedient, upon that subject. Nothing but coarse amputation, or coarser taxation, were then talked of, both of them without design, combination, or the least shadow of principle. Blind and headlong zeal, or factious fury, were the whole contribution brought by the most noisy on that occasion, towards the satisfaction of the public, or the relief of the crown.

Let me tell my youthful censor that the necessities of that time required something very different from what others then suggested, or what his Grace now conceives. Let me inform him that it was one of the most critical periods in our annals.

Astronomers have supposed that, if a certain comet, whose path intersected the ecliptic, had met the earth in some (I forget what) sign, it would have whirled us along with it, in its eccentric course, into God knows what regions of heat and cold. Had the portentous comet of the Rights of Man (which "from its horrid hair shakes pestilence and war," and "with fear of change perplexes monarchs"), had that comet crossed upon us in that internal state of England, nothing human could have prevented our being irresistibly hurried out of the highway of heaven into all the vices, crimes, horrors, and miseries of the French Revolution.

Happily, France was not then Jacobinized. Her hostility was at a good distance. We had a limb cut off, but we preserved the body; we lost our colonies, but we kept our Constitution. There was, indeed, much intestine heat; there was a dreadful fermentation. Wild and savage insurrection quitted the woods, and prowled about our streets in the name of Reform. Such was the distemper of the public mind, that there was no madman, in his maddest ideas and maddest projects, who might not count
upon numbers to support his principles and execute his designs.

Many of the changes, by a great misnomer called Parliamentary Reforms, went, not in the intention of all the professors and supporters of them, undoubtedly, but went in their certain, and, in my opinion, not very remote effect, home to the utter destruction of the Constitution of this kingdom. Had they taken place, not France, but England, would have had the honor of leading up the death-dance of democratic revolution. Other projects, exactly coincident in time with those, struck at the very existence of the kingdom under any Constitution. There are who remember the blind fury of some, and the lamentable helplessness of others; here, a torpid confusion, from a panic fear of the danger—there, the same inaction, from a stupid insensibility to it; here, well-wishers to the mischief—there, indifferent lookers-on. At the same time, a sort of National Convention, dubious in its nature, and perilous in its example, nosed Parliament in the very seat of its authority, sat with a sort of superintendence over it, and little less than dictated to it, not only laws, but the very form and essence of legislature itself. In Ireland things ran in a still more eccentric course. Government was unnerved, confounded, and in a manner suspended. Its equipoise was totally gone. I do not mean to speak disrespectfully of Lord North. He was a man of admirable parts, of general knowledge, of a versatile understanding fitted for every sort of business, of infinite wit and pleasantry, of a delightful temper, and with a mind most perfectly disinterested. But it would be only to degrade myself by a weak adulation, and not to honor the memory of a great man, to deny that he wanted something of the vigilance and spirit of command that the time required. Indeed, a
darkness next to the fog of this awful day lowered over
the whole region. For a little time the helm appeared
abandoned.

Ipse diem noctemque negat discernere cælo,
Nec meminisse viæ mediâ Palinurus in undâ.

At that time I was connected with men of high place
in the community. They loved liberty as much as the
Duke of Bedford can do; and they understood it at least
as well. Perhaps their politics, as usual, took a tincture
from their character, and they cultivated what they
loved. The liberty they pursued was a liberty insepara-
able from order, from virtue, from morals, and from
religion, and was neither hypocritically nor fanatically
followed. They did not wish that liberty, in itself
one of the first of blessings, should in its perversion
become the greatest curse which could fall upon man-
kind. To preserve the Constitution entire, and practically
equal to all the great ends of its formation, not in one
single part, but in all its parts, was to them the first object.
Popularity and power they regarded alike. These were
with them only different means of obtaining that object,
and had no preference over each other in their minds,
but as one or the other might afford a surer or a less
certain prospect of arriving at that end. It is some
consolation to me, in the cheerless gloom which darkens
the evening of my life, that with them I commenced my
political career, and never for a moment, in reality nor
in appearance, for any length of time, was separated
from their good wishes and good opinion.

By what accident it matters not, nor upon what desert,
but just then, and in the midst of that hunt of obloquy
which ever has pursued me with a full cry through life, I
had obtained a very considerable degree of public confi-
dence. I know well enough how equivocal a test this kind of popular opinion forms of the merit that obtained it. I am no stranger to the insecurity of its tenure. I do not boast of it. It is mentioned to show, not how highly I prize the thing, but my right to value the use I made of it. I endeavored to turn that short-lived advantage to myself into a permanent benefit to my country. Far am I from detracting from the merit of some gentlemen, out of office or in it, on that occasion. No! it is not my way to refuse a full and heaped measure of justice to the aids that I receive. I have through life been willing to give everything to others, and to reserve nothing for myself but the inward conscience that I had omitted no pains to discover, to animate, to discipline, to direct the abilities of the country for its service, and to place them in the best light to improve their age, or to adorn it. This conscience I have. I have never suppressed any man, never checked him for a moment in his course, by any jealousy, or by any policy. I was always ready, to the height of my means (and they were always infinitely below my desires), to forward those abilities which overpowered my own. He is an ill-furnished undertaker who has no machinery but his own hands to work with. Poor in my own faculties, I ever thought myself rich in theirs. In that period of difficulty and danger, more especially, I consulted and sincerely coöperated with men of all parties, who seemed disposed to the same ends, or to any main part of them. Nothing to prevent disorder was omitted: when it appeared, nothing to subdue it was left uncoun-
selled nor unexecuted, as far as I could prevail. At the time I speak of, and having a momentary lead, so aided and so encouraged, and as a feeble instrument in a mighty hand—I do not say I saved my country; I am sure I did my country important service. There were few, indeed,
that did not at that time acknowledge it; and that time was thirteen years ago. It was but one voice, that no man in the kingdom better deserved an honorable provision should be made for him.

5 So much for my general conduct through the whole of the portentous crisis from 1780 to 1782, and the general sense then entertained of that conduct by my country. But my character, as a reformer, in the particular instances which the Duke of Bedford refers to, is so connected in principle with my opinions on the hideous changes, which have since barbarized France, and spreading thence, threaten the political and moral order of the whole world, that it seems to demand something of a more detailed discussion.

10 My economical reforms were not, as his Grace may think, the suppression of a paltry pension or employment, more or less. Economy in my plan was, as it ought to be, secondary, subordinate, instrumental. I acted on state principles. I found a great distemper in the commonwealth; and, according to the nature of the evil and of the object, I treated it. The malady was deep; it was complicated, in the causes and in the symptoms. Throughout it was full of contra-indicants. On one hand government, daily growing more invidious from an apparent increase of the means of strength, was every day growing more contemptible by real weakness. Nor was this dissolution confined to government commonly so called. It extended to Parliament; which was losing not a little in its dignity and estimation, by an opinion of its not acting on worthy motives. On the other hand, the desires of the people, (partly natural and partly infused into them by art) appeared in so wild and inconsiderate a manner, with regard to the economical object (for I set aside for a moment the dreadful tampering with the body of the
constitution itself) that if their petitions had literally been complied with, the state would have been convulsed; and a gate would have been opened, through which all property might be sacked and ravaged. Nothing could have saved the public from the mischiefs of the false reform but its absurdity; which would soon have brought itself, and with it all real reform, into discredit. This would have left a rankling wound in the hearts of the people, who would know they had failed in the accomplishment of their wishes, but who, like the rest of mankind in all ages, would impute the blame to anything rather than to their own proceedings. But there were then persons in the world, who nourished complaint; and would have been thoroughly disappointed if the people were ever satisfied. I was not of that humor. I wished that they should be satisfied. It was my aim to give to the people the substance of what I knew they desired, and what I thought was right whether they desired it or not, before it had been modified for them into senseless petitions. I knew that there is a manifest marked distinction, which ill men, with ill designs, or weak men incapable of any design, will constantly be confounding, that is, a marked distinction between change and reformation. The former alters the substance of the objects themselves; and gets rid of all their essential good, as well as of all the accidental evil annexed to them. Change is novelty; and whether it is to operate any one of the effects of reformation at all, or whether it may not contradict the very principle upon which reformation is desired, cannot be certainly known beforehand. Reform is, not a change in the substance, or in the primary modification of the object, but a direct application of a remedy to the grievance complained of. So far as that is removed, all is sure. It stops there; and if it fails, the
substance which underwent the operation, at the very worst, is but where it was.

All this, in effect, I think, but am not sure, I have said elsewhere. It cannot at this time be too often repeated, line upon line, precept upon precept, until it comes into the currency of a proverb, _To innovate is not to reform._ The French revolutionists complained of everything; they refused to reform anything; and they left nothing, no, nothing at all, _unchanged._ The consequences are _before_ us, not in remote history, not in future prognostication: they are about us, they are upon us. They shake the public security; they menace private enjoyment. They dwarf the growth of the young; they break the quiet of the old. If we travel, they stop our way. They infest us in town; they pursue us to the country. Our business is interrupted, our repose is troubled, our pleasures are saddened, our very studies are poisoned and perverted, and knowledge is rendered worse than ignorance by the enormous evils of this dreadful innovation. The revolution harpies of France, sprung from night and hell, or from that chaotic anarchy, which generates equivocally “all monstrous, all prodigious things,” cuckoo-like, adulterously lay their eggs, and brood over, and hatch them in the nest of every neighboring state. These obscene harpies, who deck themselves, in I know not what divine attributes, but who in reality are foul and ravenous birds of prey (both mothers and daughters) flutter over our heads, and souse down upon our tables, and leave nothing unrent, unrifled, un ravaged, or unpolluted with the slime of their filthy offal.¹

¹ Tristius haud illis monstrum, nec sævior ulla Pestis, & ira Defém Stygiis sese extulit undis. Virginei volucrum vultus; fædissima ventris Proluvies; unçaëque manus; & pallida semper Ora fame —
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If his Grace can contemplate the result of this complete innovation, or, as some friends of his will call it, reform, in the whole body of its solidity and compound mass, at which, as Hamlet says, the face of heaven glows with horror and indignation, and which, in truth, makes every reflecting mind and every feeling heart perfectly thought-sick, without a thorough abhorrence of everything they say and everything they do, I am amazed at the morbid strength or the natural infirmity of his mind.

It was, then, not my love, but my hatred to innovation, that produced my plan of reform. Without troubling myself with the exactness of the logical diagram, I considered them as things substantially opposite. It was to prevent that evil that I proposed the measures which his Grace is pleased, and I am not sorry he is pleased, to recall to my recollection. I had (what I hope that noble Duke will remember in all his operations) a state to preserve, as well as a state to reform. I had a people to gratify, but not to inflame or to mislead. I do not claim half the credit for what I did as for what I prevented from being done. In that situation of the public mind, I did not undertake, as was then proposed, to new-model the House of Commons or the House of Lords, or to change the authority under which any officer of the crown acted, who was suffered at all to exist. Crown, lords, commons, judicial system, system of administration, existed as they had existed before, and in the mode and manner in which

Here the Poet breaks the line, because he (and that He is Virgil) had not verse or language to describe that monster even as he had conceived her. Had he lived to our time, he would have been more overpowered with the reality than he was with the imagination. Virgil only knew the horror of the times before him. Had he lived to see the revolutionists and constitutionalists of France, he would have had more horrid and disgusting features of his harpies to describe, and more frequent failures in the attempt to describe them.
they had always existed. My measures were, what I then truly stated them to the House to be, in their intent, healing and mediatorial. A complaint was made of too much influence in the House of Commons: I reduced it in both Houses; and I gave my reasons, article by article, for every reduction, and showed why I thought it safe for the service of the state. I heaved the lead every inch of way I made. A disposition to expense was complained of: to that I opposed, not mere retrenchment, but a system of economy, which would make a random expense, without plan or foresight, in future, not easily practicable. I proceeded upon principles of research to put me in possession of my matter; on principles of method to regulate it; and on principles in the human mind and in civil affairs to secure and perpetuate the operation. I conceived nothing arbitrarily; nor proposed anything to be done by the will and pleasure of others, or my own; but by reason, and by reason only. I have ever abhorred, since the first dawn of my understanding to this its obscure twilight, all the operations of opinion, fancy, inclination, and will, in the affairs of government, where only a sovereign reason, paramount to all forms of legislation and administration, should dictate. Government is made for the very purpose of opposing that reason to will and to caprice, in the reformers or in the reformed, in the governors or in the governed, in kings, in senates, or in people.

On a careful review, therefore, and analysis, of all the component parts of the civil list, and on weighing them against each other, in order to make, as much as possible, all of them a subject of estimate (the foundation and cornerstone of all regular provident economy) it appeared to me evident, that this was impracticable, whilst that part, called the pension list, was totally discretionary in its
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amount. For this reason, and for this only, I proposed to reduce it, both in its gross quantity, and in its larger individual proportions, to a certainty: lest, if it were left without a general limit, it might eat up the civil list service; if suffered to be granted in portions too great for the fund, it might defeat its own end; and by unlimited allowances to some, it might disable the crown in means of providing for others. The pension list was to be kept as a sacred fund; but it could not be kept as a constant open fund, sufficient for growing demands, if some demands would wholly devour it. The tenor of the act will show that it regarded the civil list only, the reduction of which to some sort of estimate was my great object.

No other of the crown funds did I meddle with, because they had not the same relations. This of the four and a half per cents does his Grace imagine had escaped me, or had escaped all the men of business, who acted with me in those regulations? I knew that such a fund existed, and that pensions had been always granted on it, before his Grace was born. This fund was full in my eye. It was full in the eyes of those who worked with me. It was left on principle. On principle I did what was then done; and on principle what was left undone was omitted. I did not dare to rob the nation of all funds to reward merit. If I pressed this point too close, I acted contrary to the avowed principles on which I went. Gentlemen are very fond of quoting me; but if any one thinks it worth his while to know the rules that guided me in my plan of reform, he will read my printed speech on that subject; at least what is contained from page 230 to page 241 in the second volume of the collection which a friend has given himself the trouble to make of my publications. Be this as it may, these two bills (though
achieved with the greatest labor, and management of every sort, both within and without the house) were only a part, and but a small part, of a very large system, comprehending all the objects I stated in opening my proposition, and indeed many more, which I just hinted at in my speech to the electors of Bristol, when I was put out of that representation. All these, in some state or other of forwardness, I have long had by me.

But do I justify his Majesty's grace on these grounds? I think them the least of my services. The time gave them an occasional value. What I have done in the way of political economy was far from confined to this body of measures. I did not come into Parliament to con my lesson. I had earned my pension before I set my foot in St. Stephen's Chapel. I was prepared and disciplined to this political warfare. The first session I sat in Parliament, I found it necessary to analyze the whole commercial, financial, constitutional, and foreign interests of Great Britain and its empire. A great deal was then done; and more, far more, would have been done, if more had been permitted by events. Then, in the vigor of my manhood, my constitution sunk under my labor. Had I then died (and I seemed to myself very near death), I had then earned for those who belonged to me more than the Duke of Bedford's ideas of service are of power to estimate. But, in truth, these services I am called to account for are not those on which I value myself the most. If I were to call for a reward (which I have never done), it should be for those in which, for fourteen years without intermission, I showed the most industry and had the least success; I mean in the affairs of India. They are those on which I value myself the most; most for the importance, most for the labor, most for the judgment, most for constancy and perseverance in the pursuit.
Others may value them most for the intention. In that, surely, they are not mistaken.

Does his Grace think, that they who advised the crown to make my retreat easy, considered me only as an economist? That, well understood, however is a good deal. If I had not deemed it of some value, I should not have made political economy an object of my humble studies, from my very early youth to near the end of my service in Parliament, even before, (at least to any knowledge of mine) it had employed the thoughts of speculative men in other parts of Europe. At that time it was still in its infancy in England, where, in the last century, it had its origin. Great and learned men thought my studies were not wholly thrown away, and deigned to communicate with me now and then on some particulars of their immortal works. Something of these studies may appear incidentally in some of the earliest things I published. The House has been witness to their effect, and has profited of them more or less, for above eight and twenty years. To their estimate I leave the matter.

I was not, like his Grace of Bedford, swaddled, and rocked, and dandled into a legislator: "Nitor in adversum" is the motto for a man like me. I possessed not one of the qualities, nor cultivated one of the arts, that recommend men to the favor and protection of the great. I was not made for a minion or a tool. As little did I follow the trade of winning the hearts by imposing on the understandings of the people. At every step of my progress in life (for in every step was I traversed and opposed), and at every turnpike I met, I was obliged to show my passport, and again and again to prove my sole title to the honor of being useful to my country, by a proof that I was not wholly unacquainted with its laws, and the whole system of its interests both abroad and at home. Other-
wise, no rank, no toleration even, for me. I had no arts but manly arts. On them I have stood, and, please God, in spite of the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale, to the last gasp will I stand.

5 Had his Grace condescended to inquire concerning the person whom he has not thought it below him to reproach, he might have found, that, in the whole course of my life, I have never, on any pretence of economy, or any other pretence, so much as in a single instance, stood between any man and his reward of service or his encouragement in useful talent and pursuit, from the high- est of those services and pursuits to the lowest. On the contrary, I have on a hundred occasions exerted myself with singular zeal to forward every man's even tolerable pretensions. I have more than once had good-natured reprehensions from my friends for carrying the matter to something bordering on abuse. This line of conduct, whatever its merit might be, was partly owing to natural disposition, but I think full as much to reason and prin- ciple. I looked on the consideration of public service or public ornament to be real and very justice; and I ever held a scanty and penurious justice to partake of the nature of a wrong. I held it to be, in its consequences, the worst economy in the world. In saving money I soon can count up all the good I do; but when by a cold penury I blast the abilities of a nation, and stunt the growth of its active energies, the ill I may do is beyond all calculation. Whether it be too much or too little, whatever I have done has been general and systematic. I have never entered into those trifling vexations, and oppress- sive details, that have been falsely and most ridiculously laid to my charge.

Did I blame the pensions given to Mr. Barré and Mr. Dunning between the proposition and execution of my
plan? No! surely, no! Those pensions were within my principles. I assert it, those gentlemen deserved their pensions, their titles,—all they had; and if more they had, I should have been but pleased the more. They were men of talents; they were men of service. I put the profession of the law out of the question in one of them. It is a service that rewards itself. But their public service, though, from their abilities unquestionably of more value than mine, in its quantity and in its duration was not to be mentioned with it. But I never could drive a hard bargain in my life, concerning any matter whatever; and least of all do I know how to haggle and huckster with merit. Pension for myself I obtained none; nor did I solicit any. Yet I was loaded with hatred for everything that was withheld, and with obloquy for everything that was given. I was thus left to support the grants of a name ever dear to me, and ever venerable to the world, in favor of those, who were no friends of mine or of his, against the rude attacks of those who were at that time friends to the grantees, and their own zealous partisans. I have never heard the Earl of Lauderdale complain of these pensions. He finds nothing wrong till he comes to me. This is impartiality, in the true modern revolutionary style.

Whatever I did at that time, so far as it regarded order and economy, is stable and eternal; as all principles must be. A particular order of things may be altered; order itself cannot lose its value. As to other particulars, they are variable by time and by circumstances. Laws of regulation are not fundamental laws. The public exigencies are the masters of all such laws. They rule the laws, and are not to be ruled by them. They who exercise the legislative power at the time must judge.

It may be new to his Grace, but I beg leave to tell him
that mere parsimony is not economy. It is separable in theory from it; and in fact it may or it may not be a part of economy, according to circumstances. Expense, and great expense, may be an essential part in true economy. If parsimony were to be considered as one of the kinds of that virtue, there is, however, another and a higher economy. Economy is a distributive virtue, and consists, not in saving, but in selection. Parsimony requires no providence, no sagacity, no powers of combination, no comparison, no judgment. Mere instinct, and that not an instinct of the noblest kind, may produce this false economy in perfection. The other economy has larger views. It demands a discriminating judgment, and a firm, sagacious mind. It shuts one door to impudent importunity, only to open another, and a wider, to unpre-transauthority. If none but meritorious service or real talent were to be rewarded, this nation has not wanted, and this nation will not want, the means of rewarding all the service it ever will receive, and encouraging all the merit it ever will produce. No state, since the foundation of society, has been impoverished by that species of profusion. Had the economy of selection and proportion been at all times observed, we should not now have had an overgrown Duke of Bedford, to oppress the industry of humble men, and to limit, by the standard of his own conceptions, the justice, the bounty, or, if he pleases, the charity of the crown.

His Grace may think as meanly as he will of my deserts in the far greater part of my conduct in life. It is free for him to do so. There will always be some difference of opinion in the value of political services. But there is one merit of mine which he, of all men living, ought to be the last to call in question. I have supported with very great zeal, and I am told with some
degree of success, those opinions, or, if his Grace likes another expression better, those old prejudices, which buoy up the ponderous mass of his nobility, wealth, and titles. I have omitted no exertion to prevent him and them from sinking to that level, to which the meretricious 5 French faction, his Grace at least coquets with, omit no exertion to reduce both. I have done all I could to discountenance their inquiries into the fortunes of those who hold large portions of wealth without any apparent merit of their own. I have strained every nerve to keep 10 the Duke of Bedford in that situation which alone makes him my superior. Your lordship has been a witness of the use he makes of that preëminence.

But be it, that this is virtue! Be it, that there is virtue in this well selected rigor; yet all virtues are not equally 15 becoming to all men and at all times. There are crimes, undoubtedly there are crimes, which in all seasons of our existence, ought to put a generous antipathy in action; crimes that provoke an indignant justice, and call forth a warm and animated pursuit. But all things, that concern, 20 what I may call, the preventive police of morality, all things merely rigid, harsh and censorial, the antiquated moralists, at whose feet I was brought up, would not have thought these the fittest matter to form the favorite virtues of young men of rank. What might have been 25 well enough, and have been received with a veneration mixed with awe and terror, from an old, severe, crabbed Cato, would have wanted something of propriety in the young Scipios, the ornament of the Roman nobility, in the flower of their life. But the times, the morals, the 30 masters, the scholars have all undergone a thorough revolution. It is a vile illiberal school, this new French academy of sans culottes. There is nothing in it that is fit for a gentleman to learn.
Whatever its vogue may be, I still flatter myself, that the parents of the growing generation will be satisfied with what is to be taught to their children in Westminster, in Eton, or in Winchester: I still indulge the hope that no grown gentleman or nobleman of our time will think of finishing at Mr. Thelwall's lecture whatever may have been left incomplete at the old universities of his country. I would give to Lord Grenville and Mr. Pitt for a motto, what was said of a Roman censor or prætor (or what was he), who in virtue of a Senatus consultum shut up certain academies,

"Cludere ludum impudentiæ jussit."

Every honest father of a family in the kingdom will rejoice at the breaking up for the holidays, and will pray that there may be very long vacations in all such schools.

The awful state of the time, and not myself or my own justification, is my true object in what I now write; or in what I shall ever write or say. It little signifies to the world what becomes of such things as me, or even as the Duke of Bedford. What I say about either of us is nothing more than a vehicle, as you, my Lord, will easily perceive, to convey my sentiments on matters far more worthy of your attention. It is when I stick to my apparent first subject that I ought to apologize, not when I depart from it. I therefore must beg your Lordship's pardon for again resuming it after this very short digression; assuring you that I shall never altogether lose sight of such matter as persons abler than I am may turn to some profit.

The Duke of Bedford conceives that he is obliged to call the attention of the House of Peers to his Majesty's grant to me, which he considers as excessive and out of all bounds.
I know not how it has happened, but it really seems, that, whilst his Grace was meditating his well-considered censure upon me, he fell into a sort of sleep. Homer nods, and the Duke of Bedford may dream; and as dreams (even his golden dreams) are apt to be ill-pieced and incongruously put together, his Grace preserved his idea of reproach to me, but took the subject-matter from the crown grants to his own family. This is "the stuff of which his dreams are made." In that way of putting things together his Grace is perfectly in the right. The grants to the house of Russell were so enormous as not only to outrage economy, but even to stagger credibility. The Duke of Bedford is the leviathan among all the creatures of the crown. He tumbles about his unwieldy bulk, he plays and frolics in the ocean of the royal bounty. Huge as he is, and whilst "he lies floating many a rood," he is still a creature. His ribs, his fins, his whalebone, his blubber, the very spiracles through which he spouts a torrent of brine against his origin, and covers me all over with the spray, everything of him and about him is from the throne. Is it for him to question the dispensation of the royal favor?

I really am at loss to draw any sort of parallel between the public merits of his Grace, by which he justifies the grants he holds, and these services of mine, on the favorable construction of which I have obtained what his Grace so much disapproves. In private life, I have not at all the honor of acquaintance with the noble Duke; but I ought to presume,—and it costs me nothing to do so,—that he abundantly deserves the esteem and love of all who live with him. But as to public service, why, truly, it would not be more ridiculous for me to compare myself, in rank, in fortune, in splendid descent, in youth, strength, or figure, with the Duke of Bedford, than to make a
parallel between his services and my attempts to be useful to my country. It would not be gross adulation, but uncivil irony, to say that he has any public merit of his own to keep alive the idea of the services by which his vast landed pensions were obtained. My merits, whatever they are, are original and personal; his are derivative. It is his ancestor, the original pensioner, that has laid up this inexhaustible fund of merit which makes his Grace so very delicate and exceptious about the merit of all other grantees of the crown. Had he permitted me to remain in quiet, I should have said, "'T is his estate: that's enough. It is his by law: what have I to do with it or its history?" He would naturally have said, on his side, "'T is this man's fortune. He is as good now as my ancestor was two hundred and fifty years ago. I am a young man with very old pensions; he is an old man with very young pensions — that's all."

Will his Grace, by attacking me, force me reluctantly to compare my little merit with that which obtained from the crown those prodigies of profuse donation by which he tramples on the mediocrity of humble and laborious individuals? I would willingly leave him to the herald's college, which the philosophy of the sans culottes, (prouder by far than all the garters, and Norroys and Clarencieux, and rouge dragons that ever pranced in a procession of what his friends call aristocrats and despots) will abolish with contumely and scorn. These historians, recorders, and blazoners of virtues and arms, differ wholly from that other description of historians, who never assign any act of politicians to a good motive. These gentle historians, on the contrary, dip their pens in nothing but the milk of human kindness. They seek no further for merit than the preamble of a patent, or the inscription on a tomb. With them every man created a peer is first an
hero ready made. They judge of every man's capacity for office by the offices he has filled; and the more offices the more ability. Every general officer with them is a Marlborough; every statesman a Burleigh; every judge a Murray or a Yorke. They, who alive, were laughed at or pitied by all their acquaintance, make as good a figure as the best of them in the pages of Guillim, Edmondson, and Collins. To these recorders, so full of good nature to the great and prosperous, I would willingly leave the first Baron Russell, and Earl of Bedford, and the merits of his grants. But the aulnager, the weigher, the meter of grants, will not suffer us to acquiesce in the judgment of the prince reigning at the time when they were made. They are never good to those who earn them. Well then; since the new grantees have war made on them by the old, and that the word of the sovereign is not to be taken, let us turn our eyes to history, in which great men have always a pleasure in contemplating the heroic origin of their house.

The first peer of the name, the first purchaser of the grants, was a Mr. Russell, a person of an ancient gentleman's family, raised by being a minion of Henry the Eighth. As there generally is some resemblance of character to create these relations, the favorite was in all likelihood much such another as his master. The first of those immoderate grants was not taken from the ancient demesne of the crown, but from the recent confiscation of the ancient nobility of the land. The lion, having sucked the blood of his prey, threw the offal carcass to the jackal in waiting. Having tasted once the food of confiscation, the favorites became fierce and ravenous. This worthy favorite's first grant was from the lay nobility. The second, infinitely improving on the enormity of the first, was from the plunder of the church. In truth, his
Grace is somewhat excusable for his dislike to a grant like mine, not only in its quantity, but in its kind, so different from his own.

Mine was from a mild and benevolent sovereign; his from Henry the Eighth.

Mine had not its fund in the murder of any innocent person of illustrious rank,¹ or in the pillage of any body of unoffending men. His grants were from the aggregate and consolidated funds of judgments iniquitously legal, and from possessions voluntarily surrendered by the lawful proprietors with the gibbet at their door.

The merit of the grantee whom he derives from was that of being a prompt and greedy instrument of a levelling tyrant, who oppressed all descriptions of his people, but who fell with particular fury on everything that was great and noble. Mine has been in endeavoring to screen every man, in every class, from oppression, and particularly in defending the high and eminent, who, in the bad times of confiscating princes, confiscating chief governors, or confiscating demagogues, are the most exposed to jealousy, avarice, and envy.

The merit of the original grantee of his Grace's pensions was in giving his hand to the work, and partaking the spoil, with a prince who plundered a part of the national church of his time and country. Mine was in defending the whole of the national church of my own time and my own country, and the whole of the national churches of all countries, from the principles and the examples which lead to ecclesiastical pillage, thence to a


King Henry gave to his favorite the manor of Amersham, in Bucks, part of the estate of Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, attainted in 1521. [Ed.]
contempt of all prescriptive titles, thence to the pillage of all property, and thence to universal desolation.

The merit of the origin of his Grace's fortune was in being a favorite and chief adviser to a prince who left no liberty to their native country. My endeavor was to obtain liberty for the municipal country in which I was born, and for all descriptions and denominations in it. Mine was to support with unrelaxing vigilance every right, every privilege, every franchise, in this my adopted, my dearer, and more comprehensive country; and not only to preserve those rights in this chief seat of empire, but in every nation, in every land, in every climate, language, and religion, in the vast domain that still is under the protection, and the larger that was once under the protection, of the British crown.

His founder's merits were, by arts in which he served his master and made his fortune, to bring poverty, wretchedness, and depopulation on his country. Mine were under a benevolent prince, in promoting the commerce, manufactures, and agriculture of his kingdom,—in which his Majesty shows an eminent example, who even in his amusement is a patriot, and in hours of leisure an improver of his native soil.

His founder's merit was the merit of a gentleman raised by the arts of a court and the protection of a Wolsey to the eminence of a great and potent lord. His merit in that eminence was, by instigating a tyrant to injustice, to provoke a people to rebellion. My merit was, to awaken the sober part of the country, that they might put themselves on their guard against any one potent lord, or any greater number of potent lords, or any combination of great leading men of any sort, if ever they should attempt to proceed in the same courses, but in the reverse order,—that is, by instigating a corrupted populace to rebellion,
and, through that rebellion, introducing a tyranny yet worse than the tyranny which his Grace's ancestor supported, and of which he profited in the manner we behold in the despotism of Henry the Eighth.

5 The political merit of the first pensioner of his Grace's house, was that of being concerned as a counsellor of state in advising, and in his person executing the conditions of a dishonorable peace with France; the surrendering the fortress of Boulogne, then our out-guard on the continent. By that surrender, Calais, the key of France, and the bridle in the mouth of that power, was, not many years afterwards, finally lost. My merit has been in resisting the power and pride of France, under any form of its rule; but in opposing it with the greatest zeal and earnestness, when that rule appeared in the worst form it could assume; the worst indeed which the prime cause and principle of all evil could possibly give it. It was my endeavor by every means to excite a spirit in the House, where I had the honor of a seat, for carrying on with early vigor and decision, the most clearly just and necessary war, that this or any nation ever carried on; in order to save my country from the iron yoke of its power, and from the more dreadful contagion of its principles; to preserve, while they can be preserved, pure and untainted, the ancient, inbred integrity, piety, good nature, and good humor of the people of England, from the dreadful pestilence which beginning in France, threatens to lay waste the whole moral, and in a great degree the whole physical world, having done both in the focus of its most intense malignity.

The labors of his Grace's founder merited the curses, not loud but deep, of the Commons of England, on whom he and his master had effected a complete Parliamentary reform, by making them in their slavery and humiliation,
the true and adequate representatives of a debased, degraded, and undone people. My merits were, in having had an active, though not always an ostentatious share, in every one act, without exception, of undisputed constitutional utility in my time, and in having supported on all occasions, the authority, and efficiency, and the privileges of the Commons of Great Britain. I ended my services by a recorded and fully reasoned assertion on their own journals of their constitutional rights, and a vindication of their constitutional conduct. I labored in all things to merit their inward approbation, and (along with the assistance of the largest, and greatest, and best of my endeavors) I received their free, unbiassed, public, and solemn thanks.

Thus stands the account of the comparative merits of the Crown grants which compose the Duke of Bedford's fortune as balanced against mine. In the name of common sense, why should the Duke of Bedford think that none but of the House of Russell are entitled to the favor of the Crown. Why should he imagine that no king of England has been capable of judging of merit but King Henry the Eighth? Indeed, he will pardon me, he is a little mistaken: all virtue did not end in the first Earl of Bedford; all discernment did not lose its vision when his creator closed his eyes. Let him remit his rigor on the disproportion between merit and reward in others, and they will make no inquiry into the origin of his fortune. They will regard with much more satisfaction, as he will contemplate with infinitely more advantage, whatever in his pedigree has been dulcified by an exposure to the influence of heaven in a long flow of generations from the hard, acidulous, metallic tincture of the spring. It is little to be doubted that several of his forefathers in that long series have degenerated into honor and virtue.
Let the Duke of Bedford (I am sure he will) reject with scorn and horror, the counsels of the lecturers, those wicked panders to avarice and ambition, who would tempt him in the troubles of his country, to seek another enormous fortune from the forfeitures of another nobility, and the plunder of another church. Let him (and I trust that yet he will) employ all the energy of his youth, and all the resources of his wealth, to crush rebellious principles which have no foundation in morals, and rebellious movements, that have no provocation in tyranny.

Then will be forgot the rebellions, which, by a doubtful priority in crime, his ancestor had provoked and extinguished. On such a conduct in the noble Duke, many of his countrymen might, and with some excuse might, give way to the enthusiasm of their gratitude, and in the dashing style of some of the old declaimers, cry out, that if the fates had found no other way in which they could give a Duke of Bedford and his opulence as props to a tottering world, then the butchery of the Duke of Buckingham might be tolerated; it might be regarded even with complacency, whilst in the heir of confiscation they saw the sympathizing comforter of the martyrs, who suffer under the cruel confiscation of this day; whilst they beheld with admiration his zealous protection of the virtuous and loyal nobility of France, and his manly support of his brethren, the yet standing nobility and gentry of his native land. Then his Grace’s merit would be pure and new, and sharp, as fresh from the mint of honor. As he pleased he might reflect honor on his predecessors, or throw it forward on those who were to succeed him. He might be the propagator of the stock of honor; or the root of it, as he thought proper.

Had it pleased God to continue to me the hopes of

1 At si non aliam venturo fata Neroni, etc.
succession, I should have been, according to my mediocrity and the mediocrity of the age I live in, a sort of founder of a family: I should have left a son, who, in all the points in which personal merit can be viewed, in science, in erudition, in genius, in taste, in honor, in generosity, in humanity, in every liberal sentiment and every liberal accomplishment, would not have shown himself inferior to the Duke of Bedford, or to any of those whom he traces in his line. His Grace very soon would have wanted all plausibility in his attack upon that provision which belonged more to mine than to me. He would soon have supplied every deficiency, and symmetrized every disproportion. It would not have been for that successor to resort to any stagnant, wasting reservoir of merit in me, or in any ancestry. He had in himself a salient, living spring of generous and manly action. Every day he lived he would have repurchased the bounty of the Crown, and ten times more, if ten times more he had received. He was made a public creature, and had no enjoyment whatever but in the performance of some duty. At this exigent moment the loss of a finished man is not easily supplied.

But a Disposer whose power we are little able to resist, and whose wisdom it behooves us not at all to dispute, has ordained it in another manner, and (whatever my querulous weakness might suggest) a far better. The storm has gone over me; and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honors, I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth. There, and prostrate there, I most unfeignedly recognize the divine justice, and in some degree submit to it. But whilst I humble myself before God, I do not know that it is forbidden to repel the attacks of unjust and inconsiderate
men. The patience of Job is proverbial. After some of the convulsive struggles of our irritable nature, he submitted himself, and repented in dust and ashes. But even so I do not find him blamed for reprehending, and with a considerable degree of verbal asperity, those ill-natured neighbors of his who visited his dunghill to read moral, political, and economical lectures on his misery. I am alone. I have none to meet my enemies in the gate. Indeed, my lord, I greatly deceive myself if in this hard season I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honor in the world. This is the appetite but of a few. It is a luxury, it is a privilege, it is an indulgence for those who are at their ease. But we are all of us made to shun disgrace, as we are made to shrink from pain, and poverty, and disease. It is an instinct; and under the direction of reason, instinct is always in the right. I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me are gone before me. They who should have been to me as posterity are in the place of ancestors. I owe to the dearest relation (which ever must subsist in memory) that act of piety which he would have performed to me: I owe it to him to show that he was not descended, as the Duke of Bedford would have it, from an unworthy parent.

The Crown has considered me after long service: the Crown has paid the Duke of Bedford by advance. He has had a long credit for any service which he may perform hereafter. He is secure, and long may he be secure, in his advance, whether he performs any services or not. But let him take care how he endangers the safety of that Constitution which secures his own utility or his own insignificance, or how he discourages those who take up even puny arms to defend an order of things which, like the sun of heaven, shines alike on the useful and the
worthless. His grants are engrafted on the public law of Europe, covered with the awful hoar of innumerable ages. They are guarded by the sacred rules of prescription found in that full treasury of jurisprudence from which the jejuneness and penury of our municipal law has by degrees been enriched and strengthened. This prescription I had my share (a very full share) in bringing to its perfection.\(^1\) The Duke of Bedford will stand as long as prescriptive law endures—as long as the great, stable laws of property, common to us with all civilized nations, are kept in their integrity, and without the smallest intermixture of the laws, maxims, principles, or precedents of the grand Revolution. They are secure against all changes but one. The whole Revolutionary system, institutes, digest, code, novels, text, gloss, comment, are not only not the same, but they are the very reverse, and the reverse fundamentally, of all the laws on which civil life has hitherto been upheld in all the governments of the world. The learned professors of the rights of man regard prescription not as a title to bar all claim set up against old possession, but they look on prescription as itself a bar against the possessor and proprietor. They hold an immemorial possession to be no more than a long-continued, and therefore an aggravated injustice.

Such are their ideas, such their religion, and such their law. But as to our country, and our race, as long as the well-compacted structure of our church and state, the sanctuary, the holy of holies of that ancient law, defended by reverence, defended by power, a fortress at once and a temple, shall stand inviolate on the brow of the British Sion—as long as the British monarchy, not more limited than fenced by the orders of the State, shall, like the proud Keep of Windsor, rising in the majesty of propor-

\(^1\) Sir George Savile's Act, called the *Nullum Tempus Act*. 
tion, and girt with the double belt of its kindred and
coeval towers— as long as this awful structure shall
oversee and guard the subjected land, so long the mounds
and dikes of the low, fat, Bedford level will have nothing
5 to fear from all the pickaxes of all the levellers of France.
As long as our sovereign lord the king, and his faithful
subjects, the lords and commons of this realm,—the
triple cord which no man can break,—the solemn, sworn,
constitutional frank-pledge of this nation, the firm guara-
tantees of each other's being and each other's rights, the
joint and several securities, each in its place and order,
for every kind and every quality of property and of dignity,
— as long as these endure, so long the Duke of Bedford
is safe, and we are all safe together, the high from the
15 blights of envy and the spoliations of rapacity, the low
from the iron hand of oppression and the insolent spurn
of contempt. Amen! and so be it, and so it will be,—

Dum domus Æneae Capitolis immobile saxum
Accolet, imperiumque pater Romanus habebit.

20 But if the rude inroad of Gallic tumult, with its sophistical
rights of man to falsify the account, and its sword as a
make-weight to throw into the scale, shall be introduced
into our city by a misguided populace, set on by proud,
great men, themselves blinded and intoxicated by a frantic
25 ambition, 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 peri-
winkles. His Grace will not survive the poor grantee he
despises — no, not for a twelvemonth. If the great look
30 for safety in the services they render to this Gallic cause,
it is to be foolish even above the weight of privilege
allowed to wealth. If his Grace be one of those whom
they endeavor to proselytize, he ought to be aware of the
character of the sect whose doctrines he is invited to embrace. With them insurrection is the most sacred of revolutionary duties to the state. Ingratitude to benefactors is the first of revolutionary virtues. Ingratitude is, indeed, their four cardinal virtues compacted and amalgamated into one; and he will find it in everything that has happened since the commencement of the philosophic Revolution to this hour. If he pleads the merit of having performed the duty of insurrection against the order he lives in,—God forbid he ever should!—the merit of others will be to perform the duty of insurrection against him. If he pleads—again God forbid he should! and I do not suspect he will—his ingratitude to the crown for its creation of his family, others will plead their right and duty to pay him in kind. They will laugh, indeed they will laugh, at his parchment and his wax. His deeds will be drawn out with the rest of the lumber of his evidence-room, and burnt to the tune of Ça ira in the courts of Bedford (then Equality) House.

Am I to blame, if I attempt to pay his Grace's hostile reproaches to me with a friendly admonition to himself? Can I be blamed, for pointing out to him in what manner he is like to be affected, if the sect of the cannibal philosophers of France should proselytize any considerable part of this people, and, by their joint proselytizing arms, should conquer that government, to which his Grace does not seem to me to give all the support his own security demands? Surely it is proper, that he, and that others like him, should know the true genius of this sect; what their opinions are; what they have done; and to whom; and what (if a prognostic is to be formed from the dispositions and actions of men) it is certain they will do hereafter. He ought to know, that they have sworn assistance, the only engagement they ever will
keep, to all in this country, who bear a resemblance to themselves, and who think as such, that *The whole duty of man* consists in destruction. They are a misallied and disparaged branch of the house of Nimrod. They are the Duke of Bedford’s natural hunters, and he is their natural game. Because he is not very profoundly reflecting, he sleeps in profound security: they, on the contrary, are always vigilant, active, enterprising, and though far removed from any knowledge, which makes men estimable or useful, in all the instruments and resources of evil, their leaders are not meanly instructed, or insufficiently furnished. In the French revolution everything is new; and, from want of preparation to meet so unlooked-for an evil, everything is dangerous. Never, before this time, was a set of literary men, converted into a gang of robbers and assassins. Never before, did a den of braves and banditti, assume the garb and tone of an academy of philosophers.

Let me tell his Grace, that an union of such characters, monstrous as it seems, is not made for producing despicable enemies. But if they are formidable as foes, as friends they are dreadful indeed. The men of property in France 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. They were found in such a situation as the Mexicans were, when they were attacked by the dogs, the cavalry, the iron, and the gunpowder of a handful of bearded men, whom they did not know to exist in nature. This is a comparison that some, I think, have made; and it is just. In France they had their enemies within their houses. They were even in the bosoms of many of them. But they had not sagacity to discern their savage character. They seemed tame, and even caressing. They
had nothing but *douce humanité* in their mouth. They could not bear the punishment of the mildest laws on the greatest criminals. The slightest severity of justice made their flesh creep. The very idea that war existed in the world disturbed their repose. Military glory was no more, with them, than a splendid infamy. Hardly would they hear of self-defence, which they reduced within such bounds, as to leave it no defence at all. All this while they meditated the confiscations and massacres we have seen. Had any one told these unfortunate noblemen and gentlemen, how, and by whom, the grand fabric of the French monarchy under which they flourished would be subverted, they would not have pitied him as a visionary, but would have turned from him as what they call a *mauvais plaisant*. Yet we have seen what has happened. The persons who have suffered from the cannibal philosophy of France, are so like the Duke of Bedford, that nothing but his Grace's probably not speaking quite so good French, could enable us to find out any difference. A great many of them had as pompous titles as he, and were of full as illustrious a race: some few of them had fortunes as ample; several of them, without meaning the least disparagement to the Duke of Bedford, were as wise, and as virtuous, and as valiant, and as well educated, and as complete in all the lineaments of men of honor as he is. And to all this they had added the powerful out-guard of a military profession, which, in its nature, renders men somewhat more cautious than those, who have nothing to attend to but the lazy enjoyment of undisturbed possessions. But security was their ruin. They are dashed to pieces in the storm, and our shores are covered with the wrecks. If they had been aware that such a thing might happen, such a thing never could have happened.
I assure his Grace, that if I state to him the designs of his enemies in a manner which may appear to him ludicrous and impossible, I tell him nothing that has not exactly happened, point by point, but twenty-four miles from our own shore. I assure him that the Frenchified faction, more encouraged, than others are warned by what has happened in France, look at him and his landed possessions as an object at once of curiosity and rapacity. He is made for them in every part of their double character. As robbers, to them he is a noble booty; as speculatists, he is a glorious subject for their experimental philosophy. He affords matter for an extensive analysis in all the branches of their science, geometrical, physical, civil, and political. These philosophers are fanatics. Independent of any interest, which, if it operated alone, would make them much more tractable, they are carried with such a headlong rage towards every desperate trial, that they would sacrifice the whole human race to the slightest of their experiments. I am better able to enter into the character of this description of men than the noble Duke can be. I have lived long and variously in the world. Without any considerable pretensions to literature in myself, I have aspired to the love of letters. I have lived for a great many years in habitudes with those who professed them. I can form a tolerable estimate of what is likely to happen from a character chiefly dependent for fame and fortune on knowledge and talent, as well in its morbid and perverted state as in that which is sound and natural. Naturally men so formed and finished are the first gifts of Providence to the world. But when they have once thrown off the fear of God, which was in all ages too often the case, and the fear of man, which is now the case, and when in that state they come to understand one another, and to act in corps, a more dreadful
calamity cannot arise out of hell to scourge mankind. Nothing can be conceived more hard than the heart of a thorough-bred metaphysician. It comes nearer to the cold malignity of a wicked spirit than to the frailty and passion of a man. It is like that of the Principle of Evil himself, incorporeal, pure, unmixed, dephlegmated, defecated evil. It is no easy operation to eradicate humanity from the human breast. What Shakespeare calls the “compunctious visitings of nature” will sometimes knock at their hearts, and protest against their murderous speculations. But they have a means of compounding with their nature. Their humanity is not dissolved: they only give it a long prorogation. They are ready to declare that they do not think two thousand years too long a period for the good that they pursue. It is remarkable that they never see any way to their projected good but by the road of some evil. Their imagination is not fatigued with the contemplation of human suffering through the wild waste of centuries added to centuries of misery and desolation. Their humanity is at their horizon, and, like the horizon, it always flies before them. The geometricians and the chemists bring—the one from the dry bones of their diagrams, and the other from the soot of their furnaces—dispositions that make them worse than indifferent about those feelings and habits which are the supports of the moral world. Ambition is come upon them suddenly; they are intoxicated with it, and it has rendered them fearless of the danger which may from thence arise to others or to themselves. These philosophers consider men in their experiments no more than they do mice in an air-pump, or in a recipient of mephitic gas. Whatever his Grace may think of himself, they look upon him, and everything that belongs to him, with no more regard than they do upon the whiskers of that little,
long-tailed animal that has been long the game of the grave, demure, insidious, spring-nailed, velvet-pawed, green-eyed philosophers, whether going upon two legs or upon four.

His Grace's landed possessions are irresistibly inviting to an agrarian experiment. They are a downright insult upon the rights of man. They are more extensive than the territory of many of the Grecian republics, and they are, without comparison, more fertile than most of them. There are now republics in Italy, in Germany, and in Switzerland which do not possess anything like so fair and ample a domain. There is scope for seven philosophers to proceed in their analytical experiments upon Harrington's seven different forms of republics in the acres of this one duke. Hitherto they have been wholly unproductive to speculation, fitted for nothing but to fatten bullocks, and to produce grain for beer, still more to stupefy the dull English understanding. Abbé Siéyès has whole nests of pigeon-holes full of constitutions ready made, ticketed, sorted, and numbered, suited to every season and every fancy; some with the top of the pattern at the bottom, and some with the bottom at the top; some plain, some flowered; some distinguished for their simplicity, others for their complexity; some of blood color, some of boue de Paris; some with directories, others without a direction; some with councils of elders and councils of youngsters, some without any council at all; some where the electors choose the representatives, others where the representatives choose the electors; some in long coats, some in short cloaks; some with pantaloons, some without breeches; some with five-shilling qualifications, some totally unqualified. So that no constitution-fancier may go unsuited from his shop, provided he loves a pattern of pillage, oppression, arbitrary imprisonment,
confiscation, exile, revolutionary judgment, and legalized, premeditated murder, in any shapes into which they can be put. What a pity it is that the progress of experimental philosophy should be checked by his Grace's monopoly! Such are their sentiments, I assure him; such is their language, when they dare to speak; and such are their proceedings, when they have the means to act.

Their geographers, and geometicians, have been some time out of practice. It is some time since they have divided their own country into squares. That figure has lost the charms of its novelty. They want new lands for new trials. It is not only the geometicians of the republic that find him a good subject, the chemists have bespoke him after the geometicians have done with him. As the first set have an eye on his Grace's lands, the chemists are not less taken with his buildings. They consider mortar as a very anti-revolutionary invention in its present state; but properly employed, an admirable material for overturning all establishments. They have found that the gunpowder of ruins is far the fittest for making other ruins, and so ad infinitum. They have calculated what quantity of matter convertible into nitre is to be found in Bedford House, in Woburn Abbey, and in what his Grace and his trustees have still suffered to stand of that foolish royalist Inigo Jones, in Covent Garden. Churches, play-houses, coffee-houses, all alike are destined to be mingled, and equallized, and blended into one common rubbish; and well sifted, and lixiviated, to crystallize into true democratic explosive insurrectionary nitre. Their academy del Cimento (per antiphrasin) with Morveau and Hassefrats at its head, have computed that the brave sans culottes may make war on all the aristocracy of Europe
for a twelvemonth, out of the rubbish of the Duke of
Bedford's buildings.\footnote{There is nothing, on which the leaders of the republic, one and
indivisible, value themselves, more than on the chemical operations,
by which, through science, they convert the pride of the aristocracy
to an instrument of its own destruction — on the operations by
which they reduce the magnificent ancient country seats of the
nobility, decorated with the \textit{feudal} titles of Duke, Marquis, or Earl,
into magazines of what they call \textit{revolutionary} gunpowder. They
tell us, that hitherto things “had not yet been properly and in a
\textit{revolutionary} manner explored.” “The strong \textit{chateaux}, those \textit{feudal}
fortresses, that \textit{were ordered} to be demolished, attracted next the
attention of your committee. \textit{Nature} there had secretly regained
her \textit{rights}, and had produced saltpetre for the \textit{purpose}, as it should
seem, of facilitating the execution of your decree by preparing the
\textit{means} of destruction. From these \textit{ruins}, which \textit{still frown} on the
liberties of the republic, we have extracted the means of producing
good; and those piles, which have hitherto glutted the \textit{pride of
despots}, and covered the plots of \textit{La Vendée} will soon furnish where-
withal to tame the traitors, and to overwhelm the disaffected.” —
“\textit{The rebellious cities} also, have afforded a large quantity of sal-
petre. \textit{Commune Affranchie}, (that is, the noble city of Lyons reduced
in many parts to an heap of ruins) and Toulon will pay a \textit{second}
tribute to our artillery.” Report, 1st February, 1794.}
endeavor to save some little matter from their experimental philosophy. If he pleads his grants from the Crown, he is ruined at the outset. If he pleads he has received them from the pillage of superstitious corporations, this indeed will stagger them a little, because they are enemies to all corporations, and to all religion. However, they will soon recover themselves, and will tell his Grace, or his learned council, that all such property belongs to the *nation*; and that it would be more wise for him, if he wishes to live the natural term of a *citizen*, (that is, according to Condorcet's calculation, six months on an average) not to pass for an usurper upon the national property. This is what the *serjeants* at law of the rights of man, will say to the puny apprentices of the common law of England.

Is the genius of philosophy not yet known? You may as well think the garden of the Tuileries was well protected with the cords of ribbon insultingly stretched by the national assembly to keep the sovereign canaille from intruding on the retirement of the poor king of the French, as that such flimsy cobwebs will stand between the savages of the revolution and their natural prey. Deep philosophers are no triflers; brave *sans culottes* are no formalists. They will no more regard a Marquis of Tavistock than an Abbot of Tavistock; the Lord of Woburn will not be more respectable in their eyes than the Prior of Woburn; they will make no difference between the superior of a Covent Garden of nuns and of a Covent Garden of another description. They will not care a rush whether his coat is long or short; whether the color be purple or blue and buff. They will not trouble *their* heads, with what part of *his* head, his hair is cut from; and they will look with equal respect on a tonsure and a crop. Their only question will be that of their *Legende,*
or some other of their legislative butchers, how he cuts up? How he tallows in the cawl, or on the kidneys?

Is it not a singular phenomenon, that, whilst the _sans culottes_ carcass-butchers and the philosophers of the shambles are pricking their dotted lines upon his hide, and, like the print of the poor ox that we see in the shop windows at Charing Cross, alive as he is, and thinking no harm in the world, he is divided into rumps, and sirloins, and briskets, and into all sorts of pieces for roasting, boiling, and stewing, that all the while they are measuring _him_, his Grace is measuring _me_—is invidiously comparing the bounty of the Crown with the deserts of the defender of his order, and in the same moment fawning on those who have the knife half out of the sheath? Poor innocent!—

"Pleased to the last, he crosses the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood."

No man lives too long who lives to do with spirit and suffer with resignation what Providence pleases to command or inflict; but, indeed, they are sharp incommodities which beset old age. It was but the other day, that, on putting in order some things which had been brought here, on my taking leave of London forever, I looked over a number of fine portraits, most of them of persons now dead, but whose society, in my better days, made this a proud and happy place. Amongst these was the picture of Lord Keppel. It was painted by an artist worthy of the subject, the excellent friend of that excellent man from their earliest youth, and a common friend of us both, with whom we lived for many years without a moment of coldness, of peevishness, of jealousy, or of jar, to the day of our final separation.

I ever looked on Lord Keppel as one of the greatest and best men of his age; and I loved, and cultivated him
A LETTER TO A NOBLE LORD.

accordingly. He was much in my heart, and I believe I was in his to the very last beat. It was after his trial at Portsmouth that he gave me this picture. With what zeal and anxious affection I attended him through that his agony of glory, what part my son took in the early flush and enthusiasm of his virtue, and the pious passion with which he attached himself to all my connections, with what prodigality we both squandered ourselves in courting almost every sort of enmity for his sake, I believe he felt, just as I should have felt such friendship on such an occasion. I partook indeed of this honor, with several of the first, and best, and ablest in the kingdom, but I was behindhand with none of them; and I am sure, that if to the eternal disgrace of this nation, and to the total annihilation of every trace of honor and virtue in it, things had taken a different turn from what they did, I should have attended him to the quarter-deck with no less good will and more pride, though with far other feelings than I partook of the general flow of national joy that attended the justice that was done to his virtue.

Pardon, my lord, the feeble garrulity of age, which loves to diffuse itself in discourse of the departed great. At my years, we live in retrospect alone, and, wholly unfitted for the society of vigorous life, we enjoy—the best balm to all wounds—the consolation of friendship, in those only whom we have lost forever. Feeling the loss of Lord Keppel at all times, at no time did I feel it so much as on the first day when I was attacked in the House of Lords.

Had he lived, that reverend form would have risen in its place, and, with a mild, parental reprehension to his nephew, the Duke of Bedford, he would have told him that the favor of that gracious Prince who had honored his virtues with the government of the navy of Great
Britain, and with a seat in the hereditary great council of his kingdom, was not undeservedly shown to the friend of the best portion of his life, and his faithful companion and counsellor under his rudest trials. He would have told him, that, to whomever else these reproaches might be becoming, they were not decorous in his near kindred. He would have told him, that when men in that rank lose decorum, they lose everything.

On that day I had a loss in Lord Keppel; but the public loss of him in this awful crisis—! I speak from much knowledge of the person, he never would have listened to any compromise with the rabble rout of this sans culotte of France. His goodness of heart, his reason, his taste, his public duty, his principles, his prejudices, would have repelled him forever from all connection with that horrid medley of madness, vice, impiety, and crime.

Lord Keppel had two countries, one of descent, and one of birth. Their interest and their glory are the same, and his mind was capacious of both. His family was noble, and it was Dutch; that is, he was of the oldest and purest nobility that Europe can boast, among a people renowned above all others for love of their native land. Though it was never shown in insult to any human being, Lord Keppel was something high. It was a wild stock of pride, on which the tenderest of all hearts had grafted the milder virtues. He valued ancient nobility; and he was not disinclined to augment it with new honors. He valued the old nobility and the new, not as an excuse for inglorious sloth, but as an incitement to virtuous activity. He considered it as a sort of cure for selfishness and a narrow mind; conceiving that a man born in an elevated place, in himself was nothing, but everything in what went before, and what was to come after him. Without much
speculation, but by the sure instinct of ingenuous feelings, and by the dictates of plain unsophisticated natural understanding, he felt, that no great Commonwealth could by any possibility long subsist, without a body of some kind or other of nobility, decorated with honor, and fortified by privilege. This nobility forms the chain that connects the ages of a nation, which otherwise (with Mr. Paine) would soon be taught that no one generation can bind another. He felt that no political fabric could be well made without some such order of things as might, through a series of time, afford a rational hope of securing unity, coherence, consistency, and stability to the state. He felt that nothing else can protect it against the levity of courts, and the greater levity of the multitude. That to talk of hereditary monarchy without anything else of hereditary reverence in the commonwealth, was a low-minded absurdity; fit only for those detestable “fools aspiring to be knaves,” who began to forge in 1789, the false money of the French constitution.—That it is one fatal objection to all new fancied and new fabricated republics, (among a people, who, once possessing such an advantage, have wickedly and insolently rejected it), that the prejudice of an old nobility is a thing that cannot be made. It may be improved, it may be corrected, it may be replenished: men may be taken from it, or aggregated to it, but the thing itself is matter of inveterate opinion, and therefore cannot be matter of mere positive institution. He felt, that this nobility, in fact does not exist in wrong of other orders of the state, but by them, and for them.

I knew the man I speak of; and, if we can divine the future, out of what we collect from the past, no person living would look with more scorn and horror on the impious parricide committed on all their ancestry, and
on the desperate attainder passed on all their posterity, by the Orleans, and the Rochefoucaults, and the Fayettes, and the Viscomtes de Noailles, and the false Perigords, and the long et cetera of the perfidious sans culottes of the court, who like demoniacs, possessed with a spirit of fallen pride, and inverted ambition, abdicated their dignities, disowned their families, betrayed the most sacred of all trusts, and by breaking to pieces a great link of society, and all the cramps and holdings of the state, brought eternal confusion and desolation on their country. For the fate of the miscreant parricides themselves he would have had no pity. Compassion for the myriads of men, of whom the world was not worthy, who by their means have perished in prisons, or on scaffolds, or are pining in beggary and exile, would leave no room in his, or in any well-formed mind, for any such sensation. We are not made at once to pity the oppressor and the oppressed.

Looking to his Batavian descent, how could he bear to behold his kindred, the descendants of the brave nobility of Holland, whose blood, prodigally poured out, had, more than all the canals, meers, and inundations of their country, protected their independence, to behold them bowed in the basest servitude to the basest and vilest of the human race—in servitude to those who in no respect were superior in dignity, or could aspire to a better place than that of hangman to the tyrants to whose sceptred pride they had opposed an elevation of soul that surmounted and overpowered the loftiness of Castile, the haughtiness of Austria, and the overbearing arrogance of France!

Could he with patience bear, that the children of that nobility, who would have deluged their country and given it to the sea, rather than submit to Louis XIV. who was then in his meridian glory, when his arms were conducted
by the Turennes, by the Luxembourgs, by the Boufflers; when his councils were directed by the Colberts, and the Louvois; when his tribunals were filled by the Lamoignonns and the Daguesseaus—that these should be given up to the cruel sport of the Pichegrus, the Jourdans, the Santerres, under the Rollands, and Brissots, and Gorsas, and Robespierres, the Reubels, the Carnots, and Talliens, and Dantons, and the whole tribe of regicides, robbers, and revolutionary judges, that, from the rotten carcass of their own murdered country, have poured out innumerable swarms of the lowest, and at once the most destructive of the classes of animated nature, which like columns of locusts, have laid waste the fairest part of the world.

Would Keppel have borne to see the ruin of the virtuous patricians, that happy union of the noble and the burgher, who, with signal prudence and integrity, had long governed the cities of the confederate republic, the cherishing fathers of their country, who, denying commerce to themselves, made it flourish in a manner unexampled under their protection? Could Keppel have borne that a vile faction should totally destroy this harmonious construction in favor of a robbing democracy founded on the spurious rights of man?

He was no great clerk, but he was perfectly well versed in the interests of Europe; and he could not have heard with patience that the country of Grotius, the cradle of the law of nations, and one of the richest repositories of all law, should be taught a new code by the ignorant flippancy of Thomas Paine, the presumptuous foppery of La Fayette, with his stolen rights of man in his hand, the wild, profligate intrigue and turbulency of Marat, and the impious sophistry of Condorcet in his insolent addresses to the Batavian Republic.
EDMUND BURKE.

Could Keppel, who idolized the House of Nassau, who was himself given to England along with the blessings of the British and Dutch Revolutions, with revolutions of stability, with revolutions which consolidated and married the liberties and the interests of the two nations forever—could he see the fountain of British liberty itself in servitude to France? Could he see with patience a Prince of Orange expelled as a sort of diminutive despot, with every kind of contumely, from the country which that family of deliverers had so often rescued from slavery, and obliged to live in exile in another country, which owes its liberty to his house?

Would Keppel have heard with patience, that the conduct to be held on such occasions was to become short by the knees to the faction of the homicides, to entreat them quietly to retire? or if the fortune of war should drive them from their first wicked and unprovoked invasion, that no security should be taken, no arrangement made, no barrier formed, no alliance entered into for the security of that, which under a foreign name is the most precious part of England? What would he have said, if it was even proposed that the Austrian Netherlands (which ought to be a barrier to Holland, and the tie of an alliance, to protect her against any species of rule that might be erected, or even be restored in France) should be formed into a republic under her influence, and dependent upon her power?

But, above all, what would he have said if he had heard it made a matter of accusation against me by his nephew, the Duke of Bedford, that I was the author of the war? Had I a mind to keep that high distinction to myself (as from pride I might, but from justice I dare not), he would have snatched his share of it from my hand, and held it with the grasp of a dying convulsion to his end.
It would be a most arrogant presumption in me to assume to myself the glory of what belongs to his Majesty, and to his ministers, and to his Parliament, and to the far greater majority 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 should have been the sole author of a war. But it should have been a war on my ideas and my principles. However, let his Grace think as he may of my demerits with regard to the war with Regicide, he will find my guilt confined to that alone. He never shall, with the smallest color of reason, accuse me of being the author of a peace with Regicide. But that is high matter, and ought not to be mixed with anything of so little moment as what may belong to me, or even to the Duke of Bedford.

I have the honor to be, &c.,

Edmund Burke.
31. **To a Noble Lord.** Earl Fitzwilliam (1748–1833) was the nobleman to whom this letter was addressed. He was nephew and heir to the Marquis of Rockingham (from whom he inherited £40,000 a year), and was one of the largest landholders in Ireland. He was a Whig grandee, a traditional leader of that party of which Charlemont and Gratton were the representatives in Ireland. He conveyed most delicately to Burke, in a letter written immediately after his uncle's death, July 3, 1782, Lord Rockingham's desire that all Burke's indebtedness to him should be cancelled: "I must recollect myself. It was my duty to have informed you that certain bonds are cancelled by a codicil of his will. He felt merit as he ought to have done, and he never did an action in his life more acceptable to your sincere friend,

   **Fitzwilliam.**"


34. **Earl of Lauderdale.** James Maitland, eighth Earl of Lauderdale, was born at Hatton House in the parish of Ratho, Midlothian, Jan. 26, 1759. He was educated at the high school and the University of Edinburgh, spent one term at Trinity College, Oxford, and another at Glasgow, and entered at Lincoln's Inn, Feb. 26, 1777. He was elected to Parliament for Newport, Cornwall. His maiden speech (Feb. 26, 1781) was in support of the second reading of Burke's bill for the regulation of the civil list establishments. In August, 1792, he visited France, accompanied by Dr. John Moore, the author of "Zeluc." He witnessed the attack on the Tuilleries, and made the acquaintance of Jean Pierre Brissot. He is said to have assumed "the rough costume of Jacobinism." He was violent, eccentric, and spoke with a Scotch accent. He was imposed upon by the Ireland forgeries of Shakespeare and signed the attestation in their favor. He married, Aug. 15, 1782, Eleanor, only child of Anthony Todd, and had four sons, who died un-
married. The second son, Anthony Maitland, tenth Earl of Lauderdale, died in 1863, and with him the English barony of Lauderdale became extinct, but the Scotch earldom devolved on a cousin, Thomas Maitland.

A daughter of James Maitland was married to James Balfour, and the distinguished statesman Arthur James Balfour is her grandson. See James Robertson, "Lady Blanche Balfour, a Reminiscence," Edinburgh and London, 1897.

3 9. The New Sect: the body of persons holding the doctrines of the French revolutionists, whether speaking English or French.

3 13. Duke of Orleans (1747–93). Louis Philippe Joseph, Duke of Orleans, married the only daughter and heiress of the Duke of Penthièvre, grand admiral of France. With her enormous wealth, which made him the richest man in France, he lived a life of cynical debauchery. He visited London and introduced in Paris a fondness for English sports, particularly horse racing (see Cowper's "Task," bk. ii, ll. 250–285). In various ways he displayed his liberalism. He headed the minority of forty-seven noblemen who seceded from their own estate and joined the Tiers État. The "gold of Orleans" was said to be the cause of the taking of the Bastille. He accepted the title of Citoyen Égalité, conferred on him by the Commune of Paris, and was elected deputy for Paris to the Convention. He voted for the death of the king. Suspicion fell upon him, and he was guillotined during the Reign of Terror (Nov. 6, 1793).

3 14. Jean Pierre Brissot (1754–93) was the author of certain works on the philosophy of law. He was a disciple of Rousseau, and was continually occupied with humanitarian schemes which he promoted in pamphlets and journals. As an agent of the "Society of the Friends of the Blacks," he visited America, but returned to France at the outbreak of the Revolution. In the National Assembly he was a Girondist or Brissotin. He was guillotined Oct. 31, 1793.

3 25. Joseph Priestley (1733–1804), the Unitarian philosopher and scientist, was a native of the West Riding of Yorkshire. He dwelt upon speculative theology, compiled a "History of the Corruptions of Christianity," and engaged in polemic controversy at the same time that he was making chemical experiments and enjoying, in Birmingham, the friendship of the Lunar Society or Soho Circle—of Watt and Boulton and Darwin. He discovered oxygen and investigated the nature of gases. His open and hearty sympathy with the French revolutionists made him unpopular, and in 1791, upon the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille, a mob destroyed his chapel and house. His
last years were spent in Pennsylvania at Northumberland upon the Susquehanna.

3 25. **Thomas Paine** (1736–1809), the author of "Rights of Man" and "Age of Reason," was the son of a Quaker staymaker in Norfolk, and came to America with letters of introduction from Franklin. His paper "The Crisis" restored courage to the fainting troops at Valley Forge. His pamphlet entitled "Common Sense" "passed through the continent like an electric spark. It everywhere flashed conviction, and aroused a determined spirit, which resulted in the Declaration of Independence upon the 4th of July ensuing. The name of Paine was dear to every Whig heart, and had resounded throughout Europe" (Elkanah Watson). "Rights of Man," dedicated to Washington, was an answer to Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution." It had an enormous circulation, though the government tried to suppress it. Paine was indicted for treason, but, being elected by Calais to the French Convention, he was allowed to leave England under sentence of outlawry.

4 6. **William Wyndham Grenville** (1759–1834), son of George Grenville, first Lord of the Treasury (1763–65), was a cousin of Pitt and a brother of the Marquis of Buckingham. He was successively Speaker of the House of Commons (1789), Secretary of State (1789), and Secretary of Foreign Affairs (1791). He was a scholar and chancellor of the University of Oxford. He edited the "Letters of the Earl of Chatham to Thomas Pitt" (1804), and privately printed an annotated edition of Homer and "Nugae Metriceae" (1824). Lord Grenville replied to the Duke of Bedford's attack, in the House of Lords, and William Windham defended Burke in the Commons.

4 25. **John Zisca**, the military hero of the Hussites, or Moravians, was born near Budweis in Bohemia about 1360. He strongly fortified Mount Tabor and won many victories over the Imperial troops. He was blind of an eye, but was a resourceful, zealous leader. It is not the only occasion upon which Burke alludes to him; in a speech in 1782 he compared Fox to Zisca.

4 34. **Lord Verulam.** For Francis Bacon's theory which Burke refers to here, see "Novum Organum," bk. i, Aphorisms 79, 80; bk. ii, 17, 29; "Advancement of Learning," bk. ii; and "De. Aug. Sci.," bk. iii, ch. i.

5 7. **Though hardly to be classed with the living.** "His health, though not intellectual powers, had been for some time in a declining state, which terminated in such debility and loss of muscular energy as to render motion and his usual exercise impracticable. To this state
of unexpected if not premature decay, his habits of application, literary
pursuits, and former laborious Parliamentary exertions no doubt tended.
The stomach very imperfectly and painfully performed its office, and
emaciation ensued. . . . And when the loss of his son destroyed, that
buoyancy of hope so long and fondly entertained of witnessing his suc-
cess in life, no active principle of vitality remained to counteract the

5 19. Unplumb the dead for bullets. That is, literally, “stripping
the dead of their leaden coffins after making them (not the dead, but
the coffins) into bullets—a circumstance perfectly notorious at the
time this ‘Letter’ was written.” The real significance of the passage
seems to have been misunderstood, and certain errors of interpretation
furnished material for satire to the writers of the Anti-Jacobin. Thus
Robert Adair in an answer to Burke writes: “If Mr. Burke had been
content with unplumbing a dead Russell and hewing HIM (observe—
not the coffin, but HIM—the old dead Russell himself) into grape and
canister to sweep down the whole generation of his descendants,” etc.
The comment of the editor of the Anti-Jacobin upon this extraor-
dinary criticism is that the writer “transmutes the illustrious Head of the
house of Russell into a metal to which it is not for us to say how near
or how remote his affinity may possibly have been” (“Poetry of Anti-

5 24. Call up the prophetic dead: see I Sam. xxviii, 11-20.

6 3. A total retreat. Burke had announced his intention of leaving
the House of Commons as soon as he had brought to an end the prose-
cution of Hastings. He had hardly applied for the Chiltern Hundreds
when his son, Richard Burke, died (August, 1794).

26, 1796) called, “Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,” presenting a
view of the entrance to Bedford House, Bloomsbury.

6 27. The London Corresponding Society was an organization
founded by Thomas Hardy, the shoemaker, in 1792, to unite the scat-
tered forces of liberalism.

7 29. Old Palace Yard was southwest of the Houses of Parlia-
ment. There the pillory stood, and there Sir Walter Raleigh was beheaded.
In the southeast corner stood the house through which the Gunpowder
Plot conspirators carried their powder barrels into the vault, and on
this spot Guy Fawkes and three of his fellow conspirators were exe-
cuted (1606). New Palace Yard is the space enclosed within the gilded
railings in front of Westminster Hall. Here Perkin Warbeck was set
in the stocks, William Prynne and Leighton and Oates were pilloried.
NOTES.

7 30. *The Dukes and Earls of Brentford.* The two kings of Brentford appear in Buckingham's satiric farce, "The Rehearsal." They enter hand in hand, smelling at the same nosegay, dance, sing, and walk together, 'like Juno's swans coupled and inseparable.' "The Rehearsal" is a composite work, largely written by George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, who

In the course of one revolving moon
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman and buffoon.  

Dryden.

8 8. *Few and idle years.* At this time the Duke of Bedford was thirty years old.

8 10. *Quantum meruit:* "as much as he deserved." It is a legal phrase, an action founded on an engagement that the defendant would pay to the plaintiff "as much as his services should deserve."

8 11. *Poor rich man.* William Cobbett in his preface to the American edition of the "Letter to a Noble Lord," Philadelphia, 1796, writes: "This Letter, besides its other merits, contains a most excellent lesson for the 'poor rich men' in this country. When I read of the Duke of Bedford presiding at a revolutionary club, I am naturally led to compare him to the poor rich merchants and others we sometimes see hoisted on town-meeting stage, stirring up king mob to gut their stores and burn their houses. These wealthy *sans-culottes* are here exactly what the Duke of Bedford is in England. Like him, their all depends on the stability of the government, and yet, like him, they are endeavoring to shake it to the ground. Mr. Burke tells this poor innocent Duke, that the cut-throat Philosophers would laugh at his parchment and his wax; and would they not do the same here? . . . Take care then, you rich, fat-brained, round-headed demagogues, you American Dukes of Bedford; take care, for you will be the first that will fall a sacrifice to the principles you propagate."

8 25. *Quantities incommensurable.* Burke was at Beaconsfield when he wrote this "Letter." His friend Dr. French Laurence, one of the most learned civilians of the day, superintended the publication in London. "Some of the learned civilian's clients would not have been pleased, on seeing him, in his old wig and gown, bending over his papers in court, and, as they imagined, carefully watching over their interests, if they had known that when he looked the gravest and seemed most absorbed just before rising to speak, he was really correcting a proof of the 'Letter to a Noble Lord,' or hurriedly writing a note to Burke on the subject in order to be in time to save the post" (MacKnight, "Life and Times of Edmund Burke," vol. iii, p. 653).
Laurence's correspondence with Burke concerning changes and corrections in the text has been published under the title "Epistolary Correspondence of Edmund Burke and Dr. Laurence," London, 1827. Laurence objected to the phrase "quantities incommensurable," which he considered to be "a little mathematical inaccuracy" ("Correspondence," p. 39). Burke accepted his friend's alteration, but added in explanation, "Geometrically the term is proper enough — that is called simply and without relation, an incommensurable quantity or line which has no common measure or common aliquot part to measure it with some other. Everything to be measured with another must certainly refer to that to which it is to be measured, and this finds whether it be or be not commensurable — but I am sure it is common to use the term alone and absolute, because the usual reference is known, as the side of a square is incommensurable with the diagonal. It was a relation of course to the lines before spoken of. But it is perhaps less reconcilable to moral than to geometrical propriety. However, arrogant as it may seem, it is no way uncommon to say, that such or such a thing as I do, for such or such a person, or on such or such a motive, is what no money could make me undertake — or such as no money could compensate to me" ("Correspondence," p. 42).

It will be seen that Burke had grasped the fundamental conceptions of the mathematics, and had illustrated his thought by a theory of services so continuous and so great as not to be measured by anything divisible into aliquot parts. In the thirteenth edition the reading is: "Between money and service of this kind (I said it long since when I was not myself concerned) there is no common measurer."

8 29. More than sufficient. In writing to Dr. Laurence, Burke said that his "Letter" was in "discharge of the debt I think due to my own and to my son's memory, and to those who ought not to be considered prodigal in giving me what is beyond my merits, but not beyond my debts, as you know. The public — I won't dispute longer about it — has overpaid me. I wish I could overpay my creditors. They eat deep on what was designed to maintain me" ("Correspondence," p. 43).

9 4. One style to a gracious benefactor. Burke wrote "one language for a gracious benefactor, another for a proud and insulting foe." William Windham, Secretary-at-War, who, like Dr. Laurence, read the proof-sheets, feared that the expression would be misunderstood. He thought the Jacobins might say, "He is a man of a double tongue with two opposite languages for the same thing." At Windham's request, transmitted to Burke by Dr. Laurence, that the idea should be a little more opened, Burke wrote, "Can anything in the world be more com-
mon than to use disqualifying phrases with regard to your friends when they are treating you with kindness, and to use the very contrary to enemies that crush you? — 'I don't deserve, my dear Laurence, that you should take all this trouble for me in the midst of your pressing business'—would this be a proper answer for those who should say I was unworthy of having this done?' ("Correspondence," p. 42). Burke, however (or Laurence for him), changed language to style. Does the change relieve the passage of the fault that Windham indicated?

9 8. My conduct with regard to economy. Burke's participation in Economical Reform in 1782 is thus described by the Earl of Stanhope: "A Message was brought down to both Houses from the King recommending an effectual plan of retrenchment and economy, to be carried through all branches of the Public Expenditure and to include His Majesty's own Civil List. Lord Shelburne who moved the Address of Thanks in the Peers, would undertake, he said, to pledge himself, that the present was not as usual a mere Ministerial Address; 'it was the genuine language of the Sovereign himself, proceeding from the heart.' In the House of Commons Burke was lavish of his praises. 'This,' he cried, 'is the best of Messages to the best of people from the best of Kings!' But though Burke might be blamed for the exuberance of his panegyric, he incurred far heavier censure shortly afterwards by the curtailment of his Bill. When his measure was brought in, it was found to spare several of those institutions against which he had inveighed with the greatest energy two years before. Thus, besides a host of smaller affairs, once denounced and now reclaimed, both the Duchies of Cornwall and of Lancaster were left wholly unreformed. Some of these modifications in his original design might no doubt be prompted by Burke's own maturer thoughts; in others, it is probable that he was merely called on to fulfil the decisions of the cabinet in which he had no share. Here was one of the many evils of excluding that great genius from the Councils of the State.

"Among the offices to be abolished by this bill was that of the third Secretary of State, or of Secretary of State for the Colonies, which it was thought useless to keep when the colonies themselves were gone. The Lords of Trade and Plantations, the Lords of Police in Scotland, the principal officers of the Great Wardrobe and of the Jewel Office, the Treasurer of the Chambers, and the Cofferer of the Household, and the six clerks of the Board of Green Cloth were, with other rubbish, swept away. It was promised that no pension exceeding three
hundred pounds a year should be granted to any one person,—that the whole amount of the pensions granted in any one year should not exceed six hundred pounds,—until the whole Pension List should be reduced to £90,000. There were also most praiseworthy regulations to secure the Secret Service Money from abuses by limiting its amount and imposing a strict oath on the Secretaries of State who dispensed it. (It is to the difficulties with which Burke struggled in this bill that he refers when he says, "I was loaded with hatred for everything that was withheld, and with obloquy for everything that was given."—Ed.) To Burke's high honor, we must add that he was far from sparing his own office. On the contrary, he brought in a separate bill to regulate the Paymaster's department and prevent enormous balances from accumulating in his hands, as had often happened heretofore, to the great profit of the holder of that place. . . . This measure, dignifying and dignified by the great name of Burke, as it seems to a later age, passed the House of Commons at the time certainly with little or no resistance from his enemies, but with quite as little celebration from his friends. In July it reached the Peers, where Lord Thurlow found great fault with it, and again did his utmost to defeat his colleagues,—happily, however, in vain" (Lord Mahon's "History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Versailles," 3d ed., vol. vii, pp. 163–165).

9 27. The retrenchments which the act effected, though curtailed, amounted to upwards of £72,000 a year. The arrears upon the Civil List at this time were about £300,000.

10 14. Astronomers have supposed. The comet referred to was unquestionably that subsequently known as Halley's comet, the first of all the clan of comets to have its periodic return predicted and verified. Dr. Edmund Harvey, moved to a study of cometary orbits by Newton's brilliant discovery of the law of gravitation, had found one of the historic comets returning to visibility at least on five different occasions after an interval of about seventy-five years. More remarkable still, the inequality of this period—it being now less, and now greater than that just stated—led Halley to consider the perturbative action of the larger planets, and finally to venture a prediction of the return of the same comet in the latter part of the year 1858. It was of this comet, then known as the great comet of 1680, and whose motions, disturbed by the attraction of Jupiter, had excited absorbing interest, that Halley made the astonishing statement that its perihelion distance had been only 590,000 miles, and that at the time of its crossing the earth's orbit at descending node the comet was only distant a semi-
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diameter of the sun, or 440,000 miles, from the earth's path, and that if the comet had been delayed thirty-one days (or had met the earth in Cancer), it would have been a philosophical question as to what might have happened.

The careful and thoroughly scientific statements of Halley regarding the comet of 1680 were, however, taken up by William Whiston, the astronomical successor of Newton, and made the basis of several theories now remarkable only for their absurdity and as emanating from the Cambridge professor of astronomy.

Whiston attributed the deluge to a cometary collision, and invented the conception that the erratic worlds known as comets were the residence of the damned. According to this Whiston theory, a comet was the awful prison-house in which the wretched tenants were alternately wheeled into the remotest regions of cold and darkness and into the very vicinity of the sun with its overpowering light and devouring fire. It is this theory of Whiston that Burke hints at in the closing phrase, and it is more than probable that it was from Whiston that Burke absorbed the statement so curiously quoted.

10 19. From his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war.

"Paradise Lost," II, 710.

10 20. With fear of change
Perplexes monarchs.

"Paradise Lost," I, 598.

10 26. Jacobinized. The Jacobin Club was a society of French revolutionists—gentlemen and men of letters—who met in 1789 in the Jacobin Convent in Paris. The club was soon controlled by the more violent and hysterical of the revolutionary leaders, with Robespierre foremost. Similar societies were organized in the principal towns of France. The club was suppressed in November, 1794.


10 30. "Wild and savage insurrection." During the first week of June, 1780, occurred the Lord George Gordon "No Popery" riots. Lord George gave notice in the House of Commons May 26, 1780, that on the second of June he would present a petition against toleration of Roman Catholics, signed by a hundred thousand men who would accompany him to the House. On Friday 2d of June he harangued a mob of forty thousand in St. George's Fields, after which, under the name of the Protestant Association, they marched six abreast over London Bridge and through the city to Old Palace Yard. Two Catholic chapels were set on fire before the crowd dispersed at night. For
nearly six days the mob, crying "No popery," plundered and burnt. Sir George Savile's and Lord Mansfield's houses were destroyed, and Lord Sandwich was with difficulty rescued from the hands of the populace. Newgate Prison was burnt to the ground and the prisoners released. Two attacks were made upon the Bank of England, but the soldiers repulsed the mob. The loss of property was estimated at £180,000. Two hundred and ten of the rioters were killed, and two hundred and forty-eight wounded. Lord George Gordon was committed to the Tower and tried for high treason, but acquitted, as there was sufficient evidence that he was, as Burke pronounces him here, a madman. His pertinacious opposition to both parties in the House gave rise to the saying that there were three parties in Parliament,—the Ministry, the Opposition, and Lord George Gordon.

11 10. Death dance. During the Reign of Terror (1793-94) a Piedmontese song and dance called the Carrmagne became popular. It was "the death dance of democratic revolution." The bombastic style cultivated by the pamphleteers of the Revolution was also called Carrmagne. And the soldiers in the Revolutionary Army came to be dubbed in the same manner.


11 26. Frederick North, second Earl of Guildford, better known as Lord North, was born April 13, 1732, educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, and elected to Parliament for Banbury when twenty-two years of age. On the fall of the first Rockingham ministry he was made paymaster-general by the Duke of Grafton. His "wit and pleasantry" and his "delightful temper" made him popular with the House and with the people. He succeeded the Duke of Grafton in the premiership in March, 1770, and continued in office for twelve years. "The English nation," says Leslie Stephen, "which had a Burke and a Chatham amongst its statesmen, had to be governed by a North, in humble submission to the gross stupidity of a George III." The king, who had acquired control over the great Whig families, needed a minister who would unquestionably do his will. And such an one he found in Lord North. After the surrender at Yorktown Lord North resigned, but in April, 1783, formed a coalition with Fox and the Duke of Portland. Fox's India Bill, which was really drawn by Burke, was the cause of the overthrow of the coalition, and Lord North withdrew from public life. He died August 5, 1792.

12 4. *Ipse diem.* "Æneid," iii, 201, 202: "Palinurus himself declared that he could not distinguish night from day in the heavens, and that he did not remember the course in the midst of the sea."

13 21. **To forward those abilities:** a reference to Charles James Fox.

13 22. **Undertaker:** a projector or promoter. The word, like "casket," has unhappily taken on a peculiar and sombre meaning. Sir William Siemens (1823–83), a native of Hanover and ignorant of English, visited an "undertaker" under the idea that he was the proper person to take up and dispose of his invention.

13 25. **In that period of difficulty.** After a long digression upon his habit and principle of deriving all aid from others Burke resumed his immediate subject with — "In that period of difficulty and danger then," etc. The word "then" seemed to Dr. Laurence too feeble a reference and conviction. "I have put it," he writes, "more pointedly, and to make it more so have introduced a word 'ever' into the preceding sentence." Notice the effect of this slight change in recovering the thread of discourse.

16 10–19. This Ciceronian period is a good example of the style that Burke admired and strove to attain. Sir Philip Francis, writing to Lord Holland, says that Cicero was "the model on which he [Burke] labored to form his own character, in eloquence, in policy, in ethics and philosophy." See Dilke, "Papers of a Critic," p. 311. Compare this sentence of Burke's with the following from Cicero's oration upon Archias: "Nam ceterae neque temporum sunt neque aetatum omnium neque locorum: haec studia adolescenciam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium praebent, delectant domi, non impedient foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusti-cantur."

16 22. **All monstrous, all prodigious things.** "Paradise Lost," bk. ii, 625.

**Cuckoo-like.** The cuckoo lays its eggs in other birds' nests.

For you know nuncle
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long
That its had it head bit off by it young.

"King Lear," I, iv, 235.

16 24. **These obscene harpies.** "Æneid," vi, 289.


So foul a plague for human crime
Ne'er issued from the Stygian slime,
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A maid above, a bird below,
Noisome and foul the belly's flow,
The hands are taloned. Famine bleak
Sits ever ghastly on the cheek.  

Conington's translation.


Heaven's face doth glow,
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

18 7. I heaved the lead. Notice the figure. Much of Burke's nautical knowledge came from his acquaintance with Admiral Keppel.

19 16. Four and a half per cents. The Leeward Islands, from whence the four and one-half per cent fund proceeded, had been first granted to an Earl of Marlborough and they had afterwards become the property of a Lord Carlisle. Finally, a Lord Willoughby had obtained leave to go out with settlers on payment to Lord Carlisle of one-half of every profit that might be made. They came at last back to the crown in consequence of a resignation from Lord Kinnoul, a successor of Lord Carlisle. So early as 1663 certain duties of four and a half per cent were granted by the assemblies of inhabitants for the first time for the defense and fortification of the islands. In 1701 an inquiry took place in the House of Commons on the subject of the misapplication of the product of that fund, grounded on a petition presented by the merchants and planters of Barbadoes and connected with the other islands in question, and in consequence of an instruction from a committee of the House, an address was moved to request her Majesty to give orders to have the produce of the fund appropriated to the original purposes; an answer was received from Mr. Secretary Vernon approving of the design, and an act was at length passed placing the fund upon its proper footing and limiting it to its proper objects ("Parliamentary History," 32, 855). No pension had been settled upon this fund until that of Lord Chatham. It was at one time proposed to provide for Lord Auckland out of it, but the great seal was never affixed to it.

19 33. My publications. In the "Advertisement to the Reader" prefixed to vol. iv of the collected works of Edmund Burke (London, 1802)—being vol. i of the posthumous works—the editors write: "The late Mr. Burke from a principle of unaffected humility, which they who were the most intimately acquainted with his character, best know to have been in his estimation one of the most important moral duties,
never himself made any collection of the various publications with which during a period of forty years he adorned and enriched the literature of this country. When, however, the rapid and unexampled demand for his 'Reflexions on the Revolution of France' had unequivocally testified his celebrity as a writer, some of his friends so far prevailed upon him, that he permitted them to put forth a regular edition of his works. Accordingly three volumes in quarto appeared under that title in 1792, printed for the late Mr. Dodsley."

At his death Burke committed his papers to the care of Dr. F. Laurence and Dr. W. King (Bishop of Rochester). The posthumous works were completed in eight volumes in 1827.

20 15. St. Stephen's is sometimes used as a synonym for Parliament. It was a chapel built by King Stephen about 1135. After its surrender to Edward VI about 1548 it was applied to the uses of Parliament. Lord Lytton has a fine poem "St. Stephen's" (March, 1860) dedicated to Lord Lyndhurst.

21 7. Political economy did not originate in England, as Burke supposes, but in Italy; the first chair for the teaching of economy was established at Naples. In the seventeenth century in England political economy was little more than practical politics. Locke and his contemporaries in their discussion of questions of money developed what might be called a mercantile school of political economy. The epoch-making "Wealth of Nations" was published by Adam Smith in 1776. Burke is referring to an earlier time when his own studies anticipated those of Smith. "Burke," said Adam Smith, "is the only man I ever knew who thinks on economic subjects exactly as I do without any previous communication having passed between us" (Bisset, "Life of Burke," vol. ii, 429). "In political knowledge Burke was a millionaire" (Goldwin Smith, Cornhill Magazine, vol. lxxiv, 21).

21 22. Nitor in adversum: I make my way against opposition.

Nitor in adversum, nec me, qui caetera vincit
Impetus, et rapido contrarius evehor orbi.

OVID, "Met.," ii, 72.

22 33. Barré and Dunning. In July, 1782, Lord Shelburne was put at the head of the ministry. The Rockingham party resigned, and Burke was succeeded by Colonel Barré, Fox by Thomas Townshend, and Lord John Cavendish by William Pitt. A caricature by Sayer entitled "Paradise Lost" represents Fox and Burke cast out of the ministerial paradise, the gate of which is surmounted by the faces of Shelburne, Barré, and Dunning. Under Lord Shelburne's adminis-
Notes.

1. John Dunning (1731–83) accepted a pension of £4000 a year; Barré's pension of £3000 a year was the cause of much complaint by the Tories, who compared it with the poor reward given to Rodney for his victory (April 12, 1782) over DeGrasse. Sayer compared Barré to Belisarius:

   Rome's veteran fought her rebel foes
   And thrice her empire saved;
   Yet through her streets, bow'd down with woes,
   An humble pitance craved.

   Our soldier fought a better fight,
   Political contention;
   And grateful ministers requite
   His service with a pension.

22 34. John Dunning was an attorney with a lucrative practice. He was counsel for Wilkes. In 1776 his practice is said to have been worth £10,000 per annum. Shortly before his death he was promoted to the peerage as Baron Ashburton.

While the Bill for Economical Reform was still pending "between the proposition and the execution" of Burke's plan, Lord Rockingham consented to grant the large pensions before mentioned to Lord Ashburton and Barré. This last was above ten times the amount "which in Lord Rockingham's own judgment, as expressed in the new bill, ought henceforth to be granted to any one person whatsoever!" Lord Shelburne in the House of Peers produced a letter showing that the first proposal of this enormous pension had come from Lord Rockingham himself. This is the explanation of Burke's declaration: "I was thus left to support the grants of a name ever dear to me," etc.

24 1. Parsimony is not economy. In 1780 Burke outlined his plan of economical reform: "While enforcing the necessity of frugality, and recommending to the minister the old and valuable Roman apothegm, magnum vectigal est parsimonia, he made a false quantity, rendering the second word vectigal. Lord North in a low tone corrected the error, when the orator with his usual presence of mind, turned the mistake to advantage. 'The Noble Lord,' said he, 'hints that I have erred in the quantity of a principal word in my quotation; I rejoice at it; because it gives me an opportunity of repeating the inestimable adage,' and with increased energy he thundered forth — 'Magnum vect-i-gal est parsimonia'" (Prior, "Life of Burke," p. 184).

26. **Mr. John Thelwall (1764–1834)** was a political agitator and intrepid democrat, who was tried with John Horne Tooke, the radical candidate for Westminster, and Thomas Hardy, the founder of the London Corresponding Society, for treason, and was acquitted, 1794. He was a lecturer on elocution. His poems were unfavorably reviewed by Francis Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review*, ii, 197, and Thelwall replied to the reviewer,—“A Letter to Mr. Francis Jeffrey,” Edinburgh, 1804.

Coleridge knew him well, and characterized him as “intrepid, eloquent, and honest.” Coleridge showed him the romantic Alfoxden glen, and said, “Citizen John, this is a fine place to talk treason in!” “Nay! Citizen Samuel,” he replied, “it is rather a place to make a man forget that there is any necessity for treason” (Coleridge’s “Table Talk,” July 26, 1830).


26. **Cludere ludum impudentiae jussit.** “At nunc adulescentuli nostri deducuntur in *scholas iotorum* qui rhetores vocantur, quos paulo ante Ciceronis tempora extitisse nec placuisse maioribus nostris ex eo manifestum est, quod Crasso et Domitio censoribus cludere, ut ait Cicero, *ludum impudentiae* jussi sunt” (Tacitus, *Dialogus de Oratoribus,* C. 35).

“L. Licinius Crassus, the orator and Cn. Domitius Ahenobarbus were censors in 92 B.C. This edict has also been preserved by Gellius and by Suetonius” (Alfred Gudeman, Ed. ‘Tacitus,’ 1894).

Professor Gudeman also notes that the phrase ‘ludum impudentiae’ is cited from “Cic. de orat.,” iii, 24, 93 ff., when Crassus justifies his course in this affair at some length.

Bohn translates the lines of Tacitus: “On the other hand our modern youth are sent to the mountebank schools of certain declaimers called rhetoricians; a set of men who made their first appearance in Rome a little before the time of Cicero. And that they were by no means approved by our ancestors plainly appears from their being enjoined under the censorship of Crassus and Domitius to shut up their schools of impudence as Cicero expresses it.”

27. **Homer sometimes nods.** Horace, “Ars Poet.,” 359.

Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus
Verum operi longo fas est obrepere somnunm.

[Sometimes even the good Homer nods. But in so long a work it is allowable if there should be a drowsy interval or so.]
NOTES.

27 8. "Tempest," IV, i, 157. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.


Wend we by sea? the drad Leviathan
Turns upside-down the boyling ocean.

Sylvester, trans. of Du Bartas.

That sea beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim the ocean stream.

"Paradise Lost," I, 201.

The Duke of Bedford's friends sharply criticised this singular image of
the whale. They declared Burke's description to be inaccurate, and
"that the blubber and fins of a whale could not be correctly referred
to as being visible while the ponderous creature was supinely floating in
the deep." Burke's friend Mrs. Crewe called upon Windham to establish
the accuracy of Burke's description; whereupon Burke wrote to her:
"As to you, you are in a worse situation than the dependants on insolent
great ladies. They swallow nothing but toads, but you who play court
to us scribblers must swallow whales, blubber and all. To a lady of
Greenland, however, this would be no penalty. You were in the right
to appeal to Windham. He is the only gentleman in England who
ever was on a whale fishery. He knows how to stick a harpoon in
their blubber better than any one. However, his stomach could not
stand the blubber-ship, and he got on shore in Norway" ("Corres-
Expedition to Greenland — Nelson was with the same fleet, a midship-
man on the Carcass — but was taken sea-sick and landed in Norway.—
Ed.]

28 22. Herald's college, or college of arms, is a royal corporation
instituted and endowed by Richard III, 1483. Its privileges were
enlarged and confirmed by letters-patent, 1554. The college has an
earl-marshall, three kings-at-arms (namely Garter, Clarencieux, and
Norroy), six heralds (Richmond, Lancaster, Chester, Windsor, Somer-
set, and York), four pursuivants, and two extra heralds. Its chief
business is the granting of coats-of-arms and the tracing of genealogies.
The earl-marshall of England, the eighth great officer of state, is the
Duke of Norfolk.
NOTES.

28 24. The Garter King-at-arms is the principal king; the other two are called provincial kings,—their duties being confined to the provinces,—Clarenceux, the second royal herald, officiating south of the Trent, and Norroy's jurisdiction lying to the north. The Clarenceux was originally herald to the Duke of Clarence. Norroy is derived from norð, north, and rey, king.

Rouge Dragon, one of the pursuivants of the herald's college, so called from the arms of Henry VII. The other three pursuivants are the Rouge Croix (from the red cross of St. George), Blue-Mantle (in allusion to the robes of the Order of the Garter), and the Portcullis (so called from his distinctive badge).

28 28. Blazoner is a herald who explains the arms or bearings upon a shield.


Joseph Edmondson was appointed Mowbray-Herald Extraordinary in 1764. He published several large volumes of heraldry and genealogy, notably "A Complete Body of Heraldry," 1780, 2 vols. ff. He died in 1786.


29 11. Aulnager, or alnager, a sworn officer appointed to examine and attest the measurement and quality of woolen goods (Murray).

29 20. The first peer of the name. For the history of John Russell, see the Introduction. John Russell may have been "a person of an ancient gentleman's family"; but, although much labor has been expended in tracing the pedigree, it still lacks historic proof. See J. H. Wiffen, "Historical Memoirs of the House of Russell," 2 vols., London, 1833, and "The Great Governing Families of England," vol. ii, Edinburgh, 1865.

32 9. Boulogne was taken by Henry VIII, Sept. 14, 1544, but restored for a consideration in 1550. Calais was taken by the Duke of
NOTES.

Guise, Jan. 7, 1558. Queen Mary, who died November 17 of the same year, is reported to have said, "When I am dead Calais will be found written on my heart."


34 note. Fata Neroni:

Quod si non aliam venturo fata Neroni
Invenere viam, magnoque aesterna parantur
Regna Dei, caelumque suo servire Tonanti
Non nisi saevorum potuit post bella gigantum;
Jam nihil, O Superi, querimur: Scelera ipsa, ne fasque
Hac mercede placent.

Lucan, "Pharsalia," i, 33.

But if our Fates severely have decreed
No way but this for Nero to succeed;
If only thus our Heroes can be Gods,
And Earth must pay for their divine Abodes;
If Heav'n could not the Thunderer obtain,
'Till Giants' Wars made room for Jove to reign,
'T is just, ye Gods, nor ought we to complain.

Nicholas Rowe's translation, 1753.

35 9. All unfortunate souls

35 23–32. The perfect melody, solemn cadences, and tear-compelling pathos of this passage—no whit undervalued to tried gold—place it among the masterpieces of prose construction.

36 8. I am alone. "A calamity now overtook him of the most grievous as well as unexpected description, which all his religion and philosophy were in vain exerted to surmount, and which fell with additional weight from being so shortly preceded by the loss of his brother. This was the death of his son, Mr. Richard Burke, on the 2d of August, 1794, at the early age of thirty-six" (Prior, "Life of Burke," p. 395). Burke's grief was extreme. His bodily powers rapidly declined. "He never afterwards could bear to look toward Beaconsfield Church, the place of interment; nor was this beloved son for any length of time ever absent from his mind excepting when engaged in literary composition, which therefore became rather a relief than labor" (Prior, p. 404).

36 10. In this hard season. "There was no period of our history at which there was greater distress or greater difficulty and dismay than in 1795. At that period there was published by Mr. Burke, a gentleman of no ordinary or doubtful authority, a book, every point and sen-
tence of which was questioned at the time, but the truth of which was subsequently most fully established” (Canning, “On Country Banks,” Feb. 13, 1821). The work referred to was “Thoughts and Details on Scarcity,” November, 1795.

37 6. This prescription. Burke's political philosophy rested upon Prescription as “the most solid of all titles, not only to property, but what is to secure that property, to government.” Prescription is “accompanied with another ground of authority in the constitution of the human mind, Presumption,” that is, in favor of an established order.

37 15. Novels. In civil law a novel is a new or supplemental constitution or decree; one of the novel constitutions of certain Roman emperors, so called because they appeared after the authentic publications of law made by these emperors (“Century”). The body of law called Justinian is formed of novels together with the institute, code, and digest.

37 29. “Templum in modum arcis”: said by Tacitus (“Hist.,” bk. v) of the temple at Jerusalem,—“The temple itself was in the nature of a citadel.”

37 31. Sion or Zion, the holy hill of Jerusalem, the center of Hebrew worship. Always written Sion by Milton and Burke.

38 4. “The great Bedford Level, which comprises upwards of 300,000 acres and extends into six counties, with its principal area in Cambridgeshire, is the largest tract of fen land in the kingdom. It is divided by the farmers into two parts—the marsh land and the fen land. By marsh lands are meant low tracts gained from the sea, either by the gradual silting up of estuaries, or by embankments artificially raised for the double purpose of encouraging reclamation by the process of warping, and of protecting from the sea the lands enclosed within them. By fen land is meant land rich in alluvial deposit, reclaimed from its former state of moor and morass by drainage, by protection from the sea by means of banks, and by the embankment of its rivers. On the maps the great level of the Fens looks like an enlargement of the Wash; in reality, it more closely resembles a sea of land lying between the Wash and the irregular coast-line which seems to be formed round it by highlands in Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridge, Hunts, Northampton, and Lincoln” (Duke of Bedford, “The Story of a great Agricultural Estate,” p. 34).

38 9. Frank-pledge, or frithborh: a Saxon pledge or surety for the good behavior of freemen; specifically an early English system by which ten men, the members of each tithing (or decennary) composed of ten households, were associated in common responsibility for one another.
NOTES.

38 18. "Æneid," ix, 448, 449, — "While the house of Æneas shall occupy the immovable rock of the Capitol, and the Roman citizen shall bear sway."

39 18. Ça ira, Fr., = "that shall go"; these were the opening words of a popular song of the French Revolution. So Thackeray writes in the "Four Georges" of the "French Revolutionists whose ragged legions ... are trampling down the old world to the tune of Ça ira." To those who in Paris came to lament with him over the misery of the American troops at Valley Forge, Benjamin Franklin cheerfully and happily replied, "Ça ira, Ça ira" (it will all come right at last). These words were cherished in the memory of Frenchmen and made world-famous in the Revolution.

39 19. Bedford House. The whole north side of Bloomsbury Square was formerly occupied by Southampton House, built after the designs of Inigo Jones by the Earl of Southampton. It changed its name to Bedford House upon the marriage of William Russell to Lady Rachael Wriothesley, coheir of Thomas Wriothesley, last Earl of Southampton. Lord William Russell passed this house on the way to the scaffold and was for a moment unmanned by the recollection of his domestic happiness. Recovering himself, he said, "The bitterness of death is now past." The house was destroyed in 1800. The old Bedford House Strand, on the site of the present Southampton Street, was pulled down in 1704.

40 4. Nimrod. Burke's allusion is a twofold one, to Nimrod as "a mighty hunter before the Lord," and as the founder of Babel (Gen. x, 8-10). Milton in "Animadversions" writes: "Our just parliament will deliver you from your Ephesian beasts, your cruel Nimrods with whom we shall be ever fearless to encounter."

41 1. Douce humanité: human kindness.


41 30. And you all know, security
Is mortal's chiefest enemy.

"Macbeth," III, v, 32.


43 6. Dephlegmated: refined; rectified, as an acid or spirit. Defecated: unmixed, unmitigated,— "The Penal colonies have been the seats of simple defecated crime" (Hare, "Guesses at Truth," vol. i, p. 92).

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43 13. **Prorogation.** The figure is, of course, derived from the "prorogation" of Parliament.

44 14. **James Harrington** (1611–77) was the author of "Oceana," a work on the theory of the state, in which after the fashion of the time he seeks to describe an ideal commonwealth — perfect and immortal — in the manner of Plato's "Republic" and Bacon's "New Atlantis" and More's "Utopia." Harrington's work was at first suppressed by order of Cromwell, but finally appeared in 1656 dedicated to the Protector. It exhibits a plan of republican government, with excessive admiration for the republic of Venice. Burke probably refers to it in this connection because of its recommendation of an agrarian law limiting the portion of land held by any one person to that yielding a revenue of £2000.

44 18. **Emmanuel Joseph Sieyès** (1748–1836) received his education from the Jesuits, and was appointed Vicar-general by the Bishop of Chartres. He prepared a sensational thesis upon the Third Estate in which he constructed, single-handed and at once, a programme for the Revolution. In 1789 he was a representative to the States-general. In the Reign of Terror he abjured his priestly title and declared that he would have no religion but love of country and of man, and no worship but liberty and equality. His constitutional views made him invaluable to the Revolution and to Napoleon. "What Burke really taught — taught with effect, and was born out in teaching by the events of his time — was the weakness of paper constitutions. He is the antidote to Sieyès" (Goldwin Smith).

44 25. "**Boue de Paris**": Paris mud.

44 31. "**Without breeches**": see Sans-culottes.

45 11. The Constituent Assembly undertook to break up the old provinces and to divide France into Departments consisting of squares of equal size. Each Department was to be divided into nine districts upon the same mathematical principle. The re-division of France into Departments (the original proposition practically though not rigorously carried out) was completed in 1790.

45 27. **Inigo Jones** was born about 1572. He studied art in Italy, visited Denmark, where he is said to have designed two palaces, and accompanied Anne of Denmark to England. He was architect to the Queen and designed the decorations for court masques. He introduced into England the Palladian style of architecture. After the Civil War he was obliged to pay heavy fines as a "malignant courtier." He died in poverty in 1651.

"**Covent Garden.**" Among the rewards of John Russell, Earl of Bedford, was the grant of Covent Garden (formerly Convent Garden)
and the Seven Acres (now called Long Acre). After the dissolution of the monasteries the "Garden of Westminster" was given by Edward VI to his uncle, the Lord Protector Somerset, after whose attainder it reverted to the crown, and then was granted to the Earl of Bedford. One of the buildings erected by Inigo Jones for Francis, fourth Earl of Bedford, was the church of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, destroyed by fire in 1795. A mansion close by was built for the Earl of Orford, another of the race of Russell, and who fought the battle of La Hogue (May 19, 1692).

In Covent Garden were the celebrated coffee-houses 'Will's,' 'Tom's,' and 'Button's.' Here, too, were the Covent Garden Theatre, built in 1732, and the Drury Lane Theatre, opened in 1663.


45 31. "Academie del Cimento": a celebrated Florentine Academy founded in 1657 for the advancement of physical science, by Leopold de Medicis. In 1667 the academy published the results of experiments with projectiles. Here, of course, Burke is using the name antiphastically, *Cimento* being equivalent to *cement* (mortar).

45 32. "Per antiphrasin": by antiphrasis, a figure of speech by which words are used in a sense opposite to their proper meaning.

Guyton de Morveau (1737-1816), a French chemist who had made studies in phlogiston and crystallization, and who about the time of the writing of this "Letter" was perfecting the processes for the manufacture of gunpowder and saltpetre.

Jean Henri Hassenfrats (1755-1827), scientist and French revolutionist. He was a carpenter who developed an unusual aptitude for mathematics. He became an assistant to Lavoisier, in his laboratory, participated in the Revolution as a Jacobin, and in 1786 was made professor in the School of Mines. His chief service was the reorganization of the military schools. In the Reign of Terror he provided the materials of war.

46 8. Primary assembly: an assembly in which all the citizens have a right to be present and to speak, as distinguished from representative parliaments.

National guard: an armed force identified with the French revolutionary epoch, first formed in 1789, and called *garde bourgeoise*.

46 9. Requisitioners: those who seize upon property for the use of an army or the public service.

46 11. Domiciliary visitation is a visit to a private dwelling particularly for the purpose of searching it or inspecting it, under authority, as in police supervision ("Century Dict.").
46 12. **Assessors of the maximum**: the Law of the Maximum, fixing a maximum price at which articles of prime necessity should be sold, was passed by the National Convention May 3, 1793. It was actually put into operation in November, 1793, and was one of the principal means of enforcing the Reign of Terror. The scale fixed was too low to allow a profit, and the punishment of death was decreed, Sept. 29, 1793, for any violation of the law. Burke was therefore justified in mentioning the Maximum side by side with the guillotine as an engine of the Terror. The law was repealed Dec. 24, 1794.

47 11. **Marquis de Condorcet**, born in Picardy, 1743, was a many-sided intellect attracted to philosophy and literature and mathematics and social history. He was greatly admired by Turgot and Voltaire. He married the translator of Adam Smith’s “Theory of Moral Sentiments,” a sister of Marshal Grouchy. He was an enthusiastic democrat, and wrote many pamphlets and planned many constitutions. He was one of the secretaries of the Legislative Assembly. He voted Louis XVI guilty of conspiring against liberty, but stopped short of the death penalty. In consequence of his denunciation of the arrest of the Girondists, he was accused of conspiring against the Republic. He was concealed for a while in the house of a Madam Bernet; but wandered out, was captured, and committed suicide in prison. His essay, on the “Progress of the Human Spirit,” was written while hiding from Robespierre.

47 14. **Apprentices** in old English law were barristers of less than sixteen years’ standing. Sergeants were lawyers of high rank appointed by writ or patent from the crown.

47 18. “Look at that Tuileries and Tuileries Garden. Silent all as Sahara; none entering save by ticket! They shut their Gates, after the Day of the Black Breeches; a thing they had the liberty to do. However, the National Assembly grumbled something about Terrace of the Feuillants, how said Terrace lay contiguous to the back entrance to their salle, and was partly *National* property; and so now National Justice has stretched a Tricolor riband athwart it, by way of boundary-line, respected with splenetic strictness by all Patriots. It hangs there that Tricolor boundary-line; carries ‘satirical inscriptions on cards,’ generally in verse; and all beyond this is called ‘Coblentz,’ and remains vacant; silent as a fateful Golgotha; sunshine and umbrage alternating on it in vain” (Carlyle, “French Revolution,” vol. ii, p. 194).

47 19. **Canaille**: literally, pack of hounds, used to signify a rabble, a low crowd, a mob.

47 24. The title “**Marquis of Tavistock**” has existed in the Russell
family since May 11, 1694, when William, the fifth Earl of Bedford, was raised to the dignities of Marquis of Tavistock and Duke of Bedford.

47 34. Legendre, a mathematician of distinguished rank, born in 1752, was one of the three members of the council established to introduce the decimal system, and he was a member of the commission appointed to determine the length of the meter. He assisted in the formation of the great French tables of logarithms of numbers, sines and tangents, and natural sines. He died at Paris, Jan. 10, 1833.

48 3–14. One of the gravest faults of Burke’s style is its occasional descent into the vulgar and unclean. He also holds his figures too long, and realizes them too completely. The quotation from Pope is apt, and in the application of it there is humor and there is telling force. But, not content with his success, Burke heaps upon it the grossness of the shambles, and exhibits the ducal rumps, sirloins, and briskets, and inquires how the victim tallow in the cawl. It is lines like these that caused the Duke of Leeds to style the “Letter” “Billingsgate in buskins.”


48 25. The portrait to which Burke refers was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. It is now in the National Gallery. After the court-martial Reynolds painted Keppel’s portrait five times.

48 32. Augustus Keppel, Viscount Keppel (1725–86), the uncle of the Duke of Bedford, entered the navy in 1735, was sent out as commodore to the Mediterranean to treat with the Dey of Algiers, and in 1754 to take command of the ships on the North American station. He attached himself to the political party of the Marquis of Rockingham. In 1776, on the probability of war with France, “he was asked by the king in person to undertake the command of the Channel fleet.” He was promoted to be admiral of the blue Jan. 29, 1778, and made commander-in-chief of the grand fleet March 22, 1778. He engaged the French fleet July 27, with results that caused him to be charged with not marshalling his fleet, going into the fight in an officer-like manner, scandalous haste in quitting it, running away, and not pursuing the flying enemy,—each charge a capital offense. He was tried and the charge pronounced “malicious and ill-founded.” The popular enthusiasm over the vindication of Keppel as “a judicious, brave, and experienced officer” was so great that bonfires blazed, publicans painted Keppel’s head on their signs, and rioters tore down the admiralty gates and smashed the windows of the official residences.
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He died Oct. 2, 1786, unmarried, and the titles Viscount Keppel and Baron Elden became extinct.

50 18. The first Earl of Albemarle (grandfather of Lord Keppel) was Arnold Joost van Keippel, who was descended from Walter van Keppel, Lord of Keppel in the low countries. He came to England with William of Orange (1688) as a page of honor.

50 25.

We marry
A gentle scion to the wildest stock.

"Winter's Tale," IV, iv, 93.

51 17. "Fools aspiring to be knaves." Pope, "Epi. to Sat.," I, 164.

52 2. Duke de la Rochefoucauld, known in his youth as Count de la R., and from 1767 to 1783 as Duke de Liancourt, was a French publicist who was deputy to the assembly of notables in 1788, and to the States-general in 1789. He presided over the constituent assembly in the night of Aug. 4, 1789, when the abolition of titles of nobility was voted.

52 3. Viscount de Noailles (1756–1804) was a brother-in-law of Lafayette. He fought in the American War. He was elected in 1789 to the States-general and proposed the abolition of the privileges of the nobility. He presided over the constituent assembly in 1791.

Charles Maurice Talleyrand de Perigord (1754–1838) entered the States-general as one of its leaders. He successfully urged the clergy to yield to the demands of the commons that the three estates should meet together. Although an Abbé and Bishop of Autun, he attacked the rights and privileges of the clergy, and proposed a scheme (Oct. 10, 1789) by which the landed property of the church should be confiscated by the state. He is therefore called by Burke "the false Perigord."

53 1. Henri de la Tour d'Auvergne, Viscomte de Turenne (1611–75), a famous French general, who was created a marshal of France, May 16, 1643.

Francois Henri de Montmorency-Boutteville, Duc de Luxembourg (1628–95), was made marshal of France in 1675. He was the comrade of the great Condé.

Louis François, Duc de Boufflers (1644–1711), served under Turenne in Holland, and was raised to the rank of marshal of France in 1693.

53 2. Jean Baptiste Colbert (1619–83) became in 1669 minister of commerce, the colonies, and the King's palace, and worked great financial reforms in France. He established the French marine, naval and mercantile.
533. François Michel le Tellier, Marquis de Louvois (1641–91), was secretary of war, and organizer, after the peace of Aix la Chapelle, of the French army.

The Lamoignons are a Nivernaise family with many noble branches, — the Basvilles, the Coursons, the Blancmesnils, and the Malesherbes. They have held their fief of Lamoignon since the thirteenth century. Guillaume de L. (1617–77) was advocate, counsellor, maître des requêtes, and president of the Fronde parliament. His great work was the unification and coördination of the laws of France. His son Nicolas (1648–1724) was a distinguished lawyer and pupil of Colbert.

534. Henri François D’Aguesseau (1668–1751) was chancellor of France, and worked reforms in the execution of the laws that constitute an epoch in the history of French jurisprudence. His father was councillor of state.

535. Charles Pichegru (1761–1804), commander-in-chief of the united armies of the Rhine and Moselle, conqueror of Holland, and a leader of the extreme revolutionary party.

Jean Baptiste Jourdan (1762–1833), head of the army of Sambre-et-Meuse (1794) and marshal of France.

536. Antoine Joseph Santerre (1752–1809), a French general and violent revolutionist.

Barthelemi-Gabriel Rolland d’Erceville, a French magistrate, born in 1734, executed April 20, 1794, at Paris. He was president of the Chambre des requêtes. He was distinguished by his zealous prosecution of the Jesuits, and contributed greatly to the destruction of their society. He was arrested during the Terror and condemned to death by the revolutionary tribunal.

537. Antoine Joseph Gorsas, journalist and publicist, was born at Limoges, March 24, 1752, and guillotined at Paris, Oct. 7, 1793. He founded the “Courrier de Versailles,” afterwards called “Courrier des 83 départements” (July 5, 1789–June 2, 1793), one of the most vociferous and vehement of the revolutionary journals, replete with anecdotes and picturesque details. He was elected to the National Convention for the department of Seine et Oise. He was an ardent partisan of Brissot.

Jean François Reubell (or Rewbell), born at Colmar, Oct. 8, 1747; died at Colmar, Nov. 23, 1807. In 1789 he was chosen by the tiers état as deputy to the States-general. In 1791 he was president of the National Assembly, and voted for the death of the King.

Lazare Nicolas Marguerite Carnot (1753–1823) was returned to the National Assembly for the Pas de Calais in 1791, and he became a
NOTES

member of the Committee of Public Safety under Robespierre. He proposed the seizure of the property of the church, and he proposed to arm 30,000 sans-culottes with pikes, and to destroy all the citadels in France, and voted for the overthrow of the nobility and the execution of the King. In 1795 he became one of the five directors of the Republic, and projected a "Plan for the Invasion of England." He pronounced himself as "the irreconcilable enemy of kings."

53 8. Jean Lambert Tallien (1769–1820), the son of the cook of the Marquis de Bercy, was educated by the generosity of the Marquis, and became a lawyer's clerk. At the outbreak of the Revolution he entered a printing office, and in 1791 was overseer of the composing-room of the Moniteur. From January to May, 1791, he placarded twice a week upon all the walls of Paris a large poster called "Ami des Cito-yens." Aug. 10, 1792, he was appointed secretary to the revolutionary commune of Paris. He announced the massacres of September in the prisons. He was a vigorous Jacobin, defended Marat, voted for the execution of the King, and was elected a member of the Committee of General Security, Jan. 21, 1793.

George Jacques Danton (1759–94), a great revolutionary leader, was a member of the Committee of Public Safety, and voted for the death of the King.


53 27. Hugo Grotius (1583–1645) was born at Delft of a family which had entered Holland from France, where it had been of noble history. He was a great jurist, and more thoroughly studied the principles of jurisprudence than any writer before him.

53 33. Condorcet drafted an appeal to Holland in 1792. Burke errs in calling it an address to the "Batavian Republic," for the Republic did not exist until after the death of Condorcet, when it was formed by Reubell and Sieyès, in the spring of 1795. See "La Revolution Francaise en Hollande" [Le Grand], Paris, 1894.


54 12. His house. William III, King of England (1688), had been made by the Dutch Republic stadtholder of the Netherlands (1672).

54 22. Austrian Netherlands. The provinces originally called the Spanish Netherlands were ceded to Austria by the treaty of 1713. They were conquered by France in 1794.
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