

**A LETTER TO THE
AUTHOR OF A LETTER
TO MR. BUXTON**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649232000

A letter to the author of a letter to Mr. Buxton by Anonymous

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ANONYMOUS

**A LETTER TO THE
AUTHOR OF A LETTER
TO MR. BUXTON**

copy

71

L E T T E R

TO THE

AUTHOR of a LETTER

TO

Mr. B U X T O N.

in which it is proved, that the Design of that LETTER has been entirely misunderstood, and that the Author of it is the real Friend of

Sir EDWARD DASTLEY and
Mr. C O K E.

Aut Laudi Simulatione detrahere aut vituperationi laude.
QUINT.

PRINTED IN THE YEAR MDCCCLXVIII.

[PRICE SIX-PENCE.]

49



TO THE AUTHOR OF THE

LETTER,

TO MR. BUXTON.

SIR,

HAD I been so fortunate as to
have seen your Letter at its first
appearance in publick, I should
long since have done myself the honour
of returning you thanks for the entertain-
ment it afforded me, and of congratula-
ting you upon the fame you have acquired
by so ingenious and elaborate a perform-
ance. By this, Sir, we find, that in you
A alone

alone is centered all the united force of genius of the greatest men of antiquity : The accurate reasoning of an Aristotle, the imagery of a Plato, the irony of a Socrates, and the thundering eloquence of a Demosthenes.

But the talent which I would chiefly chuse to dwell upon is IRONY. A talent seldom seen in any great degree of perfection, but which shines forth in you with the greatest lustre. A talent you have so happily exerted, as not only to persuade the *friends* of Sir A. Wodehouse and Mr. de Grey, that you were the sincere well-wisher to, and defender of their cause, but even to deceive the *Candidates* themselves into the same belief, at the very time you were exerting all the powers of reason, and all the brilliancy of imagination to burlesque and satirize *them* and their *friends*, and to defend the sentiments, promote the interest, and celebrate

brate the worth of *Sir Edward Ashley* and *Mr. Coke*. A conduct so meritorious, a plan so admirably designed, so happily executed, and in its consequences so pregnant with benefit to the new candidates, cannot fail of entitling you to their best thanks, and of securing to you their everlasting gratitude.

Whoever is conversant with party writings must be sensible, that fulsome panegyrics and flattering encomiums, always *injure* the party they are intended to *serve*, and that unjust reflections and false invectives always *serve* the party they are designed to *injure*. You, Sir, to avail yourself of this circumstance, artfully chose the pleasing mask of irony; by means of which, you have with the utmost happiness, commended with censure, and satirized with praise.

Evident, however, as this point appears to me, many there are so infatuated with

envy, or misled by prejudice, that they would rather suppose you serious than ludicrous, though the former supposition would stamp your name with an indelible disgrace, and the latter would adorn your brow with never-fading laurels. For upon the one supposition, how could they ever vindicate you from the guilt of running into *idle declamation, puerile conceits, mean evasions, dissingenuous assertions, evident misrepresentations, and manifest contradictions!* Whereas upon the other, it is plain, that these are not to be considered as the *faults* of an *ignorant* writer, but as the *beauties* of an *artful* one, who introduced them only to colour the pretence of *serviug* a cause, which it was his intention to *betray*.

To establish this position is the design of my entering the lists; and conscious of the rectitude of my intentions, fearless of all opponents, I shall boldly erect my BANNER OF DEFIANCE. *

* Vide (in the Tablets of the Memory) Mr. de Grey's speech.

So confident am I of the truth of the position I have advanced, that I dare even to venture the establishment of it upon the proof which your first paragraph affords. For you tell us there, that you esteem and reverence Mr. Buxton as a gentleman of *solid judgment, distinguished integrity, and inflexible honour*. Yet in your 22d page you directly *contradict* this, by telling us, that this gentleman has, (by forsaking Sir A. Wodehouse and Mr. de Grey) *forsaken* the cause of *virtue* and of *honour*. If then we were to suppose you meant the latter sentence seriously, you would be guilty of the absurdity of saying, that Mr. B. is at the same time a man of **DISTINGUISHED INTEGRITY**, and a man who **HAS LOST HIS INTEGRITY**, a man of **INFLEXIBLE HONOUR**, and yet a man whose **HONOUR IS FLEXIBLE**.

Can any one, Sir, who believes you capable of writing *common sense*, believe you

could write such a *glaring contradiction* as this, did they not know that you only meant to expose the absurdity of those who blamed Mr. B. or any other gentleman, for forsaking Sir A. Wodehouse or Mr. de Grey.

But this contradiction, admirable as it is, is not the only one you are content to afford us in this passage. For if Mr. Buxton, (as you yourself allow us) has a *solid judgment* to *distinguish* who are bad representatives, and who are likely to make good ones ; if he has *distinguished integrity* and *inflexible honour* to act in consequence of the determination of his judgment ; let the most unletter'd mind determine, whether the only inference you could mean to draw, be not, that the gentlemen whom Mr. B. has forsaken are improper, and that Sir Edward Astley and Mr. Coke are likely to make proper representatives of this County.

You