mere trifles, and well deserve to be forgiven, when we think that though the offender was in form acquitted, yet Burke succeeded in these fourteen years of laborious effort in laying the foundations once for all of a moral, just, philanthropic, and responsible public opinion in England with reference to India, and in doing so performed perhaps the most magnificent service that any statesman has ever had it in his power to render to humanity.

Burke's first decisive step against Hastings was a motion for papers in the spring of 1786; the thanks of the House of Commons to the managers of the impeachment were voted in the summer of 1794. But in those eight years some of the most astonishing events in history had changed the political face of Europe. Burke was more than sixty years old when the states-general met at Versailles in the spring of 1789. He had taken a prominent part on the side of freedom in the revolution which stripped England of her empire in the West. He had taken a prominent part on the side of justice, humanity, and order, in dealing with the revolution which had brought to England new empire in the East. The same vehement passion for freedom, justice, humanity, and order was roused in him at a very early stage of the third great revolution in his history—the revolution which overthrew the old monarchy in France. From the first Burke looked on the events of 1789 with doubt and misgiving. He had been in France in 1773, where he had not only the famous vision of Marie Antoinette at Versailles, "glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy," but had also supped and discussed with some of the destroyers, the encyclopædists, "the sophisters, economists, and calculators." His first speech on his return to England was a warning (March 17, 1773) that the props of good government were beginning to fail under the systematic attacks of unbelievers, and that principles were being propagated that would not leave to civil society any stability. The apprehension never died out in his mind; and when he knew that the principles and abstractions, the un-English dialect and destructive dialectic, of his former acquaintances were predominant in the National Assembly, his suspicion that the movement would end in disastrous miscarriage waxed into certainty.

The scene grew still more sinister in his eyes after the march of the mob from Paris to Versailles in October, and the violent transport of the king and queen from Versailles to Paris. The same hatred of lawlessness and violence which fired him with a divine rage against the Indian malefactors was aroused by the violence and lawlessness of the Parisian insurgents. The same disgust for abstractions and naked doctrines of right that had stirred him against the pretensions of the British Parliament in 1774 and 1776, was revived in as lively a degree by political conceptions which he judged to be identical in the French Assembly of 1789. And this anger and disgust were exasperated by the dread with which certain proceedings in England had inspired him, that the aims, principles, methods, and language which he so misdoubted or abhorred in France were likely to infect the people of Great Britain.

In November 1790 the town, which had long been eagerly expecting a manifesto from Burke's pen, was electrified by the *Reflections on the Revolution in France, and on the proceedings in certain societies in London relative to that event*. The generous Windham made an entry in his diary of his reception of the new book. "What shall be said," he added, "of the state of things, when it is remembered that the writer is a man decried, persecuted, and proscribed; not being much valued even by his own party, and by half the nation considered as little better than an ingenious madman?" But the writer now ceased to be decried, persecuted, and proscribed, and his book was seized as the expression of that new current of opinion in Europe which the more recent events of the Revolution had slowly set flowing. Its vogue was instant and enormous. Eleven editions were exhausted in little more than a year, and there is probably not much exaggeration in the estimate that 30,000 copies were sold before Burke's death seven years afterwards. George III. was extravagantly delighted; Stanislaus of Poland sent Burke words of thanks and high glorification and a gold medal. Catherine of Russia, the friend of Voltaire and the benefactress of Diderot, sent her congratulations to the man who denounced French philosophers as miscreants and wretches. "One wonders," Romilly said by-and-by, "that Burke is not ashamed at such success." Mackintosh replied to him temperately in the *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, and Tom Paine replied to him less temperately but far more trenchantly and more shrewdly in the *Rights of Man*. Arthur Young, with whom he had corresponded years before on the mysteries of deep ploughing and fattening hogs, added a cogent polemical chapter to that ever admirable work, in which he showed that he knew as much more than Burke about the old system of France as he knew more than Burke about soils and roots. Philip Francis, to whom he had shown the proof-sheets, had tried to dissuade Burke from publishing his performance. The passage about Marie Antoinette, which has since become a stock piece in books of recitation, seemed to Francis a mere piece of foppery; for was she not a Messalina and a jade? "I know nothing of your story of Messalina," answered Burke; "am I obliged to prove judicially the virtues of all those I shall see suffering every kind of wrong and contumely and risk of life, before I endeavour to interest others in their sufferings? . . . Are not high rank, great splendour of descent, great personal elegance, and outward accomplishments, ingredients of moment in forming the interest we take in the misfortunes of men? . . . I tell you again that the recollection of the manner in which I saw the queen of France in 1774, and the contrast between that brilliancy, splendour, and beauty, with the prostrate homage of a nation to her, and the abominable scene of 1789 which I was describing, *did* draw tears from me and wetted my paper. These tears came again into my eyes almost as often as I looked at the description,—they may again. You do not believe this fact, nor that these are my real feelings; but that the whole is affected, or as you express it, downright foppery. My friend, I tell you it is truth; and that it is true and will be truth when you and I are no more; and will exist as long as men with their natural feelings shall exist" (*Corr.* iii. 139).

Burke's conservatism was, as such a passage as this may illustrate, the result partly of strong imaginative associations clustering round the more imposing symbols of social continuity, partly of a sort of corresponding conviction in his reason that there are certain permanent elements of human nature out of which the European order had risen and which that order satisfied, and of whose immense merits, as of its mighty strength, the revolutionary party in France were most fatally ignorant. When Romilly saw Diderot in 1783, the great encyclopædic chief assured him that submission to kings and belief in God would be at an end all over the world in a very few years. When Condorcet described the Tenth Epoch in the long development of human progress, he was sure not only that fulness of light and perfection of happiness would come to the sons of men, but that they were coming with all speed. Only those who know the incredible rashness of the revolutionary doctrine in the mouths of its most powerful professors at that time; only those who know their absorption in ends and their inconsiderateness about means, can feel how profoundly right Burke was in all this part of his contention. Napoleon, who had begun life as a disciple of Rousseau, confirmed the wisdom of the philosophy of

Burke when he came to make the Concordat. That measure was in one sense the outcome of a mere sinister expediency, but that such a measure was expedient at all sufficed to prove that Burke's view of the present possibilities of social change was right, and the view of the Rousseauites and too sanguine Perfectibilitarians wrong. As we have seen, Burke's very first piece, the satire on Bolingbroke, sprang from his conviction that merely rationalistic or destructive criticism, applied to the vast complexities of man in the social union, is either mischievous or futile, and mischievous exactly in proportion as it is not futile.

To discuss Burke's writings on the Revolution would be to write first a volume upon the abstract theory of society, and then a second volume on the history of France. But we may make one or two further remarks. One of the most common charges against Burke was that he allowed his imagination and pity to be touched only by the sorrows of kings and queens, and forgot the thousands of oppressed and famine-stricken toilers of the land. "No tears are shed for nations," cried Francis, whose sympathy for the Revolution was as passionate as Burke's execration of it. "When the provinces are scourged to the bone by a mercenary and merciless military power, and every drop of its blood and substance extorted from it by the edicts of a royal council, the case seems very tolerable to those who are not involved in it. When thousands after thousands are dragooned out of their country for the sake of their religion, or sent to row in the galleys for selling salt against law,—when the liberty of every individual is at the mercy of every prostitute, pimp, or parasite that has access to power or any of its basest substitutes,—my mind, I own, is not at once prepared to be satisfied with gentle palliatives for such disorders" (*Francis to Burke*, November 3, 1790). This is a very terse way of putting a crucial objection to Burke's whole view of French affairs in 1789. His answer was tolerably simple. The Revolution, though it had made an end of the Bastille, did not bring the only real practical liberty, that is to say, the liberty which comes with settled courts of justice, administering settled laws, undisturbed by popular fury, independent of everything but law, and with a clear law for their direction. The people, he contended, were no worse off under the old monarchy than they will be in the long run under assemblies that are bound by the necessity of feeding one part of the community at the grievous charge of other parts, as necessitous as those who are so fed; that are obliged to flatter those who have their lives at their disposal by tolerating acts of doubtful influence on commerce and agriculture, and for the sake of precarious relief to sow the seeds of lasting want; that will be driven to be the instruments of the violence of others from a sense of their own weakness, and, by want of authority to assess equal and proportioned charges upon all, will be compelled to lay a strong hand upon the possessions of a part. As against the moderate section of the Constituent Assembly this was just.

One secret of Burke's views of the Revolution was the contempt which he had conceived for the popular leaders in the earlier stages of the movement. In spite of much excellence of intention, much heroism, much energy, it is hardly to be denied that the leaders whom that movement brought to the surface were almost without exception men of the poorest political capacity. Danton, no doubt, was abler than most of the others, yet the timidity or temerity with which he allowed himself to be vanquished by Robespierre showed that even he was not a man of commanding quality. The spectacle of men so rash, and so incapable of controlling the forces which they seemed to have presumptuously summoned, excited in Burke both indignation and contempt. And the leaders of the Constituent who came first on the stage, and hoped to make a revolution with rose-water, and hardly realized any more than Burke did how rotten was the structure which they had undertaken to build up, almost deserved his contempt, even if, as is certainly true, they did not deserve his indignation. It was only by revolutionary methods, which are in their essence and for a time as arbitrary as despotic methods, that the knot could be cut. Burke's vital error was his inability to see that a root and branch revolution was, under the conditions, inevitable. His cardinal position, from which he deduced so many important conclusions, namely, that the parts and organs of the old constitution of France were sound, and only needed moderate invigoration, is absolutely mistaken and untenable. There was not a single chamber in the old fabric that was not crumbling and tottering. The court was frivolous, vacillating, stone deaf and stone blind; the gentry were amiable, but distinctly bent to the very last on holding to their privileges, and they were wholly devoid both of the political experience that only comes of practical responsibility for public affairs, and of the political sagacity that only comes of political experience. The parliaments or tribunals were nests of faction and of the deepest social incompetence. The very sword of the state broke short in the king's hand. If the king or queen could either have had the political genius of Frederick the Great, or could have had the good fortune to find a minister with that genius, and the good sense and good faith to trust and stand by him against mobs of aristocrats and mobs of democrats; if the army had been sound and the states-general had been convoked at Bourges or Tours instead of at Paris, then the type of French monarchy and French society might have been modernized without convulsion. But none of these conditions existed.

When he dealt with the affairs of India, Burke passed over the circumstances of our acquisition of power in that continent. "There is a sacred veil to be drawn over the beginnings of all government," he said. "The first step to empire is revolution; by which power is conferred; the next is good laws, good order, good institutions, to give that power stability." Exactly on this broad principle of political force, revolution was the first step to the assumption by the people of France of their own government. Granted that the Revolution was inevitable and indispensable, how was the nation to make the best of it? And how were surrounding nations to make the best of it? This was the true point of view. But Burke never placed himself at such a point. He never conceded the postulate, because, though he knew France better than any body in England except Arthur Young, he did not know her condition well enough. "Alas!" he said, "they little know how many a weary step is to be taken before they can form themselves into a mass which has a true, political personality." And how true this was, it will perhaps take more than a century fully to show. But then nations like individual men are often driven to travel over a weary road that has been long prepared for them by the far-reaching errors of their forefathers and it was only by the journey of which he wisely forewarned them, that they could hope to arrive at the goal of which he unwisely despaired for them.

Burke's view of French affairs, however consistent with all his former political conceptions, put an end to more than one of his old political friendships. He had never been popular in the House of Commons, and the vehemence, sometimes amounting to fury, which he had shown in the debates on the India Bill, on the regency, on the impeachment of Hastings, had made him unpopular even among men on his own side. In May 1789—that memorable month of May in which the states-general marched in

impressive array to hear a sermon at the church of Nôtre Dame at Versailles—a vote of censure had actually been passed on him in the House of Commons for a too severe expression used against Hastings. Fox, who led the party, and Sheridan, who led Fox, were the intimates of the Prince of Wales; and Burke would have been as much out of place in that circle of gamblers and profligates as Milton would have been out of place in the court of the Restoration. The prince, as somebody said, was like his father in having closets within cabinets and cupboards within closets. When the debates on the regency were at their height we have Burke's word that he was not admitted to the private counsels of the party. Though Fox and he were on friendly terms in society, yet Burke admits that for a considerable period before 1790 there had been between them "distance, coolness, and want of confidence, if not total alienation on his part." The younger Whigs had begun to press for shorter parliaments, for the ballot, for redistribution of political power. Burke had never looked with any favour on these projects. His experience of the sentiment of the populace in the two greatest concerns of his life,—American affairs and Indian affairs,—had not been likely to prepossess him in favour of the popular voice as the voice of superior political wisdom. He did not absolutely object to some remedy in the state of representation (*Corr.* ii. 387), still he vigorously resisted such proposals as the duke of Richmond's in 1780 for manhood suffrage. The general ground was this:—"The machine itself is well enough to answer any good purpose, provided the materials were sound. But what signifies the arrangement of rottenness?"

Bad as the parliaments of George III. were, they contained their full share of eminent and capable men; and, what is more, their very defects were the exact counterparts of what we now look back upon as the prevailing stupidity in the country. What Burke valued was good government. His *Report on the Causes of the Duration or Mr Hastings's Trial* shows how wide and sound were his views of law reform. His *Thoughts on Scarcity* attest his enlightenment on the central necessities of trade and manufacture, and even furnished arguments to Cobden fifty years afterwards. Pitt's parliaments were competent to discuss, and willing to pass, all measures for which the average political intelligence of the country was ripe. Burke did not believe that altered machinery was at that time needed to improve the quality of legislation. If wiser legislation followed the great reform of 1832, Burke would have said this was because the political intelligence of the country had improved.

Though averse at all times to taking up parliamentary reform, he thought all such projects downright crimes in the agitation of 1791–2. This was the view taken by Burke, but it was not the view of Fox, nor of Sheridan, nor of Francis, nor of many others of his party, and difference of opinion here was naturally followed by difference of opinion upon affairs in France. Fox, Grey, Windham, Sheridan, Francis, Lord Fitzwilliam, and most of the other Whig leaders, welcomed the Revolution in France. And so did Pitt, too, for some time. "How much the greatest event it is that ever happened in the world," cried Fox, with the exaggeration of a man ready to dance the carmagnole, "and how much the best!" The dissension between a man who felt so passionately as Burke, and a man who spoke so impulsively as Charles Fox, lay in the very nature of things. Between Sheridan and Burke there was an open breach in the House of Commons upon the Revolution so early as February 1790, and Sheridan's influence with Fox was strong. This divergence of opinion destroyed all the elation that Burke might well have felt at his compliments from kings, his gold medals, his twelve editions. But he was too fiercely in earnest in his horror of Jacobinism to allow mere party associations to guide him. In May 1791 the thundercloud burst, and a public rupture between Burke and Fox took place in the House of Commons.

The scene is famous in our parliamentary annals. The minister had introduced a measure for the division of the province of Canada and for the establishment of a local legislature in each division. Fox in the course of debate went out of his way to laud the Revolution, and to sneer at some of the most effective passages in the *Reflections*. Burke was not present, but he announced his determination to reply. On the day when the Quebec Bill was to come on again, Fox called upon Burke, and the pair walked together from Burke's house in Duke Street down to Westminster. The Quebec Bill was recommitted, and Burke at once rose and soon began to talk his usual language against the Revolution, the rights of man, and Jacobinism whether English and French. There was a call to order. Fox, who was as sharp and intolerant in the House as he was amiable out of it, interposed with some words of contemptuous irony. Pitt, Grey, Lord Sheffield, all plunged into confused and angry debate, as to whether the French Revolution was a good thing, and whether the French Revolution, good or bad, had anything to do with the Quebec Bill. At length Fox, in seconding a motion for confining the debate to its proper subject, burst into the fatal question beyond the subject, taxing Burke with inconsistency, and taunting him with having forgotten that ever-admirable saying of his own about the insurgent colonists, that he did not know how to draw an indictment against a whole nation. Burke replied in tones of firm self-repression; complained of the attack that had been made upon him; reviewed Fox's charges of inconsistency; enumerated the points on which they had disagreed, and remarked that such disagreements had never broken their friendship. But whatever the risk of enmity, and however bitter the loss of friendship, he would never cease from the warning to flee from the French constitution. 'But there is no loss of friends," said Fox in an eager under tone. "Yes," cried Burke, "there *is* a loss of friends. I know the penalty of my conduct. I have done my duty at the price of my friend—our friendship is at an end." Fox rose, but was so overcome that for some moments he could not speak. At length, his eyes streaming with tears, and in a broken voice, he deplored the breach of a twenty years' friendship on a political question. Burke was inexorable. To him the political question was so vivid, so real, so intense, as to make all personal sentiment no more than dust in the balance. Burke confronted Jacobinism with the relentlessness of a Jacobin. The rupture was never healed, and Fox and he had no relations with one another henceforth beyond such formal interviews as took place in the manager's box in Westminster Hall in connection with the impeachment.

A few months afterwards Burke published the *Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs*, a grave, calm, and most cogent vindication of the perfect consistency of his criticisms upon the English Revolution of 1688 and upon the French Revolution of 1789 with the doctrines of the great Whigs who conducted and afterwards defended in Anne's reign the transfer of the crown from James to William and Mary. The *Appeal* was justly accepted as a satisfactory performance for the purpose with which it was written. Events, however, were doing more than words could do, to confirm the public opinion of Burke's sagacity and foresight. He had always divined by the instinct of hatred that the French moderates must gradually be swept away by the Jacobins, and now it was all coming true. The humiliation of the king and queen after their capture at Varennes; the compulsory acceptance of the constitution; the plain incompetence of the new Legislative Assembly; the growing violence of the Parisian mob, and the ascendency of the

Jacobins at the Common Hall; the fierce day of the 20th of June (1792), when the mob flooded the Tuileries, and the bloodier day of the 10th of August, when the Swiss guard was massacred and the royal family flung into prison; the murders in the prisons in September; the trial and execution of the king in January (1793); the proscription of the Girondins in June, the execution of the queen in October—if we realize the impression likely to be made upon the sober and homely English imagination by such a heightening of horror by horror, we may easily understand how people came to listen to Burke's voice as the voice of inspiration, and to look on his burning anger as the holy fervour of a prophet of the Lord.

Fox still held to his old opinions as stoutly as he could, and condemned and opposed the war which England had declared against the French republic Burke, who was profoundly incapable of the meanness of letting personal estrangement blind his eyes to what was best for the commonwealth, kept hoping against hope that each new trait of excess in France would at length bring the great Whig leader to a better mind He used to declaim by the hour in the conclaves at Burlington House upon the necessity of securing Fox; upon the strength which his genius would lend to the administration in its task of grappling with the sanguinary giant; upon the impossibility, at least, of doing either with him or without him. Fox's most important political friends who had long wavered, at length, to Burke's great satisfaction, went over to the side of the Government. In July 1794, the duke of Portland, Lord Fitzwilliam, Windham, and Grenville took office under Pitt. Fox was left with a minority which was satirically said not to have been more than enough to fill a hackney coach. "That is a calumny," said one of the party, "we should have filled two." The war was prosecuted with the aid of both the great parliamentary parties of the country, and with the approval of the great bulk of the nation. Perhaps the one man in England who in his heart approved of it less than any other was William Pitt. The difference between Pitt and Burke was nearly as great as that between Burke and Fox. Burke would be content with nothing short of a crusade against France, and war to the death with her rulers. "I cannot persuade myself," he said, "that this war bears any the least resemblance to any that has ever existed in the world. I cannot persuade myself that any examples or any reasonings drawn from other wars and other politics are at all applicable to it" (*Corr.* iv. 219). Pitt, on the other hand, as Lord Russell truly says, treated Robespierre and Carnot as he would have treated any other French rulers, whose ambition was to be resisted, and whose interference in the affairs of other nations was to be checked. And he entered upon the matter in the spirit of a man of business, by sending ships to seize some islands belonging to France in the West Indies, so as to make certain of repayment of the expenses of the war.

In the summer of 1794 Burke was struck to the ground by a blow to his deepest affection in life, and he never recovered from it. His whole soul was wrapped up in his only son, of whose abilities he had the most extravagant estimate and hope. All the evidence goes to show that Richard Burke was one of the most presumptuous and empty-headed of human beings. "He is the most impudent and opiniative fellow I ever knew," said Wolfe Tone. Gilbert Elliott, a very different man, gives the same account. "Burke," he says, describing a dinner party at Lord Fitzwilliam's in 1793, "has now got such a train after him as would sink anybody but himself: his son, who is quite *nauseated* by all mankind; his brother who is liked better than his son, but is rather oppressive with animal spirits and brogue; and his cousin, William Burke, who is just returned unexpectedly from India, as much ruined as when he went years ago, and who is a fresh charge on any prospects of power Burke may ever have. Mrs Burke has in her train Miss French [Burke's niece], the most perfect *She Paddy* that ever was caught. Notwithstanding these disadvantages Burke is in himself a sort of power in the state. It is not too much to say that he is a sort of power in Europe, though totally without any of those means or the smallest share in them which give or maintain power in other men." Burke accepted the position of a power in Europe seriously. Though no man was ever more free from anything like the egoism of the intellectual coxcomb, yet he abounded in that active self-confidence and self-assertion which is natural in men who are conscious of great powers, and strenuous in promoting great causes. In the summer of 1791 he despatched his son to Coblentz to give advice to the royalist exiles, then under the direction of Calonne, and to report to Beaconsfield their disposition and prospects. Richard Burke was received with many compliments, but of course nothing came of his mission, and the only impression that remains with the reader of his prolix story is his tale of the two royal brothers, who afterwards became Louis XVIII. and Charles X., meeting after some parting, and embracing one another with many tears on board a boat in the middle of the Rhine, while some of the courtiers raised a cry of "Long live the king"—the king who had a few weeks before been carried back in triumph to his capital with Mayor Pétion in his coach. When we think of the pass to which things had come in Paris by this time, and of the unappeasable ferment that boiled round the court, there is a certain touch of the ludicrous in the notion of poor Richard Burke writing to Louis XVI. a letter of wise advice how to comport himself.

At the end of the same year, with the approval of his father, he started for Ireland as the adviser of the Catholic Association. He made a wretched emissary, and there was no limit to his arrogance, noisiness, and indiscretion. The Irish agitators were glad to give him two thousand guineas and to send him home. The mission is associated with a more important thing, his father's *Letters to Sir Hercules Langrishe*, advocating the admission of the Irish Catholics to the franchise. This short piece abounds richly in maxims of moral and political prudence. And Burke exhibited considerable courage in writing it; for many of its maxims seem to involve a contradiction, first, to the principles on which he withstood the movement in France, and second, to his attitude upon the subject of parliamentary reform. The contradiction is in fact only superficial. Burke was not the man to fall unawares into a trap of this kind. His defence of Catholic relief, and it had been the conviction of a life-time, was very properly founded on propositions which were true of Ireland, and were true neither of France nor of the quality of parliamentary representation in England. Yet Burke threw such breadth and generality over all he wrote that even these propositions, relative as they were, form a short manual of statesmanship.

At the close of the session of 1794 the impeachment of Hastings had come to an end, and Burke bade farewell to Parliament. Richard Burke was elected in his father's place at Malton. The king was bent on making the champion of the old order of Europe a peer. His title was to be Lord Beaconsfield, and it was designed to annex to the title an income for three lives. The patent was being made ready, when all was arrested by the sudden death of the son who was to Burke more than life. The old man's grief was agonizing and inconsolable. "The storm has gone over me," he wrote in words which are well known, but which can hardly be repeated too often for any who have an ear for the cadences of noble and pathetic speech,—"The storm has gone over me, and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me.

I am stripped of all my honours; I am torn up by the roots and lie prostrate on the earth. . . . I am alone. I have none to meet my enemies in the gate. . . . I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me have gone before me. They who should have been to me as posterity are in the place of ancestors."

A pension of £2500 was all that Burke could now be persuaded to accept. The duke of Bedford and Lord Lauderdale made some remarks in Parliament upon this paltry reward to a man who, in conducting a great trial on the public behalf, had worked harder for nearly ten years than any minister in any cabinet of the reign. But it was not yet safe to kick up heels in face of the dying lion. The vileness of such criticism was punished, as it deserved to be, in the *Letter to a Noble Lord* (1796), in which Burke showed the usual art of all his compositions in shaking aside the insignificances of a subject. He turned mere personal defence and retaliation into an occasion for a lofty enforcement of constitutional principles, and this, too, with a relevancy and pertinence of consummate skilfulness. There was to be one more great effort before the end.

In the spring of 1796 Pitt's constant anxiety for peace had become more earnest than ever. He had found out the instability of the coalition and the power of France. Like the thrifty steward he was, he saw with growing concern the waste of the national resources and the strain upon commerce, with a public debt swollen to what then seemed the desperate sum of £400,000,000. Burke at the notion of negotiation flamed out in the *Letters on a Regicide Peace*, in some respects the most splendid of all his compositions. They glow with passion, and yet with all their rapidity is such steadfastness, the fervour of imagination is so skilfully tempered by close and plausible reasoning, and the whole is wrought with such strength and fire, that we hardly know where else to look either in Burke's own writings or elsewhere for such an exhibition of the rhetorical resources of our language. We cannot wonder that the whole nation was stirred to the very depths, or that they strengthened the aversion of the king, of Windham, and other important personages in the Government, against the plans of Pitt. The prudence of their drift must be settled by external considerations. Those who think that the French were likely to show a moderation and practical reasonableness in success, such as they had never shown in the hour of imminent ruin, will find Burke's judgment full of error and mischief. Those, on the contrary, who think that the nation which was on the very eve of surrendering itself to the Napoleonic absolutism was not in a hopeful humour for peace and the European order, will believe that Burke's protests were as perspicacious as they were powerful, and that anything which chilled the energy of the war was as fatal as he declared it to be.

When the third and most impressive of these astonishing productions came into the hands of the public, the writer was no more. Burke died on the 8th of July 1797. Fox, who with all his faults was never wanting in a fine and generous sensibility, proposed that there should be a public funeral, and that the body should lie among the illustrious dead in Westminster Abbey. Burke, however, had left strict injunctions that his burial should be private; and he was laid in the little church at Beaconsfield. It was the year of Campo Formio. So a black whirl and torment of rapine, violence, and fraud was encircling the Western World, as a life went out which, notwithstanding some eccentricities and some aberrations, had made great tides in human destiny very luminous. (J. MO.)

BURKE, ROBERT O'HARA (1821–1861), one of the great explorers of the continent of Australia, was born in 1821 at St Clerans in Galway, Ireland. He left the Belgian college where he had been educated to enter the military service of Austria, but in 1848 returned to Ireland, and obtained a post in the mounted police. He next went to Australia, and served for some time as police-inspector, first in Melbourne and then in the district of Beechworth, till the outbreak of the Crimean War induced him to return to Europe to take part in the campaign. Peace was restored, however, before he arrived, and he accordingly went back to Australia and resumed his connection with the police force. In 1860 he was appointed one of the leaders of a Government exploring expedition, and in this capacity had the honour of being one of the first Europeans to traverse the continent from south to north. A short account of the enterprise—so brilliantly successful in its achievements and so disastrous in its termination—is given in the article AUSTRALIA, vol. iii. p. 106; and fuller details will be found in the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society* for 1862. The remains of the explorer were interred by Howitt's relief party in 28° 20′ S. lat. and 141° E. long.

BURLAMAQUI, JEAN JACQUES (1694–1748), a celebrated writer on natural law, was born at Geneva on the 24th June 1694. He received a careful education, and while passing through his university course devoted himself with such success to the study of ethics and law of nature, that at the age of twenty-five he was designated honorary professor. Before taking possession of his chair he travelled through France and England, and made the acquaintance of the most eminent writers of the period. On his return he began his lectures, and soon gained a wide reputation, from the simplicity of his style and the precision of his views. He continued to lecture for fifteen years, when he was compelled to resign from ill-health. His fellow-citizens at once elected him a member of the council of state, and he gained as high a reputation for his practical sagacity as he had for his theoretical knowledge. He died at Geneva on the 3d April 1748. His works were *Principes du Droit Naturel*, 1747, and *Principes du Droit Politique*, 1751. These have passed through many editions, and were very extensively used as text-books. The most convenient collected edition is that by Dupin, in 5 vols., 1820. Burlamaqui's style is simple and clear, and his arrangement of the material good. His fundamental principle may be described as rational utilitarianism, and it in many ways resembles that of Cumberland.

BURLINGTON, a city and port of entry of the United States, capital of Chittenden county, in Vermont, 38 miles N.W. of Montpelier, in 44° 27′ N. lat., and 73° 10′ W. long. It has a fine situation on the eastern shore of Lake Champlain, and is laid out with great regularity around a central square. Its principal buildings are the Vermont University (which occupies the summit of the slope on which the city is built), the Vermont Episcopal Institute, the court-houses, a jail, a custom-house, and a marine-hospital. The university was founded in 1791, and was endowed by the State with 29,000 acres of land,—to which in 1865 were added 150,000 acres of national grant by the incorporation of the agricultural college. There is a medical school attached. Burlington carries on an extensive trade in lumber, and has the most important share in the shipping traffic of the lake. Its harbour is defended by a breakwater, and a lighthouse was erected at the mouth of the bay in 1862. To the north of the Onion River, but united to Burlington by a bridge, lies the flourishing village of Winooski, with factories and mills. The history of Burlington only dates from 1783; its first church from 1795, and its incorporation as a city from 1864. Population in 1870, 14,387.

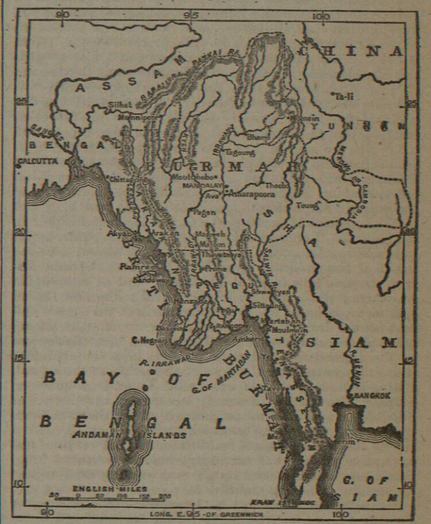
BURLINGTON, a city and port of entry of the United States in Burlington county, New Jersey, 18 miles N.E. of Philadelphia, on the Delaware, in 40° 5′ N. lat. and 73° 10′ W. long. It is well built, has an abundant supply of water, and forms a favourite summer resort for the inhabitants of Philadelphia. Its educational institutions are of considerable importance, and comprise an Episcopal college, founded in 1846; St Mary's Hall, also under Episcopalian management; two large boarding schools; and a number of public schools, which are well endowed. There is also a town-hall and a valuable library. Though it has greatly declined with the rise of Philadelphia, Burlington still maintains a respectable shipping trade; in 1871 it had 131 vessels with a registered tonnage of 12,525. The first settlement of the city dates from 1667, and was principally due to a number of Quakers. New Beverly, as the place was originally called, grew rapidly in importance, and was the seat of the Government of New Jersey till 1790. It had a large trade with the West Indies, and was raised to the rank of a bishopric, Queen Anne endowing the church with an extensive estate. Population in 1870, 5817.

BURLINGTON, a city of the United States, the capital of the county of Des Moines in Iowa, on the right bank of the Mississippi, 207 miles by rail from Chicago. It occupies a natural amphitheatre formed by the limestone bluffs which slope backward from the river. Among the educational institutions the chief place is held by the Business College, founded in 1865, and the Baptist University, which dates from 1854. There are about eight public schools, fifteen churches, and a public library. The commercial activity of the city is very great, and is gradually increasing. Its industrial establishments comprise flour-mills, pork-packing warehouses, foundries, breweries, and soapworks; and the neighbourhood furnishes an abundant supply of coal, building stone, and lime. The city is also the centre of a considerable railway system. Laid out in 1834, it ranked for several years (1837–40) as the capital of Iowa. Population in 1860, 6706; in 1870, 14,933.

BURMAH. The Burman empire, or Independent Burmah, is situated in the S.E. of Asia, in the region beyond the mountains which form the eastern frontier of Bengal. It was formerly of very considerable extent, but its limits have been greatly contracted by British conquest. On the W. where it is conterminous with the British territories in India, the Burman empire is bounded by the province of Arakán, surrendered to the British in 1826, the petty states of Tipperah and Munnepore, and the province of Assam, from which it is separated by lofty ridges of mountains; on the S. by the British province of Pegu, acquired in 1853; on the N. by Assam and Tibet; and on the E. by China and the Shan states. Its limits extend from 19° 30′ to 28° 15′ N. lat., and from 93° 2′ to 100° 40′ E. long., comprising a territory measuring 540 miles in length from north to south, and 420 in breadth, with an area of 190,520 English square miles.

That portion of Asia in which the Burman empire is situated slopes from the central mountains towards the south; and the Burmese territory is watered by four great streams, namely, the Irawadi and the Kyen-dwen, which unite their courses at 21° 50′ N. lat., the Sittang or Pounloung, and the Salwin. The first two rivers have their sources somewhere in the northern chain of mountains in the interior, one head stream of the Irawadi probably coming from Tibet; the Salwin further to the east in Tibet; and the Sittang, which is the smallest of the four, in the hills to the S.E. of Mandalay; they all run in a southerly course to the Indian Ocean. The Irawadi and the Salwin are large rivers, which in the lower part of their course overflow the flat country on their banks during the season of the rains, and in the upper force their way through magnificent defiles. The former is navigable a considerable distance above Bhamo; but the latter is practically useless as a means of communication, owing to the frequent obstacles in its channel. The Burmese empire with its present limits contains no maritime districts, and only isolated tracts of alluvial plain; it is in the main an upland territory, bounded at its southern extremity by a frontier line at the distance of about 200 miles from the mouths of the Irawadi, in 19° 30′ N. lat. From this point the country begins to rise, and thence for about 300 miles farther it contains much rolling country intersected by occasional hill ranges; beyond this it is wild and mountainous.

Though inferior in point of fertility to the low-lying tracts of British Burmah, the upland country is far from being unproductive. The chief crops are rice (of which the Burmese count 102 different sorts), maize, millet, wheat, various pulses, tobacco, cotton, and indigo. The sugar cane appears to have been long known to the Burmese;



Sketch-Map of Burmah.

but, though the climate and soil are extremely favourable, it is not generally cultivated. A cheap and coarse sugar is obtained from the juice of the Palmyra palm, which abounds in the tract south of the capital. The cocoa and areca palms are not common. The tea-plant, which is indigenous, is cultivated in the hills by some of the mountain tribes at the distance of about five days' journey, and by others in still greater perfection at the distance of about ten days' journey, from the capital. It seems, however, to be another plant, probably the *Elæodendron persicum*, which furnishes the principal ingredient in the hlapét, or pickled tea, that forms one of the favourite condiments of Burmah. Cotton is grown in every part of the kingdom and its dependencies, but chiefly in the dry lands and climate of the upper provinces. Indigo is indigenous, and is universally cultivated, but in a very rude manner; it is still