

In a situation so painful to men of real abilities, can the sensibility of Mr. Burke remain unaffected? Will he lend out his talents for the little purposes of his Friends, and bear to sacrifice the credit of his own character for their advancement?

Is there so mortifying a picture as that of a man who, possessing an heart sensible of feeling, finds sentiments propagated as his, of which he knows the absurdity, and writings given to the World, replete with the virulence of his Party, for which he alone feels the shame? This is a sad alteration, indeed, of the National Character! Servitude in the midst of Freedom!—What unwise purpose of interest, what humble gratification of ambition, can be adequate to such an exchange, when we voluntarily give up our freedom of mind, and that independance over which even a Tyrant has no right? Can the reputation of abilities alone compensate for the loss of every other better qualification? Or can Mr. B. imagine that he is employing those abilities in a reputable manner, when he is propagating the heated violence of Opposition, and spreading disaffection through every part of the kingdom?

Believe me, Sir, when I tell you, that whatever you may think of me, I am zealous for your Honour; and if I have said any mortifying things, they have proceeded from an honest regard to your real reputation. However flattering it may appear