

**A few remarks, addressed to John Bernard Trotter, Esq. on the scandalous attack made upon the character of the Right Hon. William Pitt, in his Memoirs of the latter years of the Right Hon. Charles James Fox : to which are added, strictures on the general tendency of the work, a refutation of the author's comparative estimate of those two statesmen, and his correspondence with the physicians on the administering of digitalis, &c.; &c.;**

### **Contributors**

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A FEW  
**REMARKS,**

ADDRESSED TO  
JOHN BERNARD TROTTER, ESQ.

ON THE  
SCANDALOUS ATTACK MADE UPON THE CHARACTER  
OF THE  
**RIGHT HON. WILLIAM PITT,**

IN HIS  
“ MEMOIRS OF THE LATTER YEARS OF THE RIGHT HON.  
CHARLES JAMES FOX.”

To which are added,  
STRICTURES ON THE GENERAL TENDENCY OF THE WORK;  
*A Refutation of the Author's comparative Estimate of those two Statesmen;*  
AND  
HIS CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE PHYSICIANS ON THE  
ADMINISTERING OF DIGITALIS, &c. &c.

—◆—  
“ He was a man, take him for all in all,  
“ We shall not look upon his like again.”

SHAKESPEARE.

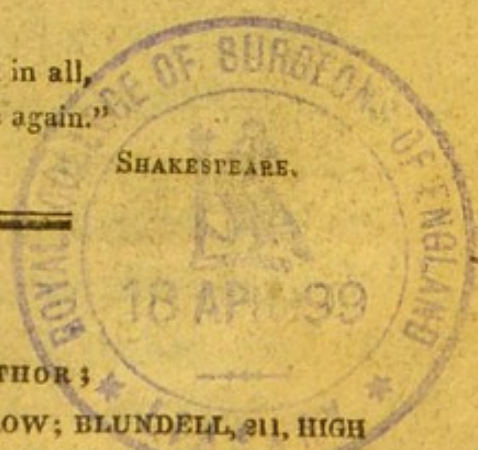
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—◆—  
1812.

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A LITTLE

# REMARKS

ADDRESSED TO

JOHN BERNARD TROTTER, ESQ.

ON THE

SCANDALOUS ATTACK MADE UPON THE CHARACTER

OF THE

RIGHT HON. WILLIAM PITT.

BY

A MEMOIR OF THE LATTER YEARS OF THE RIGHT HON.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

BY THE AUTHOR.

EVERYBODY IS THE MORE SENSIBLE OF THE WOUND

WHICH IS MADE UPON THE CHARACTER OF THE

RIGHT HON. WILLIAM PITT.

BY THE AUTHOR.

LONDON

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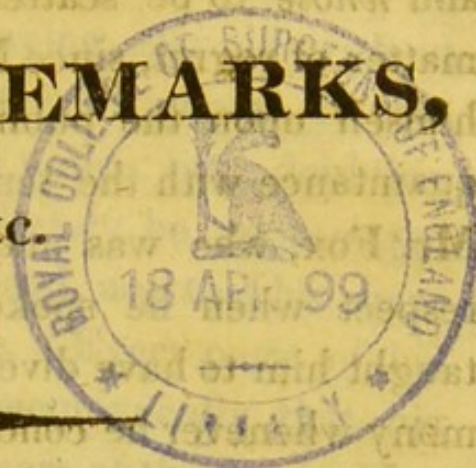
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LONDON: J. C. BARNEAD, PRINTER, SKINNER-STREET, LONDON.

# A FEW REMARKS,

&c.



ANY attempt to defend an illustrious character against the loose and undigested calumny of an unknown adventurer, may, at first sight, be accounted superfluous; but, when it is recollected, that arrows randomly shot by the unskilful frequently inflict wounds; and that malignity and prejudice unless uncloaked, may sometimes be mistaken for purer motives, the necessity of exposing the fallacies, and correcting the misrepresentations even of those who are clothed in insignificance, may perhaps be conceded.

It is certainly much to be lamented, that any one, *assuming* to have been the friend of Mr. Fox, the depository of his thoughts, and the sharer of his confidence, should come forward to build his patron a monument, by plucking the stones from another's mausoleum, and to dictate

to Englishmen *whose* ashes ought to be inurned, and *whose* to be scattered to the winds. It is matter of regret, since Mr. Trotter has obtruded himself upon the public, that many years' acquaintance with the temper and moderation of Mr. Fox, who was accustomed to use terms of respect when he spoke of Mr. Pitt, had not taught him to have divested his language of acrimony whenever he conceived it right to introduce that illustrious character into his pages.

Mr. Trotter has, very unfortunately for his own fame, totally mistaken the bent of his own genius. He may be very well qualified to read Virgil and Tom Jones; he may, accidentally, alight on a very pathetic passage in Euripides; but it does not by any means follow, as a natural inference, that he can write like Virgil, Fielding, or Euripides. And yet there is a vein of egotism and self-conceit which runs throughout his work, and convinces us, that, whatever the public may think of him and his labours, he considers himself a phenomenon amongst secretaries as well as writers; as a man whose talents and virtues no one ever discovered except Mr. Fox and himself; but which, once fully developed, would entitle him to rank amongst the luminaries of the day.

Death, however, having deprived him of his patron, and five years having elapsed without producing another to foster his genius, he has boldly ushered himself into notice, little doubting that his merits will immediately be appreciated according to his own standard, and that his share of patronage will be ample. Every page of his production proves most unequivocally that his "Memoirs of the latter years of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox," were only designed as a medium through which his own ideas of his own importance should be conveyed to the world; and that his intention is not to pourtray Mr. Fox in the character of an illustrious statesman, or a great political character, but as the friend of John Bernard Trotter, Esq.

With due deference to this Mr. Trotter, be it remarked, that this stupendous effort of his genius is not altogether free from blemish. After a careful perusal of it we are totally at a loss to discover whether, in the production of the work, his motives were friendly to the memory of Mr. Fox or otherwise; for while, with one hand, he raises his patron to the rank of a demi-god, with the other he covertly stabs at his reputation, and endeavours, perhaps very inadvertently (so unskilful is he in the weapons he has adopted) to pull him down from the elevation on which

he himself has placed him. But we have little to do with his treatment of Mr. Fox : if the relatives and friends of that gentleman are satisfied with the manner in which his *modest* and *unassuming* secretary has discharged the debt of gratitude he had contracted, we are by no means disposed to quarrel with their decision. We shall proceed to investigate the truth and candour with which he has treated the character of Mr. Pitt.

But before we enter into a more particular inquiry, it may be well generally to remark, that he who takes upon himself the office of a biographer or an historian, should not only possess an accurate knowledge of the character or events which he attempts to describe, but should also be gifted with an unprejudiced judgment, and a mind capable of embracing, at one view, all the possible results which may arise out of the execution of important operations. How can he otherwise be enabled to form an accurate estimate of the genius which originated them, or of their probable influence on the welfare of society. We have very little proof that Mr. Trotter possesses this expanded capacity. As far as narrow prejudices and illiberal constructions can qualify an individual for the office *he* has assumed, we will do him the justice to say

that a better qualified writer has never appeared before the public since the creation of the world. But let Mr. Trotter speak for himself.

“ The passions of the vulgar made and kept Mr. Pitt  
 “ minister, but the vulgar themselves are daily receiving  
 “ convincing proofs how little value they have got for their  
 “ money, and that they are likely to obtain still less for the  
 “ little which has been left to them. The factitious honour  
 “ of that dangerous elevation called PLACE, generated a  
 “ *forced* applause of that minister, after the death of Mr.  
 “ Fox, which was to ME extremely disgusting: there could  
 “ be no approximation between the characters of a genuine  
 “ and benevolent statesman, and an arrogant and unfortu-  
 “ nate minister, whose boasted merit any ingenious banker,  
 “ or skilful accountant, might easily have rivalled. The  
 “ incense paid to the manes of Mr. Pitt derogate from the  
 “ value of Mr. Fox.”

Whatever derogated from the *value of Mr. Fox*, must have derogated from the consequence of his Secretary; consequently, as the applause bestowed on Mr. Pitt derogated from the value of Mr. Fox, it must have been to MR. TROTTER, “ extremely disgusting.” He has been very kind to afford us such a ready clue to his sentiments on this subject; but, with respect to the talents of Mr. Pitt, he seems to have formed no settled opinion: in one place he assures us that this ever-to-be-lamented statesman, whose fame is as far beyond the reach of Mr. Trotter



as the canopy of heaven is from mortal grasp,  
 “ was unfit to be premier, and indeed inade-  
 “ quate to fill any considerable department of  
 “ the State.” In the same page he asserts,  
 that “ Mr. Pitt, under the controul of an exten-  
 “ sive and liberal genius, like that of Mr. Fox,  
 “ (credat Judæus!) might have been a useful  
 “ minister of finance.” Perhaps, however, Mr.  
 Trotter did not understand the financial to be a  
 “ considerable department of the State.” As  
 this gentleman appears not to have made up his  
 mind respecting the character of Mr. Pitt, we  
 shall endeavour to trace it for his perusal, if he  
 will close Euripides for a few moments, and  
 study those traits which through remotest ages,  
 bursting through the darkness of the tomb  
 will shed an unperishable lustre on the son of  
 Chatham.

In early youth Mr. Pitt was looked up to by  
 all parties, with the sole exception of Mr. Fox,  
 as the rising sun in the political hemisphere;  
 he who subsequently became his great rival,  
 however, “ was, at that period,” to use the  
 words of a cotemporary writer, “ inclined very  
 “ much to undervalue his abilities, and to im-  
 “ pute to arrogance and presumption that con-  
 “ fidence which he afterwards admitted to rest  
 “ upon the most solid and substantial grounds.”

After the death of Mr. Pitt, in the discussion on the resolution of Mr. Cartwright for the payment of that illustrious statesman's debts, Mr. Fox unequivocally asserted his opinion of Mr. Pitt's greatness, and we would refer Mr. Trotter to his patron on this occasion to satisfy him that, however meanly *he* may hold the fame of the illustrious, Mr. Fox displayed a more exalted mind, and a readiness to bear testimony to the brilliant genius of him who steered the vessel in a dangerous ocean, and brought her safely through the rocks and breakers which threatened her destruction—to the undaunted intrepidity and unshaken firmness of “*the pilot that weathered the storm.*”

Mr. Fox's opinion of the talents of Mr. Pitt, even in the commencement of this great man's parliamentary career, his anxiety to conciliate his friendship or to fetter his hostility, was sufficiently illustrated by his offer to include the young orator in the administration of which Lords Rockingham, Shelburne and Mr. Fox were at the head. In declining to become a party in this coalition Mr. Pitt, doubtless, laid the foundation of his future greatness; as the brief existence of this ministry afforded him the opportunity to elicit those dazzling bursts of eloquence which gained him at once the admira-

tion of the people and the confidence of his Sovereign.

This ample and well authenticated circumstance appears altogether to have escaped Mr. Trotter when he so positively tells us that, as to any co-operation between these rival statesmen, "the plan must have been detrimental to the public service, and certainly would have been degrading to Mr. Fox." Mr. Fox's opinion and that of Mr. Trotter are evidently at issue on this point; and the gall in the susceptible Secretary's composition seems to have been excited, in a very considerable degree, by the subsequent union of parties after the death of Mr. Pitt, his antipathy to whom evidently and greatly exceeds his attachment to his patron. According to Mr. Trotter's ideas of the subject, Mr. Fox very much degraded himself by coalescing with Lord Grenville. "He could not be ignorant (says he) that such a ministry was unstable. The *basis* was without *foundation* (i. e. the *foundation* was *unfounded*!) Even the superstructure was Pittite, to which Mr. Fox lent the sanction and grace of his illustrious name." And Mr. Trotter, it appears, took an active part at the breakfast-table in dissuading his patron from intermeddling with political affairs "until the people felt properly;" to the

utter chagrin of the Secretary, however, Mr. Fox had other friends who advised an opposite course, and they “ultimately prevailed.” But, says Mr. Trotter, they “calculated very ill upon political matters, and did not sufficiently estimate the towering and grand character of Mr. Fox.” We have no doubt that those noblemen and gentlemen who were admitted to the confidence of Mr. Fox, will duly appreciate the honest candour of the secretary, and make proper allowance for the warmth of expression into which his ardent zeal for the honour of his deceased patron so frequently betrays him. What pity it is, notwithstanding, that this zealous *furor* should hurry him into the sin of book-making!

The uniform hostility displayed by Mr. Fox against the measures of his great antagonist, if traced to their proper source, will be found to have originated in motives very remote from those which have been attributed to him by Mr. Trotter and his other friends, and we shall not travel far from the truth when we take upon ourselves roundly to assert that his enmity arose from the refusal of Mr. Pitt to coalesce with his party in 1782—a refusal which was not less galling to one than it was glorious to the other. To a soul like that of Mr. Fox the wound was deep:

his pride, his honour, his self-superiority had received an injury which was not easily to be effaced; and when, subsequently, on the ruins of this degraded minister's fortunes, Mr. Pitt arose to power, the injury was rendered eternal. From this period, Mr. Fox lost no opportunity to thwart his rival's projects—to draw down obloquy on his name—to decry his measures before they had been investigated, or even promulgated—and to hold him to public view as a minister without patriotism, a politician without principle.

On the introduction of Mr. Pitt's celebrated India Bill, Mr. Fox and his followers had marshalled their objections to his plan before it had been laid on the table of the House. The torturing recollection of the fate of his own measure haunted him, and his dignity was hurt at the probability that a plan might be adopted, framed by one so much his inferior in years and experience. On the rejection of this bill, Mr. Fox's real motives became evident; it could no longer be concealed that his opposition was more connected with personal and party consideration than with that purity of principle for which he had obtained a limited credit. The unshaken intrepidity displayed by Mr. Pitt under circumstances of unexampled difficulty,

defeated the intentions of his enemies; and an appeal to the sense of the nation proved that his ground was too firm to be shaken.

But Mr. Fox did not confine his opposition to the acrimony of debate, his active enmity was not to be fettered by the common rules adopted by the partizans of faction; his grand object was the dislodgment of Mr. Pitt from the proud eminence on which he had been placed; and, effectually, to accomplish it, no means were considered too arduous, no measure too personal, no attack too virulent. Of the correctness of this assertion a more striking instance than the following can scarcely be conceived.

In the year 1791 Mr. Fawkener was sent by the British government to the court of Russia, as envoy extraordinary, to induce the Empress Catherine to grant favourable terms to the humbled Ottomans: one of the principal specific objects of this diplomatic mission was the rescue of a tract of land between the Niester and the Don, on which stood the fortress of Oczakow, from the hands of the Russians, as it was considered the key to the Turkish empire. Mr. Fox, on this occasion, not contented with opposing the designs of his government, in the customary and constitutional mode, resorted to

a measure altogether unprecedented in the history of party feuds, and unsupported by the countenance of a single individual amongst his parliamentary adherents. Mr. Burke has given the following account of a transaction which, in whatever light it may be placed, and however it may be palliated (justification of it is absolutely out of the question) throws a stigma on the character of Mr. Fox which no subsequent atonement could have washed away.

“ The laws and constitution of the kingdom entrust the sole and exclusive right of treating with foreign potentates to the king. This is an undisputed part of the legal prerogative of the Crown. However, notwithstanding this, Mr. Fox, without the knowledge or participation of any one person in the House of Commons, with whom he was bound by every party principle, in matters of delicacy and importance, confidentially to communicate, thought proper to send Mr. Adair as his representative, and with his cypher, to St. Petersburg, there to frustrate the objects for which the minister from the Crown was authorized to treat. He succeeded in this his design, and did actually frustrate the king's minister in some of the objects of his negotiation. This proceeding of Mr. Fox does not, as I conceive, amount to

absolute high treason! Russia, though on bad terms, not having been then declaredly at war with this kingdom; but such a proceeding is, in law, not very remote from that offence, and is, undoubtedly, **A MOST UNCONSTITUTIONAL ACT, AND AN HIGH TREASONABLE MISDEMEANOUR.**"

That Mr. Adair did go over to the Russian court, and that, in consequence of his unconstitutional interference, the treaty was rendered less favourable to the Ottomans, as they were obliged to surrender their claim to the tract and fortress in question, stands upon indisputable evidence; and, it is equally certain, this strange step was taken with a view to bring disgrace on his illustrious antagonist, to deprive him of the favour of the nation and the confidence of the king. On what ground of principle the friends of Mr. Fox will attempt to justify this action in his political life, we are totally at a loss to conceive. Viewed in its proper light, it presents the cunning and malignant workings of a spirit, torn by envy and ambition, the frantic and absurd breakings out of a mind discomposed by exuberant pride and political madness.

We are sorry to place Mr. Fox's conduct and



motives in an unfavourable point of view.— We are concerned to rake up the ashes of the dead to serve as fuel for our censure—we would willingly have suffered this certainly great statesman to rest undisturbed in his tomb, but the inconsiderate officiousness and the ill-regulated zeal of Mr. Trotter have dragged him from his slumber, and placed him once more in the front of the battle; and if his fame be wounded anew, those friends who really loved him, and who best displayed their love by leaving his merits or demerits to be traced by the pen of the impartial historian, will have to thank the Secretary for the very singular manner in which he has liquidated his debt of gratitude to his patron.

“The great genius of Mr. Fox, to have been efficient (says Mr. Trotter) should have reigned supreme in the management of public affairs. Mr. Pitt, under the wholesome restraints, and instructed by the enlightened mind of that great man, might have conducted a subordinate department with benefit to his country.” We have no wish to alter Mr. Trotter’s opinion: in God’s name, let him enjoy his prejudices and partialities; but before the public we will venture to lay our estimate of the probable consequences which might have resulted from such

an arrangement at one particular period of our modern history. We neither seek to distort facts, nor to deduce false conclusions; the circumstances which predominated at the period to which we allude need only to be fairly recited, and the inferences we seek to impress upon the minds of dispassionate readers, will be self-evident and conclusive.

At that momentous era, when revolutionary tenets and the principles of republicanism made rapid strides in the world, and menaced with destruction the monarchical systems of Europe—amidst the encouragement of innovation and the annihilation of order—when good men were proscribed and bad men triumphed—and when, in the plenitude of arrogance, the republic of France denationalized all the empires around them—at this awful and critical moment, the firmness and ability displayed by Mr. Pitt on every occasion, effectually stemmed the torrent which would otherwise have overwhelmed us, and preserved the honour and safety of his country unimpaired by the greatest political convulsion which the page of history has recorded. He was collected in the midst of external danger, indefatigable in the pursuit of one object although his mind was, at the same moment, assailed by domestic commotions, and the viru-

lent animosity of an unrelenting party. The resources of his genius, however, were adequate to the crisis, and as the darkness thickened around him, he appeared as the "angel which rides upon the storm, and directs its fury." The eyes of Europe were fixed upon him in admiration of his greatness, and trembling nations confidently reposed their hopes in his bosom.

The line of conduct which Mr. Fox pursued was directly opposite in its nature. The friend of republicanism—the admirer of the revolution—and the steady advocate of licentious liberty, he stood forward, on every occasion, the ready eulogist of men who acknowledged no laws, and who were bound by no tie but that of self-aggrandisement. In the House of Commons, at the commencement of the year 1790, advert-  
ing to the state of France, he observed, "that the conduct of the French soldiers, during the late commotions, tended greatly to remove one of the objections which he had always entertained against standing armies. That army, by refusing to obey the dictates of the court, *had set a glorious example to all the military of Europe*, and had shewn that men, by becoming soldiers, did not cease to be citizens." The mind revolts from the anticipation of the results, which would have arisen from the general adoption of

a principle so well calculated to excite a spirit of insubordination among the military, and which might have led to consequences truly alarming and unbounded in their nature and limitation. The passions of the public were in a most combustible state, and a little effort would have sufficed to set them in action; a similar scene might then have been witnessed in this country, to that which has fixed an indelible infamy on France; our streets might have been inundated by the blood of their citizens; and those who had retired to the suburbs to avoid the horrors within the walls of London, might (to use an elegant expression from the book of Mr. Trotter) “in a calm day or evening hear distinctly the chop of the guillotine.”

In a subsequent discussion Mr. Fox more explicitly asserted his opinion as to the French revolution. He did not scruple to acknowledge, that his whole system of external politics had been changed by the change of the French constitution. He had formerly been anxious for maintaining the balance of power, but now he owned himself to be very indifferent about it; not because our ancient rival and enemy might seem too weak or too poor to give us any immediate disturbance, but because she had erected a government, from which neither insult nor

injury could be dreaded by her neighbour's. He expressed his approbation of that government for its tendency to promote the happiness of its subjects; and, adverting to the different opinions entertained on the subject, he avowed his admiration of the new constitution of France, as the "most stupendous and glorious monument which human integrity had erected to human happiness in any time or country."

With such sentiments as these glowing in his heart, and throwing a more than dubious tinge upon his words and actions, Mr. Trotter would have wished to see his patron at the head of the ministry, directing and controlling his more illustrious rival; he would have been content to behold the genius which preserved Britain, amidst the crash of empires, fettered and cramped in its exertions, grovelling before talent, virtue, patriotism and intrepidity, greatly inferior to his own. By a government thus constituted it is but reasonable to infer that republican principles would have been cherished and established in our own country—that the simple and unadorned systems handed down to us from our fathers would have been promptly abolished, and, in lieu of them, "some stupendous and glorious monument" would have been raised, similar to that which, in France, captivated the imagina-

tion of Mr. Fox—a monument in which our liberties and immunities would have been buried, and which, to all generations, would have perpetuated the fall of England from her high eminence amongst nations, to the mere wreck of an empire, possessing, of its former grandeur, only the shadowy vestige of a name.

Let us hear no more then of the advantages which might have arisen out of a coalition in which Mr. Pitt should have appeared as a subordinate member; Mr. Fox was better employed in studying the beauties of his favorite novelists and poets at St. Anne's hill, or in copying the manuscripts at the *Bureau des Affaires Etrangères* at Paris, than in realizing political theories which would have plunged his country into the extreme of misery; and Mr. Trotter (with due deference be it spoken) was placed in a sphere better suited to his capacities, when he acted as an *amanuensis*, than that in which his insufferable vanity stimulated him to move, when he undertook the complicated task of investigating motives and principles which he was too shortsighted to fathom, and of consigning to indiscriminate abuse, a character which he could not penetrate. He will do well to recollect that, although an eagle's eye may gaze undazzled on

the sun, every insect which has wings is not an eagle.

Mr. Fox's conduct at the period to which we are alluding was certainly directly the reverse of what might have been expected from an enlightened statesman. The developement of his republican sentiments gave considerable strength to the factions which increased astonishingly throughout the kingdom, and alarmed and separated from him some of his most strenuous adherents. It was at this critical juncture, that Mr. Burke, struck with the astonishing contrast afforded by the upright and inflexible patriotism of Mr. Pitt, and the wild enthusiasm and indigested assertions of Mr. Fox, felt himself imperiously called upon to desert the standard of faction, and to enlist himself in the sacred cause of justice and truth. Mr. Fox was sensible of the great injury which must result to his party from the secession of Mr. Burke, but his obstinate adherence to the pernicious sentiments which he had imbibed was too strong to be shaken. Notwithstanding this tenacity was so strongly displayed at the moment, Mr. Fox was subsequently induced to qualify the intemperate speeches he had so frequently made on the subject. We are far from accounting this recanta-

tion as a blemish in the character of Mr. Fox; we consider it rather as a distinguishing feature; and our object in introducing it is principally to suggest to Mr. Trotter, as well as the public, that, as he has written, so Mr. Fox has spoken, things of which he has afterwards had sufficient reason to be ashamed.

In attempting to fasten his obloquy on Mr. Pitt, Mr. Trotter pleasantly enough informs us, and really we have cause to thank him for correcting a very natural mistake into which his violence and virulence had led us—"I have no desire in stigmatizing one of these personages, to elevate the other! Both rest in the grave! but I should deem it derogatory to Mr. Fox's memory, if I paid any posthumous compliments to the character and talents of a minister of whom the best that can be said is, that he failed through ignorance, and ruined his country by mistake. Facts are decisively against him, and the historian who describes them will find that he misunderstood the law of nations, and that for temporary purposes, and limited objects, he violated the great principles of society, and attempted to produce results which historical reasoning, the nature of man, and the voice of religion forbade him to expect. There is no political associate of that mistaken minister, pos-



essing any independent qualities of mind, who, if he now dispassionately re-consider the affairs of the last 20 years, but will be forced to avow his own delusion, and acknowledge that the irreparable mischiefs of a pernicious and obstinately pursued system, more congenial to vulgar prejudices, than agreeable to grand state maxims, have brought on a change of political relations, on the continent directly militating against the pretensions of Great Britain as a primary nation."

If an angel were sent from heaven to legislate for mankind, a very short period would be sufficient to elapse, such is the disposition of man to complaining, before thousands would be found ready to start up and censure his wisdom, his justice or integrity; and if he presumed to project schemes somewhat above the comprehension of those who would become his political antagonists, he would have to thank his immortality, rather than their humanity if he was not hunted out of the world prematurely. The sum and substance of all the charges brought against Mr. Pitt are his imagined inconsistency on a popular question, and the accusation which Mr. Trotter so luminously conveys in the assertion, "*that he failed through ignorance, and ruined his country through mistake.*"

The first part of the charge will receive its best refutation from the defence of his own conduct, made by Mr. Pitt himself, in the House of Commons—" I have not forgotten, Sir (says this great man), what I have myself formerly said and sincerely felt on this subject (parliamentary reform); but I know that all opinions must necessarily be subservient to times and circumstances; and that man who talks of his consistency, merely because he holds the same opinion for ten or fifteen years, when the circumstances under which that opinion was originally formed are totally changed, is a slave to the most idle vanity. Seeing all that I have seen since the period to which I allude; considering how little chance there is of that species of reform to which alone I looked, and which is as different from the modern schemes of reform as the latter are from the constitution; seeing that where the greatest changes have taken place the most dreadful consequences have ensued, and which have not been confined to that country where the change took place, but have spread their malignant influence in every quarter of the globe, and shaken the fabric of every government. Seeing that in this general shock the constitution of Great Britain has alone remained pure and untouched in its vital principles; when I see it has resisted all the efforts of jacobinism,

sheltering itself under the pretence of a love of liberty; when I see that it has supported itself against the open attacks of its enemies, and against the more dangerous reforms of its pretended friends; that it has defeated the unveiled machinations of France, and the no less persevering efforts of jacobins in England; and that, during the whole of the contest, it has uniformly maintained the confidence of the people of England; I say, Sir, when I consider all these circumstances, I should be ashamed of myself if any former opinions of mine could now induce me to think that the form of representation which, in such times as the present, has been found amply sufficient for the purpose of protecting the interests, and securing the happiness of the people, should be idly and wantonly disturbed, from any love of experiment, or any predilection for theory. Upon this subject, Sir, I think it right to state the inmost thoughts of my mind; I think it right to declare my most decided opinion, that, even if the times were proper for experiments, any, even the slightest, change in such a constitution must be considered as an evil."

Mr. Pitt's view of things was not superficial; he was not to be satisfied by *prima facie* appearances; his reasonings were founded upon an

abstracted knowledge of human nature, the result of application, blended with experience. He was well aware that reform was now become the watch-word of a party; that the design of those who had adopted it was not to serve but to injure the country, to convert order into confusion, and, under the pretext of correcting what was bad, and systematizing what was wholesome, in our political institutions, to undermine and destroy the whole fabric of the constitution. But the talent and integrity of a vigilant minister were the best safe-guards of the empire; he was not to be entrapped into the plans of the unprincipled by giving up to their ideas of consistency, and by retaining too tenaciously that opinion which existing circumstances had tended to weaken; he was not to be gained over to give his assistance in the reduction to practice of a theory, however beautiful, the realization of which might be attended with hazard to the common weal. This very act of making a sacrifice of his former sentiments on the altar of patriotism was great in itself, and gave him an additional claim to the unqualified approbation of the liberal and the enlightened.

The assertion of Mr. Trotter, that Mr. Pitt "failed through ignorance," has some truth in it. When this great minister's measures were

not crowned with all the success which might have been justly anticipated from the excellence and maturity of his plans, the defect was indeed to be attributed to his *ignorance*; but it was an ignorance such as is, fortunately or unfortunately, just as Mr. Trotter pleases, inseparable from human nature—it was an ignorance of the designs of an over-ruling providence. Had Mr. Pitt been allowed to turn over the pages of futurity, and to make himself acquainted with the secrets contained in the womb of time, he might, in many instances, have altered the completion of his measures, and have turned to good effect, the exclusive privilege he would have thus enjoyed. It is, however, a very certain fact, that men are disposed to judge of each other according to the good or ill fortune which attends them: the talents of the wisest man being apportioned only according to the good results which may smile on his exertions, and the folly of the weakest never appearing to the world, except when relentless fate has set her hand upon him. With respect to Mr. Pitt, however, we can boldly assert, and appeal to the history of the times for a corroboration of the sentiment, that such were the unexampled perils and difficulties of the period in which he presided, that nothing short of HIS genius—a genius soaring almost beyond the reach of human

conception, in some of its boldest flights—that nothing short of HIS *vigilance*—a vigilance, ever wakeful and ever active—that nothing short of HIS *firmness*—a firmness never appalled by the magnitude, nor discomposed by the suddenness of danger or the shock of disaster—in short, that PITT, and no other than PITT could, at this critical moment, have effected the salvation of the state.

But let us look a little into the character of Mr. Fox—of that *consummate* statesman, in whom, according to Mr. Trotter, “His Majesty at length saw the great shield of his country”—who “gave the Foreign Office a soul;” and, indeed, if the inflated writer before us is worthy of belief, whose excellence surpasses all we can dream of perfection. Let us see what *shadows, or spots remain upon his orb, which the honest touch of truth, viz. the touch of Mr. Trotter has not removed.* Let us hold the mirror of truth up to the partizans of error, that they may behold their idol, naked, and stripped of all the gaudy tinsel they have so kindly folded about his character. In Mr. Trotter’s book, it is very true, we find every difference of opinion between its author and Mr. Fox minutely marked—where the one thought the Catholics ought to be immediately and fully redressed, while the other enter-

tained a different opinion; the one loved retirement, but the other place; the one thought this a pretty passage in *Æneid*, the other thought the next was preferable; all these matters, which the reader would not give a doit to learn, obtain particular mention in these "Memoirs," because Mr. Trotter's consequence is thereby augmented; but those public divisions of opinion which mark the principal traits in a statesman's character, are all passed over in silence. It is therefore our duty, since Mr. Trotter's delicacy (of which he has a very great share in his composition) would not allow him to find out any blemishes in the character of his patron, except where his patron presumed to differ in opinion from the Secretary; it is our duty, we repeat, to unveil the deformities which appear to us on the fame of Mr. Fox.

His inconsistency was clearly marked by his coalition in the Portland administration of 1782, with Lord North, a man whom he had vilified with all the epithets, which personal rancour could invent or apply; whom, to use the language of Mr. Pitt on the occasion, because he was prevented from prosecuting to the satisfaction of public justice, he had come forward to embrace as a friend.—With this very man, however, this man who, in Mr. Fox's prior opinion, ought to

have been brought to the scaffold—with this man was Mr. Fox contented to share the honours and emoluments of the state. Yet Mr. Trotter tells us, the sapient, the consistent author of these “Memoirs,” informs us that any coalition between his heaven-descended patron and Mr. Pitt would have been “detrimental to the public service, and degrading to Mr. Fox.” If Mr. Trotter were ever likely to come before the public again, we might be induced to lay down a few simple rules for his observance, but as this, unless his susceptibility is rendered callous by the repeated wounds it has lately received, is a very improbable idea, after the unequivocal candour with which that public has treated his present work, we forbear.

“The public,” says Mr. Trotter, “whose prejudices it is difficult to efface, and who are more prone to depreciate, than to make allowances for great characters, have long imagined, and even still continue to think, that Mr. Fox was a mere dissipated man of pleasure.” Now most men would have either noticed this popular opinion for the purpose of contradicting it, or, had contradiction been out of the question, would not have noticed at all. But Mr. Trotter, who acts and writes differently from all other men, and therefore deserves the title of *an original*,



does not condescend to tell the public they had formed an erroneous opinion. We therefore feel our ground the more tenable when we come forward boldly to second and confirm this general sentiment. When Mr. Fox returned to England after the completion of the grand tour, he was the most finished *beau* in the metropolis; his abilities at the pharo-table were the theme of admiration amongst the gamblers of St. James's; and the charge made against him in the House of Commons of selling two reversions procured for him by Lord Holland, to discharge a gaming debt, fully proves how deeply this most odious of human vices had infix'd itself in his heart.\* These *spots* or *shadows* in this *luminary*, touched by truth, become so conspicuous as to eclipse its splendour and to rob it of the greater part of its beauty.

The violence of Mr. Fox's parliamentary conduct, his interference out of parliament, to frustrate the views of Mr. Pitt, and his revolutionary speeches have already been alluded to: it only

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\* It is a fact well established among the higher circles, that Mr. Fox's thirst after gambling was so great that he sat at the faro-table for *five days and five nights* with but little intermission—and that too when he was Secretary of State for the Foreign Department;

remains now to advert to the indecent exultation he displayed on the conclusion of the peace of Amiens, not because he considered it advantageous to the interests of his own country, but as it would tend to promote the cause of republicanism.\* This was the sentiment which he openly professed to entertain, and this revolutionary orator was to be heard at public dinners, loudly expressing his joy that the glory of France was daily become more consolidated. Yet this is the politician whom Mr. Trotter holds up as a model to all future statesmen. We begin indeed to suspect that the approximation of the comet to our earth, intense reflection on his own importance, or some other cause, hitherto unexplained, has tended to disorganize Mr. Trotter's mental system, and that we really have been all this time

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\* The following tart but appropriate epigram appeared in one of the daily prints, about the time alluded to :

“ The peace I approve of, because ’twill advance  
 “ The Republican cause, and the glory of France—  
 “ And that England has warr’d without gaining her ends,  
 “ Is a subject of triumph to me and my friends!”—

What’s he from whose lips such strange sentiments flow ?

A Briton or Frenchman—a friend or a foe ?

Ask the waiter at Campbell’s, where lately he dined—

“ He’s a *patriot*, a *whig*, and a *friend*, of mankind.”

Cry your mercy; without your intelligence, waiter,

I’d mistaken your patriot and whig for—a TRAITOR!

poring over the production of an unhappy lunatic. If this be the case, we would strongly recommend it to his attendants, to prevent him from writing any more books; for, of all madness, the *bibliomania* is the most difficult of cure.

The last moments of Mr. Pitt present to the reader a sublime and moving picture—the most illustrious of men, acknowledging his weakness and unworthiness before his Maker, and imploring mercy at the hands of a benignant Creator. When informed of his danger, by his worthy friend and preceptor, the Bishop of Lincoln, Mr. Pitt said, “I fear I have, like too many other men, neglected prayer too much to have any ground for hope that it can be efficacious on a *death-bed*—but rising as he spoke, and clasping his hands with the utmost fervor and devotion—“I throw myself *entirely* (the last word being pronounced with a strong emphasis) upon the *mercy* of God, through the merits of Christ.” He repeatedly expressed, *in the strongest manner*, his sense of his own unworthiness to appear in the presence of God; disclaiming all ideas of merit; but with a conscience evidently clear and undisturbed. He declared, that he was perfectly resigned to the will of God; that he felt no enmity towards any one; but died in peace

“ with all mankind ; and expressed his hope, at  
 “ once *humble* and *confident*, of eternal happi-  
 “ ness, through the intercession of his Re-  
 “ deemer.”

Such was the close of this great man's life, and the beam of piety which emanated from him at its conclusion, throws a lustre over his latter days not inferior to the brightness which had illuminated his political career. His greatness was consistent throughout ; it was neither a deceptive nor a transient gleam ; but its flame was uniformly steady and cheering to its termination ; as his intellectual powers had through life, commanded the wonder of the universe ; so his meek resignation to the will of Providence, at the hour of death, affixed the seal to his worth, and perpetuated his fame.

Let us view the contrast : Mr. Fox's latter days were relieved of their gloom by Mr. Trotter ; kind, compassionate Mr. Trotter ! who read to him every night, until three or four o'clock in the morning, out of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets." Not a word about the *mercy of God*, nor the *merits of Christ*, nor yet about Mr. Fox's *unworthiness* and *hope*. These were topics very foreign, we fear, to Mr. Fox's

habits and disposition, and yet it does not appear to us that his entering upon them at this awful moment, would have detracted very materially from his dignity. Mr. Trotter, seems indeed, to have been conscious of the impropriety of the omission; and, with his customary kindness, endeavours to supply the defect, by interlarding many “very exceedingly pious, exceedingly pathetic, and exceedingly pretty sentiments.” “He looked unutterable things,” says he, “there was the pious resignation of the Christian, who *fearlessly* abandons his fleeting spirit to a merciful Deity, visible throughout the day: the unbeliever, who “came to scoff” must have “remained to pray.” It is very far from our intention to “scoff” at the dying moments of any man; and, indeed, we are quite at a loss to discover where this particular species of unbelievers is to be found; we never recollect to have read or heard of men who came at such a time to scoff, and we do think that Mr. Trotter has thrown this unmerited imputation on the human race, merely to give himself the opportunity to make a quotation from Goldsmith.

Seeing, however, that nothing akin to religion was heard from Mr. Fox, in this solemn moment, we cannot refrain from congratulating the

friends of that gentleman, that Mr. Trotter read so much religion in his look; it certainly must have been highly consolatory; and we will only add our hope, that all the persons who stood round the bed derived equal knowledge and comfort from this speaking glance. Mr. Trotter, indeed, seems to have thought a good deal of God about this time, for this thing reminded him of that Being, and that thing did the same; and, in this part of his book, the name of God is introduced several times in every page. This is a strong mark of Mr. Trotter's piety.

Remark upon the difference in the latter days of these rival politicians, is altogether superfluous. The facts speak in the most nervous language, the superiority of that mind which, with one firmness, met the tempests of life and the arrow of death. We are not disposed to carry the contrast to an invidious extreme: we are not anxious again to disturb the sacred silence of the tomb; and if Mr. Trotter will not persist in his plan of obtruding upon the public still more nauseous draughts of his mixtures, more dreadful than *digitalis*, we shall most readily bid the manes of Mr. Fox farewell, with a wish that party kindness nor party enmity may cause his dust any further disquietude.

A few words now respecting Mr. Trotter,

whose unfitness for the task he has undertaken stares us in the face in every page. What in the name of common sense and common decency could induce this man to prepare for the public such an amalgamation of falsehood, contradiction, prejudice, fulsome panegyric and insipidity? Had he possessed but one single talent—namely, that of seasoning his drug, and making it in some degree palatable, with a little of the attic salt, although we might have ridiculed his partialities, and the blindness of his judgment, we should have been ready to give him credit for a limited excellence. But throughout the gloom of his pages there is not one single ray of genius to cause a momentary cheerfulness, to guide us through the inextricable maze of nonsense and absurdity—there is not one feature of importance illustrative of the character of whom Mr. Trotter professes to treat, to compensate us for the pain we have endured in wading through so much filth, and wearying our eyes with dwelling so long over this literary vacuum.

Whatever part of these “Memoirs” we turn to, the beginning is so like the ending, and the ending so like the middle—“the benevolent and enlarged mind of Mr. Fox,” and the *disinterested* friendship and classical acquire-

ments of John Bernard Trotter, so eternally appal our view, that about fifty times have we closed the volume, that our aching eyes might fix on some object less disgusting.

With respect to the title of the publication, like so many others, its evident object is to lead us astray. These "Memoirs of the latter years of Mr. Fox;" which, in the dedication, are swollen to an illustration of "the *public* and *private* life" of this politician; and which again, in the preface, is tempered down to "Memoirs of a *considerable* part" of his career; this wonderful work, after all, includes *three months of the year 1802*, which occupy *three hundred and fifty-four pages*, and about *eight months of the year 1806*, and yet this limited portion of Mr. Fox's career is laid before us as a correct and authentic account of his "*private and public* life." We were just going to say something particularly severe on this gross deception, but it recurred to us, naturally enough, that Mr. Trotter was a lunatic. We cannot avoid, however, one remark—that this lunatic has taken much more pains, to inform us when and where the blinds of the carriage were put up and down, of what colour and complexion the cows were in Flanders, than of any great or glorious traits



in the character of his patron. He states very clearly, and it is almost the only part of his work which has the property of clearness belonging to it, his opinion respecting the English. "There is no nation in Europe, perhaps," says he, "more contracted in their way of thinking, or less fit to establish a conciliating government, than the English." *And yet the English have suffered this libel upon their liberality to pass through several editions!!!*

We now come to the only part of Mr. Trotter's private opinion and assertion, which requires a serious reply, and this only as it has implicated the characters and conduct of men high in professional repute, and induced them to publish a contradiction of Mr. Trotter's statement.\* After giving way to some very pretty apostrophes on the reluctance with which *he* administered the strong medicine.—"Alas!" says he, "I trembled with the apprehension that we should soon lose him for ever; I dreaded, with strange forebodings, the termination of all our cares." This *digitalis horror* (if we may be allowed the expression) seems to have taken strong hold on Mr. Trotter, and his remarks on the propriety of administering are perfectly characteristic of his *modest* and *unassuming* manner of writing.

"In ordinary cases," says he, "it may be

\* Vide Appendix.

right for physicians to try the most powerful medicines, if a case seem hopeless, because it may be a beneficial experiment, and be little prejudicial to any one, but in this instance of Mr. Fox; the prolongation of his invaluable existence was so incalculably important, that the welfare of the community, in a political view, should have superseded *medical experiments* and their *chances*."

Again.—“As Mr. Fox's age was not more than fifty-seven, and his constitution a vigorous one, there is some reason to think he might have enjoyed a meliorated, and not very distressing *state of health*, for a considerable time; if the palliative, rather than experimental course, had been pursued. The question certainly admits of doubt, but, in my view, I am sure the friend or the statesman would prefer the former.”

Here we find an unequivocal attempt to fasten on those eminent physicians who attended Mr. Fox, a degree of odium altogether unjustified by any evidence—an imputation founded entirely on Mr. Trotter's private opinion: and we cannot sufficiently admire this *manly candour*, which has led Mr. Trotter to rise above low prejudices, and, in the discharge of his duty, to set at nought the delicate feelings of the physicians, as well as the politicians who happened to differ from him.

In reply to this unsupported assertion of Mr. Trotter, as to the administering of *digitalis*, Sir Henry Hallford, Dr. Moseley, and Mr. Tegart have proved that “*neither DIGITALIS nor any other potent medicine of doubtful efficacy was ever administered to Mr. Fox during his illness;*” but that he took “*cordials only, such as were likely to sustain the constitution as long as possible.*” Now any other man but Mr. Trotter would have made no further attempt to support his falsehoods after such a clear exposure. But *he*, forsooth, eccentric in all his actions, plucks up new resolution under the pressure of opposition, originates a new mode of argument (which, if successful, will form a new era in the logical science) and doubles upon his enemies, asking, “*why Mr. Fox’s valuable life was left to cordials, in short, why DIGITALIS was not given?*” “This will be a difficult question to answer,” says he. We should imagine his medical opponents having satisfied the public as to the unfounded nature of Mr. Trotter’s charges against them, will not give themselves the trouble to make known, for his satisfaction, the reasons which actuated them to pursue any particular course of treatment.

But we are wearied with the perusal of this tissue of falsehood without interest, and nonsense without amusement. We hope Mr. Trotter will

forbear to put our patience to any farther trials, and we would recommend it to the reviewers, monthly and quarterly, to present a petition to him, humbly praying that he will forbear to carry into execution his threatened scheme of publishing the entire life of Mr. Fox, a menace which has thrown the literary world into extreme terror and consternation, since such a project carries with it the idea of a voluminous work, which on those whose duty it is to make report on the merits and demerits of literary productions, could not fail to be productive either of *eternal drowsiness* or *everlasting cholics*, either of which evils no *pious* man, such as Mr. Trotter, would wish to inflict upon his fellow-creatures.

If, however, as it has been asserted, *golden* reasons have induced Mr. Trotter to become an author, and his wants still render these reasons too cogent to be resisted, we would advise him, unless he can get some new statesman to make him his private secretary, to turn the insignificant talents which providence has been pleased to bestow upon him, to some handicraft calling, whence he may derive support, without being tempted to traduce other men's characters, or to venture his person within the reach of those *cerberi* who guard the entrance into the temple of literary fame.

## APPENDIX.

### CORRESPONDENCE RELATIVE TO AN ASSERTION IN MR. TROTTER'S BOOK.

Copy of a Letter from Sir Henry Halford, Bart. to Lord Holland, dated Curzon-street, Nov. 3, 1811.

MY LORD.—I have read Mr. Trotter's account of the last days of the late Mr. Secretary Fox's life with much surprise and regret. His observations on the medical treatment of the case are quite unfounded, and must occasion pain to Mr. Fox's friends, while they do great injustice to the physicians who attended him. I assure you, my Lord, Mr. Fox never took a particle of the digitalis during his illness; because neither Dr. Pitcairn, Dr. Moseley, nor myself, thought it would be of use to him: nor was any other potent medicine of doubtful efficacy administered to him, by which his dissolution could possibly be accelerated. In fact, during the last fortnight of Mr. Fox's life, he took cordial medicines only, such as were likely to sustain the constitution as long as possible. I have written to Dr. Moseley and to Mr. Tegar, and enclose, for your Lordship's perusal, both my letters and their answers, by which the statement I have had the honour to make your Lordship above is confirmed.—I am, with much respect, my Lord, your Lordship's faithful servant,

Curzon-street, Nov. 3, 1811.

H. HALFORD.

*To the Lord Holland.*

Copy of a Letter from Sir Henry Halford, Bart. to Dr. Moseley, dated Curzon-street, Oct. 29, 1811.

MY DEAR DOCTOR—There are some observations in Mr. Trotter's book, in which he gives an account of the last period of Mr. Fox's illness, calculated to give the late Secretary's friends great pain, and do injury to the characters of the physicians who attended him. Mr. Trotter states, at least he more than insinuates, that Mr. Fox's death was hastened by the use of digitalis. Now I believe that the digitalis was never administered at all in Mr. Fox's case; for I well remember, when the propriety of administering it in Mr. Fox's case was discussed in conversation, remarking that I had never seen it do good in ascites, though I had frequently thought it of use in water of the chest; and I think you stated also, as well as Dr. Pitcairn, that this was the result of your experience. In consequence, I believe, it was never given.

As far as my recollection goes, we abandoned all hopes of a cure when we found the fluid accumulate again so rapidly after the first operation ; and after Mr. Fox had been tapped a second time, we prescribed no other remedies than cordials, to sustain his frame as long as possible. Will you be so good as to tell me what you remember on these points. I am, my dear Doctör, sincerely your's,  
HENRY HALFORD.

Copy of a Letter from Sir Henry Halford, Bart. to Arthur Tegart, Esq. dated Curzon-street, Oct. 29, 1811.

DEAR SIR—I shall be obliged to you if you will examine with great care the several prescriptions which were written for the late Mr. Secretary Fox, in his late illness. I find some erroneous observations in Mr. Trotter's book, which do great injustice to his physicians, and must give Mr. Fox's friends great pain. He more than insinuates that the digitalis was given in doses, by which Mr. Fox's death was hastened. I do not believe the digitalis was ever prescribed at all. I remember stating it in consultation, when the propriety of administering that remedy was discussed, that I had never seen it to do good in the dropsy of the belly, though I had often found it give temporary relief in cases of water in the chest ; and I am pretty sure that Drs. Moseley and Pitcairn both stated this to be the result of their experience also, and that in consequence it was never prescribed.

I think Mr. Fox took nothing but cordials after the last operation of tapping. When we found that the fluid accumulated again rapidly after the second puncturing, then, I believe, we abandoned all hope of doing good by further active attempts to cure his disease, and determined to protract life as long as we could by measures calculated to give him power and to sustain his system. But you have the means of knowing this better than any body, by referring to the prescriptions which were sent to you from day to day ; and you will do me a kindness if you will shew them to me, and tell me particularly whether the digitalis was given at any period of Mr. Fox's illness.—I am, dear Sir, with sincere esteem, your faithful servant,

(Signed)

H. HALFORD.

*To Arthur Tegart, Esq. Pall-Mall.*

Copy of a Letter from Dr. Moseley to Sir Henry Halford, Bart. dated Albany, Oct. 29, 1811.

DEAR SIR HENRY—You shall hear from me in a few days on the subject of your obliging letter. In the interim, be assured that Mr. Fox never took digitalis in any form whatever.—Your's very sincerely,  
B. MOSELEY.

Copy of a Letter from Dr. B. Moseley, to Sir Henry Hallford, Bart. M. D. dated Royal Hospital, Chelsea, Nov. 4, 1811.

DEAR SIR HENRY—I should have answered your letter sooner, but I wished to see Mr. Trotter's book, which I obtained only yesterday afternoon.

In my opinion his reveries concerning Mr. Fox, do not deserve any notice from us. But as the friends of that illustrious character may be desirous that we should prevent the public being imposed on by Mr. Trotter's mischievous assertions, I have examined my journal (for I kept a very minute one) of Mr. Fox's last illness; and have ascertained that he never took *digitalis* in any form whatever.

You must recollect, whoever it was that proposed *digitalis*, Dr. Pitcairn, you and myself knew too well the state of Mr. Fox's stomach, to think of giving it to him.

You are perfectly correct in your recollection, that we abandoned all hopes of a cure, soon after the first operation of tapping—and that after the second we had recourse only to cordials of various kinds, to support his fast sinking powers, as long as was practicable, and to enable his dreadfully weak stomach to bear nourishment. Mr. Trotter has gone much out of his way, and arrogates to himself a great deal more than he is intitled to, concerning Mr. Fox's illness. And, I think, he would have shewn more prudence if he had altogether suppressed the tragic struggles he had in giving, what he romantically fancied (page 459 to be "*the fatal medicine*" that accelerated Mr. Fox's death—which "*fatal medicine*" you, Mr. Tegart, and I know existed only in his own imagination\*. But supposing we had really prescribed *digitalis* for Mr. Fox, is it modest—is it liberal, in a young man in Mr. Trotter's situation, to slander us for it?

His duty was, to have given whatever was ordered by the physicians. He could be no judge of the matter; and the delays, that some people would have thought criminal, which he confesses he made, in giving Mr. Fox the medicine we directed, on his presumptuous surmise, that it was *digitalis*, shews how ill placed our confidence was in him; and gives rise to the painful reflection, that this might not have been the only instance of his culpability towards us, as well as

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\* The following heads of the contents of one of the chapters, in the 2d part of his book will shew the confusion which that bugbear *digitalis* had wrought in his mind:—

"CHAPTER VII.—*Determination to try Digitalis*—The Author's forebodings—*Conduct of the Physicians*—*Author's solicitude*—*His reluctance to administer a strong remedy*—ITS ALARMING EFFECTS," &c. &c. Page xxxviii.

towards his dying patron. Mr. Trotter's inaccuracies are, in many other respects, very considerable, and surely he cannot expect to escape reprehension, when he can so stigmatize his own mental faculties, as to declare (page 456), that "*his ideas were not well developed even to himself.*"

Five years have now elapsed, since Mr. Fox's death; and one might think, that Mr. Trotter had by this time discovered his ideas; or not have attempted to publish his book without them.

He appears likewise to have lost his memory.

He says (page 464), "*Mrs. Fox, Miss Fox, Surgeon Hawkins, myself, and one domestic, were alone present,*"—when Mr. Fox died.—Unfortunately for the historian, I was present at that awful moment; and held Mr. Fox's right hand in mine, when he breathed his last. Any further comments are unnecessary.—I am, dear Sir Henry, your faithful and obedient Servant,

B. MOSELEY.

*To Sir Henry Halford, Bart. M. D. &c. &c. &c.*

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Copy of a Letter from Arthur Tegart, Esq. to Sir Henry Halford, Bart. dated Pall-mall, Oct. 30, 1811.

"DEAR SIR,—I beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday, requesting "that I might carefully examine the several prescriptions which were written for the late Mr. Secretary Fox in his last illness, and ascertain with exactness, whether the *digitalis* had been at any time exhibited to that Gentleman. In answer to which I beg to acquaint you, that I have examined, with great diligence, the several prescriptions, written by the late Dr. Pitcairn, Dr. Moseley, and yourself (the attending Physicians), and that I find no one of them contains a particle of the medicine alluded to, in any shape or form. Indeed, without this examination, I think I might venture to assert, from the distinct recollection which I have, of all the circumstances connected with the indisposition of Mr. Fox—whom I attended almost daily, from the commencement of his illness to the day of his decease, with feelings of the most sincere respect and anxious solicitude—that, although the propriety of administering the medicine in question (the *digitalis*, or fox-glove), had been more than once discussed in consultation, it had never been prescribed for Mr. Fox, for the reason you have stated in your letter of yesterday. After the second tapping, which took place on the 31st of August, up to the 13th of September, 1806, the day of Mr. Fox's dissolution, the medicines exhibited to him were entirely of the tonic and cordial kind, and were given *then*, solely with a view of sup-



porting his strength, as you will perceive by the several prescriptions which I now inclose, in compliance with your desire. I remain, dear Sir, your obedient and obliged humble servant, (Signed) ARTHUR TEGART."  
 "Sir Henry Halford, Bart. &c."

Lord Holland to Sir Henry Halford. Holland House, Nov.  
 3, 1811.

"DEAR SIR—I have just received your letter of this day, with the inclosures from Dr. Moseley and Mr. Tegart, and beg you to accept my best thanks for the communication.

"You and Dr. Moseley will do me the justice to recollect, that at the melancholy period to which your letter alludes, I felt it due to the Physicians who had the care of Mr. Fox during his last illness, to express my sense of their unremitting attention, and my persuasion, as far as I was able to form a judgment, that their treatment of his case had been skilful and judicious. Nothing has since occurred in the slightest degree to alter the impression which I then received, in common with all Mr. Fox's immediate connections. As however, the statement you have sent me may be satisfactory to those who had not the same means of information, I feel greatly obliged to you for the trouble you have now taken, and I beg you will communicate this letter, and repeat my thanks to Dr. Moseley.

"You will further oblige me by conveying my acknowledgments to Mr. Tegart, for the accuracy of his statement, and for his uniform zeal and assiduity during his attendance on Mr. Fox. I am, dear Sir, with sincere regard and esteem,  
 Your much obliged,  
 VASSAL HOLLAND."

FINIS.