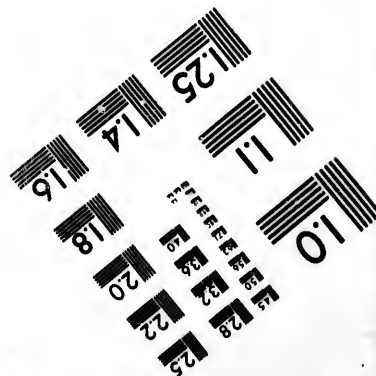
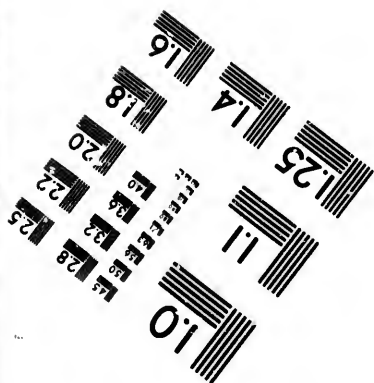
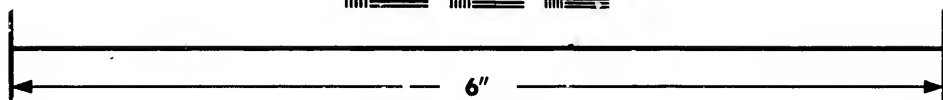
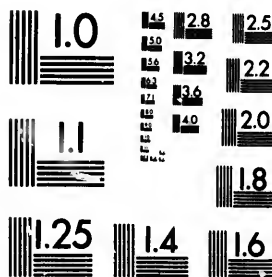


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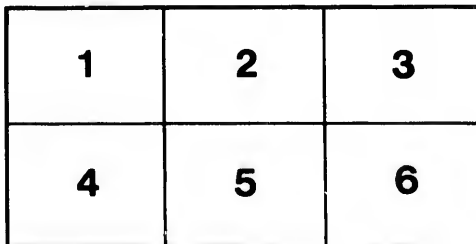
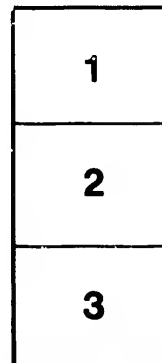
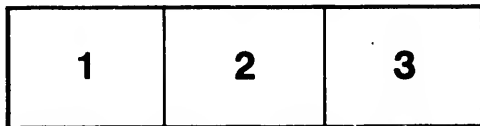
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THE
PEOPLE'S ANSWER

TO THE
COURT PAMPHLET.

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

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THE
PEOPLE'S ANSWER

TO THE
COURT PAMPHLET:

ENTITLED
A SHORT REVIEW
OF THE
POLITICAL STATE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Quid prius dicam solitis Parentis
Laudibus? -----

Printed for J. DEBRETT, opposite Burlington-house
Piccadilly.

MDCCLXXXVII.

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THE
PEOPLE'S ANSWER
TO THE
COURT PAMPHLET.

WHEN a new face, a new carriage, a new play, a new poem, a new novel, or even a new pamphlet appears; if the stile of the features, the pannels, the plot, the verification, the story, or the politics,

B

bc

be really *new*; a thousand busy inquiries are instantly on foot, to analyse and to criticise its merits. But so few are the classics of the Court, in modern times, so completely Bæotian are the talents that St. James's can boast, that even a Charade from one of the *King's Friends* would excite more admiration than half a dozen Probationary Odes from Opposition. The circle at the Levee, like the orbit of the *Georgium Sidus*, is so distant from the Sun of Wit, as scarcely to admit its feeblest light, with difficulty partake its least animating ardour.

To this confirmed desperation of all *Courtly Genius* may in part be ascribed the eclat with which a Pamphlet, published a few days ago, has been received by the dull desponding train of an unlettered Court. This *Review of Politics*, which,

“ as

“ as a stranger, has been welcomed like a
 “ stranger,” may be considered as a sort
 of handy manual for the Levee; a kind of
Almanac Royal, or Court Calendar for the
 new year, lightly touching on the topicks
 most in vogue, and sketching out handy
 sentences for the Lords of the Bedcham-
 ber to retail, or the Maids of Honour to
 scribble on their fans. It has accordingly
 been as much talked of, if not more, than
 any other of the fashionable novelties of
 the hour. It has been mentioned oftener
 than the newest *vis-d-vis*, or the prettiest
 dress at the Birth Day. The Pages learn
 to spell in it—The Gentlemen Pensioners
 and the Beef-eaters, get it read to them,
 in the Guard Chamber—The Chaplains
 in ordinary copy its stile in their sermons
 —The Laureat is to verify it—The
 Household Apothecaries to quote it—and
 Mrs. *Jane Moore* carefully to deposit it,

where the wildest truants, from Courtly Literature, must on certain occasions be necessarily tempted to a cursory discussion of it. In a word, an *arrêt* has issued from the Runners of the Court to have *The Review* as generally read, as the Forms of Prayer were for subduing America, or the Thanksgiving, for the Triumph of Providence over Margaret Nicholson.

It is curious to investigate the motives for thus generally circulating the little Pamphlet in question; and, as a good many, who still think for themselves, are not convinced either of the truth of its assertions, or the justness of its reflections, it is but fair to offer their remarks upon both, and in a plain brief way to put in, *The People's Answer to the Court Pamphlet.*

In

In order, then, to give clearness to the comment, it may be as well to prefix a sketch of the text; or, in other words, to form a sort of outline and abstract of the work itself, preliminary to the few observations that are to be made on it.

THE REVIEW (which, by the way, even in its Title, pleasantly recalls the safe engagements, and pacific victories of Wimbledon and Blackheath) is principally taken up, in discussing the characters of Eight very extraordinary Personages—Seven of the Drama living—but one dead—a lot, which as *The Review* sagaciously and deeply observes, “NO TALENTS CAN EXEMPT US FROM.”

The order of the Literary Review is as follows:—First, (“as on every principle of duty, it was natural to begin”) no less

less a personage than the Sovereign himself—Next (as on every view of policy it was wise to proceed) the Prince—Thirdly, Mr. Pitt, by way of Companion to the first—Fourthly, Mr. Fox, in equal aid of the second—Fifthly, Lord North, with, Sixthly, THE BODY (I mean the late King of Prussia)—a fallen Minister and a dead King forming a most disinterested Coalition—Seventhly, Lord Rodney, bearing the St. Eustatia treasure; and, last, in close connection with his Lordship, the virtuous, the amiable Mr. Hastings, displaying the Turban that Cheit Sing had humbly prostrated at his feet.—What a banquet for Critical taste! not indeed a numerous bill of fare—but surely a collection of the rarest and most variegated Dainties.—Lord Caermarthen's intended dinner could have scarcely exhibited a more motley assemblage in its guests; nor is it often that a Speech of
 Lord

Lord Abingdon's contains so incongruous a meeting, in jarring tropes and contradictory metaphors.

But to pursue our subject. In the discussion of these eight Characters, the grand presiding principle is flattery to his Majesty—not a coarse unwieldy Flattery, like a Flemish painter with a daubing brush, glaring colours, and a gaudy varnish—but a graceful, reserved adulation, of the Italian school; so artfully disposing the lights, so skillfully blending the shades, as to irradiate or obscure, to decorate or disgrace, the portrait, that Fancy or Aversion admires or disapproves.

Two artifices of composition peculiarly characterize the style,—mimick praise, and fictitious censure—the former serves as a convenient skreen for cautious malice—
the

the latter, as a useful veil for discreet adulation. Thus (it being no inconsiderable object in a Court Pamphlet, to traduce even Ministers to a degree that may remind them to whom they are to look up) just enough of half objections to Mr. Pitt's character are interspersed, to give relief to the mass of commendation. Not a word escapes of serious censure; not a syllable, from this impartial writer, of that memorable breach of positive and solemn declaration, "neither directly nor indirectly to sanction or support the apprehended dissolution of Parliament"—not a syllable of the boasted contempt of Mr. Jenkinson's influence, established as it is by Lord Hawkebury's Talaces and Peerage—not a syllable of repeated failures and augmented vanity—of Taxes, abandoned, yet defended—of Irish Propositions, or of English Fortifications.—Safer are the re-
 3 approaches

proaches, and milder the invective, which the Courtly Pamphlet levels against the Minister of the day. In this impartial Portraiture, Mr. Pitt is merely drawn as an “*awkward, ungraceful, cold, and “stately”*” * Gentleman! Epithets, which, though heavy impeachments of his Dancing-master’s abilities, are not very likely to irretrievably prejudice a Minister in the public opinion. Mr. Pitt is accused too, with rather some inconsistency, considering his “*Atlantean shoulders,†*” of *insensibility to the attractions of women.‡* An apathy, which, however, the ladies may have completely retaliated on this cold contemner of their charms, is, so far from prejudicial to a great public Character, that, in fact, it is the ut-

* Review, page 28.

† Id.

‡ Review, page 24.

most possible advantage to obtain it, particularly in the Finance Line; in as much as it secures a calm, dispassionate deliberation for the important occupations of the Treasury; where indeed a sort of *natural Abelard* is at all times the aptest character to preside; but more especially at a period, when not only the *puny** Lords, but even both the Secretaries of that department are known, either in the Gallant or the Uxorious character, to waste no inconsiderable portion of their hours in all those gentle avocations, which blend raptures with reports, and estimates with *billet doux*; to the great annoyance of all sober calculation, and the no small discomposure of a truly temperate arithmetick.

To this ingenious duplicity, which flatters under the masque of Satire, the stile of

* *Alii legunt Puisse.*

the *Court Pamphlet* combines as curious an hypocrisy of a contrary kind; in panegyric that asperges, and applause that operates as traduction. Thus Mr. Fox is celebrated for "placability and a forgiving disposition," so placable, as strangely to forget his past enmity to Lord North; so forgiving, as unaccountably to coalesce with those he formerly opposed.—The disposition and the temper of benevolence are in theory applauded; in speculation most noble: to bring them into action, and give reality to idea, is a practice wholly to be condemned. Mr. Fox's "boldness too, " and his decision," are generously admitted—boldness, however, that was "encroachment on the Honour of the Crown;" decision, "that proved temerity " in the India Bill."—Thus the virtues, that could not be disputed, and, which, of all others, are the best qualifications for a

British Minister, are insidiously applauded, merely to usher in their condemnation by a fordid return to popular error, and a low submission to exploded prejudice.

With equal *impartiality*, with equal *candour*, is the portrait of Lord North exhibited—After a picture most justly, most accurately, most faithfully delineated, of the disposition, the feelings, the heart of that Minister; after admitting every beneficent, every humane, every amiable virtue; it would seem unaccountable inconsistency, (unless indeed there were an ample motive for the paradox); to ascribe to that very mind, so formed and so tempered, the origin of a war, which, whoever has common rationality, or reflection, *must know*; did *not* originate with the “humane, the “beneficent” Lord North. With whom that war *did* originate; for what purposes it was

was undertaken; with what views inflexibly maintained; is a research for Posterity to establish.—With whomsoever it *did* originate, qualities and dispositions of indeed a very different description must uniformly have prevailed. Dark, vindictive, unrelenting Cruelty; cold, fullen, untractable perverseness; a systematic hatred of Liberty; a heavy ignorance of our Laws; a malignant perversion of our Constitution. That a mistaken sense of personal Honour, so long retained Lord North in the faithful, but ignoble situation of an instrument of State, was a conduct not all the “boasted “Bounty of a Court;*” could possibly repay; that the moment Lord North both thought, and acted from his own honest Principles, he should be proscribed that Drawing Room, where he

* Review, page 39.

so long had served, is at once a lesson to misplaced attachment, and a monument of Regal Gratitude.

I do not follow the precise order which *The Review* has marshalled out for examining the various Characters it delineates. There is one part of it, to which I reserve my last observations. Were I to indulge the feelings which are excited in every generous mind, by the shameful attack on the Prince of Wales, how were it possible to turn to the lighter parts of this work, with the sort of temper they are properly entitled to?

There is something so uncommonly pleasant, though puzzling, in the quadruple parallels of Themistocles and Phocion, of Scipio and Camillus, to Lord Rodney and Mr. Hastings, that it wonderfully relieves
the

the imagination, and refreshes the fancy, in the midst of more serious thoughts, to develop the resemblances of such extraordinary comparisons, and to calculate to which of the modern Heroes, the respective virtues of the ancient are to be appropriated; or whether indeed the total merits of the antique models are not to go in the aggregate to each of the living Examples.

Before, however, I become the modern Plutarch between Greeks, Romans, and Englishmen, I beg leave to protest against any serious junction of Lord Rodney's and Mr. Hastings's characters. However I may object to parts of the former's conduct, I hold him as much above the latter, as practical bravery is superior to speculative rashness. The one drew his sword, to support the public cause—the other merely his pen, to satiate his private enmities. Such an Admiral

ral in his Hammock, and such a Governor in his Palanquin, are as widely dissimilar as the sea and land; and surely the least partial devotee of Rodney would spurn at the comparison.

But let us turn to antiquity. “Themistocles, the Admiral of Athens, was said to have a sword, but no heart*”—so far the *Grecian* story might seem exclusively a naval precedent—But, says the same Plutarch, “Three beautiful Captives, allied to the royal blood, were seized by Themistocles himself, and sacrificed, in their splendid Vests of Gold, to Bacchus, the Devourer.” An example not less illustrated by the plunder of female dignity, and the pillage of princely victims, in Oude.

* Plutarch.

† Id.

Of Phocion it is recorded, that “ Alex-
 “ ander having assigned him a present of a
 “ hundred Talents, that excellent Greek
 “ rejected the munificent largesse with a
 “ modest, but firm equanimity,” giving
 (says the historian) an illustrious example,
 “ how rich that man is, who, by contracting
 “ his mind, has no occasion for more.”
 How difficult, how arduous to ascertain,
 who most is entitled to such a parallel; the
 great Oriental acceptor of prohibited presents,
 or the bold instigator of unlicensed pillage!

But what increases the dilemma, is the
 character and the conduct of the *Wife* of
 Phocion. — “ A matron,” says Plutarch,
 “ of no less reputation among the Athenians
 “ for virtue and good housewifery, than
 “ Phocion was for probity—Attir’d in a
 “ modest and simple habit,” says the
 Historian, “ did this plain lady reprove a

* Id.

D

“ strange

“ strange dame of Ionia, who displayed her
 “ golden embroidery, her jewels, her brace-
 “ lets, and her necklaces,” — “ For my
 “ part, Madam,” said the modest matron,
 “ all *my* ornament is my good man Pho-
 “ cion!”—A sentiment so equally conform-
 able to each of the adduced parallels of
 either sex, as really to leave the mind in
 complete suspense, on whom the similitude
 can most justly be bestowed.

“ Non nostrum est tantas componere lites:

“ Et vitulâ tu dignus & hic.”——

But now as to the third comparifon.—

“ When the ancient city of Veii was stormed,
 “ and the foldiers were bufied in pillaging,
 “ and gathering riches and spoils, Camillus
 “ from a lofty tower, beheld it and wept*.”
 —How applicable to the mild conqueror of

* Plutarch's life of Camillus.

Benares!

Benares! yet how equally a parallel to the humanity of the Eustatia triumph! But Camillus, it seems, defrauded his soldiers of a portion of their spoils—† Say, ye Eastern armies; say, ye Western fleets, which of your conductors has best sustained his classick model?—

It is fortunate however that, in the last similitude, a distinct Scipio may fairly be allotted to both the competitors. The honours of *Asiaticus* can scarcely be disputed—The name, the conduct, and the fortune, are equally appropriated; for Asiaticus was not only impeached, but condemned by the state †, for embezzling four million of sesterces ‡, received in Asia on the publick account. — *Africanus*, however, deserved

† Id.

‡ Livy.

§ Review.

and gained a better fate. By the advice of Cato, it was moved in the Senate, that he should give an account of the spoils he had taken in the war with Antiochus—he could not, however, be formally arraigned or absolved, because *his papers, “the essential vouchers, were destroyed”*—But the battle of Zama was his defence, and a grateful people accepted the plea.—

I fear I have wandered too widely on the fertile eminences of classick heroism; I descend with humbled thoughts,

“ To the subjected plain—

“ With dreadful faces throng’d, and fiery arms.”

I will not wound the high feeling of Lord Rodney’s mind, by one serious refutation of a comparison between *his* brave and manly character, however tinged or discoloured by a transient cloud of Avarice; and
that

that of a *Civil* Commander, whose whole administration is at this moment deliberately and solemnly charged with Peculation, with Oppression, with Violation of Treaty; with the dethroning of Sovereigns, the desolation of Provinces, and the extirpation of Nations. — God forbid, that a Culprit arraigned for so black a mass of enormous offence, should for a moment be prejudged! — It is true he is charged with those delinquencies by a man of undisputed knowledge, and unsuspected integrity. — Of one of the most malignant of those delinquencies he is already judged to be apparently guilty. — May the justice, but the merciful justice, of his Country revolve the various series of his actions, with a deep and conscientious attention to the character, and the honour of the English name; but with a mild and lenient recollection of the weakness and frailty of human nature. Such be the ultimate decision

decision on Mr. Hastings. — But let not his name, at *this* moment, be blended with Lord Rodney's! — If even the unworthy have been *illegally* deprived of their ill-got wealth, let the whole be scrupulously restored. — But let National Gratitude give ease, give opulence, to their brave officer, and recompence to his gallant companions—What the spirit of Ireland bestowed on the Champion of her Constitution, let the justice of England render to the protector of her Sovereignty—And, if the plodding penury of one narrow mind start at the profusion, let his Grace of Richmond be told, it was not the *Expence* of his ridiculous whims that revolted against the judgement of a British House of Commons. The very men who most opposed that silly extravagance, would stand foremost in a liberal vote for the support and the honour of our Navy.

Amid

Amid the exercise of personal reflection, the little manual of St. James's intersperses a few elementary attempts at poetical and political Criticism.—The Beauties of the Rolliad, and the Graces of the Commercial Treaty, are introduced as a sort of *entremets* in the pleasant banquet that regales the nice taste and fastidious appetites of its Courtly Guests. The great substantial dishes require a judicious mixture of lighter dainties: and especially, after a hot *Curry*, the pretty trifling of the second course, and the cracking a few literary walnuts and edifying cherries, in quest of interleaved mottoes; or the sipping a little of Mr. Eden's frothed cream; are delicate relaxations from the fatigues of venison: while the two Secretaries of State are just collaterally mentioned, like the cold things on the side table—and the Chancellor and Lord Hawkesbury reserved as a
 Devil'd

Devil'd Gizzard, and a dried Herring, by way of *bonne bouche*, before the desert.

It is no very auspicious preface of political judgement, to betray a shallowness of Critical Taste.—The Review is profuse of general applause on *Rolliads* and *Odes*. But then, what significant apprehensions, that all their best points must sink into obscurity, as rapidly as the personalities of the *Dunciad*: or, in other words, that General Political Satire is just as perishable, as temporary Attack on obscure Scribblers and Booksellers, who were scarcely known in their day.

Thus weak on Literature, let us try the Reviewer on serious, sober business: the Commercial Treaty. First, “It is pregnant, (he safely observes) with unknown benefits, or—injuries.” “It’s a complete
“ Revolution

" Revolution ; but—only an experiment.*"
 " It departs from all the policy of past
 " ages; it is complicate, intricate; yet *must*
 " be regarded with predilection*." But
 above all, he adds, " The People of Eng-
 " land will act as ignorant, credulous
 " dupes, unless they *accept* the *present*
 " Treaty ; because it bears an intimate
 " resemblance to the *former*, which they
 " rejected." And then " It's so mild an
 " interchange," * " and so reciprocal," *
 " and so unlike" " those illiberal, *devastating*
 " wars." *

" With many holiday and lady terms,
 " Talking so like a waiting gentlewoman,
 " Of drums and guns and wounds—God save the
 " mark,—
 " And that 'twas great pity, so it was,
 " That villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
 " Out of the bowels of the harmless earth—
 " And all that bald, unjointed chat."

* Review,

E

—For

—For pity's sake, to what are we to attribute this excessive flimsiness, even to drivelling, in our Courtly Reviewer; and on a subject too, where a sudden and unprecedented attempt to sacrifice all the high views and principles, that for ages have dignified and exalted our national character, already appears to have awakened and alarmed the feelings of every liberal and disinterested character in the kingdom.

“ Dissidentes conditionibus

“ Fœdis & exemplo trahenti

“ Perniciem, veniens in avum.”

—But possibly the Reviewer has thought it unfair to Mr. Rose to anticipate that true sort of lumping, bulky, cumbersome, Commercial Pamphlet, which the unpresuming Secretary is preparing on the French Treaty, as a companion to his Defence of the Irish Propositions. — What a happy prospect of ample atonement for this
first

first frivolous Defence of the Treaty by the Reviewer! We now can look forward to a real, substantial, solid, unwieldy Tract; stuffed with all the erudition of an Exciseman; and interlarded with Dictionary science, and garbled Reports; where the grand subjects too are arranged, like the various strata of the earth!

On the external crust, animal and vegetable documents;

W O O L.

C O T T O N.

H O P S.

F L A X.

H E M P!

In the intermediate regions, less superficial and more solid matter;

F U L L E R ' S E A R T H!

C O A L!

E 2

In

In the still inferior, with due respect to gravitation, the heavier masses of mineral and metallick information ;

C O P P E R

I R O N

B R A S S !

It would indeed have proved a most irksome task to a polite writer, to encroach on a toil so properly allotted to patient dullness ; —for how few are there who have the mechanick industry to turn out, like the Scotch Pedlars of Commercial Composition, with their pack of petty assortments ; their Sheffield scissars, and their Birmingham buttons ? Every leaf of these motley compositions displays an epitome of all the tricks of invitation, that are practised by the trades they discuss ; some of them intoxicating the eye, like Vintners' windows, with BRANDY ! RUM ! and BRITISH SPIRIT ! in capitals—

capitals—while others denote their beaten track, and towns of baiting; like the lettered pannels of a stage coach, in characters of a most extensive and convincing size; as,

HULL,	BOCKING,
LEEDS,	BRAINTREE,
WAKEFIELD, ^{or}	DUNMOW,
YORK,	COLCHESTER, &c.

It has been well said, that, on such topicks, A Warehouse is more useful than a Library, and a Clothier a better authority than a Claffick.—Leaving therefore the filly and the stupid equally to oblivion; let us turn to loftier or to gentler themes; the combined laurels of the immortal Frederick, or the milder olive of a domestick Sovereign.

Incomparable in the selection of ancient parallels

parallels, with what equal perspicuity has the pleasant writer of the Court Review connected two mighty Monarchs, of modern date, in one little Pamphlet! With an excursive flattery, that bounds from the rampart of Potsdam to the Castle Ditch at Windsor; with a digressive fervility that at one moment, mopes over the State Tomb at Berlin; the next, wears the tutelary Gods of Britain with Tory Thanksgivings?— what talents, what taste, what feelings must he possess, to render such ingenious homage, both to dead and living Royalty! —How gracefully does he strew the Prussian Grave with deathless flowers! “ Splendour of talents” *—“ Every sublime endowment of the human mind” †—“ graced with both Minervas,” ‡ “ with unexampled display of military prowess, and civil

* Review, p. 50.

† Page 51.

‡ Page 53.

“ wisdom,” § “ he secured, he *extended* his
 “ dominions,” || “ the protector of van-
 “ quished enemies.” “ Clement and for-
 “ giving even to injuries most wounding.”
 “ Courted and admired throughout Europe
 “ by its Princes.”

Such are the pure sources of no casual popularity.—The fame of *Frederick* is not fabricated on the rotten foundation of the faults or follies of others.—Childless as Charles the 2d, or William the 3d*, the King of Prussia was not protected by the name of father, or of husband †.—*He* did not, even after repeated defeats, and in the midst of a disastrous war, when his armies were slaughtered, and his subjects' lands laid waste by the enemy; *he* did not fly from

§ Review, p. 5.

|| Id. p. 6.

* Review.

† Id.

perils, (somewhat greater than a mob of boys could menace,) like the good uxurious Priam, to the protecting arms of Hecuba; and her diffusive offspring.—Still less did this incautious Hero plant batteries in his park, or surround his Palace with a triple camp.

Let us pause, before we touch on the succeeding portion of this Royal comparison—let us pause, to indulge some honest warmth, against the weakness, the wickedness, the criminal ineptitude, of that mean and miserable band; who, falsely denominated the *Friends of Majesty*, and who, measuring the Royal feelings, by the miserable medium of their own, have presumed to instigate the friends of Mr. Hastings, to a mixture of the names and characters of the first in rank and virtue, with the disreputable subject of India politics, and the fallen cause of a rash, presumptuous man.

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To what, but this mixture of the foolish Runners, and dependants on Mr. Hastings, can we attribute the whole of a composition, the direct object of which is evidently to lower *every* name to the level of Mr. Hastings's; and with perverse, foolish malice, to address that species of flattery to His Majesty, which of all others must wound his feelings most severely: that base flattery of, not indeed advancing the royal name, or even doing justice to it; on the contrary, of infinitely hurting it, by strange and ridiculous comparisons; but of detracting from the sense, the principle, the honour of the Prince of Wales's name, as an acceptable sacrifice to unaccountable jealousy — Yet, that such has been *their* conception, is plain, from every page of the composition we have criticised. — To foment an unhappy division in the Royal Family — To scatter unwarrantable doubts among the People — To in-

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sinuate

sinuate visionary apprehensions—To give an idea of a connection impracticable in law, contradictory to the spirit of the Constitution, and which to dream of realizing were madness, or idiotism. — That such has been the genuine motives of this insidious attempt, is fairly deducible from a plain, candid examination of the whole of *the Court Pamphlet*; not of *The Court* in its proper sense,—but of the vermin of the Court,—of the fawning, flattering fools, who are of more prejudice to their Royal Master, than hosts of bold opponents, and open disapprovers.

Consider for a moment this senseless attempt at Royal Panegyrick—What is the amount of the praises prepared for His Majesty?—First, in lieu of the lost Colonies, there are nearly as many Royal Children — and then, allayed by domestic

mestick continence and decorum alone, burst forth “destructive councils*,” — “accumulated taxes*,” — “disgrace abroad*,” — “distress at home*,” — “political infignifiance entailed on a degraded Kingdom*.” All these are summed up, even rhetorically, on the debtor side. — And what is the credit, *per contra*? — Why, first of all, “His Majesty is a married man* ;— then he has a fine family” *—and a curious picture is drawn of a moralizing mob† resting on their bludgeons, to descant on these pious themes, and at last philosophically resolving not to break the palace windows; —because their soveraign—had a wife and children*.

Next, the Coalition is another great auxiliary support* of the King’s popularity—Lord North and Mr. Fox shook

* Review.

hands, and right or wrong, that reconciliation made the King popular.—

Thirdly, the India bill was a very bad bill, and therefore the King grew more popular.—

Fourthly, a mad woman put a desert knife in a sheet of paper, and held out both to the King, and that made the King more and more popular.*—and two or three Towns began addressing, and then every other Town could not but address too—to the violent increase of the King's popularity*.

But last, and above all, the Prince of Wales grew unpopular, and therefore his Father got all the popularity he lost—*

Thus—on the one hand, positive misconduct

* Review.

duet and substantial misfortune, backed with the Subject's distress, and the Country's dishonour, are directly imputed as the *shades* of character — and tolerably gloomy they are---while the *lights* are pale and feeble indeed, and most of them cold and dim as Moonshine — mere negative virtues in the possessor---propped on the supposed depravity of others—on a casualty—on Corporation compliments—a mad Millener—and a giddy Prince.

Now it is plain this last was considered as the great point to urge — from a ridiculous conception entertained by the writer and his absurd advisers, that there is a sort of policy in all Sovereigns to depress their apparent Successors. — That such a policy had too frequently existed in despotick constitutions may be vouched by history—Philip the Second of Spain, whose perverse and ignorant

ignorant ambition sent the Duke d'Alva to force taxation on his Colonies with the bayonet and the rack, and who lost them by the mad attempt; in hatred of his Son Don Carlos, and of that imprudent predilection for liberty, which the Prince had avowed; first traduced and oppressed the ill-fated Youth, by false accusations and a suborned condemnation; then legally murdered him. But wherefore recur to any distant Period for Examples of the Jealousy of despotick Princes against those who are presently hateful to them, because, even in future, and when, in the course of Nature they are to be no more, their followers may ultimately be as great as themselves. The wretched Jealousies of Asiatick Despotism are innumerable. In exact proportion as the Prince is graced with every Quality that properly distinguishes his Rank; in proportion as he is spirited, liberal, munificent, attractive
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by his Person and his Manners; in just an equal degree he becomes odious to the gloomy Tyrant of the Seraglio.—The Mutes nod away his character—the Bow-string terminates his life—Nor has the despotism of modern Europe (for where has the ambition of France left a spark of Liberty but in England?) appeared less generally, though operating with more cautious and more discreet severity.—The late Empress of Germany kept her son as a State Pauper, to make him obedient to her own caprice, and a slave to the Monks, whom she enriched at his expence.—Circumstances are a little inverted at present.—What bigotry withheld or misapplied, has rigidly been reclaimed by the edicts of a clever Man starved into a Reformer.—What Chains of Penury were fastened even on the Prince of Prussia, by his Mighty Predecessor!—How far the *past* restraints on the gallantry of
that

that Monarch may have produced a multiplicity of *present* Amours, is an unfair inquiry—but certainly His Majesty of Prussia was too poor to have a Mistress *before* He ascended his Throne.—In Russia, the tender expenditures of Imperial *patronage* may be some excuse for the distresses in which the grand Duke and Dukes are retained. Where a Sovereign, who has a taste for variety, presides, the only man in her dominions, who must despair of her munificence, is he who has the honour, but ill fortune, to be too nearly her relation.—In Spain, the Prince of Asturias, with all his spirited and manly feelings, has long been in subjection to poverty;—the admired yet neglected victim of jealousy and weakness.—But not one of these precedents, except in the minds of traitors or of fools, can supply the slightest ground of imitation in the free constitution of England—under the moderate power
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of a limited Monarch, the very tenure of its prescribed authority; the public laws which define, and restrain its extent, and, above all, the general Spirit of a National character, that *will* circumscribe its operations; all appeal to the wisdom and the feelings of the supreme Magistrate of such a State, to quell every meddling wish, to subdue every secret propensity, that leads to the dangerous heights of inordinate ambition.—Such a Monarch will learn to estimate the direction of a free People, as a great and sacred trust deputed to him for the best and noblest purposes; and to the last resignation of which, he may look forward with the same mild complacency, that private life revolves the succession of a well-used patrimony.—Who then is that insidious malignant, that has presumed to publish to the world, that, the hope of a future age has “departed from that filial piety
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“ and obedience ;” * which nature, which duty, which, above all, a father’s virtues demand, and deserve :

Let us recall a few facts, plain, and undisputed.

Notwithstanding the flight domestick diffention, which unfortunately had subsisted for some time ; what was His Royal Highness’s sense of filial affection, on the first rumour of the King’s danger ? Without a moment’s delay, he hastened to throw himself at His Majesty’s feet.—It is in the knowledge of every one, that His Royal Highness was *not* admitted to the Royal Presence.—

The necessity for providing a proper residence at Carleton House, augmented the expenditure of the Prince.—The difficulty

* Review.

was

was stated with every possible respect. No redress was afforded. —

The revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall vest in a Prince of Wales the moment of his birth—On the lowest possible estimate, the annual receipts are 10,000*l.* a year. The accumulation of these profits during the course of His Royal Highness's minority, amount to a sum much more than sufficient to cancel the incurred debt. If the Prince had humbly solicited the payment of that sum, on grounds unquestionably legal, it is scarcely possible that the common ties of parent and child, or the general principle of Maintenance could have been held less binding on the highest, than on all the other ranks of society. Nor do the various grants, that Parliament, from time to time, most liberally provided for every possible increase of the civil expenditure, leave a ground for suppo-

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sing,

sing, that the revenue of the Prince could be stated as applied and appropriated to the purposes of education during his Highness' minority.—Yet a requisition of what never was *offered*, however sanctioned by justice, law, and almost necessity, might, possibly, have been misconstrued into offence.—The claim, therefore, *never* was made. —

May we not inquire then, to which part of these instances, the character of a “a Depravity from the sacred and primeval laws of nature” is to be affixed?—Or from what bosom we are to deplore the absence of “natural and kindly affections?”*—Do they contain a trace, a shadow of “*filial* impiety and disobedience?”* Or do any other instances exist of a neglect of *filial* duty?

* Review, p. 17.

Deprived of a proper residence, and sensible of the irksome situation of continuing in so unsuitable an appearance as the necessary dismissal of his household must occasion, it was his Highness's wish to go abroad. — His Majesty's disapprobation of the purpose was suggested; — and instantly that suggestion was obeyed as a command, —

All England, all Europe, are acquainted with the voluntary appropriations made by his Highness of more than half of his income, to the gradual payment of the increased debt.

Neither the common sense nor the natural feeling of the reader shall be insulted with a single comment on such a sacrifice. —

As for the dark insinuation of an ambiguous *Connection*; though already adverted to, it cannot be too often or too plainly refuted,
by

by this direct, unequivocal answer ; that the Laws and Constitution of England must be annihilated, before a union of that nature can possibly take place ; both the spirit and the letter of our statutes confronting, opposing, and repelling it, by fixed and insurmountable barriers.

Having lodged this solemn, and explicit answer to the ungenerous, and unmanly insinuations that have basely been disseminated on this subject, I might inquire with what consistency those very same “ poisoned arrows,”* which are contraband even for Wit to carry to Kew or Windsor, become articles of open trade, and free of all duty, in the dullest adventure against Carleton House?—Its “ unfair, * undignified, † ungenerous personality ;” to hunt out “ the little weakness inseparable

* Review.

from

“ from mortality,”—if a King’s in question—“ *Such divinity doth hedge a King!*”—But to asperse, to malign, to falsify a Prince, is merely a sort of petty Treason, for which it may not be impossible to obtain a Nolo Prosequi, or even a pardon.—I might too inquire how a Gentleman, who, with very useful candour, confesses he has never been admitted to the Prince’s presence, can reasonably proclaim himself the Cenfor of His Royal Highness’s society.—That every man of the most approved abilities, of the most refined wit, of the most elegant manners, was selected by the Prince, as the best honour of his table, (while He had one,) can only be unknown to such, whose constitutional habits of treachery, (a description, possibly not ambiguous, or indefinite to the Reviewer,) have marked them out, as the most dangerous, and the most unworthy associates, either in public or private life.—

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In a society, where those whose respectability and excellence of character even the Court Pamphlet has admitted; and where too even a few of the present Ministers have not unfrequently appeared, either from untrammelled taste, or as spies;—the quick, observing talents, the familiar, yet never unguarded manners, of an accomplished mind, have indicated every hereditary quality that could be wished for, and, (is it necessary to add?) have unequivocally denoted the manners of a gentleman, and the spirit of a man of honour.—To the guests of Carleton House, the Portlands, the Fitzwilliams, (the Rockinghams of their day;) to the ready talents, that can turn from politicks to poetry, from a debate to criticism, from argument to wit, in a word, to all the versatile faculties and powers of Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Erskine, Mr. Hare, Mr. Fitzpatrick — to these, and to the judgement and taste that

can select, and relish such companions, are opposed, by the good-natured spirit of the Review, the casual toleration of some two or three couple of would-be Jesters, and volunteer *Macaros*; who, by virtue of a most adhesive perseverance, and hard-trotting horses, *will* siddle to the Prince in Hyde Park, or pester him at Newmarket.

That any serious objection can exist in a rational mind on such ridiculous grounds, is scarcely more absurd than the curious lamentation of the Court Pamphlet, that His Royal Highness, in these degenerate times, will scarcely become so warlike, or appear so redoubtable, as Henry of Agincourt. — An alarm which really it is not easy to overcome during a general Peace; and when, unluckily too, there remain neither Rebels in America, nor Irish Volunteers, to allure the mind to study Tacticks in General Fawcett's

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“ *Essay*

“ *Essay on Salutes,*” or Sir George Howard’s Conversation. — But it must partly remove our concern on this subject, to reflect, that, as henceforward we are to become a *trading* Nation, it might much interrupt the growing amity of France, if in any degree we recurred to such obsolete and unpleasent precedents of Military feats, — Possibly therefore, since His Majesty’s Ministers may not have any immediate occasion to rouse the feelings of ancient days, they may think it wiser, as well as more discreet, in future, not openly to encourage any very violent Libels, either on the honour of a beloved and injured Prince, or the sense and spirit of a brave, though oppressed, People.

