

crude, official spume, over every application of his brother—ready to cloud his views—retard his interest, or blot from your memory, that he is your son—that he is an Englishman, with all the rights of one. The Duke of York may forget himself, his consanguinity, his own honour, or his brothers, but I, as an Englishman, will demand of him, did he do his duty, when in his *own individual* capacity, he answered the above letter, on the very day that he received it? and gave an absolute, and abrupt negative? was he *equally attentive*, when he had an opportunity of appeasing his Brother's anxiety, and removing every suspicion from his character? he was not; days and almost weeks, had transpired, letter had followed letter, without notice—but, here he could be rapid, and officiously punctual; why? because his peculiar nature, seizes with avidity and delight, any occasion to fill an ungracious office: I hope in this instance he was doubly gratified—first in his love for such an employment, and secondly in opposing the happiness, duty, and desire of his Brother.—“His soul in arms,” too eager for delay—he answered a letter immediately, from himself, which could be properly replied to, only through your Majesty.—I call upon him, to tell, if he dare, who authorised, such an indecent precipitancy? What motive, or feeling? He had not consulted your ministers; the refusal, therefore, could not be theirs;—he had not seen you, he could not speak your sentiments, who sanctioned his reply?