

**WHAT HAVE THE WHIGS DONE?
OR, AN ANSWER TO MR.
EDWARD LYTTON BULWER'S
LETTER ON THE "PRESENT CRISIS"**

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What have the Whigs done? Or, An answer to mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer's Letter on the "present crisis" by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

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OR,

AN ANSWER

TO

MR. EDWARD LYTTON BULWER'S LETTER

ON THE

“PRESENT CRISIS.”

Fourth Edition.

LONDON:

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OXFORD STREET.

1835.

475.



WHAT HAVE THE WHIGS DONE ?

WE have with some pleasure read and cogitated over a pamphlet by Mr. Bulwer, dignified by the name and title of the "Present Crisis," and purporting to be a kind of trumpet-tongued warning to all the stray Whigs and wavering Radicals of the country, (as if oil and water could mix) to unite against the absolute sway of Arthur Duke of Wellington, who is styled "Dictator" by the special wisdom of the author of "Deveroux" and of the "Last Days of Pompeii."

Considering the awful crisis at which, according to Mr. Bulwer, we are arrived, we wonder that no other besides the Morning Chronicle—better known as the Squirt Paper—and Mr. Bulwer, should have warned us that we were seated on a barrel of gunpowder, which would explode when least expected; that the general tranquillity of the country was merely

the "torrent's smoothness ere it dash below," or the treacherous calm before the hurricane. We admit, with Mr. Bulwer, that the country is tranquil; and we are silly enough to believe, that, in spite of the predictions in the Chronicle on the Crisis, that tranquillity will not be disturbed by the auspicious change which has lately taken place in the administration of his Majesty's Government. If we have changed for the worse, we are in a most lamentable situation; for it is evident, to any man who has read the newspapers or Mr. Bulwer's pamphlet, that the late Administration broke up, or was broken up, because an aged Nobleman died, and his son, according to the still existing law of the country, was removed from the Lower to the Upper House;—that by this change, which must have been, according to Bulwer, long foreseen, the Chancellorship of the Exchequer became vacant;—and that, amongst all the talents, all the splendid governors and deputy-governors, council and committee of the Penny Magazine, not one of that numerous and motley group could be selected to fill the office which had been held by Lord Althorp—a nobleman of excellent private character, but who, we are rash enough to advance, was not

equal to Solomon in wisdom or Cocker in calculation. His Budgets, from the first to the last, were so many signals for general laughter throughout the country. He endeavoured to use the old hocus-pocus conjuring of taking money out of one pocket and placing it in the other; and this with such Breslaw ability and legerdemain, that one pocket was not lighter or the other heavier. But, alas for the tattle of human nature! we had other conjurors, who betrayed the trick, and ridicule followed the discovery. The Tories, with a generous kindness, altered his measures sufficiently to let them pass; and the whole country applauded the second edition of Lord Althorp's Budget. His father dies; and the Government, who in the plenitude of their wisdom had liberated the Negroes and encouraged the Trades' Union, could not find one man to take the place of his Lordship, either as Chancellor of the Exchequer or Leader of the House of Commons. We presume that some of our readers know his worth as a Chancellor; and those who have heard his Lordship *speak*, are fully aware of the insuperable difficulty of replacing so eloquent, so fluent an orator.

When we took up the pamphlet, it was with some

curiosity ; we wished to ascertain whether, upon a crisis—that is, upon a pinch—Mr. Lytton Bulwer could produce any thing which was not superficial. The pamphlet has cleared the point ; for if the author could have written well, never in his existence had he so strong an inducement. A weaker production, a greater farrago of nonsense, a more inflated specimen of mouthery and invective, has seldom been ventured before the public. Although Mr. Bulwer would disguise them, yet his motives are as evident as his rhodomontade is absurd. We will now, without further remark, strip this flowery Frankenstein, and expose to the public the miserable collection of dry bones upon which, to impose upon them, he has wreathed his flowery garland.

The opening paragraph is bad in style, as well as in taste. “The Duke of Wellington has obtained many victories, but he never yet has obtained a victory over the English people.”—That is very true : the Duke of Wellington never has, and never will attempt to do any such thing. When he has come forward, it has been to *lead* the English people, not to oppose them. If he has not been so successful in the cabinet as he has been in the field, he has

still acted as he *considered* the most conducive to the interest of the country.—Mr. Bulwer continues: “His first battle was to prevent giving power to the people — the power obtained, his second is to resist it.” (*We attack power obtained*: the word resist is not well placed.) “It is the usual fate of fortunate warriors, that their old age is the sepulchre of their renown.” To prove this last observation, the author of the *Crisis* brings forward the *solitary* instance of the Duke of Marlborough, which might be applicable to authors as well as warriors:—

“From Marlborough’s eyes the streams of dotage flow,
“And Swift expires a driveller and a show.”

Now if it is, as is asserted, the *usual* fate, could not Mr. Bulwer, with all his classic reminiscences, bring forward another instance in which old age has proved the sepulchre of the renown of fortunate warriors? Had Mr. Bulwer asserted that it was the usual fate of fortunate warriors that old age brought them to their sepulchres, he would have made a shrewd remark, which no one would have contradicted.

To continue:—“Marlborough was a trickster, but he sought only to trick a court—has the Duke of Wellington a greater ambition, and would he trick a