

**THE LETTERS OF  
JUNIUS; IN TWO  
VOLUMES. VOL. II**

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The Letters of Junius; In Two Volumes. Vol. II by Junius

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**JUNIUS**

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JUNIUS; IN TWO  
VOLUMES. VOL. II**



THE  
LETTERS OF JUNIUS.  
VOL. II.



New York Published by Henry Donnell. 1841.

THE  
**LETTERS OF JUNIUS.**

FROM THE LATEST LONDON EDITION

*IN TWO VOLUMES.*

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Stat nominus umbra.  
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VOL. II.

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*NEW-YORK:*

**PUBLISHED BY HENRY DURELL.**

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1821

1821

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## LETTERS OF JUNIUS.

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### LETTER XXXVI.

*To his Grace the Duke of Grafton.*

MY LORD,

February 14, 1770.

IF I were personally your enemy, I might pity and forgive you. You have every claim to compassion that can arise from misery and distress. The condition you are reduced to would disarm a private enemy of his resentment, and leave no consolation to the most vindictive spirit, but that such an object as you are would disgrace the dignity of revenge. But, in the relation you have borne to this country, you have no title to indulgence; and if I had followed the dictates of my own opinion, I never should have allowed you the respite of a moment. In your public character, you have injured every subject of the empire; and though an individual is not authorised to forgive the injuries done to society, he is called upon to assert his separate share in the public resentment. I submitted, however, to the judgment of



men, more moderate, perhaps more candid, than myself. For my own part, I do not pretend to understand those prudent forms of decorum, those gentle rules of discretion, which some men endeavour to unite with the conduct of the greatest and most hazardous affairs. Engaged in the defence of an honourable cause, I would take a decisive part. I should scorn to provide for a future retreat, or to keep terms with a man who preserves no measures with the public. Neither the abject submission of deserting his post in the hour of danger, nor even the sacred\* shield of cowardice should protect him. I would pursue him through life, and try the last exertion of my abilities to preserve the perishable infamy of his name, and make it immortal.

What then, my lord? Is this the event of all the sacrifices you have made to lord Bute's patronage, and to your own unfortunate ambition? Was it for this you abandoned your earliest friendships, the warmest connexions of your youth, and all those honourable engagements by which you once solicited, and might have acquired, the esteem of your country? Have you secured no recompense for such a waste of honour? Unhappy man! what party will receive the common deserter of all parties? Without a client to flatter, without a friend to console you, and with only one companion from the honest house of Bloomsbury, you must now retire into a dreadful solitude. At the most active period of life you must quit the busy scene, and conceal

\* .....*Sacro tremuere timore.* Every coward pretends to be planet-struck.

yourself from the world, if you would hope to save the wretched remains of a ruined reputation. The vices operate like age, bring on disease before its time, and in the prime of youth leave the character broken and exhausted.

Yet your conduct has been mysterious, as well as contemptible. Where is now that firmness, or obstinacy, so long boasted of by your friends, and acknowledged by your enemies? We were taught to expect that you would not leave the ruin of this country to be completed by other hands, but were determined either to gain a decisive victory over the constitution, or to perish bravely, at least, behind the last dike of the prerogative. You knew the danger, and might have been provided for it. You took sufficient time to prepare for a meeting with your parliament, to confirm the mercenary fidelity of your dependents, and to suggest to your sovereign a language suited to his dignity at least, if not to his benevolence and wisdom. Yet, while the whole kingdom was agitated with anxious expectation upon one great point, you meanly evaded the question, and, instead of the explicit firmness and decision of a king, gave us nothing but the misery of a ruined\* grazier, and the whining piety of a methodist. We had reason to expect, that notice would have been taken of the petitions which the king had received from the English nation; and although I can conceive some personal motives for not yielding to them, I can find none, in common

\* There was something wonderfully pathetic in the mention of the horned cattle.

prudence or decency, for treating them with contempt. Be assured, my lord, the English people will not tamely submit to this unworthy treatment. They had a right to be heard ; and their petitions, if not granted, deserved to be considered. Whatever be the real views and doctrines of a court, the sovereign should be taught to preserve some forms of attention to his subjects ; and, if he will not redress their grievances, not to make them a topic of jest and mockery among lords and ladies of the bed-chamber. Injuries may be atoned for and forgiven ; but insults admit of no compensation. They degrade the mind in its own esteem, and force it to recover its level by revenge. This neglect of the petitions was, however, a part of your original plan of government ; nor will any consequences it has produced account for your deserting your sovereign, in the midst of that distress, in which you and your\* new friends have involved him. One would think, my lord, you might have taken this spirited resolution before you had dissolved the last of those early connexions, which once, even in your own opinion, did honour to your youth ; before you had obliged lord Granby to quit a service he was attached to ; before you had discarded one chancellor, and killed another. To what an abject condition have you laboured to reduce the best of princes, when the unhappy man, who yields at last to such personal instance and solicitation, as never can be fairly employed against a subject, feels himself degraded by his compliance, and is unable to survive

\* The Bedford party.