

generally allowed to be a rancorous, but vivid burst of *splendid insanity*, issuing from a mind that had once been richly stored and highly luminous.—Your “*Letter to a NOBLE LORD,*” shews the rapid decay of that mind, and its powers. It is chiefly composed of ungentlemanly, *personal* invective—In politics, mentally imbecile—In some parts, soaring above all precedent for grossness—but in none orthographically beautiful, except in the reflections on your departed Son—replete with the coward philosophy of a heart panting for a restoration of the deception and hypocrisy of good OLD MOTHER CHURCH, and trembling at the idea of a bugbear of your own creative fancy, for the security of that national tenure by which you hold a *mortuary*, as you call it, gifted to you in the agonizing struggles of an administration, insolent and prodigal in the extreme, and long since dead to all the principles of virtue !

I am, Sir, &c.

M. C. BROWNE.