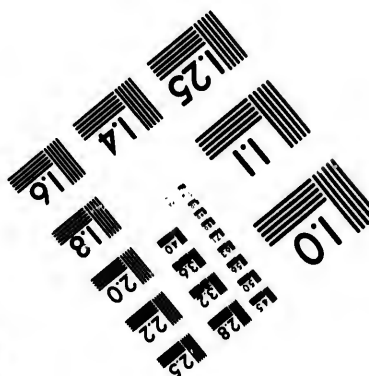
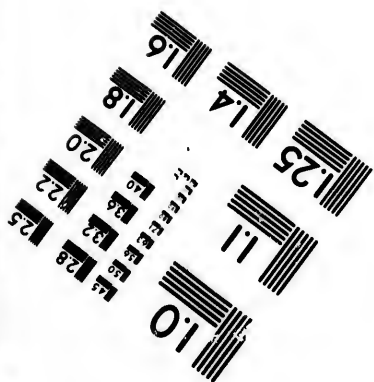
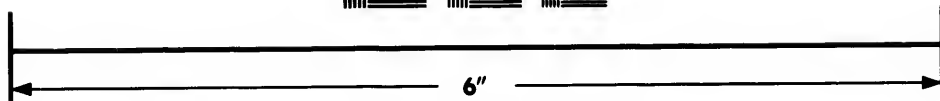
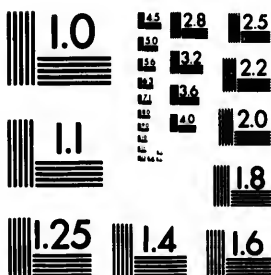


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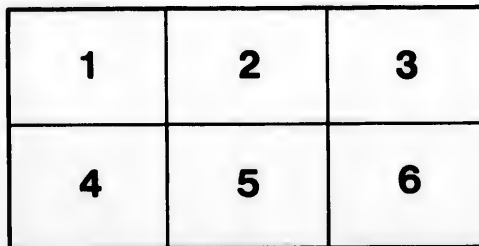
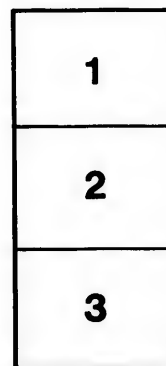
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JUNIUS.

“ A LETTER TO AN HONOURABLE
BRIGADIER GENERAL,
COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF HIS MAJESTY’S
FORCES IN CANADA.”

LONDON, 1760.

NOW FIRST ASCRIBED TO JUNIUS.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,
“ A REFUTATION OF THE LETTER, ETC.
BY AN OFFICER.”

WITH INCIDENTAL NOTICES OF LORDS TOWNSHEND AND SACKVILLE,
SIR PHILIP FRANCIS, AND OTHERS.



EDITED BY N. W. SIMONS,
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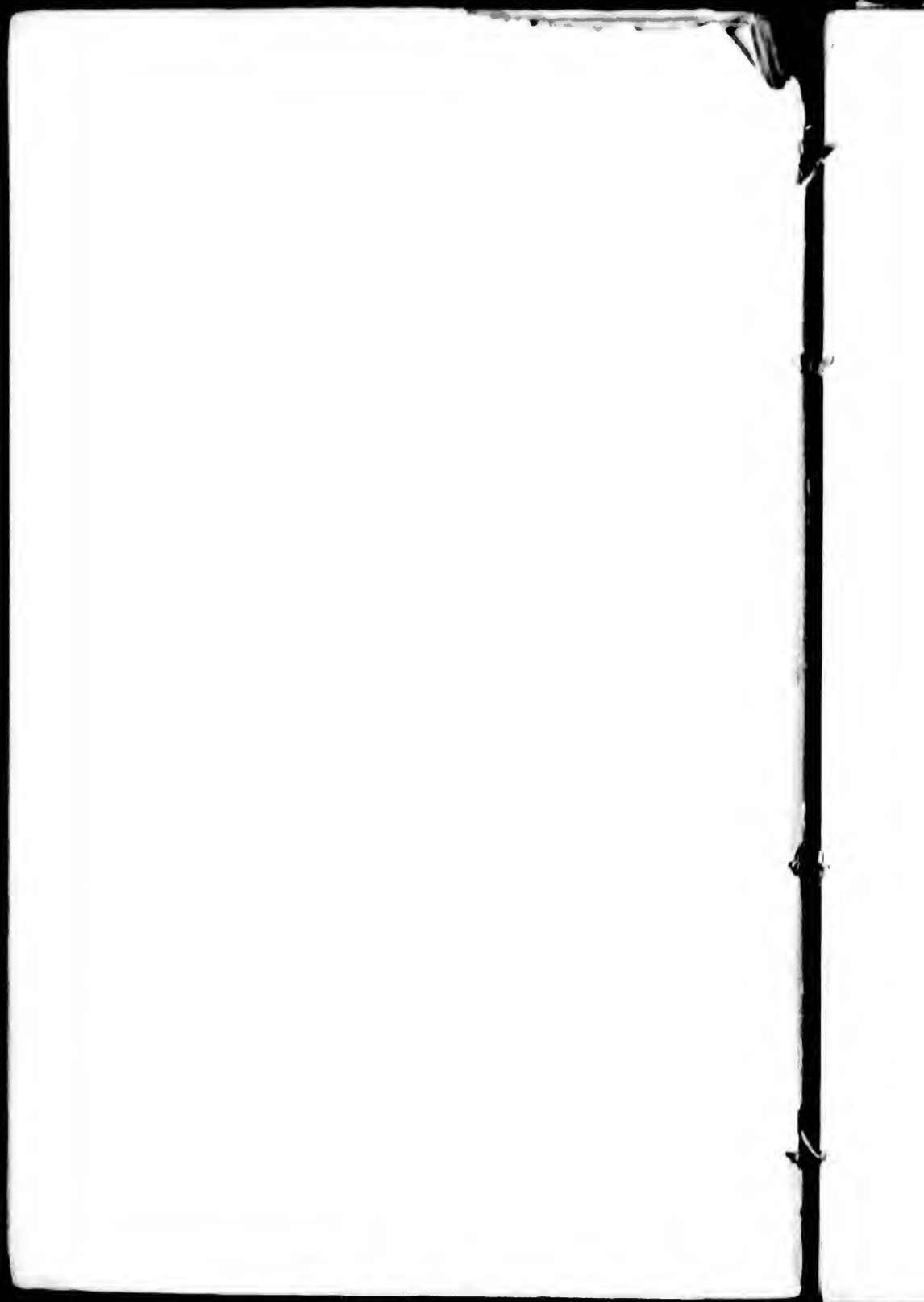
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THE EDITOR.



INTRODUCTION.

SOME months since, in the performance of his duties in the Library of the British Museum, the writer met with a Pamphlet, which, in his judgment, bore a close resemblance to the style and composition of Junius. It was referred as well to some friends, as to other gentlemen of impartiality and judgment; and the unhesitating opinion of all being, that the Pamphlet and the Letters of Junius were by the same hand, it is now submitted to the public.

Intense interest was excited by the first Letter bearing the signature of "Junias;" an interest that every succeeding Letter tended to augment. The style seemed contagious; and each adventurer in the field of politics was, and may it not be said, in some degree still is, its imitator?

So many, and in some instances, so successful, were the imitations, that a

doubt might arise whether this Letter should not be included in the same category, were it not that the date, and the notices of it by contemporary critics in the reviews, form a conclusive answer to such a surmise. It was published in 1760, seven years previous to the first Letter bearing the signature of Junius; and attacks in the bitterest terms the conduct of General, afterwards Lord Townshend, in Canada, and episodically, that of Lord George Sackville at Minden, and on his court-martial.

This Letter was written, if not by a soldier, at all events, by a person well skilled in military affairs. In style, phraseology, and matter; in sarcastic irony, bold interrogation, stinging sarcasm, and severe personalities; in frequent taunts of treachery, desertion, and cowardice, it so closely resembles the compositions of Junius, that the identity of their authorship scarce admits of a doubt. Allusions to Lord Townshend's skill in caricature, and to the remarkable passages in his despatch of Sept. 20, 1759, announcing the surrender of Quebec—"This was the situa-

tion of things when I was told that I commanded," and "the Highlanders took to their broad swords," frequently occur both in Junius and in this Letter. Several passages in it evince also that strong prejudice against the Scotch, which is another characteristic of Junius.

It is matter of surprise that in so many Letters, Junius should not have written a sentence or a word that has hitherto done more, with respect to his identity, than supply matter for conjecture and inquiry. Attempts at concealment had before been made, but never perhaps with such entire success. Some favourite topic, or some ruling subject of the imagination, developed in his letters; a peculiar phrase, nay, even an unusual or a colloquial expression would, it might be supposed, have led to the detection of the author. "The real truth," says Sir Walter Scott, (with reference to the authorship of the Waverley Novels) "was that, I never expected or hoped to disguise my connexion with these novels," for "the number of coincidences which necessarily existed between the narratives recounted, and opinions broached

in these tales, and such as were used by the author in the intercourse of private life, must have been too great to permit any of his familiar acquaintance to doubt the identity between their friend and the author of *Waverley*."

Junius was as careful in the composition of his Letters, as he was reckless of their consequences. He calculated the effect of every sentence, "weighed every word," and measured every period; but he braved the supreme power of the State, and was unawed by the frowns of Majesty itself. He had ventured in a sea of danger, more deeply, perhaps, than he had originally designed; and had offended, past forgiveness, parties too powerful, even for him, if recognized, to withstand. Unceasingly vigilant, he was neither moved by menaces, shamed by epithets, nor induced by proffers of service and vows of secrecy, to reveal his name. Sir William Draper and others dared him to the field; he was taunted as "a liar and a coward," (ii. 368); "a lurking assassin," (ii. 287); "a lying, infamous, cowardly scoundrel," (iii. 412.) Wilkes, under the pretence of

seeking a man "in whose friendly bosom he might repose his secret thoughts," invited a reciprocal confidence in vain.

The resentments of Junius were violent; and unless the object of his censures withdrew from public life, or adopted a line of political conduct consonant to his own views, he was unappeasable. Once engaged in "an honourable cause," or having once denounced a public man, on what he considered just grounds, nothing less than absolute and unqualified submission would avail.* Hence, assuming that he is the writer of this "Letter," having attacked General Townshend, while holding a subordinate station in 1760, he became still more rancorous against him when appointed to the high Office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Whether the enmity of the writer of this Letter, was founded on private pique and personal

* "I would pursue him through life, and try the last exertion of my abilities to preserve the perishing infamy of his name, and make it immortal," (ii. 91.)

"Without pretending to more than Mr. Bradshaw's sincerity, you may rely on my attachment as long as you are in office." (ii. 249.)

offence, is now unknown ; but in the London Chronicle, (Nov. 1—3, 1760,) it is hinted that such was the fact. “What,” says the writer of a Letter in that paper, “though a few weak people, who know not the character of a public Letter, should wonder, as ignorance is apt to do, at the omission,* or what, though a single enemy, whom perhaps the noble officer has *often and openly defied*, should insinuate,” &c.

In the quotations selected from the “Letter” and from Junius a peculiar resemblance will be seen, which, from the early date of the former, derives an importance that cannot, for a contrary reason, be ascribed to similar coincidences in the works of other writers ; and which, in the inquiry as to the authorship of Junius, have been the subject of frequent comment. The one can by no possibility, but the latter may, with great probability, be considered an imitation. If there be plagiarism, it cannot be charged on the

* “Some malignant spirits, indeed, were offended at your not having paid one civil compliment to the memory of General Wolfe.” Letter, p. 8.

writer of the " Letter ;" nor will it easily be credited that Junius was a borrower of style or language from any modern writer ; far less that he would have chosen an obscure pamphlet for his model. But, as far as they extend, however strong may be the inferences from these selections, they are of secondary importance. It is the style, diction, energy and mind, which are displayed, not in a few isolated passages, but throughout the whole pamphlet, on which the supposition rests, that it was written by Junius.

Were a tragedy now discovered, of which the date was certain, containing repeated phrases common to Hamlet, Macbeth, or Othello, such similarities, in the attempt to prove it to have been written by Shakspeare, would be, as dust in the balance ; but if they were accompanied by indications of the master mind, they would, undoubtedly, be accepted as strong corroborative proofs. So the allusions to " caricaturas," the " portraits," the phrase " you were told that you commanded," and " the broad-swords of the Highlanders ;" the " cowardice," the " blushes,"

the "spirit," and such like, *decies repetita*, with the countless verbal resemblances, would be entitled to but slight regard, were it not for the nobler passages, and for the spirit, force, and character, of the entire composition.

It had been a firm impression on the writer's mind, long before the Letter attracted his attention, that in the case of Junius all direct evidence of authorship had failed; that his recognition could only be attained by indirect testimony, of which style might be considered the principal; that he was a practised writer; and that he had arrived at the excellence discernible in his earlier Letters, under the signatures of Poplicola, Atticus, Lucius, Brutus, &c. by slow degrees, and diligent cultivation:* nor is it too bold a conjecture, that, amidst the almost countless pamphlets of the day, compositions of his may

* Junius says, "Mr. Horne asserts that he has traced me under a variety of signatures. I cannot call to mind the numberless trifles I have written," (ii. 303.) "I need not assure you that I have not written in any other paper since I began with yours," (i. 108.)

yet be discovered, of a date anterior to that of any work attributed or traced to him.

The Letter now reprinted *verbatim*, excited considerable notice at the time, and led to a hostile meeting between General, afterwards Lord Townshend, and the Earl of Albemarle, who was supposed to have encouraged the publication. "A Refutation" of the Letter, which soon after appeared, is now also reprinted, not on account of its intrinsic merit, but because it elucidates the Letter itself. Then follow, Parallel Passages in the Letter and in Junius; Illustrative Notes, including the MS. note prefixed to the copy in the King's Library, at the British Museum, and Biographical Sketches of Lords Townshend and Albemarle; together with two Letters addressed by Junius to Lord Chatham, extracted from the "Correspondence of the Earl of Chatham," recently published.

Having ventured to submit to public notice a Letter, believed to be by Junius, some remarks may be expected from the writer, on a question that has baffled the researches of the most ingenious and acute.

WHO WAS JUNIUS? Although the writer is not satisfied of the justice of the claims already advanced, he has not the presumption to propose any theory of his own. He merely offers this Letter as a new fact in the controversy, and as affording data on which others, better qualified than himself, may pursue the investigation.

It may, however, be permitted to him to observe that, if this Letter was written by Junius, Boyd cannot have been Junius, for, at the date of the Letter, he was only fourteen years of age. Nor can Lord George Sackville have been Junius, for would he, even to conceal the authorship, or for any other purpose, have satirized, traduced, and stigmatized himself? The claims advanced for other parties have been ably discussed in the Preliminary Essay to Woodfall's edition of Junius; but since that work issued from the press, some very singular circumstances, relative to the authorship of Junius' Letters, have occurred, which ought not to pass unnoticed.

Nearly half a century had expired since the appearance of the first Letter of Junius,

and public opinion was still unsettled as to the writer, when mention was made of Sir Philip Francis, whose name had never before been introduced into the controversy. In a Letter, (iii. 445,) signed "Veteran," but acknowledged by Junius to be his composition, it is said, "Lord Barrington, not contented with having driven Mr. D'Oyley out of the War-office, has, at last, contrived to expel Mr. Francis." . . . "Men of their unblemished character do not resign lucrative employments without some sufficient reasons." . . . "The conduct of these gentlemen has always been approved of, and I know that they stand as well in the esteem of the army as any persons in their stations ever did." . . . "When the public loses the services of two able individuals," *etc.* That Junius, if Francis, should have spoken of himself in such high terms of commendation is, to say the least, improbable; for Junius has himself, spontaneously, expressed his opinion of the indecency of such an act. "The auxiliary part of Philo-Junius was indispensably necessary," says Junius, (i. 10,) "to defend or explain particular passages in Junius,

but the subordinate character *is never guilty of the indecorum of praising his principal.*" Yet here, if Francis be Junius, the principal actually eulogizes himself. These passages attracted the notice of Mr. Taylor, who, in his "Junius Identified," has certainly adduced some striking facts in support of the opinion that Sir Philip Francis was Junius; and the whole evidence, (which is *ex parte*) in that work, was ably summed up, some years since, in the Edinburgh Review. After a careful perusal of Mr. Taylor's pamphlet and of the review, the writer of these remarks submits, that although Sir Philip Francis was a faithful, zealous, and able public servant, he was an inferior writer to, and was neither the transcriber, nor the author of the Letters of, Junius.

It is foreign to the object of this publication to enter at large into the question; but some brief observations may, nevertheless, be made on the subject.

The Letter to Lord Chatham,* dated January 2nd, 1768, although anonymous, is unquestionably in the handwriting of

* See page 100.

Junius. It was written twelve months before he adopted that signature; and in all probability before the series of Letters in which it occurs, was contemplated. At that time, a discovery could involve the writer in no personal danger; and the necessity of employing an amanuensis was not obvious, and certainly was not urgent. The danger that an amanuensis might divulge his secret, was as great as that his own handwriting should be discovered. By disguising his writing, the risk arising from the incaution or faithlessness of a transcriber was avoided; and thus Junius may, by adopting that expedient, have been, as indeed he professed to be, "the sole depositary of his own secret."

On examination of the *fac similes* in Woodfall's edition of Junius, and in Lord Chatham's Correspondence, it would seem that the handwriting in the former (a variation in which always indicates the advances of age), is occasionally unsteady, and sometimes tremulous. Junius has left one emphatic and spontaneous declaration respecting his age, which, as it could hardly have been feigned, indisputably proves him to have been far advanced in

life: "After long experience of the world, I affirm before God, I never knew a rogue who was not unhappy," (i. 237.) And there are many other passages in his Letters of the same tendency. Mr. Taylor felt this difficulty in identifying Junius with Sir Philip Francis: nor could he surmount it. The prevailing belief was, and is, that when Junius used the above expression, he was a man who had arrived at, if he had not past, the middle period of life. Now, Sir Philip Francis, at the date of this "Letter" in 1760, was but twenty years old; and even at the time of the first Letter known to have been written by Junius, signed Poplicola, he was only twenty-seven, and was only thirty-two in 1772, when Junius ceased to write.

Sir Philip Francis was under personal obligations to the Earl of Chatham, and always spoke of that great man in terms of admiration. "How warmly I was attached to his person, and how I have been grateful to his memory, they who know me know."—*Speech*, Feb. 12, 1787. Junius, under other signatures, frequently used harsh and coarse expressions with respect

to him; and his celebrated eulogium, wherein he confesses that Lord Chatham had "grown upon his esteem," occurs late in the correspondence.

Moreover, Sir Philip Francis was a clerk in the War Office at the very time when Junius spoke thus slightly of persons in such a station;—"The job is too dirty to be imposed upon a gentleman of a higher station than a clerk in office," Feb. 16, 1768, (iii. 6,) and again in October in the same year, "A common clerk in office," (iii. 170.) Admitting that Francis knew all that passed in one department of the government, it is to be observed, that Junius was scarcely more familiar with occurrences at the War Office than at the Palace; for he describes the conduct, and repeats expressions of the King, as if he had been in the Royal presence. The secrets of the Treasury, the Admiralty, the very Council-board were immediately known to him, and they were of that importance as to make it difficult to believe that Francis, at so early a period of his life, and in his subordinate station, could possibly have been acquainted with

them, even supposing he were so base and so treacherous as to betray and publish information which he had obtained as a confidential public servant.

Mr. Calcraft and Francis were intimate friends. When the Deputy Secretaryship at the War Office became vacant, the former* caused paragraphs to be inserted in the papers, partly to "teaze the worthy Secretary," and partly to serve Francis, who, said he, "is very deserving." His efforts failed, and Mr. Chamier obtained the place. On the 20th of March, 1772, Francis was removed from his situation in the War Office, and on the same day, Mr. Calcraft added a codicil to his Will, bequeathing to Francis the sum of £1000, and an annuity of £250 for life to Mrs. Francis. But if Francis were Junius, how is their friendship to be reconciled with the manner in which Junius speaks of Mr. Calcraft? On the 5th of October, 1771, only five months before Calcraft gave Francis this unusual testimony of regard, Junius said, "Even the silent

* Chatham Correspondence, iv. 195.

vote of Mr. Calcraft is worth reckoning in a division. What though *he riots in the plunder of the army, and has only determined to be a patriot when he could not be a peer?*" (ii. 357.)

Woodfall and Francis were school-fellows; and in after life they often attended, together, the Westminster anniversaries; but Junius, in a private Letter to Woodfall, says, "I doubt much whether I shall ever have the pleasure of knowing you," (i. 207.) Woodfall, moreover, expressly, repeatedly, and positively denied that Francis was Junius.

It has just been stated that Francis and Woodfall were schoolfellows, and that fact has been used in the controversy, to account for the "singular personal kindness and confidence in Woodfall," evinced by Junius. On this, it may be observed, that the correspondence between them is not in the style usually adopted in communications between the author and a printer or publisher. The general tone of Junius is that of a patron and superior; that of Woodfall, of a client and inferior; the one is lofty, protecting, and command-

ing, the other deferential and submissive ; nor is it easy to find passages indicative of any stronger feeling on the part of Junius for Woodfall, than might naturally be expressed by one who has been, or fears he may be, the cause of involving another, and especially an inferior, in misfortune or danger, whether it were Woodfall, or Almon, or Miller. "Feeling as I really do for others," says Junius to Mr. Wilkes, (i. 326,) "where my own safety is provided for, the danger to which I expose *a simple printer* afflicts and distresses me. It lowers me to myself to draw another man into a hazardous situation I cannot partake of with him."

From December, 1771, to May, 1772, there appeared in the Public Advertiser a series of Letters, signed "Veteran," but acknowledged by Junius as his own, detailing certain occurrences at the War Office ; and denouncing Lord Barrington, (then Secretary at War,) Mr. Bradshaw, and Mr. Chamier. He bade Woodfall be cautious not to have it known that they came from Junius, for that, he said, was a character "to be kept up with credit ;"

and that Lord Barrington was "not worth the generous rage of Junius." Certain it is that, shortly after the date of these Letters, Junius ceased to write, if not altogether, at all events, under that signature; that Francis was dismissed from his post; and that in the following year he was appointed to a lucrative office in India. The inference deduced from these facts has been, that Junius had been discovered in the person of Francis, and that Lord Barrington, to remove a formidable opponent, had procured the appointment for him. But it should be observed, that early in the course of his Letters, and under the signature of Junius, he had attacked Lord Barrington with much severity; thus in March, 1770, he censured Lord Barrington's Letter of thanks to the commanding officer employed in quelling the riots in St. George's Fields; in May, 1768, (iii. 57,) under the signature of "Fiat Justitia," he fiercely attacked him on account of the same Letter; and in 1769, under the initials of X. X. he asked, "Has not William Viscount Barrington, Secretary at War, most infamously neglected

his duty, in not moving the King to order a court martial," &c. (iii. 240); that in many places, Mr. Bradshaw is spoken of in the most contemptuous terms; and that Junius had very often previously hinted that his correspondence was about to close. In 1769, he says, "I really doubt whether I shall write any more under this signature," (i. *173.) "I am now meditating a capital, and I hope, a final piece," (i. 205.) "David Garrick has literally forced me to break my resolution of writing no more," (i. 238.) Junius then collected the "Letters of Junius" for publication, adding to the volumes the best of his miscellaneous Letters. He wrote a preface and dedication, and with the assistance of Mr. Wilkes, revised the press. He assigned to Woodfall the copyright of the work; and renouncing a signature which it cost him too much toil and danger to retain, he, in fact, took formal leave of the public. After the appearance of his Letters to Lords Mansfield and Camden, on January 21, 1772, (with the exception of a private Letter to Woodfall,) nothing more is known of him as Junius; but it is

possible that he may yet be traced under other signatures.

It is stated in the Memoir of Sir Philip Francis,* which bears strong marks of his own style, that he “resigned his place in the War Office in consequence of a difference with Lord Barrington, by whom he *thought himself injured;*” and in a speech on India, he said that he obtained a seat in the Council at Calcutta, “not through any private interest or intrigue.”

It has been observed, that Junius shewed undeviating regard for Mr. Wilkes; and that Francis’s manner to Lord Brougham, who had attacked Wilkes, and eulogized Lord Mansfield, was much observed at the time. But Wilkes himself complains, “that the severest of his wounds” had been inflicted by Junius, who in several passages speaks slightingly of Wilkes’ abilities, and severely censures his private character. Thus, (ii. 70.) “A man not very honourably distinguished in ‘he world.” (iii. 27.) “A man of most infamous character is indicted for a libel.” “To

* See Monthly Mirror for May and June, 1810.

avoid the sentence due to his crimes, he flies to a foreign country."...." After some years spent abroad, this man returns to England, with as little fear of the laws he had violated, as of respect for the great person whom he had wantonly and treasonably attacked."...." Without a single qualification, moral or political."...." We see a man overwhelmed with debts, a convict and an outlaw, returned as a Knight of the Shire."

Great stress has been laid on some extracts from Sir Philip Francis' works, all of which were composed long after Junius had ceased to write; but a few detached sentences approaching to his style, and a few phrases used alike by both, but by no means peculiar to either of them, are inconclusive. The Letters were in everybody's hands, and as Francis was on terms of intimacy with Woodfall, he might have seen the private correspondence; so that the coincidences of expression may have been mere imitations or adoptions, even if they were not altogether accidental. They who contend that Francis was Junius, are bound to shew some earlier composi-

tion in which these similarities occur ; or, if such be not attainable, let them produce his correspondence in after years, either with the Directors of the East India Company or with their officers, which is extant, and may form a test. The advocates of Sir Philip Francis must, to produce conviction, bring forward some entire piece, equal in composition as a whole, to a single letter of Junius. If at the early age of twenty-seven, Francis wrote the letters of Junius, his compositions at forty may be expected to evince at least equal talent ; but his speeches are much inferior ; and his *brochures* are of *médiocre* merit. To say that the inferiority was intentional will be no reply, and is not likely to obtain credit. Francis was not constrained to write ; but since he did appear before the world as an essayist or pamphleteer, it is not easy to believe that he who had filled a foremost station in literature, would humble his style, lower his language, and voluntarily sacrifice a position attained at great risk, by vast labour, and under pressing difficulties.

The extracts which may be found at

the end of this volume, are neither the best nor the worst specimens of Francis's style that might have been selected; but they will serve to corroborate the strictures which have been made on it by eminent judges of composition.

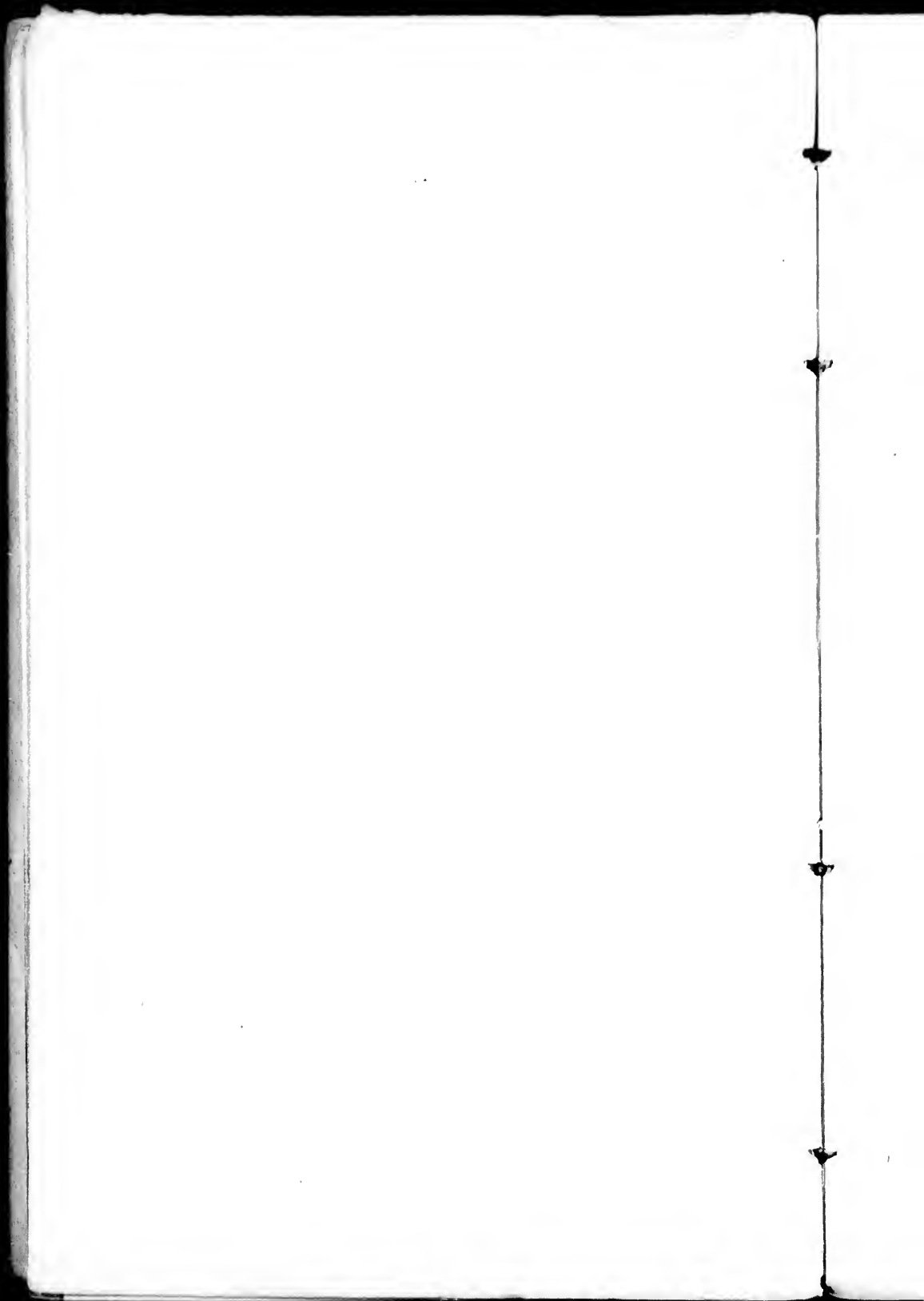
“Where do we find,” says Mr. Butler in his “Reminiscences,” “in the writings of Sir Philip, those thoughts that breathe, those words that burn, which Junius scatters in every page? A single drop of the *cobra capella* which falls from Junius so often?” “Very faint, indeed, is their [the speeches'] resemblance to the spirit, and in an extensive sense of the word, to the style of Junius,” says Dr. Parr. . . . “That these and others of his writings (for though they were spoken, they bear all marks of preparation, and were couched in a written style), were of far lesser merit than the Letters in point of composition, no person of correct taste can doubt,” remarks Lord Brougham; and a French writer speaks of the “prose faible et sans couleur de Francis.”

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A LETTER

TO AN HONOURABLE BRIGADIER GENERAL,
COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF HIS
MAJESTY'S FORCES IN
CANADA.

London: Printed for J. Burd, opposite
St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet St.
1760.



A LETTER,

ETC.

SIR,

IN my religious doubts, I apply to the divinity of Dr. Whitfield; in any theatrical difficulties, I consult the canonical criticisms of a certain Right Reverend;* and in my polite misadventures, the physician of Ludgate Hill† is my *celer atque fidelis*, secret and speedy. To whom, therefore, shall I appeal in any military doubts, but to the man whom fortune, that never erring judge of merit, in one short campaign made a soldier,‡ a general, and a commander in chief?

The title, under which I have the honour of addressing this letter to you, will not, I confess,

* Warburton? *Edit.*

† Dr. Rock. See Public Advertiser, Nov. 12, 1760. Richard Rock, M. L. The first door on the left hand, under Bell Savage Inn gateway. To all those afflicted... come to me and receive a *safe and speedy cure.* *Edit.*

‡ In the *errata*, for *soldier*, we are directed to read *colonel.* *Edit.*

immediately point you out to the eye of the publick. It has been given by the compilers of the Court Calendar to Brigadier General T[ownshen]d; or, not improbable, that sagacious gentleman sent it to the press himself, as an hint to the minister, that such a command would be necessary for his ma - - - ty's service, although he might prudently choose to stay at home when he received it.

However, if envy should peevishly object against the discernment of fortune in the choice of her favourites, let it be boldly answered that independent of fortune and her favours, you have made the most distinguished honour of the present war in a peculiar manner your own. The Goddess of blindness and caprice had certainly no share in the capitulation of *Quebec*. Ardent in the pursuit of glory, and the applause of your country, you generously violated the rules of war, and risked the resentment of your superior officer;* you signed the articles of capitulation without his knowledge, and anxious for the preservation of your conquest, you appointed the staff of the garrison, without even asking his consent. He might,

* General Wolfe. MS. note.

indeed, suspect the friendship you had long professed for him, but with the spirit of an old Roman, the love of our country, *omnes omnium caritates complectitur*. He might have ordered you into arrest for such an outrage to his authority. He was not insensible of the indignity; but you asked his pardon, and languishing under his wounds he accepted your submission. Thus you carried your point. You received into your protection the capital of an Empire, larger than half the Roman conquests; and though you had formally entered your protest against attacking the place, you alone enjoyed the honours of its being taken.

Your appetite for glory being now fully satisfied, you descended from the heights of *Abraham*,* like *Gideon* . . . not the *Gideon* who discomfited the host of *Midian*, with the sound of his trumpets, . . . but like another illustrious of the name,† descending at the

* The heights above Quebec. *Edit.*

† Samson Gideon, Esq.? This gentleman at the Anniversary of the Sons of the Clergy, usually contributed £100. At his decease, he bequeathed £1000 to the Jews' Hospital, on condition that he should be buried as a married man, according to the rites of the Jewish religion. *Edit.*

sign of His Majesty's Arms, from a delicious feast of turtle; and as, *the better part of valour is discretion*, according to *Fallstaffe's* wisdom, you discreetly left your regiment, whose paltry emoluments you had dearly purchased by your one campaign, and prudently quitted a scene where danger would probably be too busy. You sagaciously foresaw, that the *French* would endeavour to recover their capital, and you were convinced that the place was not defensible. You had not entered like a desperate volunteer into the service. You had been pressed into it. You had been nominated without your knowledge or consent. You were not therefore engaged by any point of honour or gratitude to continue in it, whenever it became dangerous or disagreeable. Your understanding was not to be dazzled by Mr. *Wolfe's* foolish passion for glory. He had precipitately ventured beyond all possibility of retreating. He had no other choice, but that of death or victory, especially after you had solemnly entered your protest against his plan for attacking the enemy.

In these happy circumstances, you very wisely preferred a peaceful walk from *Worces-*

ter to *Norfolk* at the head of your militia regiment to the snow-shoes expeditions of *America*. Happy for the *Canadians* that nature hath cooled and tempered your courage by this delicate sensibility of cold. Happy, thrice happy for the *Scots* in their rebellion! The *Highlanders* would not have made such an *obstinate resistance* at the battle of *Culloden*, or rendered *the sword and target* so *justly terrible* to the British soldiery, if even your *perfect veneration* for the person of your royal commander could have prevailed over your natural antipathy to a northern campaign.

Although I have justly given you the sole honour of *your* capitulation of *Quebec*, independent of fortune or her influence, yet let us not totally disclaim her favour and protection. Among heroes of ancient days, the favour of the gods was always esteemed a pious proof of merit, and shall we not acknowledge it most fortunate, and consequently meritorious, that you were necessarily appointed to be the historian of your own exploits; *Alexander* passionately lamented that he had not like *Achilles* another *Homer* to give immortality to his conquests.

I know that our ingenious moderns have been reproached with plundering the shrines of antiquity, and ransacking the virtues of the dead, to erect a lying monument of fame to the living. I shall not be apprehensive of this reproach when I assert, that the noblest praise ever given to *Cæsar*, *that of writing with the same spirit with which he fought*, is equally due to you for the letter you wrote from *Quebec* to the Secretary of State. Some malignant spirits, indeed, were offended at your not having paid one civil compliment to the memory of General *Wolfe*, or used one kind expression of esteem or affection with regard to his person. Surely some people are never to be satisfied. Permit me, Sir, in your name to ask them, whether your warmest encomiums could have added to that universal good opinion which the public had conceived of Mr. *Wolfe's* abilities and courage? Would they, unreasonable as they are, have had a gentleman of your birth and breeding imitate the foolish generosity of Sir *William Johnson*? “*I have only to regret the loss of General Prideaux. I endeavoured to pursue his vigorous measures, the good effects of which he*

deserved to enjoy."* Imposed upon, perhaps, by this specious appearance of generosity, Lord *Granby* resigned the honours of the battle of *Warburg* to General *Mostyn*. Or was it not rather from the natural weakness of his heart, that could be satisfied with the secret consciousness of having performed his duty, without being too anxious for the applause of the public? But they must have known very little of the expedition to *Quebec* who expected that you would bear testimony to the conduct of a General whose plan of operations you had the honour, both in public and private, to oppose; and against whose last desperate attempt you protested in form. True, this attempt succeeded; but not the most fortunate success should alter an opinion founded, like yours, in calm, deliberate judgment. You were not prejudiced in favour of this attack by having any share in the execution. You were at a safe and honourable distance from the scene of action, when you were told, that you commanded.†

* Sir *William Johnson's* Letter to Major-General *Amherst*.

† Brigadier-General T[ownshen]'s Letter from *Quebec*.

The enemy were routed before General *Wolfe* fell, or *Monckton* was wounded. You had only to temper the ardour of the soldiers in the pursuit, and I dare swear you led them on as regularly, and as methodically, according to the rules of war, as your friend and favourite, Lord *George*, slow-marched the cavalry at the battle of *Minden*. You have been his Lordship's warmest advocate, and he has been to you an example of military glory.

Since I have mentioned the *Minden* hero, give me leave to ask you, for you are in his confidence, what is become of him? Is he retired (*Scipio* * and others have done it) from the hopes of ambition, and the views of glory? Retired to his late purchase among his *faithful* friends the *Scots*? at least to him they have been faithful. Is he there meditating a new plan, since the old one succeeded so unfortunately, of disobeying command with impunity, and, if possible, without much suspicion, at least, without an absolute conviction of cowardice?

It would really, Sir, be a worthy exercise of his abilities, during his retirement, to inform

* Captain *Bluffe* in the Old Batchelor.

the public why he did not put himself at the head of the British infantry at *Minden*? Was it, indeed, because the post of honour was likely to be the post of danger? Let him account, if possible, for Lord *Granby's* making the cavalry march almost five miles in less time than his Lordship took to deliberate whether he should march at all; or, than he took to march half a mile, after he found it was no longer dangerous to begin. The Marquis was not afraid of *blowing* his horses. He probably knew not *the principles upon which* Lord George *thought it proper to conduct a wing of cavalry*. He did not reflect, *that whoever attempts to bring squadrons, after being blown or hurried, to an attack, will soon find that the vigour and weight, so peculiar to the British cavalry, will be lost by their own mismanagement and indiscretion.** What pity, that all these maxims, the wisdom at once and the glory of a Review, should be thus totally destroyed by one short hour's experience. The *French* did not find these squadrons unfit for action, who had made such

* Proceedings of a General Court-Martial upon the Trial of Lord *George Sackville*, p. 65.

haste into it. *They had the happiness to arrive in time to share the glory of the day, having successfully charged, several times, both the enemy's cavalry and infantry.**

When I read Lord *Granby's* account of this engagement; when I see the British Infantry fainting under *the heat of the weather; overstraining themselves to get on through morassy and difficult ground, and suddenly dropping down on their march;* when I see his Lordship, in his impatience to enter into action, putting himself at the head of the cavalry, and advancing towards the enemy *at a full trot, though the distance was near five miles,* I am almost tempted to wish for some other general, a T[ownshen]d or a S[ackvill]e, who would certainly repress this ardour in our soldiers; this passion, this madness of fighting. On the contrary, Lord *Granby* animates them by his own example, and that unhappy influence he has gained over their affections. Danger and difficulty seem to him motives of obedience to the orders he receives; and undoubtedly he wants Lord *George's* penetrating spirit, by

* Lord *Granby's* Letter to the Earl of *Holderness*.

which he should know, before he tried them, how many things are impossible.

It is acknowledged that the British troops have gained great honour to the nation, under his lordship's command, and no man's heart exults in national honour, more than mine. But, Sir, I am no friend to continental measures; a bitter enemy to them in the extreme to which they are now carried. I am not so dazzled with the abilities and success of Duke *Ferdinand*, as not to see great faults and great good fortune. Through all the glories with which the British arms are environed, I can see the lives of our brave countrymen, I think, much too prodigally lavished away: certainly beyond all proportion of numbers, when compared with the rest of the army.*

His Serene Highness, it is confessed, has not been insensible to their merit; and as he is conscious that praise is the best, indeed the proper reward of a soldier's virtue, he has given it most liberally. At *Minden* six British regiments routed an army, and we are told *our infantry performed wonders*. At *Corbach* *the retreat was attended with a little confu-*

* He can depend on British Veterans. MS. note.

sion. In truth, the Hessians and Hanoverians had given way. *Our battalions would have suffered considerably hereby, had it not been for the bravery of the Hereditary Prince, who, putting himself at the head of one of Bland's squadrons, and of Howard's regiment of dragoons, charged the enemy so furiously, as enabled our infantry to make a safe retreat.** Upon this occasion the British troops received the usual compliments, which indeed they greatly well deserved.

I shall trouble you with only one instance more. In the affair of *Erxdorff*, Elliot's regiment signalized itself greatly. *Our trophies are nine pair of colours, almost all of which we owe to the intrepidity of Elliot's regiment, which, for its first appearance in the field has done wonders.†* Wonders indeed! But how dearly have they purchased these complimentary honours! Seventy nine private men, infantry and cavalry, are killed in the action; seventy one of them are Elliot's *dragoons*: one hundred and twenty one horses are killed; one hundred and sixteen of them are Elliot's *dragoons*'.

* London Gazette, July 22.

† London Gazette, Aug. 2.

Can an Englishman read this account without indignation? can he see without horror, the blood of his countrymen thus lavishly poured forth in this Germanick warfare? In any decisive action, let the British soldier bleed; let him die——even for *Hanover*. His blood may not be wholly useless to his country, nor his death unprofitable to that common cause of mankind, liberty. But let him not be sent on every idle enterprise, the very parade of fighting; upon every party, every detachment, every unadvised and desperate attack. Let him not be obliged to fight, merely because he does not know how to run away. But I willingly quit the subject, and shall make only one reflection upon it, that it would be far more honourable for the Germans to assist the British troops in the day of battle, than to write these endless encomiums upon their conquering without them.

If however there could have remained a doubt upon the minds of the public, with regard to Lord *George's* behaviour at the battle of *Minden*, after having read his trial, here comes the battle of *Warburg*. No stronger testimony *though one rose from the dead*. Or if there are any, Sir, even among the Scots,

who like you are determined for good reasons not to be convinced, let them not, in the name of modesty, outrage the public, with an unprofitable declaration of their opinions.

The court which his lordship and you have paid to the Highlanders, has been truly of some use to both.* Besides, to flatter and be flattered were the pleasing means of attaining that protection from which any less flagrant misbehaviour than his Lordship's, would have found great benefit. But this battle of *Warburg* has not only laid flat all the works they had raised towards his, or your defence, but shewn your defenders too in a light, less advantageous than you and their countrymen have so constantly and unreasonably placed them. We are told, in a letter from *Quebec*, that the Highlanders *took to their broad swords* (no doubt a very military phrase) *and drove part into the town, part to the works at their bridge on the river St. Charles.*† Yet, Sir, you are conscious that the Highlanders were not so forward in the pursuit at *Quebec*, as the forty-seventh regiment, which would probably

* This is envy and malice. MS. note.

† General T[ownshen]d's letter.

have entered the town with the flying enemy, if not restrained by your *Sackvillian* prudence. To what purpose, therefore, this tremendous *taking to their broad swords*, when a whole regiment was between them and the enemy?

If we read brigadier general *Beckwith's* orders to his brigade after the affair of *Erxdorff*, they will account, and not dishonourably, for the general behaviour of the Highlanders.* They and some of the Hanoverian infantry were ordered to sustain the British grenadiers.

* BRIGADIER GENERAL BECKWITH'S ORDERS.

Camp at *Sachsenhausen*.

It is with great pleasure that Brigadier General *Beckwith* can communicate to the Brigade, how highly satisfied the Hereditary Prince is with their behaviour in general on the 16th. The approbation of such a soldier is surely the most flattering of all things to a military man.

The manlike manner in which the grenadiers sustained the fatigue of the march (not leaving a man behind) is highly meritorious. Troops raised in haste, three parts in four, officers and soldiers, entirely raw, cannot be supposed to equal the flower of the British army. Every candid man must confess they do all that can be expected. That young corps has now the fairest field before them. The service they are now employed upon, in a campaign of this kind, is more instructive to the officers, than ten dull, tedious, uninteresting years passed in the Line.

I neither call in question the inclination of the Germans, nor of the Scots ; but they were not able, however willing, to keep pace with them. Hence that great destruction of those gallant soldiers, of whom so many lost their lives in that successful, desperate attack. For the same reasons the Highlanders were not so forward as the forty-seventh regiment at *Quebec*. They are a less, a weaker sort of men than the Lowlanders. But their inability is not their fault. They do their best. I only blame them, that being less than English soldiers, they will pretend to be more.

As you appear, Sir, to have made the hero of *Minden* your model of all military virtue, I would encourage you to emulate his great example, by marking a sort of natural resemblance of character between you. A resemblance far stronger than any in your own collection of portraits, though his Royal Highness himself, your great *chef d'œuvre*, be there.* If, for instance, his lordship prudently refused to advance with the cavalry at *Minden*, you certainly with equal prudence quelled the spirits of the troops at *Quebec*.

* He dealt in caricaturas. MS. note.

When Mr. *De Bougainville* appeared, you were too prudent *to quit such advantageous ground, or risk the fate of so decisive a day, by seeking a fresh enemy.* If his lordship is, in general, more famed for artifice, and that much useful part of human wisdom, called cunning, yet surely your tricking General *M[onck]ton* of the capitulation was a masterpiece of dexterity. If my Lord excels in that well-bred species of wit known by the name of *sneering*, are not you equally excellent in that good natured species of painting called caricatura, the amusement of your idle hours? Does *North Britain* pour forth the eloquence of her true attick Scotch, in honour of Lord George, and is she less grateful in her affection for General *T[ownshen]d*? Did Lord George imagine, that the reputation of being well with the great minister would bear him, without ever endangering his person, to the highest pinnacle of military glory; and are not you, Sir, this moment abusing your interest with that minister, by leaving, and being so many months absent from your command at *Quebec*? If you think you have deserved or gained any honour there, do you imagine your walking at the head of your Militia will maintain it? Are you not

paid for your command of a regiment in *America*; and is not some officer now doing, at the risk of his life, that duty for which you are paid? Is not yours the single instance of this kind of desertion in the service?*

These are the great outlines of your characters, and if we should examine every the minutest feature, we shall find, not a striking resemblance only, but of such a peculiar kind, as cannot be mistaken for any one else. If I may be forgiven for deviating into poetry,

Nought but yourselves can be your parallels.†

Hereafter, I mean in our future history, one character *of praise* will be sufficient for both. It will be impossible to separate and disunite your merits, or the honours with which they are to be rewarded. In public life, the same military virtues; the same appetite for fighting, and the same abhorrence of retreating; the same perplexed passion for intrigue, business, politics, ministerial confidence, and parliamentary debates. In private life the same spirit of calumny and caricatura; the same insolence of manners, and arrogance of be-

* Coming home without being recalled. MS. note.

† *Theobald.*

haviour; the same *vetus et insita familiae superbia*.

In these last instances, however, you must forgive me, Sir, if I think his Lordship, whether from genius, or some luckier accident, may justly claim a small degree of superiority. He was not born indeed, but he was educated from his earliest infancy, in the house of royalty.* *Prima ab infantia eductus in domo regnatrice*. Here, it is confessed, there was some danger of his perverting those precious instincts, with which nature had so liberally endowed him. He might *unhappily* have learned to become *humane, affable and condescending*; to compassionate the follies; to forgive the errors of his fellow-creatures, and to pay a sacred reverence to human nature. Such are the constant effects, by a thousand examples, *indeed of all the princes upon earth*, of a royal education.

But he totally escaped these pernicious errors, as unwounded, except another slight scratch in his reputation, as at the battle of *Minden*. By a peculiar and wonderful strength of virtue in his constitution, he escaped even

* The Duke of D[orset] was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1731.

the poisonous breathings of flattery ; that incense of courts so profusely offered up to the young heirs of greatness, and without which no human creature, not even a lord, could dare to be insolent. How well he maintained the, *not too humble*, consciousness of his own worth ; with what a modest confidence he always exerted his abilities, let his behaviour at his trial be an everlasting testimony. It should have been a full vindication of his conduct at *Minden*. There, at least, his complexion was unvaried, his eye firm and unshaken ; his whole deportment rather in the extreme of courage than liable even to the suspicion of cowardice. There he certainly wanted not that presence of mind, which is the first great excellence in a General. Nor did that weakness of nerves, for which a man is no more accountable, than for any other error of his constitution, affect him on an occasion, that would have made many a gallant spirit tremble. He boldly insulted his judge ; overawed the resolutions of the Court ; gave his own asseverations of his innocence (the only uncontradicted evidence he gave) and triumphed in the success of those asseverations. A noble example, and worthy of your imitation.

But you, Sir, should disdain the servile spirit of imitation. It is beneath a genius like yours. You should determine yourself to be an original, for others to imitate. You should be apprehensive of the usual fate of imitators, who generally copy rather errors than excellencies, as indeed it is easier to bend the head, like *Alexander** or *Boscawen*, than to imitate their courage and intrepidity.

Yet, Sir, to make even half the progress your ambition aims at in the army, be assured, there must be courage; there must be eagerness to serve; there must be real service to form a military character. Your friend, Lord *G[eorg]e*, had all other requisites to ensure his success. The conclusion I own is disagreeable, but it is unavoidable. Either go to *Quebec*, or resign your commission. Why did I say *unavoidable*, when I believe you will do neither? I mean it is the only answer you can give to this letter, which will vex, not shame you, though it sets your military character in its true light, and draws your picture in every respect a proper *pendant* to that of Lord *G[eorg]e*.

* *Alexander's* head inclined to the left shoulder; as also did *Boscawen's*. *Edit.*

Ask his Lordship, why did not the cavalry engage at *Minden*? He cannot answer, but he does not blush. Ask you, why you are not at your post; or why you receive the pay of two regiments for nothing? I know you cannot answer, and I believe too you will not blush.

I am, SIR, &c.

POSTSCRIPT.

SIR,

If you read the following advertisement, you will find upon what authority I have asserted, that *you were convinced, Quebec was not defensible*. The intimate union between you and the gentleman who published it, rendered it impossible for me to conceive there can ever be any difference of sentiments between you.

“ Having luckily been shewn the following paragraph in the Daily Advertiser of yesterday, viz.

‘ It is said, that a certain great officer, who had a principal share in the reduction of *Quebec*, has given it as his opinion, that it is able to hold out a considerable siege.’

“ Although I am very far from claiming *some part* of the description, yet being the only person now in England who acted as a

general officer in the late expedition against *Quebec*, I find myself *under a necessity* (lest my silence, until I can proceed in another manner with the printer, should induce any person to credit the said paragraph), to assure the public, *upon my honour*, and *as a man of truth*, that there is no more foundation in this paragraph, than in many other unfair and false suggestions which have appeared in some of the public papers, and been whispered about the town, tending to set the opinions of the General Officers, lately employed in *Canada*, in opposite and unfavourable lights.

GEO. TOWNSHEND."

South Audley Square,
June 20, 1760.

You will please to recollect, Sir, at what time this spirited advertisement was published. When the nation was greatly alarmed for the safety of *Quebec*, when they knew it was besieged; when they would have received, with pleasure, any the least hopes, even this gentleman's opinion, of its being secure. No; he resents the common hear-say story of a newspaper. He will not have it insinuated, that he thought it could hold out a siege. *He finds*

himself under a necessity . . . some folks have such pressing necessities ! until he can proceed in another manner with the printer, &c. Who did not tremble under these menaces for the liberty of the press ? Some there were who rejoiced in the hopes of seeing it restrained. But ah !

The luckless printer, unresisting, falls
Beneath the *wind and whiff of his fell cane,*
Brandish'd aloft with huge two-handed sway,
And arm athletic ; that tremendous arm,
From which the French, astounded and amaz'd,
In vile capitulation hid their fears.

But whither am I wandering ? Is it then impossible to write of heroes, and not write heroicks ? My printer and I shall, however, expect the honourable gentleman's compliments and thanks for having snatched his advertisement from the daily mortality of a newspaper, and here desecrated it to all eternity. We therefore recommend it to posterity, not only as a specimen of fine writing, of clear and accurate expression, but as an indisputable proof of the writer's abilities, modesty, good sense, temper, and a thousand other *et cæteras*.

FINIS.

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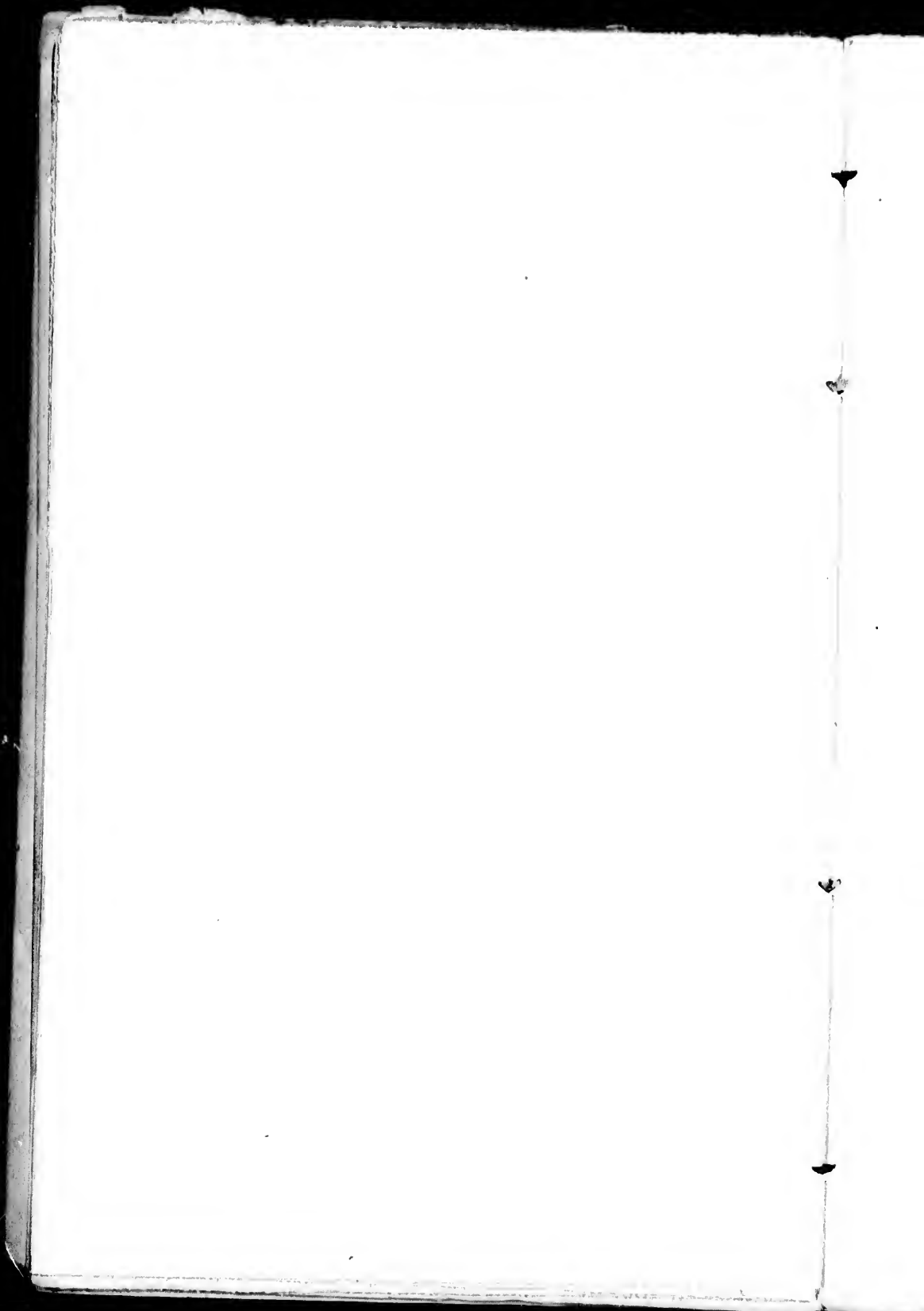
A REFUTATION
OF THE LETTER TO AN HON. BRIGADIER-
GENERAL, COMMANDER OF HIS
MAJESTY'S FORCES IN
CANADA.
BY AN OFFICER.

Urit enim fulgore suo.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

London : Printed for R. Stevens, at Pope's Head,
in Pater-Noster Row. MDCCLX.

Price One Shilling.



A REFUTATION,

ETC.

AS detraction and envy are ever attendant on, and the certain criteria of true merit, so the inconsistent and illiberal pamphlet, now under our observation, gives a most glaring proof thereof; it betrays in the author a mind full fraught with the most rancorous malice; and yet so impotent is his incoherent malignancy, that he is guilty of strange wanderings from the honourable subject he would fain stigmatize: but outrageous envy commonly defeats that very end which it had proposed to itself.

What an odd idea must every dispassionate reader conceive of a writer, who thus sets out: "In my religious doubts I apply to Dr. Whitfield; in any theatrical difficulties, I consult the canonical criticisms of a certain Right Reverend; and in my polite misadventures, the physician

of *Ludgate Hill* is my *celer atque fidelis, secret and speedy.*" A person who should act as here proposed might, without straining matters in the least, be charitably supposed not to enjoy a thorough sanity of mind. What follows contains more of a compliment than a sneer, when duly considered, although undoubtedly it was intended for the latter: "To whom, therefore, shall I appeal in any military doubts, but to the man whom fortune, that never erring judge of merit, in one short campaign, made a Colonel, a General, and a Commander in Chief?"

The writer, whom we suppose not to be an unlettered man, must doubtless have read or heard of the great *Roman*, who from reading, and private application alone, displayed at his first appearance in the field, all the abilities of a most consummate general; and without having had even the experience of one short campaign to make him so.

The insinuation, in page 2,* relative to the title of Brigadier General is puerile and mean, and the tack to it absolutely false: "although he might prudently choose to stay at home, when

* Page 4 of the reprint.

he received it," (the title.) A man must have a forehead unusually embronzed, to be able to let slip such an untruth.

Not only the noble officer's friends, but the public in general were of opinion, that "he might prudently choose to stay at home," considering his high pretensions by birth, as well as family-endearing ties, in quality of a husband and a father.

Let it be remembered that he had a brother in the same distant and disagreeable service, who fell in the field fighting for his country. Surely then, a family that thus devotes itself to the service of the public weal, in the senate and the field, deserves our warmest thanks; and all attempts to misrepresent and vilify such extraordinary deserts, must excite indignation in the bosom of every honest man, every lover of our constitution, and of true *British* glory.

This abusive writer's phraseology is so wildly scattered, and digressionary, that it is but seldom one can grapple with any thing like a meaning. As often, however, as an occasion for animadversion may present itself, it shall not be let to escape; for it is resolved to trace him through all the meanderings of his not very coherent brain. A bad head is a bad thing,

but a bad heart is still worse ; with an awkward air of triumphant irony he thus flounders along. " The Goddess of blindness and caprice had certainly no share in the capitulation of *Quebec*. Ardent in the pursuit of glory, and the applause of your country, you generously violated the rules of war ; you risked the resentment of your superior officer ; you signed the articles of capitulation without his knowledge ; and, anxious for the preservation of your conquest, you appointed the staff of the garrison, without even asking his consent. He might, indeed, suspect the friendship you had long professed for him, but with the spirit of an old Roman, the love of our country, *omnes omnium caritates complectitur*. He might have ordered you into arrest for such an outrage to his authority. He was not insensible of the indignity, but you asked his pardon, and languishing under his wounds, he accepted your submission."

It is most certain, that neither the goddess of blindness nor caprice, had any share in the capitulation of *Quebec* ; it was the dictate of prudence, and happily concluded in the very critical minute ; for had the town, by the harshness of terms proposed, been driven to the desperate resolution of holding out till such time as

Bougainville, then not far off, should arrive with his reinforcement, who knows what might have been the event of that day?

It is a sufficient answer to the remainder of this rhapsodic charge to know, that General *M[onckton]* was so dangerously wounded as not to be able to act; that moreover, the time was too precious, and the exigence of affairs too urging to admit of any delay. The writer's evidence in this case is very opposite here, inasmuch as his own express terms of the general are 'languishing under his wounds.'

Could a person in such a situation be self-collected enough to direct or superintend? However, a complaint of this kind would come with a better grace from General *M[onckton]* than from any other person. It is likewise apprehended, that this allegation is here promulged, not so much on behalf of *M[onckton]* as with a sinister view of bespattering *T[ownshend]*.

The winding up of this paragraph is very curious. "Thus you carried your point. You received into your protection the capital of an empire, larger than half the Roman Conquests; and, though you had formally entered your

protest against attacking the place, you alone enjoy the honours of its being taken."

To carry one's point is the great end of all human actions; *Cæsar* and *Alexander* could do no more. It is, however, strongly believed that the author in question will not be able to carry his point, which is, to degrade so valuable a member of society in the judgment of his fellow-subjects, by whom he is for the most part revered.

The nation is gratefully obliged to him, for having "received into his protection the capital of an empire, larger than half the Roman Conquests," without wantonly exposing the troops under his care (already very much harassed) to any further fatigue, and unnecessary effusion of blood, which might have been productive of dangerous consequences: nay, perhaps the reverse of that day's fortune. For let it be remembered, that *Bougainville* was marching rapidly to the relief of *Quebec*, with a little army consisting of fresh troops; and that the few *English* forces had undergone amazing toils.

It would be an act of justice to all impleaded persons, and one of respect to the public, if authors were to adopt it for a maxim,

never to start any thing for fact they were not thoroughly sure of. From the following words, " though you had formally entered your protest against attacking the place, you alone enjoyed the honour of its being taken," must not every reader be hereby induced to think, that this traduced commander protested against the manner of attacking *Quebec* by which it was taken ?

Now, if the very contrary has happened, what reparation can be made to the injured Commander?—In a most infamous light the author of such gross calumny ought to be held. That *G[enera]l T[ownshen]d* did protest against an attack planned by General *Wolfe*, is not denied ; but what was the object thereof, and where was it to be made ? Why, not immediately against *Quebec*, but to attack the *French* in their entrenchments ? However gallant such a design, and however gloriously *Wolfe's* martial spirit was displayed by the proposal, yet it appeared to *G[enera]l T[ownshen]d* and other officers, who had never flinched in the hour of duty, so fraught with ruin, and so big with dangerous consequences, as rather to be declined than carried into execution. The dissenters on that occasion were those who

proposed attacking *Quebec* in the unexpected and surprising manner by which it was taken, and which will be admired to latest posterity.

General *Wolfe*, who had been a little piqued at his scheme being dissented from, came in at last to that proposed. Having his country's interest always uppermost in his thoughts, he shewed himself always ready to give up the hazardous event of a *Coup Brillant*, for less dazzling and more blood-sparing expeditions. To have attempted forcing the *French* in their entrenchments, must have been productive of a horrid slaughter at least; that people having ever been formidable in such situations. Now it appears that General *Wolfe*, like a true patriot, put into happy execution the plan of others, by whom he was most vigorously seconded; and that *G[enera]l T[ownshen]d* did not protest against the scheme which reduced *Quebec*, but quite the reverse.

After a paltry effort at humour, page 4,* follow more assertions, equally false with the above-mentioned. "You discreetly left your regiment, whose paltry emoluments you had dearly purchased by your one campaign, and

* Page 5 of the reprint.

prudently quitted a scene, where danger would probably be too busy. You sagaciously foresaw, that the *French* would endeavour to recover their capital, and you were convinced that the place was not defensible. You had not entered, like a desperate volunteer, into the service. You had been pressed into it. You had been nominated without your knowledge or consent. You were not therefore engaged by any point of honour or gratitude to continue in it whenever it became dangerous or disagreeable."

In the first place, it cannot be deemed an ill-natured question to ask this gentleman, what regiment *G[enera]l T[ownshen]d* had when he set out for *Canada*, and where he left it: and if such things were, if his doing so proceeded from cowardice, or a mean sense of shrinking from danger? It is to be hoped that no *English* writer, however warped by influence, can be so abandoned, so lost to all shame, and at such enmity with common sense, as to answer in the affirmative. *G[enera]l T[ownshen]d* must have acted from quite other motives than the mere soldier of fortune, who wants to rise in the world, and make his way by the profession of arms; which was not at all his case.

He could therefore have been actuated by no other spirit than that of patriotic heroism. It was her glorious inspiring to his truly *British* soul, that made him voluntarily (he not being then liable to any command) fly from pomp, wealth, and domestic happiness, to encounter toils, peril, and death, under new aspects, in a remote and barbarous world. Does such conduct indicate a man, that would "prudently quit a scene where danger would probably be too busy?" O shame on the foul-mouthed slanderer! On his returning home, he went with the greatest alacrity with Admiral *Hawke* against the *French* fleet, then out at sea. Was this acting like a man who would "prudently quit a scene where danger would probably be too busy?" If *G[enera]l T[ownshen]d* is blameable for any thing, it is for having done too much; more than the public, by his then situation at going abroad, had a right to expect from him, and for which his family might with just reason rebuke him.

Page 5.* The sneer at the *Militia*, in whose institution *G[enera]l T[ownshen]d* had so prin-

* Page 7 of the reprint.

cipal a hand, betrays the sore part of our writer and his patron, as well as the following ironical escape: "Your *perfect veneration* for the person of your royal commander," *ex pede Herculem*. It is too generally known to enter into detail here, that a pique, exasperated perhaps into an animosity, had subsisted between a certain *British* colonel and a personage of higher rank, for having given himself too much the airs of a *German* prince; airs [which] (it is to be hoped) will never prevail in our free and virtuous constitution; that as the *British* officer could expect no proper satisfaction from an offender so privileged, he in a spirited obedience to the nice dictates of his honour, by throwing up his employment, declined any further subordination to ill usage. But the huge cause of his dissatisfaction being since removed, did ever man return to his merited rank in a more gallant manner? No, certainly. Therefore all opposers to, and revilers of, such national desert as his, (whether the public considers him as the chief promoter of the long-wished-for militia, or the glorious reducer of *Quebec*) are to be treated with equal contempt, though hitched in the cell of a prison, or a more elevated lodge.

Page 6,* contains very flimsy jargon, meaning nought. This dull pamphlet writer would be very comical if he knew how.

Page 7.† “Some malignant spirits, indeed, were offended at your not having paid one civil compliment to the memory of General *Wolfe*, or used even one kind expression of esteem or affection with regard to his person. Surely some people are never to be satisfied. Permit me, Sir, in your name to ask them, whether your warmest encomiums could have added to that universal good opinion, which the public had conceived of Mr. *Wolfe*'s abilities and courage; would they, unreasonable as they are, have had a gentleman of your birth and breeding imitate the generosity of Sir *William Johnson*? *I have only to regret the loss of General PRIDEAUX. I endeavoured to pursue his measures, the good effects of which he deserved to enjoy.*” If *G[enera]l T[ownshen]d*, in his letter to the Secretary of State, “did not pay civil compliments to the memory of General *Wolfe*,” it was not for want of esteem, but because of the im-

* Page 7—8 of the reprint.

† Page 8 of the reprint.

propriety to write a panegyric to a minister, when nothing but the situation and exigence of affairs were to be mentioned. Every good subject has the highest sense of Sir *William Johnson's* merit, and are [is] pleased with the honest declaration in his letter. But where has this Pamphleteer been to find himself under the necessity of quoting this letter? He must not have been in *England*, surely; or must not have read the public papers, in which, a little time after the news of the taking of *Quebec*, appeared the annexed funeral eulogium, (a nobler or a more generous has never been penned) taken from a letter written by *G[enera]l T[ownshen]d* to a friend in London.

“ I am not ashamed to own to you, that my heart does not exult in the midst of this success. I have lost but a friend in General *Wolfe*. Our country has lost a sure support, and a perpetual honour. If the world were sensible at how dear a price we have purchased *Quebec* in his death, it would damp the general joy. Our best consolation is, that Providence seemed not to promise that he should remain long among us. He was himself sensible of the weakness of his constitution, and determined

to crowd into a few years actions that would have adorned length of life!"

Page 8;* Lord *Granby* and General *Mostyn* are lugged in here in a most unaccountable manner, and no way apposite to the point in debate. Then comes the old false charge of *G[enera]l T[ownshen]d* having protested in form against General *Wolfe's* last desperate attempt, and at his being out of the reach of danger. As to the former article about the protest, let it be observed once for all, that general officers have a right to protest without exposing themselves to any imputation of censure or blame, so they do not refuse to obey and act in consequence.

M'Pherson, the brave old veteran Highlander's answer to "How did *G[enera]l T[ownshen]d* behave in the battle?" was, "Like one who had not such splendid possessions to return to!"† Are there of all the French nobility, who pant after nothing so much as fame in arms, any of *G[enera]l T[ownsen]d's* rank, who either have, or would voluntarily expose themselves to such a voyage and such

* Page 9 of the reprint.

† Like one not worth a groat. MS. note.

danger? No; he chose *America* as the most perilous scene of action, and by that door to return to his former state. Going out, he went but on the terms of serving only the campaign against *Quebec*. From that time he had pre-resolved to return home to his family and friends, the expedition over, which was their earnest and joint request. If *France* can boast no *G[enera]l T[ownshend]* militating in her American world, ignominy be to all degenerate Britons who would basely attempt to depreciate his worth!

The pamphleteer, having straggled from General *Wolfe*, *T[ownshend]*, &c. to Lord Granby and Mostyn, page 9,* he with equal method and consistence makes a violent leap from *North America* to *Minden*; and there is the too much abused and too much injured Lord *George Sackville's* character mangled anew.

However foreign to the affair of *Quebec* be that of *Minden*, yet since this rambler in abuse hath hauled it in by the head and shoulders, for answer to his strange vagaries, let him read here the opinion of the dispassionate and unbiassed concerning that action, delivered with such ingenuous freedom as an *English* subject is entitled to; nay, provoked to now, when it

flagrantly appears that an encroaching spirit of *Germanism* means to blast every branch of the *British oak*.

Having truth full in view, and keeping within the strictest bounds of decency, should any person or persons take groundless offence at us, no matter. Before we enter on so delicate an inquiry, it will not be amiss to take a retrospective view of the situation in life, and of the characters of the two personages so much talked of, relative to that day's achievements, viz. Prince *Ferdinand* and Lord *George Sackville*. The following paragraph, taken from a pamphlet published some time ago, may serve as a very proper preface to, and a guide in our proposed discussion.

“It is a ticklish and irksome situation (therefore to be avoided) for the commanding officer of troops belonging to a greater power to be put under obedience to the General of a lesser, or a poorer potentate; for, from the nature of human feeling, it follows, they seldom, or rather never agree; because the former thinks himself degraded to a state that reflects a disgrace on the majesty of the more respectable power he acts for. Wherefore he is liable to look down on the other, who, on

his side goaded with resentment, will industriously contrive a thousand stratagems to make the object of his pique tired of the commission he bears, or to commit some *faux pas*, of which, he will with an unnecessary, nay, wanton precipitation, take care to diffuse a knowledge from the highest to the lowest throughout the army, in order entirely to depreciate him in the minds of friends and foes, and thereby get rid of a disagreeable yoke-mate."

Lord *George Sackville* had, from his birth, rank, and the places he occupied, reason to look upon himself as one of the most rising young noblemen in these kingdoms; and as one who bid very fair to be in time at the head of the *British* army. These were motives in a *British* bosom to bear but with irksomeness the being under the command of a foreign officer, in whom, upon enquiry, he could find no superiority of talents to entitle him to such a pre-eminence.

Ferdinand, the son, grandson, and brother of a petty sovereign in *Germany*, has the title of prince; for *German* princes there are without end: because if the father be a prince, all the sons are called princes, which accounts for the great number of them; and through that

number for their conspicuous poverty. So that they are for the most part necessitated to mercenarily embrace the profession of arms under the several potentates of Europe.

It has often been a question started in public meetings, if Prince *Ferdinand*, who is neither a born nor a naturalized subject of *England*, and yet is at the head of an army consisting partly (and these the victory-getters) of *British* troops, and the whole paid by *English* treasure, were to commit any misdemeanour, or worse, in his post, to what power is he amenable? Might he not with impunity take horse, and, riding off, say with a sneer to us, *Adieu paniers, vendanges sont faites?*

Prince Ferdinand being one of those professedly militant, and not over wealthy princes, saw a fairer occasion, by being at the head of the allied army, of making a fortune, than he ever, in all probability, should meet with in his life. For effectuating his flattering and golden prospects, his first wish was, that he might find in the commander of the pay-all, the monied people of England's forces, a docile pliant fool, whom he might make to believe whatever he should please, and mould him to all his views.

But it unluckily fell out, that in Lord *George Suckville*, the son of an *English Prince*, since so much stress is laid by some on that word, (for every duke of this realm is stiled *haut et puissant prince*) he found an Englishman actuated with that truly constitutional spirit of independence, that scorns to pay servile court to foreign hirelings.

He was found to be a man that could not be imposed upon in any article. From an early dislike to the plan of *Ferdinand's* operations, the latter conceived a disgust for him, which was heightened by Lord *George's* protesting against the rash and imprudent attack made by *Ferdinand* at *Bergen*, where *Broglie* repulsed him, having made a terrible slaughter among the allies. That affair has never been fairly communicated to the public; though we frequently see very trifling incidents so minutely and so pompously blazoned out.

The superiority of genius, talents, education and knowledge with which Lord *George* is so uncommonly endowed, made the German leader shrink into a diffidence of himself, and to avoid as often as he could their being together.

Lord *George* was no loser; and supported

with dignity the rank of an *English* Commander. He paid to all officers under him, as well as those of other powers, that politeness which was peculiarly due to them.

Wherever Lord George could be omitted upon any pretext from assisting at the military councils, he was :—the designs, if any, *Ferdinand* might possibly have conceived against the *French*, were mostly kept a secret from him, or let out so sparingly, that nothing very rational or conclusive could be deduced from them.

Ferdinand finding too severe a scrutinist (in Lord *George*) of all his actions, judged it high time to think of ridding himself of so untoward a coadjutor. The most efficacious method pitched on within the secret council of his bosom was, that in the action he should so manage in sending orders to Lord *George*, as to puzzle him in the execution of his duty, and make him give into the trap he should have laid for him.

Without any farther prelude, let us come to the first that happened; which was on the famous first day of August 1759. This matter has been so much canvassed already *pro* and *con*, that it shall be skimmed over here in as cursory a manner as possible.

It is thought if *Broglie* had proceeded without halting, he would, notwithstanding the intelligence given to *Wangenheim's* corps by the *French* deserters, have been down time enough to render all resistance on the part of the allies in vain.

That the army of the allies was surprised, is notorious. *Kingsley's* and *Waldegrave's* prudence, and the bravery of a few British troops, obtained a victory amazing in its circumstances. However, in the midst of the general confusion, the political *German* was not unmindful of his premeditated scheme to perplex Lord *George*, for which end, two expresses were sent almost at the same instant; the one for him to march down with the cavalry at his command; to which, obedience was paid with all due dispatch: the second command (the intended puzzler) was to bring the *British* cavalry only.

An order so ungeneral-like, and so unaccountable, caused Lord *George* to stop, (he might have room to suspect the other's intention of playing him a foul trick) in order to get as explicit an explanation as possible from the gentlemen who brought the orders. Each being certain of that which he had delivered, induced his Lordship to go to the Prince, (who

it is to be supposed was not slunk out of the way of danger) to have the matter set right. *Ferdinand* was quite hurt at the sight of him ; seeing the plan to ruin *Sackville* with his country had in part miscarried.

Had Lord George precipitately rushed on with the *British cavalry* only, and a slaughter of them ensued, which might have been very probably the case, what would have been *Ferdinand's* triumphant outcry then? why this,—“ How in the name of wonder, my Lord, could you break the line of cavalry, and come down with the *British* only? how shall we answer to his *Britannick Majesty*, for the loss of so many brave men, and this partial havock made only among his *British* subjects?”

Lord *George's* plain answer to such a charge would have been — “ I have acted agreeable to the last order I received from you.” “ The last order from me—let then the two *aides-du-camp* be called”—would reply *Ferdinand*. It was so contrived, or so fell out, that the *aides-du-camp* could not settle among themselves who came first or last from the Prince.

Each *aid-du-camp* abiding by the different order which he had delivered, *Ferdinand*

would not fail to exclaim, "Good God! considering the surprise we were all thrown into, your own judgment should have directed you, and told you it was impossible I could give any such absurd order:" and indeed, to this hour, no shadow of reason can be given for it; nor why, when the whole cavalry was come down time enough to annoy and harass the retreating enemy, instead of orders for pursuing, they were bid to dismount.

At the interview with the Prince, after the victory obtained, *Ferdinand* neither expressed nor marked any signs of dissatisfaction to Lord *George*, but rather seemingly the reverse. He took some time to brood over a scheme then newly thought on, for Lord *George's* ruin; and which should be derived from the effect that had been caused by his own differing orders, which was soon after issued in an unprecedented military manner among real heroes. Sure such a strange letter of thanks had never been given by a general before. It had all the air of a monkish lityny of saints.

It is surprising how niggardly on all occasions praise is given to the *Hanoverians*, &c. but most copiously lavished on the *English*. Nor was it less surprising to see a young

nobleman, whose good nature every body reveres, presumptuously praised for what he might have, but had not done; (undeserved praise is satire) and another impliedly censured for the error he was designedly necessitated to:—the praise of the one was calculated to soften the reflections thrown on the other in the eye of the *English*, as he was to be removed at all events.

It was farcical, about a fortnight after the first legend of thanks, to see published in the newspapers, by way of codicil to the discerning *Ferdinand's* will, a letter to Captain *M. Beane*, making a kind of reparation for having omitted his merit, which it was impossible his Prince-ship should know, but by the information of his emissaries, *ex post facto*: so entirely ignorant was he of all transactions during the battle, and absolutely ignorant of the victory, in which, however, Lord *George* had some share, inasmuch as a battery of his contrivance greatly annoyed the enemy.

It is observable, that an *English* officer could not be guilty of the least appearance of an error, to which he was ensnared, but it must be blazoned in the most glaring colours; yet those men, (because *Hanoverians*, &c.) through

whose neglect or drunkenness our whole army, natives and mercenaries, were in danger of being cut off, are never mentioned; to wit, they who neglected sending timely notice to Prince *Ferdinand* of the intelligence communicated to them by the *French* deserters, detached perhaps by *Broglie*, in order to defeat *Con- tade's* measures, whom he wanted to supplant, and has effectually done it.

In a *French* letter handed about here, as from Prince Ferdinand, were words to this purpose: *Je ne sais par quelle fatalité l'intelligence qui fut donnée à onze heures du soir par des deserteurs au corps de Wungenheim ne me fut apportée que sur les deux heures du matin.*—"I do not know by what fatality the intelligence given to the corps of *Wungenheim* at eleven at night was not brought to me till between one and two in the morning;"—then the enemy was in full march.

Had this intelligence been forwarded as soon as it ought, there would have been time enough to have taken all necessary measures, and probably no fault would have been committed. Why has Lord *George's* error been so strictly scrutinized, and no information

given of those (whether a *Wangenheim*, or an *Anhalt Dessau*, or others) who were the neglecters of the intelligence? but the *English*, it seems, are to have all the honour and blame of this war, and perhaps with equal propriety.

Upon the implied censure, Lord *George* returned to *England*; and what happened after, most people know. Those who do not, and are curious of knowing, we refer to his trial.* Dissenting with all humility from wiser heads, it appears to us that nothing more can be thence inferred, but that Lord *George* (ready to execute the first command) was retarded from leading the cavalry down to the field of battle as soon as he might by a second (and if not strictly contradictory, at least a differing) order.

Some insinuations to evidence against Lord *George's* courage, would have borne hard upon

* The court martial on Lord *George* Sackville, granted at his own solicitation, was held at the Horse Guards on the 7th of March, 1760; and was continued by several adjournments, and under a second warrant from the crown, to the 5th of April in the same year. Lord *George* was found guilty of having disobeyed the orders of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, and was adjudged unfit to serve his majesty in any military capacity whatever. *Edit.*

the great Prince *Turenne*, as *good* and as *brave* an officer as Prince *Ferdinand*; who, it is said, always changed colour, and was in a kind of tremor at the beginning of an action. We also beg leave not to believe the man who declares he goes to battle as cheerful as to a ball. It is very presumptuous to pretend, from the haviour of any man's countenance, to assert his inward feeling, unless he were a most extraordinary physiognomist. For instance, one man's anger produces a paleness of visage, another's a redness, with agitations, tremors, &c. *ad infinitum*.

Captain *M^r Beane's* evidence in behalf of Lord *George's* conduct is not to be doubted, no more than that of other gentlemen, notwithstanding the indirect means made use of to stagger and intimidate them.

Another paragraph in the above mentioned letter betrays the iniquity of the whole. In order to give some kind of a plausible plea for the order of bringing down the *British* cavalry alone, therein were couched these remarkable words, *Afin que la cavalerie Anglaise accourut au plutot*, as near as we can remember; whereby was insinuated, that the meaning of the order for the *British* cavalry was on

account of their swiftness, and that in consequence they might come up the sooner.

When it was observed to certain gentlemen reading the said letter with an air of triumph in coffee houses, that the above article was a gross mistake, and that the writer must have had our *English* hunters in view, and not our cavalry, which were famous for their weight, &c.

Some time after a translation of this long-winded and laboured letter was published in the newspapers; but what was in the original *French* about our cavalry, entirely omitted. We appeal to all who have read the original and translation; and ask, if upon the whole this savours of a fair proceeding?

Lord *George's* fate is too recent, and many people, at first prejudiced against him, began to change their opinion. Was ever a general so fortunate as *Ferdinand*? For having been surprized into a victory, for which he was surprized at himself, he received the farther additional surprize of a considerable sum of money, with a badge of the first honour, besides his prior pension, on the *Irish* establishment!

Now Lord *George*, being in a worse plight (through the precipitancy of our over-hasty

populace) than the wanton *Machiavelism* of his antagonist could have at first expected, let us take a short view of *Ferdinand's* behaviour in consequence.

He is now at his mind's liking; elbow free, disencumbered from any enquiring, troublesome yoke mate.—Snug is the word. How happy are they all together, the commander and commanded! The Prince gives astonishing proofs of his penetration; he discovers in † * * * * * the greatest talents he ever met with in an Englishman, for making a consummate general; which, with his instructions, he is sure to effectuate.

It is a pity that the open, the honest, the good-natured, the generous, and the personally brave, should be so grossly played upon by a High-German doctor in generalship; accidentally raised, not so much by intrinsic merit, as by the infatuation, mismanagement, and perhaps perfidy of some of the commanders he has been employed against.

It is pleasant to see this dealer-out of military fame, like a sun from the midst of his system, beam out proportioned rays of glory to all

† Granby. MS. Note.

the officers who concur in his measures. No doubt, when he and his countrymen are privately assembled, they say to each other, *Les Anglois sont bons, il n'y a qu'à flatter leur orgueil, vous en pouvez faire ce que vous voulez, et en tirer jusqu'au dernier guiné*: The *English* are a good sort of people; do but flatter their pride, you may do what you will with them, and draw their last *guinea*.

To a certain degree this opinion of us is perhaps too true; but, when carried too far, we are apt to spurn at the gross imposition. An universal proof of this appeared in all public places, at hearing the tedious and nauseating legend of thanks particularized to the *British* troops after the battle of *W[arbur]g*; from which time Prince *Ferdinand* is superhonoured with the title of *The Thanksgiving Prince*.

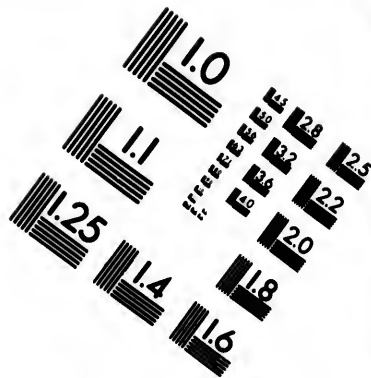
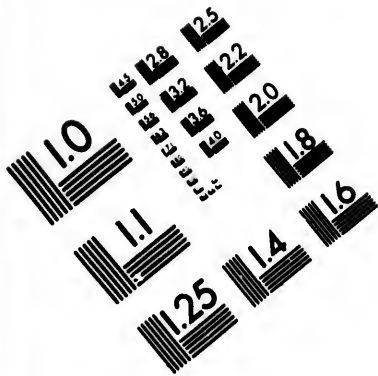
In imitation of his uncle's manner of proceeding, how quaint was the hereditary Prince's thanks to the *English*, after the surprise at *E[rfurt]h*! It is an easy truck, to pay off with thanks for treasures and blood. *B[eckwit]h* has greatly improved the *thankful* system.

How wonderful is this same hereditary Prince! What pompous accounts are related

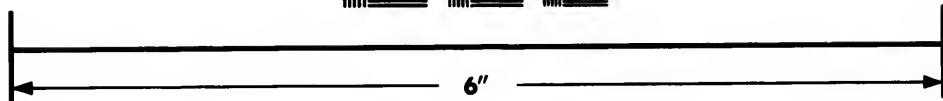
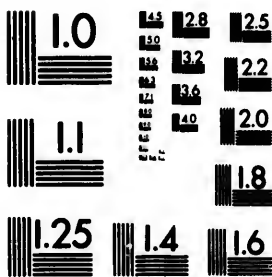
of his more than *Alexandrian* intrepidity! In one place he runs away with the Frenchmen's spits and roast meat; at another, he knocks down their pots of soup-maigre; at a third, he carries off their ovens, and he hardly thinks any other troops worthy of sharing with him in those brilliant expeditions, but his favourites the *English*, for whom he selects every danger, that they may give new proofs of their unexampled courage. What hair-breadth escapes has he been in! Nay, thrice in danger of being shot dead! dead! but that at each time a polite French officer, on coming near, intuitively discovered him to be a Prince, upon which he generously fired his pistol in the air, and marched another way. Sure that was a gallant deed. One day he is wounded, and the next he gets a victory!

A reader would naturally incline to think, that such a series of high-strained parading accounts were calculated for recommending him to, and obtaining the favour of, some mighty potentate's daughter, and with her dowry to enrich and raise his petty sovereignty. If so, we have no objection to his succeeding; for, as *Dryden* says, 'None but the brave deserve the fair.'





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So much by way of digression, relative to the affairs of *Germany*, and setting the present spirit of the proceedings there in a clear light; which sufficiently refutes all the Letter-writer's crude and indigested assertions. What greater proof of unfairness, nay, of nonsense, than his questions, p. 10: * "Why did he (Lord *George*) † put himself at the head of the British infantry at *Minden*?" for two reasons; 1st. It was not his place; 2nd. In the morning of the first of *August*, the day of the attack, the infantry did not know where was the cavalry; nor the cavalry where was the infantry; nor did the great Commander-in-chief know either what the latter was doing, or where the former was.

In the same place he says, "Let him (Lord *George*) account, if possible, for Lord *Granby's* making the cavalry march almost five miles in less time than his lordship took to deliberate whether he should march at all:" the obvious reply is, "Because he had received no varying orders to retard him in his march." What follows is random stuff, and flows from a head

* Page 11 of the reprint.

† Qy. not put himself? &c.

that knows nothing of cavalry service. Suppose, (which was not at all impossible) according to *Contade's* plan, (no order of battle or preparation having been made on our side) the *French* horse had cut their way through our infantry; was not Lord *George's* method of leading on the *English* cavalry in a line, and unblown, the properest? Certainly. We are never to judge from events, but from the inviolable propriety of things.

The Letter-writer is very curious, p. 12; "When I read Lord *Granby's* account of this engagement; when I see the *British* Infantry fainting under *the heat of the weather; overstraining themselves to get on through morassy and difficult ground, and suddenly dropping down on their march*; when I see his Lordship, in his impatience to enter into action, putting himself at the head of the cavalry, and advancing towards the enemy *at a full trot*, though the distance was near five miles, I am almost tempted to wish for a *T[ownshen]d*, or a *S[ackvill]e*, who would certainly repress this ardour in our soldiers, this passion, this madness of fighting." And what sensible man would blame a *T[ownshen]d* or a *S[ackvill]e* for opposing such extremity of service being specially imposed

upon *Englishmen*? What was obtained by this mighty no-victory of the British Infantry, “*fainting under the heat of the weather; overstraining themselves to get on, through morassy and difficult ground, and suddenly dropping down on their march?*” Strange forcing of service this! What was obtained thereby? Why truly the *French* gave *Ferdinand* the go-by, and made themselves masters of *Cassel*, which he ought to have prevented; but he is not, it seems, more infallible than others.

There is but one article in this letter in which we agree with the writer, and that is, the personal bravery of Lord *Granby*. It is, however, astonishing that, relative to Lord *George Sackville*, (so misinformed, or wickedly false is he) that in every article he swerves from the truth. Page 23,* he says of him, “He was not born indeed, but he was educated from his earliest infancy in the House of Royalty;” the writer, to shew his learning, gives it after in *Latin*, *prima ab infantia eductus in domo Regnatrice*; now both in *English* and *Latin* this is an untruth. Lord *George* was carried over to *Ireland* a youth, to be entered at the

* Page 21 of the reprint.

University of *Dublin*, having previously gone through his school learning in *England*, his native country. His father, the Duke of Dorset, then Viceroy, by so doing meant to pay a compliment to that University, and it was most gratefully looked on as such by all its members. What a trumpery of words this author pours out as attendants on the false assertion!

We now bid adieu to Lord *George*, the episodic hero of this jumbled farraginous letter, in order to return to the primary one, *G[enera]l T[ownshen]d*. He (like Lord *George*) is abused for a partial friendship to the *Scots*, and the *Scots* alternately for the same reason, without any fact being brought in proof to support the allegation. All national reflections deserve contempt and chastisement, and ought not to be suffered any where. The *Scots* have long rendered themselves conspicuous at the bar, in the army, and all branches of literature: they are a respectable people, and not to be fleered at by every puny whipster who dare not openly avow their insolence.

In answer to the charge in page 18.* We

* Page 16—17 of the reprint.

say that the Highlanders had done great service before *Quebec* that day, as well as they had at the taking *Cape Breton*. But where (supposing it probable) was the necessity of the forty-seventh regiment's entering the town of *Quebec* with the flying enemy? it could but be productive of a still great[er] effusion of blood, without which act of wantonness the great point aimed at has been obtained; to wit, the surrender of the place, and consequently, a number of lives hath been saved. True generalship displays itself more in prudently saving, than in idly lavishing the blood of thousands.

Quibbling upon terms deserves no reply; and what the Letter-writer hints at, page 20,* deserves only a shrug of compassion and a smile:—"As you appear, Sir, to have made the hero of *Minden* your model of all military virtue, I would encourage you to emulate his great example, by marking a sort of natural resemblance of character between you. A resemblance far stronger than any in your own collection of portraits, though his Royal Highness himself, your great *chef d'œuvre*, be there." Is it then hurt, poor thing? Is this

* Page 18 of the reprint.

the sore place? O the pity of it! what then it seems it is not *caricatura*-proof; and yet were this Letter-writer to see the principal piece he alludes to, he must in the fashionable cant phrase allow it to be *immensely* pretty.

His gizzard swells monstrously in page 22; *
“And are not you, Sir, this moment abusing your interest with that minister, by leaving, and being so many months absent from, your command at *Quebec*? If you think you have deserved, or gained any honour there, do you imagine your walking at the head of your militia will maintain it? Are you not paid for the command of a regiment in *America*; and is not some officer now doing, at the risk of his life, that duty for which you are paid? Is not yours the single instance of this kind of desertion in the service?” 1st. How is he abusing his interest with the minister? 2nd. He has gloriously compleated his military mission to *Quebec*. 3d. His friends, his family, his country, the *British* constitution, sighed, wished for, nay, demanded his return, in order to see him at the head of a national militia, of which he was the great promoter. What a

* Page 19—20 of the reprint.

glorious example is it to see the reducer of *Quebec* march at the head of a regiment of militia! 4th. For what end, and for what time was he named to the command of a regiment in *America*? Has he been with it since his nomination? Is not his active spirit relative to the militia disagreeable to a certain quarter? for which reason their first plan was to remove so dangerous an example, as their next, through this letter, is to depreciate him in the minds of the people, and perhaps of his constituents, against the next general election now at hand. The officer who acts in his stead would not be much less exposed to danger were G[enera]l T[ownshen]d with him in *America*.

Thus runs the last paragraph of this modest letter writer: "Yet, Sir, to make even half the progress your ambition aims at in the army, be assured there must be courage; there must be eagerness to serve, there must be real service to form a military character. Your friend, Lord G[eorg]e, had all other requisites to insure his success. The conclusion, I own, is disagreeable, but it is unavoidable, either go to *Quebec*, or resign your commission. Why did I say *unavoidable*, when I believe you will do neither? I mean it is the only answer you can give to this letter, which will vex, not

shame you, though it sets your military character in its true light, and draws your picture in every respect a proper *pendant* to that of Lord *George*. Ask his Lordship why did not the cavalry engage at *Minden*? he cannot answer, but he does not blush. I ask you, why you are not at your post, or why you receive the pay of two regiments for nothing; I know you cannot answer, and I believe too, you will not blush." 1st. G[enera]l T[ownshen]d never doubted that there must be courage. 2nd. His eagerness to serve is evinced by his voluntarily going to America. 3rd. The real services done before, and at the reduction of *Quebec*, insure his military character. In contradiction to the letter-man, his country bids him not "go to *Quebec*:" but if it be insisted on, rather to resign his commission,—which we are certain he is very indifferent about, well knowing for what end it was given. He can render his fellow subjects much more essential service by staying at home, and seeing the militia put on a respectable footing.

With what a tremendous question the letter is closed: "Why do you receive the pay of two regiments for *nothing*?" If true, the taking of *Quebec* deserves a great deal more. General *Blakeney* was made a Knight of the Bath,

and a peer, with a pension of one thousand pounds per ann. for giving up *Minorca*. Prince *Ferdinand* has had two thousand five hundred per ann. on the Irish establishment, a richly ornamented sword of great value, besides a gratification of twenty thousand pounds sterling, and the Knighthood of the Garter; I should be glad to learn for *what*: perhaps very near *nothing*, good letter-wright: but to use your own words, “I know you cannot answer, and I believe *too* you will not blush.” What was G[enera]l T[ownshen]d’s reception at his arrival?—What promotion, what honour has he received?

P. S. Since there is a postscript to the Letter, it is tallying matters to add one to the Refutation. In that of the former, there is nothing but G[enera]l T[ownshen]d’s Advertisement (when printed) necessary to discountenance an impudent report published in our newspapers, and applicable to none but him; which would have highly reflected upon General *Murray*’s character, had *Quebec* been retaken by the *French*; which in all probability it must, if our fleet with succours were not so happy as to get thither betimes; for the panic their appearance threw the *French* into

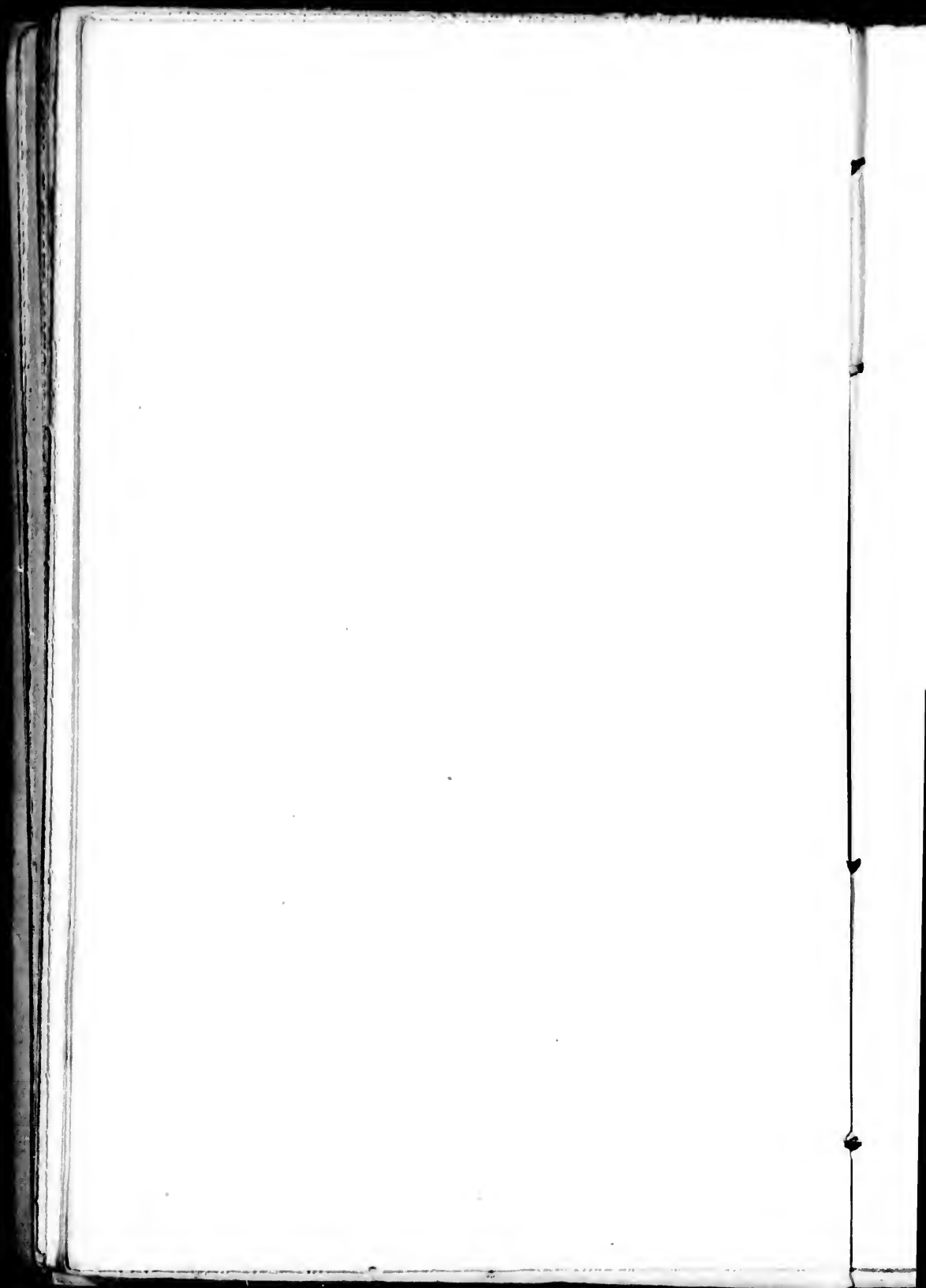
made them retreat with the utmost precipitation.

N. B. The specimen of poetry given on this occasion by the Letter-writer, who is still more unfortunate in his verse than his prose, will very likely draw on him the application of the bellmen of the several parishes to write their Christmas verses; for which the mediocrity of his talents seemeth much better qualified, than for writing on military affairs.

* * * As we just hear the guns fired for the taking of Montreal, it is to be hoped the commander will, on his return, meet with better treatment than the reducer of Quebec; and that *Englishmen*, for real and national services, may be as highly recompensed as *Germans*, for parading, foreign, and oppressively expensive achievements; which in the end, it is to be feared, will frustrate and defeat the great exertions of our national vigour, inasmuch as the present drift of the *French* is not to fight, but to tire and exhaust us with a protracted and consuming war.

* * * * *

Pall-Mall, October 5.



PARALLEL PASSAGES AND
ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.

There is an occasional repetition of passages from the "Letter." This occurs where parts of the same sentence seem parallel to more than one extract from Junius. The words in small capitals, indicate that the same, or nearly the same expression is used by Junius. The passages in *italic* invite peculiar attention. I. 27, &c. refers to the first vol. of Woodfall's Junius, 2d. ed.; P. 13, &c. refers to page 13 of the Letter.

LETTER.

P. 18. As you appear, Sir, to have made the hero of *Minden* your *model* of all *liliary** virtue, I would encourage you to emulate his great example, by marking a sort of natural resemblance between you. A resemblance far stronger than any in *your own collection of PORTRAITS*, though *His Royal Highness himself*, your *great chef-d'œuvre*, be there.

* There are frequent instances of such alliteration in Junius, and in the Letter.

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JUNIUS.

II. 470. His excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland* is said to have a singular turn FOR PORTRAIT PAINTING, which he willingly employs in the service of his friends. He performs gratis, and seldom gives them the trouble of sitting for their pictures. But I believe the talents of this ingenious nobleman never had so fair an occasion of being employed to advantage as at present. It happens very fortunately for

* Brigadier General Townshend succeeded to the peerage on his father's death; and was, in 1767, appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

LETTER.

P. 19. If my Lord excels in that well-bred species of wit known by the name of sneering, are not you equally excellent in that good-natured species of painting called *CARICATURA*, the amusement of your idle hours?

P. 20. These are the great outlines of your characters, and if we should examine every the minutest feature, we shall find not a striking resemblance only, but of such a peculiar kind, as cannot be mistaken for any one else. If I may be forgiven for deviating into poetry :

Nought but yourselves can be your parallels!

P. 20. In public life, the same military virtues, the same appetite for fighting, and the same abhorrence of retreating. . . . In private life, the same spirit of calumny and *CARICATURA*; the same insolence of manners, and arrogance of behaviour; the same *vetus et insita, familiæ superbia*.

P. 9. You were at a safe and honourable distance from the scene of action WHEN YOU WERE TOLD THAT YOU COMMANDED.*

* Brigadier General Townshend's Letter from Quebec.

JUNIUS.

him, that he has now a set of friends who seem intended by nature for the subject of such a pencil. In delineating their features to the public, he will have an equal opportunity of displaying the delicacy of his hand, and, upon which he chiefly piques himself, the benevolence of his heart. But amidst all the licence of your wit, my Lord, I must intreat you to remember, that there is one character too sacred even for the pencil of a peer, *though your lordship has formerly done business for the family*. Besides, the attempt would be unnecessary. The true character of that great person is engraven on the hearts of the Irish nation; and as to a false one, they need only take a survey of the person and manners of their chief governor, if in the midst of their distresses they can laugh at the perfect CARICATURA of a king.

II. 487. Grand council upon the affairs of Ireland.

Sulky.* I was quiet enough at Raneham, WHEN I WAS TOLD that I was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. For a man to be TOLD THAT HE COMMANDS a kingdom or an army, when he dreams of no such matter, forms a situation too difficult for such a head as mine. My Lords, I speak from experience. Upon another occasion, indeed, I found the business done to my hand, by a person who shall be nameless. In the mean time, I believe I had best follow my Lord Bute's advice.

Omnis. Lord Bute! It must be followed! What is it?

* i. e. Lord Townshend.

LETTER.

P. 16. The Court which his lordship and you have paid to the Highlanders has been truly of some use to both . . . *We are told in a letter from Quebec,** that the Highlanders TOOK TO THEIR BROAD SWORDS, (no doubt, a very military phrase) and drove part into the town, part to the works at their bridge on the river St. Charles.

P. 17. To what purpose, then, this tremendous TAKING TO THEIR BROAD SWORDS?

P. 4—5. You have made the most distinguished honour of the present war† in a peculiar manner your own. . . Though you had formally entered your protest against attacking the place, you alone enjoyed the honours of its being taken.

P. 10. You had only to temper the ardour of the soldiers in the pursuit, and I dare swear you led them on, as regularly and methodically, according to the rules of war, as your friend and favourite, Lord George, slow-marched the cavalry at the battle of Minden. You have been his warmest advocate, and he has been to you an example of military glory.

P. 16. Sackvillian prudence.

P. 18. If his lordship prudently refused to advance with the cavalry at Minden, you certainly, with equal prudence, quelled the spirit of the troops at Quebec.

* Brigadier General Townshend's Letter to Mr. Secretary Pitt, Sept. 20th, 1759. Of this letter Junius speaks thus II. 480. Every one will acknowledge he was at Quebec, *for every one remembers his letter from thence* Edit.

† The capture of Quebec.

JUNIUS.

Sulky. To carry over with me a battalion of gallant disinterested Highlanders, who if there should be any disturbance, *may gallantly TAKE TO THEIR BROAD SWORDS.* Where plunder's to be had they'll take to anything. I have seen it tried with astonishing success, and sure never was a man in such a taking as I was. . . . However, I shall at least have the satisfaction of drawing their pictures.

Ibid. I believe the best thing I can do will be to consult my Lord George Sackville. His character is known and respected in Ireland as much as it is here; and I know he loves to be stationed in the rear as well as myself.

LETTER.

P. 10. Since I have mentioned the Minden hero, give me leave to ask you, for you are in his confidence, what is become of him? Is he retired, (SCIPIO AND OTHERS HAVE DONE IT) from the hopes of ambition and the views of glory?

P. 21. He was not born indeed, but he was educated from his EARLIEST INFANCY in the house of royalty.

P. 19. Are you not paid for the command of a regiment in America, and is not some officer now doing, at the risk of his life, that service for which you are paid.

P. 19. If his lordship is famed for artifice, and that much useful part of human wisdom called cunning.

P. 23, 24. Ask his lordship, why did not the cavalry engage at Minden? He cannot answer, but he does not blush. Ask you why you are not at your post, or why you receive the pay of two regiments for nothing? *I know you cannot answer, and I believe too you will not blush.*

JUNIUS.

I. 417. And do you now, after a retreat, NOT VERY LIKE THAT OF SCIPIO, presume to intrude yourself upon the patience of the public ?

II. 78. As to the Scotch, I must suppose your heart and understanding so biassed from your EARLIEST INFANCY in their favour.....

I. 436. A regiment, therefore, could not make him a more military man, though it made him a richer, and probably at the expence of some brave deserving friendless officer.

I. 272. At the hazard of his life and fortune.

II. 181, 305, &c. &c. In public affairs cunningThe cunning ScotchmanThe cunning trademen less cunning than himself a cunning quibbling attorney . . the utmost skill and cunning. His own cunning and activity . . . neither of us may be cunning enough . . . nothing so fatal as cunning management

II. 58, 102, 19, 194, 324. III. 136. Blushes whenever he speaks of you . . . Retire, then, and hide your blushes . . . Blushing merit . . . Even his guards would blush for him . . . Charles the Second would have blushed . . . *And though you cannot blush, I am sure you will be silent* . . . He hesitated and blushed at his own baseness.

LETTER.

P. 9. You were at a SAFE AND HONOURABLE distance from the scene of action.

P. 13, &c. Great faults and great good fortune . . . Fortune, that never erring judge of merit . . . Independent of fortune and her favours . . . Independent of fortune and her influence . . . The discernment of fortune . . . The goddess of blindness and caprice . . . And shall we not acknowledge it most fortunate . . . Not the most fortunate success . . . If any one should peevishly object against the discernment of fortune . . . Among heroes of ancient days, the favour of the Gods was always esteemed a pious proof of merit, and shall we not acknowledge it most fortunate, &c.

P. 20—26. But whither am I wandering? is it then impossible to write of heroes and not write heroicks? . . . If I may be forgiven for deviating into poetry.

P. 5, &c. &c. With the spirit of an old Roman . . . Lord George Sackville's penetrating spirit . . . Made many a gallant spirit tremble . . . Spirit of imitation . . . The same spirit of calumny and CARICATURA . . . Some malignant spirits . . . Writing with the same spirit with which he fought . . . You certainly with equal prudence quelled the spirit of the troops at Quebec . . . That SPIRITED ADVERTISE-
MENT, &c. &c.

JUNIUS.

II. 82. How easy, how SAFE AND HONOURABLE is the path before you.

II. 35, 88, 249, &c. &c. The present ministry are as singularly marked by their fortune as their crimes This is not a time to trifle with your fortune The fortune which made you a king The influence of your grace's fortune still presides at the Treasury A lady in whom he seldom places confidence in cards, was generous enough to stand his friend Fortune discovered a flaw in the indictment. Gives an air of singularity to your fortune We have had the good fortune Here you have fortune on your side Than most men have the good fortune to possess Not a little of your good fortune It was then his good fortune to corrupt one man.

II. 306. The gentleman deals in fiction, and naturally appeals to the evidence of the poets.

I. 458., II. 128, 132, 44, 202, 194, 188, &c. &c. A singular instance of youth without spirit As a man of spirit Either the Sovereign is a man of high spirit I know there is a spirit of resistance But with all his crimes, he (Oliver Cromwell) had the spirit of an Englishman But the spirit that will not submit to an injury A man of spirit If your king had discovered the spirit of a man SPIRITED DECLARATION As you have not spirit Thus it happens in private life, with a man who has no spirit With all his spirit The

LETTER.

P. 11. The wisdom at once, and glory of a review
. . . . The very parade of fighting.

P. 19, &c. A master-piece of dexterity. . . . Though
his Royal Highness, your chef-d'œuvre, be there.

P. 19. Does North Britain pour forth the elo-
quence of her Attick Scotch, in honour of Lord
George, &c. &c.

P. 26. Proof of the writer's abilities, modesty,
good sense, temper, and *a thousand* other ET CÆTERAS.

P. 21. Such are the constant effects, by a *thousand*
examples.

P. 7, &c. Happy for the Canadians, that nature
hath cooled and tempered your courage . . . there
must be courage . . . rather in the extreme of courage
. . . . Mr. Wolfe's abilities and courage . . . It is easier
to bend the head, like Alexander or Boscawen, than
to imitate their COURAGE AND INTREPIDITY.

JUNIUS.

intrepid thoughtless spirit of the commander-in-chief (Lord Granby). . . . A spirited if not judicious conduct Nor the furious spirit of the House of Bedford.

II. 42, 193. I shall leave it to military men, who have seen a service more active than the parade The pacific ceremony of a review.

III. 149. 173. Your conclusion, however, is a master-piece. . . . A master-piece of revenge. . . .

II. 474. Or a Scotch secretary teaching the Irish people the true pronounciation of the English language. . . .

I. 268. The public good preferred to every private or interested consideration, with a long ET CÆTERA to your own advantage.

I. 511. . . . not indeed the least of the *thousand* contradictions. . . . and a *thousand* other recommending circumstances. iii. 208, 274, 287. . . . Is called a *thousand* names. . . . one such instance was equivalent to a *thousand*. . . . as if you had heard him a *thousand* times.

I. 510. I fancy, my Lord, it is not yet in your courage to stand between your sovereign and the address of his subjects. i. 410. Where a man has no rules to follow but the dictation of courage, i. 413. iii. 403. . . . requires more COURAGE AND INTREPIDITY than most men have the good fortune to

LETTER.

P. 22, &c. His whole deportment, rather in the extreme of courage, than liable even to the suspicion of cowardice. . . . Without much suspicion, at least without an absolute conviction of cowardice. . . . Is not yours the single instance of this kind of desertion in THE SERVICE? Prudently quitted a scene, where danger would probably be too busy.

P. 23. Be assured, there must be courage, &c.

P. 22, &c. That weakness of nerves for which a man is no more accountable than for any other error of his constitution. A peculiar and wonderful strength of virtue in his constitution. . . .

P. 26, &c. My printer and I shall, however, expect the Honourable Gentleman's compliments and thanks, for having snatched his advertisement from the daily mortality of a newspaper. . . . The common hearsay story of a newspaper.

P. 15. Nor his death unprofitable to that COMMON CAUSE of mankind, liberty.

JUNIUS.

possess. Without disputing Lord Granby's courage.
iii. 401. Which you had not courage to avoid.

II. 91, 205, 209, 249, 466, &c. Nor the sacred shield of cowardice. . . . I may quit THE SERVICE, but it would be absurd to suspect me of desertion. . . . We cannot hinder their desertion. . . . My Lord Weymouth had cowardice to plead, and a desertion of a later date than your own. . . . It has been possible for a notorious coward, skulking, &c. . . . Callous to every thing but the reproach of cowardice. . . . Who, like a treacherous coward, deserted his sovereign.

Be assured is a frequent expression of *Junius*; as
i. 252, 253, 255.

Dedication, page 1.

To me they originally owe nothing, but a healthy, sanguine constitution. i. 311. Give me a healthy vigorous constitution. . . . ii. 180. What a multitude of bad passions are forced to submit to a constitutional infirmity! ii. 162. The error of his heart.

Private letter, i.* 173. I did not expect more than the life of a newspaper, but if this man will keep me alive, let me live without being offensive.

In his correspondence with Woodfall and Wilkes, "the cause" is a very common expression. To make COMMON CAUSE. . . . THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY. . . . I mean

LETTER.

P. 21. He might unhappily have learned to become humane. . . . to compassionate the follies, to forgive the errors of his fellow creatures, and to pay a sacred reverence to human nature.

P. 8. I know that our ingenious moderns have been reproached with plundering the shrines of antiquity and ransacking the virtues of the dead.

P. 19. Did Lord George imagine that the reputation of being well with the great minister would bear him without endangering his person to THE HIGHEST PINNACLE OF MILITARY GLORY?

The following phrases and common expletives used in the letter, also frequently occur in Junius; many of these may seem of trifling import, but the manner in which they are introduced, will remind the reader of Junius. I confess; it is confessed; I presume; I own; permit me, Sir; give me leave, Sir; I dare say; I doubt not; one would think; I think; I fancy; in the extreme; for instance; on the contrary; truly, Sir; in truth; if however; yet surely; it seems; single instance; in proof; carried your point; in these circumstances; what pity; in human nature; in a light; post of honour; as a specimen; *an hint*; with impunity, *etc. etc.*

JUNIUS.

nothing but the cause. . . . A man who engages in a public cause. . . . Of more eventual service to the cause. . . . You will have ruined the cause. . . . The injury done to the common cause.

II. 32. . . . at which human nature would shudder.
 ii. 313. The man I speak of, has not a heart to feel for the frailties of his fellow creatures. i. 578. I reverence the afflictions of a good man—his sorrows are sacred. iii. 170. The frailty of human nature.

III. 10. They began to ransack the stores of antiquated oppression.

III. 92. The successes of the late war had placed us at the HIGHEST PINNACLE OF MILITARY GLORY.

The following allusions to Lord Townshend afford conclusive proof that the hostility evinced by the "Letter" writer in 1760, was felt in an equal degree by Junius in 1771.

Junius, ii. 155. Come forward, thou worthy representative of Lord Bute, and tell this insulted country.....

They despise the miserable Governor you have sent them because he is the creature of Lord Bute; nor is it from any natural confusion of their ideas, that they are so ready to confound the original of a king with the disgraceful representation of him.

Junius, ii. 468. I find you and your brother printers have got greatly into a sort of knack of stuffing your papers with flummery upon two certain brothers,* who are labour-in-vain endeavouring to force themselves out of the world's contempt. . . . I am not a stranger to this *par nobile fratrum*. I have served under the one, and have been forty times promised to be served by the other. . . . The peer, a boaster without spirit, and a pretender to wit, without a grain of sense; in a word, a vain-glorious idler, without one single good quality of head or heart.

Junius, iii. 319. Why is that wretched creature Lord Townshend maintained in Ireland? Is it not universally known that the ignorance, presumption, and incapacity of that man, have ruined the king's affairs in Ireland? That he has in a great measure destroyed the political dependance of that country upon Great Britain? But he too is an unconnected being. . .

* Lord Townshend and his brother Charles.

The opinions of Junius, with respect to the Scotch, are so well known, that to recite them were superfluous. The author of the "Letter" regarded them with as little complacency.

Letter, p. 10, 16, 19. Is he retired . . . to his late purchase among his *faithful* friends the Scots? at least to him they have been faithful . . . The court which his lordship and you have paid to the Highlanders, has been truly of some use to both . . . Does North-Britain pour forth the eloquence of her true attack Scotch in honour of Lord George, and is she less grateful in her affection for General T. P. 15, 16. Or if there are any, Sir, even among the Scots, who are determined for good reasons not to be convinced, let them not outrage the public, &c. &c.

ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES.

MS. NOTE PREFIXED TO A "LETTER TO AN HON.
BRIGADIER-GENERAL," IN THE
BRITISH MUSEUM.

N.B.

IN the last war, Colonel Townsend being ordered by the Duke to his regiment in Minorca, he was detained by some family affairs for a month, and broke upon that account. In 1751, he published a narrative of the late campaigns in Germany and Flanders, against His Royal Highness. On the death of General Wolfe in Canada, and the wounds of General Monckton, the active command devolved on him. At Quebec, he signed the capitulation without the latter, and was much blamed for his silence in praise of Wolfe, at that time popular to the folly of enthusiastic madness. There he applauded the Scots Highlanders, and in friendship brought over M^cPherson, who went with his two grandsons; but he has no other connexion with Lord George Sackville, than their both being detached from the Duke; for the latter, in the beginning of this war, all of a sudden left the Duke, and attached himself to Mr. Pitt and the Prince of Wales's court, by whom he aspired to be at the head of the army, till he fell at Minden. Any filth serves the scandalous turn of dirty pamphleteers.

This letter is imagined to be a retaliation from some

of the Duke's friends; and he (Townsend) fancying the Earl of Albemarle had imployed the garetteer author, challenged him, in the beginning of Nov. 1760. Accordingly, with their seconds,* they met in Hyde Park, but Colonel Sloane, not then on guard, hearing of it, went to the appointment, and prevented mischief by reconciling them and ending the quarrel. Both *lers*. would disgrace any press but the English, which has neither manners nor decency left.

The following notices of this meeting appear in the journals of the day:—

Public Advertiser, Thursday, Nov. 6th, 1760. Tuesday, words having passed between a noble Lord and a general officer lately returned from America, a challenge was the consequence, and the place fixed. The former, with his second, having got to the place appointed, were put under arrest; and the others likewise secured.

London Chronicle, Nov. 6 to 8, 1760. We hear that a challenge was given by a general officer to a nobleman, likewise a general, and that they both met with their seconds in Mary-le-bone fields, on Tuesday last; but a captain on duty at St. James's hearing of it, went to the place and put them both under arrest. It is said the quarrel arose from a late publication.

The two general officers that were put under arrest on account of an intended duel have been dis-

* Lord Buckinghamshire and Col. Crawford. Qy. in Mary-le-bone-fields? See *London Chronicle*, Nov. 6 to 8, 1760.

charged, each having given his parole of honour not to proceed any farther.

Public Ledger, Nov. 6. Tuesday morning two general officers, who were going to fight a duel on account of a dispute that had happened between them the night before, were prevented from putting their design into execution, and they are now put under arrest.

The same, Nov. 7. The two general officers put under arrest have been discharged.

From the Correspondence of Horace Walpole. 1820. Vol. ii. page 202. Dated Nov. 4. 1760. An extraordinary event has happened to day; George Townshend sent a challenge to Lord Albemarle, desiring him to be with a second in the fields. Lord Albemarle took Colonel Crawford, and went to Mary-bone; George Townshend bespoke Lord Buckingham, who loves a secret too well not to tell it; he communicated it to Stanley, who went to St. James's, and acquainted Mr. Caswall, the captain on guard. The latter took a hackney-coach, drove to Mary-bone, and saw one pair; after waiting ten minutes, the others came: Townshend made an apology to Lord Albemarle for making him wait: "Oh!" said he, "men of spirit don't want apologies; come, let us begin what we came here for." At that instant, out steps Caswall from his coach, and begs their pardon, as his superior officers, but told them they were his prisoners; he desired Mr. Townshend and Lord Buckingham to return to their coach, he would carry back Lord Albemarle and Crawford in his. He did, and went to acquaint the king, who has commissioned some

of the matrons of the army to examine the affair, and make it up. All this while, I don't know what the quarrel was, but they hated one another so much on the Duke's account, that a slight word would easily make their aversions boil over.

Memoirs of the last Ten Years of George II. Vol. i. 33. George Townshend, eldest son of my Lord Townshend, a very particular young man, who, with much oddness, some humour, no knowledge, great fickleness, greater want of judgment, and with still more disposition to ridicule, had once or twice promised to make a good speaker. He was governed by his mother, the famous Lady Townshend, who having been neglected by the Duke [of Cumberland] after some overtures of civility to him, had dipped into all the excess of Scotch Jacobitism, and employed all her wit and malice, the latter of which, without any derogation to the former, had vastly the ascendant, to propagate the Duke's unpopularity. The Pelhams, who were very near as ill with her, had placed their nephew Mr. Townshend in the Duke's family, to remove him from her influence; and the Duke had softened his haughtiness as much as possible to second their views. . . . The Duke has often said since, that he was never hurt but by the ingratitude of Mr. T. and Lord Robert Sutton, whom he had made the greatest efforts to oblige.

Note.—Mr. Townshend had quitted the army at the end of the last year, had connected himself with the prince, and took all opportunities of opposing any of the Duke's measures, and ridiculing and drawing caricatures of him, and his court, which he did with

much humour. A bon-mot of his was much repeated: soon after he had quitted the army, he was met at a review on the parade by Colonel Fitzwilliam, one of the Duke's military spies, who said to him, "How came you, Mr. Townshend, to do us this honour? but I suppose you only come as a Spectator!" Mr. Townshend replied, "And why may not one come hither as a *Spectator*, Sir, as well as a *Tatler*?"

ii. 397. The partiality of the Tories to G. Townshend, who, having quitted the service during the command of the Duke of Cumberland, had again lately entered into it, and accepted a regiment, was still more remarkable.

Ibid. Vol. ii. 68. A new species of this manufacture (satiric prints) now first appeared, invented by George Townshend: they were caricaturas on cards. Note, p. 199:—Townshend had been author of the first political caricatura card, with portraits of Newcastle and Fox.

Ibid. 345. To Wolfe was associated George Townshend, whose proud and sullen and contemptuous temper, never suffered him to wait for thwarting his superiors till risen to a level with them. He saw every thing in an ill-natured and ridiculous light, a sure prevention of ever being seen himself in a great or favourable one. The haughtiness of the Duke of Cumberland, the talents or blemishes of Fox, the ardour of Wolfe, the virtue of Conway, all were alike the objects of Townshend's spleen and contradiction; but Wolfe was not a man to wave his pre-eminence from fear of caricatures. 387. Wolfe dead, and

Monckton disabled, General Townshend signed the articles. He, and his friends for him, even attempted to ravish the honour of the conquest from Wolfe. Townshend's first letter said nothing in praise of him. In one to the Speaker of the House of Commons, he went so far as indirectly to assume the glory of the last effort. 391. Lord Buckingham moved the address in the Lords, and flung in much panegyric on George Townshend; whose friends were now reduced to compose and publish in his name a letter in praise of Wolfe. 394. Pitt expatiated more largely on Townshend, who he said had gone unrequested whither the invited never came. This was far from being strictly fact. Townshend had gone unwillingly; sent even, it was believed, by Mr. Pitt, who wished to get rid of so troublesome a man.

Ibid. 361. Lord George Sackville, by his weight with Mr. Pitt, and in parliament, had insisted on going to Germany, and had gone without the king's approbation, and even without waiting on His Majesty. Lord Granby was next to Lord George in command, and so popular, that when he set out for the army, fifty-two young officers had solicited to be his aids-de-camp. Between these two lords a coolness soon ensued, and divided the army, if it can be called *division*, where almost every heart sided with Lord Granby. He was open, honest, affable, and of such unbounded good nature and generosity, that it was impossible to say which principle actuated him in the distribution of the prodigious sums that he spent and flung away. Lord George Sackville was haughty, reserved but to a few, and those chiefly Scotch; and

with no preeminence over his rival, but what his rank in command gave him, and his great talents, in which there could not be the smallest competition: and yet with those superior talents, Lord George never had the art of conciliating affection. He had thwarted Prince Ferdinand, and disgusted him in the previous campaign; and was now in the army against the Prince's inclination. The latter, with equal haughtiness, but with far more art and address, could not fail of fomenting a breach that tended so much to mortify Lord George, and to promote his own views. Lord Granby was tractable, unsuspecting, and not likely to pry into or control the amazing impositions of the German agents, which Lord George had too honestly, too indiscreetly, or too insultingly, let Prince Ferdinand see, had not escaped his observation, instead of remonstrating or withstanding such dissipation, as he should have done at home. . . . This was the state of things before the battle of Minden; but being little or not at all known in England, it was with equal surprise and indignation, that the people heard Lord Sackville, who had always stood in high estimation for courage, more covertly at first, now openly accused of cowardice, and of having thrown away the moment for completing the total destruction of the French army. Prince Ferdinand had passed this reproach on him, indirectly and artfully indeed, but when combined with the circumstances of the battle, not to be misunderstood. In the orders which he gave out the next day, he expressed concern that Lord Granby had not had the command of the cavalry on the right wing, which, if led by him, his Highness did not doubt would have given a more decisive lustre to the

day. More mysterious, yet still more pointed, was a paragraph on the same orders, requiring that for the future, his commands delivered by his aids-de-camp should be more exactly obeyed. During the battle, the Prince sent Ligonier, one of his aids-de-camp, to Lord George, with orders to bring up the cavalry; Fitzroy immediately after, for Lord George to march with only the British cavalry, and to the left. Lord George, as Fitzroy, who arrived suddenly after Ligonier, said, received the order with some confusion, and replied, "This cannot be so; would he have me break the line?" Fitzroy, young, brave, and impetuous, urged the command. Lord George desired he would not be in a hurry. "I am out of breath with galloping," said Fitzroy, "which makes me speak quick, but my orders are positive: the French are in disorder; here is a glorious opportunity for the English to distinguish themselves." Lord George still hesitated, saying it was impossible the Prince could mean to break the line. Fitzroy stuck to the Prince's orders. Lord George asked, which way the cavalry was to march, and who was to be their guide? "I," said Fitzroy, bravely. Lord George pretending the different orders puzzled him, desired to be conducted to the Prince for explanation: in the mean time dispatched Smith his favourite, with orders to lead on the British cavalry, from whence, he pleaded no delay could happen. Smith whispered Lord George, to convince him of the necessity of obeying. Lord George persisted on being carried to the Prince, who at Fitzroy's report was much astonished. Even when Lord George did march, he twice sent orders to Lord Granby to halt, who was posting on with less attention

to the rules of a march, but with more ardour for engaging. Before they arrived, the battle was gained. Lord George defended himself on the seeming contradiction of orders ; on the short space of time that was lost, at most eight minutes ; on obstructions from a wood on his march ; and on his own alertness, he having been one of the first on horseback on hearing the French cannonade. . . . That the whole affair turned on a very few minutes is certain. Whether, if employed, they would have been of great consequence, cannot now be determined. Enough was evident to prove that Lord George, at best, was too critically and minutely cool in such a moment of importance. Indeed, more was proved. Previous to the arrival of Ligonier, he had lost time in affecting not to understand a message delivered to him by a German aide-de-camp. Colonel Sloper, too (who had been obliged to him), remarking his confusion, said to Ligonier, " For God's sake, repeat your orders to that man, that he may not pretend not to understand them—but you see the condition he is in ! " Had Lord George's courage been less problematic, one might suspect that his hatred to Prince Ferdinand had made him willing, by an affected delay, to balk the Prince of his glory ; but some late occasions had already discovered that he was no hero. The late Duke of Marlborough had remarked it on their joint expedition to the coast of France ; and the little spirit he had shown in Ireland, under the most grievous abuse, was now recollected. . . . His real constitution, I believe, was this : he had a high and bold spirit, till danger came extraordinarily near. Then his judgment was fascinated ; yet even then he seems not to have lost a certain pre-

sence of mind. His quickness in distinguishing a trifling contradiction in a message delivered by two boys, in not precisely the same terms, shewed that all his senses were not lost: but if that dexterity served his fears, it cut up his fortune by the roots, annihilated his character, and gratified the utmost spleen and vengeance of his enemy. I question if a fuller victory had been more acceptable to Prince Ferdinand.

Ibid. 430. Lord George's own behaviour was most extraordinary. He had undoubtedly trusted to the superiority of his parts to extricate him. Most men in his situation would have adapted such parts to the conciliating the favour of his judges, to drawing the witnesses into contradictions, to misleading and bewildering the court, and to throwing the most specious colours on his own conduct, without offending the parties declared against him. Very different was the conduct of Lord George. From the outset, and during the whole process, he assumed a dictatorial style to the court, and treated the inferiority of their capacities as he would have done had he been sitting amongst them. He browbeat the witnesses, gave the lie to Sloper, and used the Judge-advocate, although a very clever man, with contempt. Nothing was timid, nothing humble in his behaviour. His replies were quick and spirited. He prescribed to the court, and they acquiesced. An instant of such resolution at Minden had established his character for ever.

From the Correspondence of the Earl of Chatham.
Vol. iii. p. 302. *Junius to the Earl of Chatham.*

MY LORD,

London, Jan. 2, 1768.

IF I were to give way to the sentiments of respect and veneration which I have always entertained for your character, or to the warmth of my attachment to your person, I should write a longer letter than your Lordship would have time or inclination to read. But the information which I am going to lay before you will, I hope, make a short one not unworthy your attention. I have an opportunity of knowing something, and you may rely on my veracity.

During your absence from administration, it is well known that not one of the ministers has either adhered to you with firmness, or supported with any degree of steadiness, those principles on which you engaged in the King's service. From being their idol at first, their veneration for you has gradually diminished, until at last they have absolutely set you at defiance.

The Chancellor, on whom you had particular reasons to rely, has played a sort of fast and loose game, and spoken of your Lordship with submission or indifference, according to the reports he heard of your health; nor has he altered his language until he found you were really returning to town.

Many circumstances must have made it impossible for you to depend much upon Lord Shelburne or his friends; besides that, from his youth and want of knowledge, he was hardly of weight, by himself, to maintain any character in the Cabinet. The best of

him is, perhaps, that he has not acted with greater insincerity to your Lordship than to former connections.

Lord Northington's conduct and character need no observation. A singularity of manners, added to a perpetual affectation of discontent, has given him an excuse for declining all share in the support of government, and at last conducted him to his great object, a very high title, considering the species of his merit, and an opulent retreat. Your Lordship is best able to judge of what may be expected from this nobleman's gratitude.

Mr. Conway, as your Lordship knows by experience, is every thing to every body, as long as by such conduct he can maintain his ground. We have seen him, in one day, the humble prostrate admirer of Lord Chatham; the dearest friend of Rockingham and Richmond; fully sensible of the weight of the Duke of Bedford's party; no irreconcilable enemy to Lord Bute; and, at the same time, very ready to acknowledge Mr. Grenville's merit as a financier. Lord Hertford is a little more explicit than his brother, and has taken every opportunity of treating your Lordship's name with indignity.

But these are facts of little moment. The most considerable remains. It is understood by the public, that the plan of introducing the Duke of Bedford's friends entirely belongs to the Duke of Grafton, with the secret concurrence, perhaps, of Lord Bute, but certainly without your Lordship's consent, if not absolutely against your advice. It is also understood, that if you should exert your influence with the King to overturn this plan, the Duke of Grafton will be

strong enough, with his new friends, to defeat any attempt of that kind ; or if he should not, your Lordship will easily judge to what quarter his Grace will apply for assistance.

My Lord, the man who presumes to give your Lordship these hints, admires your character without servility, and is convinced that, if this country can be saved, it must be saved by Lord Chatham's spirit, by Lord Chatham's abilities.

Ibid. iv. p. 190. *Junius to the Earl of Chatham.*

This letter was forwarded to Lord Chatham with proof sheets of the Letters addressed to Lord Chief Justice Mansfield and Lord Camden. They were published on the 21st of January [1772], and were the last efforts of this celebrated writer under the signature of Junius.

(*Most secret.*)

MY LORD, London, 14th Jan. 1772.

CONFIDING implicitly in your Lordship's honour, I take the liberty of submitting to you the enclosed paper, before it be given to the public. It is to appear on the morning of the meeting of Parliament. Lord Mansfield flatters himself, that I have dropped all thoughts of attacking him, and I would give him as little time as possible to concert his measures with the ministry. The address to Lord Camden will be accounted for, when I say, that the nation in general are not quite so secure of *his* firmness as they are of Lord Chatham's.

I am so clearly satisfied that Lord Mansfield has done an act not warranted by law, and that the enclosed argument is not to be answered (besides that I

find the lawyers concur with me), that I am inclined to expect he may himself acknowledge it as an oversight, and endeavour to whittle it away to nothing. For this possible event, I would wish your Lordship and the Duke of Richmond to be prepared to take down his words, and thereupon to move for committing him to the Tower. I hope that proper steps will also be taken in the House of Commons. If he makes no confession of his guilt, but attempts to defend himself by any legal argument, I then submit it to your Lordship, whether it might not be proper to put the following questions to the Judges. In fact, they answer themselves; but it will embarrass the Ministry, and ruin the character which Mansfield pretends to, if the House should put a direct negative upon the motion.

1st. "Whether, according to the true meaning and intendment of the laws of England, relative to bail for criminal offences, a person positively charged with felony,—taken in *flagranti delicto*,—with the *main-œuvre*, and not making any defence, nor offering any evidence to induce a doubt whether he be guilty or innocent,—is *bailable*, or *not bailable*?"

2nd. "Whether the power, exercised by the judges of the Court of King's Bench, of bailing for offences, not bailable by a justice of peace, be an absolute power, of mere will and pleasure in the judge,—or a discretionary power, regulated and governed, in the application of it, by the true meaning and intendment of the law relative to bail?"

Lord Mansfield's constant endeavour to misinterpret the laws of England is a sufficient general ground of impeachment. The specific instances may be taken from his doctrine concerning libels,—the

Grosvenor cause;—his pleading Mr. De Grey's defence upon the bench, when he said, *idem fecerunt alii, et multi et boni*;—his suffering an affidavit to be read, in *the King against Blair*, tending to inflame the court against the defendant when he was brought up to receive sentence;—his direction to the jury in the cause of Ansell, by which he admitted parol evidence against a written agreement, and in consequence of which the Court of Common Pleas granted a new trial; and lastly, his partial and wicked motives for bailing Eyre. There are some material circumstances relating to this last, which I thought it right to reserve for your Lordship alone.

It will appear by the evidence of the gaoler and the City Solicitor's clerk, that Lord Mansfield refused to hear the return read, and at first ordered Eyre to be bound only in 200*l.* with two sureties, until his clerk, Mr. Platt, proposed 300*l.* with three sureties. Mr. King, clerk to the City Solicitor, was never asked for his consent, nor did he ever give any. From these facts I conclude, either that he bailed without knowing the cause of commitment, or, which is highly probable, that he knew it extrajudicially from the Scotchmen, and was ashamed to have the return read.

I will not presume to trouble your Lordship with any assurances, however sincere, of my respect and esteem for your character, and admiration of your abilities. Retired and unknown, I live in the shade, and have only a speculative ambition. In the warmth of my imagination, I sometimes conceive, that, when Junius exerts his utmost faculties in the service of his country, he approaches in theory to that exalted character which Lord Chatham alone fills up, and uniformly supports in action.

JUNIUS.

EXTRACTS FROM THE SPEECHES OF
SIR PHILIP FRANCIS.

“THE relation in which I stand to my hon. friend gives him every claim over me that belongs to authority and justifies submission. It is that of a being that is instructed, to the being that instructs him.” *Speech in the House of Commons*, 7th March, 1786. . . . “If thro’ the disorder and embarrassment with which I may speak, he can discover and collect the force and meaning of what I would express.” *Ibid.* p. 7.

“If a name so inconsiderable as mine *should have any chance of surviving me*, IT CAN ONLY BE under the auspices of those eminent persons to whom I have alluded, in conjunction with their character and in attendance on their fame.” *Speech in the House of Commons*, April 5, 1805.

“One of the great men of that period, I mean Mr. Grenville, whose principles, I imagine, will not be quite discarded or discountenanced, as long as his name shall be preserved, would hear of no qualification, much less of a limitation to the right of taxation in this legislature over every colony and dependance of the empire. *My opinion certainly has never gone that length.** I think that his powerful logic led him

* Junius says, “When Lord Chatham affirms, that the authority of the British Legislature is not *supreme over the colonies*, in the same sense in which it is *supreme over Great Britain*, I listen to [him] with diffidence and respect, ut without the smallest degree of conviction or assent.” ii. 350.

to an *indefensible* as well as *dangerous result in practice.*" *Speech*, 28th May, 1806, *on the exemption of Foreign property in the funds from the duty on income*, p. 14, 15.

"I wish I could remember and repeat the eloquent language with which this opinion, or the conclusion I would draw from it was urged and enforced a few days ago by my honourable friend [Mr. Whitbread] who closed the impeachment of Lord Melville." *Ib.*

Speeches on the War against the Mahrattas.
London, 1805, p. 2.

"Habits of disobedience are very catching.

"The fable says, the fierce rebellious lamb would never suffer the mild, gentle, moderate wolf to be quiet: if it was not you, it was your father." *Ibid.* p. 4.

"All I contend for in the first instance is, that a British governor, who commences a war in India, is, *prima facie*, doing that which the law prohibits. . . . and that until he has justified his conduct, the presumptions are against him." *Ibid.* p. 2. Either partial to the composition of, or the argument in, this sentence, Sir Philip Francis repeated it almost *verbatim*, in the speech of May 3rd, p. 14. "*Prima facie*, a British governor who makes war for the acquisition of territory, offends against the law, and is bound to justify himself on the case before he can be acquitted."

"It looks as if India and its government had swelled to a size too big for the capacity, or too intricate and perplexed for the comprehension, of the House of Commons." *Ib.* p. 20.

"If *my* voice could contribute to his [Lord Cornwallis's] honour, he should have it without reserve, for the spirit that prompts him to undertake such a task, as I know it to be, and at such a time." *Ibid.* p. 19.

"A territory so circumstanced, if not well governed, that is, with a watchful eye, and with a strict attention to the conduct of those who are deputed to govern it, will assuredly be ill governed." *Ib.* p. 21.

"The mischiefs that are suffered to grow and prevail in India will not stop there: they will be felt here; they are felt already." *Ib.* p. 21.

"But least of all, where the distance of itself keeps the disorder out of sight." *Ib.* p. 21.

"Prevention is never thought of, nor remedy neither, but in the last extremity; and, when your orders arrive, the crisis is over." *Ib.* p. 21.

"As long as the House of Commons proposes to retain its jurisdiction over India, it cannot be improper, nor in me, I hope, quite useless to endeavour to recall the attention of the House to the object of that jurisdiction; and to the duties that belong to it." *Ib.* p. 22.

"A large portion of these papers relates to military operations, to marches, sieges and battles, with which I have no concern, and shall not meddle." *Ib.* p. 25.

"You must see how it began, how it advanced, what root it holds by." *Ib.* p. 26.

"Sooner or later the truth escapes, and, in that form, is *instant death to the digested evidence.*" *Ib.* p. 35.

"As I date and *originate* the war that followed

from the attempt to carry this project into execution.”
P.—

“ It is natural enough for a commanding officer to resort, in the first instance, to the instrument that cuts best.” *Ib.* p. 81.

“ Except the fall of the House of Bourbon, completed by the murder of the last and, as I believe, the most innocent of its princes.” *Ib.* p. 85.*

“ As far as I can judge from his voluminous writings and incessant occupations, he [Lord Wellesley] appears to me to be a person of no inconsiderable ability, of uncommon industry, and everlasting activity. They who read his correspondence will be at a loss to conceive how the pen could be ever out of his hand, or when he could allow himself a day’s relaxation, or a night’s rest.” *Ib.* p. 86.

“ Their commercial eye was open, but their political eye was shut.” *Ib.* p. 26.

“ These were his words, [Lord Melville’s] I heard them ; but in stating them now, I do not trust merely to memory ; as soon as they were spoken, they were written ; as soon as they were written, they were printed and published.” *Ib.* p. 41.

“ I believe it will appear that a more ruinous and

* Junius approved of the execution of Charles I. calling it “ one glorious act of substantial justice.”—ii. 216.

“ Oliver Cromwell had the merit of conducting Charles I. to the block.—i. 496.”

“ Charles II. should have died upon the same scaffold.” i. 482.

unfortunate lesson could not have been given to the people, who endeavoured to learn it." *Ib.* p. 47.

"What consequence could he expect from it but to be *crushed* between them? . . . But were it otherwise, I ask the House whether these remote probabilities are to be admitted as a solid justification for invading their country, for taking an active part in their quarrels, and finally, for *crushing* them all under the same weight." *Ib.* p. 51.

*Speech against the Exemption of Foreign
Property, &c. p. 2.*

"Then, indeed, I found myself between the hammer and the anvil; but that malleation has only served to harden me in my opinion.

"All I desire of him, [Mr. Fox?] and I am sure he is too liberal to do otherwise, is, to answer me as he understands me, and not to avail himself of any lapse of expression in my hasty way of speaking, as long as he knows what I mean." *Ib.*

In Reflections on the Abundance of Paper in Circulation, &c. by Sir Philip Francis, second edition, p. 46, the following words are in Italics:—"Such authors of such ruin, take away all dignity from distress, and make calamity ridiculous."

The sentence is also used by Junius as an acknowledged citation, thus:

"I cannot express my opinion of the present ministry more exactly than in the words of Sir R.

Steele,* ' that we are governed by a set of drivellers, whose folly takes away all dignity from distress, and makes even calamity ridiculous.'” i. 550.

Sir Philip Francis, probably quoting from recollection of the words in Junius, omits the former part of the sentence, and the word *even* in the latter clause, and uses the verbs in the plural number.

* In a pamphlet upon the South Sea Incorporation, &c.—*Editor of Woodfall's Junius.*

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