



Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe
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LETTERS FROM AND TO
CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE, Esq.

EDITED BY

ALEXANDER ALLARDYCE

AUTHOR OF 'MEMOIR OF ADMIRAL LORD KEITH, K.B.,'
EDITOR OF 'SCOTLAND AND SCOTSMEN IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY,' ETC.

WITH A MEMOIR

BY THE

REV. W. K. R. BEDFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

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P R E F A C E.

THE correspondence contained in these two volumes has been selected from a very large mass of papers, now the property of the Rev. W. K. R. Bedford, Sutton Coldfield, the nephew and literary executor of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. The materials of which the present work is made up consist of autograph letters of Mr Sharpe to his mother and other members of his family; of rough drafts of letters in his own handwriting; of various fragmentary memoranda, also autograph; and of letters to Mr Sharpe, almost all in the originals. In addition to these, a note-book of Mr Sharpe, into which he had copied his more important correspondence from 1810 to 1815, with a few entries of a later date, has furnished a number of the most complete and interesting letters in both volumes.

Mr Sharpe's correspondence naturally divides itself into two parts: the letters connected with his residence at Oxford, and with the friendships which he had formed there; and those belonging to his Edinburgh life, when he had in a great measure retired from society and devoted himself to literary, artistic, and antiquarian pursuits. The former collection is by

far the more bulky and important, and a larger space has been assigned to the letters which represent it than chronological symmetry would otherwise have suggested. The letters addressed to Mr Sharpe by his Oxford friends are also of more consequence than those of the correspondents of his later years, which are, in the majority of instances, briefer notes, thanking him for antiquarian or artistic favours, or soliciting the assistance of his experience or taste. Several hundreds of letters, from David Laing, Robert Chambers, Thomas Thomson, W. B. D. D. Turnbull, and other gentlemen engaged in historical and antiquarian work, have been examined and passed over with the exception of a few illustrative specimens. Without Mr Sharpe's replies, which, however, generally found their way to the public indirectly through the works on which his correspondents were engaged, it would have served no object to print these letters beyond showing to how great an extent his attainments were drawn upon, and how liberally his stores were opened to his friends.

When the first volume had passed through the press, and the second had been already arranged for the printer, Mr Bedford was successful in obtaining, through the kindness of some friends whose interest had been excited in the work, a number of additional letters, which now appear in the second volume. This acquisition was of all the more importance, because, in the correspondence originally put into my hands, the later years of Mr Sharpe's life were very inadequately represented by letters from himself. The use to which Mr Sharpe's letters were

put by Lady Charlotte Bury, as explained by Mr Bedford in his Memoir, caused Mr Sharpe to be more guarded in his general correspondence; and it is fortunate that the most recently recovered letters were addressed to friends to whom he could reveal himself in his own playful and natural character.

In the selection and arrangement of the letters, very considerable difficulties had to be encountered. By far the greater number were undated, and many presented no references by which the dates might be accurately fixed. Not a few had found their way into covers evidently belonging to other letters, thereby increasing a confusion already chaotic. By exercising considerable pains, it is believed that the exact dates, or at least the closest approximation to them, have been fixed upon.

It may be necessary to explain why so large a number of letters to Mr Sharpe has been included in the present volumes. Not only did it seem that these letters were of service as the best illustrations of Mr Sharpe's own letters, but that they added not less than those did to our knowledge of him. Living as he did so much in isolation, Mr Sharpe's biography is written in his correspondence, and the interest of most of the letters addressed to him supersedes any need of an apology.

A great deal has been said of the licence which Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe allowed himself in writing, of a weakness for scandal, and of a fondness for employing expressions which refinement had rendered obsolete even in his day. His own letters, written to his intimates, and never intended for publication, will

show how far these allegations go. They are printed as he wrote them; in very few instances has it been found necessary to omit passages; and where suppression has been deemed expedient, it has been fully as often in the letters of his correspondents as in his own. When allowance is made for Mr Sharpe's affectation of archaism, the correspondence is neither better nor worse in tone than the *epistolæ familiares* of men of wit and of the world during his day.

The number of letters which it was desirable to compress into two volumes has not admitted of very full annotation, especially in the more recent letters, but notes have been given where it seemed that the interests of the reader required them. For many of these notes I have been indebted to Mr Bedford, who has also read the proof-sheets, and solved many difficulties which must otherwise have been insurmountable.

Throughout the progress of the work Mr Bedford and I have met with most prompt and ready response to all the applications we have made to those into whose hands the fragments of Charles Sharpe's writings and sketches had found their way. From the Abbotsford collection downwards, there has been a general consensus on the part of possessors of his works to assist, as far as possible, in placing his reputation on a basis of such security as the present publication can establish.

ALEXANDER ALLARDYCE.



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THE MONOGRAM, C. K. S., on the Cover, is from a sketch by Mr Sharpe.

M E M O I R

MEMOIR.

CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE was the third son of Charles Sharpe of Hoddam, by Eleanora, youngest daughter of John Renton of Lammerton.¹ His father was the son of William Kirkpatrick of Ailsland (brother to Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick of Closeburne, second Baronet), to whom Matthew Sharpe of Hoddam had bequeathed his estate. The Sharpes appear as citizens of Dumfries in the closing years of the sixteenth century; and John Sharpe, Sheriff-clerk of Dumfries, bought the estate of Hoddam in 1690 from Lord Southesk, whose father purchased it of Lord Annandale in 1653. By his wife, Susan Muir, John Sharpe had sixteen children, of whom George, the eleventh child, succeeded his father; he was admitted advocate 1712, and died unmarried 1740. He and his brother Matthew joined in the insurrection of 1715.² Matthew

¹ Charles Sharpe of Hoddam, and Eleanora Renton, youngest daughter of John Renton of Lammerton, Esq., were married at Drummond Lodge near Edinburgh, August 22, 1770.—Susan, November 19, 1771; Jane, March 12, 1773; Matthew, March 30, 1774; Eleanora, December 19, 1775; Isabella, August 30, 1777; William John, February 4, 1779; Charles, May 15, 1781; Alexander, January 11, 1785; Isabella, June 10, 1786; Elizabeth Cecilia, May 23, 1789; Grace, May 31, 1791; John William, August 27, 1793. The eldest daughter born at Edinburg; all the rest at Hoddam Castle.—*MS. Notebook.*

² In a letter to Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, the Rev. George Greig, minister of Tinwald, gives the following particulars regarding the Hoddam family:—

“TINWALD MANSE, June 13, 1827.

“MY DEAR SIR,—When the two daughters—Mary and Ann—of the late James the Second of England had each enjoyed the crown in succession, till their

returned to Scotland in the disguise of a drover, after the battle of Preston, and from thence went to France, where he remained till the death of his brother. He died unmarried, and left his estate to his kinsman, Charles Kirkpatrick, who took the name of Sharpe. One of the elder sisters of Matthew Sharpe, Catherine, had married, first, Grierson of Barjarg, by

Maker was pleased to remove them to another world, and the male offspring of that unfortunate monarch began to make efforts to recover the throne on which their ancestors had sat, it was a common piece of policy among the Scotch lairds who had more sons than one, to make the oldest adhere to the reigning family, and the next to join the standard of the Pretender. Matthew Sharpe, being the second son of John Esquire of Hoddam, behoved, according to the above policy—which aimed to preserve the estate in the family whatever the event of the rebellion might be—to follow the interests of Charles Stewart. What feats he performed in the service of his Royal master, what hair-breadth escapes he made, or what rank he held among the followers of that Prince, I have not learned. But when the master, after a series of defeats, was hunted like a partridge upon the mountains, and at last driven out of the kingdom, the agents of the reigning family soon abated in their ardour to pursue and distress his followers. It was at this period that the anecdote (indelibly engraven on my memory) respecting the late Matthew Sharpe, afterwards Laird of Hoddam, occurred. It came to me from the late Peter Norris, whose father was not only that gentleman's *gardener*, but his *factotum*, and must have heard the *anecdote* from his own mouth. Matthew Sharpe, not thinking it safe to linger about Hoddam, wished to be out of the kingdom, but not with a view to follow the Prince, like some more eminent characters, who had perhaps stronger claims upon the gratitude of his Highness. He therefore provided himself with a mean upper garment, and was travelling through England behind a herd of swine; but whether through accident or design these unclean creatures occupied the road before him, I did not learn, but it would seem to have been by accident—for a heavy fall of rain made him retire from the road into a *smithy* in order to dry himself. While engaged in this act of necessary attention to his own health, a police officer *spied a fine ruffle* peeping out from his *wrist*, under the coarse upper garment, and seized him without ceremony, as his prisoner. He was hurried without loss of time to the nearest Justice of the Peace; but luckily for the prisoner, the Justice entertained very different sentiments from those of the police-officer respecting the capture of a Jacobite, and reprimanded that officer very sharply for daring to intermeddle with any gentleman upon the road without sufficient authority to sanction such conduct. The officer then lowered his *tone* a little when made sensible of his error, and said that if his Worship would take charge of the prisoner, he would run with all haste and get a *warrant*. The Justice either made no answer or an evasive one to this charge; and when the officer retired upon his own errand, he directed Matthew Sharpe upon a *route* quite different from that by which he could fall in with the officer and his warrant. My information bears that Matthew Sharpe and this Justice kept up an intercourse during life. Matthew Sharpe, after the above occurrence, found his way to the east coast of England, and from thence across to

whom she had a daughter, Grizzel, married to Charles Erskine, Lord Justice-Clerk; and secondly, James Grierson of Capenoch, by whom she had Jean, married in 1741 to Andrew Crosbie of Holm, Provost of Dumfries, and Susanna, to Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick, third Baronet. Thus the Sharpes were connected with the anti-Covenanting interest of the south-west of Scotland, with the persecutor Lag, and the Jacobite Provost of Dumfries who figures in 'Redgauntlet.' In volumes of Lag's and Crosbie's letters preserved by Mr Sharpe, there is a spirited sketch of John Sharpe's house in Dumfries, and the following notes on Lag and his connections:—

"Sir Robert Grierson of Lag (so created 1685) made a great figure in what has been called the persecution of the Whigs, during the reigns of King Charles II. and his brother; he is made honourable mention of by Wodrow and other historians, and hath been of late reproduced to the public under the designation of old Redgauntlet.

"He married Lady Henrietta Douglas, sister to the first Duke of Queensberry. The marriage-contract is dated at the Castle of Sanquhar, September 21, 1676. William, Earl of Queensberry, Robert Fergusson of Craigdarroch, Roger Grierson of Terrarane, and John Grierson of Capenoch, were Lag's curators or guardians: Lady Henrietta to have an annuity of 4000 merks Scots; but in the case of children procreat between the parties, and these surviving their father, she to be restricted to the yearly sum of 3000 merks, and to pay all the public burdens. Witnesses to the con-

the Continent, and latterly to Leyden, where Mr Kirkpatrick (whose history must be so well known to you) was then studying *law*, and who contrived to make his remittances from home support his new guest as well as himself. My informer added that a motive of gratitude as well as of relationship made Matthew Sharpe, as soon as he had the power, look towards Mr Kirkpatrick's family for an *heir* to the Hoddom estate; and let me add another motive, that of personal attachment. There was a *witchery* (I cannot find a better name) about your late grandfather Kirkpatrick's manners and conversation which is hardly to be met with in an age. In confirmation of this, I must report to you, upon the authority of the same informer, the strong expression of the late Mr Muir of Capencarry, that though neither he nor your grandfather were *wine-bibbers*, yet that he (Mr Muir) would at any time have readily sold the *coat* from his back to enjoy the conversation of Mr Kirkpatrick, and that he was the only man within the wide circle of his acquaintance for the charms of whose conversation he would pay so dear."

tract—Robert Lord Maxwell, Thomas Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, John Grierson of Capenoch, John Alisone of Glencorse, John Douglas of Stainhou, and Mr John Richardson, writer in Edinburgh.

“The common people in Annandale gravely assert that Lag, like the other persecutors, had intimate dealings with the devil, and that he was partly in hell before his death, as his saliva burnt holes where it fell, and his feet put into cold water made it boil. I believe he died of the gout in the year 1733. My grandaunt, Mrs Campbell of Monzie, remembered having seen him when she was a little girl. She was carried to pay a visit to Lady Henrietta, who then resided with her husband in Matthew Sharp of Hoddam's house in Dumfries (which she continued to rent after Lag's death; it is now pulled down). ‘A grewsome-looking carle he was,’ she said, ‘wrapped up in blankets, wearing a wig, and in an elbow-chair;’ it was during a fit of the gout. Lady Henrietta made her go up to him, and he kissed her—to her no small terror, both on account of his appearance and the terrible tales she had heard of him.

“There are many circumstances respecting him detailed in ‘Red-gauntlet’ which are not true: *exempli gratiâ*, he never kept an ape that I ever heard of; and the frown of the family of right belongs to Mrs Jean Weir, the celebrated Major's sister, who was hanged for a witch, &c., in the year 1679. But this I know positively to be a fact: my granduncle, the late Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick (who was Lag's nephew—for Lady Henrietta Grierson's sister, Lady Isobel, was the wife of Sir William Lockhart of Carstairs, and by him the mother of Isobel, Lady Kirkpatrick, wife of the second Baronet of Closeburn, Sir Thomas's mother and my great-grandmother), attended his funeral in his carriage, drawn by four young stout black horses. About half-way to the place of interment the hired horses could drag the herce no farther, and stood stock-still, probably owing to the badness of the road, though the vulgar reason assigned is that the devil had got into the vehicle, which made it too heavy to be moved. Sir Thomas, who was then a very young man, made his own horses to be put to the herce, and drove his uncle's body to the churchyard; and strange it is, but true, his four young horses all died in the course of a few days! This disaster the old women of Annandale and Nithsdale still ascribe to ‘the dead-weight o' the deil and the Laird o' Lag.’

“I think that I never saw so rude a ruin as the tower of Lag, in the glen of that name. The stones appear to have been taken out of the burn and made walls of, without the help of pickaxe or chisel, and the scenery around is as dreary as the castle is uncouth; not a tree, nor anything like one, to be seen—nothing but huge round stones, stunted whin-bushes, and a scanty rivulet flowing

between the solitary *braes*. Things, however, may now be changed, for it is more than twenty years since I visited the glen of Lag.

“Lady Henrietta (vulgarly called Lady Henny) Grierson rode behind her son Gilbert to her niece Lady Kirkpatrick’s marriage at Carstairs. This I had from the present Sir Robert Grierson of Lag, Gilbert’s son.

“She was a woman of short stature, and of an irreproachable character. Her sisters, Lady Margaret Jardine and Lady Katherine Douglas, were celebrated for their penurious dispositions. Lady Margaret would, for a penny, carry people cross the river Annan on her shoulders, and sit for days awaiting passengers, if there was a fair or other publick meeting at Lockerby. This several of her descendants have told me. As also, that she generally wore nothing but rags. Yet when she went to Rockhall to pay a visit to her sister, Lady Henrietta, she carried some articles of what she deemed finery in a bundle, and used to inquire at a cottage near the house if the Laird (Sir Robert) was at home. If answered in the affirmative, she sat down under a tree and made her toilet. If Lag chanced to be absent, she would say, ‘My cockups’ll no gae on the day,’ and repair to her sister in her usual costume.

“*N.B.*—Cockups was a sort of high cap which at one period gave much offence to the godly.¹

“When Lady Margaret’s nephew James, second Duke of Queensberry, resided in Holyrood House, she paid him a visit in her wonted dishabille. The centinel at the gate mistook her for a beggar, and pushed her back very rudely; but the Duke, who was at a window, called to him to let his aunt pass, to the man’s great surprise, no doubt. This lady had always an ample fortune, and after Sir Alexr. Jardine’s death, married Sir David Thoits. She could sometimes part with her money. In an account of the drink-money (vails) given to the servants at Closeburn during the life of her niece Lady Kirkpatrick, I find these items in the nurse’s share: ‘2 half-milncrowns from my Lady Lagg, 23 lib. pieces from Applegirth, 2 rix-dollars from his lady.’

“Her portrait is at Jardine Hall. There is none extant of Sir Robert Grierson, nor, I believe, of Lady Henrietta. Her picture may be at Drumlanrig, but now unknown, as very few of the portraits there have the names affixed.

“Sir Robert possessed originally a large estate, which his extravagance greatly diminished. He made one of his sons an apothecary in Carlisle, and when he sent him thither to practice he, at parting, gave him his blessing, saying, ‘God speed ye! ye’ll revenge the fecht at Flowden!’²

¹ “See Kirkton’s History, and the works of Patrick Walker *passim*.”

² “From the late Mr Murray of Murraythwaite.”

“The elegy on Lag, once so popular among the vulgar, was written, as I have heard, by one Irving, a schoolmaster, ancestor of the author of ‘Fair Helen of Kirkconnell’ and other poems, who, some years ago, in a fit of insanity cut his own throat in Edinburgh.

“Of late times the children in Dumfries dared not to play at ball in the close at Hoddam’s house in the dusk, through dread of Lag’s ghost.

“Sir Robert’s two eldest sons were forfeited in the year 1715. Gilbert subsequently became chamberlain to the Duke of Buccleugh, and resided in the town of Dalkeith, where he took boarders to attend the school there. He assumed the title after the death of his brother Sir William, who was long an idiot,—the terror, it is said, he felt at being shut up in the Tower having deprived him of what judgement he originally possessed.”¹

Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe’s mother, herself a most beau-

¹ The following note occurs in the MS. volume quoted above in reference to “two letters” written by Sir Patrick Maxwell, first baronet of Springkell, “who, like Lag, was a persecutor, and, like him, accused of dealing with the foul fiend. It is said that when his wife lay in of her first child, a son, Sir Patrick carried the infant from the bedchamber to the landing-place of the stairs, and there gave it to the devil. Of course, the poor victim was never seen any more.”

“But on another occasion he tried to over-reach the devil. A dairymaid in the house of Springkell had a sweetheart who used to meet her of an evening on the back stairs. At one of their assignations it was settled between the lovers that the woman was to go that night to the kirkyard of Kirkconnell (where fair Helen lies buried), and there consent to her swain’s wishes, whatever they might prove. The youth had scarcely retired when the dairymaid met Sir Patrick, who asked her if she knew with whom she had been conversing? She answered, ‘With the gardener.’ He told her, ‘With the devil, who would certainly carry her off that very night if she ventured alone to the kirkyard.’ The finale of the conference was, that Sir Patrick promised her his protection; and at the appointed hour he, with a lantern, and followed by the trembling dairymaid and a dog, set off for the place of meeting, where they had scarcely arrived till the devil comes over the dyke and demands his prey, which Sir Patrick, according to the usual tactics on such occasions, had hastily fortified within a circle on the ground, &c., &c. A parley between Satan and Sir Patrick ensued; and it was at last concluded that the devil should not lay claw on the poor dairymaid till the candle in the lantern was burnt out, on which Sir Patrick thrust it down the dog’s throat, and the fiend went off in a pet at the trick. I think I have read this story in some book much older than Sir Patrick’s time; and to do him, the dairymaid, and even the devil (who makes so silly a figure in the affair) justice, the woman concerned, who resided afterwards in the village of Ecclefechan, assured Betty Paterson, from whom I had several of the circumstances, that the whole was as great a lie as ever was told.

“Sir Patrick’s portrait, a head in an oval, is at Springkell: armour, a large black wig, and a face that hath very strongly the air of a wizard.”

tiful and admirable woman, for the charms of whose person and mind her distinguished son had ever the most genuine and sincere admiration, was the granddaughter of a still more famous beauty—Susanna, Countess of Eglintoun, the patron and subject of poets, and the admiration of her contemporaries for grace and vivacity. His grandfather Renton, as he has recorded in his memoranda,

“Was educated at Christ Church in Oxford, and afterwards travelled into France. While at College he was a contemporary of the great Lord Mansfield; Trevor, Bishop of Durham; and Stone, Primate of Ireland. When the Bishop of Durham, in a progress through his diocese, came to Berwick, my grandfather went to wait upon him there, and carried my two aunts, Lady Murray and Mrs Smollett, with him. When the Bishop came out of the church (having his train borne up according to the fashion of that day), my aunts knelt down in the churchyard, and he blessed them with an imposition of hands. My grandfather said, pointing to Lady Murray,—‘My lord, this young lady is my daughter; pray give her a double portion;’ on which the Bishop again touched her head. Trevor was a very handsome man, and usually went by the name of the Beauty of Holiness!

“My grandfather once dined in company with Swift at Lord Halifax’s table. He used to mention his surprise at the Dean’s freedom of behaviour, who recalled a dish, after the removal of the first course, which had chanced to please his taste.

“My grandfather went to Ireland, purposely to pay a visit to his friend Stone, after he became Primate, though he himself pretended to be of the Presbyterian religion, and was certainly a Whig in politicks.”

Such associations with famous men and places were sufficient of themselves to predispose the subject of this memoir towards those studies and pursuits in which he afterwards achieved such distinction. He was duly sensible of the consequence to be derived from progenitors famous in history, and never allowed the ancestral glories of the Kirkpatricks to pass from his memory, delighting to celebrate, with pen and pencil, Caerlaverock, Repentance, and other scenes of their legendary history. He rigidly enforced in his own person the use of his true patronymic, and averred that his stockings wore out when his sister forgot to “sew that K on them”!

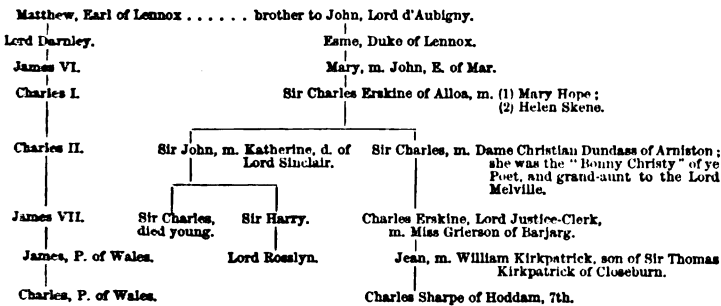
Hoddam Castle, where he was born, is not one of the very old fortalices of the south of Scotland—for the castle, burned by the Earl of Sussex, August 1570, stood upon the other or eastern bank of the river Annan—but was a very good specimen of the high double tower, with bartizan and steep roof, common in the baronial era of Scottish history. The engraving in Pennant's *Tour* gives an accurate representation of the structure itself at the end of the last century, but fails to convey the idea of the beauty of its situation, amidst fine woods, on the bank of the most picturesque part of the Annan. On one of the hills above is a singular square tower, in an old burying-ground known by the name of Trailtrow or Repentance; the latter designation being given to it from the word "**Repentance**" being carved over the door, between a serpent and a bird (perhaps intended for the cock so intimately associated with the repentance of Peter).¹ The legend connected with this tower was made by Mr Sharpe the subject of a ballad, one of those which he contributed to the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. As even two centuries later a commutation of penance was assigned to the repair of a church in Cumberland, there is nothing impossible in the tradition that it was built by the ancient possessor of Hoddam, Lord Herries, by way of expiation of an act of barbarity upon English captives. If we are to credit Mr Sharpe's letters, he esteemed his home as miserable an exile as Ovid did the Euxine; but this sort of humorous dispraise was his habitual way of expressing himself about persons as well as things for which he had a liking. Hence his letters are full of outspoken sarcasm and simulated contempt of people whom in other ways he highly esteemed. Writing to be read by those who affected the same style of discussing their friends, he did not think it necessary to be reticent or even consistent. The keenest of patriots, he was ever "flyting" at the manners, religious prejudices, and climate of his native country. The most gentle and considerate of men in his intercourse with young people,

¹ The bird is rather thought to be the dove—the dove and the serpent standing for emblems of grace and remorse.—See *Border Minstrelsy*, note, probably contributed by C. K. S.

he wrote of them with the rancour of a Herod. One of his favourite subjects of sarcastic criticism was his ancestress Lady Marie Stewart (daughter of Esme, first Duke of Lennox, and second wife of John, Earl of Mar, Treasurer of Scotland in the reign of James VI.), whose great-granddaughter, Jean, daughter of Charles Erskine of Alva, Lord Justice-Clerk, married his grandfather, William Kirkpatrick.

In one of his note-books he has thus traced his Lennox descent:—

A NOTE OF OUR RELATIONSHIP TO THE STEWART FAMILY.



Although he cherished with pride his descent through her from the royal race of Stewart,¹ and diligently collected historical particulars of the Mar and Lennox families, as will be seen hereafter, he often mentions her in terms almost of disgust and derision, in his letters and notes—*e.g.*, a letter to Mr Gibson Craig in 1828, and many pungent notes and references to John O'Snytes, as the Treasurer-Earl was irreverently styled. A humorous petition from the distressed lady, or rather from her painted semblance, addressed to Sir Charles Douglas of Kelhead, will not be out of place, as showing the grim humour with which he invested topics very near his heart.

¹ John Erskine, E. of Marr, married Lady Mary Stewart, anno Dom. 1592. The king did pass his Christmas at Alloa that year with the new-wedded couple. —Spotiswood, p. 390.

"To the Right Worshipful and our well-beloved Cousin, Sir Charles Douglas of Kelhead, Knight Baronet, the Petitioner of the Lady Mary Stewart, Countess of Mar; Dame Helen Skene; Lady Alva; John Earl of Mar, Regent; John Earl of Mar, Treasurer; John Earl of Mar, commonly called Duke of Mar; and Sir Charles Erskine of Alva, Knight Baronet,

"Humbly showeth,—That your worship's distressed petitioners are all in a very dismal condition; but as it hath been the custom, time immemorial, for ladies to state, explain, show, and exhibit their cases in the first place, it is but fitting that the Countess of Mar and my Lady Alva should enjoy that precedence.

"Therefore I, Dame Marie Stewart, Countess of Mar, and daughter to that high and potent prince, Esme, Duke of Lennox, do commence the sad task of supplication, and beseech you to rue upon my disconsolate estate—once second to no woman who wore a hoop and farthingale in Scotland, saving the Queen's Majesty, the near cousin and favourite of that wise monarch King James the Sixth, the ruler of mine antient husband, and the rejector of fifty young fellows who wooed me in my widowhood. I am now cast aside and confined to an old, crazy, leaky house (the very epitome of my antique spouse), where I am rotted with damp, and ready to be devoured by long-tailed vermin even more ravenous than those lusty lovers who would formerly have eaten up my jointure—yea, had it not been for the gorgonical visage of my daughter-in-law, the Lady Alva, I should have long since been consumed outright; but, most fortunately, she possesseth such a stern grimalkin mien that the rats and mice avoid her presence as they would that of my Lady Marchioness of Carrabas, or Miss Catskin in her everyday garment. Sir Charles Douglas, to a lady of my delicacy, as well as dignity, you may divine how prodigiously it goeth against the grain (as the vulgar phrase it) to prefer an humble request of any nature to a man of any kind; but '*necessitas non habet legem*'—for if you quickly take not pity upon me and remove me to dryer and sounder quarters, I shall in a very little time dwindle down to a worm-eaten frame and a handful of unseemly tatters."

"I, Dame Helen Skene, Lady Alva, have equal (yea more) cause of complaint with my mother-in-law, the Countess of Mar—mercy upon us!—in this ungallant and degenerate age. Beauty is not only neglected, but the very representation of it despised. My personal charms were once so potent that, albeit Sir Charles Erskine of Alva was a dotting, purblind widower when first he met with me, he could discern the outline of my nose at the distance of twenty yards, and find the highway to my mouth without the aid of spectacles."

But two persons were ever sacred from this mocking spirit of make-believe sarcasm—his father and his mother. Of the elegant accomplishments and amiable qualities of the former he was justifiably proud. Carefully preserved among his papers are numerous testimonies to the worth of the laird of Hoddam—an offer of a baronetcy, an appointment as keeper of the Royal harriers for Scotland, commissions, &c., &c., and, more valuable than these, documents relating to his connection with the poet Burns, several of whose songs are dedicated to Mr Sharpe. One of the best of Burns's letters is also addressed to him, and the correspondence proves him to have been a more sincere and discreet friend to the gifted ploughman than most of the Scottish gentry. With his mother, Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe had a community of thought and sympathy unusual even in the happiest filial relations, and he recorded his admiration and affection for her in terms equally strong and genuine.

He attended Dr Robison's class in Edinburgh in 1796-97, and in 1798 he matriculated at Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. June 17, 1802, and M.A. June 28, 1806, having passed the necessary examination June 8, 1804. He was not by any means an enthusiastic admirer of university customs, especially of the tutors, whom he stigmatises as unmannerly and disgusting in their behaviour. The stately head of Christ Church, Cyril Jackson himself, who was said to have contemptuously tossed an offer of a bishopric to his brother, was in his eyes an "inspired swine," who preached exceeding dry sermons with a prodigious degree of snuffling. In fact, mere classical lore, as distinguished from elegant taste in literature, he despised. One of his marginal notes in the 'Diary Illustrative of the Times of George IV.,' referring to Dr Parr, says: "What a companion for a princess! I have met him at Oxford, the very worst bred brute, composed of insolence and tobacco, that I ever saw or heard of;" and he was just as sarcastic upon the smart young sportsmen, and Irish anti-Unionites, who formed a considerable section of the undergraduate world at Christ Church.

He meditated and partially carried out an idea of recording

his satirical views of Oxford society in poetical epistles, after the model of the then famous 'New Bath Guide.' Two of these are in existence, and are worth preserving from the contrast they present to many of the accessories of modern university life, while they record much of the spirit of flippancy and bad taste which still disfigures certain circles in Oxford. But he dismissed the idea after the second epistle, and in some severe stanzas upon a rival rhymester gives it as his opinion that

"Of all ills by which mankind is curst,
Ill-nature joined to folly is the worst.
Ill-nature teaches curs at wheels to bite,
Ill-nature teaches viler fools to write."

And he seems wisely to have bridled his sarcastic Pegasus, lest he should overstep the limits which his intrinsic good feeling prescribed. One other lampoon alone comes to hand among his papers—a satire upon the famed Doctor Toe, that universal laughing-stock of Oxford, who is the hero of Heber's "Whippiad," and is depicted at full length in Barham's novel, 'My Cousin Nicholas.'

THE NEW OXFORD GUIDE.

LETTER I.

MR SIMKIN B——D TO MISS JENNY B——D. —HALL, NORTH.

THE GRIEF OF A FIRST SEPARATION—THE SPEECH OF AN OLD NURSE WHO HAD
HEARD THE STORY OF FRIAR BACON'S HEAD—A DESCRIPTION OF COLLEGE
GARRETS—A BED-MAKER—A SCOUT.

Alas, what distresses the feelings o'ercome
Of a youth the first time that he ventures from home !
Dear Jenny, no mortal the sorrow can tell
That I suffered in bidding you all a farewell.
My dearest mamma—how I blubber'd and kiss'd her !
And then fell a-hugging of thee, my sweet sister ;
And then to the monkey ; and then to the parrot—
I wept till my nose was as red as a carrot.

In the hall stood my nurse, like a fountain of tears,
'Mid a crowd of old serving-men, scratching their ears :

Poor woman—her sluices of tears so gush'd out
 That they carried her spectacles quite off her snout.
 She whined, "Well-a-day, this will break my old heart !
 Lackadaisy, at Oxford they teach the black art !
 Magicians dwell there, who work all sorts of evil,
 Such as laying of spectres and raising the d—l.
 They make brazen heads, with assistance from hell,
 That wise as a gipsy's can everything tell ;
 And 'tis said that you never set foot in the street,
 But some such curs'd noddle you're certain to meet."

This utter'd, with many a rueful grimace
 She squeez'd me up close in a parting embrace ;
 And a chorus of serving-men join'd in the roar
 Of her grief—when the carriage drove off from the door.
 Well—safely arriv'd in the centre of knowledge,
 I was lucky enough to get garrets in college ;
 And up a long staircase with pain did I clamber
 To reach the black door of my desolate chamber.

Imagine, dear Jenny, a garret so small,
 That one feels like a nun in't, built up in a wall ;
 With a chimney that smokes when the wind's in the south
 Like Mynheer of Holland's tobaccofied mouth ;
 With a window contriv'd, as were casements of old,
 To keep out the light and to let in the cold ;
 With a tatter'd settee, and a parcel of chairs
 That grievously totter and creak for repairs—
 And a poor widow'd fire-screen, without its best half,
 For Vulcan hath eaten it all but the staff.

I here sat me down, with my mind quite in gloom, }
 When a hideous appearance stalk'd into the room, }
 In her left hand a pail, in her right hand a broom ; }
 Like any fell Succubus, wrinkl'd and old, }
 With the lip of a shrew, and the nose of a scold, }
 And a ragged red cardinal, dire to behold. }
 I shriek'd (and my terror seem'd much to offend her),
 For I thought her the ghost of the woman of Endor—
 To judge by your eyes and your nose, you had said,
 Nay sworn, she was something just risen from the dead :
 And as she remain'd between me and the stairs,
 Quite hopeless of flying, I fell to my pray'rs ;
 And she told me at last with a horrible mien,
 "Sir, I makes your bed up, and keeps your rooms clean."

And, sister, this office is wisely contriv'd
 To fall on sage dames who their charms have surviv'd ;

For were it bestow'd on each careless young jade,
 'Tis certain our beds would be seldom well made.
 We read of a painter, on canvas who strove
 To draw a full length of the goddess of Love,
 While all the gay belles of high fashion in Greece
 Display'd their chief beauties to forward the piece :
 One furnished an eye, or a pair of red lips—
 Another a toe, or a couple of hips ;
 While he cull'd with gusto, and consummate art,
 Like a bee among flow'rs, ev'ry excellent part.
 Now should some Apelles desire in our days
 To paint a Medusa beyond any praise,
 Or a likeness that Hecate's self might acknowledge
 Of Hecate grim—let him come to this college ;
 Such a group I defy Pandemonium to show
 As a bevy of bed-makers all in a row.

But I've got a man-servant, yclep'd here a scout,
 And am counsell'd to look pretty sharply about,
 And be sure that the locks of my strong box are stout : }
 For in this reservoir of Latin and Greek,
 All follow as much as they can the antique—
 Our students, in truest Laconian style,
 Are abstinent, secret, and patient of toil ;
 And the scouts, whom no conscience or shame e'er disheartens,
 Will pilfer and cheat like the craftiest Spartans.

You see that I write very sprightly and hearty—
 No wonder indeed, for I've been at a party ;
 But oh ! it requires fifty muses like mine }
 To do justice, my dear, to this party of wine ; }
 'Twas so very delightful—so vastly divine— }
 'Twas given by a gentleman commoner gay,
 Whom I met at my tutor's, at breakfast to-day,—
 Master Growler, a person of high reputation,
 Who dresses and struts in the pink of the fashion,—
 And ask'd me to wine in that elegant tone,
 As if he had rather have let it alone.
 But neither my paper nor patience can last
 Now to give an account of this charming repast ;
 So I think it, dear Jenny, a thousand times better,
 To keep the affair for a following letter—
 Concluding abruptly—with love to my mother—
 Your slave to command, and affectionate brother

LETTER II.

MR SIMKIN B——D TO MISS JENNY B——D. —HALL, NORTH.

A WINE-PARTY—DESCRIPTION OF THE GUESTS—A DISPUTE—AN ACCIDENT.

As you write me, dear sister, how sorely you pine
 For my promis'd account of the party of wine,
 Though I've got heaven knows how much business to do,
 It shall all be postpon'd to give pleasure to you;
 And so, with alacrity seizing my pen,
 I'll first just describe Master Growler, and then }
 Go on to his party and other fine men. }

Young Solomon Growler's a person of breeding,
 Of much understanding, and very great reading;
 Yet in one point perhaps he a little may fail,
 Fundamental indeed—and thereby hangs a tale.

His sire, Skinflint Growler, got riches by trade,
 And long did he bargain a peer to be made;
 But his pristine economy never forsaking,
 He offer'd a bribe that was not worth the taking:
 Refused—the old cit, fill'd with rage and disdain,
 Gave dinners to Godwin and toasted Tom Paine;
 Made his wife the chaste works of Moll Wollstonecraft read,
 Which sorely bewilder'd the good woman's head;
 Bought kindly th' uncastrated monk for his daughter,
 Who'll ne'er be a nun from what Matthew¹ hath taught her;
 And whipp'd his young sons till they learnt to repeat,
 That a king is a tyrant, a bishop a cheat.

But tho' Master Growler's by whiggery tainted,
 With all the young noblemen here he's acquainted,
 And fills them with liquor and crams them with supper,
 Never mentioning Paine—which is perfectly proper.

So I went to his rooms about four, where I found
 A table, with chairs placed in order around,
 And bottles, replete with the juice of the vine,
 Which clumsier poets would style red port wine;
 A sumptuous dessert then enchanted my eyes,
 Ripe oranges, perfect in colour and size—
 Grapes, peaches, and apples, as much as you please,
 Cakes, ruskins, prunelloes, and sweet damson cheese—
 Dry biscuit, that chiefly to Bacchus belongs,
 Delicious when toasted till brown in the tongs—
 And huge lumps of ice which exactly did look
 Like the floating ice-hills in the drawings for Cook.

¹ "Monk" Lewis.

The company had not assembled as yet,
 And the president seem'd in a bit of a fret—
 Now biting his thumb-nail, now sipping his wine,
 While he skimm'd a deep chapter of Gibbon's 'Decline':
 A work which doth many new secrets impart
 For cleansing the reason and mending the heart,
 And relates in such style the decline of old Rome,
 That it proves we are sadly declining at home.

But a number of youths all at once huddl'd in,
 Some chattering like jackdaws with ominous din,
 Some roaring like huntsmen a whoop and a hollo.
 Inspire me to mention the chiefs, great Apollo !

Ye muses that sip from Castalian springs,
 The poet invokes not *your* aid while he sings
 And numbers the heroes in sweet sounding line
 Who fuddl'd their noses with nauseous wine.
 Ah ! well do our damsels in stockings of blue
 The steps of their darlings the muses pursue !
 Coy nymphs—who all liquors like black doses flee,
 And drink nothing stronger than sober Bohea.
 "O dear ! filthy sherry, no mortal can bear it ;
 We faint at the fume of a bottle of claret—
 The hussey who tipples a horse-whip deserves :
To be sure gin is wholesome to settle the nerves."

Now first of a native of Wales will I speak,
 Sir Griffith ap Shenkin ap Tudor ap Leek,¹
 A baronet fam'd for his courage and strength,
 And a pedigree, Jenny, of wonderful length ;
 His arms are compos'd of three rampant goat-tails,
 An ancient armorial bearing in Wales—
 And his crest is a cheese, which the baronet swore
 Was the very same crest that Cadwallader wore.

This Welshman is fiery, as Welshmen are wont,
 And will not put up with the slightest affront ;
 But ne'er contradicted, he's full of good-nature,
 You cannot imagine a pleasanter creature.

Master Margin was there, most profound in his looks,
 A very great buyer of very fine books,
 Which he hoists in his study for boobies to stare at,
 Bedight in the gold and morocco of Barratt.
 But tho' he would fain make the vulgar believe
 That he puzzles and construes from morning till eve ;

¹ Nephew to the lady of that name mentioned in the ' Bath Guide.'

Tho' he swears that the dunces would make e'en an ass sick,
 And quotes too to prove it from some Latin classic ;
 Tho' he talks of sage editors wiser than any,
 One Bentley, and Bur-mann, and certain Stephani—
 Yet I think (but let this be a secret between us)
 That old nurse at home knows as much of Quæ Genus.

And I, luckless I, had the sorrow to sit
 Next Billy Bamboozle, a quizzer and wit— }
 At least so he thinks ; but he's d—bly bit. }
 Alas poor Bamboozle ! beshrew his base heart
 Who taught thee to hold thyself clever and smart ;
 He was some cunning rogue, it most plainly appears,
 Who laid a deep plot 'gainst thy nose and thy ears,
 And instill'd such provocative powers in thy speaking,
 That even Job's fingers would itch to be tweaking.

This Billy makes noise, and imagines it fun,
 With frequent miscarriage of embryo pun ;
 And still does he prate, oh unfortunate Billy,
 Tho' pummell'd and cudgell'd and kick'd to a jelly.
 I hear he derives from a glorious race,
 That matchless assurance, that vile saucy face ;
 From sources more noble his life never man drew,
 A Billingsgate drab, and a quack's merry-andrew.

Now hark !—a small pit-a-pat step on the stair,
 And voice softly trilling opera-house air !
 The door gently opens—and bathed in perfume
 Sweet Dicky Cosmetic trips into the room.
 Like a rose-bud his cheek—with a patch on his chin,—
 His shirt-frill adorn'd by a diamond pin ;
 Ye gods, what a shape, what an elegant air !
 Was ever a face, or a neckcloth so fair ?

“ Gauls, never again can ye Albion dread !
 Our fortitude, strength, our proud honour is fled—
 On us Fame her laurels no more does bestow
 Nor Fear shade with lilies the heads of the foe—
 No more from our troops our base enemies fly ;
 Where now are our heroes that conquer or die ?
 Long laid in the dust—and this pitiful race
 Exists but to cover their graves with disgrace.

“ Poor wretches, so pithless, so nervously weak,
 That sink on soft cushions, and languish, and squeak !
 Can chicken glov'd fists e'er be harden'd to wield
 The glittering faulchion and ponderous shield ?

Or armour be borne on that cowardly breast
 In summer by silk and thin muslin opprest ?”
 So exclaim'd Master Caustic when Dicky appear'd,
 A rogue who has got more ill-nature than beard ;
 And with cross jaundic'd opticks sees every thing yellow—
 A very old-fashion'd and cynical fellow.

This Dicky, for so cruel fate had decreed,
 Brought in a small lapdog of true Blenheim breed ;
 A sweet pretty thing, with a collar of pink,
 And over-nice feeding compell'd it to stink—
 Which bred in the sequel a woeful disaster,
 As you'll find by-and-bye, to itself and it's master.

Then came my Lord Rubbish—the son of an earl,
 Who keeps *à la mode* both a stud and a girl ;
 But Fortune and all his bad stars he may curse,
 For his horses are lame, and his nymph something worse.
 Yet himself's much in fault—for that evening I heard one
 Say Rubbish knew little of cattle of burden,
 And so (but he begg'd it might not be repeated)
 His lordship in *horse*-flesh was apt to be cheated.

A gay golden tuft on his cap he displays,
 Which dazzles all eyes with its ravishing rays—
 True badge of nobility, awful and grand,
 Confin'd to the essence and cream of the land.
 O tuft fraught with radiance, that still can't transmit
 To folly good sense, to stupidity wit,
 And tell like a label hung over the skull
 With what notable stuff the utensil is full—
 How I love to adore thee with honours divine,
 To court thy bright favour, and bask in thy shine !
 Last came Tommy Drivel, whose noddle's a thick one,
 And a gentle tuft-worshipper, meek Master Pick-bone,
 Who with pleasure will suffer his ears to be cuffed
 By any Scotch cousin of any Scotch tuft.

Now seated and settl'd, the bottle gone round,
 The youngsters held forth with much sense and much sound ;
 They were angry with rums,¹ they were troubl'd with bores,
 And sporting of oaks they call shutting of doors.
 “ My tutor's a raff, and the son of a b—h ;
 I rode out to-day and fell into a ditch ;
 I twisted my ankle—foment it with grease—
 By Jingo ! Bet Beesley's a dev'lish good piece.”

¹ “ A rum customer,” “ a strange fellow,”—the substantive has gone out of use.

At last a dispute between Growler and Leek,
 Both bawling as loud as town-criers can speak, }
 Our pleasure and harmony manag'd to break.
 Cosmetic was telling us much of a cape
 Very lately invented, of exquisite shape,
 And Billy was thrusting his tongue in his cheek
 When the rumpus assail'd us from Growler and Leek :
 They talk'd of the slave trade, which Growler abhors,
 And Sir Griffith ap Shenkin of Tudor adores ;
 For a Welchman who can at a couple of bites
 Demolish a million of innocent mites,
 May very well argue in favour of knaves
 Who live by kidnapping and selling of slaves.

Sir Griffith used phrases extremely improper,
 And swore, heaven bless us, far worse than a trooper ;
 But he sputter'd so fiercely, and nodded his head,
 That I could not make out the one half that he said ;
 And I've heard 'tis a sign that an orator's good,
 When he makes a great noise and is not understood.

Then Growler replied in a torrent of words,
 The longest and hardest our language affords,
 And where he imagin'd our idiom weak,
 Still helpt it with patches of Latin and Greek.
 He spoke of free will, which aristocrats tell us
 Leads its votaries still to the block or the gallows ;
 And energy high, that despises mean things,
 Such as ribbons and stars and tyrannical kings ;
 And taste picturesque, which wild nature adores
 From far Otaheite to Gallia's shores ;
 And much our degenerate system bewails,
 That no longer we're born with Monboddo's long tails.

Then he talk'd of oppression, and deep double-dealing—
 Mankind's Magna Charta, and honour, and feeling :
 "The treatment," quoth he, "of our horses and asses,
 Stigmatises our nature—our species disgraces ;
 I can prove it"—and then put his hand to his head—
 "They were born rightful heirs to the forest and mead,
 Yet we gall them with stripes, and compel them to work ;
 And," striking his breast, "I abominate pork—

"My heart bleeds at sight of a collar of brawn ;
 See that pig whipt to death for a despot in lawn,
 How its lugubrious outcries astonish our ears,
 While the hog-stye dissolves in a torrent of tears,

And the mitred Apicius——”
 With that Dicky's dog, in good breeding no critic,
 Emitted an odour exceeding mephitic,
 Which all of a sudden assaulted our noses
 With a fume much unlike to the essence of roses.

Every youth in the room clapp'd his hand to his snout,
 Which stopp'd the harangue, putting Solomon out,
 Whose rhetorical flow'rs, though so fragrant and sweet,
 Were outdone in a trice by the small Blenheim pet ;
 He roared like a cannon, surcharg'd with his ire,
 Then caught up a poker that lay by the fire,
 Fine feeling forgot—and without more ado,
 Alas ! broke the lap-dog's hind spindle in two.

Loud yell'd the poor spaniel, and louder scream'd Dick ;
 He faints—“ bring us hartshorn and Grosvenor quick ! ”—
 Now he sprawls in convulsions—and now he lies still—
 How disorder'd his neckcloth, how rump'd his frill !
 The scene was so moving I fled from the place,
 And left all the others to settle the case—
 Who did what they could, with much riot and strife,
 To set the dog's leg, and bring Dicky to life.

But, if its social life was unpleasing, no man more thoroughly appreciated the advantages which Oxford affords to all kinds of antiquarian and literary study. The libraries and the picture-galleries were his constant resort ; and ere long his turn for caustic comment, and his unrivalled talent with his pencil, won him friends among the best society of the University. Foremost among these friends appear the names of Lord Gower (Duke of Sutherland) ; Lord Newtown (Earl of Lanesborough) ; Stapleton (son of Lord le Despencer, and father of the present Baroness) ; Conybeare (Professor of Poetry from 1812 to 1821) ; Inglis (who subsequently represented the University in Parliament for a quarter of a century) ; Tarpley ; and one for whom he appears to have entertained a peculiar regard, Elijah Barwell Impey, son of the famous coadjutor of Warren Hastings, Sir Elijah Impey, Chief-Justice of Bengal. “ This amiable man dedicated many years of labour to the vindication of his father's memory, and eventually, indeed, sacrificed his life, shortened by the emotions excited in his affectionate mind by the renewal of oft-refuted calumny, and the irksome

task of a search through public documents by a man in impaired health.”¹

Other acquaintances known to fame are mentioned in his letters either incidentally or by way of friendly remembrance: as, in 1801, “Young Macdonald, the Chief Baron’s son, who played Thais with such *eclat*” (in Terence’s “Eunuchus,” at Westminster), afterwards, as Sir James Macdonald, Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands; Lygon, second Earl Beauchamp; Granville Somerset, Daniel Finch, Gaisford, Addington, St John, &c., &c.

Heads sketched in masterly style, and finished like miniatures, on the shoulders of figures attired as cavaliers, Roman heroes, knights in armour, or dignified ecclesiastics, commemorate these and others of his acquaintance; and it is not surprising that to possess such a portrait of a friend or relative was an object of ambition with many. A highly finished sketch of Dean Jackson himself underwent the ordeal of the “great man’s” approval; and his head of “poor Walter Bagot, which I hope his father will like” (a Westminster student drowned in the Avon in 1800) still hangs in the family mansion. That he thoroughly enjoyed the society of his friends is evidenced, not only from his letters while at the University, but also from the lifelong intimacies which in more than one case resulted from the college friendship. Unluckily, at some later period, probably after the publication of the ‘Diary of the Times of George IV.’ in 1838, he seems to have destroyed many of his own Oxford MS. diaries, so that a scattered page or two only remain to show how he spent his time at college.

“Catalogue of the books I have read, and may chance to read, this month of March 1804. *Laus Deo.*”

“Burnet’s ‘Essay on Queen Mary,’ a bad subject pretty well handled. I believe Burnet, however, to have been a rogue.

“Wodrow’s ‘Sufferings of the Church of Scotland.’ The author a Whiggish rascal.

“‘La Vie de Philippe, Duc D’Orleans,’ à Cologne, 1793. Many bad and foolish sentiments—a fustian style; the whole, however, amusing.

¹ Phillimore’s *Alumni Westmonasterienses*.

“ ‘The History of the Caliph Vathek,’ 1786 ; entertaining, but rather indecent in many parts. Mr Beckford of Founthill supposed to have had a hand in the translation : ’tis likely, for there are warm descriptions of young men in the book.

“ *March 21.*—Aubrey’s ‘Miscellanies,’ amusing beyond measure. ‘The Spanish Curate,’ by Beaumont and Fletcher—good things in it, yet there is something so improbable in all B. and F.’s plots, that their plays are intolerable to a person of experience. *N.B.*—I have read Voiture’s ‘Letters’ now and then, which I borrowed of George Eden, Lord Auckland’s son. They please me more than Sevigné’s, though perhaps more laboured. A fig for nature if art is more entertaining.

“ *March 22.*—Gave wine to Allen, Lord Allen’s son, Inglis, and Vernon, son to the Bishop of Carlisle. Allen is an Irishman, who talks much of himself ; Vernon, a deal of the maid who brought in tea ; and Inglis is so polite that he will speak on any subject. This term hath ended much to my satisfaction. I never spent a pleasanter in Ch. Ch. I wrote to Magdalene Murray to-day, directing to the Duke of Buccleuch.

“ *23.*—Read the Duchess of Marlborough’s ‘Apology,’ which shows her to have been an imperious jade, however humbly she may carry it. *N.B.*—There are many of her MS. letters in the possession of the Lygons, which came from old Mr Jenyns.

“ *Monday, 26.*—Finished ‘Buscon,’ by Don. F. Quevedo, which is penned with much wit, but of a gross nature. Run over the greatest part of Spottiswood’s ‘History’—full of curious matter.

“ *Wednesday, 28.*—Went to the Bodleian Library, and skimmed Lord Orford’s Works. In his ‘Reminiscences’ found some entertaining anecdotes of the Duchess of Marlborough, Buckingham, and Lady Dorchester.

“ *April 8.*—Finished Wodrow two days since—a tedious piece of Whiggery. Read since a great part of Granger’s ‘Biographia,’ of which I am very fond. Barrow’s ‘Sermon on Wit and Jesting,’ which is inconvenient,—a good description in it of the different kinds of wit. Reperused Johnson’s ‘Life of Savage’—excellent : and several of that poet’s verses, but cannot admire them as much as the Dr did. Also read the second vol. of ‘Letters from a Nobleman to his Sister,’ a work founded on the detestable amours of Lord Grey and Lady Harriet Berkeley, and written in a debauched and silly strain.

“ *Friday, June 8.*—Was examined for the degree of A.M. God be thanked that it is over.

“ *Saturday.*—My dear friend, Newtown, went from this place ; may Heaven prosper him wherever he goes ! his direction is Sans Souci, Dublin. I lent Berens the first vols. of Sevigné and Molière ;

(Corne, 'Burnet on the Catechism;' Fiennes, the second vol. of Clarendon; Grey hath Homer, and Inglis my 'Julian of the Bower.'

"June 21.—Finished my business in the schools. I have within this time read 'Sir Tristrem,' Lord Chatham's 'Letter,' Archbishop Laud's 'Troubles,' Lord Clarendon's 'Life,' Sir J. Reresby's 'Memoirs,' &c., &c. *Mem.*—I can put on my master's gown the term after next Easter. Read Boswell's 'Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides,' printed 1786—entertaining; also the 'Romance of the Forest!'"

During his residence at Oxford, two outlets for his genius were placed in his way. The first of these, through Canning ("a bachelor of the House" *Ædes Christi*), was his enlistment in the band of Anti-Jacobin writers. His first contribution was a poem entitled "The Vision of Liberty," written after the manner of Spenser, which may be found in the 'Anti-Jacobin Review,' vol. ix. p. 515. It commences with an introductory description of ravaged and deserted France, over the wasted fields and ruined chateaux of which appears the towering brazen temple of the idol Liberty, supported by pillars of the bleeding heads of the victims of the Reign of Terror—three stanzas being dedicated to the memory of the Queen, the Dauphin, and Madame de Lamballe. Towards this shrine approach in procession, after the manner of the Court of Queen Lucifera ('Fairy Queen,' book i. canto iv.), the leaders of the English Whigs, headed by Fox. Mrs Wollstonecraft Godwin and her spouse are not forgotten, nor is Peter Pindar, nor his special antipathy, the Irish devotees of liberty. The stanza descriptive of Ireland is unhappily so true to the present condition of affairs there, that it deserves reproduction:—

"Oh Ireland, spot accursed! tho' glorious fair
Shines there the sun, the flowers enamelled blow,
And scent, with fragrance sweet, the balmy air
Rippling the gliding pools that softly flow:
No noxious reptile there to man a foe
Abides—but black revenge with cautious plan,
Cold-blooded cruelty with torments slow,
Springs rank; with weeds the goodly soil's o'erran,
And all the reptile's venom rankles in the man."

The "Ode to a Vagabond Savan," in the same publication

for December 1801, bears marks of his turn of thought and expression, though no allusion to it occurs in his MSS. The Hibernian poet of love and liberty is the theme of sundry unfinished pasquils of this date, piquant enough:—

“ Oh dear, pretty Tommy! the thunder may roar,
 And also in pailfuls the rain may down fall,
 But you and your drabble-tailed sweetheart no more
 Shall nestle like toads brooding under a wall.

The chill winds may blow till they blister their cheeks,
 And shake the fresh myrtle of love to the root;
 My Tommy no longer melodiously squeaks—
 Alas! Epicurus's pigstye is mute.”

This next might refer to that

“ Eventful day,
 That ever-glorious, almost fatal fray,”

between Moore and Jeffrey. In anticipation of the poet's death by the “leadless pistol,” the following fragment is very appropriate:—

“ Following then poor Tommy's bier
 Came all the nymphs of virtue brittle,
 Whose names, with cadence soft, appear
 In luscious strains of Master Little.

First, with solemn measured tread,
 Came Julias, flocking on in dozens,
 With nodding, dripping, drooping head—
 So like, the criticks swear they're cousins,

Or sisters,—for in these fine times,
 Thanks to our philosophic foxes,
 Poets act incest in their rhymes,
 Begetting tuneful paradoxes.”

Perhaps the best estimate of his poetical politics may be made from a poem of about a hundred and fifty lines on the subject of the once notorious staymaker of Thetford, Thomas Paine, author of ‘The Age of Reason.’ It commences with an apostrophe to its subject:—

“ Hail, sacred light of Reason, Paine-refined,
 New blessing to the long-benighted mind !

O thou who showest man he is a slave,
 Wretched on earth, nor lives beyond the grave ;
 That but a foolish joy, whate'er appears
 A smile of sunshine in this vale of tears ;
 That but a foolish hope, the hope to soar
 To other worlds when time shall be no more ;
 With thankful hearts we woo thy genial rays,
 And bless Philosophy of modern days.

And thou, sage Paine, who with no sparing hand
 Hath scattered knowledge o'er thy native land !
 Eager to prove that heaven and hell are jests,
 Mankind deluded fools and soulless beasts ;
 Dear to the world was that auspicious day,
 When, grasped the quill, the needle cast away,
 Ardent for liberty, agape for praise,
 You fell to botching books from botching stays.

Can any worthy meed, great Thomas, say,
 Be found thy generous labours to repay ?
 Is there a meet reward beneath the sky,
 Thou precious fish that cleansest Tobit's eye ?
 Bring purple robes, the cap with bended knee,—
 A fool's cap ? no ; the cap of liberty,—
 And cut whole forests of dark laurel down—
 To build a gallows ? no ; to form a crown.

Yea, lucky Paine, you wrote in happy times ;
 Now blasphemy and treason are not crimes.
 In days when men revered the kingly breed,
 Thy neck or ears had paid th' audacious deed.
 Then Williams, sweetest of Apollo's train,
 Had sung thy rope in many a melting strain,
 Melodious Coleridge mourned thy ravished ears,
 And Southey's maudlin muse dissolved in tears."

He then proceeds to describe in vivid colours the effects upon society of the spread of principles of irreligion and anarchy. Take one example :—

" Oft on his father's grave young Paul would think,
 How long the old man lingered on the brink—
 Alack, ye heavenly powers, that it were sin
 Gently to shove the tedious dotard in !
 Paul skimmed Voltaire—the crime grew very small ;
 Paul studied Paine—the sin seemed none at all ;
 Paul slew his sire, was hanged, and hung in chains,
 A bright example to the tribe of Paines."

The Liberal ladies, "loose in their principles as in their dress," now come in for their share of condemnation,—their apostle, Mrs Mary Godwin, being, of course, specially execrated; and then, *apropos* of the influence of the hopes inspired by religion in softening the severity of the pangs of parting from friends or relatives, occur probably the best lines in the poem, an apostrophe to a friend of his own, drowned in the prime of life:—

"How is thy playful mirth, thy fancy fled!
 Ah, Walter, mouldering on thy silent bed
 Beneath the baneful yew's funereal shade,
 How premature thy youth was doomed to fade!
 Alas! the leafy grove and verdant field
 At times to winter's powerful influence yield.
 The painted flowers, dulled by his icy breath,
 All disappear in temporary death.
 But when the spring returns with genial showers,
 Fresh grow again the forests, meads, and flowers,
 Gay, green, and lovely as they were before;
 But man—but man, once withered, springs no more."

And the poem concludes with a melancholy picture of the triumph of Paine and Buonaparte, and of the future high-priest of infamy, Peter Pindar. It will be seen at once that, with much neatness of versification, and even occasional happiness of expression, the poem is wanting in power. His satire does not bite and rend; it nibbles and tickles. He moves like a stripling in unaccustomed panoply, and evidently would be more at his ease in lighter harness. There is, nevertheless, an evident vein of sincerity, which gives dignity and force to passages not otherwise conspicuous for poetic merit.

At this time, also, he formed an acquaintance with one who lived to become his most constant and valued friend, and to be of infinite service to his pencil, by suggesting subjects for its exercise—and to his pen, by withdrawing it from the ignoble service of political strife to the more worthy field of chivalric poetry and historical research. In 1802 the two first volumes of the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border' appeared, under the editorship of Walter Scott.

A publication so congenial to his tastes induced him to ad-

dress the editor, then personally unknown to him, with an offer of assistance as a contributor of old ballads.

The sequel of this application was the contribution of two original ballads from his pen to the third volume of the 'Minstrelsy,' published in 1803. Though there exposed to a comparison not only with Scott himself, but with Leyden, Lewis, Colin Mackenzie, Morritt, and others of no little poetical merit, his contributions stood the test of public criticism as favourably as the other contents of the collection. The verdict may be given in the words of Anna Seward, in whose case, to quote Lockhart's 'Life of Scott,' sound sense, as well as vigorous ability, had unfortunately condescended to an absurd disguise of style. "How rich is Scotland at this period in poets! Mr Sharpe is a fine one; witness his 'Tower of Repentance.' The 2d and 3d stanzas are admirable; so is the whole of the ensuing poem, 'The Murder of Caerlaveroc.' It contains an original poetic picture of the extremest beauty—a lady asleep:—

" "Unclosed her mouth of rosy hue,
Whence issued fragrant air,
That gently, in soft motion, blew
Stray ringlets of her hair."

Then how natural is the ensuing dream (when wet, as she slumbers, by the blood of her bridegroom), that the waters of the Forth flowed over her! The musical locality of the last stanza but one is striking."—Miss Seward to Walter Scott, July 29, 1803.

The first interview between the future friends took place in Oxford in April 1803, and his early impressions of Scott were hardly so favourable as to presage the fast friendship which ultimately united them. He thought the Border Minstrel too high-flown, especially in his compliments, of which Sharpe's fastidious nature always had a suspicion. Ere long they understood one another better. Scott, writing to Surtees in April 1808, takes occasion to say: "Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe is here at present; he is, I find, an old college friend and correspondent of yours. He is a very ingenious as well

as agreeable young man, and, I think, will be an excellent poet when the luxuriance of his fancy is a little repressed by severer taste. I never saw so excellent a drawer of comic figures, for I will not debase his sketches by calling them caricatures.” The two friends, with these points of dissimilarity, united to produce a combination of genius, taste, and acute power of portraiture without which the history of Britain, of North Britain especially, would have wanted half its popular interest.

Sharpe did not, however, immediately give up political writing; on the contrary, during the critical years which succeeded the brief Peace of Amiens, he did his part towards the propagation of national principles by the circulation of an ironical address to the people of Dumfriesshire, in imitation of the tracts circulated by the Friends of Liberty, which was much appreciated at the time it was published. But his pen from this time forward was rather employed upon poetry, romance, or history, or all three combined. The next few years were chiefly passed in Scotland, with but brief visits to Oxford and London; and he did not publish anything till 1808, although he speaks of endeavours to get a play acted (which had been submitted to and approved of by Scott and Impey), of which he says that “worse plays have passed off very well.”

This play—a tragedy in five acts, “begun 1807, finished 1808”—is a close imitation of his favourite, Dryden, and contains about 1800 lines of blank verse, from the mouths of but six characters—the Duke and Duchess of Medina, their two daughters, their son, and a fickle Marquess, whose betrothment to the elder donna, while he loves the younger, is the cause of all the catastrophes. The jealousy of his contracted spouse Elvira involves her brother Carlos in a duel with Pedro, in which the former is slain. The Duke poniards Pedro in revenge, and Leonora, the younger sister, goes mad and stabs herself with the fatal dagger, while Elvira announces her intention of repairing to a convent; but, as Walter Scott—to whom the play was submitted, and from whom it received high encomium—remarks pertinently

enough, in a note, "I doubt Elvira's penitence, though her retirement to a convent may be announced. She should be like Tirconnel, who became a Chartreux friar,—

" ' Il y vecut sans jamais dire un mot,
Mais sans pouvoir jamais etre devot ! ' "

The following extract may suffice as the specimen-stone of the entire edifice, and at the same time exemplify the critical remarks of Scott and Impey:—

" LEONORA (*sighing*). And thou wilt curse me too, ~~when Carlos dies~~
when Carlos lies

Within his timeless grave.

DUCHESS. That will I never [~~for I love thee dearly.~~

Enfeebles the rest.—W. S.

Long my supreme delight, thy infant charms,
Thine early sweetness stole those griefs away
Caused by a husband absent and unkind.
Carlos abroad—the fierce Elvira ever
Her grandam's charge, my comfort was in thee ;
Still present I would feast my tearful eye
Upon thy gracious dawn, thy rising sunbeams,
That through those days of sorrow varied bright
With all the dyes refulgent of the morn ;
Then how I joyed, breathing a plaintive lay,
When first I marked thee softly lisp the close !—
As shepherd swain, piping at lonely eve,
Blesses the mimickry of Echo sweet,

Beautiful.—W. S.

Responsive sudden from a flow'ry hill.

LEO. O days of innocence, fled past recalling !

DUCH. When older grown, with transport still I hear thee
Chaunt heavenly clear the darlings of thy child-
hood,

Grenada's battles, where our mighty sires
Subdued the Crescent, and bedecked their loves
With Moorish gems and meed of many a fray.

LEO. Farewell to those for ever—now no more
Such lays of triumph suit me ; I must sing
Sad requiems to the lute, of youths depressed
By cruel fate in life's delicious morning ;

morn.—E. B. I

Of fair ambition narrowed by the grave,
And fervent friendship wrapped in chilly lead.

DUCH. Despair not so : thy brother yet may flourish ;
?—*W. S.*
 Tho' his physicians shake their heads and sigh,
sage.—*E. B. I.*
 We know the Esculapian tricks of terror
 To work a miracle from easy cures :
 He ~~does~~ now. *slumbers.*—*E. B. I.*"

The tragedy was never publicly performed, and it is questionable whether even the taste of that day would have endured so much of stage dialogue with so little action and so simple a plot. He published at this time, however, a small volume of poems, some of which must be allowed to possess considerable merit, and which as a whole were not unfavourably criticised by the *literati* of the day. "Talking of fair ladies and fables," writes Walter Scott to Lady Louisa Stuart, 19th Jan. 1808, "reminds me of Mr Sharpe's ballads. They exhibit, I think, a very considerable portion of imagination, and occasionally, though not uniformly, great flow of versification. There is one verse, or rather the whole description of a musical ghost-lady sitting among the ruins of her father's tower, that pleased me very much. But his language is too flowery, and even tawdry, and I quarrelled with a lady in the first poem who yielded up her affection upon her lover showing his white teeth. White teeth ought to be taken great care of, and set great store by, but I cannot allow them to be an object of passionate admiration—it is too like subduing a lady's heart by grinning." The more characteristic contents of the collection are,—first, a very successful imitation of an antique air, intended for music, most pathetic in its simplicity, of which the refrain runs, "O man, condemned to die"; and then a humorous remonstrance, supposed to be addressed by a portrait of an old Countess of Roxburghe to Miss Drummond of Perth, upon the indignity with which it had been treated by being condemned to the garret in Drummond Castle. In a copy of the book, illustrated by the pencil of the author, this piece affords an admirable specimen of his artistic skill: the stern virago is depicted as carrying out her threat, in case of her complaint being unheeded—of descending bodily from her

frame to draw the curtains of her inattentive mistress, whose graceful form, starting from slumber, makes an admirable foil to the stiff presence of Countess Jean in her farthingale and stomacher.¹

At this period of his life, his residences at Oxford and Hoddam became varied by many visits to London, as well as to the country houses of hosts of friends, who valued him for his social qualities, and the store of varied information which he was capable of contributing to the general stock. Gray's Court, near Henley, was one of these, and so was Burghley ("by Stamford Town"), of which he speaks in after-years with great affection; but his great resort for several years was Benham, the residence of the Margravine of Anspach, with whom, and with her son Keppel Craven, he had formed a great intimacy. "Everybody knows," he writes on the fly-leaf of a volume of her autograph letters, "that she was the daughter of Lord Berkeley, and first married to Lord Craven. When I was acquainted with her, she had the remains of much beauty, which she disfigured with an immense quantity of rouge and burnt cork, as I think, on her eyebrows. She was very graceful, and could assume, when she pleased, the manners of the best times; she composed music prettily, but spoiled her own songs with a cracked voice; she danced well, and was an excellent shot. I am told that she never was a tolerable actress, though extremely fond of exhibiting herself on the stage. She has written a great deal: what I know of her works are these: 'The Baron Kinkveranhotsdorsprakin-gatchdern,' a tale which Miles Peter Andrews afterwards made a play of, and got hissed for his pains; a Poem to Dr Jenner, published in the 'Foundling Hospital for Wit'; 'A Crimea Tour'; 'The Soldier of Dierenstein, or Love and Mercy,' an Austrian Story; 'A Funeral Panegyric on the Margrave,' folio; the song in this collection, the 'Address to the Gauntlet,' and her own Memoirs in two octavo volumes. Her beauty, her talents, her good fortune, and her bad temper, created her numerous enemies. She makes a figure in many scandalous works, such as 'The Female Jockey Club,' 'Mc-

¹ See Etchings by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, p. 149.

moirs of the Duc de Lauzun,' &c., &c. Her life, if faithfully written, would make a most extraordinary book. 1826.—She died at Bath in the month of Feb. 1828.”

There was a congeniality of sentiment pervading the circle at Benham, which must have made it a place of real enjoyment to its inmates, among the most constant of whom were Sir Lumley Skeffington, “topographical” Gell, and Mr Sharpe. “When at Benham,” the latter writes home in 1810, “one night Keppel, Skeffington, and I acted the last scenes of ‘Alexander the Great.’ Keppel was the king; Skeff, Roxana; and myself Statira. I wish you could have seen us, for the exhibition was excellent. The audience, which consisted of Her Highness, Gell, and his sister, were in raptures, especially with Statira’s death, who was stabbed with a faggot-stick, and expired upon the lapdog’s cushion.” A marginal note to a letter of the Margravine’s gives the following portrait of the Roxana of the evening: “Sir St George Lumley Skeffington, *ci-devant* the remarkable beau. He painted his cheeks, and wore a black wig of horse-hair, and was the most frightful of all the hideous dandies I ever beheld, but with an excellent heart, and very good-natured.” He died at the age of eighty-two in November 1850. Keppel Craven was more attractive, as well as more intellectual, and possessed no mean capacity for describing the scenes of foreign travel which had such fascination for him, if we may judge from his correspondence with Mr Sharpe, and his ‘Tour through the Southern Provinces of the Kingdom of Naples.’

Those who are familiar with the memoirs and fashionable novels of the last generation, will have no difficulty in picturing to themselves the circle with which we are now concerned—the wits and dandies, sometimes both in combination, of the days of the Regency; but, from his powers of minute observation, as well as from his shrewd and incisive style of description, the sketches of these celebrities, scattered throughout C. K. Sharpe’s notes or correspondence, are always worth recording.

From the margin of a copy of Lady Charlotte Bury’s ‘Times of George IV.’ we glean a notice of a well-known name:—

“Lewis had numberless good qualities, of which she (Lady Charlotte) could be no judge: he was once in love with her, and she is the heroine of his ‘Monk,’ which made a great noise when it came out. The story is borrowed from other books. I first met him at her house in Cadogan Place at supper: he talked so much that I thought he was intolerable. I afterwards knew better how to value him.”

Indeed he seems fully to have shared the feeling of affection with which Lewis is reputed to have inspired all who came into intimate contact with him, which Byron expresses in the couplet, a parody of two lines in ‘The Lay of the Last Minstrel,’—

“I would give many a sugar-cane
Matt. Lewis were alive again.”

The Count de Grammont, afterwards Duc de Guiche, is another of the figures (always referred to as the handsomest man of his day) which encounters us at this period in his notes and correspondence. But undoubtedly the most striking and interesting acquaintance among his associates at this period of his life was the luckless Caroline of Brunswick, the ill-used wife of that “filthy piece of crustiness,” as he terms George IV. It is curious to find that a minute observer, not given to indiscriminate good-nature in his estimate of others, keenly prejudiced against the political advisers by whom the Princess was surrounded, and by no means enamoured of either the personal or mental charms of her Royal Highness, pronounces most strongly in her favour with regard to the controverted question of her guilt or innocence as to the serious charges brought against her by her husband. In the fly-leaf of a copy of Lady Charlotte Bury’s book, already mentioned—given by him to a friend whose kindness enables this quotation to be made—he thus records his deliberate opinion:—

“Before I had the honour of being acquainted with the Queen, I had heard many reports of her unchastity. I never saw anything to confirm them. She had much *esprit*, and talked as freely as many clever and most virtuous women of the highest rank whom I have known both in Scotland and England used to do. This is

no proof of incontinence. There is an old Scottish proverb, 'The silent soo eats a' the draff.'

"I have watched her eyes, the tell-tales of the soul, when in the company of the handsomest men of the day, the Duke de Guiche and many more. There were no wanderings, twinklings, or gazings, She generally paid most attention to people who were ugly and had a reputation for anything like talent.

"That she was capable of inventing malicious lies, which this bad woman asserts in her second volume, I no more believe than that she was capable of raising devils. Devils enough she had about her, and could not lay them; but this I am very confident of, that she is now in a place where few of her former companions have ever reached her; and consequently, where she enjoys that ease and happiness to which she was here so much a stranger. I bid her a grateful farewell."

This is a strong testimony from a staunch Jacobite and aristocrat, while his estimate of her personal attractions dispels the idea that he was the victim of her charms.

"Her eyes projected," he says, "like those of the royal family. She made her head large by wearing an immense wig; she also painted her eyebrows, which gave her face a strange fierce look. Her skin—and she showed a great deal—was very red. She wore very high-heeled shoes, so that she bent forward when she stood or walked: her feet and ankles were dreadful."

This is not the language of an adorer; nor do her mental powers appear to have attracted his admiration, though one anecdote he relates, by its tone of superstition, may have produced a sympathetic tinge in his own mind:—

"I heard the Queen tell a story about her father's ghost. Sitting alone in her chamber very soon after his death, a puff of wind blew the smoke down the chimney, and in this cloud she perceived him quite plainly. She seemed very serious in what she said."

The work to which these extracts were annotations is one the publication of which occasioned Mr Sharpe exquisite pain, and did much to produce that rigid, almost misanthropic, caution as to intercourse with strangers which distinguished his latter years. The author, Lady Charlotte Campbell, had been an old friend of his, and he had entertained much regard for her happiness as well as literary reputation. His letters to her,

written from Oxford in the days of his residence there, were in the vein of cynic comment so natural to him and so entertaining to his correspondent. Few inheritors of human infirmity would wish to have their expressions of opinion lightly uttered in bygone days, produced without revision to a public for which they were not designed. But Mr Sharpe's case is even worse; for when at last he constrained himself to a perusal of Lady Charlotte's volume, we find him indignantly protesting against the process to which his own letters had been subjected. In the first emotion of indignation he expresses himself in strong terms:—

“ I confess I have felt a hydrophobia as to ink lately—for an impudent covetous woman hath printed some letters of mine written nearly thirty years ago, which expose my former impertinence in that way fully enough; but she exposes her own profligacy more. Retired as I live, much she blazons cannot hurt me; but there are people here still who are mentioned in these scrawls, and I find they take no notice. So this is exactly the fable of the old grey-haired badger, who dug a hole to live and die in, and a fox tried to stink him out, but could not.”

A more serious protest is contained in a letter to a valued friend, a connection of the offender:—

“ I cannot express my vexation about the book you mention. I am too poor to buy new publications, and, living in the lonely way that I now do, I seldom hear anything about them till they are stale with everybody else; but three days before you came hither, a friend of mine called expressly to tell me about this work. The intelligence came upon me like a thunderbolt: in all my reading and experience I never knew anything of the kind. When I wrote the silly, impertinent letters in question, between twenty and thirty years ago, I knew that I was writing to the Duke of Argyle's daughter, and thought myself safe by all the common rules of good-breeding and morality. But I find I was extremely deceived. I could say more on this head, but my gratitude gets the better of my spleen, for I am eternally bound to remember that Lady Charlotte Bury is Lady Wemyss's sister-in-law and Mr Campbell's mother.

“ She has done me an irreparable injury—not as to being deemed a fool for writing such silly stuff, as I am now at an age far beyond the consideration of vanity as to intellect; but by this publication I certainly must lose two sincere friends, who have been beyond

measure kind to me for twenty years. Whatever regards them was written before any intimacy took place, so I think I can scarcely be blamed ; but it is impossible that I can ever see or correspond with them more.

“Lady Charlotte was always writing to me about her novels, to which I could only return dry answers, being unable either to contribute to or read them : if I were of more importance than I am, I should be tempted to think that she has played me this trick out of revenge.

“I have not seen the book which has given me so much pain, and am resolved not to read it ; for I know she has altered my letters, and I know my own temper and the embers of my decaying spirit so well, that were I to peruse it I should never be able to refrain from some sort of reprisal which would be most unbecoming in me on very many accounts. I do not think it possible that any of my now few friends can suspect that I should give my consent to such a publication ; however, I have written to the Duchess of Sutherland on that head, and have made up my mind to do nothing more.

“It is lucky for me that I live entirely out of society—how could one show oneself in public after such an exposure ?

“Dear madam, here is far too much on a very unpleasant topic, for which I sincerely beg your pardon ; and I know, too, that you will forgive me. My reason for sending this by post is, that you tell me L. R. is to be at . . . ; and I am anxious that she, who has been so long kind to me, should know as soon as possible what share I had in this odious book, which, unlucky as I have been in many ways, I deem the greatest evil that ever befel me in my life.”

The narrative anticipates itself in relating these particulars, but not without a design of drawing from the mention of these circumstances a moral which may justify the editor of Mr Sharpe's remains in a determination not, indeed, to exercise a fastidious or capricious censorship of his correspondence, but to regard it as the proper province of this brief Memoir to bring before the reading public the man of letters and critic, rather than the mere *dilettante* correspondent of idle seekers of ephemeral rumour. We are approaching a period of Mr Sharpe's life when its daily routine becomes uneventful, and its progress is only notable by the results of his pen or pencil. The part he played in the revival of the purest forms of mediæval art, in the protection of disregarded fragments of antiquity, in the correction of false taste and careless historical

writing, will be found quite sufficient to account for the high esteem in which he was held by the best of his contemporaries, without any reference to the presumed satirical powers upon which the imagination of the educated vulgar has founded a superstructure of uncharitable conjecture. His satire, in fact, was for the most part levelled at those who, by their talent or eccentricity, or both, had made themselves public property, and who had no right to complain of the severity with which he undoubtedly was wont to treat them. Shelley, for instance, who was one of the subjects of his pen in the garbled letters of the publication above referred to, was one of those characters for whom, while admitting the genius of their writings, he had an intrinsic loathing. An undated letter, apparently of this period, begins thus:—

“I send you the ‘Cenci,’ written by that wicked wretch Shelley, and well written. I remember him at Oxford, mad—bad—and trying to persuade people that he lived on arsenic and aquafortis. I also send three volumes of Lady Mary, not being able to find the second; but it is of little consequence, as the quintessence of her *esprit* is in her letters to Lady Mar and to Lady Bute, in her old age. I may study the latter carefully. All her criticisms are just, her good sense and knowledge of the world most instructive, and her style, a few old-fashioned expressions excepted, is inimitable for its vivacity and gracefulness. I talk like *papa*, in the same fatherly strain. I must hint my wishes for the restoration of your health, which cannot, I think, be improved by tea-parties, and nymphs in wet drapery, and French flounces, just at present. Even a mouthful of moonshine, mixed up with a ladeful of whale’s blubber and six tears of a caterwalling cat, must needs be pernicious. I cannot add any more at present, because I am more than drowsy; but take my prescription, or rather warning, with your opium and camphor, and rely upon my *probatum est*. May the spirit of Galen make thy nightcap sit easy! *A vous toujours—* and good-night.”

Lady Mary, of course, is the introducer of inoculation—the most illustrious bearer of the name of Montagu, for whose wit he entertained a very high admiration. An extract from his memoranda is appropriate to the mention of her name:—

“12th Feby. 1821.—I went out to dinner at Niddrie with Count Arthur Zamoyiski in his carriage. After dinner, in the drawing-

room, Sir James Stewart of Coltness, who has printed some of Lady M. W. Montagu's letters, told me that his father ordered him, being quite a boy, to wait upon Lady Mary when she came last to London, and was dying—I think he said in the year 1763 or 64. When he entered her chamber she exclaimed, 'Here comes my young gallant; let everybody quit the room.' He had never seen her before. She was seated in a large chair by her bedside—a shrivelled old woman, so wrapt up about the head and body that Sir James scarcely saw her. In the room were Lord Bute and a number of political characters, which inspired the boy with much awe and dread. Sir James told me that he had curtailed some of the letters at the desire of Lord Bute, though Lady Louisa Stuart was against it. I said I supposed that his father had been very handsome to interest Lady Mary so much; he answered that he was, but the lady was too old for gallantry. He seemed to think that some amour of hers occasioned her separation from her husband."

For Byron, like Shelley, Mr Sharpe entertained a distaste, founded on his objection to the moral principles of his muse—which led him to speak too slightly, perhaps, of talents which in reality he could not but appreciate.

A memorandum of July 1815 bears reference to this topic:—

Old Mrs Baron Mure told me that Lord Byron's mother was a fool and his father a rascal. He poisoned his first wife, Lady Caermarthen, who was divorced for him, because her father, Lord Holderness, left his money to her legitimate children, and he had nothing more to expect. Miss Gordon, though she was told of this, and had a fortune of £3000 a-year, married him. He spent all her estate, saving about £30 a-year, on which she lived with her son in a garret at Aberdeen, supported in a great measure by her friends, who, when they killed a cow or sheep, would send her part. She was always fat. When Mrs Siddons appeared first in Edin., Miss Gordon took a hysterick fit in the playhouse, clung round Mrs Mure's neck, kicked off her shoes, and was carried out by Mr Dundas, now Chief Baron, and put into Lord Napier's carriage, which conveyed her, screaming all the way, to George's Square, where she then resided with Baron Clerk's mother.¹

¹ This is probably the correct version of the story which Moore gives in his 'Life of Byron.' "Being at the Edinburgh theatre one night when the character of Isabella was performed by Mrs Siddons, so affected was she by the powers of this great actress, that towards the conclusion of the play she fell into violent fits, and was carried out of the theatre screaming loudly, 'Oh, my Biron! my Biron!'"—Moore's Life of Lord Byron, p. 3: London, 1860.

Conversation with Walter Scott, January 1819, from Mr Sharpe's memoranda:—

"*C. K. S.*—I think Lord Byron took the plot of 'Manfred' from the story of Major Weir and his sister. You know he was in Scotland in his youth.

"*Scott.*—I do not believe it. He appeared to me to know nothing of Scotch literature. I showed (or repeated) some parts of 'Hardyknute' to him, which delighted him.

"I objected to his attempts at humour in 'Don Juan,' and mentioned 'Beppo' as a vulgar poem. Scott seemed not to agree with me. He did not seem aware that his prose was bad, and thought the 'Adventures of a Greek' written by him; but I perceived that his memory, which is bad, did not serve him on this subject. Do you think we shall have any more of 'Don Juan'?

"*Scott.*—Yes; when Lord B. wants money.

"*C. K. S.*—Did you ever read his first volume of poetry?

"*Scott.*—Yes, certainly, and there were some good things in it; but Jeffrey fell foul on it, and it cost him a great deal of flattery afterwards to do away the affront; but I should not wonder if Lord B. were to give him a blow yet all of a sudden.

"Scott seemed to think Lord B. a better man than I did, but then he gave him a silver vase.

"When I conversed with Scott about the story which Captain Manby tells as to his belief in apparitions, he assured me that he never either believed in them or pretended he did. He seemed to think Lord Byron very capable of telling lies to make people stare."

Before we finally lose sight of the celebrities of the gay world, a circumstance has to be recorded, important in itself, as well as for the influence it had upon the future career of the accomplished subject of our Memoir. We have seen that he frequently obliged friends by the gift of drawings, either portraits or fancy sketches of romance or caricature. But these were not only strictly private gifts, and were precluded by their rarity from obtaining even that measure of popularity which the existence of a few copies of a picture confers upon it, but were, moreover, only available for the illustration of any printed book by the employment of the services of a professional engraver, under whose hands, in but too many instances, the point and delicacy of a highly finished drawing is apt to disappear. As far back as 1808, Mr Sharpe had executed for Walter Scott

the drawing of Queen Elizabeth dancing in her private chamber (from a passage in Weldon, and not, as some suppose, in Melvil's 'Memoirs'),¹ in the letter of thanks for which inimitable limning is contained the highly flattering proposal that the donor should join the staff of the infant 'Quarterly Review.'² Nor was his fancy restricted to any particular style of art. One of his drawing-books, which we may take by way of specimen, begins with a couple of serious sketches from Scott's ballad of the "Eve of St John," followed by a favourite subject of his, children with a cat in a blanket. A Moorish lady singing to her guitar comes next, and then a portrait of one of his father's gamekeepers with dogs. Then, exquisitely finished, an Eastern procession of weeping females carrying a human heart; and on the following page a water-colour copy of a picture by Murillo at Ch. Ch. The "Laird of Laminton," one of his favourite Scottish ballads, then suggests a sketch, the figures in which are most spirited, and Sir Hugh and the Jew's daughter, from the legendary ballad, are depicted with great force of expression. A little farther on, "Venus and Cupid" are treated in the Dutch style, the goddess correcting her son with the heel of her shoe for having audaciously pinked her with one of his shafts. Portraits of several friends come next, the faces finished with the minuteness of miniatures, the figures sketched in pencil in some fancy garb—here a cardinal, there a Roman warrior, &c. A sketch of contrasted figures from Crabbe's Poems, and some portraits in a more caricatured style—one of which, of a personage who obtained an unenviable notoriety in the criminal annals of the country during his residence in Oxford, he was constrained to

¹ "In this his (Sir Roger Aston) employment I must not passe over one pretty passage, I have heard himselfe relate: That he never did come to deliver any letters from his master but ever he was placed in the lobby, the hangings being turned him, where he might see the Queene dancing to a little fiddle, which was to no other end than that he should tell his master, by her youthfule disposition, how likely he was to come to the possession of the crowne he so much thirsted after; for you must understand the wisest in this kingdome did beleve the King should never enjoy this crowne as long as there was an old wife in England, which they did beleve we ever set up, as the other was dead."—The Court of King James, by Sir Anthony Weldon, 1650.

² See Lockhart's Life of Scott, 30th December 1808.

copy more than once at the request of some of his intimate associates. It was probably the desire to avoid the tedium of this process of repetition which induced Mr Sharpe to commence etching on copper, and his first specimen of the art was devoted to a well-known and most appropriate subject. In 1813 appeared a caricature of Madame de Staël, with the motto—

“Corinne se consume en efforts superflus,
La vertu n'en veut pas, le vice n'en veut plus.”

No description, save his own,¹ could do justice to the fidelity of the satire, which is said to have inflicted the keenest wound that the incarnation of female vanity ever received. But the great step had been taken; the fertility of fancy and dexterity of hand which he possessed were henceforth to be, in a certain sense, the property of the reading public, and not to be restricted exclusively to the albums of a few intimate friends. Valuable as his antiquarian labours undoubtedly were, they derived at least half their importance from the fact that they were generally accompanied by his own pictorial illustrations.

This allusion brings before us very forcibly the taste which Mr Sharpe possessed for collecting all manner of curious and antique relics connected with Scotland. His first acquisition of paintings took place in Oxford, where purchases and presents made him master of one or two Lelys and Vandykes. But it was when settled in Edinburgh in his later years that he extended his collection to the large dimensions familiar to his friends, and the visitors, “fit though few,” to whom he

¹ Madame de Staël (1813) was one of the most singular-looking *foreign* monsters that I ever beheld. Her face was that of a blackamoor attempted to be washed white. She wore a wig like a bunch of withered heather, and over that a turban which looked as if it had been put on in the dark; a short neck, and shoulders rising so much behind that they almost amounted to a hump. With this ugliness, all the airs of a beauty—for ever tormenting her shawl into new draperies, and distorting her fingers as you see them in the ridiculous French portraits by Mignard and his followers. As to her conversation—to people who like long rhapsodies, scarcely intelligible, the theme chosen by the speaker, I daresay it was charming; for my own part, I had the bad taste not to be able to endure either her writings or discourses. I believe posterity will be of my mind as to the former; of the latter it cannot judge.—MS. Note in ‘Times of George IV.’

delighted to exhibit it. While he had a full appreciation of the beauties of art, and selected his choicest *morceaux* with fastidious care, he was omnivorous in his desire to possess resemblances of personages in any way famous in Scottish annals, or connected with the families in which he was interested, so that any daub was admissible if a genuine likeness, and copies of well-known originals supplied the places of the actual portraits. He was not, in fact, the connoisseur to whom

“Some demon whispered, Visto, have a taste ;”

but his collections had a fund of association belonging to each individual article, and were often more valuable from the suggestions conveyed by their inspection, than from their own intrinsic merit or beauty.

It must not be forgotten that the critical wit and the favourite of gay society was all this while a diligent student and careful searcher after the neglected remnants of early historical lore. Every year of his life was marked by the accumulation of a collection of notes and memoranda relating to Scottish pedigree, family anecdotes, or the annals of the Stuart sovereigns. Scott himself, indefatigable as he was, acknowledges over and over again his obligations to his friend and correspondent for information bearing upon witchcraft and ballad lore, or upon the wider field of historical research. We have seen in the fragment of his Oxford diary how he spent his days there ; and the library, or the muniment-room, wherever he chanced to be staying, was infallibly made to yield up its treasures to his scrutinising investigation. In these researches he revelled ; and to quote his own words from a letter written in his later days,—

“Amid all the direful modern productions that one is obliged to skim in order to keep up in the world, something like Dr Swift’s polite conversation, written by fine ladies and fine gentlemen—not to mention the debates in the two Houses of Parliament (alas ! I am become a politician in my old age ; penury and politics go hand in hand together, if one has any money in the Stocks), which are so extraordinary as to the wit which makes everybody there laugh, and the wonderful statements as to historical points. I once

flattered myself I had read somewhat of history; but now, alas! Lord Brougham and many others on both sides of the question convince me of my error. In this case the perusal of a chartulary is a great pleasure to me. There is no effort at fine writing, no silly jests like those which delight the two Houses, no false rhymes, no false statements, I charitably hope—as I am no judge of old charter Latin—no sin against Magna Charta. In this case the charter has given me great pleasure—and I will allow your Grace to deem me a liar when I declare I have read the greater part of it with more pleasure than I have perused the ‘Lady of Lyons,’ ‘Love,’ by Lady C. B., or the last speech and dying words of Sir F. B. and Sir G. C. in some of the late newspapers.”

But he did not confine his investigations to charters only. The miscellaneous character of his extracts may be exemplified from a page or two of one of these note-books:—

“The Brahmans built hospitals for sick monkeys, and encouraged child-murder. I have known many Brahmans nearer than Hindostan.”

“In 1517, Sultan Selim drove the Circassians (the Colchi of the ancients) out of Egypt after they had continued there 286 years. Another author says they were expelled 1437.—Buonaventure Vulcanius, *vide* Vallancey’s ‘Collectanea de rebus Hibernicis,’ vol. vi. part 1st.”

“Mr Sharpe, the late Laird of Hoddam’s picture was painted by Ramsay, 1749.”

“Circumstances respecting the skeleton of Hugh of Lincoln, murdered 1255.—‘Lady’s Magazine,’ 1691, p. 501.”

“One Rab Ker put the canting phrases of M’Millan and M’Neil (two non-con. hill preachers) in rhyme.—‘Ramsay’s Poems,’ 133.”

“The testimony of Sir Thomas Bowes, Kt. which he spake upon the bench concerning the aforesaid Anne West, shee being then at the barre upon her tryall.”

This is a long extract relating to a case of witchcraft at Manningtree, the town which has the dishonour of being the native place of Matthew Hopkins the witch-finder, and appears to have been copied from ‘A true and exact Relation of the severall Informations, Examinations, and Confessions of the late Witches arraigned and executed in the County of Essex, who were arraigned and condemned at the late Sessions holden at Chelmsford before the Rt. Honble. Robert Earl of Warwick, and several of His Maj.’s Justices of Peace, 29th July 1645.’

“A monkey (a devil) beats a wizzard very sore.—‘Theatre of God’s Judgments,’ 121.”

“A story like to that of Kirk and the woman, p. 366.”

“Julius 3d, p. 504, *vide* Sleidanus.”

“Mr John Lowe, schoolmaster at Birmingham, answers the mathematical questions in the ‘Town and Country Magazine,’ May, 1771.”

“The source of female depravity is neither more nor less than the abominable, shocking, barbarous, and indecent fashion of the present scandalous head-dresses. The basis of this horrid superstructure consists chiefly of goats’ hair. Now the imagination is not only heated thereby to an unnatural degree, but imbibes by inspiration the most vicious ideas from the hair of that libidinous animal, a goat, whereby the fancy is set in a violent perturbation, and runs riot after every agreeable male object that presents itself.—Ditto.”

“O. Cromwell’s principal she-favourites were Genl. Lambert’s wife and Major-Genl. Vernon’s sister,” &c.

He seems early in life to have meditated some historical works. A lengthy fragment upon the character of Mary Queen of Scots, in the shape of a letter to a student of her apologists, is too long and too outspoken to be given here, though worth preservation in another shape. A shorter fragment on John Knox will better illustrate the line of argument he was likely to take:—

“John Knox, of stern and pitiless memory, may with propriety be styled the father of the Reformation in Scotland, and of all the Presbyterian prejudices that unfortunately accompanied it. He was a man of great courage, of a haughty and imperious spirit, and possessed talents which, though neither profound nor brilliant, were admirably adapted to forward the great aims of his ambition. He gloried in extorting tears from a young and disconsolate Queen, who was guilty of the heinous crime of adhering to the religion in which she was bred; he instigated the mob to destroy those beautiful structures erected by Popish devotees or deluding monks, imagining that God is more properly worshipped in a cowhouse than in a cathedral; and he esteemed the lawless murder of the Archbishop of St Andrews so excellent a jest, that he could not refrain from being facetious on it even in the history which goes under his name.

“A man of such dispositions conducted the Scottish Reformation, and poured on the multitude those waters of bitterness which

imbued their minds with hatred to Popery then, afterwards to Prelacy, and with it, to all order, civil as well as ecclesiastical; and which led them, at the period we now treat of, to those horrible excesses and enormities which bloated the fields and the scaffolds with their blood.

“Knox had the satisfaction long before his death of seeing his efforts crowned with success, and of being able to treat those whom birth and fortune had made his superiors with that brutal rudeness which low minds are fond of assuming. He chid the gentle Mary in such harsh expressions that she was forced to forget her dignity, and burst into tears; and he thus addressed himself to her husband, Darnley, while in the king’s seat in the High Church of Edinburgh: ‘Have you, for the pleasure of that dainty dame, cast the Psalm-book in the fire? The Lord shall strike both head and tail.’ He ceased not to arraign with impunity the corruptions of the Court, the skipping and dancing and dallying with dames; while he could wink at and overlook the heaviest part of his accusations in a hater of Popery and the whore of Babylon. The Regent Morton, by such pretences, managed to retain his leman Janet Sharp and his friend John Knox at the same time. Janet did not meddle with Kirk matters, or get drunk with the blood of the saints—and John Knox was content.”

His first publication of an historical character was the ‘Household Book of the Countess of Mar,’—that same Lady Marie Stewart whose name hath been already noted as one of the illustrious points of his ancestry. The dedication of this work speaks for itself: “To James Erskine, Esq. of Cambus, this trifle is dedicated by his affectionate cousin and humble servant, the Editor.” It was adorned with a portrait of the Lady Marie, a sketch of Mar’s Work, Stirling, and a tail-piece in the style of Hollar’s etchings, entitled ‘Mortalium Nobilitas,’ all of which will be found in the volume of his etchings published in 1869.¹

We have said that his association with the fashionable world of London was a brief one. The death of his father in 1813, and the settlement of his mother in Edinburgh, induced him, after that date, to fix his permanent residence in that city, which he scarcely left again, though he hinted at times a

¹ Etchings by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, with Photographs from Original Drawings, Poetical and Prose Fragments, and a Prefatory Memoir. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

purpose of returning to Oxford to reside, and to the end of his life retained his name on the books of Christ Church. His health had never been robust, and now assumed that phase of chronic infirmity which necessitates care and precaution in living. Connections once near and dear were estranged; and his own temper was one adapted rather to a sedentary than an active career. He might have visited scenes of beauty and interest with one friend or another, to whom his conversational talents had endeared him as a companion; but of tours and travelling companions he entertained an amusing horror. Long before this he had written:—

“It is now, let me see, good thirteen years since my mind was made up concerning tours to Highlands or Lowlands—by sea, or through the air in a balloon—that they are the most nauseous, miserable, comfortless amusements in nature. What can people cooped up in a cage or barrel, or straddling and jumbling together on horseback, do but quarrel? The very motion shakes up all the sentiment of ill-nature or peevishness in the soul, and every jolt of the carriage or stumble of the beast makes the cork of prudence fly out of the bottle, and your vinegar spirt upon one another’s faces. Take Job, that Hebrew wonder, mount him upon a horse or ass, and clap patient Grizzel on a pillion behind him; or, if you please, put them both into a gig or tandem, or any other carriage mentioned on those tiresome boards with which toll-gates are adorned, and send them off on a jaunt to Melrose, Loch Catrine, St Andrews, or the Falls of Clyde. You would find, perhaps, ere they had got half-way, Job overturned, and sitting once more upon a dunghill cursing himself, his wife, all the world, but particularly Grizzel; while she—the jumbling having converted all her milk of human kindness into butter-milk, or Corstorphine cream—returns flash for flash, and raves against her evil stars for having coupled her for ever so brief a period with such a rude, awkward, ill-tongued, ungovernable, ridiculous, ugly, old, bloody-minded rascal!”

We shall therefore find Mr Sharpe for full twenty years a fixture at No. 93 Princes Street, adding to his collection of portraits and relics, taking notes and making sketches for books or engravings, continuing his correspondence with a few and yearly decreasing number of old friends, and associating with such members of the world of letters as Thomas Thomson, David Laing, and Walter Scott, with whom his in-

timacy increased as its duration lengthened. The gift of the drawing of Queen Elizabeth had been speedily followed by that of another subject from the family annals of the House of Harden—the characteristic anecdote of Muckle-mou'ed Meg, for the legend of which see a letter from Walter Scott to Miss Seward in 1802, printed in Lockhart's 'Life of Scott.'

He also executed for Scott the admirable drawing of the "Feast of Spurs," which hangs with the former in the ante-room of the library at Abbotsford, as does also another humorous illustration of olden manners, known as the "Best Foot Foremost," and the original sketch of the frontispiece to Petrie's 'Rules of Good Deportment,' engraved for the republication of the volume by his friend; and in 1823 an etching of a lady holding a shield, with a pavilion behind her, and a lion in front, "was executed (as Mr Sharpe writes in 1835) by Lizars, from a drawing done, by Sir Walter Scott's desire, for a volume of poems written by Lady Anne Barnard and her relations, which he printed as his contribution to the Bannatyne Club. The shield bears the arms of Lindsay, and the lion and canopy allude to the supporters and crest of Balcarres. After the volume was printed Lady Anne and her friends changed their minds, and would let nothing appear but "Auld Robin Gray" and the continuation: so Sir Walter was forced to destroy the whole impression, save the two ballads I mention. Of course nobody could imagine what the frontispiece had to do with them. Some people thought the female figure was Jenny, the shield her wheel, and the lion Auld Robin. When Lady Anne died she left Sir Walter fifty pounds." ¹

¹ Lady Anne Barnard's face was pretty, and replete with vivacity, her figure light and elegant, her conversation lively, and, like that of the rest of her family, peculiarly agreeable. Though she had wit, she never said ill-natured things to show it. She gave herself no airs, either as a woman of rank, or as the authoress of "Auld Robin Gray."

She resided many years in London with her sister, Lady Margaret Fordyce, whose beauty had been very uncommon. When Sir Walter Scott projected his contribution of a book to the Bannatyne Club, he requested Lady Anne to allow him to publish her celebrated song, to which she consented, and afterwards sent him numerous other poems by herself and her family, which he printed in a thick 4to vol., with the title of 'Lays of the Lindsays.' Unluckily, before the book was circulated, the lady and her friends changed their

In the same memorandum of 1835, he also says that the excellent plate of a man selling Jacobite ballads to a lady whose mother is a Whig, used in Mr Laing's second series of fugitive Scottish poetry, "was done by Lizars, from my design, as a book-plate for Sir Walter. The scene is the High Street of Edinburgh, with the old Cross. This plate, alas! was never of any use to my dear friend."

When, in 1814, the magistrates of the city of Edinburgh conferred the freedom of the city upon Walter Scott, they at the same time presented him with a piece of plate, which he chose in the shape of an old English tankard, designed by Sharpe, and engraved with a Latin inscription by Professor Gregory, as recorded in Lockhart's 'Life': a letter from Scott to Mr Sharpe, with a sketch in pen and ink of the utensil in question, is now in the Scott Museum.

In December 1815, again, when the Sutors o' Selkirk were presented with a piece of plate by the Duke of Buccleuch, Sharpe was called into conference as to the design, the "birse" being, as Scott observes in one of his letters, a most unmanageable decoration. The result of the committee of taste is thus stated by Scott in a letter to the Duke of Buccleuch: "After some conference with Charles Sharpe, I have hit on a plan which I think will look well if tolerably executed—namely, to have the lady seated in due form on the top of the lid (which will look handsome, and will be well taken), and to have a thistle wreathed around the sarcophagus, and rising above her head and from the top of the thistle shall proceed the birse." In Lockhart's 'Life,' from which the above extract is taken, the mystery of the birse or birss is thus explained in a note: "A birse or bunch of hog's bristles forms the cognisance of the sutors (*Anglice*, shoemakers). When a new burgess is admitted into their community, the birse passes round with the

minds, and all was suppressed save the song of "Robin Gray," and its continuation. When Lady Anne died, she bequeathed to Sir Walter the sum of fifty pounds, probably as a compensation for the expense he had incurred respecting "the Lays." It is much to be regretted that this volume was buried in oblivion.—C. K. S.

cup of welcome, and every elder brother dips it into the wine and draws it through his mouth before it reaches the happy neophyte, who of course pays it similar respect."¹

On all occasions, indeed, the memory, the pencil, and the collections of Sharpe were at the disposal of his eminent friend, who constantly referred to him on such points. On the fly-leaf of a fine copy of Terence (with Brandt's woodcuts, dated 1499) is the following inscription in Scott's handwriting: "For the acceptance of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq. This volume, of which the text so well suits his Attic humour, and the grotesque decoration his talent for embodying the costume and manners of former times, is destined by his sincere friend, Walter Scott." Such was the opinion of the man most competent to judge of such qualities.

Mr Sharpe's first historical publication was one in which he found ample and ready assistance from his distinguished ally. The nature of the work, indeed, would have commended it to Scott's sympathies from any quarter. The fanaticism of the Covenanters, painted by one of their own party, was naturally acceptable to the author of 'Old Mortality' and 'Bonnie Dundee'; and he must have rejoiced when his friend proposed to become editor of 'The Secret and True History of the Church of Scotland, from the Restoration to the Present Time,' by the Rev. Mr James Kirkton. Mr Sharpe, in his preface, states that he owed the possession of this curious MS. to his friendly² correspondent,

¹ For an amusing account of the initiation of Prince Leopold, the late King of the Belgians, to the freedom of the birse, see the same work.

² Surtees to Sharpe, May 8, 1807: "I send you also a MS. book, which fell by accident into my hands lately, entitled Secret History of the Church of Scotland, &c., by one John Kirkton. It seems written on the wrong side, and complains bitterly of poor folk being forced to go to hear 'ane sinful and ignorant curate.' So if it is of any import or curiosity, and not (which it probably may) a mere transcript of some printed book already in your possession, you must say *Fas est ab hoste doceri.*"

The same to the same, July 1807: "I am extremely vexed that you have not received Kirkton, and fear, from the lapse of time, it is lost."

The same to the same, January 1818: "Your assistance to Master Constable has obliged me to take in his magazine, that I may read your histories, marvelous pleasant, of frail countesses, and fauns 'a' black, but very bonny.'"

The same to the same, March 1819: "I do trust you will go on from time

Mr Surtees of Mainsforth, well known as the historian of Durham. He refers to two other copies; one in the British Museum, with this note at the beginning, "This book contains Mr Kirkton's History of his own Times in the year 1679. He was a person of a good understanding, and of a great deal of witt." The other, in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, is among the MSS. of Wodrow, who made considerable use of Kirkton's Memoirs in his own better known work. "The reader," adds Mr Sharpe, "will find that Kirkton's History is written with much spirit, and in spite of the strong prejudices which he had imbibed, frequently with a great degree of candour. And this fragment is valuable not only as containing various anecdotes of the author's contemporaries, hitherto unpublished, but as the production of a man once so highly revered by his own sect." On this publication Mr Sharpe poured out, in the form of notes, as much pungent wit and curious learning as might have made a book of reputation had they been systematically used. He likewise appended to it the narrative of the murder of Archbishop Sharp, from the pen of James Russell, one of the assassins, and adorned it with portraits of the unfortunate prelate, of the Duke and Duchess of Lauderdale, and with a very spirited though slight sketch of the battle of Bothwell Brig, from a picture at Dalkeith House.

Walter Scott, however, warned his friend that he had bestowed care and pains upon a subject which would be *caviare* to the million; and this opinion as to the want of popularity of Kirkton was fully justified by the result. It was published by Ballantyne, a handsome quarto, in 1817, with a dedication to the editor's college friend, Earl Gower; but though now grown somewhat scarce, it never became popular. Its reception from the *cognoscenti* was on the whole favourable, though in some cases Calvinistic prejudices carried the day. There is a poor review of it in 'Constable's Edinburgh Magazine,' 1817, where it is most obvious that the

to time throwing out successive portions of recondite Scots history, and specially *diablerie* of all sorts, in which, though I have none of your faith, my imagination is horribly interested."

writer was struggling between a strong desire to vindicate the heroes of the Covenant against the Tory sarcasms of the editor, and an indisposition to fall foul of a valuable *collaborateur*. For in the same volume is a most spirited narrative of the famous family scandal of the house of Cassilis, the elopement of the first Countess with Johnnie Faa, the gipsy chieftain, sufficiently marked as from the hand of C. K. Sharpe, even were it not accompanied by an etching of the frail Countess, in that easy charming style which few of his contemporaries could equal. At this period Mr Sharpe was an occasional contributor to 'Constable's Magazine,' and as such had to suffer certain skittish impertinences from the juvenile wits who were flinging up their heels in the then youthful 'Maga.' We do not, however, notice anything from his pen worth reviewing but the contribution above referred to. Nor can the reviewer in the 'Edinburgh Magazine' be complimented on the airiness of his style; the critique of 'Law's Memorials,' as well as of the prior work, being in the severest order of heavy platitude. As will be seen anon, the book was done ample justice to in the 'Quarterly'; while the 'Edinburgh Review' does not seem to have noticed it at all, possibly from a wish not to offend by that tone of hostile comment which consistency in politics would have necessitated. Besides, Mr Sharpe had been a frequent contributor to the avowed organ of opposition, the 'Edinburgh Annual Register,' in which, over and above several selections from family papers, such as letters from David Hume to Matthew Sharpe of Hoddam, of which a facsimile is given, of Lord Eglintoun to his son, Alexander Lord Montgomerie (afterwards tenth Earl, and murdered by Mungo Campbell), &c. &c., at least one original poem of Mr Sharpe's had appeared—the "Fragment composed by Moonlight," in the volume for 1810. It was not, however, for want of the good offices of the Border Minstrel that the republication of Kirkton did not meet with its due meed of credit. His notice in the 'Quarterly' was of the most appreciative character of just and discriminating approbation, and ended by a promise—ultimately unfulfilled—of returning to the subject in a notice of 'Law's Memorials,'

the next republication of an obsolete author which Mr Sharpe undertook; although from fragments in his papers he had evidently contemplated a memoir of the Duke of Monmouth, whose tragical history had always a charm for him. It would seem that a proposition from Sir Walter Scott for a joint book on Witchcraft induced him to select the chronicler of satanic exploits as a subject for a reprint, and Scott was again ready to act as adviser and accoucheur to the work.

In 1818 was published in quarto by Ballantyne, 'Law's Memorialls; or, the memorable things that fell out in my time within this Island of Brittain,' accompanied by a dedication to the Earl of Wemyss, and a prefatory notice containing some particulars of Mr Robert Law himself, and an introduction tracing the legends of wizardry and spectral appearances to the earliest periods of Scottish history. By this admirable essay and the notes with which the text was adorned, Mr Sharpe obtained a high reputation for knowledge of strange legendary traditions; but it would seem that he did not achieve sufficient success to tempt him to republish other works of the same character, as he seems at one time to have contemplated, or to carry out the suggestion of the Author of *Waverley* for a joint or independent original publication dealing with superstitious anecdotes.

Nevertheless his next production was identified with the same topic, being an etching, beautifully imagined, for James Hogg's poem, 'The Witch of Fife,' published in 1819.¹

We come now to a work which may strictly be described as a labour of love to him. His indefatigable industry in collecting fragments of ancient ballads had enabled him already to be of great service to Scott in introducing him to such ballads as the "Twa Corbies," and by improving the versions of other and better known specimens of the primitive muse. But Mr Sharpe had an omnivorous taste for anything in rhyme, which had any pretensions either to antiquity or to eccentricity. Of these he appears to have contemplated a collection as early as 1803, to judge from the sketch of a burlesque essay prefixed to a copy of the singular canticle beginning,

¹ See Etchings, &c., Plate VII.

“O, Errol is a bonny place,”

which afterwards found a place in his ballad-book. He entitles it, “A specimen of the fourth vol. of the ‘Border Minstrelsy,’ shortly to be published. The following ballad was written down from the recitation of a middle-aged woman who resides in a small cottage or hovel near Hoddam (which is spelled in old documents Hoddame) Castle, with no companions to relieve the tedium of solitude but an illegitimate indiscretion of her niece, and a lean tabby cat, whose ears have been curtailed, to impede her from catching goldfinches and other birds which are wont to render vocal the hedges of Annandale,” &c. &c.

At length he carried out his project in a small volume, printed in 1823 for private circulation only, and adorned with an exquisite etching in imitation of the German school, and a little vignette after Hollar.¹ This year may be considered as his most prolific and successful one with the graver; since, in addition to the picture just mentioned, he executed a frontispiece for Mr David Laing’s ‘Fugitive Scottish Poetry,’ one for the same gentleman’s ‘Book of the Howlet,’ and one for the reprint of Lady Anne Barnard’s “Auld Robin Gray.”

We do not find him actively engaged in any literary work during the two years following, though a memorandum of agreement is in existence, dated 10th December 1825, by which he undertook to edit the ‘Memoirs of Grammont,’ engaging to furnish notes at least equal to the text in extent. This intention, to the great loss of the students of the secret history of courts, never was carried into effect.

In 1826, the Bannatyne Club volume of ‘Letters of the Viscount of Dundee,’ presented by his friend and connection Mr Smythe of Methven, was augmented not only by the results of some of his investigations into the Queensberry papers, but by a pair of exquisite portraits of Bonnie Dundee and his spouse; the former from the picture now in the possession of Lady Elizabeth Cartwright, the latter from a portrait in his own collection. In the same year he contributed to Mr

¹ Since reprinted, with additional notes from Mr Sharpe’s MS., and additional ballads from the Skene MS., 1879. William Blackwood & Sons.

Laing's edition of the 'Romance of Sir Greysteel,' a charming illustration of an incident in the story, as well as a curious head of his own remote ancestor, the covenanting Earl of Eglintoun, who derived his *sobriquet* from the hero of the poem, taken from an indenture between Sir Hugh Montgomerie and Alexander Earl of Eglintoun in 1630. It will be discovered, however, upon inspection of the facsimile of the deed in Mr Fraser's 'Memorials of the Earls of Eglintoun,' 1859, vol. ii. p. 288, that Mr Sharpe's copy of the Earl's portrait is not very accurate. The year following found him employed upon a couple of quaint reprints, both of which were illustrated by engravings supplied by him. The first of these, entitled 'A Pairt of the Life of Lady Margaret Cuninghame, daughter of the Earl of Glencairn, that she had with her first husband the Master of Evandale: the just and true account thereof, as it was first written with her own hand, including a letter to her husband the Master of Evandale, and another to my Lady Marquess of Hamilton, with her last Will sent to the said Lady Marquess inclosed therein,' he states to have been printed from two manuscripts, neither of which is in the handwriting of the authoress: "One was long possessed by a family related to Lady Margaret, and is now much torn and defaced; the other is the property of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., who, with his wonted and well-known generosity, allowed it to be transcribed by the editor. I know not whether the original documents be still extant; and the point is of very little importance." From the same preface we cull a very characteristic passage: "At Hamilton Palace is a portrait of the Marchioness, which has been engraved in Pinkerton's 'Scottish Gallery,' a work composed of caricatures, and calculated to make us believe that our ancestors resembled the

" 'Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.'

The villanous copyists for the engravers, not content with distorting the features of the faces, frequently added potbellies and bolster arms of their own invention, to fill up the measure of the plates. I verily believe that the world

never saw such a foul assemblage of monsters; and of these the poor ladies have come off the worst, for, generally speaking, they remind one of the lothely dame in the ballad of Sir Gawaine:

“Her nose was crookt and turned outwarde,
 Her chin stood all awrye;
 And where there sholde have been her mouthe,
 Lo, there was set her eye.
 Sir Kay beheld that Lady againe,
 And looked upon her snout:
 Whoever kisses that ladye, he sayes,
 Of his kiss he stands in doubt.”

Lady Margaret luckily escaped the posthumous martyrdom, as no picture of her is known to be extant. In truth, portraits of the Glencairn family are now very rare. The race, alas! hath passed away, even on panel and on canvas: their honours are extinct, and their forms are forgotten.

“What is this moving tower in which we trust?
 A little winde closed in a cloud of dust.”

—LORD STIRLING'S *Julius Cæsar*.

The vignette to this quaint volume (of thirty quarto pages) is a very highly finished specimen in the well-known manner of Hollar, representing a lady, in Charles I. costume, looking into a mirror in which is reflected a death's-head, a fancy not improbably suggested by a plate in a favourite book of his—Jeremy Taylor's 'Holy Dying'—in which Lady Vaughan is depicted as contemplating a skeleton in a mirror. In its peculiar way, it is equal to the best efforts of his pencil. The companion volume, an account of the repentance of a beautiful murderess, Jean Livingstone, the wife of John Kincaid of Warriston, is from a MS. in the handwriting of the historian Wodrow, and is illustrated by a copperplate, “which I picked up in the Cowgate,” writes Mr Sharpe, of a lady with a crocodile's tail, attended by a maid carrying a parasol, while a cavalier, whose horse is held by a page, salutes her with deep reverence.¹

¹ *Lady with a Crocodile Tail*.—From the trial of Lady Warristoun “I picked up the plate in the Cowgate,” says Mr Sharpe; “but the *tail* (fish's

In the following year he edited the 'Letters of Lady Margaret Burnet to John Duke of Lauderdale,' which by the kindness of the Countess of Dysart were transcribed from the originals preserved in a drawer at Ham House, Surrey. The vignette to this volume, also a quarto, was a head of the Duke from a picture at Drummond Castle, and he supplemented the correspondence with numerous valuable biographical notes. In the preface he takes occasion to compliment his old friend Thomas Thomson, "to whose profound knowledge and ardent zeal the literature and history of Scotland are so much indebted." A sentiment reciprocated over and over again, in letters from the antiquary.

In 1828 the reprint for the Bannatyne Club of the 'History of the House of Seytoun,' by Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, was also illustrated by two of his engravings: the one representing Robert first Earl of Wintoun, with his wife and daughter, a most characteristic study of ancient costume; the other a view of the interior of the Seton Chapel, a beautiful remnant of medieval art, in which, unfortunately, his graver was less at home than in portraiture or character subjects. No one would care to look at his etching of the Seton Chapel twice; while his next work, the frontispiece to a reprint of a quaint book, entitled Petrie's 'Rules of Good Deportment,' is a piece of inexhaustible fun. This appeared in 1835; but it must not be supposed that Mr Sharpe was idle during the whole of the intervening period. We may instance some of his employments.

His books were always copiously annotated by his own hand, but at this period of his life he became more methodical in his habit of comment or supplement to the treasures of his library. One of these, the Scottish Peerage of Sir Robert Douglas, was a favourite receptacle of his out-of-the-way accumulations, and would be a valuable foundation for a new edition of the knightly genealogist. Some of the short notes

he calls it) may have been suggested by an incident in one of his removals, when the housekeeper volunteered to carry the stuffed crocodile under her cloak, and its tail, dangling on the pavement, became detached from the body. 'Not only dishonour, but an infinite loss!'"

refer to forgotten tales of personal scandal. Such as (under title Annandale): "Lady Harriet Hope has the smallpox. Annandale and Hopetoun are not on good terms; he thinks him a disobedient son because his wife took the smallpox without asking her mother's liberty.—Fragment of a letter, once in Lady Loudon's possession." But by far the larger number are of the character of the specimen which follows, deriving their interest more from the manner of their relation than from anything especially piquant in the anecdotes themselves:—

"The anecdote alluded to is thus told by Pennant:—

"A daughter of the first Earl of Gowrie was addressed by a young gentleman in the neighbourhood, much her inferior in rank and fortune. Her family, though they gave no countenance to the match, permitted him to visit them, and lodged him in a tower near another in which was the young lady's chamber, but up a different staircase, and communicating with another part of the house. The lady, before the communicating doors were shut, conveyed herself into her lover's apartment; but some one having discovered it, told it to her mother, who, cutting off, as she thought, all possibility of retreat, hastened to surprise them. But the young lady, hearing the well-known footsteps of her mother hobbling up-stairs, ran to the top of the leads, and taking a desperate leap of nine feet four inches over a chasm of sixty feet from the ground, lighted on the battlements of the other tower, whence, descending into her own chamber, she crept into her bed. Her mother having in vain sought for her in her lover's chamber, came into her room, where, finding her seemingly asleep, she apologized for her unjust suspicions. The young lady eloped the next night, and was married. The top of the towers from and to which the lady leaped are still shown under the appellation of "The Maiden's Leap."

"This story was some time since differently told; fear of an enraged father with a drawn sword in his hand being assigned as the reason of the lady's leap. An anecdote of the same kind, but still more wonderful, was formerly current in Annandale respecting the old tower of Cumlongan. There, it was said, a rash young lady being surprised in similar circumstances, as the old people expressed it, coming 'rampagin up the turnpyke like onie wood bear, wi' a nakit sword in his nieve,' she ran to the top of the castle, and leaping down to the ground, got entrance at the front door, and was in her bed before her sire could descend from the

battlements. The feline Venus of the Egyptians certainly proved propitious to those vaulting damsels. Alas that she was so cruel to the chaster Maid of Orleans! whose leap from the battlements of Beaurevoir was unbroken by the pinions of Cupid, and nearly cost her life.
C. K. S."

His collection of antiquities also increased rapidly in bulk and in value. Many presents were made him of greater or less worth and rarity, and from time to time he added many rare and curious articles, selected with greater judgment than the miscellaneous treasures questionable value often thrust upon him. His habitual courtesy was frequently strained to find civil terms in which to acknowledge (where it was impossible to decline) the well-meant *largesse* of would-be virtuosos.

Recluse as he was, he appealed to the acquaintances of former years, and dedicated the epigrammatic satire so germane to him in defence of public privilege and of threatened antiquity. He had always a vast aversion to those whom he was accustomed to designate as Athenian improvers, watching over the relics of Caledonian history with an eye ever vigilant against the Vandalism of boards, committees, surveyors, and all municipal meddlers of the same sort.

A public protest against various contemplated acts of municipal barbarism is conveyed in the epistle which follows:—

“PROJECTED IMPROVEMENTS.

“*To the Editor of the ‘Edinburgh Observer.’*

“‘*Delenda est Carthago.*’

“SIR,—I have perused, in your newspaper of the 10th, a very instructive letter as to the city *improvements* at present in meditation. Permit me to transmit to you a few additional observations which have occurred to me on this most interesting subject. Though the committee seem extremely anxious to prove that their intentions are far from hostile to the antique beauty of our metropolis, and somewhat rashly assert that ‘if the question be limited to picturesque effect, the plans are calculated to meet the difficulties of the most fastidious’ (p. 9), yet I can assure them and the

public that very many of their fellow-citizens are of a different way of thinking, and that I have had the honour of knowing several persons of distinguished genius, not connected with Edinburgh, who deem all such encroachments little short of downright Vandalism. I need only mention the name of Mr Westmacott, whose judgment in such matters few will venture to dispute. In the new plan as to the Castle, there is, should it be carried through, one thing particularly lamentable,—that by much the most picturesque side of the fortress must suffer in the common calamity. The projected cut will make it appear considerably lower, and destroy the whole grandeur of the southern part. To be sure, we shall have coal-carts and dung-carts to enliven it, and the continual smoke from the houses one storey above the road, which may conceal much of the mischief. Yet still, Mr Editor, it is a circumstance to be deplored. ‘In life’s last scene what prodigies surprise!’ Though I have lived to see, in the course of forty years, the old town lose much of its primitive features, from unavoidable decay, from the rage for *improvement*, and the little less destructive element of fire; tho’ I have beheld Salisbury Craigs irretrievably injured, and the Calton Hill utterly destroyed, yet never did I expect to witness such a bold attack as this upon the rock and Castle of Edinburgh. Surely our city projectors have forgot the adage of Drummond of Hawthornden, which should be remembered for more reasons than one: ‘Les murailles et les fortresses sont au Roy personne, ne peut abuser de son bien au prejudice de son souveraine.’ ‘The Castle,’ say the committee, ‘is *thrown open to view* in many points, and is improved in every point. In particular, it is thrown open to view throughout the whole line of the High Street, from which for *ages it has been concealed*; and if no other *good arose than this* from the scheme, it would be entitled to the regard of the city.’ Now, Mr Editor, the committee seem to have forgot that our castles were originally erected for defence; so they became, as one may say, the nest-eggs of towns, and houses were built as near to them as possible, forming by degrees streets and closes. Consequently the buildings on the Castle Hill were the commencement of the city; and as it is not evident that they ever stood much farther apart than they do at present, the High Street never saw the Castle at all, which might have been a pity formerly, but is of no great import now; for, cut as the committee advises, the High Street will only see a big-bellied bulwark, and other buildings devoid both of interest and beauty. The committee profess that no house of any celebrity is to be demolished for these alterations, forgetting, it would appear, that memorable mansion on the north side of the Castle Hill, which belonged to Queen Marie of Lorraine, mother to our unfortunate Marie, and

her minority Regent of Scotland,—a building probably one of the most ancient, certainly one of the most interesting, in Edinburgh. In truth, it would be very eligible to purchase this curious house by means of a public subscription, in which, I believe, there would be little difficulty, and carefully preserve it as a relic of times gone by. Mr Westmacott was decidedly of this opinion, and made an admirable sketch of it when here. I must add, that the committee seem strangely mistaken also as to the *pecuniary* value of the buildings on the north side of the hill; for I positively know that two storeys of that old property were some time since sold for almost as much as they affirm would purchase the whole. At p. 24 of their report the committee tell us, 'An assessment, therefore, for such purposes is *just one* of the penalties which the inhabitants pay for their rugged and picturesque locality.' Their rugged and picturesque locality! Certainly, Mr Editor, the committee are pleased to be facetious. After the havoc displayed on the Calton, and the proposal as to the Castle Hill, to talk of preserving rugged and picturesque localities! At present I will only trouble you with one remark more, and that is respecting the lowering of the High Street. If this expensive measure be rendered necessary, owing to the awkward position of the County Rooms, why should not the Rooms themselves be pulled down, and thus Mahomet go to the mountain? It is not very probable that the warmest admirers of modern architecture will much regret the destruction of a fabric which the Commissioners seem to have thrust down into a sort of *potato-hole*, purposely for the sake of concealment; and so odd a figure does it cut there, that it must ever remind one of Dean Swift's witty poem on the Parthenon near Castlenock:

"The doctor's family came by,
And little Miss began to cry,
Give me that house in my own hand!
Then Madam bade the chariot stand,
Called to the clerk in manner mild,
Pray, reach that thing here to my child;
That thing, I mean, among the kale;
And here's to buy a pot of ale.'

"—I am, Sir, your most humble servant."

An admirable piece of caustic irony on municipal interference with the approaches to, and environs of, Edinburgh Castle, may be quoted here:—

"Eiks for a new Act for improving and embellishing the town of Edinburgh—the inhabitants to be cessed therefor according to

the will and pleasure of the Magistrates. For painting pure white the whole of the Castle rock, which will not only beautify the same, but from the reflection of the sunbeams be of great advantage to the oculists of the town, as it will occasion a decay of sight in the inhabitants; *item*, it will be of infinite advantage to the perfumers (this becomes of beautifying also), as it will give a salutary hint to the older ladies of the city as to the use of Pearl powder and other applications well known to be of advantage to a weatherbeaten complexion.

"For making a tunnell through said rock, which will afford easier communication than we at present possess between the Grass-market and the New Town, and forward the sale of turnips and cabbages from the garden in the North Loch. It will also, in case of a siege of the Castle, which is extremely probable, facilitate the access to water in the Well-house Tower; for the soldiers will have nothing to do but to descend by a rope through the aperture of the Castle well, as Don Quixotte entered into the cave of Monterinos, and convey as many bucketfuls as they please into the garrison—this plan to be submitted to the Board of Ordnance. That here and there in the Castle rock niches are to be hewn out, and in these colossal busts placed of all the Provosts and Baillies who have contributed by their refined genius to the improvement of the town—these to be executed by the best sculptors in London—as an encouragement to future Magistrates, and as example of the excellent taste of the present dynasty of Edinburgh.

"That Messrs Montgomery, Weddell, and Davidson be employed to draw up a plan of improvements for the High Church, being instructed that they are to contrive matters so that it should exactly resemble an antient salt-cellar, the pride of the tables of our ancestors, surrounded with a wall of almond biscuits, spun sugar, and whipt cream. They are to preserve the old form as little as possible, because the walls must recall displeasing remembrances to Catholics, Presbyterians, antiquaries, and all those whose ancestors have frequented said church for these six hundred years bygone. The sooner the arm of Saint Giles, the stool of Mrs Janet Geddes, Haddo's Hole, and the tombs of Lords Murray and Montrose are forgotten, so much the better.

"That, as it is a great point to direct the admiration of strangers to our modern improvements, the said strangers being too apt to inquire after objects of curiosity in the Old Town, and thus totally neglect the extraordinary beauties of the new, the following places are to be destroyed, and Grecian houses erected on their sites: The oldest part of Holyrood House, containing Queen Marie's apartments; the Regent Murray's house in the Canongate, J. J.

Knox's House at the Netherbow, the Mint and French Ambassador's house in the Cowgate, Queensberrie House, Tweeddale House, &c., &c.: these to be demolished and rebuilt according to the prevalent taste, the Act providentially including other houses which are principally sought after, as the Queen Regent's house of the Castle Hill, the West Bow, &c., &c.

"That the Mound, which has ever been considered as one of the most striking beauties of this city, particularly by country virtuosos who are critical in compost middens, be extended on both sides—on the east to the North Bridge, on the west to the Castle rock. This, fairly filling up the uncouth valley between the Old and New Town, will possess numberless conveniences: people, when drunk, will not tumble into the North Loch; and if a hat be blown off on the North Bridge, it will be easily recovered without the aid of the police. Besides, the town will have the advantage of the pens; and the smoke from so many low buildings to be erected will enable the inhabitants of Princes Street to dry their neats' tongues thoroughly by hanging them out of their windows,—a convenience of which they are very much in want, and such as the present plans for the Mound give us reason to expect.

"'Kirks, closes, kimmers, clatters, swythe, begone!
Deil tak' expense, heeze up the Parthenon.'

"Writes Robert Henryson; MS., p. 23."

He also drew up a petition from the inhabitants of the west end of Princes Street to the committee on the subject of the encroachments of the Mound; and a letter to his relative, Sir John Muir Mackenzie of Delvine, on the anticipated destruction of Gowrie House at Perth, will be found in its place.

To the very last he preserved his horror of wanton change; one of his latest notes being to the custodian of the gardens in Drummond Place, threatening, if the lopping of trees there were proceeded with, to appeal to a meeting of proprietors of houses.

Another event which raised a flame of patriotic indignation in his breast was the attempt in 1826 to alter the Scottish banking system, in accordance with English views on the currency,—an interference which led to the publication by Sir Walter Scott of two vigorous protests under the *nom de plume* of Malachi Malagrowther (see Lockhart's 'Life'). Mr

Sharpe fully shared the indignant sentiments of his illustrious friend, as will be seen in his correspondence.

Letters written after the year 1830 are somewhat scarce. His practice of preserving copies of most of his own letters gave way, after the publication of Lady Charlotte Bury's work mentioned before, to the totally opposite custom of careful destruction of most of the originals where he could regain possession of them. He ceased also to write with the same ready pen as of yore; his letters and drawings exhibit tokens of tremor of the physical powers; and thus there is hardly any correspondence available for the memoir of his later years. The few brief notes, addressed to members of his own family or to his junior friends, are, however, worth printing, if only to show that the natural keenness of his intellect had not abated.

In 1836 he published an elegant quarto volume of musical compositions by one of his ancestors of the Erskine blood, Thomas sixth Earl of Kellie, rated amongst the most distinguished amateurs by Dr Burney in his 'General History of Music.' To this, besides a short preface, he added a beautiful vignette, adapted from an old French print so as to represent the Edinburgh Assembly of bygone days, with a minuet in progress;¹ also an illustration to a song composed by Lord Kellie, entitled 'The Lover's Message.' This book he dedicated to his mother; and it was the last token of his affectionate regard which he had it in his power to bestow, as shortly afterwards he had the misfortune to be separated from her by death,—an event, as we may well believe, productive of the very keenest anguish to a son so earnest in his feelings of filial regard. Her house in Princes Street was consequently given up; and Mr Sharpe, after a brief trial of a residence on the south side of the Old Town, near Bristo Street, settled for life at No. 28 Drummond Place.

During the year 1836, in addition to the drawings men-

¹ This engraving drew from an old Scots lady the following eulogium: "It brought old times to my mind when I used to be sometimes (though not very often) in the old Assembly Room, where Mrs Nicky Murray used to sit in her chair of state at the head of the room as lady directress, keeping us all in order when we had to dance our minuets before the country-dance."

tioned above, he executed frontispieces for the Abbotsford Club publications of the 'Romances of Otuel,' and of 'Roland and Vernagu,' and a very pretty vignette for a poem (by a lady connected with his family) entitled 'Flora's Fête.' In 1837 he edited, from a folio MS. in the Advocates' Library, a reprint (fifty copies quarto) of a curious poem, 'Surgundo, or the Valiant Christian,' which he adorned with an etching of the heads of the Marquis and Marchioness of Huntly, and dedicated to his friend Mr James Gibson-Craig. In 1838 he published the song of 'Absence,' "the words by Lady Grizzel Baillie, the air composed by Mr Sharpe (his father) when only seven years old."¹ The vignette on the title-page, though not etched by him, was from one of his drawings after Lely. In the same year he contributed a drawing to the Abbotsford romance of 'Arthur and Merlin,' another to 'Sir Bevis of Hampton,' and one to Mr Maidment's edition of Sir Thomas Urquhart's 'Rabelais.' In 1840, 'The Romaunt of Guy of Warwick,' reprinted by Mr Turnbull, received his aid, "whose exquisite graphic abilities are their own panegyric," says the editor's preface; and his latest work in 1842 was for the same gentleman's 'Visions of Tundale,' a weird assemblage of horrible faces worthy of Breughel. His later years, indeed, were uneventful to a degree. His reading was never suffered to grow rusty, and his MS. annotations on books were continued to the last; but for several years before his death he scarcely wrote a letter, and went but little abroad, except in search of some stray relic of antiquity or object of interest.

In 1850 symptoms of decaying health manifested themselves unmistakably, and in March 1851 he died, after a brief and not extremely painful illness. He was buried with

¹ "The air," he writes, "I got from my aunt some time ago: people think the history of it is a lie; but I don't imagine my aunt ever told a lie in her life. Burney mentions two boys in Charles the Second's reign, who composed two full anthems for the choir, one twelve, the other thirteen, years old; so this is no such wonder. Lady G. B.'s Memoirs, published by Mr Thomson, perhaps you have read; she was a very interesting person. These verses were found in a letter directed to her brother in Holland, but I think they were meant for her lover Mr Baillie, in the same regiment with Lord Polwarth, whom she afterwards married."

his forefathers in the family mausoleum at Hoddam. More than one eulogistic notice of his career appeared in the periodicals of the day ; but we select for extraction a portion of an article in the 'Scotsman,' evidently from the pen of some one possessed of an intimate personal acquaintance with Mr Sharpe :—

“ We had, from the time when we announced the death of this gentleman, resolved that we would not let so remarkable a man leave us without offering some homage to his memory beyond the usual obituary notice. Though delayed from time to time, we were yet resolved that the task should be fulfilled, and the more so from a consciousness that his was not the kind of eminence likely to secure any fuller commemoration than the columns of a newspaper can afford. To the public, who, in his departure, only miss a peculiar figure whom they have occasionally met in their daily walks, Mr Sharpe was what is usually called a character. But to those who really knew him, the outward peculiarities which invited and justified such an appellation were a very thin covering on qualities of a far more important and valuable kind. Even his external peculiarities arose by no means from any desire to attract notice by singularity. They were the fruit of that sort of unconsciousness, and that reluctance to do anything provocative of attention and remark, which sometimes makes one quietly abide by old customs, until, while congratulating himself that he is still the same man that he was of old, the world has a totally different opinion of him, in as far as of old he was like other people, but now he is quite peculiar in the rigid observance of the costume and manners of a previous generation. So it was with Mr Sharpe's green umbrella, its crosier-shaped horn handle, and its long brass point ; with his thread-stockings, and his shoes—of the kind which our fathers called pumps—tied with profuse ribbon ; with his ever-faded frock-coat, and his cravat of that downy bulging character which Brummell repealed. The greater part of the whole costume was exactly as he had worn it in his college days in the preceding century ; and we had always the idea that Sharpe never thought he dressed differently from other people. It was always a puzzling matter, however, to divine how he got his tradesmen to connive with him, and produce articles of dress which the tide of human fashions had long rolled over and buried in oblivion. It is possible that some profuse wardrobe of early days may have proved a sort of granary to him ; but we have sometimes thought that an expert tradesman, who had by some accident a reserve of ancestral stock, had found him a useful duct for draining off the unsaleable merchandise.

“His manners partook of the same obsolete character—not artificially or affectedly, but quite naturally. One may occasionally meet with an octogenarian carrying a shade of the old-world courtesy into this more brisk, unfettered generation; but Sharpe bore it in full bloom, as if it were not only his own natural manner, but that of the people he spoke to. It was older still than his costume—Sir Charles Grandison all over. Its general tone on the mere acquaintance was extremely pleasing and kind. Though it was but a manner, yet one almost felt grateful to its owner, so much of an old-fashioned, soothing pleasantness was there about it; yet it was sedately stately, and by no means encouraged familiarity. One of his characteristic pursuits was a severe stretch on the capacity of manner and address to carry out true dignity and ensure respect. His matchless collection of antiquities and works of art was well known and frequently visited. It was his great pride to be its exhibitor, and illustrate it with a running commentary of anecdotes and witticisms; but under the covering of his courteous good-nature and of his real pride in his collection, one might perceive two things which he dreaded and took particular pains to avoid: the one was, being considered a weak old man with a hobby with which he was ready to saturate every one who would submit to it; the other was, being used by persons of rank or importance, who heard of his collection, as a sort of showman to exhibit it. Hence there was an air of caprice and wilfulness in his management of the *entrée* to his celebrated museum. Some people made continued efforts to obtain access to it, and were always defeated; while others were with bland courtesy asked to come when they chose, and bring whom they chose. His chief jealousy was about being considered the civil fellow ready to do service to great people. He was ‘come,’ as we say in Scotland, of the first families in the country, and he knew and felt it to the full. He was a good deal imbued with the kind of pride of old Sir Edward Seymour, who, when asked by Charles II. if he was not a member of the Duke of Somerset’s family, answered, ‘No, sire; the Duke is a member of mine.’ Hence it was not the best way of getting the doors of the exhibition opened, to speak of the rank or importance of the person desiring to see it; but when he was in good humour, such vaunting might perhaps be met with a pleasant, good-natured nod, and, ‘Oh, any friend of yours, my dear Mr ——, is welcome.’

“That museum was a place which few who have ever seen it can forget—the fairy suits of armour, the graven images of all kinds in mobs and processions, Sir Peter Lely’s lay figure bedecked with a heap of ancient finery, the jewelled shrines and inexhaustible quantities of old silver-work, the trinkets by George Heriot, the enamels and the miniatures, brought out of the endless recesses of a multi-

tude of ancient cabinets. Simply as a collection of beautiful and curious things, it was worthy of a long visit; but almost everything had some little history attached to it. The horrible, it must be admitted, but not the vulgar horrible, predominated. There were no pieces of the rope which had hanged Burke, or pistol that had penetrated into the slaughtered Weare's brains; but there were portraits of celebrated murderesses, from Queen Joan of Naples down to that picture by Hogarth for which Sarah Malcolm rouged herself in Newgate. This, by the way, was bought at Horace Walpole's sale. Hogarth remarked that no one would have taken that woman for a cutter of throats. It may be so; but his own portrait of her has a savage harshness about it—an appearance of relentless ruffianism—which is positively frightful. At this same sale Sharpe missed, much to his mortification, Hogarth's picture of Bainbridge, the governor of Newgate, under examination for cruelty to his prisoners. It would have fitted admirably into the collection. The collector himself had much congeniality of taste with Hogarth, and delighted in memorials of him. He had a portrait of the notorious Colonel Charteris, whose figure is characteristically conspicuous in the first plate of the 'Harlot's Progress,' and used to make a half-serious half-jocular boast about absolutely possessing a piece of the handwriting of the wretched accomplice who is peering over the Colonel's shoulder. It was of the perfumed and tinselled criminalities of Charles II.'s reign, however, that he preserved the richest memorials, and it was his delight to comment on the sweet simplicity of Lely's portrait of her who held the reins of her paramour's horse while he shot her husband.

"The accumulation of this museum was a sad torment to the class of men who cater to the taste of collectors. This one had not only a peculiar taste running in a zigzag direction, which it was not easy for the common trader in curiosities to anticipate, but he was exquisitely fastidious. It was as impossible to pass a forged note at a bank as to impose on him with a false picture. In fact, besides artistic capacity, he had great natural acuteness, and he directed it all to this one pursuit. He was unrelenting in his criticisms, and was not, like many a collector, deceived by the charms of ownership. We remember, on his having bought at a considerable price a portrait which had long stood in a well-known collection as an undoubted Kneller, with what zeal he set about proving for his own satisfaction, that from certain small but distinct morsels of artistic evidence, the picture could not be a genuine Kneller. His contempt of anything in art beneath certain high standards was indeed of the most withering kind, and was apt to extort from him sarcasms which were rather a striking contrast to the courteous blandness of his usual conversation. For instance, at a sale which

occurred a few years ago, it had been a question whether a lot had been purchased by Mr Sharpe, or by an artist who had no mean opinion of himself. The picture had been sent home to the artist; but he had, he said, no excessive anxiety to possess it—he was ready to give it up—only, he lightly observed, having seen some little defects in the picture, he had 'touched it up.' This statement, which the artist made with an honest purpose of enhancing the value of his sacrifice, elicited the savage answer, 'Oh, you've been touching it, have you? That's a pretty trick. It's just what the nasty boys at charity schools do when they spit on the porridge, to prevent the others from eating it. You may keep the picture.'

"We have probably been paying more attention to the peculiarities of Mr Sharpe than to those capacities which made him a man deserving of commemoration. He had abilities of a very high order both for literature and art; and had he required to make his own bread, he would probably have been one of the most distinguished men of his day. But he never settled himself with seriousness and earnestness to a distinct pursuit; and indeed he had doubtless a little of the aristocratic leaven of Horace Walpole, which looked on the systematic practice of art or literature—especially their practice with an eye to remuneration—as an abandonment of position. He thus scattered the produce of his pen and pencil carelessly around, as the fruit of his amusement and recreation—after the manner in which the fisher or fowler treats the fruit of his sport; and even the towering greatness of Scott was insufficient in his eyes to dignify professional authorship."

And some years later, a friendly, if slightly caricatured, portrait of lifelike fidelity appeared in that most readable of works, the 'Book-hunter':—

"Let us now summon the shade of another departed victim—Fitzpatrick Smart, Esq. He, too, through a long life, had been a vigilant and enthusiastic collector, but after a totally different fashion. He was far from omnivorous. He had a principle of selection peculiar and separate from all others, as was his own individuality from other men's. You could not classify his library according to any of the accepted nomenclatures peculiar to the initiated. He was not a black-letter man, or a tall-copyist, or an uncut man, or a rough-edge man, or an early-English-dramatist, or an Elzeverian, or a broadsider, or a pasquinader, or an old-brown-calf man, or a Grangerite, or a tawny-moroccoite, or a gilt-topper, a marbled-insider, or an *editio princeps* man; neither did he come

under any of the more vulgar classifications of collectors whose thoughts run more upon the usefulness for study than upon the external conditions of their library, such as those who affect science, or the classics, or English poetic and historical literature. There was no way of defining his peculiar walk save by his own name—it was the Fitzpatrick-Smart walk. In fact it wound itself in infinite windings through isolated spots of literary scenery, if we may so speak, in which he took a personal interest. There were historical events, bits of family history, chiefly of a tragic or a scandalous kind,—efforts of art or of literary genius on which, through some hidden intellectual law, his mind and memory loved to dwell; and it was in reference to these that he collected. If the book were the one desired by him, no anxiety and toil, no payable price, was to be grudged for its acquisition. If the book were an inch out of his own line, it might be trampled in the mire for aught he cared, be it as rare or costly as it could be.

“It was difficult, almost impossible, for others to predicate what would please this wayward sort of taste; and he was the torment of the book-caterers, who were sure of a princely price for the right article, but might have the wrong one thrown in their teeth with contumely. It was a perilous, but, if successful, a gratifying thing to present him with a book. If it happened to hit his fancy, he felt the full force of the compliment, and overwhelmed the giver with his courtly thanks. But great observation and tact were required for such an adventure. The chances against an ordinary thoughtless gift-maker were thousands to one; and those who were acquainted with his strange nervous temperament knew that the existence within his dwelling-place of any book not of his own special kind, would impart to him the sort of feeling of uneasy horror which a bee is said to feel when an earwig comes into its cell. Presentation copies by authors were among the chronic torments of his existence. While the complacent author was perhaps pluming himself on his liberality in making the judicious gift, the recipient was pouring out all his sarcasm, which was not feeble or slight, on the odious object, and wondering why an author could have entertained against him so steady and enduring a malice as to take the trouble of writing and printing all that rubbish with no better object than disturbing the peace of mind of an inoffensive old man. Every tribute from such *dona ferentes* cost him much uneasiness and some want of sleep—for what could he do with it? It was impossible to make merchandise of it, for he was every inch a gentleman. He could not burn it, for under an acrid exterior he had a kindly nature. It was believed, indeed, that he had established some limbo of his own, in which such unwelcome commodities were subject to a kind of burial or entombment, where they

remained in existence, yet were decidedly outside the circle of his household gods.

"These gods were a Pantheon of a lively and grotesque aspect, for he was a hunter after other things besides books. His acquisitions included pictures, and the various commodities which, for want of a distinctive name, auctioneers call 'miscellaneous articles of vertu.' He started on his accumulating career with some old family relics, and these, perhaps, gave the direction to his subsequent acquisitions; for they were all, like his books, brought together after some self-willed and peculiar law of association that pleased himself. A bad, even an inferior picture, he would not have—for his taste was exquisite—unless, indeed, it had some strange history about it, adapting it to his wayward fancies; and then he would adopt the badness as a peculiar recommendation, and point it out with some pungent and appropriate remark to his friends. But though, with these peculiar exceptions, his works of art were faultless, no dealer could ever calculate on his buying a picture, however high in artistic merit or tempting as a bargain. With his ever-accumulating collection, in which tiny sculpture and brilliant colour predominated, he kept a sort of fairy world around him. But each one of the mob of curious things he preserved had some story linking it with others, or with his peculiar fancies; and each one had its precise place in a sort of *epos*, as certainly as each of the persons in the confusion of a pantomime or a farce has his own position and functions.

"After all, he was himself his own greatest curiosity. He had come to manhood just after the period of gold-laced waistcoats, small-clothes, and shoe-buckles, otherwise he would have been long a living memorial of these now antique habits. It happened to be his lot to preserve down to us the earliest phase of the pantaloon dynasty. So, while the rest of the world were booted or heavy shod, his silk-stockinged feet were thrust into pumps of early Oxford cut; and the predominant garment was the surtout, blue in colour, and of the original make before it came to be called a frock. Round his neck was wrapped an ante-Brummellite neckerchief (not a tie), which projected in many wreaths like a great poultice; and so he took his walks abroad, a figure which he could himself have turned into admirable ridicule.

"One of the mysteries about him was, that his clothes, though unlike any other person's, were always old. This characteristic could not even be accounted for by the supposition that he had laid in a sixty years' stock in his youth, for they always appeared to have been a good deal worn. The very umbrella was in keeping—it was of green silk, an obsolete colour ten years ago—and the handle was of a peculiar crosier-like formation in cast-horn,

obviously not obtainable in the market. His face was ruddy, but not with the ruddiness of youth; and bearing on his head a Brutus wig of the light-brown hair which had long ago legitimately shaded his brow, when he stood still—except for his linen, which was snowy white—one might suppose that he had been shot and stuffed on his return home from college, and had been sprinkled with the frousy mouldiness which time imparts to stuffed animals and other things, in which a semblance to the freshness of living nature is vainly attempted to be preserved. So if he were motionless; but let him speak, and the internal freshness was still there, an ever-blooming garden of intellectual flowers. His antiquated costume was no longer grotesque—it harmonised with an antiquated courtesy and high-bred gentleness of manner, which he had acquired from the best sources, since he had seen the first company in his day, whether for rank or genius. And conversation and manner were far from exhausting his resources. He had a wonderful pencil—it was potent for the beautiful, the terrible, and the ridiculous; but it took a wayward, wilful course, like everything else about him. He had a brilliant pen, too, when he chose to wield it; but the idea that he should exercise any of these his gifts in common display before the world, for any even of the higher motives that make people desire fame and praise, would have sickened him. His faculties were his own as much as his collection, and to be used according to his caprice and pleasure. So fluttered through existence one who, had it been his fate to have his own bread to make, might have been a great man. Alas for the end! Some curious annotations are all that remain of his literary powers; some drawings and etchings in private collections, all of his artistic. His collection, with its long train of legends and associations, came to what he himself must have counted as dispersal. He left it to his housekeeper, who, like a wise woman, converted it into cash while its mysterious reputation was fresh. Huddled in a great auction-room, its several catalogued items lay in humiliating contrast with the decorous order in which they were wont to be arranged. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*”

These sketches give an impression of Mr Sharpe's character—correct, no doubt, as far as they go; but they fail to do justice to the intrinsic chivalry and kindness which were latent beneath the crust of his peculiarities. To young people in particular he was the kindest and best judging of friends; and many a subaltern at Piershill or the Castle had reason to remember with gratitude the introductions, the advice, and occasionally even the more substantial assistance, afforded him by

the recluse of Drummond Place. The mere cynic and scandal-monger could not have inspired the sincere friendship with which Mr Sharpe was regarded by some of the most estimable individuals whose talent and virtue adorned British society during the first half of the present century. His true disposition was indicated by his fondness for animals—for all things weak and poor; his hatred of the tyranny of strength, the ostentation of wealth, and the pretension of popular approbation. His caustic side was all for the shams of a world which had not treated him over-kindly; and even the much-reputed notes upon 'Douglas's Peerage' are not one-half so personal in their scandal as general belief would have them. Scandal with a purpose in it—historic or genealogical, or connected with celebrities of the day—he certainly loved, but with a very discriminating and far from vulgar palate. His note-books supply some of his characteristic remarks, giving a better idea of what was his idiomatic vein of humour than the personal passages which less frequently accompany them:—

“*Fiat justitia currat lex.* A good motto for an Irish hangman, who always must run for his life after he has done his duty.”

“Artists. Everybody artists now—fiddlers, players. John Ketch, Esq., artist.”

“Tho' players are gone, Esquires have come up—all the world Esquires.”

“A Whig, properly such, always shows a complete ignorance of history as well as of human nature.”

“For Swift, his apology is that he was always mad; but as to Pope, his conduct to Lord Hervey, Lady M. Wortley, the Duchess of Buckingham, his friends Allan and Bolingbroke, not to mention Charteris, concerning whose transactions with him I have heard strange traditions, demonstrate him to have been a little monster. I say nothing of Dryden, who was a hack and a brazen-faced rogue in most senses. I remember among *gens comme il faut* a strange prejudice against authors, derived, no doubt, from the conduct of these and suchlike men.”

“The dead Nabob's grave covered with black toadstools, as I once saw a grave in the Greyfriars churchyard.”

“Anger improves the appearance of nothing but a cat's tail; it looks like that of a squirrel or fox.”

“When the lower ranks read too much, and the higher too little, what is to be hoped for in the State?”

“The oldest cheeses have the most mites; so old families with filthy relations.”

“Bad people, my father said, might go to heaven and be cursed by seeing the happiness of the good; no spite, no scandal, no poison or dagger could reach them, and these sons of the devil would be miserable.”

“Large drops of rain—tears of the tempest before the ravage of the furies.”

“Many great travellers, or rather movers, whom I have seen are like the oysters and other shell-fish that adhere to the bottom of a ship, and come home from a voyage round the world as wise as they went.”

“Snowdrops I consider as the tears of winter shed on his approaching dissolution.”

“There is only one thing which everybody highly values, and yet is most liberal of—his own opinions and consequent advice.”

“The ancients consulted fools as oracles—in this way, ask a fool’s advice, take the other course, and it is safer than a wise man’s.”

“Women crazed about religion are mental suicides—they imagine that, by canting and outward observance of trifles, they may do whatever they please as to ill-temper, censure, scandal, lies, and something more.”

“To an exaggerating poet. You are like the fairy whose wand transformed six mice into Flanders mares to draw a cinder-wench in brocade to a ball.”

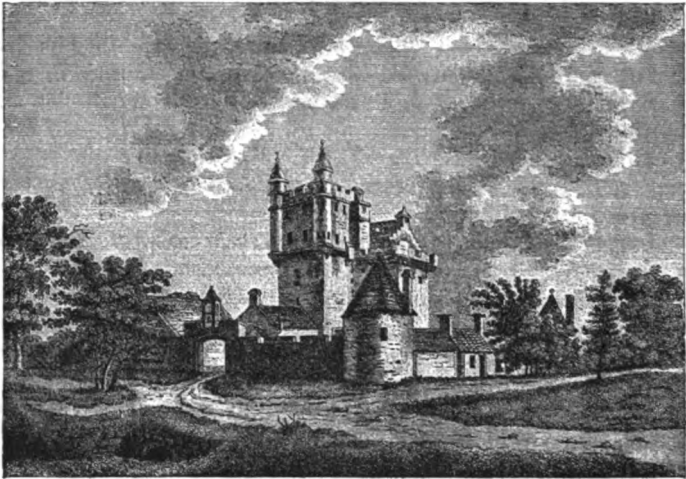
“I think the fashion of painting ladies as Arcadian shepherdesses in Charles II’s reign originated from the fashion of Astrea and Arcadia: the Egyptians never, in idols of great dignity, showed the feet.”

“Every old maid, when she hears of marriage, purses up and prims her mouth as if she had a couple of sloes in it.”

“The piercing of a young girl’s ears, this philosopher held, was an early attack upon her virtue, and he expressed his thankfulness that nose-jewels had gone out of fashion.”

Such caustic or extravagant sayings, with notes of books, MSS., portraits, music, and ancient legend or history, abound, and give a good idea of his habitual vein of talk, though, from the unfinished state in which they are left, they can do little for his permanent reputation, which must rest mainly on those exquisite drawings, the possession of one of which was highly esteemed by the greatest and most talented of his compeers. When the writer of this Memoir collected the best known of

these into a volume fifteen years ago, he hardly ventured to anticipate that the masses of correspondence in his possession could ever be reduced within readable limits; and had not the task been undertaken by the present editor, it would probably have never been completed. It is to be hoped that it will be a not unsatisfactory memorial of the Scottish Horace Walpole in that especial department of his varied ability in which he most closely resembled his English prototype.



HODDAM CASTLE.

L E T T E R S

TO AND FROM

CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE









Dawson, P. 22

Mr. St. James

LETTERS.

CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Mrs SHARPE, Hoddam.

[CH. CH., OXFORD,] *Saturday* [Nov. 1798].

DEAR MOTHER,—At length at my journey's end, tho' not my labours, am I scribing to you; and long hath my pilgrimage been, and great my tribulation at the conclusion of it, tho' it is nearly over too, the Lord be thanked. We reached Carlisle in good time to dine, and see the 'Castle Spectre,'¹ which would, like the music of Orpheus, have moved the very beasts and trees, but with what sensation you may yourself guess; and the next morning set out early for Manchester. I forgot to tell you that at Carlisle, before dinner, my father and I went to the Cathedral during evening prayers, and the congregation exhibited no good specimen of Carlisle devotion, for not a soul was there but a handful of withered old men, that looked as if they had started up from their graves in the pavement to listen to the prebend, who read the service in a cracked-chamber-pot tone, every now and then the singing-boys setting forth a squall to the organ, which was enough of itself to frighten any unclean spirit away. We entered the dressing-room of the Bishop, where lay his cap, and it was put upon my head by the verger: this I consider as a good omen. We arrived late at Manchester, and could get no one

¹ The 'Castle Spectre,' by M. G. Lewis.

thing we wanted—never was such a beastly house—and proceeding thence in post-chaises, made out our journey without anything remarkable. Coming through Woodstock, I pryed into every window to see the young gentlemen's conveniences, but in vain; and after passing the gate of Blenheim, we entered this curious city. I say curious, for it is composed chiefly of immense colledges, whose black stones and dreary magnificence much resemble Holyrood, though on a far greater scale. They are all built in the Gothic fashion, with huge iron bars on the under windows, or rather slits, many of them resembling the slits in the staircase of Hoddam. We went directly almost to Christ Church, and after passing under a large Gothic arched way, entered a square court, with a fountain in the middle, of great size, all the building forming the square being Gothic, and were shown the door of the Dean.¹ We were admitted, and lo! from behind a large folio Strabo issued this august personage, with Herodotus in his hand. And now figure my surprise, when, instead of an old, cold, wrinkled creature (you know by what a stiff model of quality I had formed him in my mind), I beheld a very handsome oldish man, with a well-powdered wig and a black gown, resembling much in face Lady Betty Cuningham, junior,² when she is dressed in smiles. He received us with great civility, and desired us to excuse him for a few minutes untill he dressed, which being done, we fell to business incontinent. After telling my father that my delay was of no great consequence, and that I must only work a little harder at the mathematics, which were begun, he addressed himself to me in an advice of which you shall have the heads. He began by saying he understood from Lord Binning³ (who is here, tho' I have not

¹ Cyril Jackson, D.D., Dean of Christ Church, born 1742, died 1819.

² Daughter of John, thirteenth Earl of Glencairn; died at Coates, near Edinburgh, 1804.

³ Thomas, afterwards ninth Earl of Haddington, K.T., was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland under Earl Grey's Government, 1833-34; died 1858.

yet seen him), that he and I were acquainted, and that our friendship wou'd probably *continue here*. He therefor cautioned me against vying in expence with that nobleman; saying, that very properly the fortune of a title was larger than that of none, for the most part, with several other expressions of a like nature. He then advised me to pay every attention to my tutor (a Mr Carey,¹ who he sent for, and introduced, a good-looking young man); and said, that my own *taste* must chuse my companions, and that I would find the young men shy, but very civil, till they knew my principles (he did well not to name what principles they liked, as they would not redound much to the honour of his Colledge, I reckon); and after ordering Mr Carey to provide my rooms, and instruct us what was wanted, we were dismissed. He is very nervous, his hand shaking prodigiously, and rather affected. My rooms I saw to-day, but will leave the description of them and my furniture to my father. I have got my gown and cap, but the Lord preserve us, what a cap! To know the shape, look into Susan's old prayer-book, and the first print I think is the one; but I have scrawled the way of wearing them here, how do you like it?² The young men, you may tell Ellen, with many loves, that I have yet seen, are all ugly, conceited, and putting themselves in the posture like Mr Don, and have the worst legs I ever beheld, crooked thirty different ways, east, west, north, south, that it is a very shame to be seen. Then their faces are scabby, like sheep, and their cheeks like an unbraced tambourine, all nasty with being played upon. In short, all that I have yet seen are

¹ William Carey, fellow and tutor of Christ Church; was appointed Head-master of Westminster School, 1803. Unpopular at first on account of the firmness with which he repressed insubordinations arising out of Fifth of November celebrations, his mastership of Westminster was ultimately successful, and Carey himself became Bishop of Exeter in 1820, and was translated to the See of St Asaph in 1830, in which he died, 1846.

² A pen-and-ink sketch of the head and shoulders of an undergraduate in cap and gown is inserted in the MS. letter.

a set of as scurvy-looking companions as eyes ever looked at. I go to dine in the hall to-morrow, and then take up my abode in the Colledge for good, and then—the Lord knows what next. I intend to write some more besides this sheet after the beforesaid exhibitions. In the meantime give millions of loves to all at Hoddam. Now since all is near over, I look back with pleasure that *they* are so, upon the many qualms the leaving Hoddam and its inhabitants, and chiefly *you*, cost me. I have only now to look forward to May with patience. When I left Hoddam, I know not how it was, but I was not near so much grieved as both before and after; indeed the day I went away, I was in a sort of carried¹ state, that I could reflect on nothing. Farewell at present, my dear mother. I will tell you how the dining goes on, and the supper, for I am told I will be envited by one of the young men introduced to me. Again adieu, dear mother.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Mrs SHARPE, Hoddam.

[CH. CH., OXFORD, *Nov. or Dec.*, 1798.]

Again I resume my pen to give you some small notion of our dinner in the hall, which is an immense room with Gothic windows on each side, and a very large one at the end, filled with painted glass. Below it hangs a picture of Henry the Eighth, in the same straddling attitude that he is represented in the *Analysis of Beauty*;² and round the room hangs many a sour-looking, ill-painted ancient, frowning as if they grudged one his dinner, and were scandalised at the smooth chins and effeminate grimaces of their degenerated progeny. Indeed the dinner is hardly worth the grudging, being served up on pewter or silver, the Lord knoweth which, at the first course: and a joint of meat is set down at the head of each table, which descends gradually to the bottom, the students

¹ Scotticism equivalent to *être exaltée*.

² By Hogarth.

cutting huge slices from it all the way down. Then comes potatoes; and your beer is put down to you in a stone mug. Then if you choose pudden or a tart you must vociferate for it with the voice of a fishwoman, and often not get it neither. When done, you rise when convenient, waiting for nobody. This is a brief sketch of the eating. I was invited after dinner to take wine with a Mr Brownlow,¹ under whose protection I was put; and after drinking several glasses hurried to prayers, then went to sup with a Mr M'Donald, and about half-past eleven to bed. This, you will think, is a mighty useful way of passing the time; but it is only for a little while at first, I suppose, that it is necessary,—whether or not, I shall soon give it up, depend upon it. I am at least agreeably surprised by the total absence of quizzing, a word of which hath never yet reached my ears. Lord Binning has been extremely polite to me indeed, which has won me considerable, besides *that* he is a Scotchman is no small addition. With my love, tell Susan that her friend Lee Allen is here, but in a condition which must efface from the mind all idea of his ridiculousness (pardon the word), for he has been this week past very ill of a fever, and for these two last days quite delirious. It is bad enough to be sick among friends, but far, far worse among strangers. I intend to write to my aunt, Lady Murray,² very soon, but not till I am a little more composed than at present; for, what with the agitation of this and tribulation of that, I vow I am turned topsy-turvy. Tho' my trials could never have come at a better season—my worms being quite gone, and my hand steady, yea, even the first day I dined in the hall—but the bustle of travelling, and the fear of many things, has made

¹ Francis Brownlow, fourth son of the Right Hon. William Brownlow of Lurgan; married Catherine, sixth daughter of Anthony, eighth Earl of Meath.

² Susan, daughter of John Renton, Esq. of Lamerton and Lady Susan Montgomery, daughter of the ninth Earl of Eglinton, married Sir Robert Murray, sixth Baronet of Clermont, Fife.

the days since I left Hoddam appear to me an age; and many a time do I sit wondering what you will be doing, and all of you. One may say what one pleases, but home *is home* after all. We have had constant rain here, and a good deal of wind, speaking of which brings me in mind of a circumstance which will give you some idea of the Oxfordian godliness. This morning at the cathedral, while we were kneeling (now you must know that there are benches in the middle of the pavement on which most of the students sit, and when they are to kneel, do it the one's head at the other's something else, in the swine fashion), one of the gentlemen had a way of rubbing his shoe against the marble floor that produced a very equivocal or rather unequivocal sound; which talent, while praying, he exercised with all his might, to the no small annoyance of his friend behind, who gave a start every now and then as if he had been shot, to the exceeding delight of the youths around, who tittered as if it had been the greatest wit in the world. The window over the altar in the cathedral is painted, representing our Saviour in the manger, with the Virgin, St Joseph, and some people (I do not think they are the wise men, because they have no beards and are young) bringing presents. One has a lamb, and another a large greyhound in a string, which is an useful gift to a new-born infant. The colouring is beautiful, but the drawing execrable. The fine pictures in the library I have not yet seen, but Lord Binning is to take me there to-morrow. You will think it *superfluous* in me to write to *you* about painting, which you care not one snuff for, but it is my hobby, and there is no keeping him in. I hope Mosco's¹ children increase in beauty and likeness to their father. Often have I thanked my stars that I brought him not here, where he would have strayed and been stolen every moment. You must, as an extenuation of the errors of this letter, consider the *perturbed state* of the writer and his affairs, and the rumbling and

¹ A dog at Hoddam.

jumbling of his brains, which, certes, if seen, are at this moment as soft as butter, *that* being a serious concern to him which to others would be matter of moonshine; but believe this, that in whatever condition his head-gear is, his heart will be still the same, and that he ever will be your most sincerely affectionate son,

C. SHARPE.

P.S.—Best wishes to my friends among the servants. Good night, dear mother.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Mrs SHARPE, Hoddam.

Friday, April 5th, 1799.

DEAR MOTHER,—Without thanking you for your long and kind letter—which is a treasure to me, as all your epistles are—I will proceed to other matters, and give an account of myself and all my transactions, public and private, in this most curious way of life. On Monday all the fellows return, and by my holidame I am half sorry for it—this being a very pleasant vacation to me, owing to good rooms and some company, all things quiet, no wine-drinking, but sober breakfast and tea parties. Yet tho' I mention wine as an enemy to sobriety, do not think that I myself ever am tempted to exceed in that way; and on the contrary, so dull and disagreeable are such entertainments to me, that I am resolved, whenever my acquaintance in Colledge is thoroughly established, to give them up entirely and go to none. At present, however, it is necessary for my own comfort, or I should have no society. I should like to be able to give you an account of my expences, which I cannot do accurately, as no one can certainly *guess* the amount of the kitchen bills; and not having received my allowance, I have not called them in—yet, with regard to others, I have lived within compass I know. But this income-tax is an horrid derangement of œconomy; and a bill I got in

from my taylor the other day ruffled my nerves and spoilt my *sweet* temper for a little exceedingly. No less than a swinging account of seven pounds did this man produce for cloaths which I got when I came first, myself thinking it paid long ago, and that I had the receipt of it. My accounts were inspected, and lo! my gown and cap were only paid for, and the remainder undischarged. So I gave the man satisfaction, bit my nails for a while, and thought no more about it; indeed my spirits, I thank heaven, are always good, and the worms quite gone; yet I have now and then a nervous fit, and am come of late to blush at every word I speak, from never being in the world; but you will be much amused with my English when I return home—a most villainous compound of the two nations, on a key like the clashing of a cymbal. Great indeed was my disappointment on learning the length of next term, which is two together; but Time, as some ancient sage long since found out, flies swiftly away, and the vacation is three months and more, so that I will have a good deal of *time* to enjoy Hoddam, where I was always happy, but never so much so as the last half-year I spent there. My studies I have been busy with, and am almost wearied with reading so much; and my admiration of Sir Walter Raleigh increases the more I go on, such charms hath his style in my eyes. I am glad you like the 'Anti-Jacobin,'¹ which I was sure you would do: it is one of the few witty books written on that side of the question, as unfortunately the *geniuses* are mostly on the other. And this is but reasonable; for what can be more natural than for a poet to build castles in the air, and take dreams and nonsense for reality. But if you never read any of Southey or Darwin's poetry, you will not be able to admire nor understand the Drummer-boy, &c., &c., and the Loves of the Triangles, which are inimitable satire upon the writings of these genyry. The Loves of the Triangles especially, a most witty

¹ 'The Anti-Jacobin, or Weekly Examiner.' London 1799. Edited by William Gifford.

burlesque on the Botanic Garden. When I recommended this work to you at first, I confused it and the Magazine¹ together, which is, they say, carried on by the same people. One of the secretaries, of the name of Canning, and bachelor of Ch. Ch., wrote most of the poetry; but the Loves of the Triangles were composed by a student of Cambridge. And how do you like the last poem, with Rousseau, Madame Roland, Madame de Stael, and all the set of libertines, hes and shes? For my part I am sorry Canning did not put our own Mrs Mary Wolstoncraft Godwin among them, whose principles well entitle her to a place among such worthies, as also in the Annals of Newgate. I have had two long letters lately from Miss Pitman,² full of Edinburgh news; but as you will know them all from other quarters, I shall not descend to particulars. Writing has been my constant employment for a few days; but this being finished, all debts are paid to my own satisfaction. In the first place, I did scribe unto Lady Murray according to her own desire last vacation, and also unto her fair daughter, Miss Magdalene,³ who sent me a few lines to notify that she was about to repair to London; then did I indite an epistle to my aunt, who wrote me with the seal, asking kindly after my welfare; and last, tho' not least beloved, am I scribbling to yourself. But I have Ellen still on hand I believe, to whom I will write soon, giving her the sequel and conclusion of the adventures of Mr Cow and the Miss Posts, which have ended in a very tragical manner. Alas! our quality friends are wearing away wonderous fast, and we will soon scarce have a titled relation. I would fain have had a black coat for Lady

¹ 'Anti-Jacobin Review and Magazine, or Monthly Political and Literary Censor.' 1798-1821.

² Miss Pitman was a cousin of General Campbell of Monzie. Her father, who was Irish and had been in the army, was dead, and she lived at Monzie for many years, and afterwards with Miss Jane Campbell at Sunninghill.

³ Magdalene Murray, died May 1860 at the age of ninety. Daughter of Sir R. Murray, sixth Bart. of Clermont.

Frances¹ as well as Mr Smollet;² but on the whole it was no matter. And poor Lady Betty is agoing too.³ God help her! for she will do it with a very bad grace I doubt, and be full loth to quit her earthly tabernacle. I should like to have her picture, and wish I had done it myself; but she is before my eyes in whole, tho' I do not remember parts, and therefor am unable to delineate her incomparable appearance. And so the General is relenting, and about to take the lovely and pleasant heiress at last. Well, poor old man! he is beginning to dote I fancy, tho' I am apt to account for this relenting in another way from yours. In my opinion it proceeds not from pity but from avarice; a vice which grows stronger with years and advanced age, and swallows up every other passion and feeling, making the shafts of reproof or ridicule feeble and pointless, and the man callous to everything but what feeds his darling desire. We had prayers twice a-day during Easter, and on Sunday all took the Sacrament. As I had made up my mind to it beforehand, and try'd to prepare myself, it was not very dissagreeable to me, tho' the custom of making us partake is most scandalous; and were I but able, I should write a dissertation and print it, not only upon that abuse, but also many others of the same kind practised here, which, in my eyes, are downright prophaness, not to say blasphemy, and enough to disgust a weak mind with religion and everything pertaining to it. But all these topics, and many others of a like nature, we shall talk over at meeting. And I wish you would take a jaunt hither in the long vacation, as it would do you good, and you would see many things here well worth observation. I saw the Pomfret statues the other day in the schools. It is a fine collection, and the statue of Cicero (of

¹ Lady Frances Montgomery, daughter of Alexander, ninth Earl of Eglinton, Mrs Sharpe's aunt; died 1799.

² Mr Smollett of Bonhill, Dumbartonshire, cousin to the historian, married to Kirkpatrick Sharpe's aunt.

³ Lady Elizabeth Cuningham, see *ante*, p. 78.

which my father has a print, which does the face at least no justice) the most noble thing of the kind I ever beheld. The University has been offered immense sums for it, but in vain; and there it stands, huddled up in a dark room, without a pedestal, and covered with dust. One of the hands happened to be broke off, and the genteel fellows—O, how like the clumsy imagination of a Colledge! have mended it with a huge bit of iron, enough to knock down a rhinoceros. Poor Nanny fox, what a sad missfortune she hath had. I hope it will teach her the danger of hunting after unlawful game—a very good lesson for men as well as foxes. And Mosco is doing well, you say. Pray, how does Poll go on? tho' I care not for him, as he forgot me; and if Mosco behaves in the same manner at my return, I shall also discard him from his place in my *esteem*. I am happy to hear that Miss I——, of G——, is about to be made an honest woman, as the country will be rid of one more nuisance since Mary B——'s match. Yet, alas! so many remain, that it is but like killing one louse on my Lady Bath's carcass, which is neither here nor there. And Kate G—— is also going to cease burning, and take unto herself a spouse. Will no one come Hoddam-wards, I wonder, and help off with a dead lift or two? . . . I am much obliged to my father for having my favourite walk cleaned, and hope to find both it and Dubster Hall in great beauty when I return. Miss Pitman sent me a ballad written by Scott,¹ the scene of which is upon the Border, and a beacon-hill the place of meeting between the lady and her lover's ghost; which brought Repentance into my head every time I read it, as the description suits exactly. What a serious misfortune it would be was Repentance to tumble down. Has the fragment of wall in the old churchyard crumbled lately? I remember some impudent knave (whom the devil confound!) had thrown off the highest stone before I left Hoddam last. When will Susan return to Dumfriesshire? Miss Pitman says she is afraid

¹ "Eve of St John."

that old Erskine has not settled anything upon her; for my part I never thought he would. I see Lyttleton¹ walking about just now with his mother and sister, and am envying him much indeed. How I should like to have you here to show you everybody and everything! The Dean has not given any dinners this vacation; and if I had room, I would give you a sketch of his character, after knowing more now from comparing notes. But this shall be put off untill a better opportunity, as also a description of his brother Will,² and an outline of the tutors in general. In the meantime I beg you will give many loves to all at Hoddam, and believe me to be your ever most affectionate son,

CHARLES SHARPE.

P.S.—When does Sandy³ go to sea. I intend to take the office of parson upon me, and write him a *letter of advice*, merely on a few points wherein I myself have had a little experience, when he is about to go.

What has become of Sandy Kay?

I have heard nothing about Matthew,⁴ for my aunt does not mention him.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to MATTHEW SHARPE,
Esq. of Hoddam.

27th [April 1799].

MY DEAR FATHER,—According to my threat in my mother's letter, I am going to annoy you about money

¹ William Henry, fourth Lord Lyttelton. His mother was daughter of John Bristowe, Esq. of Quiddenham, in Norfolk. His sister Caroline married the Right Honourable Reginald Pole-Carew.

² William Jackson, Bishop of Oxford, 1812-1815.

³ Alexander Renton Sharpe, Kirkpatrick Sharpe's next younger brother, Vice-Admiral R.N., C.B., died *s. p.* 1860.

⁴ Matthew Sharpe, born 1774, served in 28th Dragoons, Lieutenant-General in army, M.P. for Dumfries Burghs 1833-1841, died *s. p.* 12th February 1845.

matters; and this I do with the more shame and compunction, the more I consider your great and unmerited generosity to me when we last parted, and indeed on every other occasion. You must know that I have been foolishly extravagant of late, of which you shall have a full and true account, both that you may know how the money was spent, and that a full and true confession may in some sort be an extenuation of my fault. I shall not put wine in the catalogue of my sins, tho' that cost me fourteen pounds and upwards, nor cloaths, of which I have only had what was absolutely necessary; but I gave a music-party, which cost me three guineas, and my lessons, which I paid, came to five. In short, I bought some painted glass, and some prints, and have plaid the fool. I sat down last night to calculate my debts, and found that wine, books, shoes, and a long &c. which I owe, came to near thirty pounds. This I shall easily pay in time, if you will be so good as send me on advance a part of my stated allowance. I shall give up my pianoforte and music-master. I refused to-day to go on a curricule-party, fairly telling my poverty; and shall not go to Stapleton's in vacation for the same reason. My bookseller and wine merchant's bills are by far the largest; I owe the bookseller about nine pounds. I spoke to Carey the other day about Corne's¹ salary and his own. He says you may either pay it yearly or when I leave College, as it is perfectly the same. And now to more pleasant matters. We are all in a sad fuss here about Collections, which come on next week. Some sit up the whole night skimming the heads of chapters instead of the chapters themselves, while others scrawl compendiums which not the devil himself, far less the Dean, could read for his life. And all are quaking with the thoughts of the black tribunal at which they are to appear. Whenever I consider about it, my head shakes in the prettiest fashion imaginable,

¹ Rev. William Corne, B.D., Censor of Christ Church, Prebendary of Lichfield.

yet I cannot very well tell what I am frightened for. Brownlow,¹ your acquaintance, is at St Mary's Hall this term: his lady is about to make him a happy father incontinent; what an ugly child it will be if it is like its parents. They say that my Lady Kathrine, besides having an exceeding strong resemblance to an old dishclout, is as ancient as the hills, and might be her husband's mother. All the Irish youth here are giving themselves infinite concern about the Union. We have one courageous hero who wishes to Jesus he was at the head of the rebels, tho' I am certain that is not the part of his own body he would show to the enemy. And another who declares he would not go to Court on any account whatever, wishing, I suppose, to mortify the King, and break the heart of the tristful Queen. I doubt not that all our Irish Christ-Churchians would join the *Frinch* were they to invade England; and truly for that reason I rather wish the Frinch to come, as our youths would all be hanged, and Oxford have a happy riddance from a pack of abominable knaves. We have the most delightful weather at present I ever saw—so warm, that all the windows are thrown open, and under-waistcoats torn off; and, as the poet says, "the breezes fan the treeses," as if it were the middle of summer. I shall be solitary enough in the vacation, I fancy, and therefore need good weather to keep up my spirits. By the by, I forgot to wish you joy on your son's marriage.² I would give something to see the bride, tho', by all accounts, her husband will never make much by showing her, for she is none of the most lovely creatures ever seen. Be so good as tell Ellen that I would be much obliged to her if she would search in my cabinet for a little broach I got from you, and let it be inclosed in the next letter I get from Hoddam. As also that she would let my aunt know, when she writes, that in the letter I got from her there was no direction where my

¹ See *ante*, p. 81.

² Marriage of Matthew Sharpe with Miss Hosea.

answer might find her. Dubster Hall will be flourishing now, I daresay, since the heat is not at Bucky's disposal. It is my firm opinion that the Duchess of Buccleugh was over-heated in her infancy, and that is the reason she is so withered in her maturer years. I quite forgot in my last letter to thank William for his elegant cut paper, the figures of which, however, I must needs confess, I could not at all understand. They are neither like anything in heaven above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth, and if they are not patterns for the backs of chairs, I am at my wits' end. I saw Whorwood a few days ago in the street. He is looking ill, but seems to be as noisy and jockeyish as ever. My beautiful watch which you gave me has never gone right since I left Hoddam; yet I cannot find in my heart to sell it and get another, it is so very handsome and uncommon. Christ Church was never so full as it is at present; we are as thick as three in a bed. And playing at cards, I am sorry to say, has come much in fashion, but the Dean will sort their papers about it soon when it grows a little more notorious. I am sure, my dear father, you will think this letter intolerably stupid, but I have written it in a very great hurry, owing to Collections, with people in my room making riot enough to stun a drummer; and I have been so nervous some time past that I can scarcely either write or read. Give my love to my mother, and many thanks for her letter, and Jackey Ireland's epistle to Dr Ching.¹ Mr Bliss, the beadle, was more enraged than any of the others about it, and swore he would prosecute any one who dared to say he ever had a worm in his life. The wit was from Ch. Church, but I never could find out who writ it. And now must I, from the multiplicity of my

¹ "Whether the regular practitioner may sneer at Mr Ching," says the historian of Cornwall, "I know not; but the Patent Worm Lozenges have gained our Launceston apothecary a large fortune, and secured to him perpetual fame."—Southey's Doctor.

business, conclude. With love to all at home (by the by, I hear you have not got rid of Mr Greig¹ yet), and many excuses for so short and dull a pack of stuff—I remain, dear father, your ever affectionate son,

CHARLES SHARPE.

I expect a sad scold for my extravagance in your next letter, so pray do not keep me long in suspense.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Mrs SHARPE, Hoddam.

[June 21, 1800.]

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I thank you and my father a thousand times for the letter and its contents, but I must be very concise both in my *remerciements* and everything else, owing to Collections, in all the agonies of which I at present am. Heaven knows whether I shall not reach you before this my epistle does, for I put off writing for two days owing to that beast Liggon,² who was to have gone down to Scotland with me in a post-chaise; he has given up the plan, and I must e'en betake myself to my old friend the mail. I go up to Collections to-morrow, and leave Oxford on Tuesday. If nothing comes in the way, I take coach that Tuesday night (for I cannot stop in town conveniently, and my friends there need not know what road I take to Scotland), and on Thursday night hope to be in Carlisle; I shall there stop, and write to my father, if he will be so good as to fetch me home in triumph in his carriage. What a purgatory I have to pass through before I reach heaven! You know as well as I do, my dear mother, how happy I shall be to see all my friends at

¹ The minister of Tinwald.

² William Beauchamp Lygon, second Earl Beauchamp; born 1782; died, unmarried, 1823.

Hoddam—how fond I am even of the place, putting the inhabitants out of the question—so I will say nothing on that head. Tell Jane, with my love, that she need have no fears about my fineness, as I intend, after playing it off in the mail, where it is often of service, to lay it aside at Carlisle for the whole of the long vacation; and then resume it there on my return to Oxford. Tell her also that I never was readier to laugh in my life (though Collections quell me in some sort just at present, and the hideous prospect of my journey), and that I have abundance of nonsensical tittle-tattle in store for her and Ellen, if the latter can lend an ear to such trifles. In sober sadness I am grieved for Ellen, for I daresay she feels very unhappy, though the foolish cause of it is enough to make one laugh. I am sorry to hear that your new Brandina¹ is vulgar and no musician. The first defect does not trouble me so much, for, tho' I say it who should not say it, there is little fear of any of the family's being vulgar: there is *mauvaise honte* among us, but it is that of gentlemen and ladies, not of clowns. The second fault vexes me much, as I should be happy to have the rising generation good performers on the pianoforte. Tell Isabella I have got some of Handel's concertos, which she must learn to play from beginning to end. I shall plague you once more to sit for your picture to me when I come home, which I intend to do with a pen. My dear mother, how happy I shall be to see you again! I vow we are almost worn out of acquaintance. Miss Pitman hath given me up. I have heard nothing from her for a prodigious while. If she is really serious, woe be unto her; I shall play the deuce with her. These old maids, with a murrain to them, imagine that one has nothing to do but write to them from morning till night. Farewell, my dear mother. Excuse haste, and believe me your ever affectionate son,

CHAS. SHARPE.

¹ Miss Brandon, a new governess at Hoddam. See *post*, p. 106, for a more kindly notice of this lady.

We had Mara¹ here the other night: I wish my father could have heard her.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Miss ISABELLA SHARPE, Hoddam.

[1800.]

My mother informs me, dear Isabell, that you wish to enter into a correspondence with me, and that your modesty prevented you from mentioning this when I was last at Hoddam. I do not think that you needed to have stood on so much ceremony, and can assure you that it will give me great pleasure to hear from you whenever you may choose to take my mother's pen, or to make use of your own. This is not spoken in the fashionable *sincerity* of compliment. My mother also tells me that you are as shy of playing as ever, from the idea of incapacity to give any one pleasure by your performance. Now this is very wrong. You certainly do play exceedingly well, and at all events should sit down to the pianoforte whenever you are desired. So much for pipers' news and fiddlers' tales. I hear that you paid a visit to the *head of our family*² when in Nithsdale. Pray write me an account of it, and if you saw any family reliques, and if my aunt asked Sir James any questions, and many other ifs of a like nature. These little rogues of the Closeburn mutiny should be well tickled with the birch, whether their pedagogue was a tyrant or not. I cannot abide such youthful energies. Did you ever know such a sad story as this of the Lochmaben ring?

¹ Madame Mara, the famous *prima donna*, was born at Cassel, 1750; died 1833. She first obtained celebrity as a violinist, and made her *début* as a singer at Leipzig in 1771. She made her last appearance in London in 1822; but a signal failure took the place of her former brilliant success, although her advanced age attracted much sympathy.

² Sir James Kirkpatrick, fifth Baronet of Closeburne, Dumfries. His eldest son, Sir Thomas, married Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe's sister Jane.

I think the devil hath now got into the herd of swine with a witness. The other day I chanced to stumble on a print of Archbishop Sharpe in Oxford; but the old knave to whom it belongs would by no means be prevailed on to part with it. I have been very unlucky in some respects lately. By the bye, I hope you continue to read history (but I will keep my *lecture* on that head for another letter), and refrain as much as possible from novels. In the story of the afore-said Archbishop there is something to me very interesting. He was a man full of contradictions—clever, imprudent, cunning, passionate, merciless, and charitable—and his tragical end strikes one with its likeness to that of Cardinal Beton, a wickeder and greater man. It is strange that two Archbishops of St Andrews should have suffered a fate so very similar. I read an old account of Sharpe's murder in the Ch. Ch. library the other day, which relates that when he saw the Whigs pursuing the coach, he said to his daughter, "God help me, my dear daughter, for I am gone!" and that, when the villains pulled him out of the carriage, he dropt down on his knees, and held up his hands to pray, they cutting them with their swords to prevent him, and beating his hoary head to pieces with the butt-ends of their pistols. This was done in the true spirit of Whiggery. You will excuse this long story, I hope, as it concerns a connection of your own; and also forgive me for mentioning that when Sharpe went from Scotland to treat with Cromwell concerning the Scotch Church, he made so excellent a speech that the Protector said, "This gentleman should be called, in the Scotch fashion, Sharpe of that Ilk." I confound the wits with this story whenever they attempt *new* puns on my name. Pray how doth the fair Begbie do? I hope she holds her own well. Tho' she is a beauty, &c., &c., I fear that you will never again be able to meet with such a paragon as Jeanie Reid. Poor Jenie Lawrie's illness grieved me sadly. The idea of Nanny *MacWha* scumming the fleas off Jeanie's own grey beard after her death is enough to

make one weep. Tell me how Bet's hand is, and when you intend to plant the wallflower seeds above the Long Walk door, and on the wall of the gate. I hope that our new Adam is a meek Christian, and doth not run after forbidden fruit, to engender the worm that never dies. Mr Hodge is taking his dose of *Ching* in Dumfries jail, I hear. With loves to all, I am,
 dear sister, your affectionate friend, CHAS. K. S.

Direct to me at Oxford, as usual.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Mrs SHARPE, Hoddam.

June 5th [1800].

DEAR MOTHER,—I am about to address you with more pleasure than I have ever done since I came to Oxford, as this will be my last epistle for a considerable time; and tho' we are in the heat of wars and tumults at present, I hope soon to be at rest and peace in the retirements of Hoddam, unmolested by tutors and squabbling companions. For these four nights past there hath been regularly a battle between the gownsmen and town-people, which last night came to such a pitch that swords were produced, and the devil and all to do, in spite of the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors, who were called the most villainous epithets to their very beards. Had our two Censors not come out to quell the Ch. Ch. *men*, the consequences would have been serious; and a like engagement is expected again this evening. I am sorry to say that some of my friends, whom I should never have thought capable of such childish absurdity, were in the last battle, and fought exceeding well in a bad cause. The evil originated in Mr K—— (a brother of Ld. K——'s), who, though very well-natured when sober, is a very fiend drunk; and he quarrelling with some men, by whom he was much abused, brought all the students into the scrape—but why, or wherefore, they

themselves are entirely ignorant. Collections begin the 18th of this month, and if possible I will get a turn the first day, and set off the next for home; I am quite ignorant what the journey will cost me, and have just ten pounds in the world; but my father was so good as to promise to defray that expence for me, and I would gladly pay some of my debts with the cash I have. Could he be kind enough to supply me with what will pay the journey before I set off? My aunt, who was here two days, advises me to carry my cloathes along with me in the mail, so I will buy a smaller trunk, and leave my large one here. Three days will be about the space of time of my pilgrimage; and tell me in your next how I shall come from Carlisle—in the mail, or posting.

You would, no doubt, be much surprised with my London expedition, which was very far from having the effect you imagine. Indeed, though I saw delights without number, and novelties without end, yet all was in such a bustle, that I scarcely knew whether my head or heels were uppermost the whole time, and found the peaceful Oxford on my return not at all a disagreeable contrast.

You disappointed me very much about your picture, which would have been most acceptable in any dress or posture. However, as it is, I will have my own way in it (if it is ever painted), and A. Stewart will wish me in Abraham's bosom before I am done with him.

Stapleton went with me two days ago to Blenheim (Mr Brown was not at home), and we saw the park and the pictures. In my opinion there are some of the paintings much finer than any in the Orleans collection, but the house itself is a hideous pile of brown stone, and furnished in a bad taste. The rooms are none of them very large, and the walls of many covered with fulsome tapestry, in which the Duke of M. is crowned by naked children, and angels flying upside-down.

Thursday.—I was last night at the music-room to hear

Madame Mara, and we expected mischief coming home, which did not take place. A great crowd of fellows assembled at eight o'clock, armed with cudgels and stones, but on the Riot Act being read dispersed. I am resolved not to go any more out at night this term, for good people are scarce, and I neither skilled in cudgel-playing or boxing.

Since I began this letter, they tell me that Collections are the 21st instead of the 18th, and that the vacation continues till the 10th of October; that the Dean is at present in London, so I shall not be able to apply for a turn till he comes back. Heavens! how I long to see Hoddam, which I shall not be so long of seeing again in a hurry, being resolved never to stay a vacation more at Oxford if I can help it! Give my love to Ellen, and tell her that her drawing came safe (which is exceedingly well done indeed), but that not having time to answer her letter, I shall not enlarge upon that or any other subject till we meet. I must also put off writing to Sandy till I am at home, whose profession I shall never say anything more about, having, I am very sensible, spoken more freely against it at Hoddam than became me, from the sincere wish I have for his prosperity and happiness. I am glad to hear that Lady Murray received my letter, for I was beginning to be afraid that it was lost—and how mine to you happen to be so long on the road I cannot guess. It is very unpleasant but without remedy, I suppose. My aunt tells me that the avenue is continuing to the bridge, which rejoices me much. This is a capital place for plants, and if I could but carry them, I would bring down a stock for Dubster Hall. Well, I have seen Blenheim, which is so cried up for beauty, but in my opinion a little more art at Hoddam would make it ten times a more charming place. When I arrive, I intend to begin the pianoforte again, which is quite the fashion here; and have many other plans of amusement, intending to do nothing serious or useful the whole time I stay. I wish, my dear mother, in your next you will tell me how we will ever

get a living, for I have been considering very well, like the piper's cow,¹ about it, and can think of no one handle to lay hold of. There is another of my teeth quite rotted in the middle, which I must have taken out, but will put it off till I come to Scotland. Those accursed garrets ruined my mouth, I do believe.

C. Babington² called on me the other day, and among other news, informed me that George Jonston of Cowhill is at present with him in Balliol College, very ill of a consumption; and that he himself is preaching here at some church a little way out of town every Sunday.

But I am interrupted, and must make an end, that this may go in time.—So with love to all, I am, my dear mother, your most affectionate son,

CHARLES SHARPE.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Mrs SHARPE, Hoddam.

Saturday, 25 [Nov.] 1800.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—You see I have not delaid a moment to warn you of my safe arrival; and this I am doing with a trembling hand and aching head, so that my letter will be written quite after the Laconic fashion. But you shall have a brief account of my principal proceedings, leaving petty episodes for another opportunity. Know, then, that after passing a sleepless night at Carlisle (and what was the matter with me I cannot guess, but I look back on that night with more horror than any other event in my journey), I was hurried away next morning without a morsel of break-

¹ "There was a piper had a cow,
He kennt na how to guide her;
He took his pipes an' played a tune—
Said, 'Consider, cow, consider.'"

—Scotch Nursery Rhyme.

² Charles Maitland Babington of Balliol, B.A. 1797, M.A. 1800, Prebendary of Hereford Cathedral, 1814.

fast, and grew so very sick and ill in a little while, that I had almost fainted twice. When we stopt at Penrith and took up an old gentleman, I then got a large dram of gin, which did me much service; and we proceeded through snow and ice far and far, and farther than I can tell, till I fell asleep and got a much better night's rest than at that accursed Carlisle. During the night (but heaven knows where) we picked up two men going to London; and lo! about daylight another qualm siezed me. . . . This work continued the whole day, with an intolerable sickness and aversion at the very sight of food; and yet I was not, nor indeed am I to this hour, *very* much fatigued. And when we got to Stilton it blew such a hideous storm, . . . with hail, snow, and wind, that for an hour and twenty minutes the six horses would not move forward, but attempted always to retreat to the stables. Such kicking, such rearing of beasts, such cursing and swearing of men (who had a stronger smack of the true brute in them than even their cattle), I never met with before; and after every cudgel in the house—yea, even my landlady's private stick wherewith she corrects her spouse—had been bent or broken over their backs, they got on so slowly that we reached London at eight in the morning. Here was no peace for the wicked. The Bull and Mouth, which is the filthiest place you ever saw, gave me such an aversion to remaining where I was, that I took a place in the heavy coach which went at one that day, and lay down on a bed till the time for departure. Here my head grew very bad indeed, so that I slept not a wink. . . . But, to cut a long story short, I arrived at Oxford at one this morning, and went to bed with wonderful hurry and despatch. When I got up at ten, forced thereto full sore against my will, . . . I found my room littered with furniture of all sorts, and on enquiry was told that I was to have another set of rooms, and a freshman mine. Inraged at this intelligence, sick as I was, I went to Carey's rooms, but found him not at home; and after sending

to the Censor to say I was staying in, I got a summons from the Dean, who told me that it was a mistake of his, and that he thought I wanted a change, adding with the air of a king, "You see how mindful I am of you." He likewise told me that both Lord Binning and Sir G. Warrender¹ were ill, which, I fancy, is more the sorrow sickness than any other. I wonder how Jane and my father got home? . . . I have not seen a single friend, and only two acquaintances, since my arrival. No one, almost, has come yet. How much warmer it is here than in Scotland! How do you direct to my aunt? *I have changed my mind*, and want her to procure my wine for me. When the Dean sent for me to-day, I thought it had been about the Studentship. Give my love to all at home, and tell Ellen it was well for her she came not to London with me: it would have dished her. I hope Jane² hath demeaned herself properly since she had the honour of being in England. I hope her toothache is better. Tell Ellen I am going to write her a long letter by-and-by. Do excuse the shortness and badness of this. The pleasure I have in taking my cat by the tail has alone made me capable of writing, for all my bones are sore. Write soon.—Your ever aff. son,

C. SHARPE.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Mrs SHARPE, Hoddam.

OXFORD, *Monday, 12th Janry.* 1801.

Day after day, my dear mother, for heaven knows how long, have I been expecting a letter from you; and after every disappointment figuring to myself Hoddam Castle

¹ Sir George Warrender of Lochend, Haddington; succeeded his father as fourth baronet 1799; married Honble. Anne Boscawen, daughter of George Evelyn, 3d Viscount Falmouth; died 1849.

² Jane, daughter of Charles Sharpe of Hoddam, married her cousin Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick.

blown down, and the inhabitants buried in the ruins; but a thought struck me this morning that you might perhaps be waiting until I gave notice of my removal from Greys Court, as, very likely, my father sending my allowance, would chuse to be certain where it would find me. So I am about to trouble you with a sheet of stuff in the old style; but must first of all wish many and happy new years to the family at Hoddam. Good spouses to the *shes*, and none at all to the *hes*. And now must some account be given of my Christmas gambols, which began—woe's me!—like most other gambols, with laughter, and ended in tears. Yea, if you and my sisters, not to mention Sandy, do not weep at the recital of my misfortunes, you have hearts harder than whin-stones. The Monday after Collections, I left Oxford with Stapleton¹ in his mama's leathern conveniency, and we got to Greys in all safety, saving that Stapleton lost his scent-bottle at Benson. Her ladyship received me very kindly, as also the young gentlewomen; and I thanked my stars for my escape from the dulness of the Oxford vacation. There was in the house a *maiden* lady of the name of Harvey, who resides in Bath (doth Ellen know anything about her?); a very sage person, as abundant in wisdom as in beard. And one day a Mr and Mrs R—— (formerly Miss C. L——) dined with us. The gentleman was mighty stiff and precise, being an honourable and formerly a gentleman Commoner of Ch. Ch.—moreover a fool, and not very well bred. The lady plaid off the hoyden (which is at present the fashion), seeming quite at home, and thoroughly convinced of her irresistible charms of person and conversation. She sat at dinner with her arms wrapped up in the table-napkin, taking loud fits of laughter every now and then at nothing, and talking such nonsense, that it was really distressing to hear her. I told her that I had the *pleasure* of knowing her brother in Scotland. “O

¹ James Henry Stapleton, third son of Sir Thomas Stapleton of Rotherfield, Grey's Court, Oxon.

yes," quoth she. "He married a Miss—Lord, I've forgot her name!—Bushby. I shall remember the whole affair by-and-by. He is quite lost in that horrid place—shooting in the Highlands" (Mrs R—— must have an accurate knowledge of the geography of Scotland). "He was really once a good-looking young man; but the last time I saw him he was absolutely hideous; and I always thought he had a good taste in beauty till I saw his wife—poor thing, such a dowdy! But they say she's good, and goodness is better than being pretty, you know." She finished this elegant and sisterly harangue with a violent tee-hee, and several very becoming grimaces. Her spouse is in the Church, and at present curatizing in a house so near Greys, that the family is in consternation from the frequency of visits, and the rude familiarity of the wife, and saucy formality of the husband. Miss Stapleton, her brother, and myself, repaired in high feather to a ball at Henley, the night after Christmas, and were much amused in many ways. The company consisted of the town gentry, and the progeny of farmers in the neighbourhood; the clowns with lank rat-tail hair, and white gloves drawn tight on hands which they knew not how to dispose of; the clownesses with long stiff feathers stuck round their heads like those of a shittle-cock, and wealth of paste beads and pinchbeck chains. They came all stealing into the room as if they were doing some villainy, and joyful was the meeting of the benches and their *bums* (I could not resist the alliteration). But the dancing did them most ease; the nymphs imitating the kicking of their cows, the swains the prancing of their cart-horses. But, O joy of joys! tea was brought at twelve, and off came all the silken mittens and pure white gloves in an instant, exposing lovely raw beef arms and mutton fists, more inured to twirl mopsticks and grasp pitchforks than to flutter fans or flourish bamboos. The shepherds cut swinging lumps of bread and butter, which their fair ones devoured in a trice; and one beautiful and delicate

creature, dressed in muslin so transparent that it left no room for conjecture, declared, after the tea was removed, that her stomach felt quite hard from eating "as it were," suiting the action to the word. We all returned from this ball in high glee. But, alas! the night after, my courage got a woeful cooling. I was seized with such a violent fit of the toothache (worse than any that ever afflicted me before), that I lay the whole night groaning, squealing, rubbing my gums, and spitting into every thing I could find. Well, "Aurora with rosy fingers" came at last, and with her the *poticary* from Henley. He clapt an old rusty instrument on my tooth, which had been in many a foul mouth I'll warrant, and with one tug delivered me of this scurvy production, which I committed to the flames with infinite joy and exultation. The toothache, however, was the beginning of my misfortunes. (Ask Isabella who is Fortune's eldest daughter?) Some time afterwards I thought of returning to Oxford, and the night before the day I had fixed for my departure brought so much snow, that my lady's lignum-vitæ tree before the door was broken, and I with difficulty got to Benson, from whence I intended to proceed by coach to Oxford. But here the information came upon me like a thunder-clap, that the road was almost impassable with snow; that no coach could come up; and that I must post to Oxford. Well, the distance was only twelve miles, and I was fain to put the best face upon it I could. So I got into Oxford half starved with cold, eaten up with spleen, and as poor as Lazarus or Job on his dunghill. Thus ended my Christmas gambols, full of sickness and sorrow. My father's present of wine gave me some comfort, which is excellent, and for which I beg you will again give him my most grateful thanks; moreover, tell him I have got the 'Hudibras' I promised, which shall be forthcoming in the long vacation. Give my love to Jane, and tell her that I have been sadly afflicted ('tis no jest) with nervous disorders, since I came from Greys.

My head whirls round like a turnstile, and my hand shakes worse than ever; but I am not low-spirited, as I was on my last attack, and that is a great happiness. However, if my head goes on in this way, I must, tho' sore against my will, have some advice about it, as it renders me incapable of any exertion of body or mind. I called on the Dean and Will Jackson the other day. The Dean told me that he heard a very high character of my drawings, and that he wished much to see some of them; so I am to dine and exhibit at his house this week, but what I shall do with my head I cannot guess. I breakfasted with Carey yesterday; but the more I see of that man, the more hateful he is to me. He is learned without genius, and impertinent without wit. The rudeness of his manner could only be excused by immense erudition and great cleverness, or by total ignorance of books and men. Now Carey hath not one of these pleas, so (the Lord amend him!) he is utterly detested by everybody. On Sunday next term begins, to my no small satisfaction; and we are to have a fresh cargo of youths from Westminster, one of which is young Macdonald, the Chief Baron's son,¹ who plaid Thais with such *éclat* in Terence's "Eunuch." By the by, do you know anything about certain Mackenzies² who dwell in Ross-shire, for there is a youth here from that place whose distraction I would fain pry into? I had a letter yesterday from Magdalene Murray, enclosing a bit of barley-sugar, which runs in the usual strain of that young lady's epistles; and last night I dispatched my "Vision of Liberty" to the 'Anti-Jacobin,' demanding its admittance with all humility. Pray has my father erected the temple to Cloacina he proposed last summer? or has the grass begun to grow yet about my dear tombstone? Give my love to the

¹ James Macdonald, born 1784, clerk of the Privy Seal; M.P. for Hants; Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands; died 1832.

² Alexander Mackenzie, student of Christ Church, in holy orders; died 1809, aged 28.

three younger ladies, and tell them, that as they value a bishop's favour and benediction, I desire them to take good heed of Miss Brandon (to whom pray present from me all kind wishes of the season) and to their music. I am sure Isabella would play well with application, as no doubt would the other two; and, for heaven's sake, let whips, and cats with nine, nay, ninety tails, be used to obtain this application. I would give a little *advice* also to Ellen about her drawing, if I thought it would be of any avail; but being doubtful on that head, I shall play the daughter of Pope Urban no longer, but subscribe myself your ever affec. son,

CHAS. SHARPE.

I feel as Prince Henry and Falstaff with regard to Jenny. I know not one good point about her, yet should be grieved were she to die. I think one becomes fond of anything whose affection one has gained, except, perhaps, a young woman of an old lover, and *vice versa*. Present my kind compts. to Jenny and Nanny, and once more farewell.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Mrs SHARPE, Hoddam.

OXFORD, *Saturday, 11th April 1801.*

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I make haste to answer your last letter, which I received the day after my return from Stapleton's,¹ where I have resided for these three weeks. The silence of Hoddam was so unusually long, that I began to think that you was about to return me a little of my own taciturnity; and no imagination can figure the fine harrangues and high-flown reproaches which I was composing to thunder out in an epistle, when yours arrived. I am grieved at the misfortunes in general, but very much so at my own in particular—viz., the missing your picture; indeed I have given up all hopes of

¹ Grey's Court, Oxfordshire.

it, being "fobb'd off, and fobb'd off, that it is a very shame to be thought on."¹ Tell my father, with all kind remembrances, that I will send him a true statement of my debts before the long vacation, but in the meantime will be much obliged to him if he will send me immediately as much as will pay my college bills (which must be paid the beginning of every term). Twenty pounds, I am sure, will do; and if you double that sum you will be near the amount of my other debts. I do not feel any shame at the avowal of my arrears, for in truth I have lived as savingly as possible, and my father shall find on inspecting my accounts that they are all for absolute necessities. I feel, however, not a whit the less grateful to him for discharging them—and, indeed, the supporting me in my present way of life is an eternal obligation, a college education being one of the greatest advantages which a young person is capable of receiving. What a sad account you give me of Mosco! dragging through the mire all the night (oh, the incontinence of youth!) after mavisés and houries. Were his master at home he should have many a sound whipping to cool his courage, for one lash of a whip is worth a cart-load of advice, to dogs as well as men. There is an acquaintance of mine here so very ill . . . that I am sadly afraid he will yield the crow a pudden and die:² he is the only son of Sir Thomas Frankland, of Yorkshire, very consumptive, and exceeding *kind-hearted*. I went with Stapleton to his mother's³ directly after Collections (where the Dean paid me the prettiest compliments imaginable, and which I will tell you when we meet); but between friends, I was ready to expire with weariness all the time I staid there, the family is so excessive dull and silly, and my friend

¹ Second Part of King Henry IV., act ii. scene 1.

² Kirkpatrick Sharpe's misgivings were fortunately not realised. Mr Frankland lived to succeed his father, Sir Thomas, as seventh Baronet of Thirkleby, York, became the father of a family, and died at a ripe age.

³ Mary, daughter of Henry Fane, Esq. of Wormsley, Oxford, and niece of the eighth Earl of Westmoreland.

in it not over well natured I fear—but the visit saved expence, and the trouble of prayers, and I saw a little of the world. My Lord and Lady Kilmorey¹ were with us for a day, as also a Miss Middleton, of Chirk Castle, an heiress. His lordship is as full of fiddle-faddle as an ancient unmarried gentlewoman, and wears yellow plush breeches, and boots nearly approaching to jacks. He is no beauty, and well stricken in years, being a huge deal older than his wife, who is mighty like the fair and festive Miss Eliza Hamilton, of Dumfries. Miss Middleton sets up for a wit, a very adventurous thing for any young lady to do, and a most saucy and brazen-faced attempt in her case; for the poor thing is so very illiterate that she is continually abusing God's patience and the King's English by uttering bad grammar, and the sense of her discourse by no means makes up for the fault of expression. Stapleton and I went to Windsor for two days, and I was delighted with the pictures in the Castle. The famous cartons fell far below my expectation, not being learned enough to understand the anatomy, &c., &c.; but I was charmed with King Charles's beauties, and many other paintings. We went to a ball the first night, which was more elegant than that I was present at in Henley, but not half so diverting. We went with a Doctor Lochman,² one of the Canons of Windsor, a peevish old soul, and a friend of Stapleton's. I danced with an old acquaintance, a Miss Rook, who was once in Edinburgh; but the English fiddlers fiddle so bad, and the English dancers dance so much worse, that a Scotch person has no pleasure in their merry-makings. There was a Miss E—there, the best figure I ever beheld in my life. She was nearly quite naked, with cheeks so deeply rouged that they made you sweat to look at them, and her hair dressed something like a horse's head with a pair of blinders on. She lies

¹ Francis Jack, twelfth Viscount, subsequently first Earl of Kilmorey; married Anne, daughter of Thomas Fisher, Esq. of Acton, Middlesex.

² John Lochman, M.A., appointed Canon of Windsor 1758.

under an ill name, but nevertheless is going to be married to some cuckoldy fool very shortly. I had not time to visit Herne's oak, to my great sorrow, tho' some Windsorians will tell you that the original tree is cut down. By the by, what strange mortals we are! I was always wailing about our trees when I thought them felled, and now I am grieved that they are still standing. Well, we are but a composition of contradictions, as some sage, Lord knows who, once said. We dined at Mr R——'s one day, and there appeared another Miss L——, by name Jane, or rather, I think, they should call her Jeanie. She is of that complexion that no Scotch person would see her without exclaiming, "Hech, sirs, sic an ill-skinn'd hizzie!" and of this skin she is exceeding lavish, showing ells of it both before and behind. Mrs R—— is breeding, and told me that day that she was longing for fish, but could get none in Henly for love or money. Her husband and she are so new-fangled and fulsome upon each other that I vow my stomach was ready to turn to behold their languishments and pretty little caresses. I am quite sorry to learn that Bucky is going to leave us—he was such a civil creature, tho' a Whig. Pray try your oratory once more, and make him change his mind. And now, my dear mother, I have an *affair of great importance* to employ you in, in the antiquarian stile, remembering how much you aided me to procure Corri's tomb. You must know that in an evil hour, and with a foolish generosity, I lately promised my Robert the Bruce shilling, at present in my cabinet at Hoddam, to a friend here. Now, tho' I heartily repent this promise, I pique myself on keeping my word, and of course must deliver the coin (which you will be so good as enclose in a letter), if I cannot fall upon a device to procure another from the same source whence mine came—a filthy source, by my truly truly, for Mary B—— gave it to me. Old John had a great quantity, she said, so my father might get another from him. What do you think of it? Pray extricate me from this sad dilemma. I forget

whether I told you that my poem was to appear in the 'Anti-Jacobin' for this month. I have not procured the number yet, but long to see myself in print—and I shall see a thousand things I should wish amended in my sorry production when I know it is impossible to make any alterations, which will give me infinite vexation. I am about to begin a drawing for Carey, with ill-will, I'll assure you. He doubtless thought the request for one a great honour; but lo! how great men can throw their pearls before swine! and I am doing a portrait of poor Walter Bagot¹ for his father, which I hope will be like. I wonder what hath become of our Irish friends, the Col^l., his wife, Mrs Walker, &c.—and if the former couple is still in the Slough of Despond about the child. So Sandy² is once more about to attempt the roaring ocean: I do not think he is a salt-water fish by any means. We have still very cold weather here and deluges of rain, and the cry of famine is as loud as ever. We shall all go to pot very soon, I fear, and Buonoparte, *with twelve ships of the line*, give us a taste of true liberty. But now I have exhausted my store of tittle-tattle, and put out my eyes; moreover, it is near the end of my paper, and eleven o'clock at night; so I shall conclude with love to all (I hope the girls are dutiful, and play four hours every day on the pianoforte), being, my dear mother, your most affectionate son,

CHARLES SHARPE.

Tell Ellen that Mence is to be here this term; that Boyse is well, and his mouth exactly the old shape. I am sure you will never be able to read the half of this—such villainous pens and paper.

¹ Walter Bagot, second son of the Rev. Walter Bagot, and brother to Egerton Arden Bagot of Pype Hayes, Warwickshire, drowned in the Avon, January 10, 1800. The picture above mentioned is now in the possession of William Walter Bagot, Esq., nephew of Mr Walter Bagot.

² Kirkpatrick Sharpe's brother.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Mrs SHARPE, Hoddam.

CH. CH., 20 [Nov. or Dec.] 1801.

I fear, my dear mother, you at this moment think me very unkind in not answering your last letter sooner—especially as that letter expressed so much of the fondness which is my greatest pride; but when you have read the recital of the perils I have undergone, and the tribulations I have suffered for some time past, you will certainly acquit me of all charges of neglect or ingratitude. You may remember the account I gave you last vacation of the new Act concerning examination for degrees, and of the trick I had plaid to escape undergoing such a formidable scrutiny, by being examined with Stapleton when he took his Master's degree? Well, I discovered about three weeks ago that this fetch would not do—at least without perjury, as the Bachelors must take an oath that they have performed everything according to the Statute—and that I must submit to a new catechising. There is a room in the schools fitted up for the purpose, with seats for the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors at one end of it, and all round benches for the other members of the University, so that you make a public exhibition. Six sour Masters of Arts sit at a large table in the middle of the chamber, and ask questions concerning religion, mathematicks, logic, algebra, languages, and heaven knows what, to which the trembling undergraduate answers from the other side of the table. You may imagine my agony. I put down my name for the second examination, and was completely wretched. In vain did Carey, the Dean, and Will Jackson assure me that it was foolish to fear. I knew that I should get through with it; but still the Doctors, the Proctors with their horrid wigs and bands, tormented my imagination, and for the whole time previous to the dreadful day I could neither eat nor sleep, nor speak, nor scarcely move. The day at last came, “big with the fate of

Cato and of Rome," and off set I for the schools in despair. What a foolish creature a nervous person is! I have not, as you very well know, a jot less self-conceit than my neighbours—nay, much more than many. I knew that I would get off; and yet you have no notion into what a pickle this villainous nervousness threw me. I may well say *pickle*; for I was in a cold sweat the whole morning, and I shook to that degree that I could scarcely feed myself at breakfast. The room was quite full of people when I went in, scrambling like the beasts going into Noah's ark. I wished them all in Pandemonium, and felt an inclination to roar to them: "What came ye here for to see? A reed shaken by the wind?" And most foul wind it was; for the master's breath, who sat near me, stunk so prodigiously when he opened his ugly mouth to ask a question, that his smell confounded me much more than his learning. There was a hideous fellow of the name of Fillpot¹ (I should like to empty one on his noddle) there, who was at great pains in his inquiries; but I came off with flying colours in spite of my fears, and feel at present in Paradise. I have had the *honour* of dining with the Dean and eke with Will Jackson since I wrote to you: they were both very gracious. Oh, my dear mother, that I could but get a Studentship! The nearer I come to the end of my sojourning here, the more I long for't. Will Jackson hath Studentships in his gift. Pray in your next give me Lady Alva's² direction. I shall inquire of Carey if one can be made a student after

¹ H. Philpotts, M.A., Magdalene College, afterwards Bishop of Exeter.

² Lady Alva was second wife of Charles Erskine, Lord of Session by the title of Lord Alva, and the last judge's wife who bore her husband's title. She was the widow of a Dr Maxwell, and by him had two daughters; one married Lord Glenorchy, eldest son of Lord Breadalbane, and the other the Earl of Sutherland, who with his wife died early, and their only daughter was left to the care of her grandmother, Lady Alva. It was in this way that the Duchess-Countess of Sutherland and her son, the Duke, became the great friends of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. Lady Alva had no Erskine children, and died in 1806, aged 90.

taking a degree; and if he says that it is possible, I will write to Granny¹ myself about it. It gives one a home which is certain, and a thousand other conveniences; and if Lady Sutherland *cannot* procure me a Studentship, we need look for no livings from that quarter. It is at present vacation here, and we have only a handful of gowmsmen. There are three of my friends, however, still remaining, who make the place abundantly pleasant to me — Fitz-Gerald,² Agar,³ and Boyse.⁴ You would be much surprised to see these cronies of mine, and perhaps wonder at my taste in intimates: they are all three Paddies. Fitz is proud, passionate, and overbearing; but he is generous and warm-hearted, besides being clever. Agar is a hunter, and taciturn; but he hath the manners of a gentleman, and loves music. Boyse is shy and reserved, which makes him appear stupid; but he has good talents for almost everything, which lack cultivation through the laziness of their possessor, and is a fellow of infinite jest among his intimates. I am glad that the case of Repentance is to be taken into consideration. It is certainly an invaluable remain of antiquity in my eyes; and for heaven's sake let there be no parsimony of stone and lime among the masons when they once set to! Suffer not a hole to be left open as large as a mouse may enter. Tell Ellen that I hope she hath not been oblivious of the ivy in the Court (tho', I fancy, 'tis rather too early yet to plant it), and that she must also remember to sow wallflower on the wall as we go to the Long Walk; that I have sent her some verses in answer to Mrs

¹ George Granville, Lord Gower, son of the second Marquess of Stafford and of Elizabeth Countess of Sutherland, subsequently Duke and Duchess of Sutherland. Lord Gower, with whom Kirkpatrick Sharpe maintained a lifelong friendship, was born 1786.

² William Vesey Fitzgerald, B.A., 1804; M.P. for Clare, until defeated by Daniel O'Connell in 1828; succeeded his mother as second Baron Fitzgerald and Vesey, 1832.

³ One of the three Agar brothers, see *post*.

⁴ Thomas Boyse, B.A., Christ Church, of Bannow, county Wexford.

Carr's poem (which is certainly pretty—far too elegant for the production of a carpet-maker's convenience); but I fear they come too late for the Fair, and that Mrs Carr will be now billing and cooing with her faithful turtle at Leeds. My "Vision of Liberty" I have seen in print at last, with many mistakes of orthography. I shall procure the number, and bring it to Hoddam when I have the happiness to see you. Tell my father that I must humbly dun him for some cash against next term, which comes in the space of four weeks. A small sum will do, for I have still ten pounds of his last benefaction. We had a vast deal of music last term, and I wished much for my father's presence when Pinto was here. There are a great many gentleman performers in Ch. Ch., some of which are esteemed good fiddlers; but whether it is that I have been accustomed to my father's playing, and become nice or not, I cannot tell. They have no taste, without which music is like good poetry ill read, and very little execution. Since I began this epistle, I have been told that a Bachelor cannot be made a Student. Send me Lady Alva's direction, however. And Will Jackson hath envited me to dinner to-day. I wish he would spare his meat, and use his interest. I had a letter from Miss Pitman the other day, complaining of the continued concourse of come-rogues at Monzie. She says that the family is to be in Edinburgh soon. *Pray, have you any thoughts of taking a trip thither* this winter? It is quite the fashion here now to talk of going to Paris, and Impey is at present there with his papa.¹ I should like vastly to see the First Consul and the Apollo Belvidere. We have had abominable cold weather, and one great fall of snow. I tremble for our plants whenever I feel my nose beginning to freeze of a night, and wish myself warm in my Hod-

¹ Sir Elijah Impey, ex-Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court, Calcutta, who, as one of the judges before whom Nandkumar was tried, became exposed to a considerable share of the invective which Burke launched against Warren Hastings.

dam bed; for, to say truth, my couch here contains but cold comfort. I have got the Countess of Eglintoun¹ put into a frame for my bed-chamber at home, and she is at present undergoing the inspection of Will Jackson, to whom I sent my drawings this morning. Have you got your Queen Mab from Dumfries yet? I have pickt up nothing in the painting or print way of late. And so the fair fish hath left our shores and betaken herself to the happy Leith? What a privation of grace and beauty Hoddam must have suffered! No longer shall my eyes be delighted with her longitude of waist, or my ear charmed with the rustling of her silk coat. No longer shall I admire the tenderness of her feelings, when Ellen cuts a hard cheese with a blunt knife; or adore the primitive simplicity of her manners, when she breaks wind in the middle of dinner. Alas! she hath vanished like one of her own blasts—tho' like it she hath left strong traces behind her. Well, I must now conclude, leaving space for Ellen's poem, and with abruptness.—I am, my dr. mother, your most affectionate son,

CHAS. SHARPE.

ADDRESS TO A GLOVE.

1.

Dear relic of a royal fist,
How often hugg'd, how often kisst,
Do I thy shape survey!
And try to guess the very place
Which snowy fingers once did grace,
And thumb of Beaujolois.²

¹ His great-grandmother, the beautiful Susanna, daughter of Sir Archibald Kennedy of the Cassilis family.

² Louis Charles d'Orleans, Count de Beaujolois, brother of Louis Philippe, King of the French; died at Malta 1808, and buried in St John's Church, Valetta, where a recumbent effigy by Pradier was placed to his memory by his brother in 1843.

2.

Here in the palm, as I suppose,
The finger lay that pick'd his nose—
A nose which doth display
A pattern for all others, yet
Some reckon'd Liggon's better set
Than that of Beaujolois.

3.

Lord ! how I scorn'd the Oxford lout !
The fellow with the swinging snout,
And not a word to say ;
Give me a swain of pleasing prattle,
Still, vive l'esprit, vive tittle-tattle !
Ah ! vive le Beaujolois !

4.

Great prince, how oft my thoughts recall
The pleasures of the sprightly ball !
How oft my mind will stray
To that dear dinner, and that supper,
When on the rest I turn'd my crupper,
To flirt with Beaujolois.

5.

Then O ! the triumph of that night !
The other Misses swell'd with spite,
Till stays and jumps gave way ;
And one might hear at every back
The twisted lace resounding crack,
For thee—dear Beaujolois.

6.

As nymphs with magic beauty blest,
May be as foolish as they list,
And not their wants betray
To men, who think the silliest stuff
From pretty mouths good sense enough—
We worshipp'd Beaujolois.

7.

We thought the prattle of a prince
Must wit and wisdom still evince—
Plebeians, stand away :

She has no taste who doth not puke
At anything beneath a duke,
Seen after Beaujolois.

8.

Sweet cousin, kindest of the kind,
What precious treasure can I find
This present to repay?
Take all I have of gold or gem,
I care not now a fig for them,
Leave me but Beaujolois.

9.

Of richest silk I'll form a shrine
To hold this cherish'd gift of thine.
My needle shall pourtray
Thereon a pair of bleeding hearts,
A pair of doves, a pair of darts;
The motto "Beaujolois."

10.

And this embroider'd case I'll trim
With blond, an emblem true of him,
So costly, slight, and gay;
And silver cords the case shall tie,
And it shall on my bosom lie
For thy sake, Beaujolois.

11.

When Death shall freeze my blood to snow,
And even my heart forget to glow,
My dearest friends, I pray,
Let me be buried with this glove
Laid on that heart condemned to love
For ever Beaujolois.

Pray how is Mosco and Mammy Jenny? Tell Nanny that I feel as if I was clapping a dish-clout upon me whenever I put on a shirt now, after the famous washing at Hoddam. Once more—farewell!

Pray tell my father that I would take it as a great favour if he would write the treble notes of that quick Irish tune he plays and send them to me. I will not trouble him for a base.

Rev. J. J. CONYBEARE¹ to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

BISHOPSGATE CHURCHYARD,
Wednesday Evg. [April 1802.]

DEAR SHARPE,—You will possibly be surprised to receive a note from so bad a correspondent as I usually am ; but I think I remember your mentioning that you wanted the “Heptameron ou Contes de La Royne de Navarre.” Now, if my eyes did not deceive me, I saw a copy of them the other day, in 2 vols. 12mo, at Da Conchy’s French Library, in Bond Street—where I went to enquire after (and was so lucky as to get) Le Geand’s Fabliaux. I have been so lucky as to pick up also a very scarce edition of several of the original “Contes & Fabliaux” in “Vers Romans,” 3 duodecimo vols., for which I was obliged to give thirty-six shillings. I have got also the Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles ; the Heptameron (edition of 1572, in one very thick octodecimo, which is scarce), a very fine copy ; the Chronicle of Philip De Comines in French ; and Comte de Caylus’s translation of “Tirante the White,”—so that I shall beat Gaisford in French Antiquity. I have managed, with the assistance of the glossary, to make out three of the Verse Fabliaux : here is the beginning of one, which appears to me very pretty :—

Un joli Clerc qui s'estudie	
A faire chose de <i>conrie</i>	<i>conterie</i>
Vous veut dire chose nouvelle	
Si il dit chose qui soit belle	
Elle doit bien estre escoutèe	
Car par beaux dicts est oubliée	
Maintes fois ire & <i>cuisançons</i>	inquietudes
Ai <i>abaissés</i> grans <i>tançons</i>	appaisis. querelles.
Car quant aucun dict les risées	
Les forts <i>tançons</i> sont oubliées.	

¹ John Josias Conybeare, Ch. Ch., Professor of Anglo-Saxon, 1808 ; of Poetry, 1812. Died 1824.

He then tells his story, and ends in the true spirit of all the Jongleurs from Homer downwards—

Donne moi *boire*, si *tâgrée*.

I looked for you in vain at the Opera on Saturday; but my eyes were the only part of my body that I could employ in the search, it being an axiom in physics that where there is no space there can be no motion. I would try to pay you a morning visit if I were to stay in town; but I am obliged (I cannot say very much, *a bon gré*) to go to Bedfordshire to-morrow.

I have seen my young friend, Louis Goldsmid, who first bit me with the Romance mania; and, indeed, it was the sight of him that induced me to make the above-mentioned purchases. He has himself spent near £200 in them within this last half-year, and has most of the best of them nearly by heart. I hope we shall meet again at Oxford next term.—Till then (with William's best remembrances), believe me very truly yours,

J. J. CONYBEARE.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Mrs SHARPE, Hoddam.

[OXFORD], May 1802.

Having happily surmounted Collections (and that, alas! for the last time), I now epistolize you, my dear mother, with a resolution to make no apology for my often reprimanded taciturnity. There is nothing in the world so dull as an apology, even when it is a good one. Mine are always very bad, for in spite of all the flowers of rhetoric which I can scatter over it, my laziness will fume out and offend my friends. Marianne Robertson is quite outrageous with me for my sloth, and I can scarcely restrain Miss Pitman within tolerable bounds. Stapleton complains that I never answer any of the questions in his epistles, and you that I never reply to your letters at all. Was ever poor indolent mortal so beset? Well, I must take

thought and mend incontinently, else I shall not have a friend left. I am really grieved to hear of Sandy's sudden expedition, which I would fain behold in a fairer light than you do. But that accursed India must always strike one with horror, as the sad grave of so much bravery and youth. There is a beautiful speech of Nestor's to Telemachus in Homer, which constantly occurs to me when I think of that fatal land. The old man, being interrogated by Telemachus concerning the wanderings of his father, exclaims: "Oh, my friend, you recall to my mind all the evils which we, the invincible sons of Greece, suffered round the city of Priam, where the chiefs of the people were slain: there lies the warlike Ajax and Achilles, and Patroclus of godlike wisdom slumbers there, and there rests my beloved son Antilochus, blameless and brave—he was swift in the race, and bold in the conflict of spears." One part of your last letter afforded me great amusement—namely, that which gave an account of the minister's propine to his Eloisa. He is a sly seducer, with his "Death and the Lady," and his China ware. If he doth not mend his manners, I shall certainly give him the same sort of treatment which Abelard suffered from the uncle of his mistress; and then Ellen will have nothing to do but to transcribe Eloisa's epistle and send it to him as a return for former favours. Give her my love, and tell her that I think she has great cause to be proud of the force of her charms, for love, in its present depraved state, hath ceased very much to excite generosity. The system of *dirty three-halfpence* is woefully prevalent, and there is no such thing as the repaying cups and saucers with smiles, or the teapot with a slight kiss. Our amorous Strephons of this age make much better bargains than the swains of antiquity. . . . Nothing could have happened more unluckily than Mrs Cook mistaking salmon for woodcock when Lord Montgomery dined at Hoddam. I can easily imagine your feelings, from my own sensations when anything goes wrong at a wine-party. One becomes hot

and cold in an instant, with a great inclination to scold, or to start up and leave the room. And now I talk of leaving rooms, the Dean has allowed me to keep my apartments for three weeks of the next term, which bounty, as I am *not a Westminster*, is very flattering. I must trudge out of College before Rogation Sunday, and I shall then begin to pack off all my nick-knacks for Scotland. Heaven knows how I shall ever be able to get all my pictures and trash conveyed. You will be overwhelmed with swinging great boxes, and charmed with my Nell Gwynn and Lady Aston, both of which are excellently painted. I drew Lord Newtown's¹ picture lately, and have been very happy in the likeness. He is very handsome, but hath "that within which surpasseth show," being in every respect the most amiable and engaging creature I ever knew. How fond you would be of him! But with all his good sense, I fear he will be spoilt here; for 'tis scarcely in human nature to resist the foolish forms of respect to nobility which the College rules prescribe, or the crowd of flatterers which infests a gold tassel and a silk gown. Lord M—— is exactly the reverse of Newtown in every way: he seems to be that link of the chain with which nature has connected the man and the brute. Buffon makes the monkey this link, but Buffon never saw Lord M——. The poor thing is blind of an eye, has one of his fore teeth amissing, and struts on legs like a child's stilts, yet thinks himself absolutely charming. I need not add that he is a fool, but he has that frequent accompaniment of folly, extreme ill-nature; and a peevish way of uttering abuse, with much wickedness and no wit. There are a good many people here this vacation, but none of my intimates. Stapleton is at his mother's, and I have some thoughts of paying him a visit in a few days; but my face has become so very foul of late that it is absolutely not fit to be seen. I never look in the glass without thinking of Bardolph

¹ Brinsley Butler, Viscount Newtown, succeeded as fourth Earl of Lanesborough 1806; died unmarried 1847.

and James Porteus, and wishing that people were so formed as to be able to walk on their hands on occasion, and to reverse the whole order of their frames. To be sure we would look stupid for want of expression of countenance, and be rather short-necked, like the men "whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders;" but it would be a mighty convenient thing for all that. Give my love to all my sisters, and tell the musicians that I look forward with great pleasure to our summer concerts. Dr Crotch (with whom I am acquainted) has convinced me that harpsichords are superior to pianofortes, so I shall admire my Lady Dalhousie more than I have done. I have got some famous solos of Correlli for my father's violin, which solos Miss Isabel must also perform. They are too hard for a person who has not time to practice much. I had a letter from Miss Campbell¹ this morning, in which she mentions a present she sent me, which I fear is lost—the 'Border Minstrelsy,' by Walter Scott. I have had a busy questioning about it at all the coach-offices, but in vain. She mentions Magdalene Murray, and Susan Smollett, and the young parson, who is at present *indisposed*. Miss Campbell has some thoughts of coming to Oxford, accompanied by the fair Anne Preston and her sister Kate, but I do not think that she will be able to visit us. Farewell, my dear mother, I must now go to supper at Sir George Warrender's, that comely haggiss. Pray write soon, and believe me your affectionate son,

CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Mrs SHARPE, Hoddam.

CH. CH., May 18th, 1802.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—The hurry and confusion of room-changing has prevented me from writing to you as soon as I should have done, and still keeps me ill at ease and *rather*

¹ Kirkpatrick Sharpe's cousin, Miss Campbell of Monzie.

melancholy. The Dean turned me out of College last week, and I bade adieu to my ancient and well-beloved apartments, where I had seen much mirth and happiness, with a full heavy heart. My lodgings are very near Ch. Ch., and tolerably comfortable; but one feels quite detached from the University when residing in the town, and my evening circle of visitors is not near so extensive as formerly. However, all my *friends* are with me constantly, and I am beginning to get accustomed to my comparative solitude. You know, my dear mother, how much I am always guided by your advice, and therefore need not have doubted of my ready obedience with regard to the London expedition. But Miss Campbell, with whom I have corresponded lately, leaves town in a few days. How can I get introduced to Lady Sutherland?¹ and still more, how can I ask her for a living when introduced? I have considered and reconsidered the affair; but, alas! can come to no satisfactory conclusion. However, do not suppose that I despair of an establishment in the Church. We have many powerful friends, and much time to work in; and hitherto I have been a very lucky person in every period of my life. I have really been and am so happy, that were the seasons now to change with me, and misfortunes come on, I should have very little reason to complain of my measure of good and evil in this world. Tell my father that I am much obliged to him for the draft, and that I now have the impudence to remind him of his promise of wine. A smaller quantity of which than that he was so good as to give me the last time will do, as 'tis very uncertain what abode I make in this place. We will have a full divan to debate upon it at Hoddam. I have really drained my last bottle of port, or I would not play the beggar; and there are some youths lately come, to whom I wish to be civil and give wine—among others, Lord Dupplin,² who seems a good-

¹ Elizabeth, Countess of Sutherland and Marchioness of Stafford; afterwards Duchess of Sutherland.

² Thomas, afterwards tenth Earl of Kinnoul, and Lord Lyon King-

natured creature, and is acquainted with a number of my Scotch friends. I made out my visit to Stapleton, and yawned with him for a week. They are such good dull people at Grey's Court! The sober primitive women do nothing the whole day but fiddle-faddle with their greenhouse, like so many Eves,—and truly they are in little danger of a tempter, for their faces would frighten the devil, not to mention men. They will never be forced to clap on fig-leaf aprons, and might walk about quite naked for all the harm that would happen to them. I had a visit the other day from the Miss Wedderburns¹ and their brother, on their way to Scotland. They raised great admiration in the youths here from their striking figures, which are too tall indeed, but certainly very elegant. Mrs Wedderburn² is not *very well* at present. Maria B——, Miss Campbell tells me, daubs her face so deep with rouge that it requires green spectacles to behold her with tolerable comfort. How old Dorothy and she will glare it together when she gets back to Scotland! I fear that poor George B——'s income will be spent on his wife and daughter's cheeks, for paint was never known so dear, and they lay it on with a trowel. Don't it bring the ballad of Butter May into your head? You complain of your eyes in your last, and I beseech you not to think of writing to me if the effort hurts them. Tho' nothing gives me greater pleasure than a letter from you, yet I would sooner never hear from you at all than have your eyes strained on my account; so pray make Ellen your emanuensis for the future, and I shall be perfectly contented. I fear that this is a stupid letter—for

at-Arms, was a great-grandson, by the mother's side, of Harley, Earl of Oxford; born 1785, died 1866.

¹ Louisa Dorothea Wedderburn married in 1803, the Hon. Sir John Hope, afterwards fourth Earl of Hopetoun; Anne Wedderburn married Sir John Hope of Craighall.

² Alicia, daughter of James Dundas of Dundas. Her husband's baronetcy was under attainder for his father's participation in the Jacobite rising of 1745.

my head is very confused, and my spirits not so high as usual. I am so childish; but I shall *take heart* again in a day or two, and in the meantime will dedicate the other side of my paper to Ellen, whom I have not epistolized for an age. My wonder of a lord is a son of Lord Lanesborough's;¹ and he still continues to be as good as ever. I am sorry to hear of Jenny's ill-health—for, with all her faults, I have a sort of liking for her. People are grieved to part with anything they have known long.—Your affectionate son,
C. S.

L. [LORD LEWISHAM²] to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

CH. CH., *Saturday night*, $\frac{1}{2}$ before 12 [1802].

DEAR SHARPE,—I am quite shocked at not having had an earlier opportunity of answering yr flattering epistle, and must now begin by informing you that I have not complied with yr request as to burning the enclosed *jeu d'esprit*, as I shall wish to give it another perusal, and think I may persuade you to suffer one or two intimates to partake with me of the pleasure of reading it; without yr permission, however, not a hint shall escape me. At the same time I highly honor the motive which induces you to desire that yr essay may not be published abroad, as, with the exception, I am afraid, of a little of the "gall of bitterness," there is certainly no fault to be found in it. What the grievous provocations which you say you have received from a certain quarter are, I am quite ignorant. Whatever they may have been, you have surely taken as ample revenge as it is lawful for one frail being to take upon another, and as there appears to be no reluctance to make peace on the part of that "certain quarter," I would fain persuade you to "agree with your adversary while he is in the way with you, lest at any time," &c., even tho' he

¹ See *ante*, p. 121.

² William Legge, afterwards fourth Earl of Dartmouth.

shall have offended you "seventy times seven times." You seem fully aware of his faults; and that he and all of us have predominant faults, I will not deny; but that he has likewise many very good qualities, I am very sure; and that he has not, of late at least, shewn any rancorous enmity against you, I think you cannot deny. So much for the main purport of your letter. With regard to the kind expressions towards me which you are so good as to intersperse, and y^r calling to mind the deeds of my fathers, and "tales of former years," I must again quote the motto of one of the peers of this realm—"degeneris paternum nomen dedecus"—and desire you to beware lest you inflict the curse justly mentioned by Juvenal, and the greatest that can befall those who have strayed from the path of rectitude—

"Virtutem videant, intabescantque relictá."¹

That you may be ever free from this and all other curses, may live in peace with yourself and all men, and may excuse and burn this sleepy scrawl, are the sincere wishes of y^r very affecte. friend,
L.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Mrs SHARPE.

OXFORD, *June 9th*, 1802.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I am sure that you will excuse me for not answering your last kind letter sooner, when I inform you that it found me on the eve of submitting to an examination for the degree of A.M.; that my mind was not then in a state very well calculated for letter-writing; and that I was only yesterday relieved from this sore burden by obtaining the desired certificate from the grand inquistors of the schools.

And I now have the pleasure of being able to tell you that all the vile examinations here are at a period with me, and that I have undergone them without casting any great slur on

¹ Not Juvenal, but Persius 3, 38.

my teachers or my own industry. In truth, they are plagues well over; and I shall have nothing now to disturb the happiness which I expect to enjoy quickly at Hoddam (no sombre anticipations of frowning clownish masters, asking impudent questions, and strutting and stinking with all the dirt and dignity imaginable), but taste all the pleasant things in that Paradise (it was ever such to me) with a double relish.

And my impatience to be with you is very great; but I am at a nonplus with regard to Ellen, who wrote me an epistle, full of doubts and fears, a long while since. I answered it directly, saying that I should be most happy to travel with her northwards, and fixing the time of our pilgrimage as nearly as I then could. But I have heard not a word from her since, and know not how to direct to her. However, I wrote to Miss Herries¹ this morning, who may be able to clear up matters, and in the meantime wait with anxiety for my father's remittance, as I wish now to discharge every farthing that I owe in Oxford, and may perhaps be forced to trespass on his goodness for something extra, which will detain me here till it arrives.

Your last letter, my dear mother, gave me much pleasure in many ways—first, by the interest expressed concerning my health, which, thank God, is now as usual. Tho' I know well your affection for me, yet one never wearies of being told what one loves to hear. Next, that matters went well on at Dumfries, where I am glad that you went, tho' I wonder at it too. And thirdly, that Jane's marriage² is declared at last. . . May the Lord help them! for of the help of man they are destitute. . . . However, I cannot save my pride from some mortification, when I consider that my family doth not possess as much influence as to be able to obtain

¹ Sister to Mr Herries the banker, Lord Derby's President of Board of Control, 1852.

² Kirkpatrick Sharpe's second sister, married to Thomas Kirkpatrick of Closeburne.

even this very paltry distinction. Alas! it was not thus “in the days of langsyne.”

I expect to be delighted at Hoddam—with wallflowers, and new walks, and stools with red lions, and sundry other novel-ties—and to find Isabel and Grace much improvén in their musick, and the Countess¹ more like a woman of quality than ever; but of all my pleasures, the sight of you must be the greatest. You are my only treasure, my consolation in all the changes and chances to which mortality is subject. I feel for you in a manner that I do not for any one else in the world; and when you are gone, my selfishness and apathy must render me totally unworthy of remaining any longer there.

There passed through this city lately Sir John and Lady Stewart,² Mrs Alexander,³ and Mr and Mrs Nicholson,⁴ on their way to London. I heard of them by means of Sir James Riddel⁵ (who has entered at Ch. Ch.), and waited on Mrs Nicholson, as in propriety bound. . . . But I was shocked by the appearance of Mr Nicholson, who is advancing rapidly to the fatal bourne. He looks older than Sir William Maxwell⁶ did the last time I saw him, and has that dreary glazedness of eye which proclaims the approach of the mortal agony. He seemed almost insensible, and sat motionless as a statue all the time I continued in the room.

Mrs Nicholson’s manner is certainly very good, and she

¹ The eldest sister, who married the heir of the Earldom of Mar.

² Sir John Shaw Stewart, M.P. for Renfrew; married Frances, widow of Sir James Maxwell of Pollok.

³ Mrs Alexander of Ballochmyle, Ayrshire, daughter of Sir William Maxwell of Springkell.

⁴ Mr Nicholson, son of Houston Stewart Nicholson of Carnock, and nephew of Sir John Shaw Stewart; succeeded his uncle in the baronetcy; married to Catherine, daughter of Sir William Maxwell of Springkell.

⁵ Sir James Miller Riddell, second Baronet of Ardnamurchan and Sunart, Argyre; succeeded his grandfather in the baronetcy, 1797.

⁶ Of Springkell.

struck me as conversing like a woman of sense. She inquired after the *Campbells*—that was like a woman of *the world*—and lamented your dislike towards visiting, &c., &c. Mrs Alexander seems good-natured, but hath not anything of her sister's accomplishment. Lady Stewart afforded me much consolation in one respect. She is certainly as like a dairy-maid, and much uglier, than that blessed connection of ours, my Lady K—.

I forget whether I wrote to Isabel concerning M—'s marriage. His *cara* is a Miss S—, an attorney *alias* knave's daughter, with fifty thousand pounds. Impey dined in company with her . . . the other day, and informs me that she is vulgar, plain-looking, and covered with the filthy finery incident to city heiresses. She talked incessantly, and her subjects were window-curtains and Wilton carpets.

Gower has now lost his friend Lygon, who left this place yesterday, after having passed an examination, which proved that his learning and genius were much of a piece, and that both entituled him to a sound whipping at the buttery-hatch of Ch. Ch. . . . If my Lady Stafford is in town when I go up, I will certainly wait upon her,—tho' no good is to be looked for from that quarter in the thing you wot of.

Poor St John fell into a consumption, . . . and was compelled to leave Ch. Ch. some time since. His sister died about a fortnight ago; and on the event of his decease, the Bolingbroke title becomes extinct.¹ So we shall soon have no representatives of the Patriot King, and cease to feel an improper admiration for the degenerate offspring of that enchanting rascal, whose elegance and vivacity make us devour his works, while we hate the man and scorn his principles.

I intend speedily to have all my books packed up and sent off in the same way that my pictures were (I hope with better fortune), and also a very pretty little cabinet, and the trunk

¹ Mr St John succeeded his father in 1824 as fourth Viscount Bolingbroke, and died in 1851, leaving a successor, the present peer.

with my sheets, &c. These I must woo Mr Herries to take under his protection; and I would fain be able to follow them in a fortnight, if possible. But I fear Miss Nell will obstruct that part of the plan. At all events, I should think that three weeks longer might suffice. But there is no speaking with certainty in these matters. I had a letter from Monzie lately, where all are well, and in a sort of surprise about Jane's marriage. And Miss Pitman says I am a sly hand, not having let her know anything about it. But I should have been still more cunning had I done that, as you know the newness of my information on the subject. Your friend Surtees¹ is here at present, and still seeking a wife. But his rejections hurt not his health, as he is become very fat,—I wish I could say rosy, for then perhaps he might gain the Nightingale, which he hath so long been sighing after. Men know not when they are well. He desires me to present his best respects to you.

Tell Isabella that I hope she will not take it ill that I do not respond to her last letter, which certainly deserved an answer, for I am rather on the fidget about my thousand foolish concerns—packing of books and paying of bills—but that I expect to meet her at Hoddam, either in the passage or on the stairs, with Sir Thomas's box in her hand—of which I am already in imagination admiring the venerable heraldic beauties—and that I intend to walk continually and live but in the open air all this summer; so she may prepare a bonnet with a large snout to fence off the sun, and a pair of walking shoes, against my arrival.

I had a letter from London to-day, full of intelligence. The King is still quite crazed, climbing the trees about Buckingham House, and crying mackerel round his apartment. The Duchess of York's character is destroyed—an amour with a

¹ Robert Surtees of Mainsforth, the well-known Durham antiquary, was a contemporary of Kirkpatrick Sharpe at Christ Church; graduated B.A. in 1800, and settled on his paternal estate in 1802.—See his letters to Kirkpatrick Sharpe, *post*, and memoir by Dr Raine, Surtees Society.

Mr Cullen Smith being proved without the least doubt. Clementina Drummond is to be married to the Duke of Newcastle;¹ and the Duke of Queensberry² sits in his balcony every day to take the fresh air. *N.B.*—He will not die so soon as some people expect.

Adieu, my dear mother.—With loves to all, I remain your ever affectionate son,
CH. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

P.S.—My letters from Hoddam are constantly charged double. What can be the reason?

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to the Revd. ROGER LEVETT, Ch. Ch.³

[1802.]

DEAR LEVETT,—I trouble you with this on the chance of dining in hall to-morrow, as such ceremonies now appear to be necessary after your late bloody-minded and most Nero-like treatment of our meek-conditioned manciple, Brazier.

I have been informed this evening that you scolded him for adding a fowl to the mutton-chops of Saturday; but, in truth, he did not deserve such harsh treatment, saving for his stupidity—on which score, with reverence be it written, we may all have a fellow-feeling—yea, and as clergymen (tho' I am none) a Xtian forgiveness. You must understand, O august mufti, that I, the greater my mishap as times go, have heretofore been nourished after the fashion of Astyanax, tho' now, like the prodigal son, I exist upon coarser fare—con-

¹ This marriage did not take place. Clementina Drummond, daughter of James, eleventh Earl of Perth, under the attainder first Baron Perth of the United Kingdom, married Lord Gwydir, afterwards Lord Willoughby de Eresby, to whom she brought the Perth estate.—See the correspondence, *post*.

² William, third Duke of Queensberry, last Duke of the direct Douglas line—well known as “Old Q.”—lived until 1810, when the titles and estates went to the Buccleuch family.

³ Printed from draft copy.

sequently, at certain periods (as our sweet Sappho of Ch. Ch. sings)—

“ My mind will rove
To the dear visions of the Spit and Stove ;
And a soft sigh will sometimes let me know
How ill is turtle soupe supplied by Petit-toe ! ”

On Saturday I could not muster up philosophy sufficient to dine upon mutton-chops, so I magnificently commanded your martyr to procure me a fowl! Never, I protest to you on the gold-laced stomacher of my great-grandmother, intending that this monstrous Phenix s^d. be charged to the poverty of the student masters—a body of men whom I reverence for their learning, admire for their genius, and would not be obliged to for the world—but that it s^d. be set down to mine own account; for indeed, good sir, I should as little think of such exorbitancy as if I messed with footmen on board wages, as Elwes and other misers were wont to do; but lo! Brazier made a mistake, and the table is wellnigh ruined. This, I will confess, was aggravated by my own forgetfulness; because when you enquired how I liked my dinner, and whether there was enough, I said very well, and yes, without remembering that it might be decorous to say anything more; for which the only reparation in my power is, that I heartily desire Mr Brazier's pardon, and shall certainly pay his sconce. But before I conclude, I must request thee in Xtian charity, a preacher of meekness and of mercy, to take heed lest thou run thy course of catering in over-strictness, and smite with a fury too severe. Remember what our great dramatist saith of

“ Man, weak man,
Deck'd with a little brief authority ; ”

and how the memory of Bishop Bonner is scouted for haling so many martyrs to the stake. Use, use, I beseech thee, the wisdom of doves with the prudence of serpents. In proportion as thou art exceeding stout, so be thou abundantly merciful.

Wishing thee all prosperity in thy worldly undertakings,

and that aid from the mother of the Muses which may enable thee to note that when in future any addition is made to my solitary meals in hall, that luxury is paid for from my purse,—
I rest, your fellow-pilgrim through life and fellow-pig at the swill-tub,
C. K. S.

WILLIAM FITZ-GERALD, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MARITIMO, NEAR DUBLIN, *August 5th*, 1802.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—If few men are so prone to commit faults as I am, even you will admit that few are so ready in acknowledging them, none so anxious to repair them. I admit in the fullest extent that I ought to have answered your kind letter long since, and perhaps I judge but wrongly when I prefer passing it over without any further observations, rather than to consume your time and my own, and occupy my page with superfluous apologies.

To dash at it then, without further *ceremony*. Your journey, as you describe it, I envy not. I envy you not the visitors whom you expect at Hoddam. Old Toby will not be one of them. I understood from him that he had given up his intention of a northern tour. As he was of age, he thought it right to visit his estates, and gratify the longing wishes of his tenantry. Such were his words to me. Old Toby was of age, tho', long since. Since I have been in Ireland, my time has been occupied entirely, and yet not pleasantly. The whole country is convulsed by elections. My father has given up the county he meant to contest. They did not deserve so good a representative, and he has since been chosen for another place. I was invited to stand, but my age was an excuse for my not attempting what I should not have succeeded in. All society is destroyed by the factions and party spirit which prevails everywhere.

I saw La Touche yesterday. He is very well, and not a

little happy at the success his family have everywhere met with. Newtown we do not expect in Ireland this summer. I regret it *much*, for I like him *much*. I have neither seen or heard of Boyse. La T. heard from him. He was to have gone abroad, he said; but he is, I doubt not, employed in capering nimbly in some lady's chamber. I am for the present at a bathing-place of my father's near Dublin, where I shall be stationary for some time longer. I have at present no particular plan for the year. Probably we shall meet at Oxford in October or November. I shall be glad of anything which will enable me to leave Ireland. I have but one amusement here (for to me drinking, *you know*, is new), and that one amusement I would not offend your chaste ears with the mention of. But "I hate the idle pleasures of these days," and not being of a very amorous complexion,—not liking much to follow a wanton ambling nymph (of which, by the by, La Touche gave me enough yesterday, for he was pursuing one),—I care not how soon I leave it, and return we to the dull and solemn shades on the bank of the Isis. Sooner, you will say——. But I have heard since of the author of the verses which so severely lacerated you and myself and our friends. He has been met by a friend of mine in London, of whom I have heard of him. He is living in some small way, obscure and unknown. He is, I believe, a dark and designing man, for I begin to give you credit for penetration into his character. He might be one time a man of distinction in the world if he possessed talents, for he *docs possess* an artful con [], he has much versatility of deportment, [] singular dexterity in concealing his sentiments. I cannot hope that a scrawl such as this can of itself deserve any reply or notice. But if, urged by the natural goodness of your disposition, if your own benevolence impels you to favour me with a few lines whenever leisure and inclination may be coincident, you shall find me in return a more worthy correspondent. At present I make no great exertion to wipe off the stigma under which I la-

bour; and tho' I know you to be unforgiving in most cases, you shall always, and in all events, ever find me, my dear Charles, your affectionate and faithful friend,

WILLIAM FITZ-GERALD.

Wherever I may be, a letter directed to Dublin, to my father, will be sure to pursue and overtake me.

CHARLES K. SHARPE TO WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

HODDAM CASTLE, Au. 5th, 1802.

SIR,—I hope that the enclosed ballads will plead my excuse for thus addressing you without the pleasure of a personal acquaintance. I received so much delight from the perusal of your 'Border Minstrelsy' that I could not refrain from sending you "The Twa Corbies" and "The Douglas Tragedy," hoping that they may find a place in a third volume of your charming work, which report hath taught us to expect. From my infancy I have been fond of old ballads, and have sat for days listening to the "spinsters and the knitters in the sun" singing many of the songs published in your collection. Of course I learnt to repeat a great number, and still retain in my memory a few entire, with an immense hoard of scraps. "The Douglas Tragedy" was taught me by a nursery-maid, and was so great a favourite that I committed it to paper as soon as I was able to write. I have this copy still, in *beau spelling*, together with a song of "Mary Hamilton," whom I take to be the Queen's Mary in the 'Minstrelsy,' and the ditty of "Lady Dysmal," *alias* Ghismonda from Boccaccio, with a strange debasement of Guiscard into a kitchen-boy.¹ There is a variation from history in my edition of Mary Hamilton—the king himself is her gallant. He attempts to destroy her child before

¹ "This stupid ballad, printed as it was sung in Annandale, is founded on the well-known story of the Prince of Salerno's daughter; but with

birth with the leaves of the "Abby Tree," and she finally drowns it. I would have sent you this song, and also "Lady Dysmal," had I not left the book containing them at Oxford. I expect it, however, in a few days, and, should you wish it, will transcribe them for you. The song of "The Twa Corbies" was given to me by Miss Erskine of Alva¹ (now Mrs Kerr), who I think said that she had written it down from the recitation of an old woman at Alva.—I am, sir, your obedient sert.,

CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

I forgot to mention another ballad in my possession, beginning "Fair Lady Ann sat in her bower," which, if you please, I will also send you. My direction is—Hoddam Castle, Ecclefechan.

WALTER SCOTT, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

SIR,—I beg your acceptance of my very best thanks for your valuable and obliging communication, which I received yesterday, and which will form an interesting addition to the 3d volume of Ballads which I intend shortly to publish. I have been very anxious to open some literary communication with your part of Dumfrieshire, and am truly happy in embracing the opportunity which your politeness has offered me.

what uncouth change! Dysmal for Ghismonda, and Guiscardo transformed into a greasy kitchen-boy.

'An ounce of civet, good apothecary,
To sweeten my imagination.'

The reader will immediately remember Hogarth's picture and Churchill's exclamation,—

'Poor Sigismunda, what a fate was thine!'

--See 'A Ballad Book, by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe.' David Laing's edition: Edin., 1880.

¹ Jean, daughter of James Erskine of Barjarg, Lord Alva.

The wild and beautiful tale of the Corbies resembles in the outline an old English poem published by Ritson, from an ancient MS., with this important and remarkable difference, that in the English verses the hawk, hound, and lady all remain faithful to the slain warrior, and the moral of the tale runs thus:—

"God send every gentleman
Such hawks, such hounds, and such a lemman."

I had a very corrupted and inferior copy of the "Douglas Tragedy," which is doubly acceptable to me, as I had been long desirous of obtaining a good set. Popular tradition has pointed out the scene of this fatal story, and assigned it to Blackhouse in Selkirkshire, where there are ruins of a very ancient castle, said to have belonged to a Lord William Douglas, who sat in a parliament of Malcolm Canmore. The scenery around it is savage and desolate: a stream called the *Douglas-Burn* is said to have been that where the lovers stoped to drink, and seven huge stones are averred to have been erected in memory of the seven brothers. The Douglas-craig is in the immediate vicinity, and takes its name from the same family. All these circumstances seem to argue that the uniform tradition of the country people has some foundation in fact. I am just going to that part of the country, and shall carry the "Douglas Tragedy" along with me.

The ditty of "Mary Hamilton" will be *most* acceptable to me. I have several fragments of it, but not a compleat copy. I also am greatly indebted to you for your offer of "Lady Dismal," which I think I have either seen or heard of. To the ballad of "*Lady Anne sate in her bower*" I am a perfect stranger,—at least I do not remember any which begins with that line.

I am to make some excursions through the Borders in the course of this month. It is not impossible but I may have the pleasure of meeting you; but at any rate, when business or

pleasure calls you to Edin^r. or its neighbourhood, I shall *claim* the privilege of returning you my personal thanks for the obligation you have conferred on me. My usual summer residence is at this little retreat, where it would give the greatest pleasure to receive a call from you. Should you write to me in the course of a fortnight, direct to me Sheriff Clerk's Office, Selkirk, as your letter will probably find me wandering in Ettrick fforest, after which I return here.—I remain, sir, your obliged and faithful [friend],

WALTER SCOTT.

LASSWADE COTTAGE,
Near ED^r., 13 Augt. [1802.]

Nota Bene.—Every scrap of legendary intelligence, prosaic or poetical, will be most thankfully received.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

HODDAM CASTLE, *Friday 27th*, 1802
(i.e., *Aug. 27th*, 1802).

DEAR SIR,—I am quite happy to learn that the poems I sent you will be of any use, and I hope that some of the enclosed will find equal favour in your eyes. You would have received them much sooner had they not been a most prodigious time on the road between Oxford and Hoddam. Nothing could give me greater satisfaction than a meeting with you in this part of the world, as I cannot soon avail myself of your invitation in Edinburgh. If you make out your intended Border excursion, I hope you will do us the pleasure of a visit. Hoddam, as a specimen of a Border fortress, is well worth the observation of an antiquary; and I am certain that you would admire the mysterious Tower of Repentance, which stands on a hill near the castle. I am much obliged to you for the information you give me with respect to the "Douglas Tragedy," which I had always regarded as a fiction

borrowed from the "Child of Elle." From my unacquaintance with Ritson's publication, I did not know that the "Corbies" had ever appeared in an English dress. I have no doubt concerning the reception which "Mary Hamilton" will receive from you; but I fear greatly that poor "Lady Dysmal" hath not beauty enough to save *her* from oblivion. I am sensible that her age—a thing at present much admired in ladies—is her only merit. The ballad of "Lady Ann" was transcribed from an old magazine, and is perhaps a modern antique. I must beg your excuse for giving you the trouble to read the last poem, which was written in imitation of the ancient style, after perusing your 'Border Minstrelsy.' It is founded on a tradition respecting the Tower of Repentance, and I fear will inspire you with no great opinion of the author's modesty or abilities—

"Dum relego, scripsisse pudet, quia plurima cerno,
Me quoque, qui feci, judice, digna lini."

Pray, when *you* read it, do not clap on a pair of critical spectacles, like those which the merciless Dr G—— used at the dissection of poor Burns's "Wounded Hare." I heard yesterday of a woman in the village of Ecclefechan, who can repeat a number of auld sangs, as they call them, whom I will send for as soon as possible to sing or say her collection. By the by, the people here affirm that Fair Ellen's surname was certainly Irving.¹ I remember in my childhood being terrified by stories of spectres at the Blacket-house, the residence of her murderer; . . . and that an old woman, the last descendant of the family of Bell, resided in Ecclefechan, who was said to be a witch, the devil himself being her waiting-maid, and assisting her to get out of bed when her infirmities prevented her from moving. If I can pick up anything which may appear worthy your notice, you may depend upon my diligence,—and I am, dr. sir, yours sincerely,

CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

¹ The ballad heroine, Fair Ellen of Kirkconnel.

WILLIAM FITZ-GERALD, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

DUBLIN, *September 30, 1802.*

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I returned to Dublin last week, from which I have been absent since the middle of August. And I should not, were it not for some of the expressions which fell from your pen, and the uncertainty of our meeting soon, trouble you with an answer to your letter, which I found on my arrival. You have already, I doubt not, in your good-nature, imputed this apparent delay to the same motives which you stated in your last. But even in this case I should meet your reproaches intrepidly; for I apprised you that, as a correspondent, I was worthless and beneath y^{or}. notice. I have determined now to return to Oxford, and shall be there at the commencement of the term. We have not any chance, as I conjecture, of seeing you there. You will hardly volunteer a journey from Dumfriesshire for the mere glory of wearing your baccalaurian sleeves. With my own determination I acquainted our Great King¹ by letter yesterday.

As for myself, I have rather endured this vacation than enjoyed it. Never was I more sick of my own country; never more indisposed to rush

“To tipsy dance and jollity.”

And since I have returned to my father's house, for the last week I have been wearied by politics, and by discussions, and by arguments: even I, whom you have said, perhaps, could never with such subjects be sated, have listened to them *usque ad nauseam*. I did not think Rodger² quite so bad as you describe him. I did not suspect him of having defamed me in prose. How weak was I, then, in imagining that his calumny and his verse flowed together! I did indeed think that his *rabies proprio armavit iambo*. And yet, such is my goodness

¹ Cyril Jackson, the Dean.

² Levett.

that I gave a very good character of him in company, some time since. Some enquiries were made with respect to him—it being known that he and I were contemporary at Ch. Ch. I gave him a character which he did not merit, thus heaping the hot coals upon him. He has intimated that he ought to have obtained the University prize at different occasions when he was a candidate; and it has been thrown out that his poem was better than the last which obtained it. I said it was all true. I was not destined for this world, you have often said.

Certainly you would never be forgiven by those illustrious persons whom you in your letter have mentioned with so much honor, did they know the rank in which you have placed them. Neither L^d Mountjoy nor Mr Jones are *placabiles*. I should indeed return to Peckwater were I certain that I should encounter neither one or the other there. You have had Sir Toby ere this at Hoddam; at least I conjecture so, for the newspaper paragraphs have announced his presence at the Lakes. I suppose he made it his way northward. He will have afforded you much amusement. To your sisters, if they have any fun in them, it will be invaluable. Alas! Tom Kenyon was never so wounded by the desertion of those who once liked him, or the derision of those who never did, as by the successor Miss Harrison has given him in her affections.
 . . . Alas, poor Kenyon!

I was at La Touche's house for some days. . . . I shall be anxious until I see you in print. Your friend, Mr Walter Scott, is unquestionably a man of genius. This morning I have been reading of him and his Minstrelsy in the 'British Critic' for June. It will give you pleasure to find him spoken of so favourably. Have we any chance of seeing you at Billing's before Christmas? In the general loss of friends which I have lately and peculiarly experienced, your coming next term to Christ Church w^d be indeed a source of pleasure. Wherever we may be, in whatever situation or

whatever clime, I beg of you to believe me, my dear Charles,
[] true affection and with the most sincere, yrs.

WILLIAM FITZ-GERALD.

P.S.—I shall probably travel with Chilfrey Hewitt.¹ Upon
my faith and credit you'll envy me! W. C. F.-G.

If you have patience to sit such a mass and farrago of non-
sense as I find I have put together, you will indeed, and I
must say I believe you do, deserve a better correspondent than
I fear I shall ever prove.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

HODDAM CASTLE, 12th Oct. 1802.

I fear, dear sir, that you must have thought me rather off
my duty in not answering your last obliging letter sooner; but
I can assure you that tho' silent I have not been idle with re-
gard to the 'Minstrelsy.' Alas! the best efforts of mice and
men are apt to prove abortive: and my strenuous endeavours
to procure the ballad of "Loudoun Hill" have not been
crowned with the success they merited. The people near
Hoddam can repeat "Lag's Elegy," which is the only piece of
Covenanting poetry in request here,—the composer having
been schoolmaster at Lockerby, and the hero of his muse
much detested by the vulgar.² My nurse used to tell me
that Sir Robert Grierson was in hell before his death, for
in his mortal agonies his feet made the water boil in which
they were bathed. Our oracles of ancient poetry in this part
of the world have been dumb since the decease of Burns and

¹ Hon. James Hewitt, B.A., Christ Church, third Viscount Lifford; died 1855.

² See that excellent monograph 'The Laird of Lag,' pp. 154-173. By Lieut.-Col. A. Fergusson. Edinburgh, 1885.

Dr Clapperton of Lochmaben. The latter, however, was wont to deceive in his responses, being apt to forge; and I have a poem ycleped the "Bedesman of Nithside," a very poor production, which was supposed to be written by him in order to cheat antiquarians. This he always denied, and threw the fault on Mr Riddell of Carse, who was crazy in those matters, and wished to retaliate a deceit which had been often put upon himself. The son of Dr Clapperton has none of his father's poetical remains; and the only person I can hear of who was able to sing the Covenanting ballads was a servant of my uncle, Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick, who hath long passed *the bourne*, and I trust is now in that region where Whigs are far from being plenty. I paid a visit to the sibyl of Ecclefechan, who strongly resembles the witch of Panzoust in Rabelais, and found her memory and her poems equally bad: she could repeat nothing but the common ballads which are to be met with in every collection. I chanced to hear of a poem in the possession of a Mr Bell, called the "Duke o' Milk," and procured a reading of it with some difficulty, as *Mr Bell* hath the impudence to make a favour of showing it to any one; but the "Duke" is a foolish imitation of Hardyknute, with perhaps some ancient lines here and there—"rari nantes in gurgite vasto"—the whole only worthy the estimation of such a person as its possessor. Well, after bearing all these disappointments with little patience—for I cannot boast of a Job or patient Countess among my ancestors—I strove to comfort myself with your approbation of "Lord Herries,"¹ which you express in such flattering terms. Your corrections are perfectly just, and I beg that you may make what others seem good unto you without ceremony, as I must grant implicit faith to the criticisms of the author of "Count Albert," "The Baron of Smailholme," and "Glenfinlas." Tho' my sorry stuff is not worthy your publication, yet it will gratify my vanity

¹ "Lord Herries, his Complaint: a Fragment, by C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe."—*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. iv.

much to see it there; and, according to your desire, I will relate the tradition concerning Repentance, and try to describe its situation. The old people say that a certain Lord Herries, but at what period he lived they cannot tell, was famous among the famed of those who were wont to rob and steal ("convey, the wise it call"). That this *lord* returning from England with many prisoners whom he had unlawfully enthralled, was overtaken by a storm while passing the Solway Firth, and that, to relieve his boat, he cut all their throats, and threw them into the sea. Feeling great qualms of conscience for his crime, he built a square tower on an eminence near his castle of Hoddam, and carved over the door—which is almost half-way up the building, and formerly had no stair to it—the word Repentance, with the figures of a dove and serpent. Remorse and Grace, says Mr Pennant. Now it appears strange to me that Lord H. did not build a chapel instead of this tower. There was indeed a kirk near it, of which no vestiges now remain; and many people say that the story of the murder is without foundation. I never liked to talk to Lady Winifred Constable¹ concerning the crimes of her family. She might have known something of the affair, and since her death we have had no intercourse with the inhabitants of Terregles. The walls of the tower are eight feet thick, the roof is arched, and on the top was a fire-pan to give notice to the country of the inroads of the English (I think it is called the watch-tower of Trailtrow in the Border laws). It commands a very extensive view of the *English side*, the Solway Firth, and Criffell. The ruins of Caerlaveroc Castle, and the little hill of Wardlaw, where was a standing gallows for the benefit of the English, are very conspicuous objects in the

¹ Lady Winifred Constable was granddaughter of the Earl of Nithsdale, attainted and condemned for his share in the rising of 1715, and of his brave Countess Winifred, who contrived his escape from the Tower. Lady Winifred married William Haggerston Constable, and was ancestress of the present Lord Herries.

scene. The look to the Tower of Repentance hath been much hurt by the vanity of Mr Murray of Murraythwaite, who hath built an ugly square mausoleum near, much against my will, tho' my father gave him stones to perpetrate the crime. If the nodding tower reserves its wall for Mr Murray's head, he will but suffer as he deserves. For the story of Sir Richard Steele,¹ I refer you to Pennant, who I think relates it in his second vol.; it is also told in a book called 'Scotland Delineated,' published at Edinburgh. You will receive in a few days another attempt of mine after the antique.² Being a lazy transcriber, I sent it to my friends at Monzie, who were desirous to peruse it, with an order to forward it to you; if you do not like it, pray tell me so plainly. I am never at all vain of my poetical effusions. It is full of thefts, and has an error at the very beginning, for Greyfriars should be Dominicans. You see that I *tak' the first word o' flyting*. As I go to Oxford the end of this month, be so good as direct to me at Ch. Ch., if you do not write till after that time; indeed I look with much regret to the period of your correspondence, as I fear my ability of extorting a letter after my poetry is spent.—I am, in great haste, yours sincerely,

CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

P.S.—Pray is the print at the beginning of your 'Minstrelsy' a view of any particular place? I wonder if Buchanan's Mary Beton, in his 'Valentiniana,' was Miss Hamilton's companion.

¹ Sir Richard Steele, while riding in Dumfriesshire, saw a shepherd boy reading his Bible, and asked him what he learned from it. "The way to heaven," answered the boy. "And can you show it to me?" said Sir Richard, in banter. "You must go by that tower," replied the shepherd; and he pointed to the Tower of *Repentance*.

² "The Murder of Caerlaveroc."—See *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. iv.

WALTER SCOTT, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

LASSWADE COTTAGE, 17th Oct. 1802.

I must not delay to express to you, my dear sir, how much I am gratified by your permission to insert the "Complaynt" in the 3d volume, more particularly as it is accompanied by so beautiful a companion as the "Murder of Caerlaverock." I perfectly remember the subject of that tragical tale, and taking your leave for granted, shall prefix it as it is narrated by Fordun and the Prior of Lochleven. I beg pardon for mentioning on the same page the wretched "Duke of Milk," of which I have no less than two if not three copies; but it is only to remark the difference betwixt a beautiful *imitation* and an impudent *forgery*. The latter class (*ex. gratia*, the said "D. of Milk" and the "Bedesman of Nidside") abound with an extravagant abuse of old words, and are, in fact, usually composed chiefly from the glossary of some old author, without the ingenious imitator being capable of discovering the proportion which the words requiring explanation in old compositions bear to those which are still in common use. Something of this may be observed in Chatterton, and in fact, such impositions are usually liable to detection from their out-heroding Herod. You will find a splendid example of this in some verses entitled the "Mort o' Lauch," if in your copy of the "Bedesman," as in mine, they are subjoined to that ballad. Bad as the "Bedesman" is, I think it must have been rather beyond Glenriddell, at least if I can judge from some of his prose compositions now in my hands, which are truly the most extravagant compositions that ever a poor man, abandoned by Providence to the imaginations of his own heart, had the misfortune to devise. To return to a more interesting subject, I am greatly pleased with "Caerlaveroc," which is in the very best ballad taste, and, unacknowledged by you, might readily pass for a first-rate minstrel composition. It puts me

out of conceit with some things I have been attempting in the same style, for in endeavouring to preserve the track of true ballad simplicity, I feel it difficult to avoid slipping into the morass of bald and childish doggrel, which you so happily avoid.

I have recovered three Covenanting ballads—"The Defeat of Montrose at Philiphaugh," "The Battle of Bothwell Brigg," and the preceding skirmish at Drumclog or Loudounhill. They are all, as you will readily suppose, indifferent enough, the genius of the sect turning them rather towards psalmody; but they will afford room for some curious notes. I have Lagg's Elogy, and am acquainted with the traditions of the period respecting most of the persecutors and persecuted saints. These traditions in many cases have extinguished the more early history of the Border feuds, tho' in themselves far less valuable. The effects and dregs of *Whiggery*, to use a word of those times, has left some of the worst impressions on the character of the south-country peasantry. I must not omit to answer the query of your postscript. The print in the Minstrelsy is intended to represent the Castle of Hermitage in Liddesdale, famous in Border history and tradition. It is very poorly executed, which is not altogether the artist's fault, for it was taken from a sketch of mine (copied by an artist). Now I was famous, when I drew at all, for making representations of houses and churches, which, if they were not geese and turkies to the beholders, as the originals were to the Dragon of Wantley, had at least a much greater resemblance to *thrawn* hay-stacks than to anything else. I am very grateful for the account of Lord Herries and the Tower of Repentance, which you have added to your other favours. I have read somewhere a curious debate about the mode of garrisoning that fortalice. The Queen's Maries are mentioned both by Buchanan and Keith. They were four young ladies of high family, sent to France along with their mistress. Their names were Seton, Beton, Fleming, and Livingston.

The two last are in the ballad exchanged for Hamilton and Carmichael. But the Mary Hamilton of the ballad is a creation of tradition; the real sufferer was a French waiting-woman.

Permit me, while I return my best thanks for your most acceptable correspondence, earnestly to solicit its continuance, and at the same time to regret that circumstances have not permitted me to return those thanks in person. I hope to hear of you from the banks of Isis, and ever am, dear friend,
yours most faithfully, W. SCOTT.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Mrs SHARPE, Hoddam.

OXFORD, *Sunday* [Nov. 1802].

As you have often flattered me, my dear mother, by saying that my letters afforded you some amusement, I had resolved never to write to you but when I felt the *sacred* flame of inspiration, in order to support my character as a scribe; but, tho' I do not at present exactly perceive the spirit moving me, I am about to epistolize you to-day, having full leisure, and this being a day of doing duty—'tis a very lucky circumstance when duty goes hand in hand with inclination, as in this matter. I do not remember ever being so much grieved to leave my friends as at the end of last vacation. When I first went to Oxford, the fear of the mail, and the Dean, and a thousand other villainous things, was before my eyes, so that self had then a large share in my sorrow; but now that the terror of the mail is much diminished, and the Dean ceased to be a scarecrow to me, the bidding adieu to my friends comes with a heavier weight upon me than I myself some little time ago could have imagined. People may flourish and talk fustian about friendship as they please, yet the slightest affront will often destroy it. Now there is a something in the tye of blood which cannot be broken but by the most

serious offences. On my way between Gretna-Green and Carlisle I came up to a smart coach-and-four standing on the roadside, out of the window of which appeared the painted face of the chaste Mrs T——. How could she consign such blooming charms to the cold embraces of a withered Doctor! . . . At Carlisle I did not find my friend Joseph, nor the civility of former times. I got a bedroom full of smoke, and a bed stuf with knotted ropes, to the no small annoyance of my ribs. The publican himself seems a mighty fine gentleman; and, in my opinion, the guts of one of his own mattresses tied round his neck would vastly become him. When we got the length of Ferrybridge, an ancient gentlewoman ascended the coach, who amused me exceedingly. She came out of the inn with an old man (who, she told us afterwards, was aged eighty-two, herself being seventy-four) and a young damsel. She kept up a constant fire of screams and scolding for a quarter of an hour before she got into the vehicle because her young woman could not get an inside place. And after clapping her arm round the old man's neck, and giving him a hearty kiss on the middle of the mouth (every one laughing at such a conjunction of mouldy beards), she scrambled up, treading on our toes with a foot like the hoof of an elephant. The young lady tript up the ladder into the rumble-tumble behind, where she sat with the guard, who seemed to pay small respect to her beauty, which, in truth, could not with justice demand much, for she had a pale face and a rusty brown Joseph on, with a muff by way of finery which had not as much hair upon it as the half of her aunt's chin. The old lady had a visage like a man's, with a black hat and blue habit, and was no sooner seated in the coach than there arose a stench enough to smother an Edinburgh scavenger. I could not at first imagine whence it proceeded, being an effluvia quite unlike that of man or beast which had ever assaulted my nose before, but at last discovered that it issued from a black earthen vessel, like a

greybeard in embryo, which she held in her hand, and which she told us contained some cordial for her neice, who had a weak stomach, and was apt to be squeamish when she rode in coaches. She informed us that the old man was not her husband, but had been butler to Robertson, the Primate of Ireland, when she was housekeeper. This gave us some suspicion that Mrs Neice was a nearer relation to her than she professed. After a little time she put her head out of the window and made the young lady drink a portion of the liquid, in which she herself joined her. But here began her troubles, for the men in the coach had the rudeness to hint that there was a little gin in the composition of the cordial. She flew into a violent rage, repeated every ingredient of the medicine a thousand times over, and declared she never had been accused of drinking in her life. This balsam of Fierasbras was soon exhausted; but the flask was a source of endless wit and mirth to the drivers and guards, and of great fury to the old woman. "Aye," cries one, "that's for the rum-jam, I warrants." "Noa, ye fool," says another, "it's but a little water to cure the bellyache." "Water!" cries a third; "I'd love to drink such water every day; our water's not so tastey hereabouts." The old woman lost all patience, and after calling them impudent fellows and saucey rascals, threw her flask into the dirt in a high pet. Near Lincoln we took up a Ch. Ch. acquaintance of mine, by name Fynes,¹ who was going to London, and from thence to Oxford. He was some small consolation to me in my perils, but was more tired out with his short journey than I was with my long one. After being crammed in the stage for a day and half a night, we both hailed the spires of Oxford with heartfelt satisfaction, and my weariness prevented me from repining at the badness of my bed—such a contrast to my Hoddom accommodation. Several of my friends have not come up this term, and I

¹ Henry Fynes, afterwards Fynes Clinton, author of 'Fasti Hellenici,' M.P. for Aldborough, 1806-26.

am in despair about Boyse. He hath committed a crime (by report), the greatest, the most foolish, that man can be guilty of—a crime which will imbitter the remainder of his life, and render him odious and contemptible in my eyes for ever. How can I write it that it may not strike you with horror! He hath done what is shameful for very young, or very old men, and ridiculous for men of middle age to do—he hath married a wife. I shall never be able to abide him more, with his dear rib, and filthy squalling devils of children. There are two freshmen here this term, who administer great comfort to me—my Lord Mountjoy¹ and a Mr Jones.² They are both older than myself, with voices fully as discordant as mine. My Lord speaks as if he was playing on a comb, and Jones squeels like Mosco at the sight of a whip. . . . Pray how does the garret-room go on? and how does Repentance look? It is impressed on my mind that I shall hear of the sad catastrophe very soon. I hope that

“The old temple nodding to its fall,
For *Murray's* head reserves the hanging wall;”

for richly doth he deserve a crush to his pride from that quarter, and the genius of the pile may thus punish him for his pitiful presumption.³ The College is overflowing at present, in spite of the absence of many of its members: two miserable servitors are obliged to huddle up in one sty, a thing scarcely ever known of before; and the Dean would melt an heart of stone by his lamentations for want of room. I think my cousin hath got the better of his worms, for he looks as fresh as a rose without caterpillars, and they say does not mine in his nose now so much this term as usual. I never can look at

¹ Charles John Gardner, Viscount Mountjoy, County Tyrone. Born 1782.

² Love Parry Jones took the name of Parry. Lieut.-General in army, and knight; M.P. for Carnarvon Boroughs, 1835; and contested Shrewsbury unsuccessfully with Mr Disraeli, 1841.

³ See *ante*, p. 145.

or speak to him without being ready to burst with laughter; and yet he is a mighty neat, pretty little, fiddling fellow, and exceeding finely bred. We have still fine weather, tho' rather cold, and the trees very green—but this is such an ugly country that the walks are not pleasant. Tell Ellen that Liggon¹ has come back, but is very cautious with regard to his travels, bating in the case of Mrs Carr, whose looks seem to have made a deep and lasting impression on him. I have got my Queen Mary seal again. I have hired a pianoforte, but neither the tones nor touch please me. They tell me here that I am improved in my playing, but I cannot swallow it. We are to have Miss T—— at the music-room to-night, who sings out of tune with a pretty mouth, which makes up for all defects at Oxford. Is the lovely Reid (*apropos* of defects) with you still, or has she rustled back to Edinburgh? I wish the reign of duennas was over at Hoddam, for I understand my Lord Perth's feelings perfectly with regard to them. But now I will have some mercy on *your* feelings, and conclude this long and tedious epistle with love to all at Hoddam Castle, being, my dearest mother, your most affectionate son,

CHAS. SHARPE.

P.S.—I have been two days about this letter, for I was interrupted yesterday.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Mrs SHARPE, Hoddam.

OXFORD, Dec. 12, 1802.

Whither, my dear mother, can Virtue have fled? The poets tell us that she resides no longer in castles and palaces, and this jade of Lochmaben hath convinced me that she is not to be found in huts and pig-styes. Was there ever such deceit heard of before! She deserves to be drowned in the midden-

¹ The Honble. William Beauchamp Lygon, afterwards second Earl Beauchamp.

hole, and then thrown to feed her own stinking hogs. Alas, this is a sad world! I beg you a thousand pardons for folding my last letter so clumsily. The truth is, I had no thought of cheating the post-office, because I imagined, in the amiable simplicity of my heart, that a single sheet of paper was still a single sheet (on the mathematical principle of two halves being equal to a whole, which the postmasters do not seem to understand) tho' cut and folded in any fashion whatever. Now I see my error, and also perceive that the said postmasters are "little better than arrant knaves." Again, this is a sad world! We are all busy here talking about Carey's preferment. He is made head of Westminster School, to which office is attached a salary of twelve hundred a-year, and the certainty of a pair of lawn sleeves in the end,—bravo, Carey! My friend Conybeare goes with him in the capacity of usher, which is a grievous loss to me. Indeed I am as lonely as a sparrow on the house-top, for Impey is gone to France, Newtown to Bath, and Fitzgerald to the devil—at least he hath forsaken me for newer friends, after the true Hibernian fashion. For the third and last time, alas, this is a sad world! My whole pleasure now consists in reading—I never play or draw at all. I amused myself last night with the trial of Campbell for the murder of your uncle, which, you know, I have been long wishing to see.¹ I think any one untainted by democracy must be convinced that the murderer deserved punishment both by the laws of God and man; and there are some little circumstances which give a high idea of Lord Eglintoun's sweetness of disposition, and make one regret his melancholy fate. Mungo's defence

¹ Alexander, tenth Earl of Eglinton, was murdered in 1769 by Mungo Campbell, an exciseman, who had formerly been an officer in the army, and whom the Earl had endeavoured to arrest in trespassing on his lands. Campbell refused to give up his gun, and the Earl was shot in the struggle which ensued. Campbell was convicted before the High Court of Justiciary, and sentenced to death; but anticipated his execution by committing suicide.

is written in a bad style, but with great art, and seeming knowledge of the law. Tell me in your next if you know who was the author. The attempt to prove the miscreant a *gentleman* in this tract is highly ridiculous and contemptible, as well as the frequent mention of an exciseman's honour: 'tis like talking of a Presbyterian minister's meekness, or a Whig's honesty. I have also read lately a little book, which Dr Johnson praises highly in his 'Lives of the Poets.' He says that a philosopher should read it for its arguments, a Christian for its piety, and a critic for its elegance of style. This book is called Bishop Burnet's account of some passages of the life and death of Lord Rochester, and is certainly a most charming little performance. It is very scarce; and I want to propose a new edition at the printing-press here, as it might do infinite service to our juvenile debauchees and free-thinkers. Collections are now wellnigh over, and I shall take flight in a few days, first to Stapleton's, and then to Hitcham. I have had one letter from Nell, which I have not yet answered, full of her pleasant situation—taste is everything—and I am glad that things have turned out better than she at first expected. The neighbouring academy will do her little good, however, seeing that the boys are too young to think of anything but sugar-plums and hobby-horses. I am sorry that my dear Repentance is not finished, tho' it will endure "the winter's rages," with its new coat of lime; and I am also grieved to hear that Tom Kirkpatrick¹ cannot stand the shocks of love with his old coat of woollen. If his lady fair chooses another mate at Monzie, we shall have him yield the Crow a Pudden, and his brother become Sir Roger,—Sir James surely cannot hold out much longer. I know not what to say with regard to the cheese-press: on the plea of rats and thieves, it should remain *in statu quo*; on the head of eyesores and nose-nuisances, it

¹ Eldest son of Sir James Kirkpatrick, afterwards fifth baronet of Closeburne; married Kirkpatrick Sharpe's second sister, Jane.

should certainly be removed. Stapleton writes me that Brisco and his papa are the greatest friends imaginable; but that poor Surtees hath made love and sustained a refusal—in truth, 'tis not surprising. I have a notion that he must e'en marry his maid, if he cannot be content to burn. But I will dedicate the other side of the sheet to Isabella, so must here conclude with the old story of your affectionate son,

CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

E. B. IMPEY TO C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

PARIS, *ce premier Janvier* 1803.

Je ne puis mieux commencer cette anné, mon bon ami, qu'en vous en faisant les compliments; je me flatte que vous m'en saurez gré, puisque vous habitez dans un petit coin du monde ou l'on fait encore plus grand cas de toutes les anciennes coutumes qu'à Paris: mais cela reviendra peutêtre, voici par exemple ce Monsieur, qui va établir tout-de-suite un ordre de mérite, dont les initiés se parerent de son étoile. En attendant au lieu d'une pauvre cour de St James, on en voit ici trois; chaque Consul a son jour de cercle prescrit, ou il étale toute la splendeur royale; mais c'est plus fort encore, car le premier d'eux, comme le bon Grincalo de Shakespeare, se fait le roi même sur les autres deux. Ne vous deplaise mes bons Messieurs de la poste, tout cela ne dit pas en plaisanterie, mais au contraire en part de louange, car j'aime bien la magnificence soit par gout, soit par politique. J'assistai, il y peu de jours, au cercle du Citoyen Consul le Brun, dans un habit de velours, tenez, et une bourse à cheveux: ne voudriez vous bien, mon ami, que vous m'eussiez vu dans cet harnois-là? Apropos du citoyen—c'est un mot qui ne s'applique guères qu'en terme de cérémonie aux premières personnes de l'état—n'est il pas plaisant; que l'on a fait naître aujourd'hui une espèce de titre, de l'expression même dont on s'était servi d'abord pour egaliser

tout le monde? Mais laissons là ce badinage. . . . Vous m'avez fort bien plaisanté sur mille rapports. Je n'y ajouterai point de peur de toucher à ce qui me paroît une pièce achevée, ainsi je ne me moquerai pas du chapeau à trois cornes que l'on vient d'accorder au mérite du Docteur, ni de celui encore plus grand de nos trois heroes de Tonnère, ni des pleurs de notre Alma mater sur la perte de son plus cher enfant, ni de votre petite Marie, ni du trou, ni de l'aiguille (quelque ce soit) qui l'a *racommodé*. Mon dieu, que vous me faites rougir de ces sottises-là! Parlons d'autres affaires. Vous me demandez des nouvelles de la Venus—on l'attend encore au Muséum; mais dès que la Déesse sera debalée, je lui rendrai mes devoirs, je ne reponds pas que j'aurai la hardiesse de vous en depeindre les appas par ce que je me trouverais sans doute audessous de mon sujet. En fin, je n'ai point d'autres nouvelles pour vous divertir autant que vous m'avez-fait, mais que cela ne vous empêche pas de me mander tout ce qui s'est passé chez votre frère et My Lady Stapleton pendant ces jours de fête: pour moi, j'assiste aux bals, aux conversations, aux spectacles, je n'y trouve pas pourtant assez d'agrément pour m'empêcher de vouloir rejoindre mes amis à Oxford.

“ Virtutem incolumem odimus
Sublatam ex oculis quarimus invidi.”

Je ne lis que les lettres de Madame Sevigné, ce sont vos conseils qui m'ont conduit à ce choix, et je vous dois mille remerciemens pour le plaisir que j'en retire. Avec d'aussi bons modèles que ces œuvres m'ont offert, et ceux que je trouve auprès de vous combien ne dois-je pas espérer de me former promptement dans ce genre d'écrire? Mais serieusement je trouve tant d'amabilité dans votre lettre, que je ne cesse pas d'en désirer davantage. Puissiez-vous de votre coté avoir du plaisir à m'en accorder, et à me croire toujours à vous. Adieu. Vous avez toujours mon adresse.

Votre fidèle ami,

E. B. IMPEY.

R. H. INGLIS, Esq.,¹ to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

CH. CH., *Wednesday Morn.* [Feb. 1803.]

DEAR SHARPE,—I am much obliged to you for allowing me to copy “Fair Julian.”² While I return the original, I cannot but own myself flattered by the intimacy in which I have lived with its author. We shall meet in Lent.—Believe me, dear Sharpe, yours sincerely,

ROBT. HARRY INGLIS.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Miss ISABELLA SHARPE, Hoddam.

OXFORD, *Feb.* 11, 1803.

I am afraid, my dear, that you have thought my delay in the performance of my promise with regard to writing very unkind. The truth is, I resolved to send you a long letter, but have never till now found time (or rather *made* time) to write such a thing, having my head and every other part about me taken up entirely with the business of the schools.

But now, getting a little respite from such tedious occupations, I must thank you for your epistle, which really gave me great satisfaction on many accounts; but I perceived in the Kirkpatrick article that my aunt had exactly done the thing I feared—that she had entirely forgotten the questions she was desired to ask Sir James concerning the murder of Caerlaveroc. Swift says that women are like sieves, and truly I begin to fear that there is some justice in his simile. My Xmas gambols were a great mixture of gay and grave:

¹ Afterwards Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart. Born 1786; succeeded Sir Robert Peel in 1828 as Member for Oxford University, for which he sat until 1853; died 1855.

² “The Lord Clifford’s song on Fair Julian.”—See Etchings by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, p. 68.

on the whole, merrier than I expected, thanks to my Lord Thomond¹ and Miss Sally H——. The first day we dined at Taplow Court the company were exceedingly diverting,—the old lord, a foolish and troublesome compound of Ireland and France, bawling and bustling about after a most melancholy fashion; a Sir George Shee² (who certainly should rather be Sir George He), a vulgar-looking and most superlative dull fellow; a Dr G——, —but my respect for the cloth forbids me to enlarge upon him; Master G——, his son, who speaks like a cat with mustard on her tail; Mrs G——, his wife, and her daughter Mary—tripe and cowheel; an antient gentlewoman of the name of Crop; and a Mrs Stebbings—the two last with right worshipful long beards, in the style of Jewish high priests; a Mr Bruce; and, ye Paphian cupids! a Miss Sally H—— —but such a Sally! My dear, you have seen some superlative Sallies, such as Sally Douglas, &c., &c., but I'll be sworn thou never didst behold a Sally like this. She hath a face like a Banbury cheese in which the mice have eaten three holes—two as nostrils, and one as a mouth; then figure two bits of a broken bottle stuck into this said cheese by way of eyes, and Willie Hennel's old wig clapped on above them, and you may form some faint idea of the visage of Miss Sally H——, my Lady Thomond's³ toad-eater. Sally was wondrous fine, having flowers on her head and flounces round her tail of all manner of colours; and I really think that Sally is the most disagreeable jade I ever met with. Sally told us that she was surfeited with the gaiety and dissipation of London—doubtless the gaiety of Thread-needle Street and the dissipation of Cheapside—and that she was going to retire to the country for a little repose. I'll

¹ Murrough O'Bryen, fifth Earl of Inchiquin, was created Marquess of Thomond, in the peerage of Ireland, 1800, and Lord Thomond of Taplow, Bucks, 1801; died 1808.

² Sir George Shee of Dunmore, Galway, afterwards Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs and Minister at Stuttgart.

³ Mary Palmer, niece of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

warrant, to gather roses and tend sheep, and break the hearts of a thousand rural Celadons. My dear, there is nothing more ridiculous and debasing than affectation—it can even lower the little Miss Sally H——, my Lady Thomond's toad-eater!!!

The Col.¹ and I dined again at Taplow a few days after our first repast, and I then had a real feast in the conversation of the Bishop of Limerick, Dr Barnard. He was the intimate friend of Dr Johnson, Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and all the bright geniuses of the last century, and tho' very old and very deaf, you cannot be three minutes in his company without saying to yourself, "This is a superior man." He had an admirable foil in Lord Thomond (who doth not wear his grey hairs with grace), and I thought now and then was rather inclined to make game of his lordship. I believe you will find a character of Dr Barnard in Goldsmith's poem called "Retaliation."² Your remark on Tasso's copying Homer is a very just one; indeed, every epic poem existing is constructed after the model of Homer's, and with what poor success, human vanity is unwilling to acknowledge. It is a sad mortification to think that a poor blind man, in an age comparatively blind also, should invent a work so very excellent in every way, that no poet since hath been able to come nigh it. Virgil is nearest, but not near; and Milton is next; but, alas! how distant even from Virgil! As to Voltaire, with his frigid "Henriade," he is not worthy to be mentioned with such respectable names. His good friend the devil seems to have deserted him in this stupid work, as it could be of

¹ Matthew Sharpe, his eldest brother.

² "Here lies the good Dean reunited to earth,
Who mixed reason with pleasure and wisdom with mirth;
If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt;
At least in six weeks I could not find 'em out.
Yet some have declared, and it can't be denied 'em,
That sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em."

Dr Barnard was then Dean of Derry.

little service towards the overthrow of the Christian religion. Voltaire wished to conquer Christ, and I have often thought how seemly it would be, could his plan succeed, to behold in altar-pieces (instead of the beautiful and primitive figures of our Saviour and His disciples) a representation of this rascal and the other miscreants of the French Academy, with their velvet coats, bag-wigs, and villanous baboon visages. After you have read Homer, procure Dryden's Virgil—I believe they have it at Springkell—and after getting through that, repair to Milton. Thus you will have conquered the epics, and laid a sound foundation for a good taste in poetry in general; but above all *tuneful* productions of the English muse, I would recommend Young's 'Night Thoughts' to you. The book is excellent in every way, yet 'tis mighty dull for all that, quoth she. And now I will try to give you some account of a ball the Stapletons carried me to at Maidenhead, which, like many other pleasures in this life, I am more pleased to remember than I was delighted with whilst it lasted. We set off from Grey's Court, in a stormy night, at eight o'clock, to travel twelve miles, stopping half-way to sip tea at Mr West's, whose wife and family were also bound for Maidenhead. Little Miss West, aged about seven years, had been at the Queen's child ball at Windsor, and she entertained us during tea with a long history of her flirtations. She said that she had much the smartest partner in the room. O la! what a charming fine partner!—that he had given her a whole handful of sugar-plumbs, and told her that he could live with her in a hog-stye. You see, my dear, how soon "the young idea begins to shoot."

The ladies were terrified out of their wits for robbers, and perhaps *some* of the gentlemen were not quite at their ease on a like account; but no robbers molested us, and we got safe to the scene of action, tho' in fact, as the Irish Miss said of the ball at Dumfries, there was more show than action. A Miss Laura Vansittart was the belle of the room, and she fur-

nished the show,—a sad show it was, too, and had better have been hidden. I longed to say, “Fye on the filthy tailor that made thy stays, Van. ;” but durst not for fear of her partner, who was a huge clownish fellow with a pair of great rubbishly whiskers, and a long red nose like a pelican’s. He seemed exceedingly to admire Miss Laura’s capers in her dancing, as she contrived to exhibit a pair of legs (with, I must confess, very neat-laced silk hose on them) as much as heart could wish, and more than people of a weak stomach might desire. The English are the most pitiful bad dancers you ever beheld. The Honbl. Miss I——s were there, girls with pale faces and blue gowns—exactly like the blue devils—and with lugs (according to Neil Gow) of the most obtuse formation, for they could by no chance dance one step in time. In vain did they hop, and trip, and swim; in vain did their partners cry “Faster!” and they themselves “Slower!” to the fiddlers: it would not do; for, as the sublime poet says—

“What is impossible can’t be,
And never, never comes to pass.”

I had to dance with Miss S—— (*vide* the monkey with the knife in my bedroom), which went much against me indeed: she hath such a very, very long beard. If a hair ever stuck in your throat, you may imagine my feelings while dancing with her; if you never met with such an accident, think of castor-oil or a dose of Ching. How does the music go on? I expect to hear Handel in ¹ I can assure you. Pray pick out the prettiest of his overtures, and learn to play them. Give my love to my mother, and tell her that I will write soon; and beg pardon for me from my father for my delay in notifying the receipt of his draft. Have you sown the wallflower seeds above the door of the Long Walk yet? If you have not, do it as soon as may be expedient. Impey arrived from Paris lately, and is a great addition to my com-

¹ Letter torn under the seal.

panions—I will not say friends. But I am getting too old in college to be very comfortable. Newtown's disease hath become so inveterate that he will not go out anywhere; and tho' I preach to him from morning till night, 'tis of no avail. Fitzgerald is now so fine a gentleman that he keeps a horse (tho' he rides like the Brentford tailor, and this is well said by me, you'll cry), and a footboy of his own, too, like Mr Smith in 'Evelina.' Well, 'twas a lucky thing for him that his father was not hanged; behold the issue of college friendship. Stapleton procured the print of Archbishop Sharpe for me in town, and they tell me here that his face is very like mine own; but how that happens I cannot well guess, seeing that the good man was but a far-away friend of ours. However, 'tis not a bad face, and I am well contented to resemble an archbishop anyhow. Give my love to Cecilia and Grace, and tell them that I suppose they can now dance their minuets to any time, tho' as quick as Maggie Lauder. We used to have but sober work of it, with one, two, three, in a slow movement of Handel, and Peggy Begbie looking on. Thank heaven, we shall have no more Begbies. Art not thou much grieved? Give my love to my aunt, and tell her that I am very sorry I have not had the pleasure of meeting her at Hoddam, or at least have lost so much of her society by not being there this winter. Tell Nanny that my linnen is never well washed here, and that I am never so well pleased with it as when it is purified by her fair hands. And now, my dear, having bestowed much of my tediousness upon thee, I will conclude with wishing you good night (it is now near the witching hour of twelve), being your affectionate brother,

CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

I shall be happy to hear from you whenever you have time to spare. Tell my mother that if a letter she mentions in her last is *very diverting*, I beg she may send it to me. Some of my friends here are very fond of such entertainments.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Mrs SHARPE, Hoddam.

OXFORD, April 3d, 1803.

I fear, my dear mother, that you have thought me worse than unkind in my long silence; but from Isabella's letter I find that you have all been at Hoddam exactly in my predicament, and on that account hope for a little indulgence from you. The influenza has had hold of me for this month past in so dreadful a manner, that I really at one time thought I should never be able to wield pen again in this world; and tho' the violence of the disease is now much abated, I have still no use of my ears and very little of my eyes. I am quite wearied out with coughing, spitting, and blowing my nose. My ears are so good for nothing, that you might as well speak to a broomstick or the *Cheese Press in the Long Walk* as to me for all the reply obtainable. And tho' I have washed my eyes with every kind of healing liquid, from camomile-tea to the Duchess of Marlborough's eye-water, yet nothing hath done them much service. They weep so continually, that I expect shortly to melt down like Lodona in Pope's "Windsor Forest," and flow out of Billing's door to join the Isis and Charwell—nay, I have bespoken a cur and a string to lead me from house to house, with a "date obolum Belisario," or "Pity the poor blind." In the meantime I really condole with you on the affair of Knockhill. Tho' the Annan flows between the houses, yet to have such a nuisance so near is dreadful; but never let the fellow cross the threshold of Hoddam. Never allow even a remnant, a rag of that arch miscreant John Bushby,¹ to pollute our reverend mansion.

¹ John Bushby, Esq. of Tinwald Downs, celebrated by Burns in one of his Dumfries election poems:—

"An' there will be black-lippit Johnnie,
The tongue of the trump to them a';
Gin he gets na hell for his haddin,
The deil gets nae justice ava."

We well know that Mr L—— hath no virtues to redeem his connection; he is a low-lived, slanderous knave, and one of the leading wasps in the hornet's nest of Dumfriesshire. The spring is advancing fast in this place, tho' the weather is very cold. I am longing *a little* for the beech-trees and Corri's walk at Hoddam. And the dullness of vacation is at present in full force. Not one of my cronies is left, and many gone never to return. Fitzgerald (with whom I am now again on almost as friendly terms as ever) hath taken up his abode in town to be a learned Justicer and a member of Parliament. You would have laughed at my long lecture of advice to him the night before his departure—being a sage admonishment to stick to Ministerial maxims, and a philippic against Whiggery, with which he is not a little tainted. You would perceive by the papers that our cousin Miss Susan Macdonald¹ hath already passed the bourne—paying dearly, as fame reports, for her love of the fashionable mode of undressing. I do not think that a young lady is much to be lamented in such a case. A prostitute who expires from the disorders incident to her trade is certainly more to be pitied than the less delicate victims of such wanton exposures; and were more liberal young gentlewomen to feel such fatal effects of their unsolicited exhibitions, our ladies might perhaps regain in some sort that character of modesty for which their great-great-great-great-grandmothers were formerly so celebrated. 'Tis also said that she sung herself to death, tho' she had a bad voice and no ear. But any poet who chooses to write her elegy may compare her to a swan for all that. Miss Pitman wrote me an epistle some time since, in which she mentioned the General's² gratitude for the picture of Lord Mar, and the present of an helmet consigned into the hands of Jane. Now Isabella in her last letter takes no notice of this helmet,

¹ Daughter of Sir Alexander Macdonald, the Chief Baron.

² General Campbell of Monzie.

which, I think, she would have done had not Jane forgotten it at Monzie or in Edinburgh. If Jane hath done this fault, woe be unto her! This helmet shall cost her more grief than ever Mambrino's headpiece did the barber. She need not ever expect to wear a *mutch* in my presence again; and I will have her set in the stocks at Ecclefechan, with that thing on her head which the chambermaid clapped on Mr Liddesdale's. Pray is Repentance roofed in yet, or decorated with a staircase? I hear no talk now of the new greenhouse. No doubt my hyacinths are already in full bloom; we are overloaded with them here. I intend going for a few days to Hitcham, having a mind to see the pictures at Taplow Court again; and also think of paying my respects to Lady Stapleton, whose son hath been *sick of the nerves*, but is now better. Our Dean of Ch. Ch. is very much failed, as they say in Scotland. This quiet town is turned topsy-turvy by the villanous militia; and you cannot imagine anything more entertaining than a body of these Bullcalves and Feebles going through their exercise. Such sweating and swearing, and wheeling all ways but the right, with every now and then a swinging blow on some peccant's rump from the cudgel of the serjeant! Then they get drunk at night, and keep the streets resounding with the most unwonted uproars; and after all, 'tis said that we are to have no war. I suppose that Miss B— (you may fill the blank as your fancy leads you) is now gone, and that our young ladies are at liberty to be idle. How I shall enjoy our breakfasts and dinners with double relish in the absence of such harpies! Does Grace play as well as she did, and my pretty Betty as ill? As to Miss Isabel, I expect from her Handel's Overtures from beginning to end when I see her in July. But it will not vex me much if I find no new decorations of Sparr on the drawing-room mantlepiece. I will dedicate the remainder of my paper to the aforesaid young lady, and conclude with a petition to you of writing soon. Pray give

my love to my Aunt Smollett and all at Hoddam. (Oh that you could extract Lady Errol out of my Aunt Murray!)—
And believe me your ever affectionate son,

CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

I have tried oil-painting lately, but do not come on well at all; my music I have almost given up. Good boys should do nothing but read.

Whip Isabella for not giving me my Kirkpatrick on her last letter.

Rev. J. J. CONYBEARE to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

BISHOPSGATE CHURCHYD.,
Sunday Evg. [1803.]

DEAR SHARPE,—Your letter having been directed to Blackheath, arrived here too late to admit of any answer by last night's post. This I am sorry for, because, having discovered that yesterday (being a Saint's day) was necessarily unproductive of *Rhetoric*, I had determined on not returning untill Friday next at the earliest—possibly not till Saturday—par consequence you need not have hurried yourself out of my castle. As it is, will you give Dell notice of my arrival on Friday. My brother will remain here till the end of the month. I am sorry to say he has been very unwell the greater part of his vacation—not, however, seriously so. Now he engages his rooms at Green's for the whole of the term; therefore, if you are so inclined, he will be happy to lend them to you untill his return, with the usufruct of his books, &c., which may be a degree more comfortable for you than a lodging entirely destitute of all *intellectual* furniture.

I have not as yet seen either Copleston's or Drummond's pamphlets, but will get them to-morrow. Adieu.—Yrs. ever,

J. CONYBEARE.

My remembrances to all friends.

Rev. J. J. CONYBEARE to CHARLES K. SHARPE.

BISHOPSGATE CHURCHYARD,
Wednesday, 15th [April 1803].

DEAR SHARPE,—From one who is condemned to pass even the summer in the heart of this great city, situated exactly midway betwixt the silent sequestered retreats of the Exchange and the elegant environs of Tower Hill, you must naturally expect an epistle savouring much of the dulness of the atmosphere he breathes. Indeed I have so little news to communicate, that (had not interested motives had some part in it) I know not whether you would have heard from me at all. A pretty candid confession of selfishness, you will say; but nevertheless I shall make bold to prefer my request—viz., that you would perform your promise of employing your pencil in the delineation of some delectable subject (*or, if you please, subjects*) for the adornment of my new rooms. Though I was in doubt whether I should favor you with an epistle, I certainly intended to favor you with a parcel, till I bethought me that its carriage would cost more than its contents were worth. I got *in a compliment* the first number of Mrs Cosway's etchings from the Louvre Gallery: this I immediately resolved on sending to your worship, till the above-mentioned motives deterred me. I will bring it with me to Oxon. for you. It is in immense atlas folio, most superbly printed at the press of Didot. The etchings are on a most ridiculously small scale, though neatly done. The three plates contain near forty pictures, some so diminutively copied that you can scarcely see them with a magnifying-glass. To my great sorrow I just missed of going to see the originals with a uncle of mine who has spent many years abroad in his younger days, and wished to make the tour of France once more. By an unlucky accident I did not know of his going, and he did not know that I was free from my academic ties,

or we should both have been eager for each other's company. He has returned, and talks of going again next summer, when I shall accompany him. *En attendant*, I have amused myself with the perusal of some French journals, almanacks, and chansonnettes, and *may possibly* know as much of Paris as some of our friends who spend the summer there. I have employed myself much upon *that filthy* chemistry; and intend accompanying Kidd to Oxford some time next week, as I am perfectly tired of London, and not much inclined to accept three or four invitations I have had to the country. I have not heard of or seen a single Ch. Ch. man, except Kidd and Cholmeley. (I forgot that I met Bristow at the failure of Mr Barret's balloon, which you have probably read of in the news.) . . . I remain quiet, happy, and, above all, I have preached only once.—Most sincerely yrs.,

J. CONYBEARE.

Pray write soon, and direct to Christ Church.—John.

E. B. IMPEY, Esq., to CHARLES K. SHARPE.

PARK HOUSE, *April* 16, 1803.

It is the most difficult thing in the world to set down with a determination of being witty. I have already made five unsuccessful attempts to answer your letter in that strain, but find that humour, like Mahomet's mountain, will not come for calling. I shall therefore forego all rivalship of that nature with you, and repay by a very dull matter-of-fact letter, the abundance of entertainment derived from your — epistle. By the by, during my country recess I have discovered many very valuable rimes—to recompense that unfortunate one, which I fear will never cease to be a source of raillery for you. You will not be contented unless I give you some detail of our expedition, during the

whole of which, as you very rightly divine, I omitted no opportunity of fleecing my companion at every inn. But he had his revenge in performing the same operation upon me all the way in the gig—in this, as well as in the management of his reins, in which he showed great skill, and brought us safe to the end of our pilgrimage, toward the close of the day in which we set out. The scheme succeeded even beyond our expectation, for we found the place very little altered since our residence there. The ground on which we used to play, the mill where we fished, and the orchard we had so often been whipped for plundering, bore the same appearance as they did fifteen years ago; and, what surprised us more, the shops had neither changed their commodities nor their tenants—many of whom remembered our names, and reminded us of the events of our childhood. One old dame, in particular, produced a little glass vessel which Bentinck had sold her for threepence. They recollected me chiefly by my stammering; it was the first time that I ever congratulated myself on that accomplishment. I should be afraid of wearying you with this detail were there not something in contemplation of this kind peculiarly delightful to minds of so romantic and visionary a mould as yours. We were so deeply imprest with it ourselves, that it inspired the following rhapsody, which, being a joint composition, I hold myself not subject to above half your criticism:—

*Diva, quam matrem Aoniæ fatentur
Virgines, Phœbi chorus, huc vagantes
Quo vocas—te Mnemosyne per arva
Nota sequamur ;*

*Seu larem circa veterem, et juventæ
Hospitas sedes, solitamque propter
Arborem—cujus pueri sub umbrâ
Lusimus olim,*

*Sive per valles libeat supinas
Ire, qua nobis taciturna Chelmi
Lympha, vesanum toties Leonem
Frigore mulsit ;*

Sæpe sub ripâ minus otiose
 Vidit incultæ dare prima Musæ
 Thura, vel vernos agitare molli in
 Margine ludos—

Heu breves ludos et amata frustra
 Rura, vos circa puerile quicquam
 Nunc, reor, spirat—redoletque puram
 Aura salutem.

At pari vi purpureum juventæ
 Lumen, et dulces rapit hora nugas,
 Debet et fato sibi destinatam
 Singula curam :

Interim vitæ meminisse lapsæ
 Sublevat præsens onus, et dolentem
 Mulcet oblectans juvenem, quod olim
 Luserit infans

Qualis ad matrem patriasque Thebas
 Ælipi proles rediens, vetusta
 Templâ respexit, vitreamque Dirces
 Flevit ad undam.

I am surprised that this happy expedient for patching up a letter has never occurred to you : it is among one of my most favourite artifices. I should have been well pleased had you adopted it, in sending me some extracts from your wine-party, which, no doubt, I should with justice treat with more indulgence than you. You are an excellent angler. You have diverted me so much with your complaints of *ennui*, turnip-juice, and influenza, that it is but fair that you should, in return, laugh at all my discontents, by which I am so thoroughly beset that I can scarcely at this moment refrain from tearing this letter to pieces in a fit of ill-temper. I am so fatigued with this vacation that I even envy you the society of Wrottesley¹ at Oxford. I have a brother here who is enough to tire the patience of Job, or of Grizzel as the poet

¹ Charles Wrottesley, son of Sir John Wrottesley, M.P. for County Stafford ; afterwards Rector of East Knoyle, Wilts.

says. He is lately arrived from shipboard, and where do you think I found him lodged in town? At the White Bear, in Piccadilly. This trait is enough to delineate his character; and I leave you to draw the most obvious inference from the captain's partiality to Bruin. I have seen Minheer in the insignia of his office, and am in doubt whether the cocked-hat or your cushion suits him best. The three Agars¹ are constantly in Bond Street, where they personate the respective characters of Tag, Rag, and Bob-tail. I have had one glimpse of Lawrence, whose addition to the commendations you bestow [²] head—has lately improved it by a prof [³] of hair-powder—which approaches it still nearer than ever to a barber's block. Have you finished his portrait? And what are your present speculations? Your design of the prose essay delights me; but I hope you will aspire to more originality than to consult so insipid an author as Secundus, your partiality to whom is as unjust as your prejudice against Terence and Plautus. The former seldom aims at humour, but, in the more refined province of wit and sententious morality, is unrival'd. The latter is no doubt gross, but deserves some applause, at least, for being the first among the Roman comedians who aspired to render his fable interesting, from a complication of plot, which the French, and afterwards the English stage, has brought to perfection, or perhaps extended too far. You are right in depreciating the wit of Martial: he is never more insipid than when he affects humour, which in a modern epigrammatist wd. be insupportable. His fort has certainly been mistaken. It is in his most serious productions that we must look for the best specimens of this writer, and then we find him neither deficient in choice of expression or

¹ Welbore Ellis Agar, afterwards Earl of Normanton; George Charles Agar, afterwards Lieut. 3d Regiment of Guards; James Agar, afterwards Archdeacon of Kilmore.

² Letter torn.

³ Ditto.

elegance of thought. So much for our wits of yore. To return to the moderns,—Coneybears refuses to meddle with Simkin; my son is equally averse to the mysteries of Eleusis; but Will Clargis will recompense all by the appearance he means to make in the rostrum.—Pray write soon, and direct to me after next week at Ibbitson's Hotel, in Vere Street, and believe me, in the meantime, your most devoted,

E. B. IMPEY.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Miss ISABELLA SHARPE, Hoddam.

[1803.]

I am much obliged to you, dear Isabel, for your last long letter, which found me recovering from this universal influenza, and was glad to learn from it that you are going on so swimmingly in your studies. You were *certainly* in the right with regard to the speeches in Homer—the speeches, in truth, being the most excellent parts in the poem; and I remember how much my admiration was excited by those of Nestor, so naturally full of his own exploits and the vanity and verbosity of old age. When I read the 'Iliad' in Greek, the first passage which much struck me was that where Helen is telling the names of the Grecian chiefs to Priam on the walls. She misses her two brothers, and supposes that the shame of her misconduct had kept them from the war; "but she knew not," says Homer, "that already the funeral mound was raised over them at a distance from their native land." This passage has inexpressible beauties in the original, and is very well translated by Pope. But the twenty-second book is my chiefest darling. The speeches of Priam and Hecuba, the death of Hector, everything in it, is divine; and Pope hath done most ample justice to the whole, even improving, in my mind, several parts of it. Priam in the Greek is vastly *too minute* with regard to parts of him which the dogs might devour; and Hecuba not only bares her breast, but holds out

to Hector those articles of it from whence he drew his nourishment when young. Now there is certainly something ludicrous in the idea of an old woman doing such a thing over a town wall. As to the labours of Master Ulysses, who was a crafty old knave, they do not interest me so much as the battles of the 'Iliad' (but many people like them better, and they are certainly replete with beauties); and one is diverted with Homer's representation of the character of Mistress Penelope, who was in fact an arrant trull, and decorated the head of her husband after the fashion of the other Greek matrons. I am sure that you will admire Dryden's 'Virgil,' as there is something in the story of Queen Dido very captivating to young ladies. She was fond of shewing her *new frocks*, and did not let them become mouldy in the chest of drawers; but a sly fellow called Æneas cheated her sadly, and she was quickly laid by herself to moulder in a rusty urn, after having made a huge hole in her bosom with her lover's sword, and gotten her corpse well roasted on a pile of faggots. And now, descending to more humble matters, pray is the wall-flower affair settled? I expect to smell the court half a mile off when I come to Hoddam; but you said not a word of the matter in your last. And is the clover springing in Corri's¹ walk in spite of those accursed black snails? I have got a great many greenhouse seeds from Stapleton, but fear that they will never have a place in the new Dubster Hall, of which we have about as good a prospect as the Whigs of the New Jerusalem. Tell Jane,² with my love, that I am in great quandaries about this Highland helmet, and condole with her on her unfortunate *couping o' the creels*; that I hope she hath not given rise to any good story like the Miss and her man John; and that, if she managed matters as well as she once

¹ Corri, a famous violin-player, was a frequent visitor at Hoddam, where the laird was himself a performer of no mean degree. Corri's rooms in Edinburgh occupied the site where the Theatre-Royal now stands.

² Lady Kirkpatrick.

did, when descending rather precipitately from the back of Lucy, I do not think that the coachman or the clowns could be much edified, or become squeamish like Habbie of the Shortrig; finally, that I wish she would epistolize me whenever she finds it convenient. Your new music will doubtless spur you on to diligence, at least for a little while. Pray practice Handel as much as you can for me. I have got some fine concertos of Correlli, very easy, which you will be able almost to play at sight: there is no filthy thorough-bass in them to puzzle and confuse you. I am happy to hear that my Lady D. is to be so near us, for I have a great respect both for herself and Fin. I cannot say that the news with regard to Knockhill give me quite so much satisfaction; but I hope my father will take care that the gentleman resemble old Hoddam's ghost, and never find his way over the river. Who is the proprietor of Newfield now? Neither you nor my mother ever answer half my questions, which is vastly tantalizing. Is Mosco in his usual loveliness at present, and do you speak as much stuff to him as you was wont to do? Finally, how does Mr Greig's son and heir thrive? Answer me all these questions in your next. Ellen is going to town to pay a visit to Miss Herries,¹ she writes me, and no doubt will make many conquests over the susceptibles of London. Yet I am in some fear that she will not get another sett of China ware in a hurry. Is the offerer of that sacrifice propitiated yet? This Love makes fools of *us all*. Mr Scott's third volume of the 'Border Minstrelsy' is wondrously long of coming out. He is a very tedious fellow. There is a new edition of Lady M. W. Montague's 'Letters,' with a great number of new productions in it, advertised in the newspapers, which I am very impatient to see. So much for *new news*.—Your affectionate brother,

C. K. S.

Give my love to my aunt K. when you see her.

¹ Daughter of Herries the banker.

CHARLES K. SHARPE to Mrs SHARPE, Hoddam.

CH. CH., 23d [July] 1803.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I was very glad to receive your last letter, which I had been expecting for some time, and happy to learn from it that this devil of an influenza had produced no very fatal effects at Hoddam. People are still snuffling and coughing here, the cold weather continuing with unabated severity; and the ancient generation hath been well-nigh entirely swept away from the face of the earth. There is not a grandfather or grandmother to be had for love or money in this part of the world.

I suppose you are at present enjoying the society of Lady Murray, which will compensate in some sort for much tedium from another quarter. I wish she had brought a certain thing along with her that you wot of; but you will receive a fresh annoyance very soon in my presence, as the term concludes at the end of four weeks. I intend to epistolize my father in a day or two concerning the route of my pictures, &c., &c., and to state reasons *pro* and *con* a longer residence at Oxford. The idea of leaving Oxford for ever is really exceeding grievous to me; but there is no help for that.

I went to Hitcham in the stage, and met with a surprising event between Henley and Maidenhead—nothing less than the sudden appearance of Margaret Brown, *alias* Mrs Wedderburn,¹ with her spouse, child, and sister Georgina, in a coach-and-four. There was a deal of exclamation of, “Stop the coach!” and “Where are you going?” and “When will you be back?” The passengers stared, the stage-coachman grum-

¹ Margaret, daughter of George Brown, Esq. of Ellistoun, Roxburghshire, married David Wedderburn of Ballindean, Co. Perth, who had succeeded his father, Sir John Wedderburn, in the attained Nova Scotia baronetcy a month before this meeting, and a month after was created a baronet of the United Kingdom.

bled, and Margaret scolded. At last it was settled that I was to meet them at Oxford at their return from Cheltenham, and the conference ended. Mr Wedderburn hath got a prodigious red nose.

I found the Col.,¹ his lady, and Ellen (by the by, when does Ellen return home?) in the old style at Hitcham—he not happy, she not well, and Nell so-so. There was also a Miss Lloyd there, an aunt of Mrs Sharpe's, an antiquated piece of affection, with a most inexhaustable fund of ugliness. The poor woman dresses up an old death's-head with bonnets and ribbons of every colour in the rainbow, and torments and goggles about with her poor jackdaw eyes, till you expect to see them tumble from their sockets, and fall like shot stars on the carpet; but she is rich, and the Col. is very imprudent in the rudeness of his behaviour to her. She is as fond of eating as her niece, and sillier than any Scotchwoman unacquainted with the *fair sex* of England can possibly imagine.

After abiding at Hitcham for a week, in the course of which we had a visit from Mr Herries, who is, in truth, a well-natured person, I returned to Oxford just in time to meet the Wedderburns—that is to say, the lady part of them, for the gentleman had proceeded to Scotland. I find Margaret not at all changed by her new situation, and enchanted with her child, which will be a fine spoilt bargain by-and-by.

How do you like the new war? Our friend Mr Cobbett was in the right of it, after all, you see; for my part, I never expect to behold peace again. Bonaparte hath murdered her. We shall have recruiting and volunteering and taxing to the very end of the chapter, with a swinging errata. Our men nowadays fight like young women in the field, and talk like old ones in the Cabinet,—nay, I verily believe that many of our women could both fight and talk a great deal better.

And now I am on this subject, pray tell me in your next whether the famous Miss Flora Macdonald is dead or alive. A friend of mine wishes to know her history. I think I

¹ Matthew Sharpe.

have heard that she went to Jamaica and died there, but am not quite certain. Dr Johnson says that her name will be remembered as long as courage and fidelity are esteemed virtues, and mentions his introduction to her at Kingsborough with much seeming delight; and she *was* an honour to her country and to human nature, and one of the many striking instances of how sadly the most exalted merit comes off in this villanous world.

But the heroine among the Tory ladies who interests me the most is Lady Mackintosh. The trick she played to Lord Loudon and his rabble at Moy was very clever and diverting; and the description of her riding with Charles at the head of the troops in a blue velvet habit and gold lace hath charmed me from my youth upwards. Ask my aunt Murray, with my love, if she can furnish me with any anecdotes or the extraction of this courageous dame. I know that she was seized at Inverness by the Duke of Cumberland's miscreants after the battle of Culloden, but can trace her no farther in any record.

I had a magnificent present made me the other day of a portrait, down to the knees, of the Duchess of Portsmouth, by Sir Peter Lely.¹ Ask Isabella who her Grace was, and whip her if she cannot tell you. It was given me by a Scotch surgeon here, a Mr Ireland, who hath made a comfortable fortune by his profession, and is a great collector of paintings without knowing anything of the matter. She is *very slightly* dressed, and seated on a rock with a crook in her hand, according to the fashionable style of painting at that time—not so handsome as one would expect, but most beautifully done. The Border Minstrel paid me a visit some time since on his way to town, and I very courteously envited him to breakfast. He is dreadfully lame, and much too *poetical*. He spouts without mercy, and pays compliments so high-flown that my self-conceit, tho' a tolerable good shot, could

¹ Now at the Rectory, Sutton Coldfield, in the possession of the Rev. W. K. R. Bedford, Kirkpatrick Sharpe's nephew.

not even wing one of them ; but he told me that he intended to present me with the new edition of his book, and I found some comfort in that. He also invited me to his cottage in Scotland ; and I promised him a visit with the same sincerity I practice in the affair of Mr Yorkston's dinners.¹ I do think that a little fib of this kind is a very venial sin ; only, when the ice is once broken, people very often sink with a vengeance.

I have been painting my cousin Macdonald's picture, as he hath gained my good graces all of a sudden by appearing at a supper where I was, very drunk. You are surprised. The way was this. He came in the company of several other youths, all tipsey, and showed more goodness in his cups than I had ever suspected him of. His friends were ill-natured, and behaved like blackguard beasts : he did nothing but laugh, cry, and shake hands with everybody. The others quarrelled with each other, and abused the scouts ; he only embraced a huge pock-fretten Welsh baronet, a Sir William Pole,² and swore he was the ugliest good fellow he had ever seen in his life.

Newtown has now quite shut himself up, and never goes out to wine. Not so my Lord C——, who will drink with any one, and moreover keeps a trull at a turnpike gate about half a mile from Oxford. I wish you could see this lord. His face is of the strangest outlandish shape, and he speaks as if he were articulating at the wrong end. 'Tis reported that the Dean is about to tickle his catastrophe concerning his turnpike lady and his other manifold disorderly proceedings. I only admire how his lordship manages to live, seeing that he hath not one farthing to rub on another. He keeps horses and curricles, and dogs and dog-carts, and gives dinners at the Blue Boar alehouse to all the rascallity of Oxford.

¹ A Dumfriesshire laird.

² Sir Wm. Templer Pole of Shute House, Devon ; born 1782, died 1847.

We had Storace and Braham at the music-room the other night, and I wished that Isabel's ears had been long enough to reach from Dumfriesshire hither. If I could only give up to her all the delicious and artful sounds that have penetrated my barren lugs, she would be able very speedily to play with all the modern graces and fal-de-ralls requisite for perfection. Is the sweet governess gone yet? or shall I have the pleasure of once more beholding her engaging countenance when I return to Hoddam? Oh the sad trouble of children with their dominies and duennas! Many a good dinner and breakfast hath been robbed of comfort by their harpy obstructions. Mister Grey, with his Presbyterian visage and Covenanting spirit; Miss Reid, with her silk coat and greasie golls; Miss Begbie, with her everything in the world: but to give her her due, she really is more tolerable than Jeanie Reid. That Jeanie Reid was the very essence of everything abominable.

And now, my dear mother, pray write soon. How glad I shall be to see you, and to tell a thousand things that one cannot scribble! How happy it will make me to be able to visit all my favourite trees, and Repentance, and Corri's Walk, and to show you my pictures and fiddle-faddles! Do not wait for my father's letter, but epistolize me when it may be convenient. Give my love to Jane, and tell her that 'twas lucky she did not forget the headpiece, else I should have made a sad ado. I have not heard from Miss Pitman for an age,—I suppose because the General is out of the way, and she cannot get a frank.—Your ever aff. son,

C. K. SHARPE.

CHARLES K. SHARPE to Miss CAMPBELL of Monzie.

HODDAM CASTLE [*Aug. or Sept.*], 1803.

A specimen of the fourth vol. of the 'Border Minstrelsy,' speedily to be published:—

"The following ballad was written down from the recitation of a middle-aged woman, by name Violet Roddick, who resides in a small cottage or hovel near Hoddam (which is spelled in old documents Hoddame) Castle, with no companions to relieve the tedium of solitude but an illegitimate indiscretion of her niece, and a lean tabby cat whose ears have been curtailed to impede her from catching goldfinches and other birds which are wont to render vocal the hedges of Annandale.

"Hoddam Castle belonged for some time to the noble family of Southesk, from which it devolved on John Sharpe of Dumfries, whose second son, Matthew Sharpe, bequeathed it to Charles Kirkpatrick, nephew of Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, or, as old deeds have it, Clossbourne, Kilosburne, &c., &c., &c. This accounts for the existence of the poem in the vicinity of Hoddam—the heroine being Lady Catharine Carnegy, daughter to James Earl of Southesk, and sister to that Lord, who makes such a distinguished figure in the Memoirs of Grammont. She appears to have been a dame of violent temper, tho' very few women, far less women of quality, could have preserved their minds unruffled in such trying circumstances; and in this respect bore no resemblance to her brother, who sustained his matrimonial afflictions with greater meekness, tho' he craftily attempted to help his rival to a certain French disease, than which there is nothing more abominable, bating French metaphysics. This Lord Southesk is said to have been a mighty fine gentleman, and spells his name Southesque (*vide* MSS. at Hoddam Castle), perhaps to please his fair spouse, who did not greatly admire her title, if any credit is to be afforded to the testimony of a contemporary historian.

"Might the editor hazard a conjecture concerning the author of this poem, he would attribute it to Lady Catharine Carnegy's waiting-maid. He is well aware that many profound antiquaries give the honour of ye composition to ye barber's daughter herself; and doubtless their opinion receives some



MISS CAMPBELL OF MONZIE.

colour of probability from the line in which the fair nymph, Miss Peggy (we may suppose her surname to have been Shaver), is termed 'the top of a' the town.' But then, on the other hand, allow him to urge, that when noblemen or others condescend to raise creatures of humble station to concubinage or matrimony, these ladies quickly forget, or pretend to forget, their lowly originals—*vide* Nelly Guffoy of Springkell, Lady K—k, Lady C—l, &c., &c., &c.; so that it is very unlikely that her father's trade would be even slightly hinted at in any poetical or prosaic effusion of the charming but frail Miss Peggy Shaver.

"The editor's reasons for supposing a waiting-maid the authoress are these—the style of the versification, and the elegance of ye *double entendre*. Waiting-gentlewomen have a certain peculiarity in the construction of their rhymes, which is very apparent in the foregoing vols. They think nothing of making 'man' chime to 'horse,' and 'dog' to 'cat.' So, in this poem, 'glen' agrees with 'hame,' and 'room' answers vastly well to 'een.' In the second place, waiting-maids have a rare turn for double meanings, owing to the perusal of play-books, and the frequent drinking of tea. And the admirable line in the chorus of this poem, 'According as ye ken,' could never have entered the imagination of any one but a waiting-gentlewoman. We need not point out to our enlightened readers its beautiful similarity to 'The thing you wot of,' in Shakespeare's 'Measure for Measure.' Some critics pretend that this work cannot be the production of Lady Catharine's waiting-maid, as the lady is mentioned in terms of little respect; but this can be proved a poor cavil from the system of cast-gowns, and torn undercoats, which oftentimes cause deadly feuds between mistress and maid. Which subject I will enlarge upon at the end of the poem, my preface having already exceeded the proper bounds prescribed for such soups and hodge-podges at the banquets of Parnassus.

1.

" O Errol it's a bonny place,
 It stands in yonder glen !
 The lady lost the rights of it
 The first night she gaed hame.
 A waly and a waly !
 According as ye ken—
 The thing we ca' the ranting o't,
 Our lady lies her lane, O !

2.

' What need I wash my apron,
 Or hing it on yon door ?
 What need I truce my petticoat ?
 It hangs even down before !'
 A waly and a waly, &c., &c.

3.

Errol's up to Edinburgh gaen,
 That bonny burrows town ;
 He has chusit the barber's daughter,
 The top of a' that town.
 A waly, &c., &c.

4.

He has ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
 He has led her through the room ;
 And twenty times he's kisst her
 Before his lady's een.
 A waly, &c., &c.

5.

' Look up, look up now, Peggy,
 Look up and think nae shame !
 For I'll gie thee five hundred pound
 To buy to thee a gown.'
 A waly, &c., &c.

6.

' Look up, look up now, Peggy,
 Look up and think nae shame !
 For I'll gie thee five hundred pound
 To bear to me a son.'
 A waly, &c., &c.

7.

'As thou was Kate Carnegie,
 And I Sir Gilbert Hay,
 I'll gar your father sell his lands
 Your tocher gude to pay.'
 A waly, &c., &c.

8.

'Now he may take her back again,
 Do wi' her what he can ;
 For Errol canna please her,
 Nor ane o' a' his men !'
 A waly, &c., &c.

9.

'Go fetch to me a pint of wine,
 Go fill it to the brim !
 That I may drink my gude lord's health,
 Tho' Errol be his name.'
 A waly, &c., &c.

10.

She has ta'en the glass into her hand,
 She has putten poison in—
 She has sign'd it to her dorty lips,
 But ne'er a drop went in.
 A waly, &c., &c.

11.

Up then spake a little page,
 He was o' Errol's kin—
 'Now fie upon ye, lady gay,
 There's poison there within.'
 A waly, &c., &c.

12.

'It's hold your hand now, Kate,' he says,
 'Hold it back again ;
 For Errol winna drink on't,
 Nor none o' a' his men !'
 A waly, &c., &c.

13.

She has ta'en the sheets into her arms,
 She has thrown them o'er the wa' ;
 'Since I maun gae maiden hame again,
 Awa, Errol, awa !'
 A waly, &c., &c.

14.

She's down the back o' the garden,
 And O, as she did murne,—
 'How can a workman crave his wage,
 When he never wrought a turn?'
 A waly and a waly!
 According as ye ken—
 The thing we ca' the ranting o't,
 Our lady lies her lane, O!"

Very slow, with much expression.

O Errol it's a bon - ny place, It stands in yon - der glen!

The lady lost the rights o'it The first night she gaed hame. A waly and a wa - ly!

Ac - cording as ye ken— The thing we ca' the ranting o't, Our lady lies her lane, O!

My dear Miss Campbell, this excellent song¹ hath left me little room to return you thanks for your epistle, or to enlarge on the subjects which it contains. I have put it up among my most valuable manuscripts, and I have no doubt

¹ In Aberdeenshire, where, in consequence of the connection of the Errol family with Buchan, the song was long popular, and continued to be sung among the peasantry until the early years of the present century, a different tune, sweeter and more plaintive than the music given above, was in vogue. The editor, some years ago, succeeded in recovering the notes of the Buchan "Lady Errol." The version, too, differs considerably from the Hoddam one, but has no advantage in point of delicacy.

but that it will make its public appearance some day, when the authoress and her spouse are in Arthur's bosom, and entertain the world as much as it hath done me.

As to the poem on the young lady's slip, I cannot have anything to do in it, as Miss Pitman will have informed you. But this I must say, that if young women begin to cry out, and bear children in the very public eating-rooms, they must unavoidably carry off the palm of impudence from the men (a sad reflection), as our sex can by no means perform anything at all comparable to that. In which respect they have good reasons to quarrel with Dame Nature.

You wronged "Peter and the Poneys" extremely by your suspicions. I really know not which of their parts was performed the best. Master Hay seemed to admire my triumphal car exceedingly; and if he questions me about it when I return to Ch. Ch., I intend to make a flourish and say—"A foul thing, sir, but mine own."

I am happy that my Address¹ entertained you, and hope that this song will afford you some amusement. Tell Bessie Mure, with my love, that I desire she may learn to sing it, and she and Luckie Flude will make it an excellent duett. I have got for you a letter of our cousin, the Duke of Rothes,² which is curious enough, and am happy in the power of being able to contribute my widow's mite to the Museum at Monzie.

My Lady Perth is a strange person to suppose that any one would take up quarters in her Castle without an invitation. The "Venison" anecdote is admirable. By the by, if you could procure me an extract of the Chancellor's letter containing the account of the death of Lady Kilsyth, with the date of the letter, and the name of the person episto-

¹ 'A Friendly Address to the Common People of Dumfriesshire,' signed Gracchus. R. Jackson, printer, Dumfries. See Appendix, vol. i.

² Kirkpatrick Sharpe claims cousinship with the Duke of Rothes, as a son of Anne, daughter of John, fifth Earl of Mar.

lized, I would be still more deeply your debtor. I have vehement thoughts of writing and publishing the life of Lord Dundee; and if I ever do make it out, the work shall be dedicated, with permission, to you.

I am much obliged to you for your good intentions with respect to the "General's Miniature" and "The Smoke Antidote." As to my "Oxford Miniatures," I suppose that I may find something like them in the originals when I go to the other world! but I never more expect to see Nell Gwynne or the Duchess of Portsmouth in this. O that vile jade Miss —! Did you ever hear of such an insult on account of a piece of trumpery that can only cock one ear? And to carry it so fair-fashionedly too! She is a very crocodile of Nilus. When a girl fails in fundamentals, as the old lady in the "Chances" says, I have done with her.

Tell Miss Pitman that I have been reading the 'Scots Worthies,'—a work which I would advise her, and you also, to peruse; that I have found in the old chest some more curious letters, and the trial of John Sharpe before the ministers of Dumfries, for adultery with Mistress Barbara Grahame. The lady confessed it herself, in a fit of sickness, tho' it is proved that she declared she wished all the curses from the beginning of Genesis to the end of the Revelations might light on those who called her—poor creature!

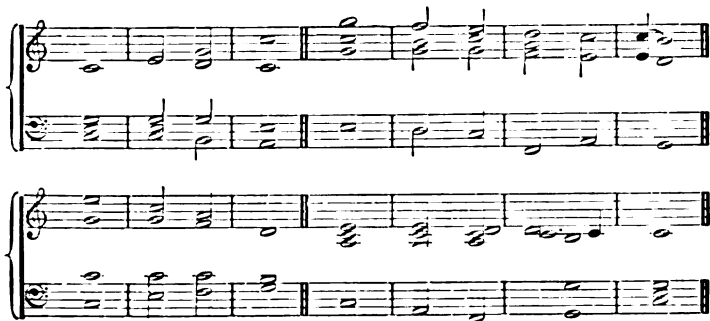
Put a little mustard, with my love, on Pickle's tail. I have got the prettiest cat, to catch the mice in this old rat-warren, that ever was seen, and have baptized her Clementina, after my Lady Perth,¹ to whom she is esteemed to bear a strong similarity more ways than one. With love to Miss Jane, I conclude.—Your affectionate spouse,

CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

HODDAM CASTLE, 17th, 1803.

¹ Clementina, fourth daughter of Charles, tenth Lord Elphinstone; died 1822; mother of Lady Willoughby de Eresby.

Here is a beautiful new Chant, by Dr Crotch.¹



I cannot find the fate of your friend the chapman in any of the old papers, but it was bad enough, no doubt, as the mercy of the one party was exactly proportioned to the obstinacy of the other. My mother, with best love, wishes to know how she can send a little present, for Mrs Campbell, in the most convenient manner.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Miss KIRKPATRICK, Clossburne.²

1803.

DEAR COUSIN,—I send you the book I promised to furnish, and also enclose a pair of scissors for the benefit of Oscar's ears.

These scissors I culled from amid the sweets of my antique cabinet. The antiquaries have many different opinions concerning them. Some hold them to be the identical sheers wherewith that ornament of good wives, Delilah, cut off her

¹ William Crotch, Doc. Mus. and Professor of Music at Oxford; afterwards Principal of the Royal Academy of Music; died 1847.

² On the back of this letter are noted the following memoranda: A Sir P. Maxwell confined for riot at the trial of Sir Hugh Campbell of Cessnock for treason, 1684. Cornelius a Tilbourne, a German mountebank and poison-taker, 29th.

spouse's locks previous to the operation of shaving. Others assert (and, in my mind, with more reason) that they belonged to Atropos, that wicked jade who spoils so much good thread, and were cunningly filched from her by Eurydice, who gave them to Orpheus before he sent her to hell again with a look. By the by, 'tis lucky for the ladies that husbands have no such power nowadays. I leave you to make a choice from these two owners of the scissors.


But they will crop Oscar's ears as well as they cut Sampson's hairs or Clotho's threads; and spare not those ears, I beseech you—the closer to the skull the better. Afterwards, if you please, you may employ the scissors on the lugs of all the other puppies of your acquaintance, and then lay them up as some small return for the antique fork, which is really an ornament to my rusty collection.


With best respects to all the family at Cessnock, and love for the antique brooch, I remain.

R. SURTEES, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.


MAINSFORTH, *Nov. 12, 1803.*




DEAR SHARPE,—I was only a few days in Ldon. after I saw you, and my acquaintance. at the Heralds' Office was in the country; so I left him yr. papers, and only a few days ago received the following account. Yr. coat of 4 quarters stands thus:—

 Or, a chevron betw. 3 leopards' heads or,¹ is the bearing of Sir . . Wheler, Bart. of Lemington-Hastings, Co. Warw., of whom the first baronet was Sir Wm. Wheler of Westminster knt. in 1660, Aug. 11.

(The arms of Wentworth, E. of Strafford, reverse the above—coat being sable, a  betn. 3 leop. heads or. Newport,

¹ This should evidently be sable.

Earl of Bradford, bore arg. a  gules betw. 3 leopds. heads sable.)

The 2d qter. is or, 4  fusils in fesse gules, and no such bearing is registered. Arg. five fusils in fesse G. is Bosville of Yorkshire; G. 4 fusils in fesse arg. is Lord Carteret; Arg. 3 fusils in fesse G. Montague; and several others differing in colours, but none like yours. The third coat is not entered; nor can I tell what it can be called, as there are two kinds of yellow on it, or rather one is orange, and in heraldry only one kind called or is admitted. I believe painters often disfigured arms by ignorance, and it is possible some of these may be assumed arms never proved nor entered by the heralds. 4th is or, a  cheveron S., fretted or inter 3  delves or turves sable; and here, agn., the fretting is orange-coloured and the ground yellow. This exact coat not to be found. The one nearest it is arg., a cheveron G., fretty or between 3 delves sable, borne by Sir Thos. Delves of Dodington in Cheshire as Baronet 1621, qtd. by Sir Thomas Broughton of Staffordshire, Baronet, now living. This is all the information I have got as to yr. first coat; and either the arms are not English, or else improperly blazoned or assumed without authority. Yr. other is certainly the exact ancient arms of Coleville of Northumberland and Yorkshire,—a very respectable family, formerly of whom Shakespeare makes one prisoner to Sir John Falstaff in H. 4. The arms are diff. from those of the Scotch Baron Coleville. An heiress of Jas. Colville of Whitehouse, Co. Pal. Durham, about the beginning of the last century married an Earl of Tankerville, and had several children. The quartering is Estriveis, a very old baron long since extinct. He has not returned me the description or blazon of these last; but if you wish for more particulars let me know, or if you will agn. send me these last arms should I meet with anything I'll send it to you.

I should have seen you at Hoddam this year, but was prevented by a great deal of trouble and nonsense of volunteering, &c. I direct to Oxford, as I suppose you are now there. I hope Stapleton has got thro' some of his difficulties—tho', poor man, I fancy he will always have a tolerable commodity of trouble of the same nature. I remain, yrs. sincerely,

R. SURTEES.

Shd. you be in London and make use of my name to Mr Atkinson, Somerset Herald, Heralds' Office, he'll do anything he can for you, and let you search any books you like; or Brisco¹ wd. go with you to him, and he is in No. 2 Stone Buildings, Linc. Inn.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to LORD NEWTON.

[HODDAM] Dec. 5, 1803.

Tho' I know your great abhorrence of all epistolary trouble, yet I will not make the slightest apology for the appearance of this—and albeit I am well acquainted with your extreme laziness, I scruple not to demand and expect an answer to the letter in your hand, with all possible speed, tho' that answer be as brief as the compliments of Mr Watts, or the love speeches of my Lord Cranstoun.

Happening yesterday to look over some old Scots newspapers of this summer, I perceived in the Dublin article the name of a Robert Latouche, Esq^{re}, who had paid the debt to nature in that city. Now, tho' I am almost confident that this cannot be your uncle, and my acquaintance (for whom I have a greater esteem and affection than he may imagine), yet I beg that you will make me easy in that particular, by a single line, directed *to me*, Hoddam Castle, Ecclefechan—by Carlisle; which will render me beyond measure obliged to you.

¹ Wastel Brisco, afterwards second baronet of Crofton Hall.

I would not have thus tormented you, had I intended to be in Oxford before X^{mas}; but I have been so ill of an influenza, which wellnigh carried me a longer journey without leaving Hoddam Castle, that I do not propose stirring till the beginning of next term; and I have no friend now in Ch. Ch. with whom I keep up a correspondence, whose tongue and pen I could make use of on this occasion,—besides, I love to have so good a pretence of conversing with you a little, tho' to the delay of your collections, and the wrathful indignation of the profound Barnes. When the last rebellion broke out in Ireland, and Lord Kilwarden was slain by the rascally mob, I began to imagine that my prophecy concerning your head was about to be fulfilled, and gave myself all the airs of a Delphian priestess or Sybil of Panzoust on the occasion—you must know that I am treated rather *à la* Cassandra in my own family—but I really was not much displeased in a little while to find myself fallible, tho' my interest in Hibernian heads is but small, extending only to your uncle's and your own. As to my other Irish friends, they exactly resemble the old Duke of Cumberland, whose body philosophers supposed to be enveloped in a poultice of brain, so that no want of reason or acuteness could be discernible from the loss of their pericraniums.

We have got Lord Moira here to manage our military matters, and all the ladies in Edinburgh are ready to break their hearts for love of him already—except my sister Jane, who dined with him at his Grace of Buccleugh's the other day, and came off unhurt; owing, she thinks, to a huge piece of roast beef, which in some sort protected her from the fury of his lordship's artillery. For my own part, I wish the French would come, and have done, for the people here keep such a devil of a drilling, that a sober-minded Christian can get no peace for them. Gentleman and clowns are at it from morning till night: the butler drills the footman with a cudgel in the servants' hall, and the cook-maid instructs the

flea-catchers with a ladle in the kitchen; nay, the very cows and hogs at the approach of a hostile cur draw up in battle array, in imitation of the two-legged bumpkins who are spoiling the exercise under every hedge in Annandale.

If Lewisham is at Ch. Ch., pray present my respects to him (I cannot condescend to remember the untufted youths we have the misfortune to be acquainted with), and tell him I intend to do his picture next term, whether he will or not,—indeed, after having taken the Peak of Teneriffe at Brazenose with my invincible pencil, I can despair of nothing; and Lewisham hath such a good Sir Joshua visage, that it is well worth an exertion of energies.

If this letter ever reaches its place of destination, I again entreat, hasten to answer it; and

“Hark, how I’ll bribe you—
Not with fond shekles of the tested gold,
Or stones whose rate are either rich or poor
As fancy values them—but with true prayers.”

And besides, when I am a bishop I will confirm all your children, tho’ they know not a word of their catechise.

With true esteem, I am, your sincere friend and ser^t,

CHAS. K. SHARPE.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Miss ISABELLA SHARPE.

[March] 1804.

You may easily guess, my dear Isabella, that the pleasure of receiving a letter from you was a little diminished by its dreadful contents; and that the Vice’s sweet compliment, and two or three other little *douceurs* you wot of, were but as grains of sugar in the bitter potion: indeed, tho’ I had long dreaded such a piece of news, my philosophy was for some time totally annihilated. My rage prevented my tears as well as speech. I sat upon my couch the very image of

despair. I could eat no more breakfast—nay, I felt as if I had already devoured hot coals, like the wife of Brutus, and that there was a furnace in my stomach;¹ but I quickly resolved to give vent to my heart-burnings, and I flew to the rascal Williams, prepared to shower forth those fiery embers on the head of him who enflamed them.

Alas! of what avail is scolding and noise? “A neck that is broken can never be sett”—a picture once defaced can never be mended. If I could have believed that my din would remove the scratch of Nell Gwinne or restore the tints of Henrietta, as the savages imagine that thrumming on an old kettle and pinching dogs’ tails till they squall will free the face of the sun from an eclipse, my lungs would have suffered much more than they did; but I knew the vanity of such transports, and was tolerably moderate with the villain. I told him that he had behaved like a foolish knave all along, that I would not pay him a farthing for package, and that he might think himself happy that a *prosecution* did not teach him more honesty in future.

After all, I cannot help blaming myself a little for not seeing the thing done; yet my negligence is no excuse for his rascallity—and I have one glimpse of consolation in my sorrow still, tho’ derived from the stupidity of Williams. He forgot to pack up the Duchess of Portsmouth and the portrait of Newport, so they are entire and safe. The Duchess was one of my best, and is so large that, had she travelled with the rest, she must have been totally demolished; and the likeness of Newport is precious to me, because it is twenty to one that I ever see the original again in my life: for the same reason I am in despair about the drawing of Newtown. By the by, Nell had always a flaw on her breast, owing to a piece of wood which had once gone across the back of the picture.

¹ “With this she fell distract,
And her attendants absent, swallowed fire.”

—Julius Cæsar, act iv. sc. 3.

Let me know where the scratch is, and what places of Queen Henrietta are rubbed. The latter was painted by Vandyke, and I have been offered considerable sums of money for it; it was the very image of Jane Campbell.

And now tell my dear mother that I am ashamed of my negligence in not answering her last letter sooner; but when I am sure that my friends are well, and believe that they feel the same confidence with regard to myself, I delay with silly *self*-excuses of much ado, &c., &c., what I know is my duty. This is worse than a weakness, and in truth a deadly sin in a person sensible of his error; but I am resolved to turn over a new leaf, and that very speedily. In the meantime I must tell you that we have had Oxford turned upside down on account of Mistress Lee.¹

She lodged in the same house that I do, and I verily thought that it would be pulled down about my ears—such crowding, and hissing, and shouting. It is a devil of a thing that a parcel of jades and fellows cannot caterwaul without annoying their neighbours. She is, to my mind, exceeding evil-favoured, with a bad complexion and withered lips, that look as if her breath stunk; and she confessed such unheard-of abominations as would make the most brazen-faced man—yea, Irishman—blush, with a consummate ease and assurance. She acknowledged herself a sceptick with regard to the Christian religion; that she wore amulets to protect her from love, &c., &c. The mob would have torn her in pieces had she ventured to show her nose after this; but she stole off by a back door to a common hack-chaise, pursued by the curses of

¹ See 'Cox's Recollections of Oxford, 1804: ' "At the spring assizes of this year, half Oxford—both Gown and Town—struggled to get admission into the County Court, to witness the trial of the two *Gordons* (one of them a clergyman) for *carrying off* the notorious *Mrs Leigh*. Luckily for them, her own unblushing evidence soon acquitted them of a *forcible carrying off*; and so, to the great disappointment of itching ears, the matter ended." De Quincey, then residing in Oxford, helped her to escape in disguise to a carriage.

the rabble and the contempt of the whole kingdom—bating that poor thing Lygon, who affects to pity her, shakes his head with a languishing air whenever her name is mentioned, and vows that had she not confessed it herself he could never have believed that Mrs Lee wore an *omelet*!!!

. . . There came a youth here lately who, I am sure, must interest my mother—a son of Lord Bolingbroke, and a descendant of the knave with whom she and I were so busy last summer. . . . He is good-looking, like the print of the first lord, and a freethinker with respect to religion, without knowing anything about the matter.

I lament the continuance of the smoke and of the idea that it is cureless: indeed such a thing is to me a serious misfortune, and the filth of our mansion really embittered my last hours at Hoddam, which stood not in need of any such addition to the soot of sorrow with which the thoughts of my departure blackened them. *Appropos*, I begged to know what was the cause of the more than usual fume, and my mother did not in her letter resolve me. But I will still assert that a cure may be had, as no house belonging to a gentleman of England smokes; and I will not have instances of Scots hogs urged against me, because they will live in a sty and make their pride imagine it a palace. They can sit in a mist of suffocation and fancy themselves Jupiters amid the pure clouds of Mount Olympus. Tho' my father and the sage Presbyterian minister pronounced sentence before trial on the Monzie receipt (which in a justice of the peace and a spiritual judge was exceeding improper), yet I cannot be persuaded but what it might be of service. Is the vault, my future dormitory, a-furbishing up yet?

I also inquired in my last letter if Dr Clapperton had sent a copy of the charter, but have heard no more of it; he should give the original, if he were not a beast. You need not give yourself the trouble to make any search after the murder of the minister at Carsphairn, seeing that I have found a long

account of it in an old book here: he was shot at his own door by a party of Whigs. But pray forget not Claverhouse, concerning whom I collect intelligence daily: I must search through the papers at Dumfries myself in summer, and try interest in Galloway to get at the Wigton records. In the meantime Gower hath promised to seek for letters from him to his brother-in-law, Lord Strathnaver;¹ and Miss Campbell is busy collecting for me in Perthshire. I am resolved to go through with the work now. Also be so kind as to exert every nerve to procure Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick's box. Urge on Sandy (for whom I have a much greater respect than for many of his superiors in rank and fortune) to pursue the tinker! I would give the world to have it here, were it only to affront Lygon. Pray get it for me, and depend upon it that I will always assist you as much as possible in your pursuit of tobacco-boxes, and in everything more essential besides.

I am glad that Miss Campbell liked your work, and hope that you may reap benefit from your present. She is a staunch friend and the best monitor in the world; and I am happy to hear that Jane and you have made up your foolish quarrels, of which doubtless you both now heartily repent. I never sparred with a common acquaintance that I did not regret it, and blame myself afterwards. There are large allowances to be made (and to some much more than others) in this peevish world, which we are often very unwilling to allow, tho', God knows, we stand grievously in need of them ourselves. And when these feuds arise between two people in the same house, they always appear contemptible to the unconcerned spectators, and feel irksome to themselves, however they may carry it off with disdainful state and indifferent airs, imported from the boarding-school and 'Bell's British

¹ John, fifteenth Earl of Sutherland, married Helen, second daughter of William Cochrane, first Earl of Dundonald. Her next sister, Jane, was married to Claverhouse.

Theatre.' Alas! we have acquaintances enough to squabble with; why need we contend with our own blood-relations? We have enemies in plenty to besiege us from without; why should we mutiny and skirmish within?

As to Nithsdale's sustaining a great loss of beauty in the absence of your friend Miss Emily, I really cannot say. Certainly there are a good many diamonds of a like, if not superior, water still remaining there—our cousin, Miss Mary Kirkpatrick, for instance, and sundry others. That Mary is a very paragon. I can imagine her sitting in the moss-house like—a toad in a hole, you'll say—no, a pretty wren in her nest. I can fancy her swimming in the river like—a newt in a ditch, quoth you—no, like a sweet young trout, or a sportive duckling. There is one thing to be said concerning Miss Emily, however, which may give her the palm above Mary, and most others—she contains a very hoard of fragrant odours within her which issue from her lovely mouth to regale the noses of all who approach her. Yea, I'll warrant you her lovers compare her lips to rose-leaves, and the fume from them to otto.

You were a good girl to plant the wallflowers and take heed to the other things I desired: we shall smell quite odorous in July. I am curious to behold the new avenue to the garden, which doubtless is much better than the old one—it cannot be worse. You have reason to be affronted in receiving no invitation to the balls you mention, as they appear to have shone with all the luminaries of the country; but we, poor mean people, cannot presume to mix with such exalted society. How can a family so contemptible that it hath scarcely had a w——e or a rogue in't (you know the common saying), pretend to associate with those illustrious descendants of the stews and the gibbet? No, no; we have always known our distance, and kept it with that humility which became us.

Tell my father, with my love, that I am wondrous great

with young Addington,¹ and that I intend to epistolize him shortly: add, that he need not dread a dunning letter.

So Sir William Maxwell² is gone at last, poor man. In truth I wish him well, tho' I had a poor opinion of his principles; and his heir is certainly one of those people whose fortune is much above their deserts, however he may please a set of jolly fellows bawling homespun toasts over a brimmer of wine. I hope the worthy of Crookhill hath not condescended to tread on our cabbage-garden lately, or hath got his bones broken for his pains. How does Grace's stool go on now? I hope the lions' mouths are in the proper places. I have never once written to Ellen since I came here, and cannot but blush when I mention it; but I intend to appease her, if possible, to-morrow, and also to scribe a little to Magdalene Murray,³ from whom a letter arrived with that of Lady Douglas. Have any books come from Edinburgh for me? I would advise you, if you can borrow or steal it, to read Southey's translation of 'Amadis of Gaul'—it diverted me exceedingly, and makes 'Don Quixote' go down with double relish. Give a thousand loves to all at Hoddam, and believe me, my dear Isabella, your affec. brother,

CH. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

Say everything kind from me to Nanny. You will have heard that Mrs R. is to leave Monzie. What will become of her now? You may depend upon it the swain will draw back. Miss C. wrote to me that she was on the eve of giving her up, as she was much too fine a lady for their humble habitation. Once more exert your energies about Sir Thomas's⁴ box, and forget not Claverhouse. Newtown goes from Oxford for ever this term, to my great grief. I have lived with him in much intimacy these three years, and we never had dif-

¹ Eldest son of Lord Sidmouth.

² Of Springkell; died 4th March 1804.

³ See *ante*, p. 85.

⁴ Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick of Closeburne.

ferent opinions on any subject, bating himself. I could not persuade him to see himself in the same light that I, and indeed the greatest part of the College, did. He is going to moulder away with an old peevish father in the terrestrial hell, Ireland.

OXFORD, *March* 18, 1804.

I found a letter from Surtees when I came here full of heraldry. How do you like the little picture of Hebe from Sir Joshua? Is it spoilt at all? Service to Mosco and the cat.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Miss ISABELLA SHARPE, Hoddam.

OXFORD, *May* 15, 1804.

MY DEAR ISABELLA,—As you remark, there really has been a strain of ill news in your letters lately, owing to that malignant star of mine which began to exhibit its influence about last Xmas, when a devil broke my decayed tooth. I may well say with Calista in your favourite ‘Bell’s British’—

“I am all contagion, death, and ruin,
And Nature sickens at me.”

But hang despair, ’tis of no use; so I am resolved to weather the storm, and set aching jaws, spoilt pictures, stray tobacco-boxes, and lost livings as much at defiance as possible.

However, do not imagine, my dear, that I give up Sir Thomas’s box entirely. By no means. And I would recommend it to thee to mount thy palfrey some fair morning, and take Jack as thy dwarf for want of a better (he being too tall, tho’, like the tiny attendants in ‘Amadis,’ marvellously evil-favoured), and go seek adventures in the High Tae and Lochmaben. If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain,—so go to Master Ellick, and demand what he means by this procrastination. Tell him

that he shall be hanged if he produces not the jewel of my uncle; but that if it be forthcoming, its appearance will be of more value to him than the mending of fifty old justices in the brew-house at Hoddam. In fine, leave no stone unturned to procure it—for I must and will have it—and do you yourself learn to stirr, and be of use, “which is an excellent thing in woman”—having always the examples of Lady Mackintosh and the Duchess of Douglas¹ before your eyes.

The rogue Williams did actually die a little while after my last letter was written; and his malady was of that grievous

¹ No debate, perhaps, of a like nature hath interested the world so much as the contest concerning the estates of the Duke of Douglas. The following circumstances respecting his Grace, and others connected with that affair, may one day be thought amusing.

Archibald, the first and last Duke of Douglas, was a person of the most wretched intellects—proud, ignorant, and silly; passionate, spiteful, and unforgiving. He possessed a handsome form, and was much about Court in the early part of his life, where Lady Jane, his sister, made a conspicuous figure, being a creature of much beauty and sweetness, and drew him into a duel with the Earl of Dalkeith, whom she jilted on a romantic punctilio concerning one of his former amours. This circumstance is alluded to in the papers of the Douglas cause.

Some years after this, Lady Jane commenced a flirtation with a cousin-german of her own, a Captain Kerr, of the Lothian family; and the Duke, who was as jealous of his sister as if she had been his wife, or perhaps thought that she was about to degrade her family (concerning which they all made a ridiculous clamour on every occasion) by an unequal match, resolved to get to the bottom of the affair. He watched the young man the night before his departure from Douglas Castle so narrowly that he saw him enter Lady Jane's dressing-room in order to bid her farewell, and, fired with the most diabolical rage, repaired to his own apartment, and seizing a pistol, waited untill Captain Kerr should return to his chamber, and go to bed. The unhappy young man had scarcely done so, when this fiend entered the room, and pulling down the bed-cloaths, shot him in the side with a deep and mortal wound.

A quarrel soon ensued between the Duke and his sister. Lady Jane left the castle, where he shut himself up, a prey to remorse and temporary delirium.

Her subsequent misfortunes are well known, and will not speedily sink into oblivion; but the enterprises and amazing success of her

nature that it turned his brain, causing him to rave and talk much about my pictures. He hath left a widow and several children in no very prosperous condition, as 'tis said, so I have a mind to be charitable, and pay for the spoiling of my goods, for "Scottish valour wars not with the dead"—and charity, like a winding-sheet, covereth a multitude of sins.

You give me small comfort with regard to Queen Henrietta, who, I see by your account, is totally spoilt. Rubbing can never be repaired. The frames, however, may be mended, perhaps. Pray tell me in your next if a portfolio sealed up with much care was amongst the paintings, for I begin to fear that it may have been stolen or overlooked, as Williams

brother's wife may perhaps be forgotten, when the race of people acquainted with them and with her has entirely passed away.

Margaret Douglas was a daughter of the Laird of Mains, and cousin to the Duke; she was good-looking, though not handsome, with an eccentric and coarse manner (not devoid of wit), a manly courage, and most enterprising temper. She resolved to marry his Grace, impelled by ambition, and a wish to mortify the Hamilton family, which she hated with all the cordiality imaginable; and, repairing to a small inn near Douglas Castle, by flattery and pretending to wish for his opinion concerning some law affair, contrived to get access to the Duke, who first sent her a love-token of an ancient piece of family plate, and finally married her, to the surprise of all Scotland.

On being questioned by some of her friends how she dared to wed a madman, she answered, that when she pleased she could be as mad as he.

She went to Douglas Castle to be married, in a hack-chaise, with the clergyman. When they arrived at Douglas Burn, it chanced to be *in spai*, and the post-boy refused to drive through; but the Dss. held a pistol to his head, and he proceeded. She was wetted above the knees, and in that pickle married. She related the story herself, saying she was a very dragged bride.

She brought down Douglas Castle, to make the Duke go to Edinburgh. Lady Jane Douglas is mentioned in Mrs Heywood's 'Utopia' in no very favourable terms. She was suspected of being prone to gallantry; and it was said that she had a child by Lord Mansfield, who afterwards proved so favourable to the cause of her son. There is a picture of her at Newbattle—pale, slight-looking, with blue eyes, and not pretty.—*MS. Note-book of C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe.*

did forget several things of nearly equal consequence, and let me know if the charge for carriage came to a great deal.

Give my love to my mother, and tell her that I am still as much in love with the vault as ever. The noise of the wind, which my aunt, who is not given to poetry, detests, sounds charming in the ears of any one acquainted with the subtilities of verse. And the dampness of the walls, tho' not to be cured by stoothing, is still liable to removal by means of canvas, which I think dried the windows of the dining-room. . . .

When Gower went to town last vacation, I desired him to ask Lady Stafford several questions with respect to some old papers at Dunrobin, and received a mighty well-bred verbal message of regrets that I had not been in town, and a polite note to satisfy my curiosity. She tells me that an old steward burnt a vast number of papers in her minority, which he told her were trash, not fit for her to see; and laments the present weakness of the feudal system, which prevented her for hanging him up on the spot for his pains. This note concludes with invitations to her dwelling, and the whole is written with an affectation of wit that doth vastly well in a woman of quality, tho' it would show poor enough from the pen of a plebeian.

And now I talk of women of quality, you give me vast pleasure by letting me know that my dear Lady Douglas is well; but I can by no means patronise Sir Robert Grierson's verses, which are in my vulgar mind exceding pitiful. In truth, his muse and that of our inspired Presbyterian minister seem sisters, and were their productions collected and published with those of the Duke of Dormont, who is out of sight the best poet of the trio, I think they would compose a very edifying and extraordinary miscellany. . . .

As to Mr L——, I am in sad distress. He is that sort of blackguard which is a very pestilence near any man's premisses; but I hope that some good fellow will knock him

o' the head in a drunken squabble, and then we shall have done with him, or that he may swill whisky himself till he goes fairly to the devil, after the fashion of his own and his wife's noble family.

Tell my father, with my best loves and respects, that I am a little nettled that he answered not my epistle; that I was ready to expire by the shock of some recent intelligence, from which I have scarcely yet recovered, as 'twas remark'd to-day at wine that I was inclined to bite off every one's nose in company; but that still one stroke, while the iron is yet hot (and, alas! how soon it may be cold!), might perhaps make me easy. Tell him this verbatim, and at the same time trouble not thy head to find out the meaning of it.

If you knew my daily misfortunes, my dear, you would really pity me. Shortly after my last writing, I was seized with the strangest disorder imaginable—so violent a hiccup that it wellnigh cast me into convulsions, and of such duration, that for four nights and three days I was ready to give up the ghost. I devoured loads of devil's dung rounded into pills, and swallowed hogsheads of musk draughts without any relief. At last an emetic was tried, and that answered the purpose. However, I did not recover my wonted health and spirits for a week after.

Well, on the tail of this comes a pain in my face and jaw, thanks to thine Ecclefechan miscreants, from which I am not now entirely free; and have the most agreeable cough in the world to boot, which never fails to wake me twenty times of a night, demanding liquorice and spitting-clouts in the most arbitrary manner. Yet for all this, I really have the presumption to encourage the hope of seeing Hoddam soon, a sight which hath always been the most pleasing to me of any prospect under the sun.

I think my mother was perfectly right in her interdict with regard to Kirkhill; for, putting love out of the question, a young lady who gets into a custom of sitting for days with a

sweet swain on every side to tell her of her beauty, often imbibes very extravagant ideas on that subject. Not that I suppose you, my dear, silly enough to be ignorant that you are handsome; but there is a great deal in hearing constantly even what one knows, and much more in listening to agreeable stories which have some foundation in truth. One quickly takes flatterers at their words, giving implicit credit to the whole romance of roses and lillies fading at the approach of a cheek and a brow, and rubies, pearls, and diamonds being eclipsed by lips, teeth, and eyeballs. Hence all the simperings and sighings and starings of many young ladies, who are resolved to show the gifts of nature to the best advantage, and hence many a tolerable face is rendered hideous by grimace and effrontery. It is to be observed, however, that these pitiful fruits of flattery are more apparent in the country than elsewhere, as young rustick goddesses hear less of their attributes, and therefore are more delighted with such incense when they receive it.

And *apropos* of this, I have often been surprised that my mother, whose beauty was once so striking, should so totally have escaped every flourish of affectation. Had she been as homely as my Lady Douglas or Lady M. Grierson,¹ she could not have been more devoid of airs and languishments. This is a grand cosmetick—a setter-off to features beyond all the Gowlands and Olympian dews in the world. Here hypocrisy is lawful. And in this way a woman displays after the best manner the charms of her mind as well as of her person!

When you write to Jane, give her my love, and tell her that I have refrained from epistolizing her, because I was unwilling to make her pay such enormous postage, and thought that Mr Veitch was not to be applied to but in cases of necessity. If she hath any spare time, however, that I hope she will bestow it on me, and let me hear from her.

¹ Wife of Sir Robert Grierson, fourth baronet of Lag, eldest daughter of the Honourable Alexander Dalzell of Glenae.

And tell me in your next (but neither my mother nor you ever answer me a single question, which is strange) how Sir James Kirkpatrick is, if my stool is coming on, and how Mosco and the cat carry themselves. I am pleased to hear that Mary M. (whom Wundy called Cloe, and my mother would have had Cloacina) hath got her true love. As to Miss Emily's nudity, it must be no cleanly sight to see. I would rather hear of it than behold it; and her aunt should be duckt for an old jade, who wishes to spoil the sale of emetics in Edinburgh. Give my love to my aunt, and to Grace and the Countess, and kind so-forths to Nanny and Jenny. I heard from Nell the other day, who has had sore eyes, and is in quandaries about our meeting in town. Adieu, my dear.—Pray write soon, and believe me, your aff. brother,

CH. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

I think the devil is got into that Annan doctor about the charter, but I will have that too. Miss Herries gave me a beautiful Roman candlestick, and Fitzgerald broke it yesterday. A touch of my usual good fortune. Let me hear in your next that you have got the box and the charter.

WILLIAM FITZ-GERALD, Esq.,¹ to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

DUBLIN, *Tuesday, 5 o'clock, 3d July 1804.*

MY D^R FRIEND,—I have this instant only alighted from a post-chaise, by the upsetting of which I was nearer to a vio-

¹ William Fitz-Gerald, son of the Right Honourable James Fitz-Gerald, P.C., and Prime Serjeant-at-Law of Ireland—which dignity he resigned in consequence of the Union,—and Catherine Vesey, co-heiress of the Vesey estates, who was created Baroness Fitz-Gerald and Vesey, 27th June 1826. William Fitz-Gerald became Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer, Paymaster-General, President of the Board of Trade, and President of the Board of Control. Succeeded his mother as Baron Fitz-Gerald and Vesey 1832, and was advanced to a peerage of the United Kingdom as Baron Fitz-Gerald of Desmond and Clan Gibbon, Co. Cork. Died unmarried, 11th May 1843.

lent death than I ever have been before, and have this instant only received your letter. It was forwarded from Cheltenham hither, and here it has until this day awaited me. The last-mentioned place I left ten days before y^r letter was written. I mean to sail to-night on my return to England, and tho' I am very much fatigued, I sit down to thank you, well knowing that if I defer doing it on the spur of the moment, my usual habits of procrastination will get the better of me, and I shall forget entirely to reply to you. I shall write to you on my arrival at Cheltenham, whither I am on the point of returning, a detail of a singular occurrence which happened to me since I saw you, and in which I wished much for your counsel, knowing you to be sagacious and chaste—two distinctions which I know not to be possessed by any mortal man or woman save yourself. I am to go on board the packet in about two hours, but I shall take care to send you Beau Fielding, if I can procure a Secretary's frank. I shall leave it to be forwarded to you at all events; and lest you should have departed from Oxford, I shall desire it to be directed to Hod-dam. Whether you receive this scrawl or not is of little import. A man who has not passed two days since the 12th of June in which he has not been travelling post or been at sea, who is at this moment suffering from contusions in his head and shoulder, would hardly sit down to write, were it not to prove that he can sometimes, *tho' rarely*, do what is right, and that he is not always quite as worthless as you imagine. I have just got a letter from Wrottesley.—Believe me, however, my d^r Sharpe, to be with true and sincere affection, y^{rs} ever,

WILL. FITZ-GERALD.

I also desire to be forwarded to you, what appears to me a curious little volume, and which I picked up at Bath since I saw you. Perhaps, however, you may have seen it often before. You are better fortified in all scandalous history than I am, or than any one I know. However, I send it.

MISS CAROLINE OLIPHANT¹ to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

PYRTON, 6th July 1804.

SIR,—Mr Buckle² has just informed me that you mean to leave Oxford Tuesday or Wed^y. at farthest, and wish to know my determination with respect to my journey. I think Mr Marriott said you talked of taking the Carlisle road at Boroughbridge, and I must go on to Durham, as I mean to make some stay in that county; but as in yours to Mr B. you did not hint anything of our being obliged to take different routs, I somehow fancied that you might possibly be still going by Durham, and relied on settling this point when you came here, both Mr and Mrs Buckle having been averse to my making any explanation that might have tended to prevent your doing so. I am a stupid traveller, and must have somebody more active than myself to manage for me with inn-keepers, post-boys, &c., so that the point comes to be whether I can have the pleasure of your company to Durham or not. If by any chance that should now be your plan, be so good as write by return of post, and I shall be ready, tho' a little hurried, to set out for Ox^d. Tuesday. Sh^d. you, w^h. I think much the most probable, be going the west road, I can only regret having given you so much trouble, and will avail my-

¹ Caroline Oliphant was born at Gask, Perthshire, 16th August 1766. Her father, a stout Jacobite, who had been "out" in the Forty-five, and who carried his loyalty to the Stuarts so far as to expunge the names of the Hanoverian royal family from all the Prayer-books put into the hands of his children, trained Caroline up in the staunchest principles of his party. She married, in 1806, her cousin William Murray Nairne, great-grandson of the second Lord Nairne, attainted for the rising of 1715, who afterwards had the family honours restored in 1824. Lady Nairne's delightful Scottish songs and poems are too well known to require mention. She lived until 1845.

² Rev. William Buckle, married to Grace, daughter of Sir John Stewart of Grandtully, Perthshire, who made a great religious impression on Lady Nairne.

self of an oppor^{ty}. from London, which has been proposed to me, tho' with secondary recommendations. Mr Buckle begs I will present his com^{ts.}, and, as well as Mrs B., hopes you will not be in this part of the country again without finding your way to Pyrton.—I am, sir, your most humble ser^{t.}

C. OLIPHANT.

MISS CAROLINE OLIPHANT TO C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

PYRTON, 8th July 1804.

I had the pleasure of yours this morning, and am very much disposed still to take advantage of your going so great a part of the journey I mean to take, especially as you have on my account lost an oppor^{t.} of travelling as you like. Mr Buckle desires me to present his com^{s.} to you, and hopes you will endeavour, by writing to your friends who expect you, so to manage that you may still be able to spend a few days here; and he bids me add, the *sooner* the *better*, w^{h.} will also have the good effect of accommodating the *Dean*, with whose humours Mr B. is well acquainted.

I am myself willing to hurry that you may not be detained, and will, should you really wish it, be at Oxford Thursday: but I own a few days later would suit me better, for many reasons; and one is, that the family whom I have promised to visit, in the county of Durham, have been sea-bathing, and write me they mean to be at home to meet me next week. I don't mean this as a *serious* objection, as I could let them know to expect me sooner; but if no *great* inconvenience to you, a few days later w^{d.} certainly be a great convenience to me, and gratify Mr and Mrs B. very much, as Mrs B. has often told me since I have been here that she was formerly acquainted with your family, and wished much to see you at her house. I must again repeat that by hurrying I *can* be ready on the day you name—w^{h.}, indeed, is more distant

than I once bargained for. I hope I have made my meaning clear, but have not a moment left to satisfy myself on that head.—I am, sir, *fearing* I have already missed the Post, yours,

C. OLIPHANT.

Rev. K. M. K. TARPLEY¹ to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.²

WROTTESLEY, August 31st, 1804.

DEAR SHARPE,—Your letter of the 19th followed me to this place, enclosing a draft for £4, 9s., and I am sorry I happened to have left Oxford before it arrived, else I should have paid Hitchings immediately, and sent you his receipt. But as it is fifty days after date, and I shall have some trouble in sending it to him, and getting the receipt for you, I shall defer it till my return to Oxford, when you shall hear from me again. I am sorry to hear we shall not see you at Oxford next term, especially as Lygon means to honor the place with his presence, and distinguish himself again, not to say in what way. Wrottesley, to whom I have delivered your message,

¹ The Rev. Kenneth MacKenzie Tarpley was the son of Thomas Griffin Tarpley and Catherine, daughter of Kenneth, Lord Fortrose, M.P., son of William Mackenzie, fifth Earl of Seaforth, who was attainted for his share in the rising of 1715. The Rev. Mr Tarpley was tutor to the Marquis of Worcester, with whose family he was connected through the Seaforths.

² This note had been opened at Hoddam, and sent on to Mr Kirkpatrick Sharpe at Monzie, with the following note, in Mrs Sharpe's handwriting, on the envelope :—

“Your father opened but read not a word of this last night. He had a letter from Sandy. Most of three months he has been on a cruise, he has been unable for duty by a billious fever. He is advised (he says) to come home, and hopes to sail ten days after his letter. He hopes I have been cherishing no My accounts yesterday of Sir Robt. Laurie is worse—weaker and more breathless. We mean to see him on Saturday. Much do we wish to hear of your safe arrival at Monzie. Offer kindest wishes to that family. Many, many loves to you and Isabella. The papers of Lillian did not come from Capenoch.”

desires to be remembered to you. He regrets with me your absence from Oxford next term. I left Oxford on the 24th The Dean was there and some few others, *quos nunc prescribere longum est*. I am not at all surprised at the reception you met with from the fickle Rachel,¹ but very much at your expression of *fair* daughter. I hope you will excuse a longer letter at present, as I have only to add, that if I can be of any service to you at any time, I shall be happy in so doing; and I remain, yours faithfully, K. M. K. TARPLEY.

Yours till death, till death does *cum*,
And shut us up in the cold tum;
Hang this in your cabinet,
For you'll not see me as yet.

Yours,

BUTLER, *alias* WROTTESELEY.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to WILLIAM FITZGERALD, Esq.

MY DEAR FITZ,—I remember that I once saw two or three volumes of the 'New Atalantis' in your study.

I feel at this moment a most vehement desire to inspect them, owing to a story I heard at wine, and very humbly request that you will be so good as send them by the bearer, if at hand. I promise, by Gosh (which is the most elegant and classical oath imaginable), that great care shall be taken of them. O most surprising prodigy! you borrowed the New Testament the other evening, and I am now seeking a loan of the 'New Atalantis.'

I hope that your sickness has left you, as, with all the apathy of a bachelor, a philosopher, a reader of Rochefoucauld, a monkey who hath seen the world, and a friend who hath

¹ Miss Burton. See *post*, p. 214 note.

been cut, I cannot help feeling some concern in your welfare. But alas! what is this to the sympathy, the attachment, of a Zachary Fungus, whose heart is as warm as the dunghill from whence he sprung?

“Sooner shall Sharpe, of manly voice and mind,” &c. &c.

Pray send me the book. And pray like me with all my faults, as I heartily love you with all your frailties, being,
&c. &c.,
C. K. S.

WILLIAM FITZGERALD, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

[1804.]

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am very sorry that I am not in possession of the 'New Atalantis,' having given it to La Touche on his departure from Oxford, and thinking it a bequest suitable to him.

In whatever character it is that you feel interest about me, I know the sentiment that excites it, and am equally flattered. In health, I am still very ill: without any asseveration very ill: no asseveration indeed occurs, except that which you have quoted, and which I will not use at second-hand.

To cure myself (a good remedy, you will exclaim), I have been to a lecture on Galvanism. I there saw nothing, . . . and I now come home cussing myself for going to see an experiment "*not three dam's worth.*" I am very sorry that I have not the 'New Atalantis,' altho' I dare say that La Touche may (in his present situation), sitting on his sofa, be amusing himself with Mrs Manley.—I am, ever my dear friend, most faithfully, and with great sincerity, yours,

WILL. FITZGERALD.

Was my counterpart agreeable? Did he resemble me in that respect too? I wish he had the headache with which I am cursed.

R. SURTEES, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MAINSFORTH, 20th Oct. 1804.

DEAR SHARPE,—I am afraid it will not be in my power to leave home this autumn, as I am engaged in considerable perplexity as a trustee for some of my friends whose circumstances have been embarrassed. I w^d have written sooner, but hoped that the beginning of this month I sh^d have been at liberty, and intended to have spent a few weeks in Cumberland and Scotland. Bruce has been here, and went to Carlisle or Crofton¹ last week, and I was sorry I c^d not accompany him. He said if he had a couple of days to spare he w^d see you, so it is not improbable you may see a lean Don Quixote figure, for he is thinner than ever, ride up to the walls of y^r castle and demand admittance. I have not been much in the way of obtaining any books, but have left a commission with Todd at York to lay hands on 'Lord Dundee,' sh^d he meet with it; it was in his catalogue 2 years ago, bound up with an acc^t of some witchcraft at Glenluce, and the dealings of a malignant spirit (I suppose a Presbyterian one) in Ayrshire. Perhaps you have obt^d Dundee or the other books by this time. I have lately renewed an acquaintance with a curious kind of character whom I knew many years ago, who is now resident in Ldon., and he occurs to me as being a very probable person to delight in a search for any out-of-the-way productions; and if you have been still unsuccessful, or wish to procure any other antique pamphlets, &c., if you will name them I'll write to him as for myself, and I think it may be a good channel, as he has, I know, a great indefatigability, and a natural love for the occult sciences, and being by profession an author, is of course in the habit of frequenting booksellers' shops.

I have got by me a thin vol. in 4to containing the Laws

¹ The seat of Sir John Brisco, Bart.

and Acts of the 1st Parl^t of Charles 2, held at Edinb., 1661. 1 Jan. Collected from the Rolls by Sir Arch^d. Primrose.¹ Most of these Acts are merely things, of course, to restore matters to the old channel. But some of them contain the names of commissions for raising monies in diff^t counties. I do not see y^r. name in Dumfries, but there are those of Grierson, Queensberry, Maxwell, &c.; and there are some notices of private Acts, ratifications, &c., w^h may give a little light into the state of particular families, but nothing very interesting; and you may probably, such as it is, possess it, included in some larger collection: however, if you choose, it is much at y^r. service, and I'll either reserve it for you, or send it, or as you chuse. Tog^t with it are bound up some of Oliver Cr.'s English ordinances, 1654. I have never met with anything else relative to Scotland since I saw you, and have only to apologise for troubling you so long about trifles. If you sh^d. travel southwards, and can take this on y^r. way, you will find me here I think till towards the spring, May and June, when I shall probably be in London, and hope in the course of the summer we shall meet. If you have ever any heraldic queries, I shall always be glad and able to procure you as much informⁿ. as the English College of Arms affords, or to be of use to y^r. researches in any other way, except in any design you may entertain of restoring the Pope or the Pretender, w^h. I shall always most certainly oppose; but you may write a[bout it] as much as you chuse, as I am convinced that the more the matter is inquired into, even by the most partial asserters of power divine, the more will the beauty and holiness of the Whig cause be made manifest. You perceive I have shewn my cloven foot at parting, but believe me, *usque ad sceptrum et aras*, yr^s. sincerely,

R. SURTEES.

¹ Lord Carrington, on the Scottish Bench, Lord Clerk-Register, and grandfather of the first Earl of Rosebery.

I have constructed a new room for my books, and have in consequence brought down-stairs into the room in w^h the books before were two couple of ancestors, both very ugly and frightful. I don't think they yield to Lady Southesk one bit, particularly the ladies.

Rev. K. M. K. TARPLEY to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

CH. CH., OXFORD, 20th Oct. 1804.

DEAR SHARPE,—Inclosed I send you the receipt of Hitchings for your bill. I returned to Oxford on Wednesday last, with Wrottesley from Staffordshire. College is very full this term, and there are many new-comers. Lygon was in Oxford last night on his way to town: he intends shortly taking up his abode here, for he and Miss Burton¹ cannot long live without each other. The *brown* Jack has not yet enlivened the quadrangle with her *shining* countenance, but I hear that she and the little Doctor² are coming soon. Lemon has succeeded to Lygon's rooms, and become my neighbour. I have not heard much yet from the Scotch tourists. They did not pursue their journey so far as was proposed, but I believe were much pleased with it upon the whole. Wrottesley has deserted our neighbourhood by leaving the *barn* and going to Macdonald's rooms, quite in the gay world. The vacation has passed like a dream, for we are now returned to the old routine of business: have just been to chapel, and some other dismal bell is tolling, with which music Oxford is for ever blessed or cursed, you well know. How you must enjoy the

¹ Miss Rachel Burton.

² Dr James Burton, chaplain in ordinary to the king, canon of Christ Church, &c., died June 30, 1825, leaving two daughters and an unmarried sister residing in Oxford, who is the Rachel Burton of the correspondence, and is sometimes denominated "Jack." "She was a great joke in Oxford."

idea of the taking up the Dean as a spy in the vacation! But what adds novelty to it is, that there is truth in the account, which is always necessary to give the finishing to a good thing, tho' *sometimes* neglected by the wags of Ch. Ch. I have only to add Wrottesley's kind remembrances, and that I shall be happy to hear from you if convenient, or to be of any further service to you in this part of the world.—
 I remain, yours truly,
 K. M. K. TARPLEY.

Rev. K. M. K. TARPLEY to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

WROTTESELEY, 23d Jan. 1805.

DEAR SHARPE,—I have been long without thanking you for your entertaining letter, and not having so good an excuse to offer in my defence as you had, unless the consciousness of my own inability to pay you in your own coin has hitherto deterred me from the undertaking. I was very sorry to find that two such good reasons had prevented your writing before, as the loss of a friend and indisposition: the one I hope is entirely removed long ago, the other I fear will not be so easily. I take the opportunity of being with Sir John Wrottesley to write to you, that my letter not bearing the heavy charge of postage may at least have that to recommend it. You must not even expect any thing very entertaining or interesting in my correspondence: if the things I relate, or my account of them, amuse you for a moment, I shall be satisfied. I have been in this neighbourhood most of the vacation, passing my time with my friends, than which nothing can be more pleasant. The vacation ended on Saturday last, on which day I meant to have attended the summons, but Charles Wrottesley,¹ who was to have gone with me, is confined to his room by a bad cold. I have

¹ Charles Alexander Wrottesley, afterwards lieutenant-colonel of the 29th Regiment; died 24th February 1861.

therefore delayed my journey a few days in hopes that he will be able to accompany me then. His name reminds me to say that he desires to be most kindly remembered to you. I am also desired to say that a perfect reconciliation has taken place between him and the *lovely* Rachael: he is even again admitted to the tea-table. At the explanation he took the whole blame of the cause of the quarrel upon himself, and did not throw the odium upon you. I was at Lewisham's a few days in the vacation: my sentiments with regard to him perfectly coincide with yours, for I believe there are few like him. I was in town also a few days, to which place the fame of the young Roscius¹ called me. I think he may be considered as the wonder of the age: my expectations, though much raised, were quite answer'd, and I was highly gratified at seeing him. I saw Macdonald in town: he has not yet comforted the solitary Sparrow,² but I understand the marriage is shortly to take place. I met Kinnoul's brother in town; he is gone into the Coldstream regiment:³ he always was a favourite of mine. Every thing went on much the same at Christ Church last term; Lygon enlivened it with his presence, arrayed in his long silken sleeves. But he did not acquire that additional weight of consequence by adding the B.A. to his name that he once expected. His failure at the examination table upset all his hopes in that respect. That circumstance calls to my mind always the fable of the ass being discovered by his braying. Had Lygon never subjected himself to such an exposure, he might still have been considered by many as deeply read in Aristotle and Pindar, *his favourite authors*, though you, some others, and myself were well aware that his acquaintance with those great men was

¹ Master Betty, the "Infant Roscius," had recently made his *début*, and was then one of the chief attractions of town.

² Mr Macdonald was married to Miss Sparrow, 1st September 1805.

³ The Honourable Thomas Robert Drummond died a captain, October 28, 1810.

very superficial. Smelt, G. Eden, S^t John, Bowles, Mr Lloyd, and Mr Chambers were admitted into the number of students this year.—My paper only leaves me room to say that I remain, yours very sincerely,

K. M. K. TARPLEY.

Earl GOWER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

[The collection of letters from Lord Gower bears the following docket: "Letters from my Lord Gower, eldest son of the M^s of Stafford, to be preserved to prove to my nieces and nephews that their uncle kept good company."]

CH. CH., *Feb.* 1, 1805.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I think you might ere this have found some excuse for writing to me, for I hear almost every post somebody or other saying—"I have received a letter from Sharpe this morning;" and, to tell the truth, for this last week I have been daily expecting one; so pray lose not a single moment, but set about writing me a long, long letter directly. I make no doubt this letter of mine will create no little surprise in you, as I believe you may already have found out that I am not particularly fond of letter-writing; but this very circumstance ought, if you have proper feelings, to make you answer me the sooner. Perhaps you do not know that I went over almost all Scotland last summer, and regretted much not meeting you, especially in Perthshire, for I left Blair only the week before the Perth Hunt. I hope and trust that I shall have better luck next year.

You had better seriously come to Dunrobin; and then, too, you may look in the charter-room if you can find any papers about L^d. Dundee. Is there any chance of your being in town (London) at Easter? What are you doing now? Pray send a sort of diary in your letter, that I may see how you contrive to pass your time. As for news, you must never

expect any from me; in fact I don't believe there is any, except that, coming back from a Grand Compounder, the Dean tumbled down in High Street; and old Burton met with the same misfortune in the old quadrangle, and was obliged to Goodenough¹ for helping him up.

Poor Wrottesley has been ill (not of a broken shin), and only returned t'other day. Tarpley staid some time to take care of him, but I believe the Dean sent for him at last, and he was obliged to return to his pupils. He is now the Revnd. I believe Mr Strong, Sir R. Brooke's tutor,² has your lodgings. You know, I suppose, that Mrs Batson is bankrupt. Lewisham's John is inconsolable. I have been buying some old, rare, curious prints this mornng., French portraits.

Lygon will come here in a day or two. Shall I say anything civil from you to him? Have you read anything entertaining lately? I am momentarily expecting the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' which I am very anxious to get, as I saw the beginning of it when I was in Scotland, and liked it exceedingly. Poor Inglis's shin is as bad as ever. I doubt if he will ever recover.

Oh, I must tell you that Lady Alva³ inquired a very great deal indeed about you in the vacation, and is very sorry on my account that you have left Oxford. Poor Murray, you will be sorry to hear, is very unwell. He has had, and has still, a bad cough—I fear somewhat consumptive. He is now at Weymouth, and does not come up till the end of this month.

Mind you write immediately.—I am, ever truly, sincerely,
&c., yours,
GOWER.

Pray do not criticise and find out bad spellings, as I am confined to chapel, and have no time to look over and correct them.—Adieu.

¹ Son of the Bishop of Carlisle.

² Sir Richard Brooke, Bart. of Norton Priory, Chester, died 1865.

³ See *ante*, p. 112.

1841

Dear Mother— I have just received your kind letter of the 10th inst. and am glad to hear from you. I have just received your kind letter of the 10th inst. and am glad to hear from you. I have just received your kind letter of the 10th inst. and am glad to hear from you.

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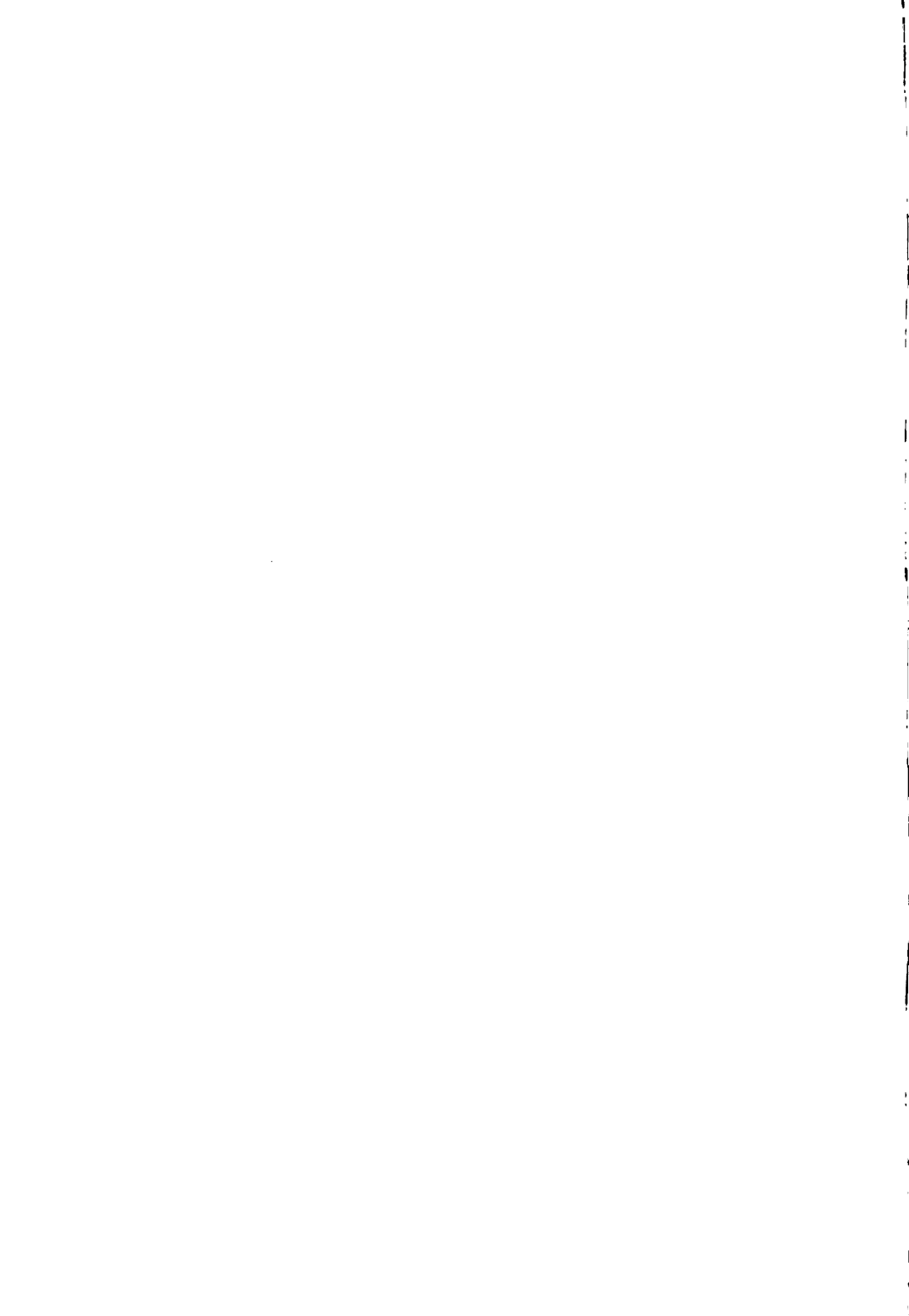
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1—Son of the late Lord Curzon.
2—Sir Philip Rivers, Bart of North River, the name of the ship.
3—See above, p. 102.



LORD GOWER.
FIRST DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.



Lord LEWISHAM¹ to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

CH. CH., Feb. 1, 1805.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—The virtue of economy, in which your countrymen have sometimes been said, by their facetious neighbours in the south, to excel, would have prevented many of them from expending so many apologies and so many kind speeches to obtain so very small a boon as that you ask of me in your letter. I had begun an answer to it on the day I received it (which, by the by, was long after the date thereof), and was informing you that it would not be in my power to refer to B^p. Burnet before next summer, his L^dship being locked up at Sandwell, and my father and all y^e family having quitted that place for the winter,—I was, I say, waiting all these circumstances, when it occurred to me that I might as well exchange a letter with my father on the subject before I sent you an answer, and I had this morning advices from town stating that my uncles have examined the notes you mention, and can find nothing about Lord Dundee. I am sorry my forefather does not afford any thing to assist you in your undertaking, which will, notwithstanding, I make no doubt, merit that success which it is my sincere wish it may obtain. I am sorry to find you have not forgot your old grudge against a brother Batchelor of this house, and that you indulge in a rancour which sometimes leads you even into glaring inconsistencies—for what can be a more glaring one than the calling that person a *Grandmother* at one time, whom at another you accuse of being a *Vestal*!

With regard to the encomiums you are so good as to lavish upon me, and the prospects you hold out to me, they do not, alas! give me the satisfaction I doubt not they were intended to afford, as they only bring to my mind the ideas of what I

¹ William Legge, Lord Lewisham, succeeded his father as fourth Earl of Dartmouth, 1810.

ought to be, and, I believe, might have been, if I had always seen things in the light I now do, and what, on the other hand, I am likely to be. Nobody, I believe, had ever so many advantages as I have had: nature gave me a sufficiently good, if not a brilliant, understanding, and the benefits of the best possible education, and the most excellent examples I have always enjoyed. If I am not therefore right, it must really be my own fault, and there do exist circumstances (I do not say so from an affectation of modesty) which are better concealed, but which oblige me to beg that you will not be too sanguine in your hopes of my attaining to the reputation of my ancestors.

I had a short letter from Newtown not long since, in which he said not a word about himself or his occupations. I fear he will pass y^o remainder of his life in some obscure corner of Ireland where he will neither be seen nor heard of. Murray is not here at present, but remains by the sea for the sake of his health, which I fear it will be necessary for him to pay great attention to, as he has a tendency to consumption. Gower is here, and is desirous of hearing from you. We expect a good many Batchelors this term, among them Hewitt and *Lygon*. I don't know whether it will be news to you that the learned Mess^{rs} Gaisford¹ and Conybear are now tutors here. Marsh, you know, is gone. I am under the protection of Webber, who will probably present me in the theatre at y^o commemoration.—Believe me, very sincerely yours,

LEWISHAM.

P.S.—What obligation you can allude to which is not mutual I cannot guess.

¹ Thomas Gaisford, who succeeded Cyril Jackson as Dean of Christ Church, was born 1779; died June 2, 1855. He is remembered by his edition of Herodotus, published 1824-25.

Earl GOWER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

CH. CH., Feb. 1805.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—Tho' it is impossible for me to write my letter in time for this night's post, I shall at all events have carried it so far on its way to catch to-morrow's by taking the opportunity of two or three of our friends having just left me to myself. A truce with all your forebodings and presentiments of a sudden and melancholy conclusion to our correspondence: I see no real foundation for any such.

Pray send me a copy of your poem on your Ch. Ch. acquaintance, the sooner the better; and *apropos* of sending, I have been thinking that a better opportunity may never occur for your performance of a promise you made me when you were here, and which to this time has not been accomplished—viz., a drawing. Do you remember the one you began for me, and found some idle, or rather, no excuse for leaving in that state? You seem now to have leisure, and if you have that and the will, there can be no possible reason why I should not in a short time be master of my wish. Pray let me know your thoughts on the subject.

I have at last read Walter Scott's, and like some parts exceedingly. I cannot at the same time but lament that all his books are so extremely dear, and in this lamentation I believe poor Inglis will join heartily, who buys them all from a principle of duty.

I have just received as a present two rare Scotch books—viz., Buchanan's 'De Maria Scotorum Regina, totaq. ejus contra Regem conjuratione, &c., &c., plena et tragica plane Historia' (never published);¹ and the works of the famous and

¹ This was evidently a copy of the famous 'Detectio' which, with the 'Casket Letters' as an appendix, was circulated by Elizabeth's ministers, and which was probably as much the work of Sir Thomas Wilson as of Buchanan. A translation was published in London in

worthy Knight, Sir D. Lindsay of y^e Mount, printed 1709. His "Dream" I think very good.

You cannot oblige me more than by sending me any verses, if ever you amuse yourself that way, and you may rest assured they never shall be laid hold of by profane hands.

There are a great many Bachelors up, and a great many coming, such as Stewart, Lygon, Hewitt, FitzGerald, &c., &c. My cousin Macdonald was here for two days at the beginning of the term. I do not know when the marriage is to take place. He appeared to us here to look out of spirits. He spent the greater part of Xmas vacation at the house of the future father-in-law, and has bought a house in town for himself, which looks as if he thought the knot w^d soon be tied—that fatal indissoluble knot. But as Sir D. Lindsay observes—

"Full hard it is Chastity to observe
Without great grace and abstinence:
Into our flesh ay reigneth till we sterve
That first original sin, concupiscence.
Wherefore made God of marriage the band
In Paradise, as Scripture doth record;
In Galilee, right so I understand,
Was marriage honoured by Christ our Lord:
Old law and new therefore they do concord.
I think, for me, better that they had slept,
Than to have made a law and never kepted."

I hear that you correspond with Drummond: it seems his grandpapa has got into a monstrous scrape.¹ God knows how he can get out again; from all accounts 'twill go hard with him.

Ch. Ch. is rather dullish. I could tell you, tho', anecdotes of Wilmot hunting, &c., &c., but I do not think you w^d care

1571; and a version in Scots, entitled 'Ane Detectioun of the Doings of Marie Quene of Scottis,' &c., was printed by Lekprewick at St Andrews in 1572, in black-letter.

¹ This alludes to the charges which were accumulating against Lord Melville, whose daughter Anne had married Henry Drummond the banker, and was mother of Henry Drummond of Albury.

much for them. Poor Lewisham went to town on the death of one grandmother, and after staying a week on her account, lost another, so there's another week for her!

Do not forget your Diary in your next: I shall only say I was happy to receive your last.—I remain, ever yours most sincerely,

GOWER.

Earl GOWER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

[1805.]

*"We understand Tom don't do much in the PRIGGING LINE now, being only a bungler, having got very lusty, and principally acts as a STALLER OFF OF THE SWAG, since the death of his PAL, SCOTCH MOGGY."*¹

SIR,—After having, according to your request, waded thro' many voluminous authors in order to find authority for your favourite expression "off of" to no purpose, I by chance (for I have not much belief in predestination) cast my twinklers on the inclosed, in one of the daily vehicles of ephemeral information, which I take the liberty, without loss of time, of sending to you for your perusal.—I am, sir, your affectionate and obedient humble servant,

ROWEG.

My hand will set you at defiance; you will never get thro'.

WILLIAM FITZGERALD, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

KING'S BENCH WALK, INNER TEMPLE,
LONDON, Feb. 24, 1805.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—So long a time has now elapsed since last I heard any tidings of you (and as I cannot advance a single pretension of my own, or claim the merit of hav-

¹ A cutting from a newspaper.

ing written during the whole of that interval, I cannot complain); but it is, in fact, so long since either of us has written to the other, that I feel somewhat awkward at recommencing.

However, my principal object being thus half avowed—namely, the desire of renewing that intercourse which I take all the blame to myself of having suffered to drop, and the discontinuance of which I have frequently since regretted—I may as well confess some sort of interest which I really feel and a desire to know where you have been for so many months, how you have passed your winter, how and where you are at present, and whether we are to have the happiness of seeing you this year in our southern climes.

Come we now to my immediate pretence for writing to you. I propose going in the latter part of the next week, or the beginning of that following, to Oxford; and if you have any commands to Alma Mater, I offer myself to execute them. It will be necessary for me, I understand, to keep one term after this Lent previous to my taking my degree; and if I thought that you were to be at Oxford in the course of the ensuing summer, I should determine to keep whatever term you mean to reside there. Your grandmother is already gone there *to do her business*. I have had a short note from her, which fully equals any you ever preserved of her composition; but to prevent myself from a breach of confidence, and to guard against temptation, I have destroyed it, else I should deem myself a note of hers in your debt. I have been in town since the beginning of January, and for the last three weeks I have been fixed in chambers in the Inner Temple; but I am already tired of them, and I find it—what, indeed, you will say I might have had experience enough to discover before—a much easier thing to set myself down in the apartments of a man of application and study, and to breathe the atmosphere of business, than to acquire the industry of the one or to assume the habits of either. I begin to think of

myself—what I believe my friends, and all those who understood my character, have long since thought—that I am to be altogether despaired of, and that there is little prospect, as the vulgar say, of my ever coming to good. But I am not so much to blame after all. The circumstances of the times, and the political contingencies which have taken place since I have been in the world, have all of them conspired, not only to blast my sanguine prospects, but even to disappoint my rational and well-founded expectations. Yet I bear it all very well,—whether the result of philosophy or apathy, I will not take upon me to say of myself.

I am anxious to know whether you go on with your projected work, or with any other, poetical or otherwise. Your first plan was certainly a good one, and I should be very sorry you gave it up. Do not, I pray, contribute to any more of Mr W. Scott's compilations. He appears to me an impostor; and his bard, Thomas of Ercildoune, is a most wearisome bard. But you will say that this is owing to my barbaric western taste, or absence of taste rather. Boyse is in town. He is very well at present, tho' before Christmas he tells me he had a most severe and dangerous attack of illness. I believe, indeed, he was somewhat ill; but as I am aware that his worst malady has long been of a hypochondriac nature, I do not indulge him by listening to his descriptions; but I have great pleasure in telling you that he is now as well as any man even of his strength and muscles can be. Of La Touche I have heard nothing for a long time; and as I understand he does not intend to come to London this year, I shall not, I apprehend, see him for a great while longer, as I have no present intention of returning this year to Ireland. Cookson is here, applying as formerly with the most unwearied industry to the study of law. Newtown is in Ireland, I believe leading a life of seclusion, for he resides with his father. These are all of whom I know anything whom I think you care to hear about. If I can do anything

for you at Oxford, I beg you will write to me and employ me. I hope, at all events, that you will write to me. It would give me very sincere and sensible satisfaction to hear that you were well and happy. Does your brother-in-law, *Sir Roger*, keep up the honour of his name? Are you an uncle yet? Is your handsome sister yet married or not? I suggest some subjects for you to write upon, so the Devil's in it if I have not an answer. If you are not at Hoddam, I take for granted this will be forwarded to you. Wherever I may be, if you write, direct to me under cover to my father at Cumberland House, Pall Mall, London. Your letter will be sure of coming to my hands. I have now piled up eight pages with, I believe, more nonsense than ever filled up as much before. But no matter! What is worse, I fear, it is illegible nonsense, or at least that you will have great difficulty in deciphering it.—Farewell, my dear Sharpe, and believe me ever, with the most sincere regard, your faithful and affectionate friend,

WILLIAM FITZGERALD.

ROBERT HARRY INGLIS, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

CH. CH., May 17, 1805.

DEAR SHARPE,—The accompanying paper contains a few collections relating either directly or indirectly to your friend the Lord Dundee, tho' I am afraid that I am guilty of some presumption when I offer *you* any memoranda on a subject with which you are better acquainted than any other person. But as you expressed a wish to see the epitaph on Lady H. Wentworth, and as, therefore, I had occasion to write, I thought that perhaps you would excuse me if I ventured to add a few circumstances which occurred to me as I lounged thro' an old library, tho' probably they may be well known to you.

The epitaph on Lady H. Wentworth (daur. of the E. of

Strafford, and the friend of the Duke of Monmouth¹) in Toddington Church, Co. Beds, was copied by order of Gough the antiquary two years ago, and was (probably by him) communicated to the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' of which he is joint editor, and in which for June 1804 it appears. The Rev^d. John Dixon, rector of the parish, remembers the turret in the old mansion, now demolished, where the Duke and L^{dy} Henrietta used to *meet*; and the suite of apartments which he occasionally occupied on temporary disagreements with his father.

2. 'Life of Lord Dundee,' 1711.

3. Epitaph on Lord Dundee by D^r. Pitcairn, translated by Dryden in his Miscellaneous Works.

4. In a small 4to pamphlet (title lost; probably "Presbyterian Inquisition as it was practised by the Visitors of the College at Edinburgh in their proceedings agst. some of the Masters there in August and September 1690") one of the charges brought agst. D^r. Alex^r. Monro,² Principal of the University, was, "his rejoycing the day that the news of Claverhouse [Lord Dundie] his victory came to town." Monro's answer is in p. 35.

5. In the trial of the Marquis of Argyle: "Graham of Claverhouse, one of the Jurors."

6. In the Harl. Miscell., vol. viii. p. 26, is a republication of the "Marquis of Argyle's last Will and Testament, with his character." Quarto, containing sixteen pages.

7. In a small 4to pamphlet (entitled "Presbyterian Persecution examined, with an Essay on the Nature and Necessity of Toleration in Scotland. Edinburgh, printed in the

¹ Henrietta Wentworth was not the daughter of Lord Strafford, but of Thomas Lord Wentworth of Nettlecourt, colonel of the Guards, and granddaughter of the Earl of Cleveland.

² Dr Alexander Monro was deprived by the Visitors of the Principalship of the University of Edinburgh. He was charged with having become perverted to Rome while abroad, and with refusing to sign the Confession of Faith.

year 1707;”) is a list of “Episcopal Ministers that possess Presbyterian churches after the Revolution, 1690, who have not complied with the present Church Government in Scotland.” Pp. 23-25.

I searched for the name of the Lord Dundee in the British Museum, but in that *storehouse* there are few notices of so late a period. I also took an opportunity of asking the nephew of the late L^d. Hailes, Sir John P. Dalrymple, who is himself a great antiquary, whether in his own family, which about that time were gaining the ascendancy over all Scotland, there were any MSS. which would throw any light on the history of Lord Dundee; but he is a vile Whig, and scouted the idea. It is singular that in the journals of the Ho. of Commons there is no mention made of the battle of Killcrankie. Do you know the present Lord Dundee?

The Rev^d. Mr Betham, who has compiled “Genealogical Tables of the Sovereigns of the World,” folio,¹ and “A History of the English Baronets” in 5 vols. 4to,² intends a continuation of the latter work, including Scotland and Ireland. Perhaps you would not object to favour him with a history of your own family. He would, I am sure, be much obliged for that and any other communications, which you are eminently qualified to furnish.

Are you not in raptures with ‘The Lay of the Last Minstrel’? I think, considering the poem in the light in which the author wished it to be viewed, without reference to any strict epic plan, its only fault, perhaps, is the elfin page. I do not mean to defend it line by line, but the beauties so far exceed the blemishes, that I wish to forget that the latter exist. I hope to have a chance of seeing you in the North about the end of June or the beginning of July, as my long-projected tour is then to be carried into effect.

By the by, in the catalogue of a London bookseller of the name of Scott appears “A Drawing of the Battle of Killi-

¹ London, 1795.

² Ipswich and London, 1801-5.

crankie.” Shall I inquire about it? At that shop I bought some very curious things: one, the “Votes of the Scotch Parliament from 1700-1707.” I call it curious perhaps from ignorance.

Our friends here are all well, except Wilmot and Murray, both of whom, I am afraid, are in bad health. The former, after a short sojourn with Gower in Scotland, goes to Naples or Sicily with Calthorpe;¹ and the latter will probably accompany them. I am writing almost on my back—a posture to which I have been confined for nearly three weeks, tho’ not from juvenile indiscretions.—Yours sincerely,

ROBERT HARRY INGLIS.

Earl GOWER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

[CH. CH.] SUNDAY, June 9, 1805.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I lately received a letter from Scotland, with the writer of which you must needs be acquainted, as he is a brother poet, who inclosed in his aforesaid letter a very good and poetical ballad with which I was much pleased; and I cannot help begging you, in case you have any influence over him, to exert it in persuading him to allow his Pegasus to convey more such effusions from the Cowgate of Edinburgh, whence the last was dated, to the classic seat of the Muses at Oxford. The poet signs himself *Alonzo Bhenbow Durandarte Doggrel*. And now, having declared my wishes on that subject, I must talk a little egotistically.

I have become heartily tired of this place, and am looking forward with the greatest impatience to that happy period the long vacation, between which and the present time are three tedious weeks. At the first moment of its commencement I shall fly off for those happy regions where

¹ Charles, second Lord Calthorpe of Calthorpe, Norfolk, died unmarried 1807.

“None are swept by sudden fate away,
But all . . . by age decay.”

—that is to say, three hundred miles north of you: but I am not without hopes that we may have some chance of seeing one another at Aimbros¹—in which, I suppose, we shall pass a day or two on our road, in order to see our friends there. I say *our* and *we*, as my mother and I intend to accompany each other to Dunrobin. Oxford has been dull enough this term: no Bachelors to enliven it; Commons Parties entirely left off; oh tempora! hardly anybody to give one a cup of tea. Inglis, however, is as usual hospitable. I am just come from breakfasting with him—the joke after breakfast to put eggs in each other’s pockets! There came down from town two days ago a report of the D. of Portland’s death, which, of course, spread like wildfire—everybody conjecturing about who would probably succeed to the Chancellorship:² some people said L^d. Grenville,³ some L^d. Sidmouth⁴—when it turned out perfectly void of foundation. If I thought you had not heard of it from Drummond, &c., I could tell you that we are to have grand music in the theatre soon, and that Lewisham has at last departed this college life, struggling against Fate to the last. It is even thought that this is only a temporary suspension of the vital spark, and that he may still, five months hence, so far recover as to linger on during part of November; but as he has been obliged to turn out of his rooms from the unnatural haste and indecorous impatience of his heir (L^d. Stewart, as ugly as Lucifer!⁵), it will be but a wretched, unsatisfactory existence. Murray is quite happy

¹ Local pronunciation of “Edinburgh.”

² Of the University of Oxford; William Henry, third Duke of Portland; died however in 1809.

³ William Wyndham Grenville, Lord Grenville, succeeded the Duke of Portland as Chancellor of the University.

⁴ Henry Addington, first Viscount Sidmouth.

⁵ Robert Stuart, Viscount Stuart, succeeded his father as second Earl of Castle Stuart 1809.

this morning at the probability of the D. of Atholl succeeding in his petition,¹ and begs to be remembered kindly. Riddell² has just come into my room, having nothing to say to you but kind remembrance, &c. He is to make a tour in Scotland this summer with Inglis, who cannot *ride for different reasons*, and neither of them knows how to drive a gig; so a pretty thing they are likely to make of it! Riddell is a great book-buyer, without discrimination of any sort; but he can afford it, and that's enough. They say that the Dean has quarrelled with all the tutors; but they say strange things here. There are one or two very good sort of freshmen come this term—L^d. Dysart,³ and L^d. Wellesley's son,⁴ who is really a very great acquisition. I hear that there is some chance of your coming up next term. Is there any truth in it? Say yes.

I really pity you; for by this time you must be heartily tired of reading, if you can, for I cannot read, this scrawl.

Pray buy Todd's 'Spenser,' which will be published very shortly; it will be worth buying.

Murray regrets extremely having so narrowly missed seeing you dance at the Perth Hunt last year.—Believe me, ever yours sincerely,

GOWER.

R. H. INGLIS, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

CH. CH., June 14, 1805.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I am much obliged to you for your kind and early attention to my letter. For some time I have been a

¹ In 1805 the Duke of Atholl claimed the English Barony of Strange in right of his mother.

² Sir James M. Riddell of Ardnamurchan, Bart. See *ante*, p. 128.

³ Wilbraham, fifth Earl of Dysart, died *s. p.* 1821.

⁴ Henry Wellesley, son of the Marquis Wellesley, Governor-General of India, by Hyacinthe-Gabrielle, only daughter of Pierre Rolland of the Mauritius, born 1787, M.P. for Maryborough 1809, and for East Grinstead 1811, a Junior Lord of the Treasury; died 1832; founder of the Grillon Club.

lounger—you may remember the prevalence of the practice while you were at Ch. Ch.; but this weather, by restraining my butterfly excursions and confining me at home, has occasioned me at length to reflect on my debt to you. I am afraid that the little news and small talk of Ch. Ch. can be scarcely interesting to you, who would not perhaps recognise in the principal speakers and actors in this farce many once known faces. Some of the freshmen since your last visit are really men of very pleasant manners and very fine talents: Fazakerley (a grandson of Nicholas), L^d. Dysart, and Wellesley, the ~~son~~ son of the Marquis. We lose Wilmot after this term. If it should be necessary for him to go abroad, he will carry with him the regrets of all who knew him. An old Ch. Ch. man is, I am told, a coadjutor of the Edinburgh Reviewers,—Mr Phillimore;¹ Brougham is returned to his duty. Did you ever see an ironical tract of Sir Tho^s. Urquhart, ‘The Antiquity of the Name of Urquhart in the House of Cromarty from the Creation’? The title is in the Catalogue of the British Museum, but the book is, unfortunately, not to be found. Perhaps Roscoe’s book may not have travelled yet as far as Hoddam.² If you have any thoughts of buying it, I am told that delay is dangerous, as Evans (the bookseller) alone had orders before its publication for 400 copies, and as its general sale is very extensive. Todd’s ‘Spenser’ is expected out every day. Perhaps he has not devoted sufficient time for the due illustration of the subject: not that I think that there ever exists a necessity for notes so overwhelming as those in the ‘Milton’ by T. Warton, “on whose own head” (however, says Gifford) “the cause of sound learning has been fearfully avenged” (Pref. to ‘Massinger’) in the inordinate Commentaries of Kant. This extract is from one of the dearest books which I ever saw: it is just come out. The drawing of the

¹ Joseph Phillimore, D.C.L., a staunch adherent of the Grenville party, was M.P. for St Mawes 1817-26, and Yarmouth 1826-30.

² Life and Pontificate of Leo X.

Battle of Killicrankie, I am sorry to say, is modern. I will forward your notes on the subject of the baronetage to Mr Betham.

I am now quite recovered. My complaint may fairly be attributed to riding down from town when I was not quite strong enough. Though we may not meet in Perthshire, I shouldn't perhaps hesitate to sport a pace on you in Hoddam if, on our return from the North, we should travel on that coast.—Believe me, very sincerely yours,

R. H. INGLIS.

All our friends desire to be remembered to you. My father lives in Soho Square, London; but if the 'Town Eclogue' can be procured in London, I should be sorry to trouble you to send it.

Lord LEWISHAM to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

SANDWELL, NEAR BIRMINGHAM, *Sept.* 21, 1805.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I fear you will have begun to suppose that your letter may have met with the unmerited fate which you with so little reason anticipated. The fact is, I was from home when it arrived, and since my return have been too much engaged to answer it till this moment.

I have been this summer making a tour in the country of my forefathers—Ireland—in which I was accompanied by Hewitt, and for about six weeks by Newtown, whom I left in good health, and professing an intention, which I heartily wish he may put in execution, of coming over to England next spring. He is living a wretchedly secluded and indolent life with his father (a more indolent man than himself) at Sans Souci, near Dublin, and I fear there is no chance of his ever exerting himself, and being as useful a man as he might be. I had, upon the whole, a very pleasant excursion, and

met with many very agreeable people. With regard to my future plans, about which you are so good as to inquire, I am going in the course of next month to join the Staffordshire militia, in which I have got a majority; and in my way to Windsor I purpose taking a brother to Ch. Ch. on the 10th, hiring lodgings, and remaining at Oxford perhaps a fortnight or three weeks: it will give me great pleasure to revisit Alma Mater, and to see those of my old friends who remain there, and it will be a great accession to that pleasure to find you taking up your residence there at the same time. If you should not go up quite so soon, and will commission me to provide you lodgings or anything else against your arrival, I shall be happy to execute such commission, particularly if you will *save me the 10d.* by enclosing your epistle in a [frank] directed to my father at this place. I am very curious to see your "*Vale*," and hope there is not so much "*hatred and malice and all uncharitableness*" throughout, as in the stanzas you transcribe in your letter. How you can have discovered Cha^s. Stuart to have been the author of the 'Sooners,' if so it was, I cannot guess, and am sorry he is added to the number of those against whom you feel sensations of animosity. Will Jackson has just left us, and is in good health and spirits. I thank you for 'Elizabeth Legge,'¹ of whom I never heard before.—In hopes of seeing you soon, and praying that your good wishes to me may "fall upon your own head" (and in good wishes I suppose a *tu quoque* is admissible), I am, your obliged and faithful

LEWISHAM.

¹ Elizabeth Legge was the wife of William Legge, daughter of Sir William Washington of Packington, Leicester, and by the mother's side a near relation of the Duke of Buckingham. She contrived the escape of her husband, a devoted Royalist, from Coventry jail—into which he had been cast, wounded, after the battle of Worcester—by dressing him in her own clothes.

R. SURTEES, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MAINSFORTH, 23d Oct. 1805.

DEAR SHARPE,—I have just procured you the book at a bookseller's in the country, and by yesterday's post I heard from a friend, whom I commissioned in London, that he had got 'Dundee's Life,' and I have by this day's post desired him to forward it to you by the Glasgow mail, sending him y^r direction. In case you should already have procured it or both of them, you may send them back to me, as I shall be glad to have them myself; but I shall be very happy, if they are still desiderata, to be the means of supplying you with them; and if I can be of service to you in any other researches, let me know. I am obliged (as we are not on the direct road) to entrust this parcel to a kind of cross carriage to reach Gretna Bridge, from whence I hope you'll receive it safe, and also soon hear of Lord Dundee.—I am, sincerely,

R. SURTEES.

Rev. JOHN MARRIOTT¹ to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

DALKEITH HOUSE, Nov. 6, 1805.

DEAR SHARPE,—I have heard that you meditate a trip to Oxford this winter. Is this report true? And if so, when

¹ John Marriott, born at Cotesbach, Leicestershire, and educated at Rugby and Christ Church, was one of the first who took honours at Oxford in May 1802. In 1804 he went to Dalkeith as tutor to Lord Scott, the elder brother of the late Duke of Buccleuch, who died young. In 1808 he became Rector of Church Lawford, Warwickshire, whence he removed into Devonshire on account of his wife's health, and became curate of Broad Clyst. He died in London March 31, 1825. Besides much occasional verse, he wrote the hymns, "Thou whose almighty word" and "Thou who madest earth and heaven." Among his best known verses are "The Devonshire Lane" and the poetic epistle to Southey from his cats, printed in 'The Doctor.' A lively election ballad on the return of Sir William Hope as member for Dumfriesshire is yet locally remembered.

do you think of going? I must be there in the beginning of December, and if we could contrive to travel southward together, I should be most happy. I have had it in contemplation to write to you any time during the last fourteen months, as Miss Eliza Robertson and Miss Murray can witness; but did you know the amount of my epistolary debts, you would not wonder at my being an insolvent debtor. I now begin to think myself half a Scotchman, and I can assure you that I have gain'd considerable credit for the facility of naturalisation which I have shown. That lying she-dog Fame had led me to hope once that I should have the pleasure of seeing you in Edinburgh,—a pleasure which I should have enjoyed much, for more than one reason. We have before now, you know, treated ourselves with a little private quizzing in a quiet way; and surely a finer field could not well be found for sport of that kind than Princes Street and its vicinity. I trust the day will yet come. I long also to talk over with you some friends of yours with whom I have become acquainted during my residence in this part of the world—more especially the Misses Robertson, with whom I am a little in love, as might be expected. I cannot refrain from making honourable mention of Sir George Warrender's military pig-tail, which waves down his back with graceful curve, whilst he deals the cards at a round table in the same room in which I am writing. He is one of the most distinguish'd warriors in this district; and yet I should think that were the chance of war to rob the king of his services, his Majesty might possibly solace himself with the consideration that he has within his realm "five hundred as good as he." I send you a portrait of another Ch. Ch. acquaintance, the magnanimous Earl of Kinnoul;¹ and lest you should be alarm'd for his safety, from the perilous situation in which the painter has plac'd him, I can assure [you] that neither Miss Ross nor

¹ Thomas, tenth Earl, afterwards Lord Lyon King-at-Arms; died 1866.

Miss Elliot (the two ladies who complete the group) has yet swallow'd the noble peer. Now, prythee, if thou hast any Christian feeling in thee, do contrive to be wanting to go to Oxford in the beginning of December, and do me the favor to take me into your party; and then that you may have a prosperous journey will pray, as in self-love bound—Your very sincere friend,

JOHN MARRIOTT.

Excuse the want of a cover, as I am afraid of over-weight from the size of the Earl's picture.

Rev. JOHN MARRIOTT to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

DALKEITH HOUSE, Nov. 18, 1805.

DEAR SHARPE,—The seal of your letter gave rise to sundry speculations and divers strange surmises in this family; and in spite of all my assertions to the contrary, I lie at present under the suspicion of carrying on a correspondence with an inhabitant of the Shades below. Some went so far as to declare that the direction was “no mortal business, nor no hand that the earth owns;” and others held their noses, protesting that they dislik'd the smell of sulphur exceedingly. It is wonderful to see what lengths some people are carried by the force of imagination, which bears them away irresistibly, just as Webber's umbrella elevated him above the summit of Shot-over Hill—to the great astonishment of Dr Hornsby,¹ who happen'd to be looking thro' his telescope at the time, and took the Dean's satellite for a new planet. I am really indebted to you for having made honorable mention of that same diminutive logician, whom the long lapse of fifteen months had wiped clean from the tablets of my memory. I wonder much that I should have reach'd my second page, without having express'd my joy at finding that there is

¹ Thomas Hornsby, D.D., 1785, Professor of Astronomy.

really a chance of our journeying together towards the land where all things (which were learn'd at school) are forgotten. Unless I hear to the contrary from Oxford, which is not very probable, I can and will put off my journey till the middle of next month. Beyond that time I cannot delay, as I must be ordain'd priest on Sunday the 22d. I hope this will not be too early for you, and then nothing can mar our plan of co-operation,—always excepting the D—l and Buona-parte. I cannot hear finally from my oracle, the Rev^d William Wood¹ (the polish'd ivory of whose forehead must be fresh in your recollection), till about a week hence. In the interim I will weigh maturely the ways and means of forming a junction on the right bank of one of your Dumfriesshire rivers, previous to our invading England. If I find it consistent with the establish'd system of tactics to begin by taking up a position at Hoddam Castle, I shall be most happy to avail myself of your kind invitation. I shall be much obliged to you for speedy information on one point of essential consequence in the arrangement of our plans—namely, the number of days in which it is possible to reach Oxford from Hoddam by forced marches. Favor me with this intelligence, and with a sketch, however slight, of Carey's chin and Lefroy's nose; and my obligations to you will be as unlimited as the two last articles mention'd. I have it in contemplation to call on Walter Scott in a day or two, and you may depend upon my attacking him on the subject of wholesale dealing in other men's works, on which I perfectly agree with you. The old adage which inculcates mercy towards the characters of the dead, is in a much higher degree applicable to their writings: for their sake, and for our sake, let *nil nisi bonum* be republish'd after their demise. I hear from Mr Dundas that Drummond has been in Sweden lately, whence I hope he has brought back many natural curiosities besides himself. I took a great liking to that

¹ Of Ch. Ch., B.D., 1801.

youth, and have lamented much that an unfortunate accident, which I will touch upon when we meet, has prevented me from keeping up a communication with him. Down on your marrow-bones, Defamer! and beg pardon of the pious Æneas for having vilely slander'd him, by insinuating that, after saving his father from the flames of Troy, he had suffer'd him to perish at Smeaton. I can assure you that he brought the first intelligence of the fire to Dalkeith House, and has been rewarded with a place in the steward's room ever since, upon condition that Anchises should continue to sit upon his shoulders for the remainder of his life. Of the Duchess of Cleveland ¹ I can only learn that she is not here at present. L^d Montagu ² is not only a married man, but a father. Lady M. was safely deliver'd of a daughter on Wednesday morning, and I am happy to say that both she and the child are remarkably well. From what I have seen of his lordship, both as a bachelor and as a benedick, I should think that he was very little alter'd by the change of state, remaining one of the most amiable and agreeable men I ever cop'd withal. Sure I am that the incorporation of the rib he has chosen could only tend to heighten and improve the essential value of his character. They are indeed both prime favorites of mine.

Anxious to hear that you can accept my ultimatum, I remain, dear Sharpe, yours very faithfully,

JOHN MARRIOTT.

Your warning against the Sirens shall not be forgotten. Have you heard of Surtees lately?

¹ Lely's portrait.

² Henry James Scott, second son of the third Duke of Buccleuch, became Baron Montagu on the death of his maternal grandfather, George, last Duke of Montagu; died 1845, when the barony expired with him. He was married to a daughter of Lord Douglas.

Rev. JOHN MARRIOTT to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

COTESBATCH, 31st Dec. 1805.

DEAR SHARPE,—Accept my grateful acknowledgments for your gracious pardon, and be assured that it was really a relief to me to receive it, for just before I left “the north countrye” I was told by one of our common friends (don’t put a wrong meaning to this expression) in Edinburgh, that you was harbouring wrathful thoughts against me,—an idea which I laid to heart woefully, tho’ my conscience exculpated me, and tho’ I did not give full credit to the intelligence, in spite of the respectable channel thro’ which it was conveyed. I trust the widow and her Abigail will afford such fundamental consolation to you, that I shall be spar’d the pain of a nocturnal visitation from your wailing shade. Tho’, I confess, I have so long wish’d to see a ghost, that if some acquaintance whom I could better spare in this world would promise faithfully to pay me a visit from the next, I should be half inclin’d to wish him a speedy journey thither. You cannot imagine how much pains I have taken to bring about an interview of this kind. Last August I spent three hours in and about the Abbey of Melrose by moonlight, and heard the midnight bell toll without fear, and, alas! without effect. Neither Michael Scott, nor any other civil gentleman from the infernal regions, was polite enough to do the honors of the Abbey to me. If you can send me a receipt for raising ghosts, prythee let me have it without delay. You ask for my receipt for travelling so expeditiously: I’ll tell you how I contrived it. I enter’d the mail at Edinburgh on Monday afternoon, reach’d Newark on Wednesday morning, left the mail for a post-chaise, and travell’d the remaining 110 miles by myself as fast as I could make the post-boys drive me, reaching Oxford in rather more than sixty hours from the time of my leaving Dalkeith. I leave you to judge whether

I should have preferred this mode of performing the journey to my former plan, if I had been allow'd free option. To Hoddam Castle I still look forward with hope; indeed the temptations you have held out in your description thereof are such as would enable a less courageous man than I esteem myself to surmount every intervening difficulty. I hope you do not mean to insinuate that I am the person under sentence of condemnation to read W. Scott's projected publication: no, by the nose of Pelly, I will sooner renounce his acquaintance for ever! Now you will be wondering what in the world can have suggested Pelly's nose to my imagination. Why, then, to satisfy your doubts, I must inform you that the illustrious Pelly is curate of a living belonging to my father not many miles hence, and (woe is me!) I expect the honor of his company here this very day—an honor so far beyond my ambition, that I cannot even bring myself to wish for it. You wrong the Last Minstrel in suspecting that Mr Foster¹ is a creature of his fancy: I heard of him and his Dryden before Scott told me anything about the matter. Believe me, dear Sharpe, I look forward to our meeting on or about the 14th with great satisfaction. By the by, I have now reason, like yourself, to be desirous of humbling the pride of that little impertinent upstart the reader in Logic, and if you can devise any convenient method of playing him a scurvy trick, you will find me a most willing aider and abettor in the business.—Believe me, y^{rs}. most truly,

JOHN MARRIOTT.

¹ Mr Foster was a literary man who was engaged in the preparation of an edition of Dryden's complete works at the same time as Scott conceived the idea of editing "glorious John." Through want of encouragement from the publishers and want of funds, Mr Foster ultimately retired from the field.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to H. WELLESLEY, Esq.¹

[1805.]

DEAR W.—Do not imagine this to be a *billet-doux* from Miss Burton, else your disappointment may defeat the purpose of my letter—far less believe me apt, like that engaging creature, to pester mine acquaintance with such trash. The truth is, I have a favour to ask of you, and, being exceedingly bashful, prefer this method of doing it to the vulgar mode of speech, which in modest people is ever accompanied with blushes, hesitation, ill-expressed meanings, and a long train of other unhappy circumstances.

Our acquaintance has been so short, that I am very sensible of the liberty which I take with you; but the death-warrant of the term is already fixed up in hall, and the Dean and tutors have begun to wrinkle their visages into the frown of collections. So there is no time to be lost, more especially as I verily do think that you cannot long survive the perusal of those dreadful folios which are always open in your study.

Briefly, my request is this—that you would do me the favour of sitting still on a chair, or couch, or any thing else you please, for one short half-hour, while I might copy your face on paper. I am an admirer of Lavater, and consequently— But I shall say no more on this head till I know whether you are propitious or not. Even gypsies are wiser than to tell fortunes and pay compliments for nothing. Pray drink tea with me this evening, and believe me,

C. K. S.

H. WELLESLEY, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

DEAR SHARPE,—Although my folios are so long, and our acquaintance so short, I shall be happy to accept the honour

¹ From a draft in Kirkpatrick Sharpe's handwriting.

which you offer me, and am only afraid that the subject which you have chosen will not do honour to the skill and trouble of the painter. I am sorry that I have an engagement to tea.—Ever yours,

H. WELLESLEY.

Sunday, CH. CH. [1805.]

R. SURTEES, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MANISFORTH, Decr. 31, 1805.

DEAR SHARPE,—I never was so much concerned in my life before for a Scotch nobleman as I am for Lord Dundee. To save you a long story, I told you a short one (*anglicè*, A LIE), saying, if I recollect, that the book was procured by a bookseller; whereas, in fact, it was a friend or acquaintance of mine—I don't know which to call him, who was my school-fellow, and with whom I have since at times had an interrupted degree of communication—whom I desired to ferret it out if possible. He is (but I am not very sure of anything I say concerning him, not having seen him for twelve years), I believe, an author for the booksellers, writes in newspapers and magazines and historical compilations; a man of some ability and of good acquirements, but obliged by penury to a scrambling literary life. Though we had no constant intercourse, I have at times been of service to him, and he has always been ready to return the obligation; and him I employed. And he wrote to me as before stated. Yea, and I desired him to send it to you, giving a proper direction—nr. Ecclefechan, Carlisle, by Carlisle mail. I have had no dealing with him since, but have written on rect. of y^{rs}. to enquire and expedite. But my reason for telling you all this is, that in case you sh^d. be in London, and Dundee not previously arrive, you may, if you think proper, either send a message to or see him: his direction is—Ralph Fell,¹ 23 Winchester

¹ Ralph Fell was a very industrious journalist and reviewer. He is now remembered only by his 'Life of Fox,' 2 vols., Lond. 1808.

Street, Pentonville. I believe he is a Whig, and was once a Democrat; but in regard to Lord Dundee, I think he w^d nevertheless be faithful, and not persecute paper nor calf-skin; and as it has not arrived, I apprehend it is on some acct. which I cannot discover still in his hands. He is a man who can give you good information of booksellers likely to hold curious articles, and is perfectly acquainted with all the trade; and I seriously believe he w^d oblige any friend of mine to the utmost of his power—remembering on y^r. part to treat him *quasi* gentleman. I here take opp^r. to observe that your pecuniary obligations to me are as follows: Lord Balcarras,¹ 3^s. 6^d.; ‘Lord Dundee,’ nothing at all—for Fell is just that kind of man that, if I desire him to get me a thing of the kind, he would be offended if I offered to accept it otherwise than as a present; and this is quite between him and me only. So the above sum need not press on your mind; but in regard to other reasons which may induce you to wish to see me, I shall hope you will give as much weight as possible to them. I should have been at Hoddam last autumn, but was extremely ill for a length of time, so as quite to confine me to home—being your whorson slow fever and ague. I shall not be from home, I think, till towards April, when I speculate on a journey to Oxford; but if you can think it of consequence to deviate so far out of your track, shall be most happy to see you here. The roads, &c., you know and have travelled, so I need not explain those circumstances. I will come for you, should the weather be suitable for such conveyance, with gig and whiskey to any part of the road you chuse. Betham,² whom you have been supplying, took me by surprize with his first vol. Eng-

¹ Account of the Affairs of Scotland relating to the Revolution in 1688, as sent to the late King James II. when in France by Colin, Earl of Balcarras, Lond. 1714.

² Tried at York Assizes, March 17, 1820, for forging pedigrees and registers, and sentenced to pay a fine of £50, and be imprisoned for three months.

lish, or I could have illustrated and corrected some families in that part of his work very materially. In the latter part, and in Scotland, I am much at a loss, and should like to see a good Scotch book, and all the Hodges and Ians and Kirkpatrick's in goodly rows. I by no means want a fellow-feeling for your registral researches. My own topographical labours for this county require equally minute attention, and now and then a curious, refreshing anecdote repays a world of trouble. I think if I go to London in the spring, it will be chiefly almost to search in the Heralds' Office and the Prerogative Court for explanatory wills. While I think of it, if you are in L. and wish to see the stores of the Heralds' Office (there is a—I don't know if a ring or not—taken from James IV. by Lord Surrey at Flodon), only use my name to W^m Radclyff, Esq., Rouge-croix Poursuivant, who has chambers near the gateway in the H. Office (Bennet's Hill, just by St. Paul's), and he'll show you the whole *con amore*, both out of regard to me and to the venerable study of antiquities. Should he be absent, John Atkinson, Somerset Herald, will be equally attentive; but I mention Radclyff as being more scientific. The other will be just as willing to serve you, and you may have what extracts you will on the strength of my name. Should your time permit, you might like a visit to this place; you will see the ancient court of honour and chivalry, the marshall's staves, &c. Next door is a refiner of sugar, and it is ten to one the whole office is some time consumed by fire from that execrable cause.

R. S.

The seed arrived very safe. Many thanks.

I believe I had your former letter, and remember searching for Afra or Africa—Lady of the Isle of Man—but could find nothing to the purpose.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to the MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD,
Countess of Sutherland.

DEAR MADAM,—Tho', owing to some expressions dropt by Lord Gower, I have long been attempting to "screw my courage to the sticking place," and thank you by letter for the many honours done me, yet I verily believe that I should never have gained boldness enough to address you at all had not my energies lately received a most powerful stimulus from the prospect of an impending calamity, the circumstances of which are stated in the following Petition, which I beg leave to lay at your Ladyship's feet:—

To the most Noble the M. of S., the Petition of
C. K. S., *Magister in artibus*,
Humbly showeth,—

That your Petitioner hath for some time past supposed himself to be honored by the regard of a certain young nobleman nearly connected with y^r L.¹

That, in consequence of this supposition, he hath not demeaned himself to his other friends over meekly; whereupon they have much fallen away, for which till now he did not greatly care.

But within these few days a report hath got into circulation that a person,² whom the aforesaid young nobleman (bewitched, as 'tis said, by this person's mother, her son never being called a wizzard by his greatest enemies) did formerly favour, is about to pay a visit to the University; and on this bruit prevailing, the Peer did declare that he should be glad to see him—which implies that he should be much with him—which signifies, alas! that your Petitioner must be degraded

¹ Earl Gower.

² The Honourable William Beauchamp Lygon, second Earl Beauchamp, whose name is often mentioned in the correspondence.

from his present situation, and obliged to play second cremona in his society, which, as Cato thought, is worse than playing no fiddle at all.

Your disconsolate Petitioner conceives this to be a most pitiful case, not only on his own account, but that of the young nobleman; for the sages of the writing schools, when they come to the letter E, do always instruct their disciples to note down that Evil communication corrupteth good manners. And that this person in hand *is* of evil communication, the following documents your Petitioner humbly hopeth will most clearly and sufficiently prove!

First, Nature herself did form him to be of evil communication, for she wasted so much of her materials on his nose, that the rest of his head was left in a very unfinished condition, so that 'tis miraculous that the weight of it doth not weigh his skull to the ground; and philosophers hold him as wonderful a specimen of the power of gravity in Nature as the hanging tower of Pisa is in Art, while wags have compared his head to a warming-pan, which hath a brazen face with a long handle to it, and contains nothing but cinders.

Secondly, tho' time was that a person of quality, who was certainly an ancestor of my Lord Strangford, sweetly sings that "Nature must give way to Art," she hath scarcely yielded an inch in this case, for he hath little acquired wisdom and no literature at all. He keeps a lamentable pother with his pedigree, when every one knoweth that he is descended from a long line of silk-mercens and milliners; and many did not believe a certain great personage crazed till he made his father a peer. He had the assurance to derive himself from Guy of Warwick; whereas, if his ancestor did slay wild cows, 'twas with a much less noble weapon than a knight's sword; and if he then met with a cruel Phillis, 'tis more than any of his descendants have since done! Indeed, Phillis's pantouffle, now preserved at Warwick Castle, is a full confutation of the whole story; for there is no mark of a patten having been

worn to preserve it, neither is there a hole at the toe made by kicking of her henpecked husband.

Truly this person is as learned as his ancestor Guy may have been. When examined for his degree, the Masters craving the name of the Jewish Lawgiver, he replied Sir Will. Blackstone, and asserted that good works could save us without faith (which is an evil doctrine for himself, God wot), a thing that proved him a follower of the rascally Arminius.

He is like D^r. Caius, not only an abuser of heaven's patience but of the King's English; for when Mistress Rachel Fanny Antonina Lee,¹ daughter unlawful to the late Lord le Despencer, took a trip to Tetsworth (with her friends), and then tryed to hang them for their pains, persuaded her friends to, and when she did confess before my Lord the Judge and Jury that she was wont to wear an amulet—this person remarked, "Had not Mrs Lee said so herself, I should never have believed that she wore an omelet."

He had once a mind to be sprightly, and wrote an epistle in verse to one Rachel Burton,² whom he calls his Chloe. He directed it to Kloe, and concluded it with—

"Yours tel deth, tel deth does cum,
And shut mi upp in the cold tum."³

FILLANDER.

Such things being of verity, your Petitioner humbly hopes that your L^d will take them into consideration, and so exert your parental authority that no evil may accrue to any concerned, saving to those deserving of tribulation and disgrace.

And your Petitioner shall ever pray!⁴

¹ See *ante*, p. 194, note. ² See *ante*, p. 214. ³ See *ante*, p. 210.

⁴ The above letter and petition are printed from a draft in Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe's handwriting. It seems improbable that they were sent to Lady Stafford.

CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to ———.

[CHELTENHAM]¹ Jan. 1806.

[This, indeed, will give me considerable vexation ; but I am so extremely unlucky, and so inured to such events, that my mind hath become in a great measure callous. I now resemble those old witches we read of, who were so long pricked and scratched with pins and needles, that they could slumber in the midst of their misfortunes, and in some sort set their ill stars at defiance.

Poems.—The talent of spinning out such long dismal ware is certainly very amusing to one's self ; but woe be to the friends of the spinner—they are caught and entangled, and wearied out like flies among cobwebs ; and if they venture to show their feeling, by their buzzing, the enraged spider issueth from her den, and falleth upon their devoted heads without the smallest mercy.]

Our fine gentlemen and finer ladies of C.² received a dismal shock lately in the death of Mrs D.,³ who was sister to the Duchess of S.,⁴ wife to Lord F.'s heir, and one of the most portentous signs in the zodiac of Ed.⁵ She could laugh without being diverted, eat and drink without being h. or th., and live without sleep ; yet a slight scratch on the tip of the nose from the tooth of a lap-dog subdued this heroine, and she hath left "that name at which the world," &c. Eight months ago a mad cur bit three of Col. D.'s canine friends and his wife's lap-dog. The husband's favourites were

¹ Only a fragmentary draft of this letter in Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe's handwriting has been found among his papers.

² Cheltenham.

³ Mrs Duff, Lady Mary Caroline, daughter of John Manners, Esq., and Louisa, Countess of Dysart ; wife of Colonel James Duff, afterwards fourth Earl of Fife.

⁴ Lady Louisa Grace Tollemache, married to Aubrey, sixth Duke of St Albans.

⁵ Edinburgh.

quickly hanged, but Pompey, poor dear, had too sweet a disposition to be dreaded, and was suffered to recline himself on his mistress's lap, till he took it into his head to start up and bite her nose. The wound was slight, and, tho' P. suffered death for his crime, no more thought of till a few days previous to the lady's decease, when, being however not *exactly* mad, she exhibited many symptoms of hydrophobia, and expired in those shocking spasms incident to it. Immediately all Ed. was in an uproar—no nose was so much talked of since the days of Tristram's Don Diego, and a report prevailed that the ladies were all resolved to sacrifice their lap-dogs to the manes of Mrs D., or, in other words, to the consideration of their own safety. Not a grain of *rouge* was left on a single cheek in E. with weeping; not one female tongue ceased talking of the catastrophe for a week. "Oh, she was a sweet creature! She had bought a whole cargo of silk stockings the day before she fell ill, and expected new liveries for the footmen every moment. Indeed she had not one fault on the face of the earth. She was to have been at a ball the very night she died."¹

In such elegiac strains was she celebrated by the circle of her friends—which really rendered ludicrous an otherwise melancholy story; and her death hath buried in oblivion the mar. of Mr T. Sh.,² so wondered at by all the Scottish world. This Thomas had gained the heart of every woman from the C.³ to the A.,⁴ and again from the Circus to Char. Sq.⁵ Those who escaped his beauty were slain by his wit, and he reigned triumphant till a little while ago, that his m. with Miss C. got wind.⁶ When the Lord M. heard of

¹ Mrs Duff's death certainly created a great sensation, all the more as it was currently rumoured that the treatment resorted to was the same as that applied to Mr Blackmore's Parson Chowne.

² Sheridan. ³ Castle. ⁴ Holyrood Abbey. ⁵ Charlotte Square.

⁶ Thomas Sheridan, eldest son of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, married November 1, 1805, Miss Callander, daughter of Sir John Callander, Prestonhouse Hall.

it, he did not say with Lear, &c., but stared wild and wide with his one eye, and his lady exclaimed "Oh goodness!"—which was a great deal from her. I will not tell you a scan. story concerning "6 months gone," which is very common; but if it be true, I am glad of it, for it is a pity when witty families decay for want of heirs, and if Savage's pos. in a cert. poe. of his are just, this babe will certainly have a double portion of the *vis comica*, the Sherri-danian energy.¹

My aunt in a sad quandary—driven out into the wide world with a small helpless family of chiffoniers, writing-tables, and footstools.

When shall we have done with Lord N.'s² latter will and test., and "my dear friend Lady H."?³ Surely in some things great men are not to be envied. Here is a poor nobleman who was of infinite service to his country, and died a most glorious death, suffering in his memory under cartloads of elegy, not one of which is tolerable; under mountains of misplaced praise, *alias prose*; and dissected by anatomical biographers into a thousand ridiculous personal anecdotes, which make us most irreverently laugh, when we should melt into a flood of tears.

CHARLES K. SHARPE to Mrs SHARPE, Hoddam.

Wednesday, 21 Jan. 1806.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—Here I am safe and very sound after my tedious pilgrimage, which went off with tolerable *incon-*venience. I got a place in the mail with great ease, learning from the waiter at the Bush that my two friends, the Vernons, had gone up to town in a like vehicle only the day

¹ "Feb. 1. — In Great George Street, Hanover Square, the wife of Thomas Sheridan, Esq. (son of R. B. S., Esq.), of a son." — 'Annual Register,' 1806.

² Lord Nelson.

³ Lady Hamilton.

before. I had no fixed companions all the way; and at night suffered much from the cold, tho' it hath produced neither colds in the head nor toothaches. The emptiness of the coach was a great comfort to my legs, which got full play; but there came in every now and then some beastly creature to travel a stage or so, and I was nearly smothered with stink. To give you some little idea of the elegant manners of my society, you must know that the first night a fellow was admitted for a few miles, who, while I was half asleep, sat down upon his knees in the bottom of the coach, I verily believing that he was a pious person about to say his prayers. Alas! it was for a very mundane purpose, as a noisome steam, and the wetness of the straw under my feet, quickly proved to my enraged feelings. But there is no redress for such injuries; tho' I failed not to *flyte* a little, threatening to have the rascal thrust forth into the middle of the mire by the hands of our supreme master of ceremonies, the guard.

One of the horses fell on the summit of Stanmore, and there was a sad swearing and pulling before it was got up again. We got a clown to tug it by the tail whilst we drew at the head, and I could not help laughing in the middle of our cold dilemma at the crustiness of this Hobbinol. The people always shouted to him, "Pull harder, and be d——d!" At last he retorted, very short, "If I pull any more, I'll pull it off." Another horse broke its leg between Ferry Bridge and Doncaster, but no serious harm ensued from either of these accidents. I found all here well, tho' I think that Mrs S. is looking wretchedly ill indeed. The cottage is delightful, but so far from London that I shall never be able to go anywhere in the spring. Matthew has got it a great bargain. To a person who keeps a carriage it is invaluable, I think. The lady who took it over Matthew's head died after *her* bargain, and I hope hath gone to heaven, as one cannot help taking some pleasure in her decease. You will wonder that I have been so long of mentioning the Duke of Q——. Matthew

has heard nothing of his illness, but is going to London to-day, and intends to call upon him. His physicians lately said that he might well live six or seven years yet, and the report concerning his decline of a month was quite false. I hope the other is so too. Matthew desires me to say that he will write to you soon. He seems to fear lest Sandy will not take such good care of a certain paper as he should, but I think there is little danger. Matthew never hears from him. I shall go to Oxford on Monday, if possible. How to get at stage-coaches in this out o' the way place I know not. Miss Lloyd is here, and seems to be a fixture. I hope you all made out your journey as well as I have accomplished mine. No snow falling to impede it. Give many loves from me to my sister and aunt.—Excuse this hasty scrawl, performed with an abominable pen, and believe me, dear mother, your affectionate son,

CH. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

P.S.—My last letter did not arrive here in time, so I was a sort of surprise to them. Pray do not mention my stoppage near London to anybody, and also forbid Ellen to do it, as I intend not to call on my friends this bout. Indeed I shall not be able to cultivate them much afterwards. The Staffords are not in town, I believe.

WALTER SCOTT, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

[Feb.] 1806.

MY DEAR SIR,—I enclose the 'Tale of the Bard of Caithness,' which I like very much. Some parts are quite delightful. Should you not say something of the effect produced on the Earl by the wasting of the waxen figure and its removal? I might mention one or two criticisms to give value to my general applause, but have not time at this moment.

I left my name at Cleveland House when I came to town,

and shall do the same to-day when I am about to leave it. I would have been very glad to have had an opportunity of expressing to the Marchioness of Stafford my continued sense of her civility the last time I was in town, but I must now trust to you to do it for me, as I set out to-morrow.—Believe me, yours ever truly,

W. SCOTT.

BURY STREET, *Monday*.

Do you go to the Tower with Lady Douglas,¹ &c., to-morrow? I wish you would.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Mrs SHARPE.

OXFORD, *Monday morning, but what day of the month I know not [probably March], 1806.*

MY DEAR MOTHER,—Pull forth your handkerchief and prepare your eyes for weeping, for I am about to tell a tale of griefs and miscarriages which must needs rouse all the sympathies of your soul, and excite those tears which the benevolent are wont to bestow on suffering humanity.

In an evil hour did I forsake the peaceful shades and calm repose of Hoddam Castle, for the uneasy stages and tormenting labour of a mail-coach. It was during the influence of an unlucky star, I say,

“When first, ambitious of the town,

I left my books and robes of country brown ;”

for my calamities commenced even at Carlisle, where I got not one scruple of sleep the whole night, and consequently began my journey with the sensation of having already travelled an hundred or two of miles. It snowed terribly on Stanmore, and, worse still, the greatest part of the following day; and I reached London with the toothache in that tooth which began to moulder away lately, and with pains in every

¹ Lady Frances Scott, sister of Henry, third Duke of Buccleuch, and wife of Archibald, first Lord Douglas, of Douglas Castle.

part of my body; the *blister marks* on my bitten leg smarting to such a degree, that I verily did believe that my old wounds were about to open afresh. I went to bed for three hours, then arose, and calling a coach, repaired to Gordon's hotel, where no Stapleton was to be heard of. You may imagine my indignation; but there was no room to fume and flyte, so I suddenly took the resolution to call upon Miss Lloyd,¹ and see what could be done with her. To Brompton was I driven (the whole length of the town from the Bull and Mouth, as the map will show you), where, to my farther dismay, I learnt that the fair mistress of the Hermitage had let her house, and repaired to Bath. Well, there was only one other attempt to be made. I went to the British coffee-house and inquired for General Campbell: he also was at Bath; and I jogged back to the Bull in my coach, which, from the many impediments which such vehicles meet with, did not reach the goal till after the first coach for Oxford (which goes at one o'clock) had set off. I had to wait four hours in that stinking noisy sty; but time certainly flies fast at the slowest, and I found myself about five o'clock in a crowded stage, with two lean men and one fat, who sat on my side, all mighty disagreeable. We travelled slow, and about High Wickham I fell asleep, when all of a sudden I felt a blow upon my head, and waking, found the coach overturned completely into the ditch. My fat companion lay under me, and the first noise I heard, for there was a silence for about half a minute, was a half-asleep soliloquy from him—"What is this on the top of me?" The idea of the nightmare immediately struck me, and tho' in a most disagreeable situation, I could not help bursting into a fit of laughter, which seemed to rouse the whole party. We got the glass down, and scrambled out of the coach-window into the road, ankle-deep with mud, and full of huge holes. Luckily the pot-house where the coachmen stop to refresh themselves was not far distant, and

¹ Aunt to Mrs Matthew Sharpe.

thither, guided by a faint ray of light, did we bend our steps. There were, besides inside passengers, four outside pilgrims, and the guard; yet not one person was materially hurt. I, however, had like to have been spilt before I got to the ale-house; for, feeling giddy and confused, I stept into the ditch, and fell against the wall, damaging both my head and hands. At last we reached the cottage, where was a good fire, and an old woman warming pots of ale for a company of rusticks carousing in her chalmers of daise, *alias* parlour. We waited here for about an hour, till the wheel of the coach, which came off, owing to the failure of the lynche-pin, was put on again; but I could have remained much longer, as the tumble had made me forget my fatigue, and the collection of clowns, who issued half-drunk from the adjoining room, formed the most entertaining groupe which you can possibly imagine. I reached Oxford about four in the morning, and— and so ends my melancholy story.

Did you ever hear anything like it? I did not write yesterday, because no letters leave this on Sunday; indeed I was not over able to put pen to paper at any rate. I have got rooms near Ch. Ch., and found more of my acquaintances here than a person of my age in the University could reasonably expect, and all very kind, which is pleasant. Gower said *thrice* that he was glad to see me, but he's the same man still. "Upon my word, Jenny makes excellent soups." Impey, Coneybeare, Inglis, my cousin Tarpley, &c., &c., are here; but alas! my dear mother, Lygon's father is actually made a Peer,¹ and that brute is now the son of Lord Beauchamp. I am sick whenever I think of it, and positively the D. of Q.² must be applied to once more.

¹ William Lygon, Esq., represented Worcestershire in six successive Parliaments, extending over a period of thirty years; created Baron Beauchamp of Powyke, Worcester, February 26, 1806; advanced to Earl Beauchamp 1815.

² Duke of Queensberry.

I found four letters awaiting me here — one from Miss Pitman, announcing the removal of her and her friends to Bath; one from Stapleton, whereby I perceive that he still continues to make his wonted blunders; one from the Colonel (of an old date), who imagined that I was in Oxford when he went to London, and wished me to go up and accompany him to Ipswich. Here follows an extract from his epistle: “You would see or hear that the great Baronet Mackenzie¹ had been at Court; and the papers having neglected to announce so very interesting a piece of intelligence, he was at the trouble and expense of having it inserted in the news of the following day.” My fourth letter was from Miss Campbell, dated “Bath,” in which she mentions a rumour concerning an infectious fever at Oxford, and presses me most kindly to repair to Bath immediately.

There is no infectious fever here, but the report had a very sad foundation. Two sons of the Bishop of Carlisle² travelled up hither in a great haste, and were both seized with violent fevers the day of their arrival. My acquaintance, George,³ escaped, tho’ he is still very ill; but his brother⁴ died, being a youth of much promise, wise, and what is wonderful (tho’ ’tis the truest proof of wisdom), religious. He is gone, poor soul, where he will surely find it so, and hath left his father in very deep distress, who arrived too late to see him in life. I was much shocked by the story at first, as I imagined George to have been the victim; and have been still more struck to-day by another piece of intelligence concerning young Addington,⁵ whom I did much esteem, in spite of those jeers

¹ Sir Alexander Muir Mackenzie of Delvine, Perthshire, was created a baronet 9th Nov. 1805.

² Edward Venables Vernon, D.D., translated to York 1807.

³ George Venables Vernon. See *post*, 274.

⁴ Edward Venables Vernon, University prizeman (Latin verse, *Natale Solum*) 1805; died of fever January 25, 1806.

⁵ Henry Addington, eldest son of Lord Sidmouth. He enjoyed the sinecure of Clerk of the Pells.

which you have heard me cast upon his papa and himself. He hath sunk into a state of the deepest despondence, and actually made an attempt on his own life some time since, by stabbing himself in the side with a pen-knife. Fortunately the wound was not mortal; but, alas! it will certainly be repeated. This is a dismal case, humiliating to human nature; for the young man was quite free from every kind of fashionable vice, and of a very placid temper. Yet such a horrible desire has seized him, as in general only torments those of a profligate or devilish disposition. Miss Campbell says in her letter—"The General is now in London, busy doing the last honours to poor Mr Pitt,¹ with whose measures, tho' I often quarrelled during his life, I am by no means like Mr Fox, for death has drawn a veil over all his failings, and left nothing on my mind but his virtues; and I pray night and day that those who refused him funeral honours, more especially Fox and Windham, may themselves die in a ditch—which, if the administration falls into their hands (as it no doubt will), seems to me very likely—for they will certainly put their country into the power of Buonaparte, and receive the reward due to their deeds; but what is to become of us?"

My cousin Macdonald hath not got the fortune which he expected with his well-born spouse, for mistress bride hath only fifteen hundred a-year, and *no expectations*. My dear mother, forgive this sad incoherent and scrawled composure, seeing that my head is yet far from sound, and my hand very unsteady.—With love to the young ladies, I ever am, your affec. son,

CHARLES KIRKP^K. SHARPE.

Not a word in any letter but the Colonel's concerning Jane C——'s marriage. How do you like my Lord Ardrossan the new English peer?²

¹ Mr Pitt died 23d Jan. 1806.

² Hugh Montgomery, twelfth Earl of Eglinton, was created a peer of the United Kingdom by the title of Baron Ardrossan.

WILLIAM FITZGERALD, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

NO. 6 KING'S BENCH WALK, INNER TEMPLE,
Wednesday, 19th.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I promised to write to you, and day after day I have determined to keep my promise, but still have deferred it, hoping that something might occur worth my writing about. But if I wait much longer, I fear that you will have left Oxford, and then, ignorant of your address, I shall lament that I suffered so much time to elapse.

Of myself I have nothing to say. The same uncertainty with respect to some arrangements here continues, and of course the incertitude hangs over that which interests me also; and in the same doubt and suspense I shall be for some time obliged to remain, so that it is more than probable I shall pass part of the next term at Oxford. Have I any chance of meeting you there? That would determine me. I have given up the plan of going to Ireland, so that if you come to town you will certainly find me.

To tell you this, and to mention my address, are indeed my only motives for writing now. I hope I have not deferred it too long, and that my hasty—or tardy rather—communication will reach you at Oxford. You will, I am sure, call on me when you come here, and you will find no one anywhere to whom it will give greater pleasure to meet you than it will afford to yours most affectionately,

WILLIAM FITZGERALD.

For where to find me, look to the top of my letter.

P.S.—Have you read Lyttleton's¹ advertisement, and Lygon's reply? I know not which to say—the insolence and grossness of the one, and the pusillanimity of the other—shock me. But I congratulate you and Miss Burton on Lygon's

¹ The Hon. William Beauchamp Lygon and Hon. William Henry Lyttelton were elected Knights of the Shire for Worcestershire, 1806.

success. I certainly wished him to beat the other, as much from regard to him—do not smile—as from dislike of his arrogant competitor.—Farewell.

Make my comp^{ts}. to the hospitable men of All Souls', and to your frigid cousin the Earl Gower.

E. B. IMPEY, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

CH. CH., April 9, 1806.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—This letter is predestined either to be very fortunate or very unlucky—there is no medium; for if I calculate aright from the data which you have supplied, it will either reach you just as you are in the act of stepping into the chaise to-morrow morning, or it will arrive the morning after you have quitted Gray's. You do not give me credit for half the suspense and anxiety which I have felt during the interval of your departure and the completion of your promise; which, notwithstanding the event of my dear son's arrival, the pleasing abstraction resulting from my daily intercourse with Barnes and Wood, and the speculations afforded by the perusal of Mr Wyndham's speech¹ and Mr Patch's trial,² has been impatiently expected. Alas! alas! how shall I answer your kind inquiries after the Cæsars, and their kinsmen the heroes of the Pomfret collection? The hard-hearted Hornsby,³ who, if he has any bowels at all, is endowed with such as might be supposed to enter into the

¹ On the revision of the military establishments.

² Patch was tried and convicted of the murder of his employer, Mr Blight, to whom he was under pecuniary obligations. He was executed on the 8th April, but refused to confess.

³ In December 1805, Sir Roger Newdigate, who was related to the Countess of Pomfret, offered to transfer at his own expense the Pomfret (and other) marbles to the Radcliffe Library, and place them properly, restoring "any deficient parts or attributes of the statues." This was opposed by Dr Hornsby, keeper of the Radcliffe Library, in papers dated March 20th and 24th, 1806.

The idea of the Cæsars (noseless statues) being part of the restoration

anatomy of any one of the said effigies, still holds out strenuously against the *intrigues* of Sir Roger.¹ Mrs Hornsby is said to have taken umbrage at that mode of expression, exclaiming in the words of Mrs Winifred Jenkins, "Roger this and Roger that, he never shall Roger me, I can assure him." Guard yourself against the baleful effects of envy, when you are told that for two days successively I have eaten no mutton-pyes but at the table of my good, dear, hospitable Will. It is a fact; and, what must in your judgment enhance the honour, my Lady Peggie on one of the days was invited to meet me. The conversation on that day turned chiefly upon a certain placard, the name of whose author seems no longer to be a mystery, tho' I vow, for my part, he might be as anonymous as St James's correspondent himself. Professor Robertson, who boasts an acquaintance with the author, with whom he had once travelled, as he says, to Carlisle, produced a copy, much to the delight of Will, the consequence of which was that Taliacotius usurp'd the conversation for the rest of the evening,—there was no getting rid of him—it was worse than the mutton-pyes. By the bye, it was proposed to offer the place of cicerone, upon the removal of the Emperours, to young Blenkinsop, in compensation for his losses in the event of Sr R. Newdigate's scheme being adopted. . . . I have engaged to meet my father in London on Monday next: I'm disappointed in not knowing your lodgings. I shall make no secret of mine, which will be at Ibbotson's Hotel in Vere Street, to which place I will now transfer all further communication, and meanwhile remain sincerely yours,

E. B. IMPEY.

My old coat is much surprised at the freedom of your new pantaloons in venturing to address one who is entitled at is clearly a humorous suggestion to ridicule the original proposal, and would lead directly up to the mention of Taliacotius (Tagliacozzi), for whom, see *Hudibras*.

¹ Sir Roger Newdigate, M.P. for Oxford University 1750-1786; died November 23, 1806.

least to as much veneration as might be bestowed by a formal introduction. It begs leave to remind them that they must first be considerably retrench'd in order to conform to the present fashion before they claim acquaintance with one who has outlived a dozen. With regard to Mrs M——m's breeches, tho' they may be very fast company for such *up-start cockups* as most of the family of the Pantaloons are known to be, it begs leave to say that it has not yet come to such desperate extremities as to be acquainted with them otherwise than by report.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Mrs SHARPE, Hoddam.

OXFORD, *Thursday* [about *June 1806*].

MY DEAR MOTHER,—At last the comedy is concluded, and the curtain dropt. My London gaieties are at an end. But before I say more concerning them, allow me to touch upon a few of the more interesting topicks of your last letter, which reached me amid all the fascinating dissipations of the metropolis.

You call me a Job's comforter, because you mistake an expression in my former epistle—which was written in great haste and confusion—when I asserted that a young lady of our acquaintance was little used to truth or sense. I talked in a very general meaning. You know that I have always accused you of carrying your admiration of truth too far; and as to sense, what can one or two feeble mortals do against the irresistible influence of twenty volumes of 'Bell's British,' in an old solitary castle, with many antient trees and few young gentlemen? However, I will now try to be somewhat more comfortable, by assuring you that I firmly believe that things will come round again, and that this scornful Nancy will at last become the bride of her more scornful swain,—into whose concerns I've been lugged, sore against my will, by the incontinent tongues, as I now am certain, of two persons, who, tho' as selfish as their neighbours, have not discretion or know-

ledge of the world sufficient to make them speak well of their relatives for their *own sakes*.

But enough of this. And now, my dear mother, I must tell you that I have been about five weeks in London, at a horrid expense, but with some success in court-paying. I will not give you any account of the sights I saw or the parties I was at, because you do not greatly care for such things, and I intend to send a catalogue of them to the two young ladies; but you must know that the Staffords heaped kindnesses upon me. I dined frequently at Cleveland House with dukes and lords innumerable. Lady Stafford (who is a most captivating person) gave me a print of herself; a general invitation; and desired me to correspond with her. I think my affairs in a good posture, tho' in the meantime I am utterly ruined, and making up my mind to set off for Scotland directly.

At least for Cheltenham, whither the General, who said that he was to pass through this place in a few days, is to carry me; in truth somewhat unwillingly, as I would fain see as much as possible of Gower, who is to be here but three weeks longer, and hath gained my entire good graces; yet my purse will permit no stay, as of the late draft I have but sixteen pounds remaining. This you need not tell my father; but inform him, with my love, that he will, I'm persuaded, soon receive a call for money from another quarter—a call which, I hope, he will consider well before he refuses.¹ In short, the D. of Q., who at present really hath some interest, is to exert himself in his favour, and I expect accounts of his success daily. The people in power are attempting to cajole him concerning the politicks of Dumfriesshire, but his Grace is pretty cunning. He is looking quite beautiful (circulate this, pray) and very well, saving deafness. If my father refuses to avail himself of his efforts, he will certainly do his family an injury. If he hath not the money ready, let him borrow it; and do you, my dear mother, submit to your dignity with

¹ The offer of a baronetcy was made to Mr Sharpe of Hoddam, and declined, in 1806.

patience, and take no notice of it in conversation to any of your neighbours.

Mathew was a few days in town during my sojourn there, and is to be up again soon. I felt at first much alarmed about Ellen, but now hope that everything is in a fair way. I did not see much of the Herries family, owing to their villainous country house. Lady Laurie I visited frequently; Lady Alva¹ once, with Gower; but tho' Lady Stafford had prepared her the day before to see me, I perceived that she never clearly remembered who I was, and is so very deaf that it was painful to talk to her. Lady S. told me that before Gower came hither, Lady A. talked of me to him constantly; yet, when she heard that we really were become friends, she said, "Aye, I always was sure that it would be so, so I took care never to mention Charles Sharpe's name to him, that he might find him out his self." I met a Mr and Mrs Crawford at Cleveland House, the former of whom told me that he had once the pleasure of being acquainted with you, and spoke of Lady Dumfries as of a relation.

Susan wrote to me some days since on a subject which you may guess. I am very well pleased, and she certainly shall have my consent. She gives me an invitation to the Litchfield races, where Gower and Lewisham are to be the stewards; but, alas! what are invitations to me, now that the hotel people have cheated me out of all my money!

The Browns² behaved to me like sisters while I was in London. Maria hath certainly married an old man, but she possesses a good house, &c., &c., and there is nothing disgusting about her January. I went three days to Lord Melville's trial. The first was taken up, as the newspapers would tell you by Whitbread's speech, who declaimed in a velvet coat, a bag, and laced ruffles. You would have laughed had you seen the sedulous care with which his friends gave him sips of wine-and-water to wet his whistle, and clouts for his mouth and nose. I thought his speech very clear, but in a miserable bad

¹ See *ante*, p. 112.

² See *ante*, p. 175.

taste; and so abusive that Lord Melville smiled very frequently. That monster Fox was there, covered with a gray cloak,—in which, I suppose, Mrs Armstead formerly walked the streets,—his sallow cheeks hanging down to his paunch, and his scowling eyes turned sometimes on Mr Whitbread, sometimes on the rows of pretty peeresses, who sat eating sandwiches from silk indispensables, and putting themselves in proper attitudes to astonish the representatives of the Commons of England occupying the opposite benches. Lord Melville will certainly get clear, and be made quite a saint of by his own party.

Magdalene Murray also was good to me, and I begin to like Sir James very much. I dined at his house frequently, yet never once set eyes on Lady Bath.¹ The idea of Sir John Johnstone's canvassing amused me greatly, and I can guess the answer my father gave him. I saw his wife often, deckt in gorgeous array; and from what I have heard, should suppose that he must surely get a berth in jail, if he procureth not one in Parliament. The same story almost is told of Sir Hugh Hamilton, whose lady wife, the finest of all fine persons, goes everywhere about like the Duchess of Gordon's waiting-maid, and contrives to get herself laughed at by the whole world.

I never could get myself introduced to the Duchess of Gordon, for Lady Perth has quarelled with her; and she was not at Lady Stafford's grand party; but you were perfectly right respecting her features. Sir Joshua's print and the bull-hunt are not at all like her—the bagpipe figure very much so. The Duke is in Oxford, under the care of a man who cures stiff joints, &c., &c. I saw the Selkirks in town, and was at a rout of Lady Helen's. Lady Catharine is a sweet pretty creature, and looks like something of superior clay; my lord much improved in appearance, and greatly admired by everybody. I was introduced to him by Sir James Hall, who takes

¹ Sir James Murray, seventh Baronet of Clermont, married Henrietta, Countess of Bath in her own right.

his wife's violence as patiently as ever; but now I must think of my little concerns at home. In the first place, pray write very soon, directing hither (for the General may not pass through for several days, and the longer I am with *a certain friend* the better), and giving me your opinion plainly on everything; secondly, be so good as to let me know if the Cymbelaria on the wall is growing, how the flower-garden roses look, and if anything hath been done to the root of that lovely Dutch elm which the river was undermining. I am curious to see the new lodge, which, I hope, will look very well: pray, send me the plan of it. Present my love to the two young ladies; the one of whom, doubtless, comes on well in her drawing, and the other in her music. I shall epistolize them soon; but in the meantime say that I did see several of their favourite plays very well performed in London; among others, "Love for Love"—Mrs Jordan in Miss Prue, and Miss Pope in Mrs Frail. I wish that they had been with me: it would have given them some disgust to Dumfries theatricals. I shall conclude, my dear mother, by informing you that you dress infinitely too old, and that I shall insist upon your taking to another fashion when I return home. No lady of twice your age thinks of wearing a cap in London; and some, much older and not near so handsome, are by that means reckoned great beauties there.—I am, your aff. son,

C. K. S.

Love to my aunt.

The MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

CLEVELAND HOUSE, *July 14, 1806.*

A few days ago, a roll of paper arrived in this house, upon which, seeing the direction to be in the handwriting of a certain friend of mine, though directed to L^d G., he being the day before set out on a voyage to the South Sea, I ventured to open this roll, and found a beautifull drawing

in it, which is at present, with its companion the D^{ss.} of Cleveland, placed safely in my portfolio. I have not been so indiscreet in my treatment of a letter directed by the same hand to the same person; it shall be forwarded to him whenever I can ascertain where he is to be found. He has been in the Isle of Wight, and is going to the Land's End in order to compare the two extremities of this island together, and to see if he prefers the Stacks of Hemprigs to St Michael's Mount, which I trust he will do *de bonne foi*. After this voyage he returns to us at Trentham in August.

Being uncertain if this will still find you at Cheltenham, or lye unclaimed in the window of the Post Office there to be read every day (I mean the direction) by idle and curious water-drinkers, I will only add two words to thank you very much for a letter I had the pleasure to receive some time ago, and to say how glad I shall be to receive a similar mark of recollection. We leave London to-morrow, and are to be at Trentham in about a week, where we shall be found for the rest of the summer.—Pray believe me, dear sir, very truly and sincerely yours,

E. S. S.

Earl GOWER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

LYME, July 17, 1806.

DEAR SHARPE,—I began a letter to you a few days ago, but was interrupted when I had advanced about so far, and afterwards had no opportunity of finishing it. I left London about 10 days ago, and have since then been thro' the Isle of Wight, &c. &c., and am now proceeding thro' Devonshire and Cornwall to Trentham—a very pleasant tour; and as I am quite alone, I have plenty of time for meditation, tho' not for writing, as that does not so well agree with the jolting of a chaise. I have about two hours ago had a furious quarrel with a fellow who four times mounted the back of my chaise,

and was as oft repulsed, in consequence of which he used much abusive language ; so I am going to write him a great many weighty letters from every place I stop at, in order to make him pay postage, and should be much obliged to you if you would send him an epistle too : it will not be thrown away on him, much as he seems to partake of that animal's disposition. His direction is John Mills, Landlord of Dove Public-house, Bridport. Pray write to him directly, and he will think it must be the Devil—in whose name, by the by, you may as well write it ; but mind that you do not make use of mine, as he is not acquainted with it.

I think you had better not write to me before the beginning of August, as I shall be settled at Trentham at that time, and till then shall be wandering about, God knows where, but shall be happy to hear from you then.—Believe me, y^{rs}. very sincerely, w^{ch}. I'm sure you have never doubted,

GOWER.

Miss ELIZA ROBERTSON¹ to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

July 31st, 1806.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—So you have left Cheltenham just when I had sent you some very tender messages, and, what was even better, an original letter of the Earl of Buchan's, that I am sure would have amused you very much, and given you a good idea of how you might contrive to lug into a letter all your great cousins, from Mary Queen of Scots down to the Laird of Abercairney ; but you shall have it some day. In the meantime I cannot resist sending you a few lines I composed

¹ Daughter of David Robertson, sometime of Loretto, Musselburgh, and afterwards of George Street, Edinburgh. He married Marion Forbes, daughter of Hugh Forbes, one of the Clerks of Session, a cadet of the Culloden family, whose wife was Margaret Aikman, granddaughter of William Aikman the painter, last of the "gude Lairds of Cairney" in Forfarshire. Eliza Robertson was one of six sisters, all beauties and wits.

last night. I believe you never heard of my poetic talent—indeed I generally keep it modestly wrapped in a napkin, which is, I confess, rather *garuche* in these days when modesty and napkins are quite out of fashion. A letter from Miss Pitman, yesterday, mention'd the good sport you had had with the ample stock of quizzing at Cheltenham. I first wished I had been with you, and then my thoughts arranged themselves into the following ode, addressed to the company at Cheltenham on occasion of your departure:—

Rejoice and merry be as grigs,
Ye rum-ones, oddities, and gigs ;
Now try your tricks, and run your rigs,
 For he's away
Who quizz'd your uncouth hats and wigs,
 And spoil'd your play.

Sport all your length of pantaloon,
Enjoy the summer's short-liv'd boon ;
Ye Cockney gentlemen, whom soon
 The toils of trade,
And counter serv'd from morn till noon,
 Must low degrade.

Ye jackdaw men of ton presume
Boldly to spread the borrow'd plume,
In public walk and public room,
 Nor fear the while
To read detection's awful doom
 In Charlie's smile.

Ye dignitaries of the Church,
Ye men releas'd awhile from birch,
Let wisdom confidently perch
 Upon your faces ;
He's gone who scann'd with prying search
 Your sage grimaces.

Ye antiquated maidens, hug
Your lap-dog, poodle be't, or pug,
With dauntless tenderness, and snug
 From saucy airs
Of him, who jeer'd with silent shrug
 Your loving cares.

Simper your fills, ye swains, and leer,
 Grim damsels fair, from ear to ear ;
 For he no longer now is near,
 Wont to alloy,
 With observation's cruel sneer,
 Your simple joy.

Ye ruddy rustics, roughly prance
 Ye gentles, step along the dance ;
 With feign'd *ennui* and nonchalance,
 Your awkward feet
 Keen ridicule's sarcastic glance
 No more shall meet.

He's gone,—rejoice ye witling flock ;
 'Twas his your vain attempts to smock,
 And scorn your wit's collected shock,
 For, sooth to say,
 Ye could not master half the stock
 He has ta'en away.

I must say adieu, or my frank will be too late for the post ;
 but remember, I expect a letter to myself in return for this
 volunteer. I have not yet been able to get a reading of your
 last letter to Marianne, but I hope soon to have one of my
 own, that she shall not see for love or money.—Yours ever
 affectionately,
ELIZA ROBERTSON.

MISS PITMAN TO C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

HADDINGTON, Aug. 8, 1806.

Oh, Caledonia, horrid bog,
 Thou meet nurse only for a hog !
 Land of the midden and the peat ;
 Land of bad drink, and far worse meat ;
 Of all things stinking, nothing sweet.
 Land of my sires ! Oh, can no fist
 The filial, fatal bond untwist
 That drags me over Tweed's broad burn
 (Tho' most unwilling to return) ;
 Still, as I view each well-known muir
 (A sight no Christian can endure),

Think of the sweet I leave behind,
Think of the dirt I'm sure to find,
What wonder I lament my lot,
And curse thy taste, good Walter Scott!

Your sympathising wife composed these lines at the Bass, and wrote them down here. My dear Charles, certain the sentiments they contain coincide with yours. We are within two hours and a half of Auld Reeky, and are lying bye during the heat of the day, as well as to avoid the bustle of the place, by coming in when all the beaux and belles are at dinner. We left Yew-Tree on the day I wrote last to you, and have made a tolerable journey. We spent two days at Leeds for the sake of the clothier—when we meet you shall have a true and faithfull account of our proceedings with your cousins there; and we were one forenoon at Warwick visiting the castle, which is the most beautiful outside I ever beheld. I have dream'd of it almost every night since, and see Cæsar's Tower and Guy's Tower continually. The inside is very well and suitably fitted with all its contents; and your friend Lord Brooke's trustees, to save them from Christie's hammer, gave £18,000 for them,—I should suppose not half their value. In one room there is a St Ignatius by Rubens that cost £1000, and two cabinets from the late King of France's rooms at Versailles that were £200 a-piece. The family are quite ruined, and living in a small house in Hampshire. In a bedroom fitted up for the present spring, when he was expected there, the housekeeper told us there was a picture, by Vandyke, of "The two Princes murdered in the Tower." We all screamed out when we saw the original of your print of the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Francis;¹ and a very good print yours is. The duke is in scarlet satin, Lord Francis in orange sarsnet—most beautifully painted they are, and his Grace's resem-

¹ Lord F. Villiers, posthumous son of first Duke of Buckingham, killed in 1648 fighting *ex parte regis* at Kingston-on-Thames.

blance as striking as in your print. The pictures would be much to your taste,—almost all portraits of distinguished personages by the most distinguished painters—Titian, Vandyke, and Rubens. We had luckily two Warwick ladies with us who were well acquainted with everything, or we would have had little information to be depended on from the attendant, as you may guess from Vandyke's murdered princes. Henrietta Maria was in every apartment; in one she has all her children with her. The furniture is all Indian, and tho' beautiful and costly, one is tired of the repetition of the cabinets and tables. The place is most beautiful, and laid out with the utmost taste; and one does not wonder, when the expense is considered, that Lord Warwick is ruined. We were showed the place in the river poor Mr Bagot was drowned. Adieu, dear Charles; kindest love is sent to you from all here.—I am ever your most aff^{te}. friend,

J. PITMAN.

I hope you got some letters I forwarded from Cheltenham, furnished by a Mr Cornwallis.

Earl GOWER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

DUNROBIN, 22d August 1806.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—The first things I should begin with would be thanks for your letter, excuses for not having answered it, and many suchlike sentences; but so many letters of mine and of others that I have read have begun in that maner, that I am determined never again to do the like, however pressing the temptation may be, or however well founded; for if one has not other things to fill a letter with, one had better not write at all, or if one must write, any thing else is preferable. Think you not so, sir? A young

Mr. Cumyn¹ of Altyre, and his tutor, Mr. Henville, were here yesterday on their way to Orkney. After the introduction had taken place, and we were eating breakfast, "Have you heard from Charles Sharpe lately?" was the question the latter put to me of a sudden, without any preparation whatever. If you had heard all the answer I made—such as (among others) "Oh yes; I was much disappointed at his not being able to come here," "What a pleasant sort of person he is," &c., &c., you would be in a better humour with me than you perhaps are at present. All the pretty things that were said on the occasion would make a most polite dialogue; but as this professes to be an answer to a letter of yours, it might be right perhaps to answer some part of the aforesaid *letter of yours*. You ask me if Sir Rob^t. Gordon's Hist. could be sent to you. It would have been most happy *so to do*, and would have trusted itself in your hands without any fears or apprehension; but it is by this time on its way here, to be compared with an old copy of it which I have discovered in the library here in a most deplorable condition, more than half decayed. We have some idea, in order to preserve the book, to have it printed. If we do so, you shall most certainly have a copy. If we do not, you shall certainly (if you wish it) have a reading of the MS. But at present, for the reason I have mentioned, 'tis impossible. I have been very busy copying the one I have found here, which is no easy thing, as y^e wrioting is verrie old and difficult to reade, especiallie as I am not vsed verrie much to reade suche. There are four Oxford youths here, who arrived to-day, two Vernons (one my likeness), all touring together—I should say five, as Mr. Gunner is with them; and Macdonald has been here ever since you saw him, except for ten days, during which he took a trip, as they say, to Orkney, to see his estate there. I hear

¹ Charles Lennox Cumming, afterwards Cumming-Bruce, M.P. for the Inverness burghs 1831, for Elgin and Nairn 1840.

that G. Vernon¹ is at Scarborough, where he means to pass some time with one Montblanc.² Did you ever hear of such an idea? What instruction or amusement or profit of any sort he can expect from Monte Bianco I cannot conceive. I always regret your not having come. Do you know y^r friend the Marplot, the man of business, &c., told us by accident, in y^e course of conversation, that in his house at Edin^g, there is belonging to us one of the oldest charters extant, a thing we had no idea of, and w^{ch}. he seems to have had no idea could be of the least interest in the world to us. However, he shan't have it much longer in his possession. When I began this I intended it sh^d. have accompanied the letter concerning the D. of Monmouth; but as I find it all together would be overweight, I must send it separately some other time. We expect our father here the day after to-morrow. He has come in consequence of our persuasions and account of the improvements since he was here. There have been a great many travellers, but none particularly interesting. I am sorry Lord Hume³ is so unentertaining, as he is a good-looking man for a lord, and it is a pity that he is not perfect, as it is so uncommon a thing to be. Have you heard of Lygon's intended marriage with Miss Dashwood⁴—at least so says Macdonald. Poor Jack!⁵ Macdonald desires me to give his love to you. He is writing letters at the same table at which I am writing, and with the appearance you describe.

My mother sends her compliments, and hopes Lord Dundee goes on well.—I am, dear Sharpe, ever truly and faithfully
y^{rs},

GOWER.

¹ G. G. Venables Vernon, eldest son of the Archbishop of York, M.P. for Lichfield 1806-30; took the name of Harcourt; M.P. for Oxfordshire 1831; died 1861.

² Augustus Lewis Montblanc of Aix; D.C.L. of Oxford 1816.

³ Alexander, tenth Earl of Home.

⁴ This marriage never took place.

⁵ Miss Rachel Burton, see *ante*, p. 214.

Earl GOWER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

TRENTHAM, *Septber. 7th*, 1806.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—When I look forward into futurity, I see so little chance of my having a moment to myself for some time that I cannot but think it seasonable to write this very moment to you; for to-morrow I set off for Lichfield races, which begin the day after, and last 3 whole days; then we expect the Prince, and consequently a house full; then French princes (I do not believe young Count Beujolais¹ will be of the party), who are to shoot, &c., &c. So, as you may see, we shall all have enough to do. Before all things else I ought to tell you, that on my arrival in town from Ch. Ch. I made diligent search and investigation about the money affair, and am very glad to say that Cousin M—— is as innocent as child unborn, and that the whole was a mistake, arising from some money transac. of another *bon cousin* of mine, tho' to me unknown, with his agent; and he having the misfortune to bear the same name, a confusion naturally enough arose in the agent's brain, and——so, in short, it was all a mistake. Wood has been here a few days, and Sir R. Newdigate's donation being, somehow or other, the topic of conversation, he very innocently told about the twelve Cæsars, and talked of the noses as if it had been of any other features: I said I had never heard anything of the story before. I like your drawing very much; not better, tho', than the one you gave me. The expectation of the P. of Wales's arrival has set all this part of the world in a ferment, as he never was hereabouts before. I wonder he does not go on to Scotland. However, he may have his reasons. Have you read the criticism of Moore's poems in the 'Edin. Review'?² People in general

¹ See *ante*, p. 115, note.

² Jeffrey's review, which led to—

“That ever-glorious almost fatal fray,
When Little's leadless pistol met his eye,
And Bow Street myrmidons stood laughing by.”

seem to think that he deserves it, and that he was a fool for fighting.

Pray have you my valuable Latin Genealogical Manuscript of the family of Sutherland? Either Inglis, Riddell, or you have, and I think Riddell. If you have it, take the first opportunity of sending it me, as it may be of use at present. Dick Bagot¹ is going to be married to Lady Villiers. Adieu.—
Ever y^{rs}. truly, GOWER.

The Hon. WILLIAM BURRELL² to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

I shall begin at the top of my paper, for though this would be rash in the extreme if pretty turned phrases and little endearing sentiments were to form the letter, still, in writing to you, my dear Sharpe, who, I am well aware, are kind enough to like to know all about me, and to whom I tell my every secret without reserve, I think I need not have any fear as to filling it with the most perfect ease. First, then, let me thank you again and again for your two delightful letters. God bless you for the interest and attention you profess for me! All I can say is, that I trust it will continue as long as we both live, and that you have bestowed your friendship on a person who will ever consider it as one of his greatest treasures. I am happy to tell you that this place has done wonders for me, and that I began to get better from the moment of my arrival. But how could it be otherwise, you will say, when you hear the inhabitants testified a joy supreme at it, and pulled the bells so long and so loud that the steeple nearly fell a victim to my popularity. *If such sweet,*

¹ Richard Bagot, D.D., Bishop of Bath and Wells, third son of first Lord Bagot; married Harriet, daughter of fourth Earl of Jersey.

² The Honourable William Burrell, born 1788, died 1852, third son of Sir Peter Burrell, first Lord Gwydyr, and the Baroness Willoughby de Eresby.

such loud attentions as these failed to revive, *the case must* indeed be desperate. But, seriously speaking, or rather writing, I am growing quite frisky, and now, after having lost completely the *talents* of eating and sleeping, begin to do both in the prettiest manner. Why, *man*, a month ago there was neither shape nor make in me. I had *vaisted* away all to nothing, and my *vaiting-voman* nearly expired with fright at being daily obliged to take my stays in. No guy ever matched me. But, thank heaven! my faded form *reanimates* hourly, and from having long forgot to please, gives promise of in time recovering its pristine loveliness, which has so often destroyed the peace—far be it from me to name of what, who, or when. Only fancy, my nurse has left me, and here am I *all alone by myself*. Do you not shudder at the gross idea? But that which grieves me more than all is the unkindness of the weather; it is changed from everything most beautiful to everything most forlorn and dismal. Such a week as I have had of it. But *nimport*, as a neighbour of mine said when mentioning I had not the *breeding* to call on her. Whilst I continue to gain health and strength, I must not be discontented. Oh, my dear, you don't think that my desire for Miss Flummery has continued all this time! No, I have not such bad taste in my old age as that either. From the moment I left, I own the little wish I had become completely extinguished. I wondered, as you justly observed, that I could ever think of being loose with such an old swine. You do her justice. I am very fond of her because she has evinced such wonderful kindness and attention; but as to an intrigue with her, an "ugly jade," the thought alone makes me sick. What an inconsiderate mortal I am, to go *tatling* on about my own concerns without giving you the intelligence which the hope of obtaining has kept me day after day from writing! Yes, you may rejoice and be glad. *It*¹ of your own heart is nearly recovered. Itself has written to me, and has flattered

¹ The Count de Gramont, see *post*.

me not a little by saying its first attempt at scribbling is to express its anxiety and gratitude to me. It mentions the bandages and sticks had been taken off the day before from the arm, and that it goes about in a *bugy*, and gets better and stronger in *all limbs* every day. I heard a *good bit* ago from Lady M. No news the least interesting, except that she is well; her letter so correct and so moral that *Pope Pius y^e 5th* need not have blushed to have written it. I am quite unhappy to think how devoid of *antidotes* and how dismal my letter will be; but what can I do? The only thing I had at all since we parted, to comfort me in my need, was two or three days ago a *bottle of the Cambridge beer* I told you of; and as the person who procured it for me last time dines with me to-day, perhaps I may have another. But soon I shall be near things much more interesting to you, and, from being so greatly better, be able to go in search of news. Sir Walter Farquhar has ordered me to Tunbridge the beginning of Oct^r for a fortnight; afterwards to Brighton till the end of Nov^r; so I leave this the 30th. Pray write to me immediately, for I love to hear from you better than almost anybody. Take example by this letter and write a monstrous deal; too much is impossible.

Heaven bless you, my dear good Sharpe! Believe me, with the greatest sincerity, ever your affectionate and attached friend,

WILLIAM.

Sept. 26.

My best love to the dear Parrot. Oh Wookstur! When will you come back? Answer in the middle of Oct^r to yours at Brighton, and I will thank thee with my whole heart.

Earl GOWER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

EDINBURGH, October 1, 1806.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—Je viens de occasion under cover of a letter to me, with its inclosed one to Lady Stafford, which I

shall faithfully deliver into her own hands the first opportunity, which will happen in three days in Yorkshire. She and my father left this town early this morning, and Charlotte¹ and I are to follow them to-morrow. We are to pass 10 days in Yorkshire and Castle Howard, and at the Archbishop of York's,² and after that shall go to Trentham; so that most unfortunately the Longtown route is out of the question for this time. But I am not unblest by visionary thoughts that stray to count the joys of fortune's better day, and hope to have that satisfaction some other time, as I wish much to traverse Dumfriesshire.

I had an epistle from Wood the other day, who seems to have formed very odd and mistaken notions of Scotland. My reason for not having communicated to you any tidings of Church, is that I have not heard of him, wherefore I hope he is doing well—nor from him, which I wish much to do, and when I do, I shall certainly acquaint you, since you really seem to take an interest in him; but I do not believe there is any foundation for thinking him in such an alarming state as you seem to fear.

We have determined on having our MS. printed: Constable has undertaken the task with a most admirable and laudable degree of zeal. Only 100 copies, as that will be amply sufficient. I have promised you a copy of it, if, on perusing it, you should desire to possess one. Miss Hairsten had by mistake opened your letter, and her maid read 2 or 3 lines of it to her, to their great astonishment, before they found out that it was not intended for her. I must tell of an escape I have had—at least my carriage (w^h. you know is y^e same thing), for why, might I not have been in it? However, be that as it may, it was following me two days distant, with some servants; and in crossing one of our ferries on a very windy day, the boat

¹ Charlotte Sophia, eldest daughter of the second Marquess of Stafford, married 1814 to Henry Charles, thirteenth Duke of Norfolk.

² Archbishop Vernon.

was carried out to sea, and as nearly lost as possible—so much so that the sailors wished to throw the carriage overboard, because it caught the wind, and of course w^d. have wished to have thrown me over with it had I been there, and were only prevented from so doing by reason of their not knowing how to do so without overturning the boat when in the act. However, fortunately, after much tossing and fright, they contrived to land somewhere.

I will certainly put the question concerning Lord Dundee to Laing¹ the first opportunity, tho' I cannot conceive why you wish it, as, if I remember right (for I have not your letter with me to refer to), you told me in your last letter that his birth took place 1640. I wish you much joy with your Dumfries races, and your Lord H., and his toasts, and his squeezes, and his excessive amiability. Our cousin afterwards contradicted his reports of Lygon's marriage, but I sh^d. think it not improbable, tho' he seemed to pay much attention to Miss Mercer Elphinstone² last winter; but they say she is decided in her likes and dislikes, and he may not have succeeded.

I had a long letter from G. Vernon lately, giving a long account of his travels with that ill-favoured animal M. Montblanc *alias* Montebianco, of Oxon. notoriety. I should have preferred Bertie if I had been condemned for my sins to choose one or the other; but as for making a voluntary and free selection, that seems to my narrow understanding most unaccountable and monstrous. And now, my dear Sharpe, you have read enough, ha'nt you? Write to Trentham.—
Ever yours,
GOWER.

¹ Alexander Laing, a learned and enterprising Edinburgh bookseller. For his son David's correspondence with Mr Kirkpatrick Sharpe, see *post*.

² Elder daughter of George Keith Elphinstone, Viscount Keith, succeeded her father as Baroness Keith in 1823, and married the Count de Flahault 1817. She claimed and obtained the Scotch barony of Nairne; died 1867.

The MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

CASTLE HOWARD, *Octr. 8th*, 1806.

Your letter, dear Mr Sharpe, found us arrived here, where we have staid a week, and where I have been reposing after all the difficulties Gower and I found on our return from Dunrobin. We were confined for two days by the magic of finding we had missed our horses (coming to Nairn to meet them by water) in Cawdor Castle. From thence we traveled in wind and snow through the Highlands, and met L^d. Stafford at Edin^r, where he had come by the coast road without difficulties, and highly pleased with his journey and the improvements he saw in every part of Scotland; for he is seized as much as I am with the rage of improvement, and we both turn our attention with the greatest energy to turnips, but cannot settle whether they ought to be broadcast or drilled.

We came here to a very different scene,—the most magnificent and charming place in the world, with a very pleasant society, the house full of everything that can please the eye and divert the imagination—beautiful and picturesque architecture, painting in its highest perfection antient and modern, statues, interesting portraits, drawings by a contemporary of Holbein of all the Court of Henry the 2^d. and the Valois, besides several of the time of Charles the 1st. (if the catalogue will go in a letter I will send it you with this). In short, *en fait* of living, ease, &c., &c., nothing can be more perfect. Delightful music. It reminds me of—

“Such the gay triumphs, the luxurious state
Of caliphs old, who on the Tygris shore,
In lofty Bagdat, populous and great,
Kept their gay court, where was of ladies store,
And art, wit, musick still the garland bore.”

This is really a place worth seeing independent of the

society, as I think it a perfect model of beauty, as well in the house itself as in the grounds belonging to it; and as the French people said, who were here last year, "Le plus bel habitation de particulier qui existe." We quit this on Monday to go to Bishopthorpe, to brush off anything too Calvinistic that we may have imbibed from the preaching at Golsby, and hope to be at Trentham on Thursday.

The main purport of my letter is to tell you that at Edin^r. Gower and I put our old manuscript in the hands of M^r. Constable, who is to have it copied and 100 copies printed in a handsome way, as a good specimen of the Scotch press and fit for the sort of thing. We intend to give them to those who may be worthy of possessing anything so *old*, and one copy is destined for you. We think, as the work speaks for itself, it may come into the world naked and unadorned except by a few introductory words explaining whence it comes and what it is; but I should like to know what you think on the subject, and if you w^d. suggest any further addition by way of preface. The History begins at about 1100 and ends in 1650. It contains a variety of matter besides the account of our *avi* and *nostro cappo vecchio*; historys of families in the north—that of Lennox, the Douglass; digressions respecting popes, &c., &c. In short, it promises to be entertaining and curious, and will form a thick quarto volume, and will be finished in about six months. I wish L^d. Dundee were in the same state of forwardness, and hope you continue to fag at it, and remember that such doings are not to be accomplished without a good deal of perseverance, unless, like us, you can find histories ready prepared for the press. I wish you c^d. get me some particulars of the life of Sir R^t. Gordon of Gordonstone, Bart., the writer of this. I believe he is well known to many Scottish antiquaries; but, though he is of our family, I never c^d. meet with many particulars respecting him, and those I do know are only that his grandson practised physick and wrote a great deal (of

nonsense, I suppose) on that subject, particularly *di dolore cass*—a subject better let alone, except when one has the headache, to enforce an emetic. If you will tell me anything more of him, I shall say to his ashes,

“Oh fortunato che si chiara tromba trovaste !
E chi di te si ampio scrisse !”

You have now had so much more of my conversation than you may have time to read, that I will only desire you to direct to me at Trentham, by Newcastle-under-Lyne, and beg you to believe me very sincerely yours, &c., &c.,

E. S. S.

E. B. IMPEY, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

CH. CH. COMMON-ROOM, Oct. 24, 1806.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—Your silence has been the occasion of much animadversion in the chapter and common-room of Christ Church. I am deputed by that learned body—who flatter me with supposing that I am one of the few among them who can influence you—to represent the absolute necessity of your attendance in support of their candidate, the R^t Hon^{ble}. Charles Abbot, Speaker of the House of Commons.

I am really in earnest when I state to you, that owing to certain mismanagement in certain great men of our committee, we are very much behindhand with our antagonists, which makes the *personal attendance* of every individual voter of our college *absolutely* requisite.

If I am not much mistaken, you will not be greatly displeas'd at this summons; and I am doubly interested in pressing it, both as it may operate to the advantage of a character for whom I have the highest reverence, and as it may also afford me the satisfaction of conversing with another for whom I have a still nearer attachment. Pardon, I

beseech thee, dear Charles, the incoherence of my style, the errors in my orthography, and the griffonage of my pen—all which must necessarily result from the noise and distraction which surround me. Fancy to yourself a long table situated in the centre of the common-room, and crowded on every side with all the members thereof, together with many an exotic from outer colleges,—the Dean presiding at one end, and our dear Will officiating with the most laughable gravity at the bottom. A lively conversation is at this moment carrying on across the table between Moysey, Webber, Fynes, and Tarpley, which not a little interrupts the tenor of my thoughts. Were I alone I might have drawn a more lively description; but what painter ever drew a battle while he himself was actually engaged in the scene? Your lively imagination will draw this delightful confusion in such fascinating colours as cannot fail of hurrying you into the scene of action.

I do not give you time to answer this letter, as your reply could not reach us in less than eight days, when all will be over. *Nil mihi rescribas attamen ipse veni.* Therefore put money in thy purse. Set out instantly, or despair ever of dining again with Will: can I say more? Adieu.—Yours affectionately,

E. B. IMPEY.

Rev. JOHN MARRIOTT to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

LEICESTER, 2d Nov. 1806.

DEAR SHARPE,—It is not probable that I shall have leisure for some days to come to answer your letter properly, and I cannot bear to leave you, in the meantime, under the impression that I am idle and negligent. It arrived when I was overwhelmed with an abundance of calls from clerical friends in Edinburgh for assistance in the pulpit, and when, con-

sequently, most of my little spare time was necessarily devoted to the composition of sermons. This is the reason why it was not acknowledged immediately; and the reason why it is not properly answer'd now, you may partly trace in the date of this letter. On Friday morning I was greeted with so pressing a letter from Oxford, that here I am on my way thither, intending to give my vote on Wednesday and return immediately to Scotland. How gigantic a bore I esteem this trip you will readily conceive. I am confident that I could add a second volume to 'The Miseries of Human Life' solely from this one subject. I am just in a proper humour at this moment to feel it to the quick, having been feasting all day on the anticipation of a comfortable bed at home after spending two nights in the mail, and now being obliged to stay at an inn at Leicester for want of post-horses to carry me forward. But there is no necessity for adding your martyrdom to my own, by the detail of calamities so well calculated to work upon your sympathetic feelings, for I know that you are quite alive to all and each of the evils to which travellers are subjected. I will not now tell you how much I was pleased with the poetry you was so kind as to send to me, nor how much more I want, nor many other things which require greater leisure and eyes less oppressed with sleep than I can boast of at present. I will only add that you do great injustice to yourself, to all around you, and to me, in what you insinuate with respect to my visit to Hoddam, which said compliment I shall be very desirous to repeat when an opportunity offers. If nodding assent is a proof of the sincerity and truth of an assertion, I can assure you that Homer's Jupiter and Mrs Minerva never sealed their fiats with stronger testimonies of this nature than are at present apparent in your sleepy and affectionate friend,

JOHN MARRIOTT.

E. B. IMPEY, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

CH. CH., OXFORD, *November 24, 1806.*

Your mutton-chop, my dear Sharpe, since you will have it so, was really cooked up quite *à la Maintenon*, and, to preserve your metaphor, was relished with the same gusto that Coney-beare devours a liquorice allusion, or Gaisford when he smacks his lips at a delicious Atticism. We will carry our figure no further, for a certain good and savoury reason; only I will observe that your mutton-chop, independent of the metaphor, is apt to contract a *haut gout* when kept too long in the larder: what will you say to my fish, which is so long in frying? I will not make you so rude an excuse as to allege that I have had other fish to fry—which, according to Will Jackson's account, was a favourite mode of apology with M. de Niver-nois, to say nothing of the blunder which his Excellency made. To tell the truth, I have little to plead in my own behalf but that my negligence has cost me many a pang of self-reproach, and that all I can do is to throw myself upon your mercy.

To proceed, therefore, to business. I have not till this morning been able to make myself fully master of your business with Mr Archer, having danced attendance at his shop from day to day, and constantly received for answer that he was at the Town-hall, or been put off with a verbal answer—for you must know that this electioneering is at the bottom of all. Well, I learn at last, *par écrit*, "That a large case was dispatched by Hunt's waggon on the 30th of Sept^r directed to you, to be forwarded by Rob^t Herries, Esqr., 16 St James's Street.¹ Next, respecting your commission to the Hon^{ble}. Rich^d. Wellesley, you are to learn that your ingenious dona-tion arriv'd safe, and has ever since furnished a subject of admiration to all the *dilettanti* of Ch. Ch. But how could you find it in your heart to be witty on so serious a concern?

¹ The banker.

You really have no bowels. Neither have I quite forgiven your sneer about Hannibal: is it not cruel thus to discourage a rising genius? However, I flatter myself my rhimes are beyond the reach of your censure. What a noble opportunity have you lost of displaying your talents in the latter art, by being absent during the canvass! and the rogues were so dull that nothing could be done without you: not a single distich was pen'd to the praise or dispraise of either party. You can conceive nothing half so dull, except that the wiser sort amus'd themselves not a little with the degree of *acharnement* with which the rival parties contended. Never was the jealousy against Ch. Ch. carried to so high a pitch, or so gloriously baffled, as in the triumph which she gain'd over her insolent opponents. You see how zealously I adopt the language of competition; but, to descend a little, you must know that Mr Abbot was in fine elected by a majority of 74 votes.¹ For more detail'd particulars I shall refer you to a printed state of the poll, which, when publish'd, I will send you; and, to conclude a topick which, you may conceive, has been worn already threadbare,—your grey pantaloons are a joke to it,—be it known unto you that the little Member will appear *in propria persona* at Oxon. in less than a week, in order to make his bow to each respective society in this

¹ From the following circular it would appear that Mr Kirkpatrick Sharpe was a supporter of Mr Abbot:—

“The day is not fixed; but we beg you will set off the moment you have received this. You have not a moment to lose.

“SIR,—We return you our sincere thanks for your kind promise of support to the Right Hon. Charles Abbot, and beg to inform you that the day of Election is fixed for the day of November, when your presence is most earnestly requested.—We remain, sir, your obliged and faithful servants,

“FREDERIC BARNES, }
JAMES WEBBER, } *Censors.*

“CHRIST CHURCH COMMON-ROOM,
Oct. 1806.’

“There is a powerful opposition on the part of Mr Richards and Mr Heber.”

University; after which it is rumour'd that he will be chair'd round the great quadrangle upon a folio Aristotle, with the same ceremonies observ'd as at the procession of the ancient phallus. It is beyond conception how much Marsham¹ is grown,—so tall and so stout, that if he were strip'd, and all his proportions by nice measurement found to be accurate, one might compare him to the colossal statue of the oriental Mahadeva, whom you will find describ'd with all his wonderful attributes in Maurice's 'Indian Antiquities.' However, we will handle this subject no further. But I cannot take leave of election matters before I acquaint you that Finetta,² to the wonder of all our politicians, is return'd for Aldborough thro' the interest of his relation and patron the Duke of Newcastle: witness the cover of this epistle, which, indeed, was a sufficient voucher without this detail. His engagement with Sr. James closes at Christmas, when he bids adieu to these walls for ever, leaving me more a fixture than ever. How so? Have patience and you'll learn. Towards the end of last vacation what should arrive, to my utter astonishment, but a hasty summons in a well-known character, and a style as equivocal and parenthetical as that which you describe, commanding my instant appearance at Ch. Ch., but without further particulars. This I obey'd, and on my arrival was complimented with the very acceptable offer of a Faculty Studentship, totally unsolicited on my part, and, as I've since learn'd, the object of much competition among many of our friends. I need not tell you how readily I clos'd with an offer which ensures my studentship for ever, and which furnishes the best excuse for a residence which I prefer. This is in some measure a reply to your enquiries concerning my future plans; but, to be more explicit, I shall infallibly take up my abode here after the Christmas vacation, and remain till Easter, could I flatter myself with assurances from you that you intend to

¹ Robert Bullock Marsham, Warden of Merton; died 1881.

² Mr Fynes, afterwards Fynes-Clinton.

embellish my society with your company during that interval. I need not tell you that they will offer an additional reason for my adhering to this resolution.

Great revolutions are projected in this part of the world. The Dean talks so avowedly of his intention to relinquish his situation here, that it is now generally believ'd that the period of his abdication is fast approaching: so much so, that to my knowledge D^r. Hall is making all the interest he can to be nominated as his successor, and, it is said, will effect it. The present Bishop is on the point of being translated, as Bottom¹ says. He goes to Bangor, and will be succeeded by D^r. Moss, Dean of Wells, by which change we shall gain the accession of a very gentlemanly man, and lose a very learned one. Hall will supply the place of Divinity Lecturer vacated by the present Bishop, and Sam Smith will be prefer'd to the canonry. The examination statute is newly modified, and is now in the press; the chief alteration is that there will be no examination for the Master's degree. Ch. Ch. has for some time been depriv'd of Conybeare's hospitality, by his absence on a melancholy occasion,—the loss of his mother, who died of a *polypus in utero*, a most painful disorder, from which, poor woman, her sufferings were so intense that her death is the less deplorable. Conybeare bears his loss like a philosopher. He is highly delighted with settling his brother in a set of rooms in his own staircase; you know how he doats on him. Among other alterations which he is projecting in his rooms is that of constructing a bookcase aloft, with a balustrade, like the orrery: he gravely declares his intention of applying this occasionally to the use of an orchestra. I dined yesterday in company with both the brothers at D^r. Kidd's, where we met Rigaud.² I hardly knew him again, as the

¹ As Bottom does *not* say; but Quince exclaims, "Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated."

² Stephen Peter Rigaud, M.A., Savilian Professor of Geometry and Reader in Experimental Philosophy.

severity of the weather had oblig'd him to doff his nankeen fiedones for a pair of mouse-colour'd leathers.

I have left myself very little room to communicate a myriad of things that I had to say; for as yet, tho' I have written a sheet full, I have told you scarcely anything. Among our most distinguish'd residents is the Hon. W. Lygon, Member for Worcestershire. This renoun'd senator comes for the purpose of being examin'd for a Master's degree; what would you give to have him pluck'd? George Vernon is return'd for Litchfield, and your cousin Macdonald for Newcastle-under-Line, at which Heathcote is in a blaze: it appears that the former had indirectly promis'd his interest with the Staffords in favour of mine ancient for that very borough, which is close to his estate. This dereliction, you may suppose, is highly resented by the Cap^{tn.}, who, when I saw him, breath'd nothing but pikes and blunderbusses. *Cela fait une scene.* I have been very inquisitive to learn all I could about Lord Barnard, which was no easy matter. At last I pump'd out of Morpheus & Priscian that his lordship is a mighty hunter, and much given to all athletic exercises, in which he has the advantage over most of his antagonists, from the vigour of his constitution, which is as yet, as they say, unimpaired by debauchery.

I have been scribbling prodigiously of late, and one short poem I have publish'd, entitled "Daylesford."¹ I have also translated Vernon's beautiful prize poem, which the Dean² has sent to the Bishop of Carlisle. The Sylphs I have also finish'd, which I believe I read you the beginning of. I am now labouring a drama *à la Greque*, with a chorus, on the subject of Alexander before Jerusalem,—a story extracted from Josephus, as quoted by Sr. Walter Raleigh: turn to it

¹ The residence of Warren Hastings.

² University prize Latin poem, subject "Natale Solum." The author died at Christ Church of scarlet fever, 1806.

and tell me whether you like the subject. These things are all a great deal too long to transcribe; besides, you give me no encouragement, by sending none of your own—not even a catalogue of your poems, as I have done. I have just discover'd that I have committed a very foolish blunder in writing on the outside of my letter, which obliges me to trouble Fynes for another cover. He desires his remembrances, as well as Conybeare. Adieu. Write soon.—Yours ever,

E. B. IMPEY.

E. B. IMPEY, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

CH. CH., Dec. 11, 1806.

A thousand thanks to you, my dear Sharpe, for your sheet of "compress'd typography," which did not fail of conveying the usual degree of pleasure arising from the receipt of all your letters. My time will not allow me to comment upon its contents as largely as they deserve, and in truth I am conscious of the little justice I am about to render you in return for your diverting epistle by a reply which, alas! will neither boast wit to recompense its brevity nor incident to atone its insipidity. The fact is that, being actually on the eve of my *déménagement*, with trunks, bandboxes, and portmanteaus, books, dressing-cases, and boot-jacks strew'd about my floor, my brain is so distracted with this confusion, that it has not one grain left of the *facundia* or the *lucidus ordo* of Horace to serve my turn. You will gather from this, much more speedily than I can tell you, that collections are just over; that the junior censor made his last dying speech and confession last night; and that the annual supper in the common-room to commemorate that ceremony was honour'd with a brilliant display of nobility—among whom you may conceive that the Hon^{ble}. William Lygon perform'd one of the most conspicuous parts; and really, considering it was his first appearance upon

those boards—in that character—it must be allow'd that it was supported very creditably. I think you never were at a censor's supper, and therefore can little imagine how much you have lost by being absent last night. I must attempt a sketch of the repast, and it shall be in the style of—what's his name who is so famous for representing a long table crowded with guests, with two or three dogs who are busy in licking the dishes that are brought away?—O, Paul Veronese! Well, first direct your view to the head of the table, and behold a glaring portrait of Frederico Barnes, as large as life, presiding in the character of Junior Censor. On either hand are to be seen Mess^{rs}. the Senior and Junior Orator—the former of whom is a striking likeness of Il Signor Edmondo fradre del Magnifico Signor Filippo, &c. &c. &c.; the latter may be distinguished, by the brilliancy of the complexion and the *enjouement* of the attitude, to be no other than the celebrated Hugolino himself, the painter's own son—and an admirable portrait it is. Turn your eyes next to the opposite end of the picture, where you'll observe a little, sallow-fac'd, prim figure, who appears to be the Zanni, or, in plain English, the Webber of the party: his figure is finely contrasted on one side by a corpulent priest, who seems eagerly employ'd in carving a large boar's head with an orange in its mouth; his name I forget, but you'll recollect it when you are told that he was more noted for a very celebrated pupil of his than in his own person. On the other side, this whimsical painter seems to have strain'd his skill in producing an ambiguous animal whose shape and character appear to partake the characteristics of both the sexes, and which, like the ladies in "Macbeth," might be woman, but that its beard—of which there appears a large tuft upon a mole on its chin—forbids us to interpret that it is so; add to which there's a disdainful expression in the countenance, chiefly between the nose and upper lip, which, together with the pompous display of silken drapery, strongly delineates an affectation of nobility, and

serves to identify the portrait of one of the greatest members of the Legislature. The centre of the picture is diversified with a number of incoherent groups, among which are discover'd the likenesses of Claudina, Finetta, Bernard—a youth in the vigor of his age, with a countenance which requires all the high colouring of the artist to pourtray. There are, besides, other less prominent groups, to one of which I shall just draw y^r. attention, and then have done. It is compos'd of a centre figure, flank'd on one side by a kind of Merry Andrew, who is croun'd, as it were, with a cushion, and by his gesticulation appears to be reciting a story; and on the other by the celebrated Pedro, a learned commentator, who, strange to tell, is presenting that part of his body to the company which seldom appears uppermost, as an object of salutation—but none of them seem dispos'd to accept the invitation. The middle figure is suppos'd to be that of the artist himself. He is drawn in a pensive attitude, as if not altogether content with the company he is in, and less so with his own delineation of them. He tramples under his feet a scroll representing a sketch of the Carthaginian hero, and seems to contemplate with envy several indistinct stanzas which are inscribed on the fragments of a broken punch-bowl. And so much for my picture. Thank heaven, for your sake and my own, that it is finish'd! And now let me give vent to my joy on hearing that you resolve so soon to resume your residence at Ch. Ch., where I hope ere long to receive you in a style better suited to the dignity of my visitor than formerly, as I have serious thoughts of migrating from the scurvy neighbourhood of Fell's Buildings to the more fashionable purlieu of the great Quad. If that is your serious intention, it may be useful to inform you that the term after the Xmas vacation begins on the 18th of January, on which day I shall positively have return'd, and should be happy in executing any commission preparatory to your sojourn in these parts, but much happier should I be to find you here on my return. To-morrow I shall set out

with the hon^{ble}. gentleman who franks my letter¹ and the gentle Tarpley in a post-chaise for London; appear at the representation of "Terence" on Tuesday night at Westminster; and on the following day journey into Sussex, where, if you direct to me at Newick Park, near Uckfield, your letters will reach me till I return hither. I began by apologising for the brevity of my letter, which I have inadvertently run out to a preposterous length, and must now continue, to the violation of all propriety, and to the risk of setting out to-morrow morning with only one half of my baggage. I have, tho' few, yet very important events to acquaint you with. First, that Barnes is forthwith to quit the sphere in which he has so long outshone the lesser stars, to blaze in a more conspicuous point in the zodiack. In few words, he has accepted the post of chaplain to the House of Commons, and Corne will supply his place as junior censor and curator of the common-room. The important post of rhetoric reader, or collector of themes, will, as it is whispered, devolve to Conybeare. What you predict touching the Dean, I fear me, doth already hasten to a completion. One instance will serve to convince you of the rapid decline of his authority. Yesterday night, to the surprise of all who were present, not one nobleman, and not above six gentlemen commoners, appear'd at censor's speech; upon which, before the ceremony was half concluded, the prick-bill² was desir'd to acquaint Webber and Barnes that an embargo was to be laid upon all the delinquents, and that not one of their epistles should be accepted—a measure which the Dean also pursued in his own department, and further enacted that the said truants should be retained in durance till Saturday. It would have been well had he persisted in this discipline; but, *proh pudor, universique mores!* he is no longer that sturdy and inexorable magistrate that we

¹ H. Fynes, afterwards Fynes-Clinton, M.P. for Aldborough.

² A "servitor" who marked with a pin on the list the names of those absent.

remember him in those golden days when he could "outstave the factious spirit of the times." Will you believe it—that a cabal was instantly set on foot, with Lord Ilchester¹ at their head, who undertook to be spokesman, and manag'd his expostulations with so little decorum of language, as to declare that "he did not come to ask leave, but determined to take it, and was contented to abide by the consequences." All the rest express'd themselves to the same effect, and so completely brow-beat the Mufti that he was fain to counterfeit a gaiety which he was never less dispos'd to feel, and dismiss the rebels with a—"Well, I am exceedingly gracious; get ye gone, and let's hear no more of it!" If these be not symptoms of a rotten constitution, I shall begin to distrust those which are so visible in the region of John Lygon's nose; nor shall I positively deny that Wrottesley may be as chaste as an anchorite. "Lay this to thy heart, and farewell!"—
Yours ever, E. B. IMPEY.

BEILBY LAWLEY,² Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

LONGTOWN, *Sunday Night* [Aug. 1806].

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I am passing very near your house on my route thro' Scotland, and I assure you that nothing should have prevented my taking the liberty of calling upon you, but that we travel from this place so early in the morning, that you would call me a most unseasonable guest.

I am accompanying my brother-in-law, Lord Middleton,³ and it is our present purpose to travel by the Lakes to Inverness, and return into England by Edinburgh and Blair in Athole.

¹ Henry Stephen, third Earl of Ilchester, born 1787, died 1858.

² Paul Beilby Lawley, born 1784, was a younger son of Sir Robert Lawley, and brother of the first Lord Wenlock, whose peerage became extinct with his death in 1832. In 1839, Beilby Lawley was himself created Baron Wenlock.

³ Henry, sixth Lord Middleton, married, in 1791, Jane, daughter of Sir Robert Lawley, Bart.

It occurs to me that you will perhaps be kind enough to afford us (being total strangers) some little assistance (if possible) by a letter of recommendation, which might procure us the liberty of shooting, or seeing the country to advantage on our road from Glasgow to Inverness, or from Inverness to Perth, from any acquaintance of yours on our road. I am fully aware how impertinent my request may properly be considered by you; but if you recollect our want of assistance, and the great obligation you would confer upon me, I have a small hope you will pardon it. I may add, also, that I trust you will put it in my power to shew my sense of the obligation when you visit your sister¹ in Warwickshire, who fortunately lives within five miles of our house, and with whom I believe my mother has had the pleasure of forming an acquaintance before this time, as I know she intended paying the nuptial visit on Monday last.

If, however, the request is at all disagreeable to you, I sincerely hope and trust you will have as little difficulty, and feel as little *nonchalance*, in rejecting it as you see I have felt in making it. We go to Glasgow on Tuesday evs. and leave it on Wednesday. A letter written after that time must be directed to the Post Office, Inverness, to be left till called for. If convenient, pray let me hear from you at Glasgow, by return of post, directing to me under cover to Lord Middleton, at the Post Office, Glasgow.—Believe me, yours sincerely,

BEILBY LAWLEY.

H. WELLESLEY, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

CAMELFORD HOUSE, Dec. 14, 1806.

DEAR SHARPE,—I am much obliged to you for your poetical offering, and would have sent to you responsive strains of sorrow from Paul the younger, if the time had served my inclination. But sooner shall a Chinese mandarin confess

¹ Susan, daughter of Charles Sharpe, married, 1806, S. F. S. Perkins, Esq. of Sutton Coldfield, her third husband.

himself inferior to a baron of England, sooner shall the lovely J. Burton possess the odour of a *civet*, than any inmate of Ch. Ch. shall dare to mount Pegasus when collections are *in petto*. The animal would undoubtedly throw his rider, and complete ablution in the *Mercury* could alone be an atonement for the rash attempt. You should have been with us in the last term; we have been more gay and more noisy than ever. We have broken the iron sleep of canons with the shrieks of the *Catcall* (*vide* Burney on Music), and have immortalized ourselves by an expedition to Warwick Castle, of which I leave the description to an abler pen. Bachelors have given dinners, as numerous as those of our present hospitable *Ministry*; and above all, we have heard debates in convocation more eloquent than all the specimens of ancient or modern eloquence. The battle of the *wigs* was nearly realized; wardens and censors, heads of halls, and *fellows* graduated in *folly*, all clashed in hostile array. Peace was restored by a threat of our Dean's, who vowed that the first man who uttered a syllable of common-sense (contrary to statute) should be created a tutor of Ch. Ch. *Non verbum amplius*.—With all good wishes, I am, ever yours,
H. WELLESLEY.

Rev. JOHN MARRIOTT to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

DALKEITH HOUSE, Dec. 28, 1806.

DEAR SHARPE,—I plead guilty to all the accusations which you may justly bring against me on the score of ungrateful silence; but, troth, did you know the complete misery of being overloaded, as I am, with multifarious avocations, in addition to one weighty charge which demands very nearly all the time which is not necessarily employ'd in eating, drinking, and sleeping, I think you would rather pity than blame me. What with sermons, poetry, letters, and Latin grammar, I have such a medley in my head, that I wonder sometimes how I can sit down to any one of my duties with

ideas sufficiently clear to enable me to perform it properly. It's well if I do not, one of these days, begin a letter with an invocation, or divide it into distinct heads, or put a postscript to a sermon, or anything else that can be conceiv'd most incongruous and unseemly. Under these circumstances I cast myself on your considerate compassion, and trust that you will not put on the black cap of condemnation. I might indeed put in another plea for mercy—namely, that my not having written to you is a strong proof of self-denial and philosophical patience on my side; for why, I have been constantly tormented with grievous longings after “Sir Hugh,” and “The false L^d Carleil,”¹ and “Man condemn'd to die”²—particularly the last, because I have once had a transient glimpse of it, with which I was gratified rather after the manner of Tantalus. “Sir James,” and “L^d Peter” (I beg pardon of the two noble personages for this transfer of their several titles: I w^d say, “L^d James” and “Sir Peter”) amus'd me excessively. The two concluding stanzas of the latter without any disparagement to their predecessors, are singularly good. You may well say that you will not ask me to repay you in the *same* coin; it would be long enough ere I could comply with such a demand. To entitle myself, however, to future favors, I will look out for something or other to inclose with this; begging that you will not forget that I began these follies late in life, and am therefore to be regarded something in the light of a grown gentleman learning to dance—a situation certainly deserving of pity. By the bye, this notion brings Kitt to my mind, and with him throug a thousand tender recollections, all of an academical cast. First and foremost amongst them stand R——d's³ breeches, which nearly threw me into convulsions. I really thought that accurate mathematician had been gifted with a share of common-sense which would have prevented him from being such a blockhead

¹ See “Metrical Legends” and “Etchings,” &c., p. 71.

² *Ibid.*, p. 70.

³ Rigaud.

as to betray so much anger against the author of the friendly proposal with regard to the twelve Cæsars. It must be own'd, however, that the said proposal was admirably calculated to make the gall'd asses wince, who had taken a violent part in the marble dispute. I was amaz'd, during my late *pleasing* excursion to Oxford, by hearing that, in spite of the determination in favor of accepting S^r. R. N.'s donation, old Hornsby, who is librarian of the Radcliffe, stoutly declares that during his life the statues shall never make good their entrance into that building.¹

I have been tantalized of late by hearing one day, from the best authority, that you was certainly coming to Edinburgh; and the next, from still better, that you was not, and then again, beyond a doubt, that you was: and so on in an endless rotation of contradictory assertions, half of which must be false. I wish that half may belong to those who tell of a projected journey to London and Oxford, which will keep you away from this part of the world. I forgot to mention amongst my other occupations, enumerated in apology for my silence, the task of marrying and christening the different members of this spreading family. On Thursday last I made a new Walter Scott,² in the person of my little pupil's second brother, whose appearance in this world of care has given great joy to his relatives. He is a very fine little boy; and as he inherits the names both of "Good Earl Francis, dead and gone," and of "Earl Walter," than whom "a braver ne'er to battle rode," it is to be hop'd he will also inherit their virtues, and be both good and brave. Tho', *entre nous*, the virtues of some of the "old warriors of Buccleuch" were of such a questionable cast, that I would not insist vehemently upon their being handed down to the present and the rising generations.

I don't know whether I mention'd to you, in the short scrap I sent from Leicester, that Alex^r. Scott³ has got a small living

¹ See *ante*, p. 260 note.

² The late Duke of Buccleuch.

³ M.A., Christ Church, a cadet of the Harden branch of Scott.

in Devonshire. I am asham'd to say that I have not yet procur'd the intelligence you demand about Lady Cassilis, but the next time I see Walter Scott I will pump him on the subject. That said Walter has beguil'd me, rather after the Border fashion, into a scrape, as you will perceive if you happen to meet with the third edition of 'The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' at the tail of which my nakedness is expos'd—*i.e.*, for the expression I have us'd is rather ambiguous, I am put to open shame in the character of an inditer of halfpenny ballads.¹ Do not be a severe critic, I intreat, tho', like all other authors, I profess a philosophical indifference to the opinion of the public. In good earnest, I think I care as little about the matter as need be. I will send you two articles of different complexions; and, that you may know how to behave, I warn you that you are to be very sentimental while you are reading the first, and to laugh during the perusal of the second, altho' it is a humble imitation of the stile of that justly celebrated dealer in ghostly and amatory nonsense, M. G. Lewis.

THE BROKEN JESSAMINE.

Near the time of Dr Carlyle's² death, who died at the age of 84, a beautiful jessamine tree fell down in his garden at Inveresk, to all appearance spontaneously.

No wild-raving wind rock'd the grove in that hour
When the jessamine droop'd in the veteran's bow'r;
It droop'd, tho' it felt not the North's biting breath,
It bow'd to the blast of the Spirit of Death.

No bird of dark omen with hoarse clamor cried,
The moment to mark when the veteran died;
But the flow'r he had lov'd bent its elegant form,
Unscath'd by the lightning, unswept by the storm.

¹ "The Feast of Spurs."

² The Rev. Alexander Carlyle, minister of Inveresk, known as "Jupiter Carlyle" from his fine appearance, and from having sat (traditionally) to Gavin Hamilton as the ruler of Olympus.—See his *Autobiography*, edited by the late John Hill Burton, D.C.L.

And well might it droop, for it never could spread
Its delicate leaves o'er a seemlier head ;
Ne'er could witness a look so benignant and mild,
As the look that he wore, when the veteran smil'd.

From the fair starry blossoms that jessamine bore
The maidens of Esk wove the garlands they wore ;
And the eyes of the veteran brighten'd, to see
The fair made more fair by the bloom of his tree.

In many a bower the maidens may find
A garland of jasmine their tresses to bind ;
But where is the solace their grief to beguile,
Who bask'd in the beam of the veteran's smile ?

Oct. 15, 1805.

ANDREW GRAY AND KITTY-THE-HORSE.

The hero of the following pathetic ballad was a footman at Dalkeith House, notorious for his bad horsemanship ; the heroine a housemaid at Bothwell Castle, who acquired the agnomen of “the horse” from a striking similarity between her features and those of that noble animal. Whether she was related to the Rev^d Kitt, A.M., Fellow of Trinity College, I have never been enabled to ascertain, but probabilities are in favor of the supposition.

A housemaid so tall saw a footman so gay,
As he happen'd the stair-case to cross :
Neglected the duster and scrubbing-brush lay
While she gaz'd on him fondly, as much as to say,
How sad is the moment that tears Andrew Gray
From Bothwell, and Kitty-the-Horse !

“And since,” she exclaim'd, “I must linger behind
When to-morrow you go to Dalkeith ;
Too soon, gay deceiver, the truth I shall find
Of the proverb that says, ‘Out of sight out of mind ;
No engagements will hold you, no promises bind ;
I shall lose you in spite of my teeth.

“The cobweb of love, which I've spun with such toil,
Will be swept from your heart clean away ;
And the foul stain of grief my complexion will soil,
That stain which e'en essence of lemon can foil,
That stain which the best damask cheek will soon spoil,
As we heard t'other night at the play.

“Some fat cook with sav'ry tit-bits will persuade
My lover to break his fond vow ;
Or perhaps at the feet of a proud lady's-maid,
In second-hand finery gaily array'd,
While Kitty-the-Horse is despis'd and betray'd
Her faithless admirer will bow.”

She spoke, and with dismal forebodings, of tears
 Down her cheeks roll'd a plentiful tide ;
 Whilst Andrew, quite proud of her love-whisper'd fears
 Look'd wiser than ever, and shaking his ears,¹
 After sundry grimaces, and amorous leers,
 Thus with tender emotion replied :—

"O! cease, fairest Kitty, your Andrew to chide ;
 Nor think this fond bosom untrue :
 For back to its fountain shall roll the swift Clyde,
 And ladies and gentlemen stand side by side
 At the back of the carriage in which footmen ride,
 Ere I prove inconstant to you.

But should I, forgetful of Kitty-the-Horse,
 Ever wish any other to wed ;
 O! ye powers of love, may I ne'er get across
 The back of mule, donkey, mare, pony, or horse,
 Without its beginning its heels up to toss,
 And kicking me over its head !"

He vow'd, and his vows they were heard but too well,
 As the faithless one afterwards found ;
 And the road between London and Richmond can tell
 How often he mounted, how often he fell,
 And utter'd full many a horrible yell,
 As sprawling he lay on the ground.

June 1805.

¹ Never having seen the said Andrew, you cannot be aware of the descriptive merits of this line.

Now prythee set to work, and prove yourself a good Christian by sending me "Man condemn'd to die," &c. &c., without delay. I had almost forgotten to scold you for your scandalous insinuations with respect to my visit at Hoddam Castle, which left, I can assure you, very different impressions on my mind from those which you suggest. With a request that you will present my grateful remembrances to its inhabitants, I remain, dear Sharpe, y^r very faithful and affect^d friend,

JOHN MARRIOTT.

Rev. JOHN MARRIOTT to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

DEAR SHARPE,—At length I have brought to a close two long undertakings which have occasioned some delay in my answer to your handsome packets—namely, the transcription

of “False L^d Carlil” for myself, and of “Pearlin Jean” for you.¹ The former I have done because I was very much pleased with the ballad, but could not, in conscience, with-

¹ PEARLIN JEAN.

Omnibus umbra locis adero.

<p>Ye fickle butterflies, still prone To change your fav'rite flow'r, Attend this woeful tale, and own True love's avenging pow'r.</p> <p>Each flirting beau, and gay gallant, Who erst has learn'd to spell, May read, and profit; he that can't, Must hear, and ponder well.</p> <p>All in the Merse there dwelt a Knight Of gentle blood and rank, Yclep'd, as ancient authors write, Sir John of Allanbank.</p> <p>Not skill'd, like neighbor lairds, was he The swift goss-hawk to tame, Or chase the deer o'er moor and lea; He follow'd finer game.</p> <p>Tho' Tweed, with springing salmon bright, Roll'd near, he ne'er would ply The rod by day, or spear by night,— He'd other fish to fry.</p> <p>More form'd to shine in courts than haunt The solitary shades, Tho' his of conquer'd hearts to vaunt, And captivated maids.</p> <p>Still drest in courtly mode, and sweet With many a rich perfume, Costly the roses in his feet, Costly his waving plume.</p> <p>His beard was trimm'd with mickle care, Down tap'ring to his chin; The bushy ringlets of his hair A heart of flint might win.</p> <p>Well vers'd in love's deceitful wiles, And learn'd in amorous lore, False were his tears, and false his smiles, And false the oaths he swore.</p> <p>To him the bliss was all unknown That constant lovers share; Dear was each eye that brightly shone, And dear each face, if fair.</p>	<p>To rub off British rust, and gain Some skill in finer arts, Sir John resolv'd to cross the main, And visit foreign parts.</p> <p>Right glad the Scottish mothers were This joyful news to learn, And maiden-aunts put up a pray'r That he might ne'er return.</p> <p>But many a lovely damsel sigh'd To hear that he was going, And turn'd aside the tear to hide A down her fair cheek flowing.</p> <p>Himself he richly did equip, That none might say him scorn, And went on board a merchant-ship Was bound for fair Leghorn.</p> <p>He soon felt sickly qualms, and when He reach'd the Bay of Biscay, Wish'd himself safe at home again In the land of cakes and whisky.</p> <p>He clear'd the gut (excuse the word, Fair ladies) of Gibraltar; And calmer seas his heart restor'd, Which had begun to falter.</p> <p>At length with joy he hail'd the shore Where Cæsars once bore rule; Where Virgil liv'd, and many more, For whom he had bled at school.</p> <p>Why, when the stores of Classic lore Came rushing on his mind, Writh'd he, as tho' he felt him sore? Why rov'd his hand behind?</p> <p>At Florence first he stay'd some weeks, Contracted debts, and paid 'em; And bought some genuine antiques Of the very man that made 'em.</p> <p>Of learning next great store at Rome He gain'd,—at least we hope so; For he mounted high St Peter's dome, And stoop'd to kiss the Pope's toe.</p>
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hold your only copy from you; the latter, merely to convince you that you was very unjust in supposing that I had the

At Naples he was asked to peep
Into the great volcano;
But the hill was steep, and the hole was
deep,
So he thought it best to say, No.
Love hail'd Sr. John on foreign shores,
And many a lady bright
Preferr'd before each gay Signor
The gallant Scottish Knight.
The Knight was grateful, when he found
They lov'd him one and all;
And felt himself in honor bound
To love both great and small.
But one far longer than the rest
Her empire did maintain,
And near a fortnight o'er his breast
Held undivided reign.
Her features all the charms combin'd
Of all the pretty faces
Which, painted to the life, you'll find
In fifty thousand places.
With lace her veil was deckt, and deckt
With lace her flowing train,
Hence nam'd in Lowland dialect,
The bonie Pearlin Jean.
And how he lov'd, and how his pains
In colors bright he painted,
I need not tell to nymphs and swains
With love so well acquainted.
His love was long, his love was great;
But when she talk'd of marriage,
He rang the bell, and order'd straight
The horses to his carriage.
And in they popp'd the trunks, and in
Sir John himself did pop;
But the lady cried, with furious din,
"Stop, Coachy! Coachy, stop!"
"Drive on, drive on," said false Sr. John,
"Nor heed yon lady's cry."
Oh sad was that lady, and woe-begone;
And frenzy fir'd her eye.
"Look when in dust she kneels, to whom
You did not kneel in vain;
Stay, nor to sure destruction doom
Your once-lov'd Pearlin Jean.
"What sunbeams can with those compare
That warm Italian plains;
And where, oh where, is the face so fair
To match with Pearlin Jean's?"
"Not oft from skies of cloudless blue
Do Scottish sunbeams shine;
But faces there I hope to view
As fair, proud dame, as thine."
"Yes, faces you may chance as fair,
Or fairer e'en, to find;
But long, long shall you seek, or e'er
You meet a heart as kind."
"Tho' deaf to love's endearing claim,
Yet break not honor's tie:
For you I scorn'd the voice of fame,
The pride of lineage high."
"Give back my fair unspotted name,
My calm unruffl'd heart;
Bear me from want, despair, and shame;
Oh hear my death-groan part!"
"That groan, when I am dead and gone,
Shall never, never die."
"Drive on, drive on," said false Sr. John,
Nor heed yon lady's cry."
The driver waves his thong, the steeds
Spring forward with a bound;
Crush'd by the wheel, the lady bleeds,
And writhes upon the ground.
Drown'd not the rattling wheels her
groan,
Nor yet the tramping feet;
He heard, in shrill unearthly tone,
"False Knight, again we meet!"
Tho' with remorse and horror stung,
He fled on wings of fear,
That groan still chill'd his heart, and
rung
In his affrighted ear.
Freedom's fair form he thought en-
thron'd
On Alpine heights to find,
But dragg'd his galling chain, and own'd
Her seat is in the mind.
He sped where soft and balmy gales
The glow of health impart,
But nought Montpellier's air avails
To heal a wounded heart.

audacity to view with anything less than profound veneration that important branch of history commonly called a ghost-

To Paris, o'er whose walls Delight
Spread wide her gay domain,
He went ; but sicken'd at the sight,
And joyless left the Seine.

With cheerful cry, and smiling face,
Each sailor leapt to land ;
But St. John, with slow and solemn pace,
Regain'd his native strand.

He sought the town, his grief to drown
In gaiety and noise,
But with twofold horror seemed to frown
The scene of former joys.

He looked so ghastly pale and wan,
That all the ladies swore
It could not be the same Sir John
Whom they had known before.

“He, no !” said one, “it is his ghost.”
With that, more deadly pale
He grew, and homeward travell'd post,
Swift as the London Mail.

Ere Allank appear'd in sight,
Sunk had the orb of day,
And the star of night a paly light
Shed on its turrets grey.

And when he saw the dear abode,
The mansion of his sires,
His pulse beat high, and his bosom
glow'd
With long-forgotten fires :

And when the venerable pile
Threw wide its massy door,
His brow unbent, and a transient smile
Beam'd o'er his face once more.

“Is it my sister Janet this,
To meet me in the hall ?
Or do the shades beguile mine eyes,
Dim-quivering on the wall ?

“’Tis she ; I know her slender waist,
Her light and gliding feet :
She comes, sweet girl, with loving haste
My safe return to greet.”

He grasp'd a hand—’twas all of bone ;
He clasp'd a winding-sheet ;
He heard in tones but too well known,
“False Knight, again we meet !

“The Ferry-man waits on the banks of
Styx,
We must not lose the tide ;
Because Old Nick’s own coach-and-six
Is ready on t’other side.

“The rolling wheel of burning steel
Shall grind yr. bones to powder ;
Loud as I squeal’d you then will squeal,
Nay, perhaps a little louder.

“The flame-shod coursers’ fiendish force
Shall whirl the rapid car ;
And the heavy axle, grating hoarse,
Reverberate afar.

“The demon-driver shall crack his whip
With energy infernal,
And tortur’d souls for once shall skip
And grin ‘mid pangs eternal.”

By this Sir John perceiv’d his brain
Grow dizzy with afright,
And he w^d. fain have fled amain,
But the spectre held him tight.

For ladies from the other world
Will oft the stoutest man take,
And twirl him, as by cook-maid twirl’d
You may have seen a pancake.

At length the ground asunder clave ;
Awhile the yawning gulph o’er
She pois’d, then plung’d him in a wave
Of ever-boiling sulphur.

Just then, ’tis said, that those who dwell
Hard by the Lake Avernus,
Perceiv’d its darksome waters swell,
And glow like any furnace :

They heard from below the din of wheels,
And crack of whip satanic,
And prudently took to their heels
In universal panic :

For they thought Old Nick was that way
bound,
On some unholy prank ;
But ’twas only the sound of the wheels
that ground
Sir John of Allank !

Septbr. 1805.

story. I heard the story from Marianne Robertson; and the present Sir John Stewart¹ of Allanbank, who has seen my version thereof, bears witness to its authenticity in all important respects. I believe there is a picture of Pearlin Jean still extant; I know that her spirit alarmed two elderly ladies in no moderate degree not many years previous to the close of the last century. I hope you will handsomely recant your scandalous aspersions on my ghostly character when you have perus'd this copious detail, and own that I hold those sources of terror to the nursery, amusement to the fireside, and profit to Mat. Lewis, in due estimation. Were I to follow your example, I know not the bounds I could set to my praises of the two poetical productions with which you favour'd me; for, by the rules of proportion, they would demand expressions of oriental redundancy. However old the groundwork of "L^d Carlil" may be, you have contriv'd to give it an air of novelty; and the ballad contains some very fine touches of sentiment and feeling. In the way of description, I like particularly that of Sir Michael's manner of receiving and reading the letter. "Man condemn'd to dye" is delightful. I am continually crooning it over; for I like the tune almost as well as the words, and that is saying a great deal. Miss Douglas, who plays with great taste, gives it due pathos. I was cruelly betray'd in respect to that same song written for the Dumfriesshire election.² It was done under the strictest promise of secrecy. By the bye, was it "The Baillie's Vote" which fell into your hands, or the song beginning with "Since here we have met"? They were both written in a great hurry, and at the earnest desire of that odd animal, Joseph Gillon.³ Now we are on the subject of songs, I will send you

¹ Sir John James Stewart of Allanbank, co. Berwick, was the father of Sir James Stewart, an excellent amateur artist, whose illustrations in black and white to many of Sir Walter Scott's poems and novels were greatly admired.

² See note, *ante*, p. 235.

³ Joseph Gillon was an Edinburgh solicitor noted for his humour and

one in a different style, written at the request of a very different person. You see what you have brought upon yourself by your encomiums. Lady Home¹ did not like the words to a good old tune, "Since first I saw your face, I resolv'd," and asked me to adapt some new ones to it, which led to the following attempt:—

THE EMIGRANT HIGHLANDER'S WIFE.

O turn thee, Donald, turn and view
The valley we are leaving ;
Nor chide the sigh, which, tho' with you
She goes, thy love is heaving :
Say, couldst thou seek for constant truth
Within that bosom dwelling,
Could leave the scenes endear'd by youth
With no fond passion swelling ?

Behold yon curling wreaths of smoke
That mark the distant shieling ;
'Twas there that first my Donald spoke
His heart's impassion'd feeling :
Lo yonder burn, that breaks its way
'Mid banks of blooming heather ;
How short has seem'd the summer day
We there have spent together !

I go with thee, yet check not, love,
The tear of tender sorrow ;
Content his matchless force to prove
O'er vanquish'd fear to-morrow :

convivial habits. Having through the latter lost his business in Edinburgh, he was glad to accept a humble position in the House of Lords. Lockhart relates that Sir Walter Scott once encountered Joseph in London, and on expressing regret at the loss of his society in Edinburgh, Gillon replied in a quotation from the Scotch version of the Psalms—

" Rather in
The Lord's house would I keep a door
Than dwell in tents of sin."

¹ Elizabeth Scott, daughter of Henry, third Duke of Buccleuch.

The foot that quits its native glen
 With half-unwilling motion,
 Shall mount with dauntless courage then
 The bark that braves the ocean.

Walter Scott makes fine promises with respect to enquiries concerning "Lady Cassilis,"¹ but I always find that he is just going to do it the very next day. He is hard at work on a new poem, the beginning of which promises, I think, very well. It is to be called "Marmion, or a Tale of Flodden Field." It will consist of six cantos, with a long introduction to each, totally unconnected with the story. This, I think is a bad contrivance. He may put what he likes before the poem; but when he has once introduc'd his heroes and heroines, I cannot see why the interest of the story is to be suspended while the reader is carried thro' two or three hundred lines of extraneous matter, however good they may be. It is very disinterested in me to attack the said introductions, or, perhaps you will say, very ungrateful, considering that my name stands a fair chance of riding down to posterity on the back of one of them. Each of them is to be address'd to some friend of the author, and the second has fallen to my share. This is all *the hand* I have in the work. Scott is going to London in a week's time, where you will perhaps meet him, and break a lance with him yourself for his unseemly neglect of the Lady Cassilis, if you are not asham'd of fighting for a lady who so demean'd herself.

I was very unfortunate last week, having engag'd myself to dine at Newbattle the same day that M^r and M^{rs} Sharpe din'd here. However, I have had the pleasure of seeing them in Edinburgh. I coincide with you entirely in admiring "The Gentle Shepherd." Its new rival, "The Falls of the Clyde," I have not yet seen; but of course am very anxious to study it thoroughly, in consequence of your account of it. Do send me a little Oxford news, however ill I may seem to deserve

¹ The abduction of Lady Cassilis by Johnnie Faa, the gipsy king.

any favor from you. I ought to tell you, by the way, in my own defence, that I have been really very unwell within the last month,—so much so, indeed, as to have been under the hands of a physician, which is always a *dernier ressort* with me. Alex^r. Scott has had a very severe affliction lately in the loss of his brother William, a fine lad of fifteen, in the sea-service. This is the third brother he has lost within the space of thirteen months. He is to set off in a few days for his living in Devonshire. I am likely to be a Scotchman one year longer. L^d and Lady Dalkeith are going to London for a short time, but leave their children behind them, excepting one daughter. Miss Murray¹ is residing here at present, to the great enlivening of our table-talk, and the promotion of social mirth. She enjoins me to tell you that she waits with impatience for an answer to her last letter. Remember, my dear Sharpe, the handsome allowances you have heretofore made for me, and let me have the pleasure of hearing from you soon. Believe me there are few whose letters are so welcome to your sincere and affect^{ed} friend,

JOHN MARRIOTT.

I will restore "L^d Carlil" with my next packet.

DALK. HOUSE, *March 7, 1807.*

R. SURTEES, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MANISFORTH, *May 3, 1807.*

DEAR SHARPE,—I have been tempted (on ye chance of y^r. being at Hoddam) to send you Brand's catalogue of books now on sale (May 6 to June 17) in London. It contains many articles w^h. may seem of interest to you in y^r. Scotch researches.

4255, Dundee, &c.—This book constitutes my chief reason

¹ Magdalene Murray of Clermont.

for troubling you with the catal., as I know not whether you are already provided with it or not. There is, I believe, a great mania amongst collectors at present, and an auction-room is not the place to buy scarce tracts cheap; but if you chuse to go to any particular price for any article, and will write a line to Benj. Uphill, bookseller, 2 May's Buildings, St Martin's Lane, London, he will, I daresay, execute any commission faithfully for you at the sale. This I mention, least you sh^d. be at a loss for an agent on the occasion. You will, I think, be amused with some of the titles of old tracts. I have reason to think most of Brand's books were very dirty, and, in general, slovenly condition; so if you are attached to bindings, take that into consideration. I send you also a MS. book w^h. fell by accident into my hands lately, entitled 'Secret Hist^y. of ye Church of Scotland,' by one John Kirkton.¹ It seems written on the wrong side, and complains bitterly of poor folk being forced to go to hear ane sinful and ignorant curate. So if it is of any import or curiosity, and not (w^h. it probably may) a mere transcript of some printed book already in y^r. possession, you must say, *Fas est ab hoste doceri*.

I sent y^r. parcel directed n^r. Ecclefechan, Carlisle, to Greta Bridge, when, I hope, it w^d. go by ye Glasgow mail; but lest it sh^d. not make its appearance, I thought it safest to send a letter by the post to inform you of it. You sh^d. have had the catalogue sooner, but it arrived here when I was from home, and I only got it two days ago.

This point dismissed—what chance have I of ever seeing you here this summer, or at what future time may I look for you? I have certainly as little claim as any one either to a visit or a letter from you, as I am of all men both the worst visitor and correspondent. Nor do I think it will be in my power this spring or summer to leave home; but should you be travelling to or from the South, it w^d. be a most sincere

¹ Afterwards edited and published by Kirkpatrick Sharpe. See *post*.

gratification to me if I c^d. induce you to take this road for once, and I can promise you conveyance to any place or places you chuse to see, in a safe gig and steady horse and careful driver. I have never seen Brisco¹ since his marriage, which, I think, you would hear of; nor do I know whether he is in London or in the country. I do not think he resides much in Cumberland, otherwise you may perhaps see him crossing the borders.

As for myself, I am quite rooted to this spot. Three employments—gardening, planting trees, and topographical collections—are my chief occupations, and I neither meddle with volunteers nor elections. If you come here you will find everything very quiet, even tho' it were in the middle of a contest for county and city, which is just now on the point of commencing, unless one of our candidates, S^r. H. Vane,² be swallowed up in the sea between P.patrick and Donaghadee. When you feel perfectly at leisure to bestow a line on one who, though you do not often hear of him, seldom forgets you, I shall be glad to learn where you are and what—whether a Scottish squire or an English divine; and particularly, whether I may have any hope of seeing you here.—I am,
yours very sincerely,

R. SURTEES.

Earl GOWER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

KONIGSBERG, *May 15, 1807.*

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I suppose that you have written more than once to me, but I am sorry to tell you that neither of y^r. letters has reached me yet: perhaps you may have directed them to Petersburg, as I believe I told you to do; and if so,

¹ Sir Wastel Brisco of Crofton Hall, Cumberland, married Miss Lester, 18th November 1806.

² Sir H. Vane-Tempest, whose daughter married (as his second wife) the third Marquis of Londonderry.

I suppose I shall receive them some time or other. I shall probably go thither very soon now: it was my intention to have done so long ago, but L^d Hutchinson's¹ civility and other different reasons have tempted me to stay loitering at Munich, sometimes here, till now. In the meantime, however, I have made two excursions to the Russian h^d-quarters, where the Emperor and K. now are.² The Emperor is a good-looking, good-humoured sort of person, talking English very well, but by no means bright,—however, very determined to do everything possible against Bonaparte. He will probably go back again in the event of a battle, w^h may happen at any time, as the armies continue close to each other. The Queen³ is here at present, and gives tea every evening: she is a most charming person, talks very agreeably, and sometimes sings delightfully. In short, it is very pleasant to go there, without any *gêne* or formality. I expect my uncle⁴ here every day, as he will go to the Emperor at h^d-quarters, and I shall probably go with him to Petersburg.

How I sh^d. like to hear from you, what you are doing, and how you go on! How provoking this change in y^r. ministry is! however, it cannot last long, 'tis to be hoped: as you are no politician, I won't bore you on the subject. We are very uneasy here about Danzig, as the siege has lately been carried on very vigorously. Bonaparte is said to have been there in person. 8000 Russians marched thro' this a few days ago to relieve it, but they ran a great danger of meeting a more numerous force. Monseigneur Le Prince Murat is said to make himself a most excellent figure at Warsaw. He goes to

¹ General Sir John Hely-Hutchinson, who succeeded to the command of the British troops in Egypt on the death of Sir Ralph Abercromby, was created Baron Hutchinson of Alexandria in 1801.

² The headquarters of the sovereigns was then at Bartenstein.

³ Queen Louise of Prussia, consort of Frederick William III. of Mecklen.

⁴ Lord Granville Leveson-Gower, son of the first Marquis of Stafford, afterwards created Viscount Granville, then Ambassador Extraordinary at St Petersburg.

balls in a rose-coloured tunic, and wears turbans, feathers, and God knows what; and if you ask the French why he does all this, the answer is, "Le Prince est un si bel homme." There is still a great number of Russian officers here who were wounded at Preuss Eylau. I went about a month after the battle to see the field, on part of w^{ch} there were still many dead bodies unburied. You can have no idea of the misery of all the surrounding country—villages without inhabitants, and the houses stripped of their doors, shutters, &c. On the whole, a most melancholy appearance, of w^{ch} you, having never *been out* of England and Scotland, can have no idea. "*Rien n'a tant que les voyages.*" I have passed my time since I left England very agreeably, and my travelling ardour has not at all abated.

Have you seen G. Vernon since his having been M.P.?¹ How did he bear his blushing honours? I have not seen Lygon's name yet among the speakers, after the example of his friend Littleton.

May 19.

An expedition to relieve Danzig has proved not over successful. I fear it must be taken in a day or two.

You can have no idea of the Grand Duke;² I think him a monster. He is never quiet one instant, and talks so fast that he is always out of breath. L^d Hutchinson's cousin is just going, so I have no time to write more.—I am, my very dear Sharpe, very sincerely and truly y^{rs}. GOWER.

F. T. H. FOSTER,³ Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

LONDON, June 10, 1807.

I thank you a thousand times for your very entertaining letter. In return I send you a piece of wonderful and

¹ For Oxfordshire.

² Constantine, brother of the Emperor Alexander.

³ Frederick Thomas Foster, M.P. for St Edmundsbury, son of J. T. Foster, M.P. for Dunleer, by Lady Elizabeth Hervey, daughter of the fourth Earl of Bristol (Bishop of Derry).

surprising intelligence; but perhaps you know it already. However, I will take my chance for that, and proceed. Henry Drummond, the gallant, gay Lothario, the prince of bankers, is going to be married to the cousin of the gentlest of the name of Hay—to the Lady Harriot Hay¹!!!!!! All London is in an uproar. As for me, “*Obstupui, steteruntque comæ, vox faucibus hæsit.*” Was ever anything half so sweeping. I suppose the Very Reverend the Dean will marry next; and, in my mind’s eye, I already see Gaisford and Coneybeare looking out for a wife,—some fair Brenkenia or Lexiconia sweet. What a sad account you give me of all the talents. What! Wellesley too, a punster, now in love—a Recketts still weeping over the memory of Kelly. Well, well, to what base purposes may we turn to! I am much flattered by Lord Charles’s remembrance, but am afraid I cannot, alas! visit Oxford this term: it almost breaks my heart, this cruel disappointment. I send you, however, my Patrocles, yours and my Lygon, who intends honoring you with a visit to-morrow, and tarrying a certain number of days: *il petite d’esprit*, and has lately read Carr’s ‘Tour in Holland’ quite through. How I envy him the common-room—that feast of reason and that flow of soul; and the society, too, of the Burtons, the Pegges, and the Halls, those Corinthian pillars of the music-room. Pray remember me to Mr Curator, and say something pretty for me to Gaisford and Coneybeare. I am afraid Massey will never forgive me for that unlucky jest about Kelly: my imprudence on the subject grieves me bitterly. However, I’ll repent and reform, and that soon. I give you joy of your Marquis:² why does he tack *shire* to his title? He might as well *style* himself Middlesexshire, or Kingston-upon-Hullshire, or Sligo-shire, as indeed the ‘Red Book’—Sir T. Burdett’s ‘Red Book’

¹ Henry Drummond, Esq. of Albury, married Lady Harriet Hay, eldest daughter of the ninth Earl of Kinnoul. She died 1854.

² Arthur B. S. T., third Marquis of Downshire.

—very ingeniously styles the latter. However, we will not quarrell with him for it, as he is a tuft, a marquis, and your friend. Mrs Cayler arrived in perfect health, without hap or harm. Do not forget the drawing. I am quite impatient for it, and cannot possibly wait untill you return from Scotland.—Adieu: ever yours most sincerely,

F. T. H. FOSTER.

Should you not write an admonitory letter to Henry Drummond, full of wise saws, and good and wholesome counsell?

E. B. IMPEY, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

CHELTENHAM, *June 14, 1807.*

MY DEAR SHARPE,—It is an enterprise equal to the last and greatest labour of Hercules to indite an epistle to so profess'd a wit and so profound a critic as yourself. But really my desire of receiving one from you makes me bold to hazard a leap over the barriers of reserve, tho' I am conscious how much I shall flounder in the attempt. I have a second and a third reason which instigate me further to this hardy defiance of your criticism; one is, that it may offer some inducement to you to comply with a desire (which I have conceiv'd, under the idea that you have friends besides myself at Cheltenham) that you would visit it during my stay, which will amount to about three weeks from this period. The other is—if we are not to meet—to reap from our renewed correspondence the advantage of your judgment upon a ballad which I have lately written. I shall not, however, intrude it upon your attention at present, lest you should suspect this to be the only true motive of my present address to you. Add to which, I have a mortal horror of you, particularly in matters of antiquarian lore. Nor have I already quite forgotten our wicked sneers at the poodle *bête*. Alas, poor Marriott! I

was much shock'd at the account given of his health by those who saw him pass through Oxford. I fear he will never return. I should be glad if you could contradict this apprehension. Poor Clargis, too! I had latterly contracted a kind of intimacy with him, and he mentioned me in one of his last letters. Those who knew him best say that he possessed many qualities of the heart which will make him long remembered. I have lately reperused the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" with greater attention than at first, which makes me in a great measure reverse the judgment I had formed as to the incoherence of the fable. The incidents are, I think, well imagined, and necessarily conducive to the plot. What I most object to is the forcible introduction of those specimens of ancient lyrics which precede the close of his poem: not that, as far as I can judge, they are ill done, but because they are tedious and impertinent. His notes, too, may delight the antiquarian, but the gravity with which he sifts impossibilities is very ludicrous to an ordinary reader. You doubtless expect some account of Cheltenham. I have been here only a week, which I suppose is enough to render one competent to answer most necessary inquiries,—to tell you that the town is very full of all descriptions of people; that the balls are tolerably attended by the best sort; and that the walks chiefly abound in the display of much vulgarity, as who cannot walk? The fashion is to make excursions in open carriages, and happy is he who is possessed of a barouche or sociable and four. We remain here three weeks longer, and then pay a week's visit to Lady Reade at Shipton, then to Daylesford for a week, and return to town and Oxford. I am thus large on the subject of our arrangements, that the example may influence you to a like confidence, which may lead to a deduction of how far our motions are compatible. The people of the greatest distinction, next to ourselves, are Lord and Lady Petre,¹

¹ Robert, tenth Lord Petre; died 1809. His wife was a daughter of Henry Howard of Glossop.

Lady Fielding,¹ a Lady Charlotte Wood²—I believe, a sister of Lord Castlereagh's—Michael Angelo Taylor, and Sr Isaac Heard, who is an oddity, as you may suppose, being the Garter King-at-Arms. No scandal whatever stirring, nor anything whatever worth lengthening this letter to record. So adieu for the present, and believe me ever yours,

E. B. IMPEY.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Miss ISABELLA SHARPE.

OXFORD, *June 23*, 1807.

MY DEAR I,—I am writing this despatch in such a haste, in order to get a frank from Lord Claud³ before he goes to London, that I have epistolised Susan on a scrap of paper, and have scarcely time to say three words to you. I am much obliged to you for your last letter, which I will answer fully by word of mouth by-and-by; meanwhile I can tell you no news, but that Henry Drummond is going to be married to Lady Harriet Hay directly (a fine hook-in of it that jade hath made, and you may guess my displeasure, as I think her a disagreeable quean, and now ugly). Harry was mighty sly, so that in town I had not the smallest inkling of the matter: indeed his cunning overshot the mark a little, for directing most attention to Lady Sarah Maria,⁴ the poor child imagined that she was the object of his flame, and returned the passion in a vast haste—so you may guess the quandary now. Ellen and Lady Laurie are going to Monzie shortly, but they will

¹ Anne Catherine, eldest daughter of Thomas Powis of Berwick House, Shropshire, and Moreton Hall, Cheshire, widow of Major-General Viscount Fielding, who died 1799.

² Lady Caroline Stewart, second daughter of the first Marquis of Londonderry, married, in 1801, Thomas Wood, Esq. of Littleton, Middlesex.

³ Lord Claud Hamilton, younger son of the first Marquis of Abercorn.

⁴ Lady Sarah was Lady Harriet's younger sister. She married Bishop Murray of Rochester, a nephew of the Duke of Athole.

not have the General to flirt with, as he must attend rougher duty in Parliament. I never by any chance hear from home, but that gives me very little concern: 'tis reported that Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick¹ is to be made a Lord of Session, which I shall believe when I see it: I do not yet despair of our dignity, principally (I fear) because I am not of a despairing temper. As to my Jobbish mode of comfort, in truth I have none better; but I really think that you are young enough yet to get a husband, provided that the stars have not doomed you to a state of celibacy. Poor Miss Mary Douglas! Lord bless me, my dear! how came you never to hear of her sad legend?—how her lover was shot in the Highlands, or in the moon rather, as I think. I have not time at present to tell you a word more about it, for here is Claud, booted and spurred, in haste to get to his mother's masquerade to-morrow.—So I rest your affectionate brother,

C. K. S.

The MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD² to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

CLEVELAND HOUSE, *July 7, 1807.*

I shall feel in some degree affronted, my dear sir, if you are not out of humour with me, or at least surprized at a letter I r^d some weeks ago from you having till now remained unanswered; but the real cause of my obstinate silence is that I hoped to have been able to send the laborious and learned work in question³ with my letter long before this time. We went soon after out of town, and during three weeks my labours were suspended in consequence of our journey; then

¹ Of Closeburne, Kirkpatrick Sharpe's brother-in-law.

² Elizabeth, Countess of Sutherland, married Lord Gower, eldest son of the Marquis of Stafford, in 1785. Lord Gower succeeded to the Marquisate in 1803, and was created Duke of Sutherland in 1833.

³ Views in Orkney and on the North-Eastern Coast of Scotland, taken in 1805 and etched in 1807. By the Marchioness of Stafford. Privately printed.

the hot weather made me idle; and now you are leaving Oxford, and I must be told, when it is finished (which I trust it will be in a fortnight), where to send it.

I trust you will find it an *innocent* performance; it will contain nothing contrary to the principles of the Established Church; and though there is a view of what once was a Popish Cathedral, and one which has heard Mass celebrated, if it be true that walls have ears (as it is universally supposed is the case), yet I do not mean to set up my Cathedral as an opponent to the present establishment. I think it right to clear myself of all suspicion on this head when I am writing to an inhabitant of Oxford.

You will see that my work has another merit, that of having proved that the Orkney Islands are after all the true *Atlantides* which have puzzled so many curious antiquarians, and I think I have some reason to be vain of having done what Mr Baillie and so many others could not atchieve, in being able to fix where that island or continent, or neither, lay. In short, you may prepare yourself for something very elaborate and very new.

The last accounts we had from Gower were of the 20th of May; he was then at Kœnigsberg, expecting L^d Granville with impatience, and to proceed with him to Petersburgh, where, I hope, he may have arrived before all these disasters, which I fear we shall soon see too fully confirmed.

We cannot get to Trentham till the middle or end of August on account of repairs and alterations there. If after that time you sh^d. take that road on your travels too or from Oxford, pray remember we shall be happy to see you; and believe me, very sincerely your's,
E. S. S.

The MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

WOOLMERS, July 31, 1807.

MY DEAR SIR,—I write this merely to say that the little book is, I believe, by this time forwarded to you, as you directed, by the Carlisle coach. It was not yet put in boards, though finished, when I left town; I therefore left the care of dispatching it to Mr Todd in my absence, which must account for its being without the *inscription* you mentioned, on the title-page, but which shall be supplied at some future opportunity. It is really after all not worth sending to anybody, being a most insignificant performance. We are here for a few days on our way to Trentham. I have just been to see L^y. Salisbury¹ at Hatfield, where there are very curious old things. The whole house has the perfume of the times of James the 1st, and the stables are a valuable relict of Q. Eliz. I like those old things that bring one back to where indeed one never was, but which give an idea of old times. Pray, when you chance to be enquiring after old books, see if such a one as the 'Mem. or Hist. commique du Chev. d'Assoussi' still exists anywhere. I think from the description of it in Bayle it must be a curious book, and I never heard of it till this morning, when, for want of occupation, it being a most rainy day, I happened to meet with the 'Life of the Chev. d'Assoussie' in Bayle, and by his account this book must be a very entertaining one.

We heard from Gower yesterday, still with L^d. Granville at Memel, but expecting every moment to set out for Petersburg. He is in a rage at the late events that have happened, and his sentiment for the Queen of P[russia] revives in one's mind that of L^d. Craven and Sir Henry Wootton for the unfor-

¹ Mary, daughter of the first Marquis of Downshire, and wife of the first Marquis of Salisbury. Her ladyship perished in the fire at Hatfield House in November 1835.

fortunate Queen of Bohemia, by whom such respectful adoration was carried to its utmost extent. He must soon come here to assist in defending us from the invasion, as his services can be no longer required on the Continent, and he seems disposed to exert himself with all the enthusiasm such an occasion will demand, for Bonaparte declares he will be in England in a year.

Mr Mildmay and Sir R. Wilson¹ ran some risk in going to Tilsit from Memel disguised as Cossacks, where, after all, they saw nothing, as B.² is careful not to let those he does not know come near him.—Adieu, dear sir, ever sincerely your’s,

E. S. S.

WALTER SCOTT, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

[Jan.] A.D. 1808.

DEAR SHARPE,—Lady Louisa Stuart³ is with us to-night; if you will look in any time after seven, I am anxious to congratulate you upon your safe delivery.⁴ The first literary child always gives most trouble and anxiety.—Believe me, yours always,

W. SCOTT.

CASTLE STREET, *Thursday*.

WALTER SCOTT, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

1808.

DEAR SHARPE,—I return you⁵ ‘Spanish Vengeance,’ wth best thanks for the pleasure the perusal has afforded. It contains

¹ These gentlemen were attached in the service of Great Britain to the combined armies of Russia and Prussia.

² Bernadotte.

³ Youngest daughter of the celebrated Earl of Bute.

⁴ Of ‘Metrical Legends.’ See Walter Scott, Esq., to Lady Louisa Stuart, Lockhart’s ‘Life of Scott,’ vol. iii. pp. 37, 38.

⁵ See *ante*, Memoir, p. 28.

much fine poetry and many striking situations, but rather belongs to the *second* school of the English drama—to that of Congreve and Rowe—than to that of Shakespeare and Massinger. Whether it would succeed on the stage I cannot tell, but I am sure many many far inferior have been received with good approbation. Should you ever think of this, a few harshnesses in the language might be smoothed away with advantage. I have marked one or two things for consideration in pencil.—Believe me, yours truly, W. S.

Friday.

LADY DOUGLAS¹ to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

B [OTHWELL] C [ASTLE], Jan. 26, 1808.

DEAR SIR,—You must think it strange and unnatural that I have not long since thank'd you for your two excellent drawings, and therefore I am impatient to account for my silence. A little visit to Dalkeith, in the first place, delay'd my receiving them, and from the day of my return I have had a violent cold, which has so much affected my eyes, that this is literally the first time I have ventured to *put pen to paper*, and I now feel that I must *post* them very soon. I really believe you are partly in fault, or that the Lady Glammis² has bewitched me; for in a very cold day I was tempted to charm the dreary rough way over the Shott Hills with certain metrical legends, which nearly blinded me before I got home. *I*, and (what is much better) *we*, are much pleased with them—for L^d Louisa Stuart is here,

¹ Frances, daughter of the Earl of Dalkeith, son of Francis, second Duke of Buccleuch, was the second wife of Archibald, Lord Douglas, the hero of the "Douglas Cause."

² Lady Janet Douglas, sister of the Earl of Angus, and wife of John, Lyon Lord Glamis, was executed in the time of James V. for witchcraft and poisoning.—See Law's 'Memorials.'

she who sang of wide-mou'd Meg. Lorenzo and Isabella¹ she thinks very *Drydenish*. Will you think us officious and saucy if I say that we both long to have two expressions therein changed—"a *deal* of beauty" and "a charming man"—as unworthy the rest? A *deal* is, in England at least, not merely a *familiar*, but quite a *vulgar* expression, and a *charming man* very *missish*. To return to Q. Elizth's portraits, I am delighted with them. When you are again *mind*ed to celebrate her, I should think Sir J. Harrington's acc^t of her wearing L^y. M. Howard's too fine and too short petticoat, with poor L^y. Mary gazing on it for the last time, might be a good subject. What Time is poking out of the fire with his scythe, after much pondering I must confess I am too stupid to discover. Pray tell me, and believe me, y^r much obliged,

F. DOUGLAS.

I am in daily hope of seeing Miss Murray² here.

REV. J. T. CONYBEARE TO C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

CHRIST CHURCH, *Feby.* 5th, 1808.

DEAR SHARPE,—I have certainly some apologies to make for my tardy acknowledgement of your last; but now that I have taken up my pen, am resolved (tho', by the way, it is very problematical whether you may thank me much for *that*) that what has been long in coming shall be long in reading. To this place I was confined nearly the whole vacation; first, by the serious illness of a pupil—and secondly, by a violent cold, &c., of my own. I had time, therefore, to enquire only at one or two places after your commissions, and was unsuccessful both as to the Putaine and the Poet. As to Ma^{dle}.

¹ Characters in the 'Spanish Vengeance.'

² Magdalene Murray of Clermont.

Clairon,¹ the Williams either have sold or are too idle to search for her. I have read your Opuscula, and think they would have been still more entertaining had you prefixed to them your anticipation of the Oxford Critiques. Should you feel inclined to pursue this *idle trade*, it would, in my humble opinion, be better to search for a good London bookseller. I do not apprehend that Parker has the art of circulating a new book. From what you hinted at, however, in your last, I sincerely trust that you will derive the solids of life from a more certain source than the bounties of that deceitful charmer who "finds men poor and keeps them so." Nothing will give me more sincere pleasure than to see you comfortably settled, especially in town, which must be of necessity a far more convenient and pleasant situation for one of your pursuits than any other. But it will not, I hope, be long before we talk over all these matters either at Mr Green's or in my own palace here, which is now become a very decent-looking comfortable habitation (thanks to the ingenuity and industry of Gee), and where I have several novelties for your inspection.

Now, as arrangement and order are the soul of all compositions, especially such as are long and intricate, I will systematise in due form. The subject then of the ensuing section is "*Oxford News*;" that of the next shall be "*Myself*." As to Oxford, "Ἐκ Διὸς ἀρχωμέσθα," we will begin by Golgotha. The late Vice-Chancellor² and the Head of University³ being dead, the one of having eaten more, and the other of having eaten longer, than most of their neighbours; Cole has already obtained the Headship of Exeter, and Mr Griffiths (whose ingenuity as an artist you must have heard of, if not

¹ Memoirs of Hyppolite Clairon, the celebrated French actress, with Reflections on the Dramatic Art. Written by herself. Translated from the French. London: 1800.

² Henry Richards, D.D., Rector of Exeter College, Vice-Chancellor 1806.

³ Dr Nathan Wetherell, Dean of Hereford, died 1808.

witnessed) is to have that of Univ^r. The Head of Trinity¹ is likely also to fall soon; all I know of his successor is that it will probably *not* be Kett. We have had the Comte de Lille, *alias* Louis 18th, on a visit, escorted by the B^r of St Asaph, at the request of *His Majesty's patrons*, the Grenvilles. It grieves me to see Royalty degraded into the tool of a pitiful and mean-spirited faction, and neglected by a Court which once boasted its intention to re-establish the throne of the Bourbons. *Last* term, as you have heard, we had Catalani here singing in public; *this*, we have Viotti playing in private. He came hither with a family of the name of Chinnery, the eldest son of which was brought to Ch. Ch. as a commoner. Miss Chinnery, who is with them, is by far the finest female pianoplayer I ever heard. They have remained here nearly a fortnight, to the high gratification, as you may suppose, of all the amateurs, and have almost every evening played at Dr Walls, at the Maclows, or some other house. Young Mr Chinnery himself is a curiosity of another kind, having been educated on a new plan for political life. He understands and speaks French, Italian, and German *really more fluently* than he does English, which last, indeed (report says), he was not allowed to talk till he was eleven or twelve years old. Mr W^m. Spencer, the poet, is also in their train. We have no other prodigies this term. Young Hartopp is *not* my pupil. There is a brother of Fazakerley's here, whom you probably know. I have had some intercourse with him, and find him very clever. Hare, Wellesley, Legge, and Douglas are flourishing. Doctor Foster was here last term to take his Master's degree. "*Explicit Novella de Oxnaforde.*" "*Cy cumence Noveles de moy tres-beaus.*" *Imprimis*, the frost and snow have kept me at a most respectful distance from the Bodleian, and my short stay in town allowed me only one morning at the British Museum. My collections I have therefore not

¹ Joseph Chapman, President of Trinity, died 1808, and was succeeded by Thomas Lee.

finished, but as soon as they are I propose showing them to Mr Douce, to whom I am to be introduced the first opportunity, and from whom I have received a very civil message and offer of assistance. You may not perhaps be aware that Mr Douce is the best and most *universal* black-letter scholar in England. He has just published two most lovely volumes, entitled 'Illustrations of Shakspeare and Ancient Manners.' These, with B^p. Tanner's 'Notitia Scriptorum Anglicorum,' the 'Notte piacevole' of Straparola, the 'Gage Touché,' the 'Elite des Contes de Sieur Ouville,' the 'Nouveaux Contes à rire,' and Strutt's 'Regal and Eccl^l Antiquities,' are the only *livres de délassement* that I was able to pick up. I have sent to Constable, at Edinburgh, for several articles from his catalogue, but have only heard in a general way that most of them were about to be forwarded to me. William has bought a very neat folio MS. on vellum of Lydgate's 'Fall of Princes,' and added some more to his black-letter histories. I have procured also from Manchester a most admirable copy of the 'Nuremburg Chronicle.' I have got a few new prints; and thus concludes my list of rareties, all which I long to exhibit to you as earnestly as a young *belle* to display her birthday suit, or yourself to promulgate the enchanting licentiousness of Lady Mary M. You will not perhaps be sorry to hear that the falling in of my prebendal estate has produced an accession of two hundred p^r. ann. to my income. In all other respects my pleasures have suffered a diminution from one quarter only, and that really a very painful and unexpected one, in the death of poor Lady Mackworth¹—a loss sufficiently distressing to her friends, but to Sir Digby and his eleven orphans almost irreparable. It is perhaps selfish to consider one's own deprivation when theirs is so infinitely greater; but still I cannot help feeling that it has cut off almost the only means of amusement and relaxation from the monotony and un-

¹ Wife of Sir Digby Mackworth, Gnoll, Glamorganshire, and daughter of the Rev. Matthew Deere, died January 1808.

sociability of this place which I enjoyed; for the immediate consequence of their loss will be that the family will quit this part of the country for either Bath or London. I trust that the approaching season will attract you to town (if nothing better does), and know that you cannot help taking Oxford in your way. In the full hopes, therefore, of speedily seeing you, I remain, ever very truly yours,

J. T. CONYBEARE.

Let me at all events hear from you. I have purchased of Neill, the artist here, a most exquisite pencil-drawing of the inside of the Chapter House, and employed him on two or three other sketches.

R. SURTEES, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

March 14th, 1808.

DEAR SHARPE,—I have for some time felt the pangs of conscience on acc^t of yr. letter still unanswered. For the whole time since its date, however, I have not to answer. It just arrived after I had left home, and has pursued me to London by a rather circuitous route. We have been here some time, and shall be till the beginning or middle of May; and if you will give me any commissions for you, I will execute them to the best of my ability, either as to books, prints, or extracts from any of the MSS. repositories here. Have you got 'Dun-dee'? I saw it in a catal. the other day, but on enquiry it was sold! I thank you for yr. Durham extract, wh. is new to me, and most curiously absurd. I go on collecting and collecting; but as to publishing, I fear dealing with printers and engravers worse than critics. If they mauled yr. vol. of Poems, what will they do with a heavy vol. of topography full of uncouth names, law Latin, and Old English?—a noble field for errata. I got yr. poems, and have been most highly gratified, not less by the poetry than notes. Yr. acc^t of the

overloading Holyrood House Chapel is the most satisfactory solution of the problem that cd. be given. Julian of the Bower is sweetly pretty; and the Countess of Roxburgh most delightfully arch, and reminds me so much of Charles Sharpe, that I long for Ch. Ch. again, notwithstanding the appendages of Carey, and a long list of frightful spectres that rise in review at the name. It strongly reminds me of a lady whom you were determined to call Lady Southesk, and who perhaps now enjoys the title. I was extremely struck with the lines on Guise: amidst some strange conceits, they possess, at least in yr. version, a romantic air of sorrow that is not always found in attempts of the same kind either of the *temps passé* or present. But the *bas de soie incarnat* in the note, wh. set the French son of a bitch a-crying, is exquisite.

I wish you wd. give us a few more translations of the best pieces of Boccace in the stile of yr. Lorenzo and Isabella. They remind me of Dryden's tales and translations, wh. were always peculiar favourites with me. These kind of stories are, I think, much better in verse than in roundabout half-poetic prose. You ask me about the Duke of Bucks, and I will refer you for a very particular acc^t of his death and other circumstances of interest to the 'Gent. Magazine' for 1786, vol i. for March, page 203 *et seq.*, where there is an original letter of Lord Arran's, who attended him on his death-bed, and two other letters conc^d him; one gives the reg^r. of his burial at Kirby Moorside:—

“George Viloas, Lord Dooke of Bookingam, buried Ap. 17th 1687.”

This letter is signed W. C. I suppose Wm. Comber, Rector of Kirby Moorside—and a very aged man, grandson to Dean Comber of Durham—100 years ago.

The acc^t referred to at p. 19 of the same volume is evidently false. You know that the Duke's estate Helmsley (wh.

his father got by the Earl of Rutland's daughter), now Duncombe Park, was purchased by St. Anthony Duncombe, Knt., who is said to have embezzled K. Jas. 2^d's money, wh. he held as private treasurer or cofferer at the Revolution. And Helmsley, once, &c., slides to a scrivener or a city knight—to wit, Duncombe, whose descendants still hold it, and have behaved as much like gentlemen as any Norman among them all. I cannot part with you without thanking you for yr. hit at peerage-mongers; and I assure you, in my department of Durham, if ever it sees light, I shall cover no wine or oil casks with fur or ermine.

Do write to tell me what I can do for you here. What Scottish knight shall I hunt for? *quem virum aut heroa*. I have not yet seen 'Marmion.' There is a copy lying for me at Mainsforth, but it is scarce out here yet. Cannot you come and visit us at Mainsforth this summer? You shall have ease and quiet, and some of my father's best drawings at yr. discretion. We shall be at home all the summer.—Believe me, with sincere regard for the Castellan of Hoddam and all his liege subjects, yrs. &c.

R. SURTEES.

F. T. H. FOSTER,¹ Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

LONDON, 24th March 1808.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—A thousand thanks for your beautiful drawing,² and for your very entertaining and witty letter. I hope that you will remember your promise of another. So you are hard at study at 'Delphine.' All the illustrations I can discover of the aforesaid novel I give you as follows: Mde. de Vernon, Talleyrand, Serbellane, Joseph Bonaparte, King of Naples, Delphine, Mde. de Staël—I don't know her new name; she has thought proper to enter a second time into the

¹ See *ante*, p. 313.

² Madame de Staël.

bands of wedlock — Léonce, Monr. de Narbonne, Lebensei, Berig, Constant, Mathilde, Madame Mat. Montmorenci, and Mr. de Valorbe, Ribbing, a young Danish gentleman. I missed you sadly at Oxford; the Talents are diminished in numbers, and those that remain have taken furiously to punning. G. Berty Douglas is the first wit, Hall the chief entertainer, and Wellesley is the grand promoter of fun and frolick. I hope you like the lusty Pegge; I thought him very amiable.

The common room was, as usual, the feast of reason and the flow of soul. When I was there, it had the amazing advantage of being enlivened by the brilliant talk of Major Barnes. Corne slumbers in his stall, Coneybeare is as galant and Impy as ireful on the subject of Kelly as ever. The Kellian Ricketts was in high feather: he and the Vaux and little Johnson were prodigiously genteel and witty. I met the Dean the other day snuffling along Piccadilly with the elder Goodenough, son of my Lord of Carlisle. I took them at a distance for two large brown bears.

I believe I bought the first copy that was sold of some very beautiful poems by a certain ingenious young gentleman of your acquaintance.¹ How pleased Mr Fynes must be "laudari a laudato viro," &c. Pray come to London and sing of Border chivalry.—Adieu, yours very sincerely,

F. T. H. FOSTER.

Earl GOWER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

CLEVELAND HOUSE, April 9, 1808.

DEAR SHARPE,—You have not written to say that you have left Hoddam, and that you are at Edin^g, as you ought to have done a long time ago. As it is too late for you to do that

¹ Metrical Legends, and other Poems. By Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq. Oxford and London: 1867.

now, it remains for you to say what you have done since you have been there. I suppose there is little or no chance of your coming to London this year. I can assure you it seems particularly gay and agreeable, if that be any inducement to you. I see y^r friend Lady Hampden about everywhere. She is a great friend to the Argyle S^t. institution, of w^{ch}. you may have heard, and w^{ch}. is generally bad enough. Poor Lady Peell makes her appearance but seldom, but the D^{ess}. of G.¹ is as much about as ever, tho' she complains of g^t. blindness, &c. &c. She cannot resist any ball or assembly. By the by, I dined at a Scotch dinner the other day, when I heard of nothing else but the excellence of some ball or something w^{ch}. the young gentlemen from Oxford, they said, had been giving at Edin^g. Were you at it? The merits of each of these young gentlemen separately were then considered and talked over, to my great entertainment, as I was not suspected of having any acquaintance with any of them. I could not make out which was the most popular, but L^d. Desart² was declared to be an extremely fine young man; and, on the whole, I think he seemed to receive the greatest praise in the conducting this ball, and for his modesty in not claiming privilege of peerage, but allowing his name to be put with the rest in a round robin, which in London is thought to be quite a new idea for such occasions. 'Marmion' is not generally liked near so well as the 'Lay.' I, for my part, think it wonderfully inferior, and am quite content with reading it once over, which was far from being the case with the other. I shall go in a few days to Hertfordshire for the holidays, but you may direct as usual to London. By the by, I hope soon to be in Parl^t, though I know of little other advantage to be gained from it but that of being able to frank letters, as I am not sufficiently in debt to make it desirable on that account; and I can hear the

¹ Jane Maxwell, wife of Alexander, fourth Duke of Gordon.

² John Otway, fourth Earl.

debates now whenever I wish. And as to speaking—not much chance of that. I hear the H. Drummonds cannot come to town for want of money to pay post-horses. They must be heartily tired of each other by this time. I am really very sorry for her, that she sh^d. have been so foolish as to throw herself so completely away. Murray is in orders. The D^{ss}. of Montrose¹ is dying. The east winds have been fatal to many. I am surprised at L^d. Hampden holding out so well: he goes with her everywhere. You have heard, I suppose, all about Catalani's cold, and the disappointment of Bath, and the badness of the opera, &c. Such a crowd as L^d. Loudoun² collected the night of L^d. Mauchline's christening never was known—horses squeezed to death, carriages broken, women frightened, and numbers of little incidents and adventures. C. Wrottesly will not come to town, though his brother has offered him a room. G. Vernon has locked himself up for some weeks and been invisible—different reasons are assigned. L^d. Berwick came a few nights ago to Argyle St^c. as dumb as need be, and challenged, kicked, and bruised many people, who at last succeeded in turning him out with much difficulty.

Hon. Mrs DRUMMOND BURRELL to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

I delay'd answering your letter these last two days in the hopes of saving you sevenpence, and at the same time of adding another M.P. to the list of my correspondents. If a fair Marchioness has any sense, I feel convinc'd that you will soon repay me for the Will of Patrick by franking my

¹ Caroline Maria, daughter of the fourth Duke of Manchester, and wife of James, third Duke of Montrose, survived her husband, and died in 1847.

² Flora Muir Rawdon, Countess Loudoun, married the Earl of Moira, 1804. George Francis, Lord Mauchline, was born 1806. Why his christening should have been so long postponed does not appear.

letters. I have unfortunately *mislaid* the original, but I send you a copy (the only one we have), which I am sure will be safe with you. As to my uncle, the Lord High Chancellor,¹ I cannot send him by the stage-coach, and the carrier went off without him; so if you are not in a great hurry, Burrell desires me to say that we can bring him *bodkin*. He joins me in kind wishes to the Miss Campbells and you, and believe me, ever yours faithfully,

C. S. D. B.

DRUMMOND CASTLE,
April 13th, 1808.

I am going to put in a claim after *L^v Mary Lindsay*² in virtue of the Lundins. Give us your opinion. The Viscountess Garnock! It sounds well.

CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Miss ISABELLA SHARPE.

[EDINBURGH], *April 1808.*

MY DEAR ISABELLA,—It was but this very instant that from my aunt Kirk. I learnt the Colonel's most distressing accident, and I cannot refrain from troubling you with these few lines, to desire that when you are at leisure you will let me know all the circumstances, and especially how my sister stands this most severe shock. It was the merciful providence of God that the discharge did not prove fatal, and much cause have we to be thankful for it; but I shall not be easy till I hear that all possibility of fever is at an end, and also that Mrs Sharpe is delivered from those fearful hysterical passions which shake and tear in pieces a frame as delicate as hers. I hope that you behaved well on this trying occasion, and gave way to none of those fooleries to

¹ Portrait of the Earl (Duke) of Perth.

² The Viscounty of Garnock became extinct on the death of the fifth Viscount, 1808.

which the females of our family are so subject, and which render them both useless and contemptible. Ellen wrote to my aunt so confusedly that I cannot make out whether all the fingers are gone or no. Be clear, I beseech you, on that point, and tell me if the thumb be harmed. I would fain hope that he may still be able to make use of his hand should any part of the fingers remain and the thumb be unhurt. It is now needless to repine, else I should descant a little on the rash handling of such dangerous weapons as double-barrelled guns. Again, we have cause to be thankful that it is no worse,—which, from my aunt's mode of opening the matter to me, I did at first most grievously apprehend.

Pray give him my best love and good wishes, and tell my sister that at present I think it wrong to trouble her with a letter (tho' on the eve of doing so), because my nonsense cannot possibly divert her now: by-and-bye will do better. I must confess, my dear, that I behaved ill to yourself with respect to correspondence; but my friends are so well accustomed to my silences that they never take them amiss (even when they are occasioned by more trifling causes than this towards you), so I beg you to follow their example. The ballad which you sent was excellent, tho' rather highly seasoned in some places—and the account of the quarter sessions at the castle very diverting. O heavens, that castle! How I quake and sicken at the very thought of it! Ellen writes that the *younger* ladies were abundantly disappointed concerning some Dumfries ball or other to which they were not *bidden*. Were you one of them? I have been so occupied with all sorts of things here that I have lost my memory respecting dates and chronology most completely.

Mrs Campbell's death was a very displeasing interruption to my pursuits and diversion. The Erskines (both of whom I like much, but John the best), Colonel Tytler, and I escorted the body to Loch Earne head (about thirty miles on the other

side of Stirling), where the burial-place is, by the margin of a rivulet shaded with birch-trees and flowing over rocks into a beautiful smooth lake. John Erskine and I walked on the banks of this lake by moonlight, and you cannot imagine anything more sad and sombre than the scene—the still dead water, the huge gray hills patched with snow, the clouds coming slowly over the face of the moon, and the profound silence of all nature, saving the murmur of the stream near Mrs Campbell's grave, and the faint cry of the owl proceeding from some mountain far away. It makes me cold to think of it even now. We were four days from Edinburgh, travelling with our own horses all that time.

Shortly after we all removed to Monzie, where we had ten days (the sum total of our stay) of continual snow. However, I contrived to dine once and *sleep a night* at Abercairney, where were the Burrells, and my cronies the Stanmere Drummonds. Mr Burrell is become as thin as a spectre; but he is a good-humoured, well-bred man, and *speaks English*. Mrs Burrell was just as usual. I think that Christy Murray hath become a perfect beauty, for, by hook or crook, she hath gained a high complexion. Margaret (of whom I saw much in Edin., she residing with the Drummonds, in whose house I almost lived) is very nearly what you remember her. When on our return to this town, we stopt to examine the ruins of Dunblane and Linlithgow—two dismal spectacles, in truth. There was one little circumstance respecting Linlithgow which struck me much. Tho' the sun was shining bright on the green fields, on the lake by the castle, and on the ruin itself, yet in the roofless chamber where Queen Marie was born lay a wreath of snow! How emblematic of her miserable fortunes! Linlithgow castle was burnt down by the Duke of Cumberland's soldiers in the year 1746, after having slept a night in it,—*because it belonged always to rebels*, they said. I hope they are burning in hell for their trouble.

It gave me great pleasure to learn that you were well entertained with London. I was confident that the opera would perfectly enchant you. After such refined *fun*, you may well imagine that the frolicks here were not exceedingly charming to me; nevertheless, I went out every night, because it did me good in sundry of my pursuits. The leading ladies of the season were the Duchess of Gordon and Mrs Drummond; but as I have before frequently described them to you, I shall not now meddle with them. We hear of nothing but marriage ever since these frisks ceased, of which three are certain: Augusta Murray of Ochertyre to Gen. Campbell of Lochnell—an excellent match; George Ross (Sir Charles's brother) to Miss Hunter of Barjarg (*N.B.*—the said George doth nothing now but pray, to cuddle his mother out of her money); and Clemmy Blair to a Captain Birch, who hath not one penny beyond his pay. Besides these certainties, 'tis said that Drummond Home is about to favour one Miss Carnegie of Pittarrow, and Sir George Clerk of Pennykeek (as Coneybeare pronounced it) another. I hear not of Hartopp cutting his cloth according to the fashion, or getting himself a goose-board anywhere. I do not see much of him now, as the evening parties are almost over, and we can give nothing at home. I met Mrs Siddons at dinner one day, just before the death of her spouse—'twas at Walter Scott's—and you cannot imagine how it annoyed me to behold Belvidera guzzle boiled beef and mustard, swill streams of porter, cram up her nose with handfulls of snuff, and laugh till she made the whole room shake again. I verily think that she is even fatter than when we last saw her, and really now so broad *in the* pockets that she is a very shame to be seen.

Apropos of pockets, my aunt Smollett is grown so fond of me that she declares I am to have the miniature of Lady Eglintone when she dies. Meanwhile, I have got it most beautifully copied by Bessie Mure, who did it as the greatest

favour possible. Let me know in your letter if you have any chance of becoming a countess shortly—if you have made any impression yet. I could tell you a good deal about John, as that I think him cured of his passion, &c., &c., but have neither time nor inclination; for the truth is, that I am in very bad spirits [¹] of writing, but was resolved when I sat down to this [¹] any little news I could think of, in some sort to [¹] from complaining of the postage. Again, pray write soon, and be as particular as possible, directing to me, 5 Charlotte Square.

Walter Scott has redd my play, and as both he and the Campbells approve of it, I will certainly endeavour to get it acted. But do not you whisper one word of it to any mortal, for if it be damned, I must never confess myself to be the author; and tho' my pride assures me that worse plays have passed off very well, yet there is no depending on the caprices of a London audience. Willie Tytler, the colonel's son, is made a judge in India; so he hath caught a better trout than even his father did when he fished so successfully in the Moffat well. Margaret is become quite melancholy, caring for nothing except a husband, I guess,—an article which she seems to have little or no chance of acquiring just at present. Anne is certainly the beauty of the family, and would really be very pretty did she use a little rouge. Miss Grierson of Rockhall was here for some time, but she had no sale, the people thinking her unpleasant; in which strange idea they differed much from the sentiments of, dear Isabella, your ever affectionate brother,

CH. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

¹ Letter torn under the seal.

CHARLES K. SHARPE to Miss CAMPBELL of Monzie.

[April 1808.]

MY DEAR WIFE,—Having attained Glasgow in safety, I write with sad qualms to inform you of the fate of the antique stone. The confounded Town Council of Stirling have resolved either to present it to the Duke of Athole or reinstate it in its former place, so adieu all hopes of my Lady Margaret's monument. You must console yourself with Lord Melville's inscription, and I will make a shift to be contented with the memento of Sir N. de Corri.

I have hitherto met with little worth mentioning in my journey. At Airdoch I encountered an Oxford acquaintance, by name Hay, and his papa, a strange old rogue, going to Lord Kinnoul's; and between Cumbernauld and Glasgow my driver quarrelled with three fellows for getting on the back of the carriage, and was wellnigh murdered by them, in spite of my menaces and exclamations. One wielded a cudgel, another a pair of mutton fists, and the third a reaping-hook, wherewith I verily believed every moment that he would shear off my Jehu's head; and they squabbled and shook each other with such violence that the horses took fright and began to kick and startle, which finally separated the combat of the other animals, and allowed me and my suite to get to Glasgow about eight o'clock this evening. I am not as yet certain of a place in the mail, no half-ticket being sold till just before it sets off. This is a bore, and I have a megrim in my head which annoys me exceedingly. Give my love to all, and tell Miss Pitman that I will write to her incontinently. In the meantime, I remain your affectionate spouse,

CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

P.S.—Pray make some very ingenious excuse for me to my

Lady Perth, and give my love to Pickle. I suppose he is at this moment either stinking on the ottoman or making the pretty little mouth on your knees.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Mrs SHARPE.

EDIN., *Tuesday, 14th June 1808.*

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I attended the sale three days ago, and bought a large lamp for the drawing-room at the price of ten pounds. It is such a one as sells for twenty-five, is extremely elegant, and hath four burners, which will set a larger room than yours in a perfect blaze. Everybody thinks it a prodigious bargain, and I hope that my father and you may be of the same opinion. Should you not, I think that I can dispose of it again. In the meantime, it wants a brass chain (a rope is cheaper, but not fashionable), which will come to about three pounds more; but I cannot bespeak it till I know your mind, and also the height of the drawing-room ceiling, in the measurement of which the greatest accuracy must be observed. Things are dearer at Cores than during the first days, but still most wonderfully cheap; and should you still wish for a dessert sett of china or a smaller lamp for the dining-room, my father had best send me a draft upon Mr Mackwhinnie for *thirty pounds*, which will certainly cover *all* expenses. As to my own affairs, pray thank him for his obliging offer, but say that at present I have no occasion. Indeed I should have returned home quite rich, had it not been for the clothes incident to Mrs Campbell's death (which were very dear), and that deuced dictionary which Gower got me to subscribe for under a conviction that it would never be published. I have paid for the lamp, and the sooner my father can conveniently let me have that ten pound again the better—that is, should he chuse to keep it. As to parrot-cages, I enquired yesterday in two cage-shops, but could get

none, and intended to hunt again to-day had not the heavy rain prevented me. However, I will be sure to get the necessary information before I leave Edin., which will be at the end of this month or the beginning of the next.

I am sorry to hear that the drawing-room smokes so much, as any paper or cotton article you put up must be ruined by it; but there surely are cures, if they could be hit upon, as no gentleman's house, old or new, smokes but Hoddam Castle nowadays. I have picked up several pictures since I have been here, and painted one myself, which (tell Ellen, with my love) will delight her—'tis a copy of young Harry Erskine's,¹ done by Watson, and in oils. Lord Buchan² lent it to me, and hath since introduced me to the original himself, with whom he wishes me to be intimate. He is a very captivating young man, with much of the family quickness, more of its singularity, and (tho' not so handsome as his picture) of an appearance wonderfully superior to the common run of rusticks in this untitled lawyer-ridden and deserted city.

Also be so good as to tell Ellen that I have redd 'Mathilde,' tho' I would not advise her to be as foolish. 'Tis certainly the most affecting thing that ever was written, and almost slew me, albeit I am not, you know, exceedingly subject to the melting mood at any time, and more especially when my head is taken up with plans and parties, as was then the case. Miss Jane Campbell yesterday made me a present of Fox's historical work, and I have perused it with great attention. His friends will compare him to Sallust, and his foes to Malcolm Laing. For my part, being neither friend nor foe, I esteem his matter stale, but his style admirable, and cannot help regretting that he spent that time in making forgotten (or nearly forgotten) speeches in Parliament, which would have been so much more usefully employed in perpetuating the purest idioms of his native language.

¹ Henry David, afterwards seventh Earl of Buchan.

² David Stewart, sixth Earl.

You will find his account of the Earl of Argyle's execution peculiarly elegant and moving, and be greatly surprised to perceive how much he admires the Duke of Monmouth, who was a bad son, a worse husband, *no father at all*, and a fool. Miss Hamilton's new novel is very just and very amusing; but she hath written it in such bad grammar that I am grieved to the heart about it, for she is an excellent woman, and one whom, in all matters of *taste*, we are bound to defend; but there is no appeal from the Tribunal of Dilworth and Johnson, and in this case she must be condemned and executed without mercy.

I did not think of mentioning Jane, because she was and is very well. It vexed me to learn her intentions respecting Edin., tho' she may have her own reasons, for anything we know. And Jenny is really gone at last; after all her misery and restlessness, she is at length quiet. She was certainly a worthless creature; but I would fain hope that much may be allowed on the score of intellect. She scarcely had the capacity to be a good woman, and there are few of her rank much better. Men kill not their asses, mules, or cats because they are innately stupid or vicious; neither, I am persuaded, will the fountain of mercy pour forth the waters of eternal bitterness on those wretches whose native vices He, in His wisdom, hath neither corrected by the early instruction of friends or the rarer gift of that good sense which is the mother of a thousand virtues.

I have done much in my wonted pursuits since I have been here, and attained to almost everything I desired—

“Blest madman who could every hour employ
With something new to wish or to enjoy.”

Everybody hath helped me on; but your Scotchmen are sad, vulgar fellows, after all. Bessy Mure hath made a most beautiful copy of my aunt's picture of Lady Eglintoune, and I have had it set in a snuff-box, with a huge golden coronet

above. For my aunt herself, nothing could be kinder than she has been; and I am happy to say that she is now much better in health than she was a little while ago, when I, and all her other friends here, entertained very serious apprehensions concerning her.

Tell Ellen that I beg she will go into my closet, and on the upper shelf there she will find Anderson's edition of the English Poets. Let her look for the works of Dryden, and, with the help of the index at the end of the volume, she will find that a great many pages are wanting in one place. She must send me the numbers of the page before the chasm and of that after it, for Dr Anderson hath kindly promised to supply the want whenever I can let him know the precise number of leaves omitted; and I must beseech her to perform this favour with accuracy, as I would gladly have my copy of so valuable a work perfectly complete.

The Duchess of Gordon is here on her way north. I called upon her yesterday, and found her perfectly *beautiful*, covered with lace veils and artificial roses, and surrounded by three ugly yellow London babes of the D^{ess}. of Manchester's. The Burrells have again been in Edinburgh selling more land, whereof Miss Preston hath bought a lot which cost thirteen thousand guineas; Sir P. Murray another of seven thousand pounds; and Abercainey one of two thousand. This money only goes to pay the old debts; the new come next, so that in the end, I fear, very little will be left, and that poor Clementina will be termed Countess Lackland in the family tree. She is cutting down that and all her other trees, but puts an excellent face on the whole matter, which I know not whether to despise or admire her for.

Tell Grace I am much obliged to her for her P.S. Most of the marriages which I mentioned are quite true. We were all abundantly shocked with poor Pollen's fate, for tho' a worthless person, his exit was dreadful. He even at the end behaved ill. L^d. Royston was dying of the plague at the time

he was drowned. He had lost his hearing, was blind of one eye, and his head was swelled to twice its natural size. Harry Drummond is soon to be in Scotland, and I shall endeavour to catch him flying somewhere or other. He brings my lady his wife with him. I am now afraid that Col. Balfour's marriage to Miss Fordyce will miscarry, as he is going to Ireland in a few days, and she is still in England. I had set my heart upon it, and its destruction will not only give no small vexation to the duchess, but also to your affectionate son,

CH^s. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

If you wish for lamps or china, write directly. We wanted much some *breakfast* china in former times. I wish you may be able to read this, for my haste is great.

The Hon. HENRY ERSKINE¹ to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

SHIP INN, SEATON CAREW, near
STOCKTON, *June 28, 1808.*

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I entreat your forgiveness for my being so long in answering your kind note which accompanied your poems. You lament that we should be separated at the very moment of our first acquaintance. It was unfortunate, but for me necessary, and when we meet again (which God grant) I will explain to you the cause of my abrupt departure.

I can assure I would be most happy to rank you among my *true* friends (they are not *many*), altho' my heart is by nature formed to love every one that I think is *amiable*

¹ Henry Erskine, second son of Henry David, fifth Earl of Buchan, born 1746, a distinguished advocate of the Scottish Bar; Lord Advocate, 1783; Dean of Faculty, 1786; Lord Advocate for the second time, 1806. For Memoir see 'Henry Erskine and his Kinsfolk,' by Lieutenant-Colonel Fergusson. Edinburgh: 1883.

and *honourable*. I have been often cruelly disappointed where I looked for pleasure and delight in reciprocity of friendship, and found a vacuum in the heart that could not be supplied.

I am now at a bathing quarter near Stockton with a friend of mine from Newcastle, a very agreeable young man. I shall remain here till the end of July, and then bend my course towards Edina.

I trust we shall then meet, and, I hope, cement and render more lasting the friendship between us, a continuance of which will be truly acceptable to me.—Believe me, dear Sharpe, yours most sincerely,

HENRY ERSKINE.

Your effusions I admire much.

Earl GOWER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

TRENTHAM, July 6, 1808.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—On looking over my valuables here this morn^g I fell in with a bundle of your letters, which I have just been perusing with great pleasure. I assure you, they are extremely entertaining and good. Do not suppose I am now setting about answering them all now, as I have already performed that sufficiently at length for your satisfaction, I should think, so don't be alarmed. No—what I am now moved to write to you, is the desire of seeing you this summer at Dunrobin, whither we—that is, Lady Stafford and I—are now going. We shall be at Edinburgh in a few days, and thence mean to go to Dunrobin *vid* Staffa and Iona and the Caledonian Canal road, and shall continue at Dunrobin during the better part of July and August. So pray come, if you can; and if you cannot, let me know the reasons by a letter to Edinburgh. George Vernon has just given up a scheme he has entertained for some time of paying a visit

to Sicily this summer. He has what they call thought better of it. I believe he is now at Oxford, enjoying, I suppose, the society of your friend, Miss R. Burton, whom I saw in London this year in high beauty and good condition. I should like much to read your play. If you come, as I do really heartily wish you would, bring it, and any other novel productions of your pen or pencil. Remember I have not seen you for more than two years, and I am sure you have not been idle during that time, so I shall expect something. Lady Stafford desires me to tell you that she shall be extremely happy to see you at Dunrobin to stay as long as you like there, and that you may ransack all the old letters possibly to be found, and do entirely what you choose, without the least *gêne* or restraint whatever. Be of *good* courage, and I feel sure you can make it out, if *you have a mind*. In hopes of we^h. I shall not say more at present, in order to have more to say then by word of mouth. Adieu.—Ever y^r. truly,
GOWER.

We shall be at Edinburgh about the 11th.

The MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

DUNROBIN CASTLE, *Sept.* 15, 1808.

To resume the subject of our last conversation, dear Mr Sharpe, I begin by mentioning that L^d. Arch^d. Hamilton¹ gives me full powers to have the picture of Queen Mary copied, provided the painter does not remove it from the apartments at Holyrood House. Therefore, will you have the goodness to direct him, if he has time at present, to receive this permission from Duke Hamilton's agent, Alexr. Young, Esqr., Queen St., Edinr., and to set about it as soon as he can; and

¹ Second son of the ninth Duke of Hamilton. The Duke of Hamilton is hereditary keeper of Holyrood House.

if he produces a good copy, I beg you to give him what you think right for it. Having discust this dry subject, I must tell you that I have been searching for some of L^d. Dundee's correspondence, but can only find that one letter written in his own hand, and signed *Dundie*. There are various letters here of about 1715-16—some from L^d. Lovat—but nothing, I apprehend, worthy of your notice. I am to receive from your friend and favourite, Mr Mackenzie, a large box of old family letters at Edinburgh, and will examine them and report to you. I am going to have Sir R^t. Gordon's Hist. of the Sutherlands copied, finding it to be a very curious book, and full of anecdotes of its time of other people besides those of our race; a good deal of scandal respecting the daughters of the Earls of Caithness, against whom we have always entertained a degree of *spite*; and some insinuations as if the Laird of Balnagowan *his* daughter had some hand in the drowning of a C^{ss}. of Suth^d. who, you remember, perished in the little ferry—that is, was half drowned there, and after coming on shore, put out of pain by Andrew Davy, a fugitive, who was passing by.

We have had a most delightful expedition altogether, and have been much occupied in plans for improvement. This country is an object of curiosity at present, from being quite a wild corner, inhabited by an infinite multitude roaming at large in the old way, despising all barriers and all regulations, and firmly believing in witchcraft, so much so that the porter durst not send away two old women who were plaguing us one day, believing them to be witches. You know that the last witch burned in Scotland suffered at Dornoch, to our everlasting shame, in 1722. Her daughter, a *fishwife* in a village about eight miles from hence, happened to have burnt her hands when a child, which contracted her fingers, and the common people ascribed that misfortune to her mother's witchcraft, and imagined that this creature could turn herself into a poney, and that being shod by the Devil occasioned

this blemish. L^d: Stafford to-day, in walking near their village, met a man (a beggar) with his hands in that form, the son of this fishwife and grandson of the witch; and the descendants of that family are still feared in the neighbourhood from that old *liaison*. Gower is gone on an expedition to Lord Reay's at Tongue, and means to explore that part of the country. He will be absent a few days longer, and will, on his return here, find a letter directed by you, which is now waiting for him. I shall probably be in Edin^r. the end of the month, and shall be glad to hear from you there. We go from thence into Yorkshire, which will retard our return to Trentham. I fear we have no chance of meeting you at Edin^r. at this season; indeed our stay there will be very short—only a day or two to see Miss Hairstens. I hope you are very busy prosecuting your work. Gower has copied the D. of Monmouth's letter, but I fear has not returned it. Adieu.—Believe me ever very sincerely yours, &c., &c.,

E. S. S.

Lady DOUGLAS to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

BOTHWELL CASTLE, Nov. 18th, 1808.

After suffering much anxiety for the fate of the drawings whose departure you announced the 31st. of Oct^r. and when I was on the point of *effusing* my sufferings in the form of a letter, I had yesterday the satisfaction of receiving them in perfect preservation, and return you a thousand thanks. I flatter myself Miss Murray's Q. Elizth.¹ cannot be a better scold than mine; and the distant part of the congregation are excellent, with only a few *purpose-like* touches. I could almost shed tears *with* Madam^{le}, so well does she tell her sad tale; and the full-bottom'd-wig'd Cupid, breaking his

¹ The reference here is to an anecdote, not to the well-known etching by C. K. S.

bow, is enough to break any elderly heart. Car^{ns}. will with pleasure brush up her g^t-aunt's jewels, &c. Shall I send her by the same expeditious carrier to Hoddam Castle, or, as we shall soon go to Dalkeith, are you likely to meet her in Edin^{gh}.?—I am, d^r. sir, y^r. much obliged,

F. DOUGLAS.

Rev. JOHN MARRIOTT to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

DALKEITH HOUSE, Dec. 4 [1808].

DEAR SHARPE,—I cannot find a whole sheet of paper in my room, and, as it is past midnight, dare not for the life of me explore the gallery in search of one, lest the Duke of Monmouth's picture should ride out of its frame, or the Earl of Morton's grim shade stalk by me in terrific majesty. You must therefore excuse this scrap; and would that I had no other matter of apology to discuss! Nothing but a very clear conscience would give me assurance enough to tell you, that I am under the very disagreeable necessity of giving up the plan which I myself suggested, and to which you so kindly acceded. I have just discover'd an unfortunate coincidence of obligations, which renders it absolutely impossible for me to put this scheme, the prospect of which had given me so much pleasure, in execution. I *must* be at Ch. Ch. on the 19th, and I *must* be here on the 16th; so that I shall barely be able to perform the journey by taking the shortest road, and travelling day and night. I will not say how much I feel this disappointment. I trust that you have faith enough in me to believe that it is very irksome: if you had not, numerous professions would not supply its place. I shall not, however, be quite at ease till I have your pardon under your own sign and seal. I look forward to the journey

now with dismay, and have no hope of support but from the resignation inculcated by the old adage relating to evils which "can't be cur'd." I hope we shall meet in Oxford, where I must make my appearance, a second time, in January. I hope and trust, also, that I shall have some other opportunity of availing myself of your friendly and obliging invitation to Hoddam Castle. If I let one slip that offers, may I be constrained to read thro' every one of the intended five-and-twenty volumes of Dryden,¹ or to hear all the pleadings in the Roxburgh cause.² Dr. Foster's verses amus'd me exceedingly; but not quite so much as did a sketch from your hand, which I saw the other day in George's Square.³ The Dr.'s renown'd ancestor⁴ handing the Duchesse de la Vallière is one of the most interesting and striking efforts of your pencil, and gives a more complete idea of their reciprocal attachment than all that Mad. de Genlis has said upon the subject. I told Walter Scott that you complain'd of the injury likely to accrue both to Dryden's character and the morals of the rising generation from his projected publication. He own'd that in some instances his conscience smote him, but said he could not select. The fact is, that the work was plann'd and begun, before his assistance was called in, by an English clergyman of the name of *Foster*: name dear to the Muses!

Once more begging that you will pardon my unwilling desertion—I remain, my dear Sharpe, your very sincere friend,
JOHN MARRIOTT.

¹ Walter Scott's edition, then in course of publication.

² On the death of William, fourth Duke of Roxburghe, in 1805, the title and estates were contested by Major-General Walter Kerr, the Right Honourable William Drummond, and Sir James Innes of Innes, in whose favour the House of Lords decided in 1812.

³ At the Robertsons'.

⁴ Louis XIV.

WALTER SCOTT, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE, Esq.,
Christ Church, Oxford.

EDINBURGH, 30th December 1808.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—The inimitable virago¹ came safe, and was welcomed by the inextinguishable laughter of all who looked upon her caprioles. I was unfortunately out of town for a few days, which prevented me from acknowledging instantly what gave me so much pleasure, both on account of its intrinsic value, and as a mark of your kind remembrance. You have, I assure you, been upmost in my thoughts for some time past, as I have a serious design on your literary talents, which I am very anxious to engage in one or both of the two following schemes. *Inprimis*, it has been long the decided resolution of Mr Canning and some of his literary friends, particularly Geo. Ellis, Malthus, Frere, W. Rose, &c., that something of an independent Review ought to be started in London. This plan is now on the point of being executed, after much consultation. I have strongly advised that politics be avoided, unless in cases of great national import, and that their tone be then moderate and manly; but the general tone of the publication is to be literary. William Gifford is editor, and I have promised to endeavour to recruit for him a few spirited young men able and willing to assist in such an undertaking. I confess you were chiefly in my thoughts when I made this promise; but it is a subject which for a thousand reasons I would rather have talked over than written about—among others more prominent, I may reckon my great abhorrence of pen and ink, for writing has been so long a matter of duty with me, that it is become as utterly abominable to me as matters of duty usually are. Let me entreat you, therefore, to lay hold of Macneill,² or any other new

¹ Picture of "Queen Elizabeth dancing."

² The Pastoral or Lyric Muse of Scotland; in Three Cantos, 4to, by Hector Macneill, appeared in Dec. 1808.





QUEEN ELIZABETH DANCING.



book you like, and give us a good hacking review of it. I retain so much the old habit of a barrister, that I cannot help adding, the fee is ten guineas a-sheet, which may serve to buy an odd book now and then—as good play for nothing, you know, as work for nothing; but besides this, your exertions in this cause, if you shall choose to make any, will make you more intimately acquainted with a very pleasant literary coterie than introductions of a more formal kind; and if you happen to know George Ellis already, you must, I am sure, be pleased to take any trouble likely to produce an intimacy between you. The Hebers are also engaged, *item* Rogers, Southey, Moore (Anacreon), and others whose reputations Jeffrey has murdered, and who are rising to cry wo upon him, like the ghosts in King Richard; for your acute and perspicacious judgment must ere this have led you to suspect that this same new review, which by the way is to be called 'The Quarterly,' is intended as a rival to the Edinburgh; and if it contains criticism not very inferior in point of talent, with the same independence on booksellers' influence (which has ruined all the English Reviews), I do not see why it should not divide with it the public favour. Observe carefully, this plan is altogether distinct from one which has been proposed by the veteran Cumberland, to which is annexed the extraordinary proposal that each contributor shall place his name before his article, a stipulation which must prove fatal to the undertaking. If I did not think this likely to be a very well managed business, I would not recommend it to your consideration; but you see I am engaged with no 'foot land-rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers, but with nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters, and great oneyers' and so forth.¹

The other plan refers to the enclosed prospectus,² and has long been a favourite scheme of mine, of William Erskine's, and some of my other cronies here. Mr Ballantyne, the

¹ Gadshill—1st K. Henry IV., Act II. Scene i.

² Of the 'Edinburgh Annual Register.'

editor, only undertakes for the inferior departments of the work, and for keeping the whole matter in train. We are most anxious to have respectable contributors, and the smallest donation in any department, poetry, antiquities, &c., &c., will be most thankfully accepted and registered. But the historical department is that in which I would chiefly wish to see you engaged. A lively luminous picture of the events of the last momentous year, is a task for the pen of a man of genius; as for materials, I could procure you access to many of a valuable kind. The appointments of our historian are £300 a-year—no deaf nuts. Another person¹ has been proposed, and written to, but I cannot any longer delay submitting the thing to your consideration. Of course, you are to rely on every assistance that can be afforded by your humble condumble, as Swift says. I hope the great man will give us his answer shortly—and if his be negative, pray let yours be positive. Our politics we would wish to be constitutional, but not party. You see, my good friend, what it is to show your good parts before unquestionable judges.

I am forced to conclude abruptly. Thine entirely,

W. SCOTT.²

WALTER SCOTT, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

DEAR SHARPE,—Your letter was everything that I could wish, and I have little doubt that we will make out the history³ very well between us. For if you are willing to undertake the toilsome duty of arranging and methodizing and collecting the materials, I thank God I can write ill enough for the present taste, and will undertake to throw as much pepper into the pottage as will make them of the right leaven

¹ Mr Southey, who finally undertook the task proposed to him.

² Printed in Lockhart's 'Life of Scott,' vol. iii. p. 163.

³ The 'Edinburgh Annual Register.'

for the taste of this generation. Observe, I altogether disclaim, deny, upgive, overgive, and deliver any claim, right, or title to share in the £300. As I have a small interest in the work, I shall be well paid by its success, in which I think it cannot fail. The letters you mention will be most acceptable. As our book will require some dispatch, it would be highly desirable, so soon as weather and your health permit, that we were to have some chat together over this and other projects. If you will favour us so far when you come to town, I have a chamber in the wall in which I could lodge you tolerably well. It is very small, indeed, but the Cabbin is convenient, and may suit you, in case the Miss Campbells are not in town, better than an empty house. As for the Review,¹ *perge, perge!*—fear nothing; you have yet to learn the magic virtue of calling yourself *we*. I never knew the emphatic force of that pronoun till I became a reviewer, and then I no longer wondered at its being a royal attribute. Seriously, I will be most happy to transmit an article written with your usual fun to Anti-Jacobin Gifford, and will be bail for its being kindly received. I think also if you were here, my friend Thomson, the Lord Register's Deputy, might be able to give you material lights for your family history, as his acquaintance with our records is very complete. Your choice of a mottoe is daring for a border family: for my part, I never look into the Justiciary records for the sixteenth and preceding centuries without finding some unlucky "*Gual. Scott intrat. pro furt. unius equi pertinen. ad—et pro crudeli interfec-tione dict—damnat. et susp. per coll.*"

I wish you would review Crabbe. He has, I think, great vigour and force of painting; but his choice of subjects is so low, so coarse, and so disgusting, that he reminds me of the dexterity of Pallet,² who painted that which is as good for a

¹ The 'Quarterly,' for which Scott was then actively beating.

² See Smollett's 'Peregrine Pickle.'

sow as a pancake, in such a lively manner as to set a whole pigstye in an uproar.

Your opinion quite coincides with mine about Mr Moore. He is not at all deeply concerned in the Review; the book-seller only mentioned his name to me *en passant*.

Do think of this historical affair. Be you the brisk lightning, the bold thunder I—I'll give them flash for flash. Your access to military men of skill employed in Spain will enable us to form some judgment of that (I fear) ill-fated business. I will have an excellent opportunity of getting at the diplomatic secrets. Let me hear from you soon, and believe me ever, my dear Sharpe, yours faithfully, WALTER SCOTT.

EDINBURGH, 13th January 1809.

SIR WILLIAM GELL¹ TO C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—Thank you for your letter. You are however, I believe, mistaken about the business, as the failing of your cousin is a bad tongue,² which fires away very fast and is ashamed of it afterwards. As to my repellents, I really used none, nor was my absence after dinner occasioned by any other motive than a scheme of her own. You say quite rightly that one ought to be grateful for affection. I

¹ Sir William Gell, the well-known *dilettante* and antiquary, famous for his investigations in the Troad and at Pompeii, was the younger son of Philip Gell of Hopton, Derbyshire, born 1777. He was educated at Cambridge, where he obtained a fellowship of Emmanuel College. He was afterwards intrusted with a mission to the Ionian Islands, and he received the honour of knighthood on his return in 1803. In 1820 he was appointed by Queen Caroline, to whose party he had been long attached, one of her chamberlains. After her Majesty's trial Sir William took up his residence in Italy, where he died, at Naples, in 1836.

² Lady Charlotte Campbell. The business was a coldness between Gell and the Margravine of Anspach.

think no one will venture to say I am not, for I have been abused for gratitude for that same feeling by the person who now blows me up for the contrary—nay, more, that she-dog sulphureous assisted in criminating me for that same vice of gratitude. Don't imagine I pride myself on royal favours or smiles. If the people are kind to me, and make their houses agreeable to me, I naturally go to them, till the wind changes, and a new noodle is found to supply the place. I am much obliged by your letter, and have only availed myself of it so far as to decline the visit to Windsor, in compliment to Lady Honeywood,¹ to-morrow, for that would have given fresh offence. We shall see on whose side the ingratitude is, if you or your cousin come to that. Marry, come up, as Shakespeare says, you old harlot. There won't be any quarrel, so you need not fear. The only chance is Keppel making a blow up when she abuses me, but I have made him promise to say nothing, and you must know that the lady is so whimsical that it may be Miss T.² or Lady H. that she is blowing up under my name, as I have heard her daughter blow up Lady Salisbury when she had quarrelled with Lady Sefton. *Enfin*, "Keppel,³ I think *Berkeley*⁴ looks very ill. *You* had better take asses' milk," is a good specimen of this kind. The new play of killing no murder is really too exquisite. I have received two dreadful hacking wounds, and 36 pounds from the plain of Troy to cure them. So, my dear Sharpe, as I have walked a good deal to — Street, then to Whitehall Stairs, then to Mandry's to dine, which is infinitely better than the place where we had silver plates, and only cost 14 shillings between Keppel and self; after which I went to

¹ Mary Ann, daughter of Rev. Sir William Henry Cowper, Bart., married Sir John Courtenay Honeywood, Bart. of Evington, Kent, in 1808.

² Miss Temple.

³ For Hon. Keppel Craven, see *post*, p. 381.

⁴ Honourable Henry Augustus Berkeley Craven, son of the Margravine, and elder brother of Keppel Craven.

— Street, drank tea with —, and made a present of a pound of Souchong which I bought in my way and carried in my hand. Then walked about with my other friend half an hour, then went to the play, and was afterwards carried in the spirit and by the body to the other end of Holborn, from which I am just returned at 12 o'clock. I must wish you good night, hoping to see your excellency soon.—Your faithful

ANACHARSIS.

[LONDON] 22d January 1809.

WALTER SCOTT, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—You grieve my *præcordia* by declining to lend me the heavy lift I had promised myself; but I still claim all the subordinate assistance you are so good as to offer me, and which I shall deem invaluable. I have received your letters of David Hume,¹ which are quite delightful, and will be a valuable addition to our first 'Register.' Pray hasten your review. Do you remember what Cadwallader says to a person whom he wishes to entertain his wife—"Say anything to Beck, no matter what nonsense. She's a damned fool, and will not know the difference." The same say I unto thee with respect to the public. It is inconceivable how coarse and voracious their appetite is for anything that contains spunk and dash; still they never mind, nor are they solicitous about justice. Make them laugh (and who can do that better than you); make them but laugh, and you have them sure. Don't delay in this business—*Bis dat qui cito dat*. William Gifford is "casting many a northward look," and I would bring as many blue bonnets to his assistance as I can. I have already found him three or four very clever articles. Mend your pen therefore; put gall in your ink; we want

¹ To Matthew Sharpe of Hoddam.

a light lively satire on any subject you like. The legend of 'Jok and the Bean-stalk' being very popular in my family, I appreciate the full force of the application, but you need have no fear that Gifford will cry, "*Mother, mother, lend me the cutty-axe!*" I write in great haste; but just to thank you, as the advertisements say, for favours past, and give a gentle hint of my thirst for future.—Ever yours,

W. SCOTT.

26 January 1809.

Earl GOWER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

CLEVELAND HOUSE, Jany. 28, 1809.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I assure you that I should have liked extremely to have accepted your invitation, and to have paid you a visit in the old castle, and have molested your solitary reign; but as you well knew when you sent it, the thing was impossible—not from *manque de volonté de ma part*, but from its actual impracticability. I have not yet been able to obtain the information you desire about Lord Dundee's age, Malcolm Laing not having yet come to town; and I fear that he is not likely to come for some time, as I heard lately that he was dangerously ill in Orkney. Pray, should I send you L^d Monmouth's letter, or shall I wait to deliver it into your hands when you come to London?

Your eighth volume of 'Clarissa' is excellent. Tho' pretty well accustomed to it now, I cannot help laughing every time I look at it. The character of it altogether has something so natural; it is really very good. Don't forget the poem you promised to send. I think our friend W. Jackson would furnish an excellent subject for you—for a drawing I mean;—his appearance may have something poetical too. Your pen must be exercised upon him some way or other.

I am glad to hear that Queen Marie will have justice done her at last. It is certainly better for her to have remained rather longer in your friend's hands, since she is likely to come out in greater beauty, and more like herself, in consequence of the delay. I have just been reading her life in Brantome, which, by the by, is an excellent little book, and very entertaining, particularly the memoirs of the *grandes et nobles dames, des belles du monde*. If you should ever take it into your head to make me a present of a drawing, pray let it be one of her, copied from some good picture. You see I do not ask for one, so you cannot call me interested or greedy. I don't think you ever did one of her, tho' you had a little cast of her which, I think, Lady Perth gave you. You know best whether it be good enough to copy from it the portrait of "*cette reine qui fut en beauté non semblable!*"—if not, you can easily get some other. As you, of course, must be an admirer of hers, you will *take a pleasure* in such a task; while poor I, from want of abilities for such an undertaking, must content myself with procuring the best possible print I can find of her in order to illustrate our history, whenever that appears—that is, in case you should, from idleness or any other reason, not take my hint of giving me a drawing for that purpose.

We were all called up between five and six o'clock some days ago on account of the palace¹ being in flames, and at first it did appear rather nearer to us than might be convenient; however, the wind set the other way, and it was the corner of the palace the furthest from us where it began; and after it had commenced that way, it was stopped by a party wall—very kind in me to tell you what you read over and over in the newspapers! We are to be enlivened in the H.

¹ This was a fire which broke out in the Duke of Cambridge's apartments at St James's Palace, but which, although it raged with great fury, was happily got under. Part of the royal armoury was burnt, and H.R.H. lost his collection of arms and cabinet of pictures.

of Commons on Wednesday by an examination of Mrs Clarke, formerly a friend of the D. of York's, but who has since been making the most of herself at Dublin. If you ever read the debates, you must have read about her in Col. Wardel's speech. It is not supposed he will be able to prove his facts, and there seems to be a general disapprobation of his motion. I hear that two hundred copies of the 'Edinburgh Review' have been countermanded in consequence of the democratical principles of Mr Brougham in the last number.¹ He was certainly rather indiscreet in throwing off the mask so suddenly, and 'tis just as well that he has let people see what sort of a fellow he is. I hope you are not on the road to London at this moment, as they say carriages and horses and everything are carried away by the floods. If you find yourself floating away, don't let your tragedy escape in the confusion which it must naturally occasion, and perhaps the Muses will be kinder to you than they were once to Lycidas.—Believe me, dear Sharpe, very faithfully yours,

GOWER.

This cannot go till Monday, as there is no post to-morrow, a circumstance I had forgotten.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Miss GRACE SHARPE.

. . . So, here is a letter at last, and from you too. I am glad that you got all safe into the town, and that your house is comfortable, though at the same time I am really concerned for Ellen's illness. Tell her, with my love, that the bleeding will eventually do her a great deal of good: nothing is better for people of our constitution and humours than evacuation

¹ 'Edinburgh Review,' No. 26. The article entitled "Don Cevallos on the Usurpation of Spain," brought a storm of indignation about the ears of Jeffrey and his publishers.

by the nostrils. It will perhaps console her to hear that I have really been tormented with pains in my face, which are still far from being well; not to mention my stomach, which is very uneasy. But I keep up a good heart, and write without ceasing. Keep your Poll well from the Cats. As to Mr Dick, I find he is at his old tricks, and I warrant you Ellen will have abundance of trouble with him; but tell her from me to speak

“High, lofty, in a stalking strain,
Bigger than half the town again.”

She talks to all sorts of those people so shy and meek, which does very well in a woman of condition, for then it is condescension; but in such as she, makes people think themselves her equals, and grow impudent. But the proper method is very far from *bluster*, which is as bad as too much humility. Tell my mother, with my love, that I do not exactly comprehend what she means respecting the P. F. having imagined that W. B. had got instructions about the packing. When is it to be packed? I wish that it had been fairly chested before you went to Edin., for I have no time to take up my head with such impertinencies. Tell my father I am much obliged to him for his Almanack, which came in very good season. Lady Marishall is now sent off, and I must beg that, if possible, she may be forwarded per carrier immediately; as also, Miss Owenson's¹ new novel and “the Catalogue of the Advocate's Library”—the last you may not be able to procure, and I believe it is dear; but get it for me if you can, and I will repay you directly. Go to Constable the bookseller after it, who, if he knows who you are, will be very civil to you for my sake. Stirr in these matters, and do not speak to people as if they were going to bite you. I wish, my dear, with all my heart, that I could be of any service to you

¹ Afterwards the well-known Lady Morgan. The novel was ‘Woman, or Ida of Athens.’

in the way of society. The Erskines, the Tytlers, and the Carruthers's are lamentable. Had Mrs D^d been in Edin. I could have done much, for she is a kind, friendly creature, and would have been very civil to you ; but as things are, I am powerless. Perhaps the Montgomeries may be useful. As to the Duchess,¹ she is, whatever Sir A. M.² may say, the leading card both in Edin. and London ; so neither he nor I have any business with the tattle of the world, which is called character. Such ideas smack of the Nithsdale notions. But if she were kind to him, he'd quickly think her well enough. I do not somehow imagine that she'l be civil to my mother. If you had pursued your music as you ought to have done, she'd have made up to you, for accomplishments of every kind cause those civilities ; but situated as you are, and with such uncouth accompaniments, I esteem the case desperate. This is horribly rude and discouraging, but truth, so you must excuse it. As to Miss A. T. and her English youths, none of them troubled their heads about her, so she only wished to show off before you, and have a *salvo* for sitting unserved this winter, if such should be her fate. I have had letters from W. Scott, Miss Campbell, and Bessie Mure. Miss C.'s dear friend, Anstruther,³ has been killed in this shameful Spanish affair, the newspaper accounts of which made my wig stand on end. Bessie says that J. Campbell is better. Lord John,⁴ who is now the dearest friend I have on earth next to Cap^t Home, is gone to London. By the by, I last night composed new words to my favourite, Neil Gow,

¹ Of Gordon.

² Sir Alexander Mackenzie of Delvine.

³ General Robert Anstruther, eldest son of Sir Robert Anstruther of Balcaskie, served with great distinction under Sir Ralph Abercromby and Sir John Moore, was not killed, but died of the fatigue which his exertions in bringing up the rear-guard of the army to Corunna had occasioned. Sir John Moore was by his own desire buried by the side of General Anstruther, who was not less distinguished for his military talents than for his learning and accomplishments.

⁴ Lord John Campbell, afterwards seventh Duke of Argyll.

which I esteem excellent. Here they are, but remember to read down to the other fold :—

1.

Now lasses, where's your sister Meg ?
 I lang hae lo'ed her beauty,
 And come right far to make a leg,
 And pay my humble duty.
 I've wail'd her for my wedded dear,
 The winter nights wax eerie—
 Alas ! auld carl, we sadly fear
 She canna be your dearie.

2.

I hae gude sax-and-thirty kye,
 Worth ony common million ;
 A slaitit house, and land forbye,
 A poney and a pillion ;
 A herd that plays the fiddle well,
 At e'en, to mak' us cheerie—
 In truth, kind sir, we canna tell,
 She'l aiblins be your dearie.

3.

I'm beld, I own, and then my lugs
 Are something dull, an't please ye ;
 I need an unco sight o' drugs
 To keep my stomach easy ;
 The doctor's bill for drench and pill
 Grows vera lang and weary—
 Puir body, it is past our skill
 To say she'l be your dearie.

4.

But then my coffer's fou o' gowd—
 I'll never see the end o't ;
 And she I wed shall be allow'd
 As much as she can spend o't,
 To buy her gowns, and ilka fine
 New fashion'd whigmaleerie—
 Indeed, sweet sir, we much incline
 To think she'l be your dearie.

5.

The teeth, ohone, are kittle geer,
And mine are ilka bone gane ;
Besides, I canna mount my meer
Without the loupin'-on stane ;
And when I try to dance a wee,
My legs gas tapsalteerie—
Auld loon, she canna, winna be,
No, never be your dearie.

When is George Bell to be called in ? His leg seems little better. But I have somewhat to send to W. Scott, and wish to know his motions. Tell Cis the first advice I give her is to cut the C.'s, the E.'s, and the T.'s. I wish you joy of your neighbours. Remember me to John when he calls. My love and a kiss on the *cheek* to the Capⁿ. Love to Nanny. Good night.

I don't like the Hopes neither. Such paper for gentlewomen !

Lady DOUGLAS to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

BOTHWELL CASTLE, Feb. 3, 1809.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am afraid you will long ago have thought me very ungrateful, and my daughter very idle, though I do not in the least deserve the imputation, and she really very little. We staid at Dalkeith much longer than we at first intended, and having no draw^s materials there, she wish'd to defer brushing up the old D^{ss}. till our return home ; and since she has been finished I have heard such reports of the stoppage of coaches and carriers, that I have not lik'd to let her begin her journey, and I will now wait y^r. advice on the subject. With her Grace you will receive a very slight sketch (but I think pretty correct as far as it goes) of y^e Battle of Bothwell Bridge.¹ This kind of drawing is quite

¹ Copied from an old print ; afterwards etched by Mr Kirkpatrick Sharpe—see ' Etchings,' &c.

out of Car^{ne}'s. usual line, which she hopes you will consider when you see how ill it is done. The Covenanters, in their own party-col^d. clothing, with the addition of belts, &c., are those on the left: I think, however, it is pretty plain which are the regulars.

A thousand thanks for Qⁿ. Elizth. *in her cup*; her expression of countenance allows not any suspicion of the plural. After all your generosity, I cannot help still having a craving for more; and as I am told you have made an etching of Q. E. dancing high and disposedly, I think it may not give you much trouble to finish one of the outlines (as I am told it is) for me; indeed, if you will send me anything to make me laugh, written or drawn, you will do me an infinite favor in these gloomy times; and y^r. draw^{gs}. not only produce the desired effect on being first administer'd, but, as I find, the *same repeated* are equally efficacious every time I have recourse to them.—I am, &c., &c.,

F. DOUGLAS.

Miss ELIZA ROBERTSON to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

BOTHWELL CASTLE, *Saturday* [Feb. 1809].

How has it fared with you, my dear Charles, since that fine summer's ev^g. when you and I parted? Many have been the chances and changes in this fluctuating world since then—nothing continuing the same except Buonaparte's success and my attachment to you, and I sincerely hope the latter will long survive the former. My inquiries after you have been unremitting to all your friends that are in the way of hearing from you; but that you are alive is all I can learn, and I should imagine only half alive, if you have been snow'd up in your old castle all winter. Seeing Lady Douglas writing to you, I could not resist having a finger in the pie, in hopes I might induce you to say a little word in return; and if you

knew how safe most men's pies are from my lazy finger, you would be flatter'd. As to my history, I have been constantly in the country since I saw you—a good deal here, and the rest of the time at Hallcraigs. *Your gay* friend Marianne hasted to town for the birthday ball, where you know for many years she has shone resplendent. Helen likewise hurried off. They both pretended they should have liked to spend the winter in the country, but it struck me they were passing glad once more to inhale the *delightful* perfumes of Auld Reekie; and there they are, writing such accounts of balls, routs, dinners, suppers, as quite turns not only my head but my stomach. Very different has been my passtimes. For three weeks before I came here I was shut up in our castle with snow and such cold as nail'd me to the fireside, where I sat so close and so long, I at last began to fancy myself a poker or pair of tongs, and expected every moment to be poked into the ribs by a tidy chambermaid, who was ever and anon coming to mend my fire. This, however, was a more natural supposition than the man who fancied himself a barley-corn, and never would go out for fear he should be pecked up in the street and swallowed by a fowl. Is there any chance of your going to Monzie? I once heard you were expected there; and Lady Douglas has been just observing to me that to come *this way* is your best road, as you would be saved crossing a ferry, which *we* cannot think of your risking at this season. She is at this moment examining the map of Scotland, and tracing your route to Bothwell, where she bids me tell you how very happy she would be to see you, and I believe I need not add I should be delighted. I shall be here for some time yet, as my brother is gone to town, where I make no doubt the gay doing will detain him for a week or two. Think of this, my dear Sharpe. At all events, write me a letter, and believe me your affect' friend,

ELIZA ROBERTSON.

WALTER SCOTT, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—Your critique came safe two days ago, and I instantly forwarded it for London, after glancing it over and laughing heartily. I cut off the upper part of your letter, that Gifford (though unnecessary) may see how very modest you are, and avail himself, should he think that proper, of the privilege you allow him. When you have been as often and as bitterly reviewed as I have been, you will acquire all the indifference of eels that are used to be flea'd, as the cook-wench says. In the meantime, the injury you have yourself experienced ought in all reason and morality to sharpen your quill against others, according to the simile of the valorous Tom Thumb—

“ So when two dogs are quarrelling on the street,
 With one of them another dog doth meet,
 With angry tooth he bites him to the bone,
 And *this* dog smarts for what *that* dog has done.”

I would willingly embrace your offer of curry-combing Miss Owenson, who, judging from her 'Wild Irish Girl,' seems to deserve such discipline very heartily. But I believe Gifford has taken the handling of her new novel into his own hand.

The good folks in Dumfriesshire do me too much honour to suppose that I am the manager of the 'Quarterly Review.' I am a sincere well-wisher and humble contributor to the work; but the whole controul is in Mr Gifford, and eke the responsibility. I heartily wish I had some part of the influence ascribed to me, as I would most certainly have pushed the work much faster forward. But as to being the conductor of a Review—upon many accounts it would be the last literary duty I should chuse to undertake.

I will write to you the instant I hear from Gifford—

which, however, may be long enough—but, *meo arbitrio*, your article will be deemed a capital one even under the caustic regard of the Satirist of the Baviad.—Ever, dear Sharpe, I am, yours truly,

WALTER SCOTT.

EDIN., 17th Feby. 1809.

A. ROBERTSON, Esq.,¹ to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

GEORGE SQR., March 2d, 1809.

I think I threatened, my dear Charles, to haunt you with Dundee's ghost as soon as I could catch a glimpse of the apparition myself. Miss Wauchope dined here yesterday; and at the proper witching time of night, having drawn our chairs closer round the fire, I begged she w^d. begin the narration, expecting to have my blood curdled and my hair set on end. But none of these delicious sensations did I experience. I begin to fear I have now been too familiar with spirits ever to feel the awe, mixed pain, or pleasure again. However, I shall briefly relate the facts. I must only premise that the story is prodigiously in want of a point; so unless you can sharpen it somehow with your own wit, it will never cut a figure in your history.

It seems the Earl of Balcarras at the time you wot of was a very peaceable man; so he quietly passed over to Holland to avoid all the broils and turmoils of the kingdom. And he quietly went to bed on the eve of the battle of Killycrankie, as he had quietly done on every other eve before. We are told he was quietly sleeping in this quiet bed, when his curtains were suddenly drawn aside. Upon looking up, he perceived the Viscount Dundee sitting by his bedside. "Ha, Dundee!" he exclaimed; "what news from Scotland?" "I come not," said he, "to tell you news of Scotland. I come to tell you of something more immediately concerning yourself." Here

¹ See *ante*, p. 349.

the Viscount had the malice to whisper something into the Earl's ear, but so low that it has never yet reached the public ear; nor do I understand that the Earl ever divulged it to any mortal, tho' he always averred that the secret was of great importance to himself. Nevertheless he again repeated his question, "What news from Scotland?" And Dundee again answered, "I come not to tell you of Scotland." "Then go into the dining-room to breakfast. I shall get up and be with you presently." When he (meaning Balcarras) went into the dining-room, he found it dark and deserted. After ringing the bell violently, his servant appeared, rubbing his eyes. He asked him where Lord Dundee was, and why the breakfast things were not set. The servant assured him nobody had been there, and that it was only four in the morning. Whereupon the Earl was much surprised, and he returned to his bed, I should suppose not so perfectly quiet as usual, pondering all these things in his mind. The first news he received from Scotland was the account of the battle and the fall of Lord Dundee at the Pass of Killycrankie, fought on that very day. This is the story, my d^r Charles, and I think it is both defective in *point* and *date*. You will recollect, tho' I do not the fatal hour in which your hero fell—I do not think it was so early as four in the morning; and I should suppose that immediately before his death his spirit w^d be too much occupied to find time to travel over to Holland with domestick intelligence to the Earl of Balcarras. So, upon the whole, I think it is but a foolish story. At least it has put you much in my debt for paper, pen, and ink. I do not pretend I have yet repaid what I ow in subject-matter. Your friend Sir James Riddel has just been here, proving to a demonstration the truth of the handwriting on the inn wall at Henly. He was, in fact, not looking *bon*, but as entertaining as ever. He is visiting his friend Sir Thomas Ackland. Pray, did you know that young man at Oxford? Since the days of Sir Charles Grandison, I never

heard of such a baronet. I could tell you much of his goodness, only my paper is short, and I have to talk of Jacky Gordon's badness, as I forgot to answer your questions about her in my last. I suppose you will be happy to hear that she has the greatest hopes of her cause, altho' it is to be carried on in England, where, I believe, in general, they do not tolerate such irregular marriages. Perhaps the success of a cause she was engaged in last summer may have rendered her sanguine. The adversary was a peruke-maker or barber, who engaged to make a periwig for Miss Jack that was to be composed of a certain quantity of hair, for which she was to pay a certain sum of money. It seems the periwig happened to fit Jacky to a hair, and she wore it with great satisfaction; but having a lynx eye, she discovered there was a hair-breadth's difference in the stipulated quantity, and refused to pay the full price. The barber was obstinate, and Jacky determined; so they both repaired to the small debt, or as it is vulgarly called, the *dirt* court, where every man's his own lawyer. Of course Jacky appeared to plead her cause. The jury was put into one scale, and the agreed quantity of hair in the other. Every eye pronounced in favour of the barber, when Jacky exclaimed in an agony, "Stop, *maister* judge! there's a net must be put in with the hair." Alas! the net turned the balance entirely in her favour, the poor barber was nonsuited, and Jacky returned in triumph with her net, which doubtless she will spread on some future occasion. So do you keep out of her way, and never let her catch you at the golf-house. Helen is out of all patience for her picture, and I am dying for my verses; so pray make haste. I am sure I have now expiated all my offences towards you in the writing line, and perhaps it may expiate some of your sins, the reading such long stupid letters. So I fancy we are both the better for them.—

Yours truly,

A. ROBERTSON.

WALTER SCOTT, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I write in answer to yours in great haste and some tribulation. The tribulation is occasioned by the unexpected decease of my old four-footed friend Camp, who, after near twelve years' faithful service, "life to the last enjoy'd," stretched himself out in his basket and died after a very short illness. The poor old fellow began the world (as they say) along with my wife and I at our marriage, and since that time has almost never been from the side of one or other of us, so that his death awakens a number of former recollections, and gives us a pointed hint how fast we are jogging on in the same tract. So much for effusions, as some coxcomb calls them, of friendship and sensibility. I wish to heaven I had had a sketch of poor *Camp* from your pencil.

I have a letter from Gifford on the subject of your review, in which, speaking of it very handsomely, he regrets his number was printed off before he could avail himself of it. He intended to shorten it and insert it by cancelling the last page, but the hurry of the bookseller prevented his having an opportunity to do so. Your critique will therefore appear in the next number, to which, I am sure, it will give additional value: for mine own part I am particularly glad that it has escaped the manager's scissors, for the only fault I had to it was its being already too short. The Review reached me yesterday morning. I will send it by the Ecclefechan carrier, unless you can point out a speedier method. I am a little disconcerted with the appearance of one or two of my own articles, which I have had no opportunity to revise in proof. Of the sentences I can only say they reminded me of the "Mantle made Amiss"—

"One while it was too long,
Another while too short,
And wrinkled on her shoulders
In most unseemly sort."

I shall say nothing of the handsome compliment you make me at the expence of a very ingenious though somewhat caustic poet—because to disclaim it would be to invite you to shew cause why it should be so—so I shall pocket it quietly, and place to account of your friendship any balance which it may cause to be deduced from your taste. As to the Review in general, I have hardly had time to glance it over. But the article on “Spain,” which heads the work, is capitally written, both in manner and spirit. The whole bears marks of precipitate and hurried composition, but I think enables us to say, like the old Duke of Argyle after the battle of Sheriffmoor—

“ If it be na weel bobbit
We’ll bob it again.”

Believe me, dear Sharpe, yours very faithfully,

W. SCOTT.

EDINR., 3d March 1809.

Earl GOWER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

LONDON, March 9, 1809.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—Having a few minutes’ time before the debate on the D. of Y.¹ begins, I cannot bestow it better than in shewing you that I have not so entirely neglected your orders as you seem to suppose. Hearne is not in my father’s library, but I have desired Mr Todd to search for one, and have given him a note of what you wish to know; and as soon as I get information from him, I will lose no time in informing you. The reason that I cannot at present do so is owing to his having been extremely ill and not able to prosecute his studies. As to Mary, or Marie, I am much obliged to you for the readiness you have been so good as to show in taking the trouble to oblige me, and I have

¹ Colonel Wardle’s charges against H.R.H. Duke of York.

sufficient reliance on y^r. good taste to leave entirely to you to choose. I think the one most like her, if at the same time it is the handsomest, is preferable. So a good part of Ch. Ch. is destroyed.¹ Wood wrote to me about it, and concludes his letter with saying that the D. and Chapter bear it with *heroic fortitude*. Here we are going to discuss the D. of Y. a second day, and probably shall have a third to-morrow; for every member that speaks thinks it indispensable to be on his legs three hours and a half—all which is of course excessively tedious, but, at the same time, a debate to which it is more necessary to attend than perhaps any other. Perceval² intends to move resolutions that the D. is neither personally corrupt nor has criminally connived—at the same time to express regret that he has entered into a *crim. con.*, and been guilty in that way of indiscretion, instead of treading in the chaste and unsullied steps of so virtuous a father, whose example, it is hoped, he will for the future follow. I will write again soon; in the meantime, believe me, dear Sharpe, ever faithfully y^rs.

GOWER.

WILLIAM PLAYFAIR, Esq.,³ to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

April 12th.

SIR,—Having entered into a bargain with William Beetham of Dublin, D.D., for his manuscript of the Baronets of Ireland, &c., he has sent over a variety of articles which you sent to him. In consequence of that and of the letter you

¹ By a fire which broke out on the night of the 2d March, and consuming the greater part of the south-west angle, was with difficulty extinguished before reaching the hall.

² The Right Honourable Spencer Perceval, afterwards shot by Bellingham.

³ William Playfair was an antiquary, genealogist, and political writer, best known for his 'British Family Antiquity,' in 9 vols., on which he was then engaged.

did me the honour to write to me some time ago, I beg leave to return you thanks for what you then communicated, and for your offer of assistance. As Mr Beetham's work will now be added to and form a part of mine, I hope you will have the goodness to continue your excellent communications. If there were only a few gentlemen of generous industry and research that would aid a work of this sort as you do, then indeed it would be possible to make it perfect; but the ignorance and indolence of the world are great beyond conception. I attribute that to the state of society in which men are brought up. As they find every enjoyment of life ready prepared for them, and that they have nothing to do but to pay, they no more expect to be called upon for aid or assistance in writing a book than they do to aid the cook in kitchen in dressing their dinner. If they were in general men of reflection, there would be some remedy, because, as the matter concerns themselves, I might say, if you will not help, I can no more finish the account of your family than a painter can take your likeness if you will not sit for it. But the greater part look carelessly at the manuscript, make a few alterations, and then if there are any mistakes they complain after they see them in print.

Having so little aid from families in general, and setting such a just value on yours, I therefore beg that you will continue that aid, and now the work that has been so long in hand will be completed in eighteen months at most. Two volumes of the English Peerage are published; that of the Scotch and Irish Peers at press; and the Baronets follow immediately.—I am, sir, your much obliged and most obd^t. h^{ble}. serv^t.

WILLIAM PLAYFAIR.

P.S.—As you very properly observe, there are anecdotes of families, such as that of Lady Margaret Douglas, that would not do to publish, tho' they may be both curious and true. The baronet who married that lady must have been as strange

a character as herself; for that the lady was afflicted with mental derangement—so as to forget her rank, sex, &c., for love of very trifling gain—is certain. It was that sort of madness that consists in overvaluing one particular object so as to forget right and propriety in obtaining it, and she was to be pitied; but I really know not what to think of a gentleman who would marry such a deranged woman.

Earl GOWER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

LONDON, *May 9, 1809.*

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I was much obliged to you for your last letter written on y^r. arrival at Oxford. I thought that an answer of mine to a question of Murray's—viz., What you thought of the present race of youths at C^h. C^h.?—would have killed him, as it made him laugh till he choaked, and lost his breath, and shewed divers such symptoms of approaching dissolution—(I am happy, however, to be able to acquaint that at last he entirely recovered). All this was no effect of any wit of mine, as might be supposed from the manner I have begun my statement, as all that I said in answer was taken from your pen—viz., that they were a very ugly set. I don't know whether you have lately acquired the *agrément* of Legge's society, which might afford you some consolation in scarcity of which you complain; but he expressed great satisfaction at hearing of your having arrived at the learned university, and hopes of finding you there. Have you made any acquaintance with W^m. Bathurst,¹ Apsley's brother? If not, let me recommend him to you, as, on the short acquaintance I have with him, and from what I have heard of him, I have reason to think you will like him. Many thanks for the drawing you have been so good as to do for me. Don't

¹ Afterwards fifth Earl Bathurst, died 1878.

send it, but *bring* it—that is, if you come to town soon—which you ought to do on every account. In the first place, the month of May, which is delightful everywhere, is particularly so here, tho' as yet it has not given much reason to praise it. And now the exhibition of pictures and drawings, &c., &c., have opened, which will give you plenty of occupation all day long; then y^r. friend L^r. Hampden has an assembly on Thursday, and L^r. Stafford on Friday; and there are a thousand others to w^h. you would be pressed to go. In short, there is no end to the inducements which I could hold out. Oh—another—W^m. Jackson is preaching at Lincoln's Inn Chapel every Sunday. I went with Wood on the last to hear him—an hour and $\frac{1}{4}$.

My father bought 3 pictures lately at Lichfield, which you will like to see—one especially—a S^{ir} P. Lely's—called Queen Mary (William's); but we suppose it to be the D^{ess}. de Mazarine, to whose prints it has a very strong resemblance; the other two are—a D^r Johnson, by S^{ir} J. Reynolds; and his nephew, M^r Porter, by Hogarth. Is Miss Burton at Oxford? I suppose so, as I have not seen or heard anything of her in London. I believe our MS. is to be published. Constable wishes to have leave to do so, and in that case, is to have a certain number of large-paper copies printed off *for us*, besides giving us a number of the common sort. What lodgings have you got?—the old ones? I have given you a good deal to answer, so lose no time.

You know that Hamilton has gone with his family to Ireland for a year; but you don't that I am going towards the end of next month to my local militia in Sutherland, to be in training for a month at our county town of Dornoch. How sh^d. you like that?—I am, dear Sharpe, ever yours faithfully,

GOWER.

I told L^r. Stafford of the book you said you had for her, for

w^h. she said she was much obliged to you; but I rather believe she has written to you lately. They have been in Staffordshire for a week, but are to return to town to-morrow. I ought to apologise for writing on such bad paper; but the fact is, that I am writing at the H. of Commons, where I can get no better.

E. B. IMPEY, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

DAVIES STREET, *May 29, 1809.*

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I am just on the wing, in the very flutter of leaving town for Newick. But distracted as my thoughts are between breakfast and bandboxes, rolls and rumble-tumbles, I have not forgot my promise of introducing you to Mrs Claypole. The Wests are out of town, but if you use my name to the charwoman, Mrs Turner, No. 4 Queen Ann St., West, she will admit you. I think the picture hangs in the front room on the ground-floor, over the door leading to the antechamber.

Let me request of you to call at Rundell & Bridge's before you leave town, and show them this, which will empower you to receive the snuff-box; the blockheads had omitted the date. Present it with ineffable compts. to the common room.

Well, now for the experiment of green fields and fresh air. I know you are one of those who prefer the fragrance of a flambeau at the opera to all the aromatic odors of the most luxuriant vegetation, or I w^d. press you to take a sniff at the hawthorns at Newick. If your olfactory nerves should at any time undergo a revolution in this respect, just notify it by a line, and you shall be welcome among us. Once more, adieu. If I c^d. but throw off this tedious inflammation in my throat I w^d. seriously set about the prologue :

Cupidum pater optime vires
Deficiunt.

Yours till *Deth* doth cum, and shut me up in the cold tum.
R.S.V.P. E. B. IMPEY.

Rev. JOHN MARRIOTT to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

DEAR SHARPE,—Your letter has afforded me the comfortable assurance that my blood-vessels are all in good repair, for had any of them been in a ticklish situation, they must have yielded to the nearly hysterical laughter to which some parts of it gave rise. I lament that the strict commands I have received not to write much, which are but too well seconded by my feelings, forbid my paying you so handsomely as I fain would for the greatest treat I have enjoy'd this long time. Now is the time to manifest your disinterested generosity, and to bestow your charity where you cannot hope for an adequate return.

It is indeed a satisfaction to me to hear of the kind terms in which the Dalkeith family speak of me, for the necessity of leaving them has taught me how strongly I was attach'd to them; and tho' perhaps a philosopher should be content with the consciousness of having done his best to deserve esteem, those who do not pretend to that title are apt to rejoice at every additional proof of the success of their endeavours. There are many topics in your letter I could descant largely upon, but I must obey the mandates of higher powers. One, however, I must notice. I do verily think your illustration of the form, fashion, and relative situations of Lady E. and her lover, the most apposite that ever enter'd into the head of man. Could you not commit it to paper in another way? Do send me a sketch, at least, in your next letter, which will come soon, I trust, to make up for the tardy pace of the last. Do you know that Surtees is at length a success-

ful lover? Whether the fair Annie was literally tir'd of saying "no," or whether she found there was no chance of *my* relenting, I know not; but certain it is that he is going shortly to commit matrimony. Well—

" 'Tis a lawful calling,
And prettily esteem'd of; but take heed then."

But I am getting out of bounds. I will therefore only add that Penzance seems to agree with me, and that tho' it has much to do in subduing my cough, and restoring my rest, appetite, and strength, I hope it will in time accomplish all its task. Do help it with another letter. A little poetry will be very acceptable if you have any to spare. I am glad "Pearlin Jean" pleases you.—Believe me, dear Sharpe, your truly affect^{te}. friend, JOHN MARRIOTT.

PENZANCE, 22d June.

Earl GOWER TO C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

DUNROBIN, June 28, 1809.

DEAR SHARPE,—I am writing very imprudently, that is, beginning a letter without knowing where you may be, and how to be directed to; but I think I shall take my chance of finding you at London, w^h. I can hardly think you can have prevailed on y^rself to leave yet. I was sorry to miss you on Saturday, but the leave-taking might have been affecting, so perhaps 'tis as well as it was. Whom did I pass on the road at Durham, but your friend G. Drummond. He arrived at Edinburgh an hour before I left it, and talked a great deal about you; but that is no great compliment, as we could think of nothing else interesting to both in common. I made my way hither with the least possible delay, and arrived on the seventh day, which is here reckoned exceeding

expeditious, the distance being considerably more (by the coast road) than 700 miles.

You may take it for granted that I feel quite happy to be breathing the pure air of the Highlands, and that I was really beginning to be tired of the endless dissipation of London, which can amuse any sensible person, such as we are, only for a very short time—the same thing over and over and over, without variety. Now is your time to shew the sincerity of y^r. friendship, by remaining steadily and firmly and unalterably attached to Sir J. P. If you abandon him in his misfortunes it will give me a bad opinion of human nature, of which I have always had a very favourable one; so don't dispel my illusions on that subject. I am enjoying a few days to myself here very much, previous to the local militia, which is, however, to commence to-morrow, and then I repair to Dornoch for a month. Come and take some military instructions. So Mrs Boehm is not to have her masquerade after all. What a disappointment for you!

I hear Sir G. Webster¹ has had a skull set as a cup at Wingman's in St James's Street, with sundry curious devices, which may be seen by the inquisitive at the said Mr Wingman's; but that Sir G. is ashamed of it, and denies his having anything to do with it, and that he will break Mr Wingman's head for saying so. I suppose it is the same story with the trumpeter's ear. Write soon.—Ever y^rs. G.

Earl GOWER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

DORNOCH, *July 22, 1809.*

DEAR SHARPE,—I have just seen what you would give the world to see, and I make no doubt will immediately set about considering how you can undertake a journey which all my

¹ Sir Godfrey Vassall Webster, Bart. of Battle Abbey, Sussex, born 1789, died 1836.

entreaties and persuasion had not influence enough with you to prevail on you to think of. I suppose I shall see you here in a fortnight from the present moment, giving my letter a week to reach you, and you a week for the journey. What do you think I have seen, then? I have seen Lord Dundee's armour—his breastplate and helmet. After his death, the hostile Gen^l Mackay became possessed of them; and they are now the property of an old M^{rs} Mackay of this town, who is the widow of a descendant of his. They have been treated with most insufferable disrespect, for, from having been kept in some damp cellar, the effects of rust have been so powerful as to have eaten away all the crown of the helmet. The breastplate has not suffered. They are quite plain, cast-iron, thick and heavy; a mark of having been struck by a ball in front, and another in the back; but neither penetrated.

I was much entertained with y^r account of your Brandenburgh H^{on} dinner, and congratulate you on y^r new acquaintance. My military duties will conclude on Thursday, very soon after w^h I shall take flight to "fair fields and pastures new;" but shall first give a grand ball here to all the fashionables and unfashionables of the county. If M^r Sharpe has no preferable engagement, he will accept of Lord Gower's invitation to a ball and supper at Dornoch, on Thursday, July 27, 1809.

EARL GOWER TO C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MAHTNERT,¹ Oct. 5, 1809.

With a mind so well furnished, how can you complain?
 Sure the sight of such faces must drive away pain.
 Instead of blue devils surrounding your bed,
 Apes, monkeys, and cats have so filled up your head,
 That moping and gaping such sad thoughts you hatch,
 When you open your mouth you must fancy they scratch,

¹ Trentham.

Which gives you those feelings of cramp and of stitch,
Of headache, of earache, of toothache, and itch,
I'll answer for't that is where all your pains hitch.
But as to your friend you've confided your woe,
To soften your grief, what he can he will do—
Restorative powder, by Butler prepar'd,
Cherry lotion, pearl powder, and essence mustard,
Mordaunt's drops, opodeldolk, and julep of camphire,
Herb Robert's sour juice, and a mixture of samphire,
Will alleviate your sufferings, nay, drive 'em away,
If applied, one and all, two or three times a-day.

What tho' Sir J —s may have resign'd,
Have ye no comforts left behind?
The loves and graces round their queen,
Attendant serve the Margravine.

DEAR SHARPE,—I have not patience to write any more nonsense. I have waited away in hopes of being able to obtain a representation of a toothache to answer to yours, which is inimitable, but have not been able to succeed. I have been for two months cherishing the hope of going to Spain, if I can make it out. My journey will take place in a few days; but I begin to have some fears of the practicability of putting it into execution. I will write as soon as I have finally determined, and in the meantime, am yours,

ROWEG.¹

The Hon. KEPPEL CRAVEN² to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

BENHAM, *Sunday night, October 8, 1809.*

I cannot imagine why you was so long in expectation of my last letter, for if you look'd at the date you would see that

¹ Gower.

² Keppel Craven was the youngest son of the Margravine of Anspach. When Lady Craven separated from her husband she took Keppel, then three years of age, with her, and subsequently placed him at Harrow under a fictitious name. He resided with the Margravine on her return

I was not remiss in answering, and that it was probably only owing to the irregularity of the post between this and Oxford that you was led into that unjustifiable error of accusing me of cruelty. To obviate a similar recurrence, I shall take care to put *by London* on the outside, which, though undoubtedly not the shortest way as to distance, is nevertheless so as to time, and I flatter myself that this time you will have no cause of complaint.

Henriette Marie¹ was much pleased with an epistle which she received from you yesterday, and which she order'd me to read aloud before she had perused it, as her Majesty had not her spectacles about her. I began, but was obliged to stop at the bottom of the first page, as when Miss Porter was mention'd, my modesty would not allow me to proceed any further, and the very amusing story of the suicide cuckold would have considerably shocked her chaste ear. By the bye, her novel² is so much superior in every respect to what I had expected it to be, that I am strongly interested in the perusal of it, though as yet having only got through the first volume. I think the adventures of King Sebastian and his soldier Gaspar form a most attaching episode, especially when the imagination supplies what she never could have dreamt of, but which presents itself most naturally to minds form'd in a less aristocratic mould than Catherine of Braganza's.³ I don't

to England, and became chamberlain to the Princess of Wales in 1814. He published two works of Neapolitan travel, and afterwards became a resident in Naples. Born 1779; died 1851.

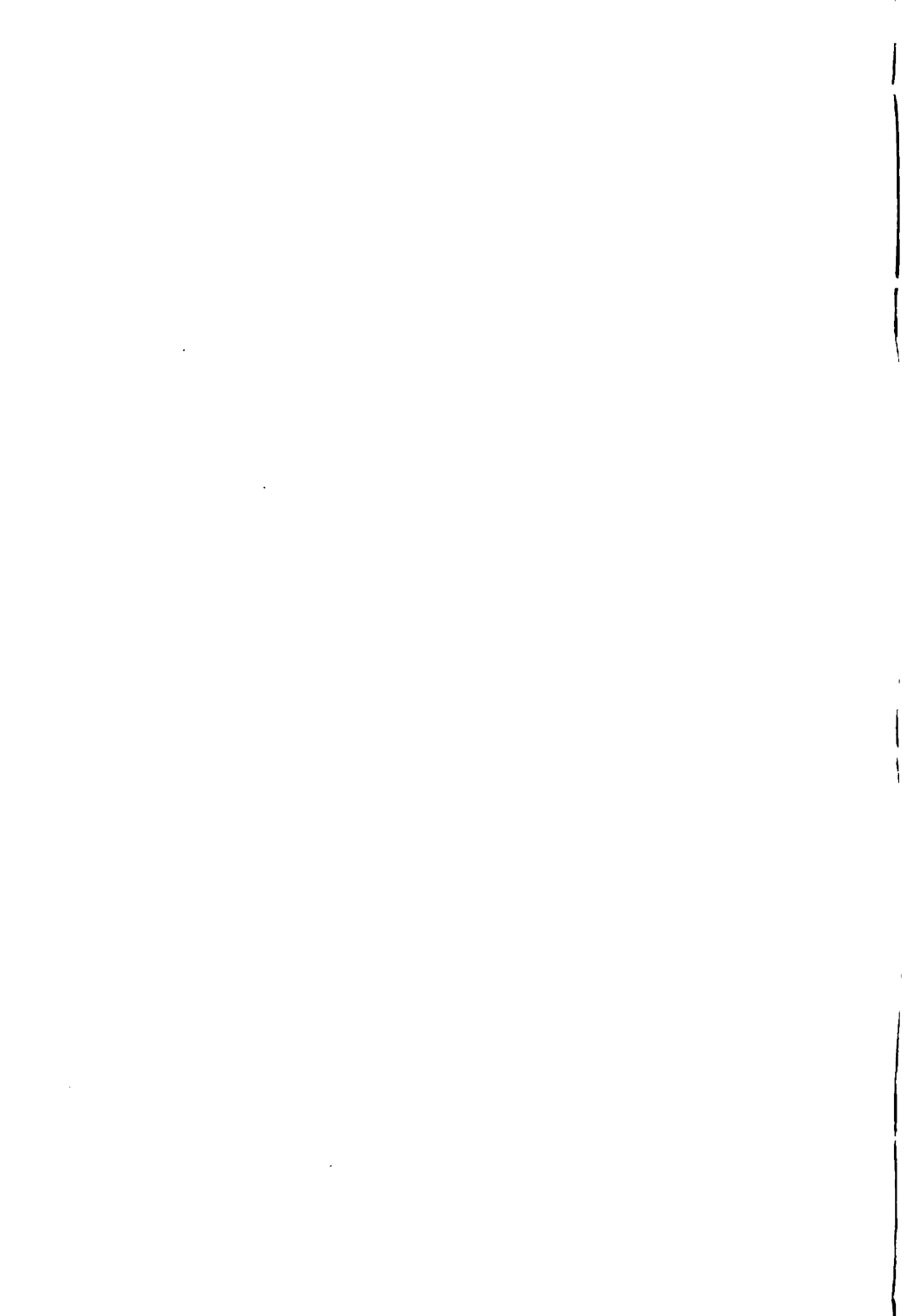
¹ The Margravine of Anspach.

² 'Don Sebastian.'

³ "When Miss Porter's 'Don Sebastian' came out, I expected to find the Margravine, Keppel Craven (with whom the fair authoress was in love), and many of my other friends there, in place of which I found nothing but such heroes and heroines as might have been fashionable and common formerly."—Memoirs of the Time of George IV., i. 115. Lond.: 1838.



THE HON KEPPEL CRAVEN.



know whether the Queen-dowager¹ has answer'd your letter; but I conclude she has, in which case she has probably inform'd you that she wishes Burrell would accompany you hither. I now find by your letter that it is in his way *to* and not *from* Chatsworth that he visits you, in which case it would be unreasonable to expect him to come; but pray assure him, with my kind regards, that if at any time between this and Xmas he passes within reach of this spot, and does not show his face at it, he is never to be forgiven. You may also remind him that I wrote him a letter, and that unless he wishes to *disgust* me considerably, he will give me some reply to it.

I go to London on Wednesday, and notwithstanding your malicious inuendoes, think I shall not stay beyond the Monday following; but at any rate I wish you would not scruple coming here the moment you are at leisure, as it will doubly flatter the Queen-mother, who, though very fond of her son, has not strength of mind sufficient to overcome certain qualms of jealousy with regard to him that have sometimes got his admirers into scrapes. The Infant Monmouth² returns from London to-morrow, after more than a week's absence. I cannot sufficiently thank you for your kind expressions relative to him, but if it were possible, would yield to no living being the satisfaction of undertaking his education. This, I fear, will be unfeasible, and I frequently look forward with regret to his advance in life. I must caution you not to allude to any *likeness*, or any *open* allusion to his affinity to me, before Henriette Marie, though in your private conversation with her you may give way to such observations; but it is necessary, for *political* reasons, that I never to her avowedly confess him as my composition, so be guarded in that particular. I own, to my *paternal* eyes no likeness is visible, however anxious I am to discern it; but I suppose it exists, as even Anacharsis found it out before he went away. This last

¹ The Margravine.

² A natural child of Keppel Craven.

writes from the Albany in good spirits, as the object of his uneasiness is finally safe arrived in London, and now with him. You will probably see *them* when you are here; and I think I can foretell your surprise at their cases having excited such anxiety. We expect many visitors in the course of the autumn: *imprimis*, Miss Gell, who is to make her appearance on Tuesday; Skeffy and Sir William also decidedly mention their intention of accepting my mother's invitation; Mills, on his way to the Western Ind.; Mercer, perhaps; and last (and least in your eyes), Mr Matthews. I promise you I will wear boots as seldom as the mud will allow me, for I like them as little as you do. As to shaking hands, you shall give me a lesson, since I am so indifferent a performer. I sometimes think that the premature symptoms of decrepitude with which you (rather harshly) reproach me, may have some blame attached to them in this concern. This perhaps is mental, but it is a loss I regret not, and if my mind were not equally wither'd, I should not complain; but who is to restore the freshness of youthful feelings, or who can wish to increase the "feeble pulse of a faded heart"? Your Scotch news was news to me. As to Miss Stewart,¹ I only know her by reputation, and that paints her as very ugly, so I care not much for her misfortune. Her brother, Lord Blantyre, was once quarter'd at Newbury, and in the habit of frequently coming here. I liked him much, and whenever I see him, feel the pleasure and regret naturally connected with those who were our companions in the days of thoughtless happiness and tranquillity. I am concerned to find you presage earthquake from the weather we have experienced, for I think it most delightful, and particularly adapted to my constitution.

I hope you will write again soon, in which case you must

¹ The Honourable Margaret Stewart, youngest child of Alexander, tenth Lord Blantyre, was married the day after this letter was written to the Rev. Andrew Stewart, minister of Bolton.

direct to 16 Charles St., Berkeley Square, for there I shall take up my abode for the present. Adieu. Pray when you come bring every implement of drawing that you possess, and if you will oblige me, present the Queen-mother with some specimens of your talent.—Believe me, your very sincerely aff^o.

CAROLUS REX.¹

The Hon. WILLIAM BURRELL² to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—The dreadful alarm we had about poor Malpas last night prevented me (although everything was settled and arranged for my being with you to-day) from putting my plan into execution. Thank heavens, however, on our arrival—I say *our*, as Lady C. and myself set off for this place at half-past twelve, and reached it only two hours ago—we found dear Malpas considerably better; and I hope now, if he goes on as well as we have every reason to expect he *will do*, to be with you on Wednesday certainly by dinner. I hear from everybody that Oxford is a considerable deal out of my way to Chatsworth; however, it would be too bad on my part if I did not visit you after your staying so long to see me. You may imagine, better than I can tell you, what misery I have suffered on poor dear Malpas's account.—I pray, believe me ever yours most truly and sincerely,

WILLIAM BURRELL.

Monday morning (16th Oct. 1809).

You may see what haste I write in.

¹ This letter will sufficiently explain the reason of the Honourable Keppel Craven figuring as Charles II., as well as account for the allusion to Henrietta Maria and the "Infant Monmouth."

² See *ante*, p. 276.

WILLIAM PLAYFAIR, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

SIR,—I received your letter of the 21st with pleasure, and answer it with many thanks. Whatever it may please you to have the goodness to send in the way of communications will be considered as a great favour, and will tend to increase the value of the work.¹ Your remarks relative to that sort of publication are highly just. Without aid from individuals, it is impossible to be correct. They are generally too indolent to give that aid; but the instant it appears in print the indolence ceases, and the critic (or fault-finder) starts up in all his energy and glory and points out, too late in print, what he might have noticed with utility and advantage in the manuscript.

I have endeavoured to give novelty to this study as far as I can by the charts, and, where I have been able, modernising the style and enlarging the biography; but the great purpose of the work is to prove the utility of hereditary peerage, of which I consider the baronets to form virtually, if but honourably, a part.

I have sent with this the two first charts for your acceptance, a prospectus, &c., and shall be glad of your free opinion, for I do confess I have not had the honour of corresponding with any gentleman on who's opinion I should set so much value.

At the Heralds' Office this study is made a *mystery* and a *trade* to get money by. The world at large undervalues it, and the individual families have encouraged fiction, thinking to establish their antiquity of origin by that means, so that the whole is in a strange state, and unlike any other study.

I beg leave again to solicit your aid, and I have the honour to be, sir, your obliged and most obed^t. humble serv^t,

WILLIAM PLAYFAIR.

13 THAVIES INN, LONDON,
27th Oct. 1809.

¹ 'British Family Antiquity.'

MARQUESS OF WORCESTER¹ to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

CH. CH., *Monday* [Oct. 1809].

MY DEAR MR SHARPE,—I write two lines to solicit your vote in favour of my father, who is put up for the Chancellorship of the University. I hope you will pardon this liberty, and indulge me with a favourable answer.

Wm. Burrell is coming here on Saturday next, on which day I shall be very happy if you will meet him at dinner here.

Miss Burton is in full force canvassing everybody for L^d. Grenville, and taking farther peregrinations than ever.—

Yours,

WORCESTER.

MISS CHLOE DOGGEREL [C. K. S.] to Sir GEORGE
WARRENDER,² Bart.

[Oct. or Nov. 1809.]

*From the Garret of CRAZY CASTLE,
near DUMFRIES.*

SIR,—Being a young woman in a very disconsolate condition, and well aware of your generosity, I take the great liberty of troubling you with this scrawl. My father was a Presbyterian clergyman of considerable eminence, for he made a long sermon for every Sunday in the year, but he also contrived to manufacture a couple of children annually, and on leap-year my mother never failed to have three, so that his circumstances were ever very low in the world. He gave us all a tolerable education, and died from an over-exertion in resolving some scruples of conscience which afflicted the lady of the patron of his parish. A certain duchess, to

¹ Afterwards seventh Duke of Beaufort; born 1792; died 1853.

² See *ante*, p. 101.

whom my mother had the honour of being twentieth cousin thrice removed, took compassion upon me thus left helpless by the decease of my papa, and placed me, most generously, in her household, as humble companion to her favourite waiting-woman. It is quite impossible, kind sir, to express my misery in this situation. The duke was an old doting dog, who must needs lift his leg at every bush, tho' he had no natural occasion. His sons were chips of the antient block, and far more dangerous—nay, the very footmen of the house were as impudent as their masters, and would be saucy to me every minute, which offended my pride as much as the freedom of their betters did my modesty. In this purgatory I remained for six months, and then fairly ran away.

I then attempted to make my bread honestly, like Mistress Quickley's damsels, by the prick of my needle, and I was almost starved, besides being pestered out of my life by every filthy fellow who brought me a shirt to make, with abundance of nauseous kisses and stale *double entendres apropos* of the garment in question. I could not very long endure this, so I resolved to cultivate a little turn towards poetry, which I had felt from my infancy, and, like Master Thomas Tucker of renowned memory, to sing for my supper. By dint of much labour (more, I am sure, than my mother sustained in bringing myself and all my brothers and sisters into the world) I have now produced as many effusions as will fill a neat little volume of the proper size for a lady's toilet or a gentleman's dressing-box; and it is on the head of subscriptions for this work, sweet sir, that I now address you. It is to be beautifully hot-pressed, and adorned with head and tail pieces in the gusto of Lady Di Beauclerk, and dedicated to Dame Heron of Ford, a lady of the most shining virtues, whose legs, instead of arms, are to decorate the title-page. I have piqued myself through the whole work on avoiding the warmth, the pepper and salt, the high seasoning of the fashionable strain of poetry, so that no turtle-soupe

will be found in this literary repast, and even Captain H——'s delicacy escape violation. To that gentleman, and also to my Lord H., I intend shortly to apply for due benevolence; and in the meantime I beseech you, dear sir, to speak a little word in my favour to them: tell them that the subscription is only 10 guineas, and that I am but sixteen, with black eyes and a very brilliant complexion.

I have no doubt but that you will permit your own name to decorate my list, and I take the liberty of transmitting to you a specimen of my performance, which I am vain enough to think will please you. It was written on a report of a separation about to take place between a friend of my cousin the duchess, one Mrs Peter Campbell, and her spouse, long before the affair with Tommy Sherridan actually realized the rumour, and approved of by Mat Lewis, the said Tom, and the whole blue Stocking club—but it is right to mention here that in the poem there are two allusions to certain superstitious notions, which are now almost forgotten: the one is, that if a cuckold stirs a black pudding while boiling, it is sure not to burst; the other, that when rain falls during sunshine, the horned herd are ascending to heaven. I am the more particular in this matter, because my father often told us that the Stagyrite asserts a jest to be good for nothing unless people are able to understand it.

Sir, I must request your pardon for having so long trespassed upon your leisure, which the care of the nation and of your corps must render very scanty and precious. When in Dumfries, I shall wait upon you to know your good pleasure, hoping that you will offer no rudeness to a young woman of honour, albeit she may venture *sola* to enter your apartment. I must say that I feel quite confident of your politeness; but for worlds I would not venture in the same manner into your friend's chambers, as I always judge of a gentleman's civility in these matters from his nose (*ex naso noscitur*, as my father was wont to say), and his, tho' very

well-shaped, is long enough to be of exceedingly evil omen to any young girl, as well as to your afflicted humble servant,

CHLOE DOGGEREL.

Sir GEORGE WARRENDER, Bart., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

Nov. 1809.

I can only envy the author of the interesting adventures of Miss Chloë Doggerel the wit he displays and the amusing talent he possesses, and must answer his pointed poetry in dull prose. I am, however, confident (notwithstanding the ill-natured Oxford verses on the said author) that he will be pleased to hear that Chloë's history, as well as her verses, have more than once helped to drive away the *ennui* of a long evening in a country quarter, and have convulsed the sides of an old acquaintance with laughing. A portrait of Miss Chloë executed with that elegance and taste which the author has (in delineating the features of some other fair females) frequently displayed, would render the appeal of that young beauty to the generosity of Lord N. and Cap^t N. quite irresistible. Fired as they are with the idea of black eyes and a brilliant complexion, the addition of a well-turned ancle and neat foot would ensure her conquest, and lay them and their fortunes at her feet. The proposed dedication of Miss Chloë's verses to Dame Heron is very judicious, and the introduction of that lady's legs into the title-page much to be commended, as, altho' her arms are celebrated in verse, on the subject of her legs we have no authentic information, and therefore a *fac-simile* of them was a desideratum in the world of gallantry. It is also, no doubt, a very pretty idea to give the legs only of the said Dame, and thus, in the title-page of a work of imagination, to leave a great deal to the imagination; but it is humbly suggested that it would be more suited to the modern taste and dress were the Dame exhibited at full

length in a thin *gauze drapery* with all her charms exposed to view. It would, moreover, be desirable, were this hint adopted, that the portrait should be placed in the centre of the volume, as the author would thereby have the satisfaction of knowing that he had caused many of even the most profligate of our young nobility to *turn over a new leaf*; a circumstance not otherwise to be expected, as the author professes to abstain from that high seasoning and spicy flavour which distinguish the poems of Mr Little and Lord Strangford, and which is so essential to render even the best (as it is always sure to make even the worst) compositions palatable to the taste of our refined age. I hope to thank the author in person on the 24th for the amusement he has afforded me.—Believe me, dear Sharpe, yours sincerely,

G. WARRENDER.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Miss TEMPLE.

CH. CH., OXFORD, 1st Dec. 1809.

DEAR MADAM,—I have been much longer of answering your letter respecting an affair which is now throwing all Oxford into great commotions than was proper,¹ and I am afraid that you have set me down in your own mind as little better than a beast from my silence. But the truth is, that since the arrival of your letter, which followed me hither from Benham, I have been so hurried by a thousand irksome circumstances as to be unable to count upon one half-hour as my own. That, and an unwillingness to communicate *evil news*, has occasioned my taciturnity; for your application came so very late that I had already promised my vote to the Duke of Beaufort, and that merely because he was my

¹ Miss Temple had written Mr Sharpe soliciting his vote for Lord Grenville as Chancellor of the University. Miss Temple was a daughter of Sir Grenville Temple, Bart. of Stowe.

first canvasser, for I have no bias and am of no party. But had my feelings really been interested, you may depend upon it that nothing would have made me happier than to contribute my mite of interest to any one whom you might have chosen to patronise. As things stand, I can only lament my inability to comply with your commands, and wonder at the remissness of Lord Grenville's friends in this place, through which alone my vote wandered from its rightful possessor.

The portrait of Lady Honeywood has been finished for some time, and I shall seize the earliest opportunity of transmitting it to you. It is a sad daub; but as you know my style, I will refrain from making any apologies. May I beg of you to present my very best respects to her ladyship, and say that it would make me extremely happy to be able to wait upon her in Suffolk, had I any prospect of being in that part of the world. My brother has a place called Darsham Hall in Suffolk; but he is an unsettled sort of person, whom one can rarely catch at home. I have been on the eve of visiting him all the autumn, and I am still here!

Keppel Craven is at present in town, but is to return very soon to Benham. We have been all much alarmed with a complaint in his chest that gave him constant uneasiness, and threatened somewhat greatly worse; but he is now almost quite well again. Gell talks of going once more to foreign climes for two years; but I shrewdly suspect that he does so to make us say, "Pray stay at home, or we shall break our hearts with weeping." The Margravine is at present *tête-à-tête* with Miss Porter at Benham, and enlivened with the visits of Augustus, Keppel's son, who is really one of the finest boys that I ever beheld.

There are so many contradictory reports circulated concerning the Chancellorship that I am quite at a loss what to believe. It appears to me, however, that the Duke of Beaufort will certainly not be elected, and that Lord Eldon has the best chance. All the old men (or rather old women)

here labour under such a dread of Popery, that they esteem Lord Grenville as the gateway through which the wicked *papishes* will enter to roast them into a crown of martyrdom.—I am, my dear madam, your most faithful humble servant,

CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

WILLIAM PLAYFAIR, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

13 THAVIES INN, 2 Dec. 1809.

SIR,—I cannot delay answering your excellent letter, it gave me so much real satisfaction, tho' I am under not a little apprehension that you will think me very troublesome.

Your approbation of the charts gives me much pleasure, but I derive infinitely more from your manner of expressing yourself with respect to the spirit in which the work is written as respecting the old opinions and the new lights. I had the chance to know Condorcet, la Harpe, Morellet, and a number more of the great modern luminaries when I was at Paris, and I saw them near enough to *hate* and *despise* them, and I continue to do so, notwithstanding their learning and abilities. The greater those were, the more blameable were their possessors for misapplying them.

With regard to the Stuart family, my own inclination is to do as you wish, and when I have had occasion I have done it, and I shall continue, for I know nothing so slavish and so vile as for a writer to prostitute his pen to abuse. The most that I think allowable in point of deviating from giving the truth and all the truth, is to be sometimes silent where publicity might give pain, and to lean on other occasions to the good-natured side. Montesquieu, speaking of the Tarquins, says he pities the kings whose historians are their enemies (I do not remember the express words), and our Stuarts were in the same situation. The nation could only vindicate itself by blackening their characters. Their immediate successors

naturally encouraged the calumny, and thus interest, selfishness, and lastly, fashion, all joined as incitements to those who touched on the subject to abuse the exiled family. As to the last of the kings (James II.), I consider him to have been brave, humane, and a truly religious man, who in other times would have been more tolerant; but, sir, those who have not seen men in violent revolutions, where the passions are worked up to the highest pitch, have no idea of the effect it has on the conduct of the best of men. Oil and milk circulate in the veins of men in ordinary times, but fire and vitriol when pushed to revolutionary extremes. When everything valuable is at stake, when a man knows his opponents will have no mercy, and have quitted the path of reason, it is not to be wondered at that he tries to exert his power.

I speak thus, having seen the French Revolution from the beginning to the imprisonment of the royal family in the Temple (when I thought it time to quit the country). As the murder of his father was always before the eyes of James, and the same set of people that had sold and then murdered him were the principal enemies of the son, it could not fail to give a character of a bitter cast to their contention, and I am convinced he was pushed to extremes to make him abdicate the throne. I do not advert at all to the consequences of the Revolution. I think they had, morally speaking, very little connection with the cause of it. Through life, indeed, we see bad actions produce good frequently, and the best endeavours terminating in disaster and misfortune. TIME and CHANCE play a great part in this world.

I have entirely forgot how much I trouble you with so long a letter, but when people seem to agree in ideas, there is great pleasure in their communication; and I feel it on this occasion, for I am, in point of religion and politics, a very old-fashioned man, and consequently the Edinburgh Reviewers, and those who follow the new fashions, have long declared deadly war against me.

I beg your acceptance of a small volume containing a copy of a paper called Anti-Napoleon, which I published some time ago, with an intention to support Government, but scurrility and abuse are more saleable than such works. When the now great Mr Cobbett wrote in favour of this Government nobody would read his paper, and now that he lives to overturn it, he is making a fortune, which is scarcely credible if we did not see it before us.

I shall trouble you with some questions relative to a few individual families; and with many thanks for your offers of assistance, I remain, with esteem, dear sir, your most obedient and obliged h^{ble}. ser^t.

WILLIAM PLAYFAIR.

The Hon. KEPPEL CRAVEN to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

BENHAM, *Saturday, Dec. 2d, 1809.*

I believe I should begin with apologies for not sooner answering your letter, and thanking you for having formed no curtailment in your paper; but I should lose much of mine by so doing, and I shall merely say that I really wrote no letters while in London, for the bulletins of my health which I daily address'd to the Queen-mother were very short, and generally written under the agonizing expectation of the immediate sound of the postman's bell, and interrupted by Skeffington's questions and remarks: he made it a practice to call upon me or Gell every day between four and five. I was so well and so *lively* during the period of my stay in town, that I found the days pass very rapidly, and only returned here yesterday to dinner. Mercer had the day before solemnly promised to accompany me, and of course broke his word according to custom. I should not have minded it much, had I been certain that he would have joined our party later; but that is out of the question, as even in his days of total

idleness he never could muster energy enough to convey himself even to the places he wished most to go to, and now he has so many attractions to keep him in London, that it would be a folly to suppose he will come. There never was anything equal to his abandon'd and loose conduct—it quite terrifies me. I saw a great deal of him, and became the confidant of all his adventures; but that is a dignity which was not very flattering, as he bestows it on any person who will listen to him. We are, however, very good friends, and I think him so agreeable and usefull a member of society that I should be very glad if he could join ours. Skeffington swears he will, and Burrell assur'd Gell that the moment he came to town he should set about getting the Count in order to pay the long delay'd visit. He was expected last night at Whitehall, where I left kind messages for him. Matthews and Gell come the tenth. As to you, I have only to say that I wish you would do the same as soon as ever you can; and as it cannot be till the 13th, shall expect you the 14th. At present there is no one here, and I have this morning had a long and very interesting conversation with my mother, of which Miss P— formed the subject. It was not of a pleasant nature, and I fear the result will be productive of bad blood between the two ladies. But I cannot enter into the details of it till we meet, or at least till my next letter. I can only assure you of what I have been trying to convince the whole world, that the animal call'd a Woman is not to be reckon'd as rational, and should never be spoken to without one's having first ponder'd over every sentence you mean to utter. I led a very quiet life while in London, I can assure you—full as much so, though a gayer one, than during my residence here. I took all the care of myself you can wish; and though I did certainly yield to the imprudence which you so greatly deprecate, it was only *twice*, as a welcome and farewell, and neither times did I experience any afterthought that could make me repent. I honour'd the theatre with my presence

one night ; it was what is called very quiet¹—that is, there was no concert of stones, bells, rattles, or trumpets, but actors' voices you could hear none, and the whole piteous was as usual mounted on the benches, along which they promenaded, talking quite loud with their hats on. I thought it very entertaining ; and because I express'd this feeling to a friend of mine, I have since been accus'd of being a democrat. What do you say to that, noble Queen ? I have made a collection of all the prints, pamphlets, medals, ballads, &c., published on the occasion of this theatrical contention. Some of the caricatures are not fit to be shown, or rather *read*, before ladies, as there are allusions to the private boxes which pass the bounds of *common indecency* ; nor can I imagine what has given rise to them, unless it was your friend L^d M—— and his pelisse, who I understand frequently makes his appearance there. I did not fail to go to Horsemonger Lane twice : the first time in the shape of a *deputy*, the second on my own account. This day the fatal captivity ceases, and you will not wonder that Anacharsis stays a week longer in London. I have read with much amusement all your French songs, and shall with your permission transcribe a few. I had noticed the one you have translated, as one of the prettiest, and think you have done as much justice to it as it is possible for a translation to do. I bought what I thought was a curious collection of plays at a stall in the Borough ; and so it proves to be a set of vile rhyming pieces, composed for the young ladies of a certain Mrs Bellamy's school. I am now going to attack your old Plays, though I have a quantity of other reading materials brought from town—Mme. du Deffand's Letters, Mdle. de l'Espinasse's ditto (a long series of love complaints), Alfieri's 'Memoirs,' the 'Edinburgh Review,' and 'Thalaba' by Southey, which, though old, I never read—I just begun it, and like it as much as I can that species of poetry ; moreover, Crabbe's Poems ; but your Plays shall have

¹ Covent Garden during the O. P. riots.

the first turn. I could not execute your commission with Mrs Abington, as I believe she is not in London, and I don't know who to apply to that can give me information.

I should be most happy to obey your commands with regard to some poetry, were my Muse as docile as my pen; but she is never very fertile, and is sure to gib the moment I spur her. I should, however, say that she made an effort while I was in London to bring to light an infant in the shape of a song, and you had a place in it; still it was in such bad company that I am sure you would have disgusted it, so I never register'd the embryo, and it still floats in a shapeless state, some of the limbs indeed distinct enough, but the *tout ensemble* such an unform'd mass, that it was not even monstrous enough to claim preservation in spirits. Should I be more fortunate in my endeavours to make you the hero of my theme, you may depend on my paying more attention to the transmitting the effusion to posterity, or rather to you. I have re-obtained possession, or obtained re-possession (whichever you prefer), of your Sketch of the Water-dog (not god), which had so strangely wander'd into hands which it never was meant to fill, and which I am sorry to say have left their marks upon the said memento; it shall remain entomb'd for ever in my arcanum henceforward.

I saw Sir Golgotha riding about in search of admiration, and had he turn'd his head my way, I should have certainly paid my tribute; but his eyes disdained the pavement, and wander'd to windows (or boxes) of coaches. My mother and Miss Porter desire many kind things to you. I think you were very unjust about poor Lord Worcester, though I own, from your description, his taste must be bad to *expresseur l'orange*. I hope, however, that you have relented. Sophy Johnstone is in town, but I saw her not; indeed I played off the *petit Sainté*, and called on none of my friends, except a chosen few. Adieu. Pray write soon.—I have done—and inform me what day I am to expect you; moreover, believe me, yours very affect^{ly}.

CAROLUS REX.

E. B. IMPEY, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

FLUSHING, 8th Dec. 1809.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I write to you under such a depression of spirits, that if I had nothing particularly to say, I think must have given up writing at all. I refer you, like the rest of my correspondents, to Atterbury for particulars of my health, and reserve myself only the task of acknowledging your kindness in writing me, which I hope you will occasionally continue.

You mentioned a little before we parted a design you had of translating my 'Lycidas.' I have just completed my MS. poems, and am going to publish them, if you have no objection to attach yours to so perishable a reputation of me, I request to be allowed to print your translation with my original. Adieu, my dear Sharpe, I am really unequal to write to you. I know you will forgive this mere attempt to return your goodness.—Yours affectionately,

E. B. IMPEY.

The Hon. KEPPEL CRAVEN to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

BENHAM, Sunday, Dec. 10th, 1809.

I am much disappointed at finding your cursed election will take up so many days, which is very unfair to all those who have nothing to do with it, as well as those *as* have. At any rate you *must* be here by next Sunday, which, being the Queen-mother's birthday, will want all the splendours which wit and liveliness can give it. I am very glad to find your Majesty continues to that measure of paper which mine so much approves, and that you have not adopted that plan of curtailing which, out of mere womanish perverseness, you maintain that I should like. I shall not retract my abuse of

the fair sex, because even since I wrote it, I have experienced fresh instances of its truth, which fortify my arguments, and I should again develope them in the most masterly manner were it not for that politeness inherent to my nature; so for the present I shall content myself with once more bestowing the appellation which so severely stuck in Mrs Wild's¹ remembrance (excepting the present company), but allowing at the same time that they *have* souls, which I rather think makes matters worse. Pray let me see your book on the subject, which I am sure must have been written by what Skeffington calls an *amiable* person, and I can assure you that it can by no means add to my prejudices against the said beings, whom, however, I will allow to be pretty to look at and pleasant to hear—nay, I have found some whose nearer intercourse afforded pleasureable sensations in a variety of ways; but they should only be admitted on particular occasions—illness should be one, for the said animals make excellent nurses; indeed, I think I would always have a collection of them in every large house, to appear either separately or in a body when occasion required, but there should be an overseer continually with them while they are in their apartment, that the mischievous things they say might injure no one but themselves; and to effect this last purpose they should have instruments both moral and physical in abundance. But enough of these creatures as a *whole*; I must extract Miss Porter to bring her on the *tapis*. I *like* her, and think her an addition to our society, therefore shall be sorry when she leaves it; but I suppose this will not be till the Queen-mother removes to B. House, and then I trust the separation will be effected without any apparent quarrel.

Gell and Matthews come to-day. I am going bye-and-bye to meet them in the carriage. Mercer *was* to have made a third; but a few lines from Gell, written yesterday, inform me that he had not heard from him, so I conclude he will not

¹ See Fielding's 'Jonathan Wild.'

come, and will act the same by each person coming here, of which I know only two more—Skeffington and Burrell. Of the latter I have heard nothing, but expect our new-comers may give me some information. What Mercer's pursuits are he does not keep secret; but the variety is extraordinary, and makes me think myself quite a chaste person (I mean in the days or nights of my strongest vivacity). I sometimes reflect on the wonderful alteration which 18 months have wrought on the said youth; and when I consider that I have been very instrumental in effecting this change, I don't know if I am not to look forward for some punishment for so doing; for if you observe the accounts of the proceedings at Bow St. you will see that those who are in the boxes are frequently committed as the causes of disturbance in the pit. Are you not delighted at Mr Clifford's triumph,¹ and still more delighted at the man who came in a counsellor's wig? I begin to think I am really a democrat, for your assertions convince me of it, added to a very excellent philippic I last night read in the 'Edinburgh Review,' have given me a sort of hatred of Minister and Government which I never felt before, and which, from the violence of the sensation, is very new and agreeable. Perhaps, though it only proceeds from having slept well these 5 nights and other local circumstances, you must know, though my chest is not all troublesome, I have been again so unwell that I was going to give myself up for a nonentity. The truth is, that notwithstanding my want of feeling, there are some prospects which I cannot reconcile myself to, and Anacharsis's² absence is one of these. I had an alarm on that subject which, though subsided for the present, is likely to be renewed frequently, and I don't know that I shall ever fortify myself properly against its attacks.

I have begun Crabbe, and am properly delighted with him, though he makes one both sick and unhappy; but the scenes he describes have a peculiar interest to my grovelling eyes.

¹ In the trials relating to the O. P. riots.

² Gell.

Oh dear! if one *could* venture on a description of all the scenes which a thorough study of human nature brings to one's view, how much more interesting and amusing one might read every branch of literature! By the bye, there are some odd touches in your old plays. I have not finished them, but am much diverted by those I have gone through—part of which was read aloud to my mother and Miss P.; but I was obliged in so doing to feel before me, as one does in the dark, for fear of getting into a scrape, which I should not have minded my mother's account, but which Miss P. would have died of. I forgot in my last letter to answer your enquiries about a certain Mr Beauclerk. I assure you I have no friend nor even acquaintance of that name. As to Robert St John whom you mention, I disgust him; but I must own I have never seen him but in the presence of his father, who does not use him well, and his mama-in-law, who (though my sister,¹ and just brought to bed) hates him. I am glad you have relented in favor of Lord Worcester, as I like him from your account, and he is, besides, a sort of cousin of mine; but do your friends all tumble off their horses at once? I would advise you to make a pretty *little* drawing to present the Queen-mother on her natal day; it will be taken in good part. Adieu. I am *going* to have a cold.—Believe me, yours affly.

CAROLUS R.

The Duke of Monmouth is here, and desires his love. He admits your Majesty in the list of his favourites, which are only 5. I hope you appreciate the honour.

Write again and tell me what day we are to expect you.

¹ Arabella, daughter of sixth Lord Craven, married in 1793 to the Honourable Frederick St John, General in the army; died 1819.

H.S.H. THE MARGRAVINE OF BRANDENBURG-ANSPACH
to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.¹

Keppel tells me you mean positively to come here, which I am very glad of, for I cannot help auguring well of a person who, in such times as these, could, *de son propre chef*, chuse the time, and the people, and the manners in Louis the Fourteenth's reign to make them his recreation; for I am quite of La Rochefoucault or La Bruyère's opinion—*q'une bonne education est la vraie religion mondaine*—to believe in which, and more, to practise, would prevent those eternal dissensions in families and those quarrels in society which renders it impossible to find *society* in this country—and Keppel tells me I shall delight you in telling you stories about my great-aunt Albemarle, who saw the Duchess of Portsmouth and other great aunts and uncles who have seen those who were their models. I think Keppel much better, and I hope in a little time that he will recover his strength. I reserve all other topics of conversation to that time when, *de viva voce*, I shall tell you how much I wish to be your sincere friend, &c.

ELIZABETH, M. B. A.

11th Dec. 1809.

The MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

C. H., Dec. 21st, 1809.

I intended, my dear Sir, before this time, to have express to you how much I felt the kind manner in which you received a late application of mine, even in refusing it, though

¹ Elizabeth, daughter of Augustus, fourth Earl of Berkeley; married, first, William, sixth Earl Craven, 1767, from whom she subsequently separated. After a sojourn at many European Courts, she married

I should have been very glad if circumstances would have admitted of your attending to it; yet it was impossible not to approve in every respect of the line you took as a very honorable one.¹ Indeed, the conduct of the party you joined has been so liberal, that it afforded one the satisfaction of seeing that adversaries may conduct themselves so as to avoid all personal animosity, and conciliate the respect of those of a different party, which has been the case in this instance with the friends of the D. of Beaufort. I regret much that circumstances were such as to have deprived many of his connections of being able to assist him, which we were all very sorry should have been the case on this occasion.

Gower forgot to say that I shall have great pleasure in sending the etchings to Mr Conybeare, and am much flattered that such a collector should think them worth wishing for; therefore, pray tell me where to send them. I feel sometimes quite ashamed of the book, as being what may be called somewhat ridiculous; so to see it treated with gravity, puts me in a sort of good humour with regard to it.

I hope soon to send you the old *Clashmaclaver*, which Constable promised should be finished before this time; but I have not heard anything of it for some months, though I see he has advertised it. I hope it will turn out a sort of *Froissart*, which I have been reading lately, much to my amusement; but do not hope to find anything in it equal to the history he gives of the Comte de Foix, which, if you have not happened to read, I beg you may immediately, and you will find him to be a perfect model of a feudal *grand seigneur dans son château*, in spite of the accident of killing his son, and the blemish of being rather cross to his wife. The story of the Familiar

Christian Frederick, Margrave of Brandenburg-Anspach and Bayreuth, in 1791, who, after his abdication, retired to England and took up his residence at Brandenburg House. The Margravine died 1828. See her Memoirs, written by herself; see also *ante*, Memoir, p. 31.

¹ In the contest for the Chancellorship.

Spirit and the Bear also, I fear, exceed in interest anything we shall find in Sir Robt. Gordon; but the description of the manners of the Scotch may be more favourable.

When you have no better occupation, give me some account of what you are doing; and believe me, very sincerely yours,
&c., &c.,

E. S. S.

LUMLEY ST GEORGE SKEFFINGTON,¹ Esq., to CHARLES
KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

ANSPACH PLACE, SOUTHAMPTON.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—*Wednesday Night, January the 10th,* 1810, finds that I am now a resident at Southampton. Since we parted at the Attic Villa of Benham Valence, no day of pleasure has been mine. The Margravine of Anspach has had the kindness to give me one of her houses for the time that I pass at this *fresh* and *salt* water place. The use of the warm sea-bath has been already beneficial; but I am apprehensive that I shall not, for a month to come, get sufficient bathing to fix a re-establishment of health;—consequently, all thoughts of attending the Queen's Birthday must be entirely relinquished.

O horror!—rash that I am! What have I been doing?—I really forgot that I was writing to a wit; and have been absolutely stating matters of dull and positive fact.—I would, if possible, retrieve this innovation; for I am aware that it is as reprehensible as to neglect the contemplation of the universe for the investigation of a grasshopper! yet the task will be most difficult; with me, to *attempt* and to *achieve* is not the same. If you were endowed with the gift of changing stupidity into illumination as easily as Midas transmuted the baser metals into gold, I would write on without consideration

¹ Afterwards Sir Lumley St George Skeffington of Skeffington, Leicestershire.

and without reserve; but as that is not the case, and as you *bestow* more brilliancy than you *receive*, a correspondent should conduct himself with caution.—Away with caution in a friendly letter! I dare say that you would be better pleased to laugh at my absurdity, than to dose over my correctness. *Apropos* of being correct: Philosophy now rushes on my recollection. How do the *platonick dialogues* proceed? have you laboured to throw any new light on the topic for the *benefit of posterity*? An attempt so daring would be well worthy of "the *Legendary Muse*" (a name by which I shall distinguish you in future), and certainly attract the notice of the fashionable world. Or, are you inclined to relinquish such a design, under the apprehension that, were you to *succeed* in the full establishment of the doctrine, there would be no posterity to reap the harvest of your information? for on the above subject *the number of the proselytes* would be the *death-blow* of its POPULARITY!

Farewell!—when you enumerate the list of those who are in admiration of your talents, forget not to include your very sincere friend,
LUMLEY ST GEORGE SKEFFINGTON.

The Hon. KEPPEL CRAVEN to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

BENHAM, *Thursday*, 18 *Jany.* 1810.

I conclude that Stapleton has not fail'd to give you my message, which bound me to write this day, even had I been deprived of both time and inclination; but this is not the case, and I sit down well pleased to be in full possession of both the one and the other, without which no one can epistolise comfortably. You see that I hope to see you on Monday, and I trust our fair Countess will not think of staying a day longer. Should that be the case, I must regulate my motions by hers; but as the lord wants to be in town by the opening of Parliament, I don't imagine they can stay

beyond the day I mention. I have begun packing up already, that I may play the agreeable without interruption. I shall bring your books with me, as by that time or nearly I must have finished them. I am now in the very middle of the "Kind Keeper,"¹ which, as you foretold, amuses me not a little; but how so indecent an exhibition could ever be display'd in a public theatre I am at loss to conceive, even in the days of my revered ancestor.

I came from my sister's on Tuesday, after having shiver'd the whole time I pass'd there, saving the hours of sleep. It is at any season of the year the very coldest habitation I know, and you may imagine what it must be in this Russian weather, or rather that we had for 4 days (for really to-day it is pleasant). I had arm'd myself with flannel at all points, and declaring myself in a state of convalescence, was indulged with all the favors granted to invalids—a seat near the fire at dinner, the very warmest arm-chair in the drawing-room; yet still I died the whole time, and felt that sensation which Gell describes with such emphatic horror, the terror of getting into a cold bed. This feeling was really quite new to me, and justifies all his evening miseries which I used to laugh at.

I meant to have gone in the gig; but the azure state in which poor Augustus made his appearance that same morning, alter'd my plans, and the more expensive chaise was my conveyance. Notwithstanding all these terrible occurrences, I caught no cold; and though my chest was a little uneasy yesterday, I believe it was only from a little bilious attack which due precaution has this day removed.

I was asked to dine at the Princess of Wales's to-day, and the card sent after me here: is not this flattering? Gell has been staying at Brocket Hall, Lord Melbourne's, but returns this day to London for the purpose above mentioned. Castor is kindly provided with an establishment, which I

¹ By Dryden.

really am glad of, as I hope he will do well, which with common prudence must be the case; but I dread his negligent and careless disposition. I am much at a loss to understand what schemes you have in contemplation, and which you only allude to in so ambiguous and yet pointed a manner as to create both curiosity and anxiety in me. I trust that when we meet, you will make me acquainted with them; indeed you half promised so to do.

From your account of Frederic, it must be a matter of perfect indifference to me whether I still find him at Grey's Court or not—indeed the latter, I should think, would be preferable of the two. Whence comes this mistaken choice? I suppose you will see by the paper that our county of Berks has given the example as to petitions against Ministers; and I doubt that a more violent or decided document ever appear'd, and I regret it is thus intemperate, for the sake of the feelings which urg'd it, which I justify and can scarcely help applauding, however that may shock your aristocracy: but I was much amused with the account of Mr M. Montagu's speech, and the reception it met with. He ought to be used to such, from the fate of his speeches in the House of Commons, which generally afford much mirth to everybody but himself: it seems a county meeting has not shown more indulgence to his eloquence. Augustus has quite recover'd his beauty and healthfull appearance, and is now more delightful than ever. His present rage is writing letters, and he is so quick that I am sure in a fortnight he might be taught the whole alphabet. Of course I expect no answer to this, as there is not time. Should any thing prevent my coming Tuesday, I will write on Sunday, which is as soon as I can know of any change.

I sent Skeffington a few lines, but have got no answer. They did not require any. The Queen-mother is well, and sends her regards. Adieu.—I remain, yours very affe^{ct}ly.

CAROLUS R.

E. B. IMPEY, Esq., to CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

FLUSHING, *Jan.* 30, 1810.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—It is long since I formed the determination of compensating for the brevity and extreme dullness of my last note by a longer and more consolatory address; but the same causes which operated to disable me in the first instance from offering you any adequate return for your affectionate and amusing letter, dated a hundred years ago! have hitherto, and do still continue their influence, to the utter banishment of all that might render my correspondence at all desirable. I am sensible that, under these circumstances, my writing requires more apology than my silence, and that the more I abstain from a detail of my present condition, the less I am likely to add to the sombre complexion of my style.

It is my constant effort to abstract my mind from a contemplation of my own situation, and it is chiefly by these attempts at correspondence with those whom I think are interested about me, that these efforts succeed. Our long and intimate habits of intercourse will remove every suspicion of insincerity when I assure you, my dear Sharpe, that I have not a single friend who could more effectually contribute to this end than yourself, and I trust that sentiment needs no amplification.

Had I more objects to engage my attention than my present desolate situation presents, I should never cease to be interested in your concerns; and tho' it is but a selfish feeling which increases that interest at this moment, yet in hopes you will excuse and gratify it, I must venture the avowal.

In adverting to the popular transactions at Oxford, you hint at being occupied in more momentous speculations. You leave me to guess what they may be, and my fancy suggests that you are either deep in the life of Dundee, or preparing another edition of poems. The latter has been my

occupation—or rather succedaneum for occupation—for some time past. I hope soon, with the help of our friend the Professor, to be speedily published. But whether my own impatience, or his inactivity, is to blame, I cannot help thinking the whole business—an affair only three or four thousand lines—might ere this have been completed. However, there is one benefit resulting to me from this dilatory disposition in my editor—that it gives me this opportunity of reminding you of your expected contribution. Seriously, if you have no objection to occupying a corner in my little volume, I should be proud to bind up your flower in my nosegay. At all events, you need not fear its being transplanted to a soil where you know certain weeds, with which it can never lose by comparison, have already sprung up. This is in truth but a very negative compliment; but to say more before I see your poem would savour of insincerity, and tend rather to insult your discernment than flatter your genius.

I am interested in knowing whether you have taken any steps to introduce your play upon the stage. Now that Covent Garden has risen like another phœnix from its ashes, and escaped the perils of a worse conflagration from the enflamed rabble, I begin to look forward with expectation to the crisis of "Spanish Vengeance." Your Prologue, which I do not yet despair of attempting, will lose nothing by being defer'd, as its materials must obviously be drawn from scenes which are yet acting, and will apply the better, as they produce more novel allusions. I have lately been flatter'd with an overture from the conductors of the 'Quarterly Review,' which I have politely declined; tho' had I spoken my mind freely as I may *entre nous*, I should have deprecated the extreme illiberality of their political subservience to a most despicable party. Their attempt to depreciate the merits of General Moore is scandalous. Besides, like you, I am for keeping all reviewers at arm's-length; for tho' they speak with the tongue of angels, what are they after all but

the mere scavengers of literature? Their office is merely to cleanse its streets, which they do with far less success than their brethren of the broom and shovel, for they leave behind them more filth than they wheel away, and which, being filth at second hand, is more offensive than the original trash. You see I begin to bark before I am struck. However, I make sure of being soon splash’d by their ordure, and indulge in invective on the principle of the first blow being half the battle. Adieu, my dear Sharpe. I have scarce room to charge you with a commission to Atterbury, who is so good as to be my factotum in Oxford. Tell him I wrote some days ago by a private hand, apprizing him of the miscarriage of a certain parcel containing, among other valuables, a copy of “Octavian” (by the bye, what think you of said Octavian?), and that I expected to have heard from him in reply. I have, *pour comble des malheurs*, just lost my dog, to which I had attached myself with a tenderness only to be justified by circumstances. I have deposited the poor faithful creature in a corner of the garden, and shall fix a little tablet against a rock overhung with ivy, which forms a recess just large enough to contain her. This is the inscription :—

Accept, poor honest friend, thy latest meed—
All thou canst now partake, or I concede ;
A little earth thy relics to enclose,
A turf, a stone to mark where they repose ;
A sigh—almost a tear ; a parting rhyme
To snatch thy mem’ry from the wreck of time,
And bid men reverence at thy grave, poor Frow !
The faith you practis’d and they falsely vow.

Once more adieu.—Yours affectionately,

E. B. IMPEY.

The MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

B. HOUSE, 26th Feb. 1810.

Your letter of the 24th I receive with great pleasure, and I have to lament that you cannot be here on Keppel's return from the malaria of Warwickshire. What a fund of comfort your Tyburn Calendar would produce! He returns next Friday—he has not been very well; he has a way of packing up even the pleasures he could bestow, and dealing them out according to *his ideas*. I wonder what he will say to the 'Morning Herald,' that has begun a series of impertinent falsehoods against me, which, I trust, will amount at last to give me an opportunity of punishing them. If I wrote like my ancestors I should pass unnoticed, perhaps. I think the liberty of the press very oppressing, and as everything in the political world tends to put England out of Europe, I believe I must go out of England to find civilisation. Mathews is returned from a *séjour* in Sussex, and he and all who wish me well are delighted at my having escaped from a Prussian robbery, for such was Prince Ferdinand's claim to deprive me of what the Margrave left me at Anspach. I long more than you can to see Augustus¹—the dear sensible love. If I am not to see much of him, I wish I had not seen him at all, for I think he might grow up under my banners to wield armour—*il n'y a point d'éternels amours*. I believe Lord Archibald² is *cur'd*. You were perfectly right as to —; the attacks made on him may have seduced him, but has reduced the seducer to an awkward situation. I am told London is very dull; everything is carried on in a dark lanthorn way; everything is a mystery, a secret! You meet people, but they turn the blind against your eyes. I have some idea that

¹ "Augustus, a natural son of Keppel Craven, by a Madame d'Erville."—C. K. S.

² "Lord Archibald Hamilton was at one time a great admirer of Lady Oxford."—C. K. S.

there will be a regency or a something. The affairs of the nation must be in another track—at least in *some*, for it is bewildered at present.

Lizards do not meditate; the word *gobemouche* in French won't do for that Lizard, for with all the appearance of wool-gathering, it is a great observer that aforesaid Lizard. Gell¹ is engraving all the morning, and going into parties every night. I am told he wants to marry a fortune. Now, I think, marrying merely for a fortune is a misfortune. Are you really obliged to go into Siberia? I wish you had the opportunity of being more with Keppel, for with your decided taste, you might prevent his from wandering. I have seen the Free Knights and Covent Garden: I approve of them.

I have heard "Romeo e Giulietta." The music is fine, except one finale, which is like a very vulgar English glee; and the female singers so detestably bad, that I really must wait for Catalani, or some one that can sing, to go to the opera again. As to fashions, the dress of *your* Duchesse de la Valière in my book is beauty in comparison to the dresses.

Pray believe that wherever I am I shall be glad to see you; and my writing so long a letter to you when I have nothing to say, is a proof that I depend on your partiality to me for liking to receive it. If I can do any commission for you, or be of any use to you on the river Thames, pray command me.
—Yours very truly,
ELIZABETH.

The Hon. KEPPEL CRAVEN to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

WHITEFORD,² Friday, Sepr. 13, 1810.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—As you justly observe that we are pressed for time, I lose as little as I can in answering your

¹ "William, afterwards Sir William Gell, has written a number of books, and was a great favourite of some people: he set up for dry wit, but I never could perceive that he had it either wet or dry."—C. K. S.

² The seat of Sir John Call, Bart.

letter which I received yesterday, though it contains what I should term a scolding; but I won't complain, and submit to the chastisement, only observing to you that I never said you were a professed liar or that I detested you. I got a very absurd letter from the person who reported these *soi-disant* speeches of mine to you: this epistle is to explain *why* he did not oftener come to visit me, and to account for this want of attention, which he concludes I must have thought very strange, though I confess I never thought of it at all. He invites me to Grey's, and desires I will bring my gig, though at the same time he concludes I am going already, and begs I will let him know when. I shall certainly write when our sailing is fixed, which at present I am unable to say anything about, as there are no ships bound for Lisbon at Plymouth just now; but as there may be every day, and as Admiral Buller, who commands there, has promised his interest to secure a passage by the very first, we may be in daily expectation of being summoned there, and hold ourselves accordingly in a proper state of readiness. In the meanwhile, our time is past as agreeably as a state of uncertainty will admit of. Here are a great assemblage of women, most of them good-humour'd and lively; and as, without vanity, we are the most ornamental as well as agreeable of the masculine gender now here, we are courted and made up to accordingly. Our evenings are spent in music, and frequently dancing, also occasional little *ballets* composed on the spot. To-morrow, however, we have a *melodrama*, which will take more preparation, and I have been selecting the music for it from the most elegant airs perform'd at Astley's, the minor Vauxhall, and all those refined retreats.

Miss Caldwell, the Dowager Lady Belmour's sister, is our heroine, and being what is called a Bath beauty—that is, a fine figure, and five-and-forty—she shines most conspicuously in all tender parts; and seems very much inclined to act them in private, if she found any one likely to rehearse

them with her. The men here are not worth mentioning, though very good sort of people. Your friend Colonel Cooke is still in the neighbourhood, but not coming to this house at present. Littleton has been amusing the whole county, and is now gone to Portugal.

I have a letter from my mother, who seems so far settled at Benham that she does not talk of leaving it till she goes abroad. I wish you very much to go there, for many reasons, and I beg you will cultivate the acquaintance of two friends of mine whom you will find there, of the name of Hamilton: they are odd people, but very worthy, and I flatter myself truly attached to me, which may be a recommendation in your eyes. The husband has heard me speak of you, and will, I am sure, be most happy to be acquainted with your Majesty. You are quite right about pastoral profession, but you should recollect that it generally combines the mastery of two elements diametrically opposed to each other, and that though linen may suit the liquid and cooler one, velvets are frequently employ'd in the service of the other.

As to a conquest, it can hardly be so named, as, though I own I never saw anything approaching to the perfection of feature, colour, and expression which is there to be found, I very leisurely deferr'd any approaches which I might have made untill my return, as they must have demanded some time and difficulty, though probably attended with no danger. You will own that, knowing my instability in matters of that nature, the impression could not have been very potent.

I have much better accounts from sick friends, who are both regaining strength, and, I trust, in fair way of complete recovery.

I did not know that Brandenburg House¹ had ever be-

¹ Brandenburg House, built by Sir Nicholas Crispe in Charles I.'s reign, whose nephew sold it to Prince Rupert, who gave it to Margaret Hughes, the actress, in 1683. Ten years later she sold it. It was afterwards the property of Bubb Dodington, Lord Melcombe. The Mar-

longed to Madam Hughes, though I was aware her august lover had bought it of Sir N. Crispe. I don't think it will ever again fall into such hands. What say you?

Saturday Morning.—I have only time to finish this, and say that I have now passed all the forenoon in a state of insanity, for nothing but Bedlam can present such a scene as the preparation for our performance affords. Pray answer immediately, and direct to Post-Office, Plymouth Dock. I shall not fail to write again, should I be called away suddenly; and, at any rate, your letter will neither be mislaid or lost.

Gell sends his love: he is preparing to act *Chalcas*, which Miss Caldwell reads *Chalk Ass!*—Believe me, yours most aff^{ly}.

CAROLUS REX.

The MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH TO C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

BENHAM, 22d September 1810.

Darsham,—but near what town, that your date don't tell, so for fear this should miscarry, I send it to that seat of sapience, Oxford, from whence, no doubt, it will be sent to you. How can I thank you enough for your very entertaining letter and historie of the *Virtuous Ass!* If it could speak, like Balaam's, it would tell a tale of hopes and fears, of protracted desires, and show that Pirus and Thysby displayed less eloquence through a wall; and, moreover, had not the strong incentive of gazing on beauteous objects to stimulate their feelings as hers were, even to desperation. But to turn *our eyes* on asses on two legs—I am the first; I am sick, a fever in my left leg, and bilious, and convinced it is stifled anger. Your dotage Keppel has been wonderfully amused at Whiteford by the enacting of *Mock Tragedies* and *Burlesqued Mythology* by a

grave of Anspach bought it in 1792. Queen Caroline died in it in 1821 (7th August), and the next year it was pulled down. An account of the house with its pictures, and a short biographical notice of the Margravine, appeared in the '*Gentleman's Magazine*' for October 1822.

troop of wild Irish, one of the principal female performers thus learning her part "*queen aside*"; and then "a cobbler there was" or any other, *Thunder* never discriminating in learning her what she was to say, or what was to be done. Moreover, Keppel danced on the tight-rope, which was not one of the accomplishments I gave him.

It is the fashion for Anacharsis¹ to accuse me of things I never did: he wrote me word I had spread it abroad that he is only gone out of the country to avoid hanging, on account of certain reports concerning him and Der Princessen Hunchbackengrossenessen.

This is the second accusation as false as improbable—for I am no gossip.

I have not deigned to answer him: as to his going, I am convinced, by something he said to me just before he went, that he is very sorry to go at all, and that if he can escape and return before she does, he will.—E.

The Hon. KEPPEL CRAVEN to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

CREMILL PASSAGE, PLYMOUTH DOCK,
Monday, Oct. 1st, 1810.

DEAR SHARPE,—I only mean to send this when I know for certain that I am on the point of sailing; but as that moment is one of hurry and discomposure, I may as well begin my letter now. Before I proceed to matters of state, I may as well explain the meaning of the above date, which may be ambiguous to you, who are not travell'd in the west. This is a single inn almost at the gate of M^t Edgcumbe, facing Plymouth Dock, on the Cornish side of the river Tamar, which in this place is call'd Hamaoze, being its outlet into the sand, and from thence into the ocean. We chose

¹ "By Anacharsis she means Sir W. Gell, who accused her of having said something about his danger of being hanged for gallantries with the Princess of Wales."—Note by C. K. S.

it in preference to being in the town, which is dirty, noisy, and expensive; whereas here we have the whole house to ourselves at a very cheap rate, have immediate access to the country, which is beautiful, besides the permission of wandering about the grounds of M^t. Edgcumbe,¹ which you have so frequently heard of, that I shall not attempt to describe their beauties. Their master has been very civil to us, and ask'd us repeatedly to dinner, which we have generally declined, but pass'd one evening there. His daughters are what *girls of fashion* should be, perfectly free and unaffected, and yet with not the least tincture of boldness or boisterousness: the youngest, Lady Caroline, is very pretty, and they both very accomplished. Now say after this that I never praise women.

We have been here ever since Tuesday. Nixon accompanied us from Whiteford, and only left us this morning to work his way to town, through Benham, Southampton, Brighton, and various other places. The gardens at M^t. Edgcumbe are very prettily laid out, and the gardeners very attentive. We generally make the former our morning lounge, after paying our visit to Plymouth Dock to see for our letters and learn the news of the day—I mean that which relates to our sailing. Various have been the disappointments we have undergone in that respect, and perhaps many more await us before we finally depart. Yet we have both the admirals in our favour, and Sir R. Calder, the commander-in-chief, is particularly kind to us. The weather has, indeed, been lovely—and certainly, would it continue so, I should never wish to cross the Atlantic to seek for another climate; but already I feel the effects of the change which has taken place this morning in consequence of some rain.

I must now scold you in good earnest for the barefaced manner in which you make certain reproaches and describe

¹ Richard Edgcumbe, Earl of Mount Edgcumbe. His daughter, Lady Caroline, married Reginald George Macdonald, Captain of Clanranald.

certain things in your last. You should consider that when *words* are employed which can admit but of *one* sense, it is dangerous in the extreme to make choice of such ; and should the letter have been open'd, *I* must have been the sufferer, as Katherine the *Queen* might have remain'd unknown ; but the direction was not equally ambiguous,—so I must intreat for the future you will be more metaphorical, which I am sure is no difficult thing for your pen, now that it is used for romance-writing, and I flatter myself I can easily make out your meaning. For instance, the *crown jewels* do very well ; and talking of that, I am glad to have such fair warning on the subject, as it authorises me to be constantly alive to my danger, and to employ all possible means of defence, such as armour, &c., &c. I am happy to tell you that the said jewels were never in brighter order than they are now ; and I mean to keep them so, not by cleaning or rubbing, but by hiding them from profane eyes, and securing them from the touch of the vulgar. This resolution I am certain you will approve. That reminds me of a passage in a letter which I have just received from Hope, which relates to an adventure with my cousin Betty,¹ altogether not unentertaining. Lord and Lady Boringdon² have been at M^t. Edgcumbe, and very kindly invited us to Saltram, where there is to be a grand ball on the 12th. She is not unpopular in the county, but he is abhor'd, chiefly because he will sleep in a separate bed from his wife, which is looked upon as so heinous a crime in Cornwall that nothing else is talked of in every house where they have been. The men are the principal outcriers on this occasion, which appears to me strange, and he is everywhere denominated a *nasty brute* and *bestly fellow*, and other equally complimentary epithets.

¹ Lady Emily Elizabeth Berkeley, daughter of the fifth Earl of Berkeley.

² Son of the second Earl of Morley, married to Miss Talbot of Wymondham, Norfolk.

I had one or two unpleasant attacks on my breathing while at Whiteford, but have felt nothing of the kind since my removal here. I have frequent communication with my mother, who seems dying with impatience to have me out of this island—in which I participate most heartily, as my present state of uncertainty is far from pleasant. I don't know the verses you mention, never having read Vertot but in the original language, so can throw no light on the subject. I have been made to write some French verses on the subject of Hercules and M^t. Ceta, to accompany a drawing of the said Mount in a book of Louisa Call's;¹ and I laid it on so thick (as we may do in French without exciting nausea) that her sister-in-law Lady Aylmer almost cried at reading them, and was forced to go out of the room. I have been to a fair—fancy my discovering such a thing in this remote part of the world—and though it possess'd neither the superior attractions of Greenwich, or the more refined amusements of Brook Green, yet I found a tolerable share of entertainment, enough to repay me for the length of the walk, which is nearly three miles. Miss Smith's propensities I have heard of, and am not therefore surprised at her speech to Lady Dalkeith, who some years ago was, in my opinion, well calculated to create such sensations in either sex.

Sunday Morning, October 7th.—I am loath to keep this letter any longer in my possession, though we don't seem a bit more advanced as to going; so I shall send it, and keep you in the same state of uncertainty in which it leaves us. I shall, however, take it for granted, that by the time you get it we shall either have sailed or have determined not to do so at all, at which you will triumph not a little. We have dined at M^t. Edgumbe once, and are to do so again this day.

¹ Mr Craven makes a mistake here; Louisa Call was Lady Aylmer, and by this time all her sisters were married. The Call family was related to Keppel Craven, as Sir John Call had married a daughter of the Earl of Granard, and grandchild of the fourth Earl of Berkeley.

The Earl is very gracious indeed to us.

Gell desires his regards to you. I have persuaded him at once to write an account of all his travels through Greece, which is a sure means of improving his fortune, as travels always publish and sell well whether they be good or bad. When you write, which I hope may be soon, direct to the care of Mr George, Perfumer, Fore St., Plymouth Dock, and it will be carefully forwarded.—Believe me, yours most affly,

R. K. C.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to the COUNTESS OF DALKEITH.¹

DARSHAM HOUSE, 5th Octr. 1810.

DEAR MADAM,—I am extremely happy that the former patterns have been honoured with your approbation, which I hope will be extended to these poor thistles, though the leaves somewhat resemble currycombs, and the flowers bear a strong likeness to the tossil of a bell-rope. I rely much on your ladyship's goodness, more especially when you know that after roaming through all the fields round this mansion, I could not find anything to be called a thistle; and we expatriated Scotch people pretend that we have quite forgotten the shape of one. As my last resource, I had finished the enclosed, I stept forth to take the opinion of my sister's donkies; but they displayed a total ignorance of French—nay, of Hebrew breeding: Balaam's ass was Lord Chesterfield to either of them—*pas un mot*. I returned to the house as wise as I went.

Will your ladyship have the goodness to request Lord Dalkeith's acceptance of Louis the Fourteenth and Madame de la Valière? I have attempted to stick to the other drawing as much as possible, but it was done so long ago that I have almost forgot it.

¹ Harriet, daughter of the first Viscount Sidney, wife of Charles, Lord Dalkeith, afterwards fourth Duke of Buccleuch. Her Grace died 1814.

Though Top's likeness to King Charles the Second always filled me with love and reverence, I must confess that he entirely slipt my memory when I had last the honour of addressing you. We are all delighted to hear that he is so popular, and hope that his reign may long continue undisturbed. For my part, I pray that none of the Whiggish curs of Scotland may annoy him as they troubled his prototype while he lives, and that after his decease no prejudiced Fox may disturb his ashes by writing legends echoed from such fools like Woodrow, and rogues like Malcolm Laing. My brother and sister present their best wishes to your ladyship and Lord Dalkeith, at the same time desiring me to express their regrets that you are not to honour the ball: we are going, I believe—not much to my satisfaction, as, according to fair Annet in the song, "sma' dancin' will serve me." People talk of the difficulty of dancing in sacks, but such persons never tried saltation in a wig!—I am, dear Madam,

C. K. S.

Earl GOWER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

CASTLE HOWARD, *Oct. 21, 1810.*

DEAR SHARPE,—To my infinite joy the clergyman here has, after the example of his betters, got such a bad cold that he cannot say his prayers, so we escape church; and I can do what you know I like so much better, have some conversation with you. Do you know that I thought a few days ago to have written a letter to you from Ecclefechan, on the way south. I had occasion to make an excursion to Lanark, and thought to have come through Dumfriesshire; but on second thoughts I imagined that I sh^d. find a better and much shorter road by Peebles and Kelso, and accordingly with some regret gave up the idea of Ecclefechan, Hoddam, &c., &c.

Have you seen M^{de}. du Defand's letters? They are not

in your way, so you need not give yourself the trouble of getting them.

The book,¹ Constable says, will be ready by June. I saw some of it printing; it will be a very handsome book—large margin, &c. Constable is printing a copy, large paper, on vellum, for a present to my father. There's a book I saw at Constable's shop and a picture for sale, said to be of Q. Mary—an old one, not at all like her—belonging to our friend Mr Dick.

Here they come to ask me to ride with them. What a bore! I've not the slightest disposition to stir out and leave a comfortable fireplace in the corner of the room; but for the good of one's health, they say, one must. Shall I send such a misery of a letter? Yes, I will; you may do what you like with it. I am so ashamed of it that I will not tell you that I am, ——

G.

The Hon. KEPPEL CRAVEN to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

LISBON, *Thursday, Nov. 1st, 1810.*

MY DEAR SHARPE,—Don't let your delicacy take the alarm at the sight or even the smell of this paper, or imagine I mean anything by using it but the greatest compliment to you in employing an indigenous production of the country. If you see things through a proper medium, and preserve some attachment to your regal title, you should kiss the letter, and hail it as a countryman. But *trêve de compliments*. You are perhaps more anxious to know when I arrived here than to read a dissertation on yellow paper: if so, I shall forthwith proceed to inform you it was on Sunday morning last that I set my foot on these temperate shores, after a most prosperous but fatiguing voyage of only 4 days, two of which reduced and shook me so that I thought a

¹ Sir Robert Gordon's History.

month at least would be requisite to restore my frame to any degree of composure and comfort; but 4 days have done it completely, thanks to the delicious sunshine which makes up for stinks, dirt, flies, bad pavement, and unfurnished houses. The very first person I saw of my acquaintance on my way to my uncle's was Worcester, in one of the carriages of the country, looking very pale, and that admirable feature his nose cutting a more than usually conspicuous appearance from under the fur border of a fancy cap, adorn'd with stripes of gold, but of a very ungraceful and unbecoming shape. He was very animated and amiable, as he always is, and though I have met him but occasionally, and that for a very few minutes at a time, he has kept up his situation in my good graces by his affability and usual gentleness of manner. He cuts a figure here as *the* marquis, and has boxes at the theatre, and wears a dragoon uniform (of some imaginary regiment, I suppose), which is very favorable to some prominent parts of his figure; but that cruel cap spoils all the upper regions. I am sorry to add that he does not look well, and am informed that there are reasons for it, which I am sensibly alive to the unpleasantness of, though I thank heaven only from recollection. The place is full of English officers, who come over by turns from the army,¹ and indulge their taste in wearing the most extraordinary habiliments you can possibly conceive. But Lord Wellington is by no means particular on this subject, and the consequence is very entertaining, and, I must add, picturesque. I met little Churchill,² who is very amusing, and would be more so if he did not aim at too much singularity. The appearance of this town presents a curious spectacle to those who reflect that the enemy is so very near; for the uncon-

¹ Wellington had then left the lines of Torres Vedras, and had taken up a position before Santarem, into which Massena had retreated.

² Lord Francis Spencer, second son of the third Duke of Marlborough, created Baron Churchill of Wychwood Forest, Oxon., 1815.

cerned manner in which the inhabitants pursue their occupations or amusements give one very little idea of danger. I don't believe this letter can go for a day or two, so I will not put any military news till the last moment, or perhaps none at all. We *say* we are to go to the army, because it is the fashion, and one is ashamed to say otherwise; but to you I confess I feel very indifferent about this excursion. I am surrounded by relations here, so that I might think myself a great personage, if I had not so exalted an opinion of myself as to be fully satisfied with my own connection, without borrowing any light from neighbouring constellations. My uncle is G^t Admiral of Portugal,¹ as well as commander of the English navy here; one of my cousins commands the gunboats which are keeping the French from crossing the Tagus at Villa Franca; another cousin is a major in General Leith's division; that general himself married my first cousin; I have had two cousins wounded in the affair of Buzaco; Lord March² is admired for his zeal in staying with the army; and George Grenville³ made a great noise by setting sail from this place with the key of an opera-box in his pocket. Who would not be proud of such a kindred? By the by, I forgot to mention the two Miss Berkeleys,⁴ who are reckon'd beauties.

The weather is charming, and I like the mode of living very well, though it is more expensive than I could wish, especially from the absolute necessity of keeping a carriage, —first on account of the distance at which my lodgings (and

¹ The Honble. Sir George Cranfield Berkeley, G.C.B., Admiral of the White.

² Charles Gordon Lennox, aide-de-camp to Lord Wellington, afterwards fifth Duke of Richmond.

³ George Grenville, second son of the Marquis of Buckingham, afterwards Lord Nugent.

⁴ Daughters of Sir George Berkeley. Georgiana married in 1811 Captain Seymour, R.N., nephew of the Marquess of Hertford; Mary married in 1812 the Earl of Euston, afterwards Duke of Grafton.

all fashionable ones) are placed from the shops and theatres, which, without exaggeration, must at least be three miles ; and secondly, by reason of the abominable mud which everlastingly pervades the streets in the lower town, and renders walking in silk stockings quite out of the question, notwithstanding the usual dryness of the climate : so I am provided with a machine which is very laughable to look at, but by no means uneasy or uncomfortable to go in. Our Envoy, Mr Stuart, is as civil as I can wish, and between his house and my uncle's I never want for a dinner. We live very near the castle, in a house which is half occupied by Sir Thomas Hardy,¹ his son-in-law, and captain. He gave up the other half to me ; and by putting in a mat and a few tables and chairs, we contrive to make a very liveable habitation of it, as the rooms are good, facing the south, the view is beautiful, and there are fireplaces in case they should be wanted.

I find the natural beauties of this place much greater than I expected, both inanimate and living. The opposite shore of the Tagus is higher and bolder than I imagined ; and though there perhaps is a want of wood, the outline is fine, and the shades so strong in this atmosphere that the view is always picturesque and lively to a degree, as the river is full of shipping ready to carry off the runaways in case of defeat. There are three theatres—viz., opera, a Portuguese play, and a Spanish one. The first is magnificent in point of shape and size, but deficient as to performers, yet quite good enough to afford much satisfaction. The second is very amusing, as the actors are good, and the language so like Spanish that it will soon be familiar to me, as far as the understanding it goes, though the speaking is not so easy. As to society, I am not yet able to give you much account of it—the only

¹ Sir Thomas Masterman Hardy, Bart., K.C.B. Nelson's Hardy was created a baronet after the battle of Trafalgar, and married the eldest Miss Berkeley in 1807.

opportunity I have ever had of mixing with any of the natives being at a ball given last Monday by our Envoy, where there were two or three pretty women; and in general they are more civilised and better educated than the Spaniards, as they mostly talk French or Italian and now English. I must now dress for dinner, and shall leave this unsealed till the time for sending it is at hand; but in the meantime desire you will believe me, yours most affly.

CAROLUS REX.

Friday Night, 2d Novr.—I am just returned from the opera, where who should I see but the original Sir Goddy,¹ in a scarlet coat, which is by no means so becoming as his light dragoon jacket. He was more amiable (that is my present word) and animated than ever I saw him, and invited us to his quarters. This morning I was present at the embarkation of a regiment of Portuguese cavalry, in whose colonel I recognised a very old friend and acquaintance of mine, of the name of Campbell, who is one of the most *amiable* persons I know. He has crossed the Tagus, and will be followed by some of our troops, as it is supposed the French will try to occupy that side—in which case there will probably be some action. I have written volumes of letters, and beg you will follow my example, and tell me all the news you can collect. I sat to-night in the pit,—and only think of Worcester coming all the way out of *his* own box to take me back there; but he is very amiable, and begins to pick up his good looks again. To-morrow I am going to the Monastery of Belem, where I am to see I don't know how many Kings and Queens of Portugal as entire as if they were alive. With all this fine sunshine I have contrived to catch a cold, probably owing to being in a violent perspiration, and standing in the cold wind afterwards. Adieu. When you write you must direct at Admiral Berkeley's.

¹ Sir Godfrey Webster.

E. B. IMPEY, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

FLUSHING, *Jan'y. 7, 1811.*

MY DEAR SHARPE,—The following is extracted from a poem, which I do not copy entirely that I may save myself trouble, and reserve for you the pleasure of perusing it *in toto* when published, which it will shortly be, unless you and several others of our friends are delineated, should object. They are all under borrowed names, assumed from Horace. You may esteem yourself lucky that you are so honourably mentioned, and this may perchance induce you to let me put your name in a note; but this I do not insist on. So without more preface I proceed, for I know that you are dying to read; but I protest you shall not till you turn the page. Nay, no peeping! I owe you a grudge for not writing to me, and delight in the torture I am now inflicting. I repeat, you shall not *volti subito* till you are told that I am deplorably ill. But what care I for that? say you; I want the verses. My mother is at No. 23 Baker St., where she will be glad to see you—pooh! the verses—and will give you a dinner—the verses!—will take you to the play, to the opera, the—verses! Nay, she will give you a bed. But will she give me the verses? No, no, no; but you may now turn the leaf, and you shall see what you shall see, from yours affectionately,

E. B. IMPEY.

But say, what news from Titius? *Him* shall Fame
 Erelong illustrate by a brighter name:
 Doth he attune with more than Pindar's fire
 To Runic rhymes the Caledonian lyre?
 Or arm his heroes with dramatic rage
 To fret and strut their hour upon the stage?—
He, like the Theban, venturous as wise,
 From foggy lakes to healthier rivers flies,
 Isis and Charwell in the poet's creed
 Beyond Alpheus or the banks of Tweed;

Not as the thriftless Patriarch, *he* leaves
The land of porridge for the land of beeves ;
Cuts e'en his bonnet to the *Trencher's* shape,
Postpones his plaid to sleeves of sable crape,
And with well-button'd plush consoles his legs
For cold uncomfortable fillibegs.¹

Give me an answer by return of post, for the press is stopped, and we are all at sixes and sevens. I know not where you are, but direct to Oxford, in hopes of this being forwarded. Atterbury comes here after Christmas. I have nothing to induce Titius to accompany him except a hearty welcome and plenty of clouted cream and red mullets. Do you know where Coneybeare is? Old Cumberland volunteer'd to introduce my "Burletta" upon the stage; but he is a crafty Judas Iscariot. You will be surprised to recognise many of our acquaintance in my little vol. Fynes is correcting the sheets, but they get on only at a snail's gallop; for the printer is figuring away every night at "Harlequin Asmodeus," and Fynes supporting Perceval, who, by the bye, seems to need more support than either our friend or his pupil Gower are dispos'd to give him. All this time I keep crying verses, verses, verses! and yet, between friends, my dear Titius, I greatly fear, after all, they will come too soon. I repeat again, and now you are more at leisure to sympathise with me, that I am still very ill, and shall not be in town till June at soonest; so if you wish to see or hear of me, you must either come or write, for I positively swear this is the last scratch of my pen you shall see if you do not one or the other.

¹ These lines were published in 1811 in a small collection of Impey's Poems (pp. 275), but with some slight alterations, under the title of "To Julius Florus, in allusion to the Third Epistle of Horace." The verses are given in full in a subsequent letter from Mr Impey.

The MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

. . . London streets are full of new French faces, and everything doing now, or to be done, is enveloped in mystery; and the rising sun is as little to be approachd as the Dalai Lama, except by a few worthies. Everybody in London complains of the dullness and lack of society, while the streets are crowded with coaches. I advise you and Stapleton to come to me, and see all this. My house is very warm, and I am got so much better than I was that I want some sons about me.

Black Jack, *alias* Miss Temple, wanted to borrow 500—of me. Lord Courtney was obliged to depart.

Lord Yarmouth is to have a divorce, I'm told, and only waited for the old Duke's legacys to begin, which old Duke, I'm told, has left *her* eldest child, by a M. de Belsance, 50 thousand pounds, and that one she had of Junot at Paris as much. The day before he died he wanted some papers to look over, and upon the attendant's saying, "Your Grace shall have them to-morrow," he s^d. "To-morrow—I shall be with the dev— before to-morrow." I could tell you of Brighton just such moral histories. I come here to my music and my manuscripts as if I returned to heaven and peace, when I go into the world. If I could have a few angels to enjoy this paradise, I sh^d. be quite content. I am to see Skeffington's Magic Bride; I suppose what it is.

You don't at all know how to manage my Traveller.¹ He was very sick, billious, and enchanted by a spell when you first knew him. You must let him alone, and be very fond of me and my society; for when he is bullied out of his senses by the lies of some, and bewitched by the comicality of others, his sense and principles and his taste only sleep, and when they wake he *says* his mother is the Queen of Charms and

¹ Honourable Keppel Craven.

everything that is delightfull, and he finds her the *Dea Consolatrice*. God grant I may see his health permit him to return to all my education of him gave him. I *know* him; no one else does. Adieu, good Sharpe. Let me see you soon.—Yrs.,
E.

BRAN. HOUSE, *Jan. 16.*

E. B. IMPEY, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

FLUSHING, *Jan. 17, 1811.*

Soho! Master Titius, have I laid salt upon your tail at last, my dear Tom Tit? Nothing like the poetical lime-twig after all. I warrant you, had it not been for that little *virga divinatoria* you would never have answered my letter at all, or put it off *sine die*, feigning yourself in Suffolk during the Christmas holidays, or at least pleading an *alibi* from Ch. Ch. Meantime, you may not be aware that the bonsbons with which I baited my trap resembled those of Tantalus more than you could have assumed at the time. The fact is, the poem whereof your panegyric forms a part was addressed to one Florus, who was too squeamish to suffer himself to be presented to the public, even in masquerade—which has obliged me entirely to new-model my style—which, indeed, till I received a stimulus from you, I had actually thrown aside in disgust. Now this same Florus is a dear friend of yours, so I beg you not to mention the circumstance anywhere, lest it reach his ears, for like a true Machiavel, I have convinced him that I am not the least displeas'd with his rejection. However, if half the civil things you say be true, which you know is allowing a very ample proportion in the scale of probabilities, you will account yourself no loser, being substituted in the vacancy, and having changed your name for a poetical estate from Titius to Florus, which for the sake of euphony is something, tho' I fear it will go no way to remedy your pathetic

complaint of poverty. The devil take Old Q., therefore. This, by the bye, reminds me that you may yourself incur some danger by the mode of incantation which you resolve to pursue in order to raise the spirit of that old curmudgeon. Let me advise you rather to have recourse, like Saul, to some good old staid matron for the purpose, than to venture upon the leg of any plump wench whatsoever, lest (for you must allow her attitude to be precarious) she fall, and bring you and your ward into jeopardy, and the only Runic rhymes which you will be able to trace turn out to be "*Hic jacet*," inscribed by that compressure on the tale of your Hotentot enchantress! Nay, my dear Sharpe, I am very ill, notwithstanding all these forced spirits! but enough of that. I have scarce given myself room to criticise the two little poems you have sent. So to mount the throne of Aristarchus at once, I must pronounce that I think they have both their merit, but not exempt from inaccuracy, tho' for that screener you may set me down for a hypercritic. The first has all the characteristic spirit as well as faults of its author; of the latter I cannot but specify the imperfection of rhyme in the triplet closing with fellows, *vallies*, and shallows. If you admit the legitimacy of these, never quarrel with me for epistle and Grizzel. Again, Jaffa and Taffa, tho' good rhyme, is deficient in association, which makes the passage a burlesque. Miss Campbell's elegy reflects great credit on her pathetic muse, but the last line of the 2d stanza is defective. I should read, and I think (but am bold in suggesting it) with increased pathos, "I never, *never* reach'd thy shore." To return to my own poem, you must thank me for abridging your suspense this time: you will find the whole transcribed on the reverse of this page. I have been forced to alter it to disadvantage, but have no time now to file it down to perfection. Do not show it to a living soul, but tell me what you think of it incontinently, or expect never to be pardoned by your affectionate friend,

E. B. IMPEY.

EPISTLE TO JULIUS FLORUS,

IN ALLUSION TO THE THIRD OF HORACE.

Florus, I long, might I so far presume,
 To learn the topicks of your common room.
 Whether you follow Massena's retreat
 O'er Lusitania's geographic sheet,
 And trace victorious Wellington's campaign
 Back from Oporto to the bounds of Spain ;
 Or, sailing o'er the Western Chart, survey
 The range of Britain's Transatlantic sway,
 And touch at Bourbon's island in your way— }
 Fain would I know what deeds awake to song
 In Wolsey's learned bower the tuneful throng :
 Which of your bards records in epic strain
 Our reverend monarch's memorable reign,
 A reign of jubilee ? Just Heav'n extend
 The threaten'd term ! Our King, our sire defend !
 We kiss the sceptre, which our foes hath awed ;
 At home an olive rod, a thunderbolt abroad.
 But say—what news of *Celsus* ? Him shall fame
 Ere long illustrate by a brighter name,
 A genius cast in nature's fairest mould,
 Perception quick, imagination bold,
 A tast correct, of wit a sparkling vein,
 A memory deep, and constant to retain,
 But ah ! a thankless recreant to the Nine,
 He woos no muse, or casts his pearls to swine.
 Yet greet him fair ; and warn him o'er and o'er,
 As I have oft admonish'd him before,
 From Bodley's dross and rubble¹ to refrain,
 And coin to cash his own prolific brain,
 Lest at some luckless hour there flock together
 Birds of all flights of every note and feather,
 Monk, minstrel, scald, provençals, troubadours,
 Who, pecking out his borrow'd plumes by scores,
 Shall leave him bare, and in as raw a state
 As any fresh-pluck'd undergraduate.
 Not least, though latest, let me next enquire
 What themes thy *pencil* or thy pen aspire ?
 For both, tho' rivals in the mimic art,
 Content the helm of victory to part,

¹ See *post*, p. 437.

Like sister bees around the Muses' bower
 Together toil, and rifle every flower.
 Say, dost thou tune with more than Pindar's fire
 To Runic rhymes the Caledonian lyre ?
 Or arm your heroes with dramatic rage,
 To fret and strut their hour upon the stage ?
 Bold as the Theban, but more wise, you spurn
 The foggy lakes ; yet not fastidious turn
 From healthier rivers, at whose social brink
 Saxons and Northern Picts united drink.
 Hail to the bard in whose poetic creed
 Isis' and Cherwell's classic banks exceed }
 Pindar's Alpheus, Scot's enchanting Tweed. }
 Not like the thriftless patriarch, he leaves
 The land of porridge for the land of beeves ;
 Oatcakes for Commons, plaid for sable crape :
 His very bonnet takes a trencher's shape ;
 Well-breech'd and button'd close from hip to leg ;
 "A fig," quoth he, "for pouch and fillibeg !"
 —Enough, enough ! however prone to blend
 Satyr with mirth, I mean not to offend :
 You know my heart : if I have err'd in aught,
 Forgive the trespass—give it not a thought.
 But come, for come you must, tho' plac'd as wide
 As Thule's cliffs from Fal's deserted tide,
 Where now, alas ! no packets put to sea,
 But howl like Tyrians at the tradeless quay.
 Yes—come you must : the fatted calf I'll kill
 To feast my prodigal, come when you will.

Adieu ! I have writ till I am weary. In return do write
 and say you are charmed : you can do no less in conscience.
 Shall I send them as they are, or would you suggest any
 alteration ?

I don't mean to insist upon it, but should you object to the
 title running thus—"To Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq.,
 in allusion, &c., &c." ?

If you have heard any particulars of a certain Cateby lately
 surprised *in flagrante delicto*, prythee impart.

E. B. IMPEY, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

FLUSHING, *Febry.* 4, 1811.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—Though I cannot but admire your impudence, after a silence of preposterous length, in desiring an answer from me from return of post, yet that I may evince a truly Christian spirit of forbearance, I do hereby most steadfastly purpose to comply with your injunction, inasmuch as I am competent to the task. And premising only how much flattered I am by your preference of my Latinity over that of many more able professors so much nearer at hand, I shall proceed to put you in possession of the following production, written as it ought to be engraved—if engraved it is to be—in the capital Roman character, with a period after every word, and in detached paragraphs:—

EPITAPHIA · QUÆDAM ·
 A · TRIBUS · VETUSTIS · MARMORIBUS ·
 DOMO · OCHTERTYRIANÆ · PERTINENTIBUS ·
 AD · FIDEM · ARCHETYPORUM ·
 ANNO · MDCCIV · FACTORUM ·
 RECENSITA · —
 NUNC · TEMPORIS ·
 SEPULCHRI · HUIUSCE · QUOD · SPECTAS · LATERI ·
 AFFIXA · —
 ANNO · AUTEM · MDCCCIV ·
 A · PARIETIBUS · ECCLESIE · MONZIEVAIRDIANÆ ·
 QUÆ · EODEM · SITU · STABAT ·
 HUC · ASPORTATA · —
 A · D · MDCCCXI ·¹

To save you the trouble of retranscribing the above, I will leave a blank on the reverse, that you may cut it out like a paragraph from the newspaper. To proceed meantime to more interesting topicks, I have read your ode with the

¹ The inscription, which was evidently intended for the monumental aisle at Ochtertyre, near Crieff, does not appear to have been ever actually placed *in situ*; there are no traces of it now to be discovered there.

greatest satisfaction, and pronounce your claim to the poetic mantle of Pindar to be now substantiated beyond competition; or, to speak less hyperbolically, I really think it a masterpiece in its kind, and the vehicle of genuine humour. I might perhaps be better able to decide upon its characteristic merits were I acquainted with the hero, whom, by a well-known rhetorical figure taking the part for the whole, you have thus immortalised. The plot and conduct of the poem are as ingenious as they are strictly classical, and vie with the best inventions of heathen mythology. Your Nose¹ is a perfect male Pandora, and in its origin far surpasses the pedigree of Orion. I wonder, however, as an Oxford poet, you refrain from making honourable mention of "The well-hung emblem of our Student's Parts" at Brazenose; or as a musician and a lover of Hogarth, of that never-dying proboscis, which, both in his engravings and in the tradition of the playhouses, has so long survived its musical proprietor. Should you ever retouch this inimitable portrait, perhaps you may be inclined to substitute in the place of your nautical allusion to the Bow-sprit, the *Gib-boom*, which I have heard my brother the seaman technically apply to more than one projecting feature of human anatomy. Before I close, I shall give you your revenge in poetry, but in the interim shall report in vulgar prose the accident which befell my visitor Atterbury on the night of his arrival here; which was no less than a fall of sixteen feet—and you know he hath an alacrity in sinking—from the quay of Falmouth harbour, upon a rocky beach. However, he received no greater injury than a bad sprain, and some less considerable contusions, of which he is rapidly recovering. He desires me to commission you to dispatch hither, without loss of time, all the arrears of his Irish newspapers, by application to Green, and to remonstrate with him for not having sooner sent them. You are also charged by him with a message to James, the student, to whom he wishes to write a most circumstantial detail of the affair of Austin, who,

¹ See *post*, p. 439.

forsooth, seems little to deserve so sanctified a name. You must also remember me to James, and acquaint him of my having enquired for him at Worcester some months ago. You have been so tardy in reply to my last letter, that the poem concerning which you say so many flattering things has been long sent to press without having profited by your criticisms, one of which—for *the best reason*, because it accords with my own judgment—I should have availed myself of as for “rubble.” I hold it to be “a word of exceeding good command, and I will maintain it with my sword”—albeit it be not to be found in Johnson. It is technically used in the mines and smelting-houses to designate the dross and scoria of metals; and if you refer to my metaphor, you will find it is used in that sense. But do you know who Celsus is? Riddle me that. By the way, let me repair an omission in my last: it slipt my memory to set you right in an error under which you grievously labour, by imagining that I have addressed any panegyric to Boreas, unless you can so interpret the following lines:—

“Now I like any cricket sing;
And *you* can dance like—anything.
Bravo, dear Dick! But should we spout,
Jack Fuller beats us out and out.”

Time will show the rest. Meanwhile, if you do not incontinently thank me—nay, most egregiously flatter me—for the following travestie of the lines by Walter Scott which you lately sent, I vow you shall be struck out of my correspondence forthwith. So lay this to thy heart, and farewell!—
Yours affectionately, E. B. IMPEY.

TO CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE, Esq.
Charly, sprung from old Kirkpatrick,
More renown'd than Bard of Etrick;
Charly, King of Song and Sonnet,—
Fair betide thy Border bonnet,
Pouch, and plaid—the Dee'l may don it—
Plaid and tartan, plume of feather
Flitting in the stormy weather

To and fro athwart they caxon,
 Just as Doctor William Jackson
 Lightly flits across the casement,
 To Lord Stafford's great amazement.
 May he hover still about thee,
 Often feast thee, never flout thee ;
 Wolsey's Canons banquet rarely,
 Worthy such a guest as Charly.

P.S.—On revising the first part of your epistle—which I had hastily laid aside *sans approfondir*—I discover much which I cannot for the life of me comprehend. There are hints of words uttered by drunkards, and certain cautions given, of which I am desired to avail myself ; and Mithridates and counter-poisons, and enchanters, of which I am put upon my guard. I do most earnestly beseech you, my dear Sharpe, to be more explicit. If there is any secret worth knowing, you may confidently divulge it to me, who am unconscious of ever having betrayed a friendship such as I have long seriously professed for you both before your face and behind your back. Your silence, and even inuendos, on this subject, do worse than defeat the purposes of caution. I seriously entreat you to let me know without any reserve what it is you would imply, whether relating to myself or you, or both. As for Atterbury—for I suspect him to be the Mithridates—we all know his eccentricities, and think, act, and speak accordingly. But he always has to me professed a great liking for you. In short, I am puzzled to death. Write directly.

You must be convinced of my being the last person to betray your confidence.

Earl GOWER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

LONDON, *Feb.* 14, 1811.

DEAR SHARPE,—It is so long since I have written to you or heard from you, that I begin to believe you are determined

not to write to me till you hear from me. If that be the case, you may now write, as you have no longer the excuse of my silence to plead. Is it true that you have it in contemplation to go to the fair country?—

“Dove la selva Caledonia appace ;
Che spesso fra gli antichi ombrosi cerri,
Góde sonar di bellicosi ferri.”

I do not believe it is, as Conybeare, whom I met at a bookseller's, told me that he could accomodate you with a lodging in Ch. Ch.,—an invitation which you will probably not be able to refuse accepting.

Lord Powerscourt's nose¹ has been very fortunate in falling into the hands of your muse, but will not do for the public, whom you ought to favor with some composition either original, or illustrated with notes and observations.

I have no scandal to recount to you. House of Commons business you do not wish to hear. The news about the Isle de France you have heard, so that I can be of no use.
G.

Earl GOWER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

LONDON, *Feb'y.* 22, 1811.

DEAR SHARPE,—Have you gone to Scotland, or fallen in love with Miss Burton, or thrown yourself into the Thames or into the fire, or been kidnapped, or transported, or pressed, or what? Have you met a headache, toothache, earache, rheumatism, &c., as to have made it impossible to write? or is there such a scarcity at Oxford of pen, or paper, or ink, that you can obtain none of these articles? or do you suppose yourself so dry, so stupid, or what you please, that you have nothing to say? If none of these be the reason for your silence, what is it?—Yours truly,
G.

¹ See *ante*, p. 436.

The MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

You see by the length of the paper I begin upon that I mean to write a long answer to your very entertaining epistle. The first subject I shall treat of is your injustice to Keppel. Don't believe he forgets or neglects you. He has taken up, like his friend Gell, to behave the same to everybody—that is, write to new acquaintances as well as old, which no one has time to do. Interrupted there by two letters from him. He returns the middle or end of this month, which frightens me to death. It seems Lord Worcester came with these letters. Jack and Lady Honeywood have taken a house for five months in Hanover Street, Hanover Square, so I make no doubt that there was much trouble there. Your account of Stapleton agrees with the idea I had formed of him. I remember his sitting mumchance one day here, when everybody was so pleasant that the part of Dumby showed either a want of head or heart. I think you'll hear instead of read of another Irish rebellion if the Regent does not do something to quiet the Irish. Oh what a volume I have to tell you about that and other things! There is no such thing as getting a box at the plays or opera without a fortnight's notice. London is fuller than ever, and I'm told duller. The Berrys' letters of Mrs du Deffand is a great catchpenny. The notes which give information relative to the French families and people are most of them *false*. Nothing can be so absurd as an English preface, too, to a French book. I shall give you when you come what I have written on it.

Pray what do you think of the Marquis of Buckingham? Lord Temple being quite angry that my niece will marry Wardour Castle. In truth they say he is poor. I hear my sister says it is a *great honour* for *Mary*; so there is one person in the family with common-sense.¹

¹ Mary, daughter of first Marquis of Buckingham, married 1811 James Everard, tenth Lord Arundell of Wardour.

Pray let me see you soon. Since I began this I have letters from Keppel, at which I know not if I am to laugh or cry. He returns the middle or end of this month. Will the month of March not undo all the Lisbon climate has done? Adieu.—Believe me yours sincerely, ELIZABTEH.

BRAND. HOUSE, *Wednesday, 13 of March 1811.*

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Lady CHARLOTTE CAMPBELL.¹

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD, *15th March 1811.*

DEAR LORD —,—It vexes me extremely to think that I must have appeared so ungrateful to your lordship (provided that you did me the honour to remember that there was such a person in existence) by not sooner performing my promise respecting the drawing which you were so good as to desire, and my gleanings which regard the family of —,—; but the truth is, that what with bad eyes, indifferent health, and a perpetual motion from one set of lodgings to another, I have scarcely been able to wield a pen or open a book since I left London. Even now, my eyes feel as those of Juno’s cow-boy must have done, when fixed upon her peacock’s tail; and my eyelids resemble in comfort a couple of hedgehog-skins inverted. Your lordship must have seen a pair of dice in red leather dice-boxes—my optics exhibit exactly such a spectacle: then my head aches as if I were with child of Minerva every other day, though, alas! there is but little of the goddess in that quarter. When I last arrived in Oxford, I found that my rooms had been demolished in my absence, and discovered all my articles of furniture and

¹ From letters printed in ‘Diary of the Times of George IV.’ These letters drew forth a serious remonstrance from Mr Sharpe, who asserted that they had been tampered with, as is evident from the very first words in this letter must have been the case; but at the same time they unquestionably contain so much actually written by him as to make them of use in elucidating the genuine letters.

study in the most chaotic confusion: so I looked out for a new abode, carrying, with much pain and labour, my *débris* about with me. But here, the sitting-room was too small—there, too large; in this place, the chimney smoked—in that, the housemaid was slovenly and the cat in love. I could settle with comfort nowhere. My luggage, however, like Æsop's basket, became lighter by degrees, as I left half-a-dozen things behind me at every lodging which I relinquished, and I never could hear tidings of them after. In fine, I am at last fixed—laid by for a while, like a poor slipper that hath been hunted through many unseemly places. I now send you the first-fruits of my repose—a representation of Titania, with that little boy in her arms, concerning whom she hath a feud with her spouse in the “Midsummer Night's Dream.” It is a wretched performance, but the best that my slender capacity can furnish; therefore I beseech you to cast an eye of compassion on its beastliness.

Talking of books, we have lately had a literary Sun shine forth upon us here, before whom our former luminaries must hide their diminished heads—a Mr Shelley, of University College, who lives upon arsenic, aquafortis, half-an-hour's sleep in the night, and is desperately in love with the memory of Margaret Nicholson. He hath published what he terms the Posthumous Poems, printed for the benefit of Mr Peter Finnerty, which, I am grieved to say, though stuffed full of treason, is extremely dull; but the author is a great genius, and if he be not clapped up in Bedlam or hanged, will certainly prove one of the sweetest swans on the tuneful margin of the Charwell. Our College of Christ Church is so full of noblemen at present, that one's eyes require green spectacles to preserve them from the glare of the golden tufts among these peers. The Dukes of Leinster and Dorset are pre-eminent, and both very good men, though the one will never head an Irish rebellion, nor the other write a poem

quite so pretty as "To all you ladies now on land." The Irish Duke is much cried up for his beauty, but he does not strike me as being remarkably handsome, because his nose is fashioned like a monkey, and he hath got what in Ireland is called "clober heels." As to Dorset, he is exactly like a sick canary bird in a hard frost; all the milliners in the place admire Lord Herbert, while the wives of the Dean and Canons affect to admire Lord Apsley, he is so monstrous genteel and sickly. Shelley's style is much like that of Moore burlesqued; for Frank is a very foul-mouthed fellow, and Charlotte, one of the most impudent brides that I ever met with in a book. Our Apollo next came out with a prose pamphlet in praise of atheism, which I have not as yet seen, and there appeared a monstrous romance in one volume, called *St Ircoyne, or the Rosicrucian*. Here is another pearl of price! all the heroes are confirmed robbers and causeless murderers, while the heroines glide *en chemise* through the streets of Geneva, tap at the palazzo doors of their sweet-hearts, and on being denied admittance leave no cards, but run home to their warm beds, and kill themselves. If your lordship would like to see this treasure I will send it. Shelley's last exhibition is a poem on the State of Public Affairs. I fear, my dear lord, you will be quite disgusted with all this stuff, so I shall discreetly make an end, requesting you to believe me your lordship's faithful servant,

C. R.

Lady CHARLOTTE MARIA CAMPBELL to C. KIRKPATRICK
SHARPE.

No. 2 LOWER CADOGAN PLACE,
Sunday, 17th March 1811.

Your letter, dear Mr Sharpe, has but one fault—it is too short; and a fair damsel to whom I read it, exclaimed, "I

wish it had been *a mile* longer!" *A mile!* pray think of the force of the expression. I would not exchange it for any other, however it might be more appropriate, because it could not be half so flattering.

As to the "*beastliness*" of your drawing, I really cannot discover it. It is true there are *beasties* in it, but your *beasties* are all beauties, and I would not barter them for Venus's. Then your beauties, tho' I confess them to be more terrestrial than celestial goddess's, are still goddess's; *and so* how can I excuse a fault I cannot discover?

Without further words, I admire your drawing, and value it, and am much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken in executing it for me.

The extracts, also, about my ancestors, not to mention the compliment *par bricole* to myself, are all safely received, duly valued, and, I hope, properly acknowledged.

I am glad you are at last, after all your comical distresses, settled in a lodging you like, and that allows you time, space, and inclination to employ your talents so much to the satisfaction of your friends and acquaintance. Pray go on and prosper, but do not grow so fond of your Accademick shades as to forget entirely the sunshine of dissipation, and the *d—ble delights* of London.

I go about like other fools in quest of pleasure, and I generally find *ennui*. When by any accident I stay at home, I am sometimes agreeably surprised by a visit from pleasure. One assembly is so like another, everybody so dress'd out in their company face, so tired of themselves and of their pursuits, so dully gay and so gaily dull, it would really require somewhat of your genius to make any attempt at describing them the least entertaining.

Your description of the rising generation does not hold out any fairer prospect for some time to come. However, after all this grumbling against men, women, and children, I think there are a few elect who make the world very *endurable*, and

I have no wish to try another, tho' I have indulged my *spleen* against the present one. You will gather from my wise comments that I have not been much amused lately, and will reasonably refer it to my want of being amusing, of which THIS SAME, as *we* say, is no feeble proof.

As to your *Satanic* genius, vulgarly yclept Mr Shelley, as all my sex, since the days of Eve, have had something to do with the Evil Spirit, I confess your account of him inclines me to accept your offer, and I shall like to have a peep into the infernal regions of his imagination. In short, this letter means to say: "Thank ye for my dinner, dawty; what'll ye gie me to my supper?"

After this confession, I have nothing more to say than that I am, with regard, your obliged and diverted

CHARLOTTE MARIA CAMPBELL.

E. B. IMPEY, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

FLUSHING, *Mar.* 18, 1811.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—A relapse of more than ordinary length and severity has lately excited all the amiable *aigreur* of my disposition, which, be assured, has been vented in no small portions upon all my correspondents who, like yourself, have neglected by well-timed preventatives to flee from the wrath to come. This propensity has also been not a little aggravated by my impatience at the long-protracted visit of Mithridates,¹ whom I have long ago wished at Pontus, or anywhere else. It requires all the charms of a well-regulated conversation, and all the attractive sympathies of kindred fellowship, to amuse, conciliate, and diversify the monotony of a *tête-à-tête*—than which no purgatory can be more insufferable when its chief characteristics are the very reverse of these requisites. In short, you know, my dear Florus, that to one whose taste has not been formed in the rhetorical

¹ Atterbury.

school of Billingsgate, and whose religious tenets are not quite modell'd—*pace tua dixerim*—upon the paradoxies of Scottish philosophy, the jargon of either is apt to be attended with nausea. “Somewhat too much of this!” Your anecdote of the late aquatic catastrophe was very diverting, but would have sounded better in verse, and might have furnished a vehicle for innumerable pleasantries quite in your own style; or had you deigned to make it the subject of your pencil, how admirable a pendant would it have afforded to your Ulysses and Nausicaa in the collection of the Rev. Dr William Jackson! By the by, was it not unlucky that this modern navigator did not imitate the caution of his prototype by stuffing cotton in his ears against the allurements of those fatal Syrens? At any rate, he needed not to have reversed the expedient of the ancient hero by fastening, not himself, but the ladies, to his *Mast*. It is well for Miss Hands¹ that she has little to regret from the faillure of her patrimony, having by a long apprenticeship secured the comfortable alternative of becoming a Fisher of Men—a most apostolic *function* truly! As for the literary meteor who is now performing his perielion in your learned hemisphere, I have nothing to do but hide my diminished beams, and congratulate myself on being beyond the scope of his fiery tail, which he seems to whisk about with such wonderful volubility that I would have Miss Burton beware of the laws of gravitation, and vigilantly guard her centre of attraction. All this naturally leads me, alas! by no force of analogy, to the consideration of my own paltry scintillations. You are not, surely, to be told for the first time that my Poems are in circulation. A copy of them has been sent me—and such a copy! In the first place, it comprises no more than two-thirds of the MS.,

¹ “Dolly Hands, an Oxford Thais, whose finest dress was a red cotton gown. She once said to a friend of mine, speaking of another collegian, now a bishop: ‘He’s a rude, ill-bred fellow, sir; when he left he never said good-bye, nor d—— your eyes, nor nothing.’”—Note by C. K. S.

the publisher having freely taken advantage of my absence to exclude all the Latin poems, and some of the English,—a circumstance at which I am the more mortified, as it debars me from the satisfaction of offering many a friendly tribute, exclusive of every motive of vanity—in itself a powerful stimulus, as you well know, to the poetic breast. Then there is an abundance of typographical errors, many of them such as will inevitably be referred to the author by all candid critics, should they condescend to make me the object of their strictures. It is some consolation to find that my epistle to Florus is not, as I had apprehended, omitted; for you would never have credited my affidavit against its being done contrary to my will, had that been the case. “I know you, Mrs Dorothy.” It is also tolerably printed; and I seriously expect that, if ever you should

“New-trick your beams, and with fresh-spangled ore
Blaze in the forehead of the morning sky,”

you will deign to cast a ray upon your humble satellite. Meantime, tell me what you think, and what the world says, be it however ill-natured, of my productions. It is now high time to condole with you about your eyes, which in your description you have turned into such basilisks that my own were nearly extinguished by the mere force of sympathy. What stuff do you talk about revisiting Scotland! If you seriously intend to bury yourself there, you shall not wait until your natural decease for my epitaph, but die in metaphor like Witling, and be celebrated as a *felo-de-se*. I am flattered by Sir Peter Murray's¹ acceptance of my inscription, and could wish that it better deserved your panegyric. This reminds me to inquire whether our dear punctual friend Conybeare has yet put up the tablet to poor Mackenzie? I think I told you that the epitaph is an unworthy tribute from my pen. This letter, which has been resumed *à plusieurs reprises*, I

¹ Of Ochertyre, see *ante*, p. 435.

must now close, in consequence of a nervous irritability which always attends my writing—what Sir John Falstaff would call “a whoreson tingling.” To-morrow I shall transcribe what you will see and admire on the opposite page. Adieu. Pray write more frequently, and do not scruple to revenge yourself heartily upon me for the metrical dose you are about to swallow.—Yours,
E. B. IMPEY.

AN ODE ADDRESSED BY SIR F. BURDETT, BART.,
TO JOHN HORNE TOOKE, Esq^{AK}

Ille dies utramque,
Ducet ruinam : non ego peritulum
Dixi sacramentum. Ibimus, ibimus,
Utcunq; precedes, supremum
Carpere iter comites parati.—HOM. Ode xvii. lib. 2.

I.

Ah! why these complaints, that downcast
look?
For pity's sake forbear, dear Tooke,
To rack my harrass'd mind :
The Gods themselves as well as I
And my constituents cry “ Fye ! ”
Take courage, man ! What ! would you die

And leave your Friend behind ?

II.

Can I survive my better-half,
My Tutor, Prompter, Prop, and staff ?
No ! I have said and sworn
We ne'er should part ; and since I'm loth
To violate my solemn oath,
Let's each take hands and journey both
Together, dear John Horne.

III.

Together to the shades we'll go,
And hold our Dialogues below,
As we were wont at Purley.
In Pluto's press there needs no trick,
Italic, blank, or asterick ;
No Printer's Devil there shall kick,
Nor Editor look surly.

IV.

Our bond of Union to unty
Both men and demons I defy,
Tho' leagued to haunt and bate us ;
The Speaker's warrant, Serjeant's mace,
The Sheriff's grim Gorgonian face,
And Posse comitatus.

V.

Tho' Justice votes me to the Tower,
At least I may dispute her power
To snatch me from Perdition.
Oh ! 'twould our dearest plots defeat
Were we to part no more to meet :
Better at once give up my seat ;
Let Perceval petition

VI.

To issue out another Writ.
I rather would like Theseus sit,
Than mute for want of cramming.
Defer your Dissolution ; wait
Till Parliament dissolve : of late
I take the lead in no debate,
While you lie sick or shamming.

VII.

One planet ruled when we were born ;
My Cancer and your Capricorn
Just tally to a shaving :
Jove's belt, at odds with Saturn's ring,
Strove which a certain neck should
string ;
But you in neither chose to swing,
And set the Bench a-raving.

VIII.

From me alike my horoscope
(Allowance made for steel and rope,
Heroic nape and gullet)
Arrests the threat'ning axe ; the ball
Averted glances, lest I fall
Inglorious by the hand of Paul,
Tho' scored by his curst bullet.

IX.

Some Faun, no doubt, a stickler warm
For us the patrons of Reform,
Was lounging in the Park :
But be that matter as it may,
I live to fight another day,
With Canning or with Castlereagh,
As brisk as any lark.

X.

And you, my friend, more quartos fill'd
With "winged words," shall live to build
New systems, and "Diversions."
Victims by hecatombs shall hang,
While you invent, and I harrangue ;
Like lambs to bleed I'll train the gang
In my Tower-hill excursions.

I believe I forgot ever to tell you—and what puts it into my head now I can't imagine—that in passing thro' Exeter in the winter I called on an artist whose name is Leakey, and who designed the miniature which you saw of me at my mother's. Among his collection I was struck by a beautiful portrait of poor Mrs Trevelyan, finished in his best and most delicate style. Have you ever seen it? I think it was for Mrs Sharpe. In my mind it is a work that would put many a London artist to the blush, and I call Hannibal to witness for the solidity of my judgment. I have nought to add except that I had a letter from King Cofetua a few days since. His Majesty hath from his high imperial loins begotten an heir-apparent, Richard Greasley hight. Once more, *Addio*.

The MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

I thank you for your visit to Benham, and I will still hope to see you here. I wish you'd learn to keep my hours, and then you would be as well able to bear storms and tempests as I am. The Duke of Clarence wants to marry the *gentle, elegant,* and truth-telling widow—yclepd the Countess of Berkeley. The whole world is gone mad; and I have more reason than ever in congratulating the Margravine of Anspach, your friend and admirer, that she had a governess who formed her mind of peacefull and humble materials, for I think virtues are corks that make one swim while others sink. Now I must intreat you to order Lord Worcester never to express any admiration of her—to any female. If he conceives that

idea of her which your partiality more than her merit may encourage, let it lie, like a violet in the shade, to be of any use to him in the future.

I send you a receipt to make chicken-soup with rabbit: Take two rabbits, one old and one young, if you can contrive it; roast the young one, cut the old one in pieces, and take out entrails, the tail, and rump-bone, and fling them away; and after washing the remainder in fresh water, cutting it in pieces, put it into two quarts of water in an earthen or stone jug, with a little salt, and place it near the fire, with a close cover on, and let it boil till the liquor is reduced to one quart or 3 pints, according to 4 or 5 people who are to feast on it; take the roasted rabbit and fling away his entrails, crupper, and tail, and pound the rest in a mortar, with the yolk of one egg boil'd hard, the stale crumbs of half a roll, a little pepper, 3 sprigs of parsley, one small onion, 2 sprigs of common thyme, a carrot, and a spoonful of cream; pound and mix bones and all; then strain off the boil'd liquor into a saucepan, and put to that your pounded rabbit; put the saucepan over the fire, and mix with a wooden spoon till it has had one boil or 2; then strain that into the terrine. Two rabbits do for 4 or 5 people, and four for 8 or 10. I need not add that the cook must taste if 'tis salt enough, and great care that not too much pepper is put to it.

Addio, Illustrissimo Doctoribus!

ELIZABETH.

Sunday, 2 May 1811.

Lady CHARLOTTE MARIA CAMPBELL¹ to C. KIRKPATRICK
SHARPE.

WORTHING, BEDFORD Row, 15th July 1811.

DEAR SIR,—I shall begin with true woman-like precision to answer the last part of your letter first, and to tell you

¹ Charlotte Maria Campbell, daughter of John, fifth Duke of Argyll, wife of Colonel Campbell of Shawfield, and afterwards of the Rev.

that such a gazette extraordinary, as often as you chuse to send one, will much recreate my solitude, and be thankfully acknowledged. And now to whet your zeal, I must commend the ready acquiescence with which you complied to my round-about request; for knight-errantry being swept off the face of the land (and the more's the pity), it is but seemly in me, when you wield a pen instead of a lance in my behalf, that I should attempt rewarding you with a goose-quill. This is a *chétif* return for your courtesy; but to sink into plain sense, you cannot have more of the cat than her skin. Having thus wound up my sentence of apology according to the Complete Letter-writer, I ought to try to be entertaining; but, once for all, good Mr Kirkpatrick Sharpe, I tell you that is out of the question; there is *one* witty Lady Charlotte¹ dwelleth at the king's gate,—that is all that can be expected in one century. I am the matter-of-fact Lady Charlotte who cannot divert you, but whom you must divert. Albeit this *must* may sound rather regal in your ears, I feel that in virtue of being a woman, and a country-woman, I will not abate one iota of it. I must, however, make the *amende honorable* to you for never having thank'd you for certain bundles of books you sent me some months ago. The fact is, my whole household was dieing, and I was somewhat moved thereat, and delay'd writing till I thought it best not to write at all. Nevertheless, I actually had traced half an essay upon Flattery, which began thus: "Of flattery it is said, Lay it on never so thick, some of it will stick." Oh, Mr Kirkpatrick Sharpe! if amidst all your brain-stores you possess not this adage, your learning availeth you nothing; and as you do not seem at all acquainted with that very curious and learned art

Edward Bury. An account will be found in the preceding Memoir of the use which her ladyship made of Mr Sharpe's letters in her 'Diary of the Times of George IV.' See p. 35.

¹ Lady Charlotte Lindsay, daughter of the Earl of Guilford; married to Colonel Lindsay, son of the Earl of Crawford.

called Flattery, neither to have any notion how to apply the same, I here give you the most approved method since it was first address'd to our common mother, Mrs Eve; and if you will not tell anybody, I will tell you that I had it from the fountainhead, &c., &c. So much for past nonsense. Now, as to the present, I must begin upon a new, or rather an old score. Your madman's novel had not the merit of being mad; heaven only knows what merit it had indeed, but certain it is I had the stupidity not to find it out. Some of the verses I remember to have thought I admired, but confess my head ran after other guess matters at the time, and I cannot give you a fair account of them, tho' I swear I read them, and when a lady swears, she will not certainly deceive you; but, pray tell me, in the name of impatience, what is become of your own novel that is to be dedicated to me? That is what I want. Send it me forthwith (for I know 'tis written), and if it is possible for me to receive it publicly, I shall be very vain of it, I am sure. I have been living here in perfect retirement, trying, for want of better amusement, to be romantic. But the unbounded ocean, and the trackless plains, and the glaring sun, and the braying of the asses (perhaps you don't know that there are more here than in other places, and that they are made more use of), and the squalling of the children, do not at all forward my endeavours that way. People talk of the sea's sublimity, but I declare it is sublimely hideous here, rolling its monotonous waves upon a flat sand, and blighting with its salt breeze all the foliage that comes within its reach. Summer without her green robes and her garlands is not summer; for my part, I am in a pet about it, and would as lieve it were winter. If you mean that I should pity you for being broiled and basted in the hot crowded rooms we all abuse and all frequent, you have miss'd your aim. They are all mighty amusing in their way, and for a season. And everything in life—nay, life itself—is but a season; the good things of the season are not to be despised. I should have

liked to look at the women's faces reading the mysterious inscription at Burlington House. I like Lord Hartington,¹ and think he is to be liked, setting aside his strawberry-leaves and his gold dust. I hope the *elle* will think so too, which will be somewhat more to the purpose. It is a fine trait of modern character to give feasts to one's premier. You ought to make a poem upon it, and Ly. M. L. Crawford to crown you with laurels for so doing. Tell me about Ly. O. and her K. of a brother, as you call him. Tell it not at Kensington, mention it not at the palace; but I could say, if you would hear my saying, set a thief to catch a thief. I shall, without loss of time, get some of the books you recommend; I have read 'Self-Control' without desiring one bit more to obtain the virtue. I have read another novel which, I think, makes me wish to attain many virtues—'tis 'Don Sebastian;' if you have read thus far you must wish for nothing but a cessation of my pen's gossip; and in consideration of your patience, I hasten to say, I remain your much amused humble servt.,

CHARLOTTE MARIA CAMPBELL.

The MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

SOUTHAMPTON, 24 August 1811.

You don't deserve that I should write to you, because you have not left me your direction; you don't deserve that I should think of you, because you never gave me 24 hours of your society at B. House; but I made you a promise, and as all my promises are sacred, I got Keppel to write out properly my sonnet of "Colin met Sylvia on the Green." Nay, I positively have compos'd music to it; and take care that if any of your Scotch nightingales sing it they don't hurry, for the time that it is sung in will make or mar the air. I shall prefix my great seal to it, that you may not imagine it is a

¹ Afterwards sixth Duke of Devonshire.

compliment Keppel has paid to the *effusions of a youthfull mind*, which in maturer age turns to philosophy (*vide* Robertson), which has made him set it to musick. No; I compos'd the music last night, while he was gone to see Mrs Powel act in 'Hamlet.' I know nobody will sing it as well as I can, because nobody could ever sing any music I ever compos'd to please my feelings. But that's no matter; 'tis not the first of my brats that have been murder'd after I produced them. I have made up my mind to death and destruction. And now I must inform you that I am going to restore to Lady Craven's 'Tour to Constantinople' all the fine things which were wisely left out. A new preface and five letters are all ready written out, and as soon as Keppel is gone I shall busy myself in ink. If Scotland was south of England, I would hide myself there for a time; but your climate is too cold, and the Scotch are so hospitable and *civil in their own country*, that they would take up too much of my time. I have nothing more to add, but that I exact of you, as a return for my present, one or two drawings for my book. I would have the dedication to the Margrave's ashes in an urn, my figure (the face hid in drapery) holding it, and standing on a cloud—having left the world,—which might have the globe in the bottom of the drawing, if you like to do it. Think about this. Answer me soon, as you value your sincere friend and admirer,

ELIZABETH, M. A. B. Ps. BERKELEY.

The MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

TRENTHAM, August 28, 1811.

I shall have much satisfaction, my dear sir, in contributing to your collections relative to L^y Henrietta Berkeley,¹ and

¹ Lady Henrietta Berkeley was daughter of the first Earl of Berkeley. She died unmarried. Her connection with the Duke of Monmouth was doubtless the reason of Mr Sharpe's queries.

hope to have the passages transcribed in time to accompany this letter by to-morrow's post. I have some hopes from these researches that I shall, some time or another, see a thing of which I am in great want at present, an amusing book; for the æra of those events being the same, or not far removed from that of L^d. Dundee and the D. of Monmouth, in a life of either of these persons the history of L^d. Grey must be a curious episode, and reviews of that sort are very great entertainment to me, or anything that tells me minutely how people went on in their private lives together with their more public atchievements. Did you ever see a very little life of the D. of Monmouth, in which is described a visit he made here and his going to Walsal races? It has no other merit than being (we suppose) rare. L^d. Granville gave it to L^d. Stafford, having bought it at a stall last year.

But to return to the Berkeley family. You probably have seen some lines Mr Jekyll wrote on the late events in it. In case you sh^d. not, I will transcribe them:—

“Though Berkeley's noble race, as Dryden sings,
 Can boast a pedigree from Norman kings,
 No spurious brood is his, who swells the roll
 From royal Tudor down to old King Cole.”

I think this is not quite correct, but it is very nearly so. I cannot find the original at this moment.

You will be sorry to hear that D^r. Jackson has suffered much from a mortification in his hand, which made it necessary for him to lose a finger. The Dean was sent for, as he was thought to be in danger; so Mr Wood informs us, who was here for a few days last week, and who set me upon reading Howell's Letters, which I dare say you have read and found entertaining, and which have given me an inclination to go on learning Spanish, from the quotations in them. I had already begun it from a sort of sympathy when I thought Gower was going to Spain, but left it off when that journey was abandoned, so all I have learnt as yet is *que*.

"Abeya y oneja, y Piedra que rabeia
Pondola tras oneja, y lugar en la Ygreia
Dissca a su Fligo la vieja."

The only part of this wish which I have realised for Gower is *Piedra que rabeia*, as he has got a thrashing-machine and miln on his farm, and a seat in the kirk which he may use when he pleases.

Do you know anything of a correspondence of the Margrave of Anspach, Grimm, &c., which I see advertised as published by the permission of the Margravine? If it be the B^a. de Grimm, he was a very clever man who I remember at Paris, an old friend of the K. of Prussia, L^d. Marechal, &c.

I am quite disappointed in finding Constable so slow, as from what I have seen of the beginning of the book it promises to be worth reading. Sir Rob^t. Gordon lived much with the Lennox family both in England and France, and I sh^d. suppose there might be curious memoirs relating to them; their portraits were at the D. of Richmond's house at Aubigny. As I suppose this book will soon appear, pray tell me where Constable shall send the copy I intend for you with a large margin. Can you tell me how the Queensberrys go on with their lawsuit, and if L^d. Yarmouth, &c., are to remain in undisturbed possession, or if anything will return to the right owners? Adieu, my dear sir. — Believe me very truly yours,
E. S. S.

N.B.—Mr Buckle of Newmarket the other day told a person he met that he had just bought a print of the three Maries for Mrs Buckle. "What Maries?" said the person. He replied, "The Virgin Mary, Mary Magdalen, and Mary Queen of Scots." It is gratifying to us Scotch people to find the latter supposed to be in such good company.

Here are the extracts from the old newspapers. I cannot find anything further on the subject; but if you wish at any

time to have them searched on any subject, pray let me know. There are 20 vols. of them, beginning in 1649.

The MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

BENHAM, 4 Sept. 1811.

Your letter of the 20 of August reach'd me here, and I sit down to answer it. I have dispatch'd one to Oxford to inform you I shall send the words you want with an air of my own composition to it. I am glad you have sent me a right direction. Keppel and Gell go in about ten days from the river. I am here for a few days only, to let this place if I can, and then to retire to B. House, positively to publish, that I may save my memory from the mischief done to Lady M. W. Montague's. Nobody shall write my travels and letters after I am dead. Grimm and Meister were the literary correspondents of the Margrave—the Empress of Russia, and many other Northern princes. I have *recueils* of 25 volumes, in manuscript; it would be foolish to myself and a wrong to posterity if I had them not published.

The very elegant compliment at the end of your letter is more *apropos* than you think. Roses were always my passion—my first plantation wherever I have planted; and Mrs Greville—*d'heureuse mémoire*—and I one day, some thirty or forty years past, sat down and named all the women of our acquaintance *some flower*, attaching smell to sense. Of course she named me, and I named her. I was the variegated rose, having a foolish tho' pretty trick of blushing at nothing or something, and always, if stared at, *per contra*. The Dow^r-Lady Sefton was a hollyhock, very showy, smell-less, and not to be alter'd by the fanning of the zephir or the pelting of pityless storms. Now, in your *vault*, you may compose your whole acquaintance and all the showy plants in London in this way, and bring me back a volume of your composition,

a new discovery in the animal and vegetable systems, or anything else you please to call it. It will recall to your mind the pretty list I made here. The next letter shall be more entertaining, and, indeed, I'll take pity on a forlorn knight confin'd in an enchanted castle, if you, when you escape from it, give me more of your society than you did last spring; but you Scots are like the Germans, when you meet *abroad* you only associate among one another. When I get out of this land of shooters, and parsons, and Bruntons,¹ I shall have some news to tell you, if one can learn any *true*, which is difficult in times when thing is misrepresented in domestic or political world. Adieu.—Yours sincerely

ELIZABETH, M. A. B. PS. BERKELEY.

Earl GOWER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

DUNROBIN, Sept. 9, 1811.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—It is 12 o'clock, midnight, and I am in the habit of keeping good hours, at least of going to bed early, and my inkstand has been all day near the window, and a hot sun has dried my ink (so much for the climate in passing); but I will, in obedience to your commands, write *a line* in return for your letter, which I was happy to receive.

I go this day week (the 16). Shall pay a visit or two on the road. If you have a mind to write a *petit mot* to Dumblech's Hotel, Edinburgh, I shall have pleasure in finding it there.

I have had Apsley and Napier here for a fortnight, both pleasant agreeable persons, and among other things we have talked over poor Worcester at a great rate. Do you see the comet? I have it close at my elbow, making a portentous figure.

¹ Her son, Lord Craven, had married Miss Louisa Brunton, the actress, and allowed the father, Mr Brunton, to live in a small house in Benham Park, to the Margravine's great annoyance.

I was and am very sorry for poor W. Jackson, of whom I have not heard further since your letter. I should suppose his habit of body must be such as to make such an attack fatal.—Past 12. Ya, ya. Good night. The post goes early in the morning—before I wake. No chance of seeing you at Edinburgh about the 22d or 3d ?

Your letter was *missent* to Carlisle, which delayed it 3 days.

The Hon. KEPPEL CRAVEN to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

ALBANY, *Saturday Night, Sept. 14, 1811.*

MY DEAR SHARPE,—You must by this time think me at least half-way towards the end of my intended voyage—and I believe I ought to be as far advanced, had it not been for the usual tardiness of our Government, which cannot even dispatch a trifle with anything like common vivacity. However, all is for the best, as poor Gell has for this fortnight past been suffering from a very severe gouty attack, which the far-famed *eau médicinale* does not seem to conquer, as I am sorry to say that he is still very far from well, and has within these two days experienced something resembling a relapse ; but I hope, however, that it will not last much longer. Our captain tells us he must sail on Thursday next ; but unless Gell mends very fast indeed, that cannot be. In the meantime, we have got everything ready, which has cost me no small trouble and exertion, even to the two *young men* who are to accompany us by order of the Dilettanti who have appointed them to alleviate Gell's labours in the drawing line. They are both architectural draughtsmen, by name *Bedford*¹ and *Gandy*.² The

¹ F. Bedford, architect of several London churches of the reign of George IV., criticisms on which may be found in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' and Hone's 'Every-Day Book.'

² J. P. Gandy, born 1787, afterwards changed his name to Deering, and was member for Aylesbury. He died at Lee, near Missenden, Bucks, in 1850. He was joint editor with Sir Wm. Gell of 'Pompeiana.'

former seems a sensible *lively* person ; but the second has been on and off, and has only decided to go within these two days. As he consults his *aunt* on all occasions, and asks very amusing questions—such as whether he must not take second mourning in case of his Majesty's death, if he had not better wear an under waistcoat, and what kind of leathern pantaloons are most *conformable* to the Asiatic taste—you may easily conceive that from these specimens it was impossible to resist altering the last syllable of his name, which we have got into such a habit of doing that I fear we shall call him so to his face ; but I should add that he draws most beautifully. And now I must tell you something that will terrify you, and that is, that we are actually going to sail in a *Turkish* frigate, commanded by a *real* Turk ; but it has been refitted after the English fashion by our Government, who send out dispatches by her to the Pacha of Smyrna, whom we are to propitiate by sending presents of telescopes, pistols, cut glass goblets, &c. We shall probably embark in the river, so I need only fancy myself going on one of my numerous excursions till I get to the Nore, and then adieu to all fresh-water fish—which reminds me that Tom is so much better that he set off on Wednesday for Southampton, where he is to be under the guidance of Dr Hackett, of whose ability I have the very highest opinion ; so I really have every hope that he may be saved, which (considering he has kept his *bed* a whole twelve-month, and been given over the whole of that time) I consider next to a miracle. Since I returned to London I have passed my dining-time between Kensington and Marlborough Street, and my other time in executing Gell's commissions and nursing him, which I am happy to find I succeed in better than any one else. He is difficult to manage, because he cannot bear that one should be attentive or appear to wish to relieve him, and he labours under that kind of impatience and fretfulness I believe peculiar only to the gout ; but still he is better temper'd than most other people in perfect health.

When he got rather better, I pass'd a day and half at Richmond, and took Augustus there, who was more charming than ever. He is grown fatter and taller, and nothing can exceed his sense and amiability of manners, nor was I at all jealous of his attentions to Hope, who thought I would; but as they are only called forth by the uniform and sword, I cannot say my paternal feelings were at all mortified. My brother Berkeley¹ was in town for a few days, and pass'd most of them in my society, which he says he prizes much. He has now joined Lord Craven² and other scatter'd limbs of the family at Combe Abbey.

W. Burrell³ was in London *en passant*, and I saw him twice. I was really alarm'd and much grieved at seeing him look so ill, and feel the greatest apprehensions for him, though he was in very good spirits; but I think he had much better be sent at once to Lisbon than Sidmouth, where he now is,—Sir M. Montgomery, who wrote to Gell yesterday to ask to go in our ship as far as Malta, having miss'd the opportunity with Lambton⁴ and the Orby Hunters. We cannot have him, as there is barely room for ourselves and the two *Daubs*. He says Burrell is much better, and I shall write to him in a day or two. I am sorry my mother did not send you the *sonnet*, as she calls it; but as to the music, (*entre nous*) it was not worth the postage, and the old tune she used to play it to was much preferable. She is at Benham, which is not yet let, but talks of coming up previous to my departure. The two Lady Charlottes have left this part of the world, both for Sussex, though for different parts of it. I don't think Lady C. C. bears you any malice, as she told me she intended to write to

¹ Henry Augustus Berkeley, second son of the sixth Lord Craven, born 1776; became major-general in army; died 1836.

² William, seventh Lord Craven and first Earl, Keppel Craven's eldest brother; married to Louisa Brunton, the actress.

³ William Peregrine Peter Burrell, third son of Lord Gwydyr and Lady Willoughby de Eresby, born 1788; died 1852.

⁴ Lord Durham.

you; and if she does, I charge you to answer as if nothing had happen'd, for I cannot help liking her, and I think you are too severe with your comparisons of roses on an old wall, which is nevertheless a most excellent idea. You must *not* answer this; and if you remain a week after it without hearing again from me, you may conclude me gone. I suppose I may always direct as I do this, for *I* shall write, though it is impossible I can receive any letters from anybody. As to your advice about a journal, I shall take it as far as the *making* one goes, but *not* the publishing. I understand poor Gramont has had a very bad accident from his horse, but I cannot learn the details from anybody; he seems very unlucky.

I must now end, as my pen and candles are going out together by sympathy. *If* I go on Thursday, I now take my leave of you, and can assure you, with great sincerity, that there is no chance of distance or absence altering my sentiments towards you. The few friends I have, I have had long, and trust you will prove no exception to this rule. Gell desires his kindest regards to you.—Believe me yours most affly.

CAROLUS REX.

The MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

BENHAM, 1 of October 1811.

I am getting the *Holiday*¹ printed, for I was ashamed to send you my scrawl in notes. I exercise your patience enough by letters. Here am I, my spirits worn by waiting, and thinking every day was the last I was to see my Dear K., who is not yet sail'd—and a contrary wind. As to Gell, he has been so maul'd by the gout, that I question if his days are to be many; and certainly, unless the heathen deities he is to find renovate

¹ The *Holiday of Life*. A song written and composed by H.S.H. the Margravene of Anspach, Princess Berkeley. London: printed and

his frame, he can never be the gallant, gay Lothario of Kensington Bowers¹ again. I have been perusing your ‘Metrical Legends,’ and you and Keppel puzzle me. At your age, *my muse* sported in roses; fancie’s gayest flowers compos’d my wreaths; it was the Graces—the laughing loves—that tun’d my lyre: you and K—— murder, poison; death in every shape, horrors on horrors from northern climes, you seem to make the groundwork of your chaunts!

My spirits are of so tender a nature, that I should die of real grief at the imaginary woe I related. You’ll have my song next week. Keppel is only at Gravesend now; he has staid a month beyond his time, and feels the damp, chilling climate already. I think he will learn to his cost that my advice for sailing is better than his resolves. I hope, if you return near to me, you will try to cheer me in his absence. We are in a pretty scrape. Government send out orders for sailing and counter-sailing, marching and counter-marching; and Jerseys, Guernseys, Ireland, Spain, Portugal, Sussex coast, and Kentish marshes are all to be guarded together.

published for the author by J. Fentum at his music warehouse, 78 Strand, near the Adelphi.

“Colin met Sylvia on the green
Once, ’twas the charming first of May,
And shepherds ne’er tell false, I ween,—
By chance they met, as shepherds say.
Colin he blush’d, and bow’d, then said,
‘Will you, sweet maid, this first of May,
Begin the dance, by Colin led,
To make this quite his holiday!’
Sylvia replied, ‘I ne’er from home
Yet ventured till this first of May;
Say, is it fit for maids to roam,
And make a shepherd’s holiday?’
‘It is most fit,’ replied the youth,
‘That Sylvia shou’d, this first of May,
By me be taught that love and truth
Can make of life a holiday.’”

¹ “Kensington, where resided the Princess, afterwards Queen. Gell never, in fact, had any gallantries with her.”—C. K. S.

I have no idea of a Government making itself so ridiculous. How Buonaparte must laugh! We want nothing to stamp our eternal folly but to do as we did in the time of the Danes, —bribe them with our money to retire from our coast; which with that money they attack'd again with fresh vigour. You must observe, when you get *My Holiday*, that the music must be played slowly, and with much *liaison* and expression; or instead of a very affecting and *tenere dolce* affair, it will sound like many common ditties. But I find no one can give the *sense* of the sound but the person who composes it. Pray heaven you be not melted away by the damps which enervate me.—Y^{rs}. ever.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to the COUNT DE GRAMONT.¹

I should be unhappy, dear Count de Gramont, did I not offer at the shrine of your leisure this congratulation on your recovery from your late most dangerous accident.² Here was a second Phaeton, —after almost setting the world on fire, you had nearly fallen into the lap of Proserpine, a fairer flower than all her Sicilian roses.

How glad I am that your bandages are removed—that you can use your arm once more, and that your poor knee, which is doomed to suffer so much, is better! never having been so bad as those abominable newspapers represented it.

Allow me to present you with every good wish, and a long farewell. According to St Paul, “*tutte le cose che son veraci, tutte le cose che sono honeste, tutte le cose che son giuste,*

¹ Antoine-Genevieve Heraclius Agenor, Count de Gramont, afterwards Duke de Guiche and Duke de Gramont, born 1789, came over with his family in the emigration. He was a page in the Court of Louis XVIII. at Holyrood. He married a daughter of the Count d'Orsay, and his son, also well known in England, married a daughter of Mr Mackinnon, M.P.

² The Count had been thrown from a gig.

tutte le cose che son pure, tutte le cose che sono amabili, tutte le cose che son di buona fama; se v'è alcuna virtù, e se v'è alcuna laude"—be these thine, Signor mio, in the amplest measure of fruition.

O this dreadful weather!—this tiresome comet's tail! I am drown'd, and frozen to death—yet, after all, 'tis needless to repine against tempests and change of season. I may say with Messire Honoré d'Urfé—

“L'Este, c'est le transport, dont le sang me bouillonne,
Et l'Hyver, c'est la peur, qui me gele en tout temps;
Mais qui me vaut cela, si toujours mon Automne
Est sans fruicts, aussi bien que sans fleurs mon Printemps.”

HODDAM CASTLE, 9th Oct. 1811.

Earl GOWER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

TRENTHAM, Oct. 13, 1811.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—Do not suppose that I have not received your letter with the verses on Grammont, and the offer of sending me some particulars regarding some families for Wood's Peerage, and that I was not much entertained with the verses, and much obliged to you for the prose. I am sure that Wood will feel very thankful to you for the communication you are so good as to promise. I showed part of "Tircis" to Lady Ossulston, who I thought would have died of laughing at them. I did not tell the name of the author, from an unnecessary degree of discretion.

We have had a week's visit of French Princes, and are heartily glad it is over; and of George Vernon, who is dying of love for Lady E. Bingham,¹ all to little purpose. You would have been much amused with his attempts to introduce

¹ Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the second Lord Lucan, was married in 1815 to George Granville Harcourt, eldest son of the Archbishop of York—the "Granville Vernon" of the correspondence.

her name and to make her the subject of conversation in some *tête-à-tête* walks I had with him, and with my ill-natured determination not to indulge him, or at least but sparingly. "Don't you think *L^y. E. B.* very beautiful?" Yes. "Are you much acquainted with *L^y. E. B.*?" No. And so on, and looking very sentimental and desponding.

I found the inn at Ecclefechan very good, and made out my journey very well to Burton the first day, and to this the second. I am going on a short excursion from hence to Shropshire and Liverpool for a few days, but a letter directed to this place will be sure to find me.—Yours very truly,

G.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Earl GOWER.

HODDAM CASTLE, 15th Oct. 1811.

MY DEAR LORD,—I enclose the petty notices concerning some peerage families for Mr Wood, things which are of no great consequence, albeit accuracy in such matters is ever very commendable—and I should have sent more, had I not discovered, after squeezing myself up, and making a sort of apple-pye bed with the beginning of my sheet, that I had most obtusely forgotten my pedigree of the Brus's, Lords of Annandale, at Oxford. This is pitiful—but there is no help for it now. I have contributed my mite—and you may vouch, Signior mio, for the accuracy of my collections, which are either variations from, or additions to, that far from wise, and very slovenly peerage writer, Sir Robert Douglas of Glenberrie, Bart.

Don't laugh at the painting of the Carleill arms—at my heraldic peacocks, with yellow tails, spotted gules! I can assure you that this is a faithful copy of the illumination in the MS., and curious, as Douglas giveth not the arms of that once powerful family—which was related to you, mon prince, as Sir Will. Carleill of Torthorwald married the sister of

King Robert Brus, and the Earl of Sutherland the daughter. The relics of the antient Castle of Torthorwald, exactly like the hollow crust of a Stilton cheese, still stand between this chateau and Dumfries; but what is very surprising, of this numerous clan, and opulent, not one person now remains who possesses a foot of ground in Dumfriesshire!

I heard from Henry Drummond yesterday, who is ill, poor fellow, and discontented. For God's sake, my dear lord, don't marry in a hurry! All my friends are sick, and some sore—meanwhile, Lady Mary Coke¹ is dead at last, and hath left all her money to the Buccleugh family and Lady Douglas. Not a sou to the Argylls, which vexes me on poor Lady Charlotte's account. Lady Queensberry tells me that Lady Mary died with a high-crown'd beaver hat upon her head, tho' in bed—like Cleopatra, crown'd, "Proud Egypt's prouder Queen." As Lord Seafield said of the Scottish parliament at the Union, "here's the end of an auld sang." She was the daughter of a sad robust villain, and in character as like her father as Christina of Sweden was to hers. Only think of Lord Orford being in love with such a harpy!

She was vulgar—she said "this here," and "that there," which was extraordinary, as she must always have been in the best circles of society.

The post calls, so I have time for no more—but that I am ever yours.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to the MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

DEAR MADAM,—Will you have the goodness to forgive the liberty which I take in transmitting to you the only portrait that I have done, without permission, for many years? Without permission did I deem it prudent to paint it; for

¹ Lady Mary Campbell, daughter of John, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, married to Edward, Viscount Coke.

had I prevailed upon Alexander to allow me a sitting of his Campaspe, I might have suffered all the pains of poor Apelles without finding his remedy. Alas! too many know to their cost that the wounds from "beauty in a dishclout" are incurable as the gashes of a rusty chopping-knife; and Simon Brodie is so well aware of his good fortune, that I do not think he would relinquish his treasure to the Vice-Lieutenant of the county himself, far less to your humble servant.

Nobody here hath seen the portrait of my Laura, so that I am not sure whether I have hit the likeness—but the coifure is certainly exact. How surprising it is that there have been so many belles of the name of Mary,—Marie Queen of Scots—The Flower of Yarrow—Mary Grey—Mary Magdalene—and Mary Macmurdoch!—I am, dear Madam, &c. &c.

HODDAM CASTLE, 16th Oct. 1811.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to the Rev. KENNETH MACKENZIE
TARPLEY.

HODDAM CASTLE, 18th Oct. 1811.

. . . You talk of the dulness of your letters; now I hold that the letters of one's friends can in no case be dull—and moreover, that yours are the farthest things in the world from such a misfortune. Ah, my dear Tarpley, if you saw *some* letters which I am condemned to receive and to answer, you would not talk in this manner. I may say with the old woman in Voltaire's 'Candide,' "Ah, Mademoiselle, si je vous montrais *mon derrière*, vous ne parlevies pas comme vous faites."

What you told me about Brighton I had heard before—heard with extremity of wonder; for I have seen this Armida of the common sewer (Miss Harriet Wilson), and she's ugly and ill-dressed, and not very young, and as liberal as the south wind of her favours. She was some time since

the *chère amie* of Leinster; and I know several of her friends, who declare that she's very clever—clever, forsooth!—just as Miss Hands was, whose letters rival'd Sevigne's, according to the assertion of one of her innamoratos, who cannot construe a word of French, poor fellow! John of Gaunt¹ and I had many contests in London about this jade, but all in vain; and lo! now he is with his water-wagtail at Brighton. There he glitters, like a drop of wholesome May-dew in the hollow of a wither'd leaf! It is no marvel that you are provoked; for my part, as I have long made it a rule never to take advice, so now I shall resolve, finding all my efforts nugatory, on no account ever to give it.

My only comfort is that this Sybilla is safe, and that our friend's health will not suffer in her embraces. That is a great point. Again, as I believe that he makes this *éclat* from a mistaken idea of *ton*, and smartness, and of being talked of by a parcel of miserables, who have everything of an ape but his sagacity, he will never be induced to marry her. If there were any tinge of what is commonly called love in this gordian knot, I should be unhappy; for Madame is old—and a wound from one of Cupid's rusty arrows is ever the longest of healing—but, depend upon it, there is no fatal circumstance of that kind; and as Worcester is very young, he may live to recover these indiscretions, and brush away the cobwebs from his character. He does not gamble, nor drink much, and his heart is excellent; that "true heart" must ever secure him friends—what a pity that he lavishes its treasures upon such unworthy objects!

I have also frequently lamented that, when a boy, he had not been trained up to practise some accomplishments of which he seems fond—music, for instance—as these pursuits, however your fox-hunting gentry, who are peculiarly British, may deem them feminine, certainly engage the minds of young men from running constantly upon one amusement,

¹ The Marquess of Worcester.

which requires little genius in the acquisition, and of which the practise is very far from producing perfection ; but, after all, I trust that Worcester will do very well—sure I am that he is worth a million of the generality of his compeers. When I remember his noble descent, I respect him ; when I think of his true heart, I love him ; and for his passing indiscretions, all natural philosophers hold that the inherent spots in the orb of day are much more ominous than its partial eclipses.

But it is now full time that I should come to the finale of this scribble, which I shall inclose to the Duke of Beaufort, tho' I suspect that you are now at Ch. Ch.—Dear Tarpley, let me hear from you soon, and believe me, &c. &c.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to the Hon^{ble}. THOMAS STAPLETON.

19th Oct. 1811.

MY DEAR S.,—It is now such a tedious length of time since I have had the pleasure of seeing, conversing with, or writing to you, that I absolutely feel my modesty interested in a second introduction. Do you recollect the existence of any such person as C. K. S. ? Is it necessary that I should once more be presented to you by that tiresome old person, your uncle ? I would fain hope not—so taking your remembrance for granted, I shall go on ; and first, I must state that I am dying to know whereabouts your worship is just at this moment—whether you recline in the flowery lap of the Muses at Cambridge, or lean on the less pure bosoms of the loose Hamadryades at Vauxhall. From my knowledge of Oxford terms, I should guess the former—in which case I envy you the sage conversation of Kilworth,¹ and the airilier sallies of the brisk Lord George Taylor !²

¹ Stephen Moore, afterwards Earl of Mountcashell, born 1792.

² Second son of the first Marquess of Headfort, who afterwards assumed the name of Quin.

Not that I don't, *seriously*, like Lord George—for he is very modest, and good-humoured, and like a *gemman*; but he does not speak enough, and that is a fault. For Kilworth, since the days of Amadis and Orlando Furioso, I have heard, Signior mio, of nothing to be compared with him. Alas! to regard his nose, and his demeanour under the jests of Powerscourt,¹ who would ever have guessed that

“ He could foin,
And give the mortal touch ;”

but too true it is, that love will transmogrify a turtle into an eagle, and a mouse into a lion. Tho' I was in Kilworth's carriage going to Vauxhall one night, when Mr Pole and he had such jostlings and jabberings that I thought I should have had my neck demolished in the service, I never could have believed that such *things* would really fight at last. The Lord have mercy upon us!—think of the two Gorgons in the field, staring and wrinkling at one another—

“ So frown'd the mighty combatants, that Hell
Grew darker at their frown—so match'd they stood.”

What a pity that there was no winging after all the noise! Had Kilworth been slain, I should have comforted myself with the reflection that Moore, who is one of my favourites, was Kilworth the Second, and in a fair way of being Lord Mountcashel; and had Mr Pole been untimely cropt, surely the pitying gods would have caused some fair flower to spring from his blood, at least as sweet as its original. Ah, happy flower!—think of Miss Long sticking it between the heavens of her swelling bosom, and bedewing it with her crystal tears!

You may perceive, Signior Don Thomaso, that I have been perusing romances of late—that, and being confined to an old castle in the country, renders me quite flowery and fond of fiction. I have read Miss Owenson's things, till I dream

¹ Richard, fifth Viscount.

of the moon beaming through a gauze curtain upon the immaculancy of a Circassian's back, and the balmy vapours of night conglomerated around the blushing brow of—the Duchess of St Alban's fan. Do you remember what you said of her one evening long since in Stratford Place?—"my Lady Southesk, God prosper her for't"—but you were wrong, depend upon it; I could take my oath that you erred. With all my respect for your judgment, Mr S., depend upon it that it greatly failed you in that solitary instance.

I have been reading a Scotch novel called 'Self-Control,' which is greatly cried up by the Caledonian criticks, and certainly hath some good things in it; but the heroine, who is self-control personified, is a sad jade, of course. She will not eat when she's hungry, nor sleep when drowsy, nor suffer her lover to give her a civil salute now and then; but her whole time is occupied in nursing a crusty old father, who will not be amused, and saying long prayers that seem never to be granted. Her portrait is drawn from a certain Miss Devisme, a tall woman whom you may have seen at Whitehall and Lady Heathcote's. She's a natural daughter of somebody's, had forty thousand pounds, and married a brother of Lord Mansfield's, a handsome giant with a swinging pair of mustachios.¹

O this tiresome comet!—it kills us all. Craven is sick again. Poor William Burrell is trying to shun its baleful influence at Tunbridge, and I am confident that nothing else cast Gramont out of a gig, broke his arm, and bruised his knee in a terrible manner. Then it nightly ruins my temper, for all the people in this mansion have got nothing else of an evening to do but to look at it; so there's a talk about it, too tedious—with every ten minutes a casement cast up, with a current of cold, damp, toothachy air, and a provoking exclamation of "Dear, how very clear the tail is to-night! do come and look at it," which I never do by any chance.

¹ Sir Henry Murray, K.C.B., Colonel of 14th Dragoons.

I see nothing interesting in a comet's tail—it is the dullest of all possible tails. I would not give one twinkle of my parrot's, for all the comet tails in the universe!

Apropos, have you perused Miss Seward's letters? Some of them are good; and as she praises my poetry in her sixth vol., she must have been a very judicious person. All the pruders cry Foh! at her, because she liked one Mr Saville, a singing man of Lichfield; but these are venial flaws—tho' one is a little angry with her when one supposes that she was actually the death of the poor man. I think she slew him—I think poor Saville died from over-exertion, attempting to mend the hole of an old blue-stocking!

Did you laugh when you saw in the newspapers Miss Laura Manners's degradation from the altar of Hymen?¹ Unfortunate Laura, I fear that she will now be reduced to divert herself like her sister, the Duchess;² but Miss Jacky Gordon is certainly a heroine—she carries everything with flame and fury. In fact, a woman of her temper, after she hath been debauched, swells forth a demon; the spear of Ithuriel is applied, and the toad starteth up a devil.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

HODDAM CASTLE, 22 Oct. 1811.

DEAR SCOTT,—As of late I have only had the pleasure of meeting with you in the shape of quartos and octavos, I feel somewhat modest in the commencement of this address, penned for the purpose of laying at your feet some verses

¹ Laura, daughter of the Countess of Dysart and her husband, John Manners, Esq., Grantham Grange, was married in 1808 to Viscount Dalrymple, son of the Earl of Stair, which marriage was dissolved in consequence of a Scotch marriage previously contracted with Joanna, daughter of Charles Gordon of Cluny and Braid—the “Jacky Gordon” mentioned elsewhere in the correspondence.

² Of St Albans.

which you will find below, that may perhaps be deemed worthy of a place in the next vol. of the 'Edinburgh Annual Register.' If you should esteem them utter stuff, pray stand not upon any ceremony—for our friendship is now of such antiquity, that no trifles I trust can affect it. If you think that they may pass, print them *de grace*; ¹ and prefix the name of your humble servant, who loves to appear as an author when under the shadow of your redoubted wings.

I shall not trouble you with any comments upon your 'Lady of the Lake,' which hath appeared since I last had the pleasure of seeing you, as it is needless to repeat what you must already have heard ten thousand times from far superior judges. These echoes must be as tiresome to your palled ear as my parrot's incessant cry of "pretty, pretty"; nor shall I bore you with my admiration of "Don Roderick," which is totally unqualified, because I do not care for the memory of Sir John Moore; but allow me, soberly, to express my delight in many portions of the 'Ann. Register,' more particularly in that which giveth an account of the rise and progress of the 'Edin. Review.' This is a most meritorious work,—and I am flattered to think that I have already contributed my mite to it in those three epistles ² printed in the last volume. I have still an odd letter of advice, written by my great-grandfather, Lord Eglintoune, to his son, which may be of some use to you in stopping up a gap, and which I will transcribe, and have sent, before I once more quit Caledonia, stern and wild, for the softer regions of the south.

¹ The "Ode on the Death of a Military Officer killed in Portugal" does not seem to have been accounted of sufficient merit to appear in the 'Register.' The closing stanza will suffice as a specimen:—

" Hail! and farewell, for ever gone,
 May Britons fight as thou hast done,
 May valour ring their knell.
 Hail! and farewell. Alas! how vain
 Our hopes, our wishes! once again
 Hail! and a long farewell!

² See *ante*, Letters from David Hume to Matthew Sharpe of Hoddam.

Propos of epistles, I have just finished Miss Anna Seward's, in six volumes! Her poetical flowers remind one of a *hortus siccus*—flat, dry, and bookish, but still they are flowers, and she has a great deal of sense now and then, so her posthumous work should have been exceedingly compressed; she would have appeared to much greater advantage had she come out in the shape of the Lady Parvula, presenting her New Year's gift to the Lord Minimus.

I never heard of the Mr Taylor whom she names as a Scottish bard: there surely must be some error there. She has let a wicked cat out of the bag to Gell respecting his mother, who persuaded him that she was perfectly contented with her cottage, while she was wailing to Miss Anna of unnatural neglect, and helpless starvation; but the harm is the less as Mrs Gell hath been dead for some time. I have not seen your Swift yet, but shall soon. In Brand's Catalogue was a book from which, it is said, the Dean stole the greater part of his Gulliver; but these *says* are seldom true, and very fashionable—the slightest coincidence gives rise to them. Can we not prove that the 'Tale of a Tub' was in some measure filched from the 'Secchia Rapita'?

Adieu, my dear Scott, my scrawl shall no longer encroach upon your valuable time. Believe me ever most faithfully
your's,
CHS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

WALTER SCOTT, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

ASHESTIEL, 27 October 1811.

I was delighted, my dear Sharpe, to see your hand again, after so long a cessation of our correspondence. The verses, which were very pretty indeed, shall doubtless appear in the next 'Register,' if I have any interest with the publisher. The work is making a most respectable progress. Upwards of 2000 have been sold by the Scottish publishers alone. I hope

you do not intend to leave Scotland without a visit to Auld Reekie, where I should rejoice much in a social chat with you. We were singing your praises the other day at Bowhill, where Lady Dalkeith bore a distinguished part in the chorus. But I think you might have fought your way as far as the Forest in quest of adventures during this last season. Next year I can hardly offer you hospitality, as I am about to leave this place, which has been for seven years my palace of indolence. The situation to which I shall remove next season is much less romantic; but as Touchstone says of Audrey, it is a poor thing, but *mine own*. It consists of a *haugh* and brae of about 100 acres, stretching along the Tweed for three-quarters of a mile, commanding a fine sweep of the river, and embosomed in fancy's eye with wood; but to the visual orb presenting nothing more lofty or more verdant than some special turnips. Meanwhile great part of my future groves, *facturi ne potibus unbram*, are travelling quietly in the shape of acorns from Trentham to London, by the benevolence of our kind Marchioness. Yet we contrive to make a bustle with thinning and pruning about ten acres of starved firs in *esse*, awaiting with hope and confidence the planting and growth of our fair oaks in *posse*. So runs the world away. I intend to build a little cottage on this spot next season, and to inhabit a small farmhouse during the time it is rising.

I have not yet read Miss Seward's letters. God knows I had enough of them when she lived—for she did not imitate the ancient Romans in brevity. If my curt and comical letters had been published (which heaven forbid!), our correspondence would have been exactly the dialogue between *Aldiborontefoscofornio* and *Rigdumfunnidos*. Yet she was an uncommon woman; and bating her conceit and pedantry, had some excellent points about her. Had she mingled more in general society, and been less the directress of a little circle, we should have had less *tracasserie* and more good sense in her letters.

We shall be delighted to have your contribution to the 'Register.' But I wish you would give us an original prose article, choosing your own subject, and treating it in your funny way: it would help us greatly. Scots are in general too grave for humorous essays: you are a special exception, and your friends should profit by it. Southey, who succeeded to the historical department which you declined, is rather too prolix and minute, though often vigorous and eloquent.

Pray let me hear from you soon; and be it to say we are soon to meet in Edinburgh, which would give me particular pleasure. I must be there on the 12th Nov.—Believe me most truly yours,

WALTER SCOTT.

What has become of your genealogical work?

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Lord GOWER.

HODDAM CASTLE, *last of Oct.* 1811.

I send you, my dear Lord Gower, the promised portrait of his Grace of Lenox, done on paper so very untoward that I could not, with an infinity of pains, get the background and drapery smooth enough; however, the likeness is preserved, and that is the chief point. I will send you shortly the portrait of his daughter, Lady Marie. Her sister, the nun, is in the possession of James Erskine of D.,¹ and I have heard that the other d^r of the Duke, Lady Henrietta, still shames with her refined tho' faded charms, the portraits of the present D^{ss} of Gordon at Gordon Castle. These were no small dames in their time! I think that our present Dukes of Lenox and their madames are but wallidrags in comparison; but I am of an old school, that is now vastly out of date and unfashionable.

King James VI. introduced his poem called the Phoenix

¹ Dun.

(which alludes throughout to his poor mother) with an acrostick on his favourite the Duke of Lenox. You will find it either in the works of that high and most mighty Prince (1616), or in Sibbald's Chron. of Scottish Poetry. There certainly never was more villanous doggerel, excepting, perhaps, Lygon's melodious epistle to Miss Burton, or Copplestone's Ode for the late Oxford Installation.

My dear lord, I am happy to hear that my former epistle came to hand, and that my warblings of Gramont's Turtles pleased you. I have always heard, and red, that Nature is one of the chief beauties of poetry; and lo! behold an example!—for I merely turned into rhyme the pitiful ravings of two love-lorn maids, most tenderly sensible to the charms of a pair of black moustachios relieved with deep gamboges. To me these gentlewomen had no reserves—nor I to you; but, *de grace*, spare all our fames by never whispering names, even “amid the marshes of the reedy Lego.” I am glad, however, that you showed part of the verses to Lady Ossulston, tho' I wonder how you could; for I have been told that they are tawdry, what Gramont himself writes *body*—*ecco*, the proof—an extract from a note to me—“I hope you will think yourself much flattered in my having such good opinion of your secrecy, as to intrust you with a letter containing the most *body* and dreadful picture of a Christian's heart for Miss Cholmonly. Don't forget delivering it, but you must not mention the explanation I gave you of the contence.”

Of course I held the *contence* between me and the candle, and red the whole, which consisted of a *chanson d'amour*, beginning in this sort of way—

“ Par un matin Lisette se leva,
Et dans un bois seulette s'en alla,
Elle cherchoit des nidi, de ca de la, &c. &c.”

I wish I had copied it. He red me another effusion of the

same nature, with a vast deal in't concerning the berger, Tircis, which I thought admirable then, because I began to like Tircis himself, who is, in fact, very amiable. He hath little starts of feeling that are so very pretty in a Frenchman, and he is so unfortunate, that agneau in loup's clothing, that whenever I begin to repine at mine own sorry lot, I cure my qualms by thinking of Tircis. What a pity that there is no good picture of this prodigious infant, whose head is certainly miraculous. Madame le Brun hath done a chalk-drawing, a profile, but it is like all the other works of that filth which I have seen, intolerable: it hangs in the Duchess de Coigny's drawing-room in Spanish Place. Ye Lares of Lilliput, what a drawing-room for Madame la Duchesse de Coigny !!

I wish, my good lord, that you had condescended upon the names of the French princes who were at Trentham, for I love French princes, and liking to know all about them, nobody ever tells me a word of the matter. What sort of a French princess is Lady Ossulston? She is not pretty, and doth not dress her hair well; in that she should take a lesson from Lady Stafford, who certainly orders her head better than anybody's in the world. When I last had the honour of seeing her at Cleveland House, sitting on a couch after dinner, I could not help staring at her for a long time, as I did think I had never seen any one before so *belle* and so *bien parlée*.

You were crueller and harder-hearted than the rocks of Caucasus, to relate the confidences of hapless love in the manner you describe, which made me almost expire with laughing. The solemnity of Vernon's suffering (for he hath a grave, archiepiscopal demeanour and fashion of dress which are very amusing) I behold with my mind's eye, as he wandered through the woods of Trentham, in vain languishing to pour his woes into your obdurate bosom; but as to his pursuit of the beauteous nymph, he may spare himself much pain by incontinently hanging himself—for Bet's ambitious,

and tho' she get not the Duke of Devonshire (which I pray God she may not), she'll scarcely wait till Vernon is my Lord of Harcourt—so lend him one of your fair oaks in Staffordshire, to save time and trouble. Without a tolerable title, and enough of money, he'll ne'er be able to make any hand of the judicious Lady Betty Bingham.

I am glad that Ecclefechan could afford you tolerable repose. "If Blowbladder S^t. has its charms," according to the Lady Pentweasle, I hope to see your lordship there again before I die; meanwhile, I am vexed that Chalmers's notice cannot be inserted, particularly as I must think it still very possible;—try again, I conjure you. As to Lady Stafford's conversation, and yours, concerning the book, an interest in such matters is so natural (what the D^{ss}. of Beaufort would style just, reasonable, and judicious), that I wonder Lord Stafford can be astonished with it. Familys being one of the very few things that cannot be bought, must always, in spite of new lights, and levellings, and stuff, be considered very valuable. How do we see people every day tormenting themselves to beget their own grandfathers, after they have obtained riches, and power, and titles! *vide, si placet*, one half of the English peerage. Oh! talking of that, all the good people of Edin. are in a commotion at present concerning the new law promotions—'tis said that the Prince Regent is going to desert his old friends. Henry Erskine is furious—his whole party aghast. For me, I am no politician, but I think it just possible that the prince may be lying by a little, tho' I believe he's little to be depended upon in anything. Am I writing treason?

I dined at my Lord Queensberry's yesterday. My lady of Q. hath been to the Hamilton races; where were your lordship's friends Apsley and Napier? "The young ladies regretted that Lord Apsley was not a dancer; but the *elegant* Mr Napier supplied all deficiencies." Lord Douglas gave a ball; but the Bothwell Castle family were not invited (how

diverting these feuds are!), tho' Lady Queensberry went. "Everybody thought Lady Douglas very pretty," but for Lady Queensberry's part, and Lady Bothwell Castle Douglas's part, and Mrs Scott's part, and Lady Miller's part, and Miss Wishart's part, they thought Lady Primrose much prettier. I thought so too yesterday, but was of a very different opinion both before and since.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Lady CHARLOTTE CAMPBELL.¹

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD, *October*, 1811.

DEAR —,—What can I say to the generous return for my abominable scribbles, which you have made me by your delightful letter! and I cannot for my life think of another case than the bounty of the outlandish queen, who gave a heap of diamonds for a wash-hand basin, which was a sin of ignorance, as when Lady Strathmore married Bowes, or C[lem-entin]a D[rummon]d, P[ete]r B[urrel]l. O heavens! I forget myself; do not tell ——. I wish that I had as many eyes as Fame or Argus, or a spider, which I am told hath eight. Alas that Lady D[ougla]s, who is the very reverse of a spider in everything but her industry, hath but one! Oh that I possessed as many hands as Briareus, or some of the Hindoo gods! that I might produce a weekly drawing, provided my humble efforts were crowned with such a rich reward about once a quarter, as your epistles are calculated to bestow; but lack-a-day! my eyes, which scarcely can be called a pair, demand a string like a doll's, in the simple operation of turning, and my fingers are about as unwieldy as an Irishman's legs in the gout; nevertheless, I am resolved, in spite of nature and my

¹ See *ante*, p. 441. This is the first of the letters from the 'Diary Illustrative of the Times of George the Fourth,' to which reference has been already made. As will be evident from the first letter, the whole correspondence has been heavily tampered with.

stars, to write—that is, to yield a goose-quill in your Lordship's service—as long as I possess a little more vision than the mole, and energies that may in any measure rival those of the unfortunate sloth. In truth, the honour of any command or employment from you, is sufficient to transform a sloth into a squirrel, for I must tell you, my dear fellow, that you are one of the most extraordinary personages of the present time. Perhaps you did not know it before,—but only consider a little. In the first place, nothing can be more honourable and illustrious than your family, and your rank is suitable to it. Your Lordship doth not resemble some very fine and lofty gentlemen of my acquaintance, who, however high their place may now be, had merchants and mechanics for their fathers; and *middens*, I guess, for their grandsires: then Nature seems to have run hidly-giddy in your formation, for she made you noble too in mind, and, moreover, gave you a voice of unexampled power and sweetness, which, in my humble opinion, is one of her greatest bestowments;—and here allow me just to hint at your Lordship's scientific pursuits, and, in short, whatever is praiseworthy, and fitting the true dignity of human nature; all of which is wonderful in anybody, but in one so spoiled, so favoured, I should say perfectly prodigious! As to your more exalted merits, I shall not particularize them, my rude pen being altogether unworthy; only this I may say, that if your Lordship, according to the chances of this world, hath not always more than King Montezuma, who reclined upon a bed of roses, yet your pious fortitude and resignation have given a wholesome lesson to your inferiors, and added graces to yourself.

From all that I have ever heard or seen, I am convinced that you were intended to make as conspicuous a figure in the next world as in this—and that a sentence in the funeral sermon of Mary, Duchess of Queensberry, who was a very exalted character, might with great justice be applied to you. The preacher says,—“But dry up your tears, my brethren,

and weep no more; for this most illustrious Princess, who, though she was a great and good Duchess on earth, is now a great and good Duchess in heaven." This is not very neat, but it is all very true; so that I may say with the clown, in 'Measure for Measure,' "here be truths."

Alas! your account of London I shall not for a great while experience the truth of, as when I leave this place I must repair to Scotland, where I am to remain for ages:—

"To me the gods, severely kind, ordain
 A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain."

However, as the dulness you mentioned must exist in the mass of people (for it cannot possibly be in you), I must try to extract a sour-grape comfort from the consideration that London is not what it was. Meanwhile, be it known unto you that the ingenious Mr Shelley hath been expelled from the University on account of his atheistical pamphlet. Was ever such bad taste and barbarity known? He behaved like a hero; "he showed to Fortune's frowns a brow serene," and declared his intention of emigrating to America. I send his romance, which would have reached you sooner had not an impudent person cribbed it from my rooms. I also transmit Octavian, and a volume of poems written by a friend of mine. He is, poor fellow! in the last stage of a consumption; so the critics should be merciful, for he will never write better, nor worse (which is of more consequence to brother authors), and a deathbed repentance of such literary crimes is as bitter as it is useless. Doubtless, after this cargo of Oxford goods, your Lordship will exclaim, Enough, enough—no more of it, *de grâce!* I am not wise in sending you such a dose at once, for I fear that our poetical fervours will prove little better than camomile, only not so wholesome, and that you will never more endure the sight of such another *bouquet*. I transmit my treasures of Parnassus by the coach, but this shall move per post, as I am ever dubious concerning the

delivery of small parcels in London; and though my books and my letters be of little consequence, yet I would fain not appear wanting in respect where so very much is due. I have finished your portrait and it is not like, so I have met the fate of all my painting predecessors. Yet to catch your Lordship's likeness would not be quite impossible, if this system of galvanism could be improved, and four painters of ancient times rendered as lively by it, as a pig's tail is at present. I would rouse from his dull repose, Titian, to paint your head; Sir Peter Lely, your neck; Vandyke, your hands; and Rubens for the draperies and background of the picture;—then, perchance, one might have something worth looking at;—as matters stand, I confess I am in utter despair.¹ Will you deign to read some Oxford gaiety? I was at a rout at the Deanery last night. The Deaneress, Mrs Hall, *ci-devant* Miss Byng, and sister to the P——e, a fine lady, in white satin, telling us the price of everything in her drawing-room, from the mantelpiece to her own dickey. We had tea and cards, and,—what, a Miss, whose name never reached me, called music. After a long silence, "But where are the sweet children?" cried a parson present: on which, after two tugs of the bell, the door flew open, and *voilà, toute la singerie!*—a thousand little things, with monstrous mouths, hopped in, like the Egyptian plague of frogs, and surrounded the poor dean, who resembled St Anthony in one of his Dutch temptations, squalling aloud for cake and tea, and I know not what. I was glad to escape, leaving the eldest boy amusing himself with tickling the noses of all the company in turns, with a handful of dirty hog-bristles, to the great delight of his mother, who esteems him a decided wit. *Apropos* of wits, Lady Westmoreland hath been at Lord Abingdon's, near this town, astonishing the weak minds of sundry poor youths with her vivacities. She talked to a friend of mine of

¹ The remaining portion of the letter is most probably Lady Charlotte's own.

—'s account of the plague at Athens, which scared him sadly ; he told me that he swore it was d——d fine, though he had never read a word of it : and she played on a Spanish guitar, sitting on a cushion in the lobby by the light of the lamps, to the admiration of sundry bores, who read Sir Charles Grandison, and think a mad countess a fine thing. For my part, I have been told that she is really not clever, and I never could admire her looks—she hath such a huge nose that she resembles a hussar's sabre with the pouch and straps ; she's principally nose, and all the rest of her seems to belong to it. But it is time for me to have done, there being scarcely any space on the paper left for the name of your Lordship's faithful servant.

From the Same to the Same.

LONDON, *Wednesday.*

DEAR —,—Lady M. informs me that you desire I should write ; so I hasten to obey your commands, though the weather and my present mode of life are very far from propitious to pistolary exertion. Nothing but smothering heat, and parties that melt one into inanity. To go into the streets is to endure the fiery ordeal (which none of us here at present can well abide), and to venture into an evening assembly is to tumble into a kettle of boiling sprats. For my part, I have endured every culinary effect of fire mentioned by Hannah Glasse, and all the newer processes of steam besides. I am in the condition of that poor Princess in the Arabian Nights, who fought so fatally with the genius about the transformation of a monkey—(my concerns are full as apish), and I might most justly exclaim with Nourmahal,

“ I burn—I more than burn ; I'm all a fire ;
 See how my mouth and nostrils flames expire !”

Thank heaven, however, I am not in love ! That alone saves

me from utter conflagration; for indeed, dear ——, I cannot "join the multitude to do evil," in finding Lady Elizabeth B——m, and Miss Rumbold, and twenty more, so very, very charming. Perhaps my taste is bad, and these belles are fairer than the houris; but they do not strike me—a circumstance which can give *them* no concern, and is, on the whole, very lucky for the second son of a poor gentleman. And now, I wonder if you will care to hear about routs and such things. I shall talk a little on that subject at a venture; for you can burn this as soon as you please, or give it to your hound to mumble, if there happeneth to be no fire (as is most likely) in your chamber. But I am firmly resolved not to say one word about the disasters at Carlton House; though I saw one miserable person brought out upon a board, and many gentlewomen worse attired than Eve in her primitive simplicity. You must have heard all these horrors long ago; so I shall begin with Lady Mary L. Crawford's ball, most magnanimously given in the Argyll Street rooms to all her friends, or rather her enemies—as even, by her own account of the matter, she is at deadly feud with the whole world. I could admire nothing at the entertainment—not even herself. Fancy her attired in draperies of muslin, covered with gold spots the size of a sixpence! When she reclined under that frippery canvass bower at the end of the ball-room, she looked exactly like an ill-favoured picture of Danaë in the shower of gold. To crown the whole, S——, with rouge on his cheeks and ultramarine on his nose, handed her to supper! "Sure such a pair!"

I was one of the happy few at H——'s ball given in B——m House—a house I had been long anxious to see, as it is rendered classical by the pen of Pope and the pencil of Hogarth. It is in a woeful condition, and, as I hear, to be pulled down. The company was very *genteel* (I can't get a less vulgar word to express the sort of things)

and very dull; but all the ladies were vastly refreshed with an inscription chalked upon the floor, which each applied to herself. Within a wreath of laurel, like burdock, fastened with fifty crooked true-love knots, were the mysterious words "Pour elle." Indeed, my dear —, the words written on the wall, which we read of in the Bible, could not have produced a greater sensation. First, there was such a flocking to the centre of the room—such a whispering—such a "Dear, I should like to see it!"—"Pray, Lady Louisa, let me see it!"—"Goodness! whom can it mean?"—and then a triumphant retreat; smiles upon every lip, exultation in every eye. It was quite amusing afterwards to ask any lady who the "elle" could be; the downcast look of affected humility, then the little sigh of half-surfeited vanity, and then the stare of confident triumph, crowned with "How should I know?" were delightful. After all, the true *elle* is said to be Lady E. B——, for whom a friend of mine is at present very sick, and carving her name upon every tree he finds in the country. But I am not quite sure that she will be Lady H——, as I do not think that the swain looks much in love. We had much waltzing and quadrilling, the last of which is certainly very abominable. I am not prude enough to be offended with waltzing, in which I can see no other harm than that it disorders the stomach, and sometimes makes people look very ridiculous; but after all, moralists, with the Duchess of G—— at their head, who never had a moral in her life, exclaim dreadfully against it. Nay, I am told that these magical wheelings have already roused poor Lord Dartmouth from his grave to suppress them. Alas! after all, people set about it as gravely as a company of dervises, and seem to be paying adoration to Pluto rather than to Cupid. But the quadrilles I can by no means endure; for till ladies and gentlemen have joints at their ancles, which is impossible, it is worse than impudent to make such exhibitions, more particularly in a place where

there are public ballets every Tuesday and Saturday. When people dance to be looked at, they surely should dance to perfection. Even the Duchess of Bedford, who is the Angiolini of the group, would make an indifferent *figurante* at the Opera; and the principal male dancer, Mr North, reminds one of a gibbeted malefactor, moved to and fro by the winds, but from no personal exertion. Since I had the honour of seeing you last, I have been introduced to the Princess of Wales, and have dined several times at Kensington. Her Royal Highness has been very good to me, which I in a great measure attribute to the favourable manner in which you had mentioned me to her. One night we went through all the upper rooms in the palace, to examine the pictures, and many seemed excellent in their way; but one can see little by candle-light; and there was a sad want of names, which takes away all the pleasure of portraits. The Scotch picture, as an altar-piece, is very curious; though from the style of painting, I guess that it must have been done a long while after the death of the persons represented.

Since I have been in London I have read nothing save Miss Seward's letters and Miss Owenson's *Missionary*. Of Miss Seward I am bound to speak well, as she doth so of me; and her monodies are beautiful; but the letters are naught; they abound in false sentiment, and a great many other false things. As to the *Missionary*, Ambrosio is his father and Matilde his mother; but, wanting the indelicacy of papa, and the delicacy of mamma, he's a dull fellow. I could think of nothing but poor Margaret Stewart of Blantyre, and her Presbyterian minister, while I read this book. Miss Luxina brought her hogs to a bad market, for Hilarion was little better than a beast. Walter Scott's last poem I have also seen, but so hastily that I can be no competent judge of its merits. Talking of works, allow me to recommend to you Ford's *Plays*, lately republished. Some of them are excellent; the first in the series (which hath an awkward

name, I must confess), and the 'Broken Heart,' are particularly admirable. I am sure that you will be struck with them; for Ford is almost as moving as Otway or Lee, who is the mad poet I adore, yet I can persuade nobody to read him. The History of the Somerville family, which I have seen in MS., is soon to be printed, and that of Sutherland is to be out shortly. So much for books—saving that Sir John Murray hath found the whole correspondence of the Earl of Chesterfield, who flourished in King Charles the Second's time, in Bath House, containing most curious letters of the Duchess of Cleveland, Lady Southesk, and many other personages, whom Count Hamilton has rendered so interesting. I shall try to get Sir John to publish them, for such things should not run the risk of fire, not to mention rats and mice. There is a sort of memoir of Lord Chesterfield at the beginning of the volume, in which he says that his second wife died of the spotted fever or plague; but, in fact, he is said to have poisoned her in the wine of the Sacrament, to be revenged for her gallantries, which were notorious—that old villain, Sir John Denham, having shown him the way, by getting rid of his wife after a fashion nearly similar. I have written so much that I can find no room for Mrs Dawson's masquerade, where it was said that the only good mask was Mr Fitzharding in the character of Lord Berkeley; nor Deerhurst's marriage, nor Lady O——'s adventure with that rogue her brother;—but if you will signify to me that a second gazette extraordinary will be acceptable, I shall be greatly flattered. Meanwhile I remain, dear ——, your faithful servant.

From the Same to the Same.

LONDON, *Sunday* — 1811.

DEAR ——,—You flatter me greatly by desiring a second number of the gazette extraordinary, which I hasten to

transmit, albeit the adventures of Lady O—— and her brother are now what is termed in Scotland, Piper's news. But before I touch seriously upon that legend, you must permit me to disclaim all title to the knowledge of a certain art, the first rudiments of which may be gathered from the 'Academy of Compliments' and 'Walton's Complete Angler'; indeed, my dear ——, I never was accused of such a thing before; nay, I have been told by many persons that I am too innocent of the sin, and that my fortunes in life are impeded thereby; and I verily do believe it. In your especial case, however, it is scarcely possible to commit this crime, except one were to give you wings at once, and—but I shall say no more on that subject for fear of fresh accusations; and return discreetly to my news, ancient and modern, according to the tenor of the permission through which I have the honour of corresponding with you. Lady O——, poor Lady O——! knows the rules of prudence, I fear me, as imperfectly as she doth those of the Greek and Latin grammars; for she hath let her brother, who is a sad swine, become master of her secrets, and then contrived to quarrel with him. You would see the outline of the melange in the newspapers, but not the report that Mr S—— is about to publish a pamphlet as an addition to the Harleian Tracts, setting forth the amatory adventures of his sister. We shall break our necks in haste to buy it, of course crying "shameful" all the while; and it is said that Lady O—— is to be cut, which I cannot entirely believe. Let her tell two or three old women about town that they are young and handsome, and give some well-timed parties, and she may still keep the society which she hath been used to. The times are not so hard as they once were, when a woman could not construe Magna Charta with anything like impunity. People were full as gallant many years ago, but the days are gone by wherein my Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England was wont to go a-lovemaking

to Mrs Fleetwood with the Bible under his arm. And so Miss Jacky Gordon is really clothed with a husband at last, and Miss Laura Manners left without a mate! She and Lord Stair should marry and have children in mere revenge. As to Miss Gordon, she's a Venus well suited to such a Vulcan, whom nothing but money and a title could have rendered tolerable, even to a kitchen-wench. It is said that the matrimonial correspondence between this couple is to be published—full of sad and scandalous relations, of which you may be sure scarcely one word is true. In former times the Duchess of St A——'s made use of these elegant epistles in order to intimidate Lady Johnstone; but that ruse would not avail, so in spite they are to be printed. What a cargo of amiable creatures! Yet will some people scarcely believe in the existence of Pandemonium!

Tuesday morning.—You are perfectly right respecting the hot rooms here, which we all cry out against, and all find very comfortable—much more so than the cold sands and bleak neighbourhood of the sea—which looks vastly well in one of Vander Velde's pictures hung upon crimson damask, but hideous and shocking in reality. H—— and his Elle (talking of parties) were last night at Cholmondeley House, but seem not to ripen in their love. He is certainly good-humoured, and, I believe, good-hearted, so deserves a good wife; but his *cara* seems a genuine London miss, made up of many affectations. Will she form a comfortable help-mate? For me, I like not her origin, and deem many strange things to run in blood, besides madness and the Hanoverian evil.¹

Thursday.—I verily do believe that I never shall get to the end of this small sheet of paper, so many unheard-of interruptions have I had; and now I have been to Vaux-

¹ The foregoing portion of this letter, as well as much of the remainder, has evidently been subjected to much alteration at the hands of Lady Charlotte.

hall and caught the toothache. I was of Lady E. B——m and H——'s party,—very dull; the lady giving us all a supper after our promenade—

“Much ado was there, God wot;
She would love, but he would not.”

He ate a great deal of ice, though he did not seem to require it; and she “*faisoit les yeux doux*,” enough not only to have melted all the ice which he swallowed, but his own hard heart into the bargain. The thing will not do. In the meantime Miss Long hath become quite cruel to Wellesley Pole, and divides her favour equally between Lords Killeen and Kilworth, two as simple Irishmen as ever gave birth to a bull. I wish to Hymen that she were fairly married, for all this pother gives one a disgusting picture of human nature. Avarice in children is shocking—yet the united schools of Eton and Westminster are gaping after this girl, as if she were fairer than a myriad of Venuses. *Apropos*, I have discovered a Venus—a Mrs Owen; she is beautiful, but she looks vulgar, and is horridly affected. I think that the Adonis of this year is Grammont. He is handsomer than anybody, and I know three fat ladies who are expiring through the love they bear him. Lady Barbara Ashley is to marry him, it is said. And now admire, my dear ——, the strange change of opinion which takes place in families! Here is a person descended from a precise Puritan, and the trumper-up of the Popish plot, herself a Papist, and about to marry one. The Count descends prodigiously to wed such an ill-born mushroom; but she has money and he hath not. Here is another change; but he has much more excuse for what he does than Miss Long's pack of truffle-hunters. When Miss Porter's ‘Don Sebastian’ came out, I expected to find the Margravine, Keppel Craven (with whom the fair authoress was in love), and many of my other friends there; in place of which I found nothing but such heroes

and heroines as might have been fashionable and common formerly, but who are wonderfully out of date and rare now; so that circumstances gave me a disgust to the book. As to my own romance, which you have done me the honour of accepting, I feel such prodigious qualms about its publication, that I scarcely think it will ever see the light. When it is quite finished you shall have it in your power as to a perusal. The subject is certainly good, though my hero was a sad fool, and my heroine (Lady H. W[entworth]) little better than a baggage; but I have not done it justice, and people persuade me that these melanges of truth and fiction are pernicious, or at least worthless. On the score of *impropriety* you will find nothing offensive; and the moral of the Duke of M[onmouth]'s life is excellent, for his errors, poor soul! were venial, and his punishment most exemplary. Lady H[arriet] never held up her head after the intelligence of his death reached her; and his Duchess, who was a very unfeeling woman, that breakfasted on cold haggiss, married Lord C[ornwallis], and concluded her career very comfortably. And here it is time that I should conclude mine for the present, as far as writing goes; so, with ten thousand thanks for your letter, which I dare not call amusing, lest you should say I flatter, and living in hopes of being honoured with hearing from you again, I am, dear —, your faithful servant.

From the Same to the Same.

What you have the goodness to ask as a favour, my dear —, I need not say I look upon as an honour; and I have finished two daubs, which I shall take the earliest private opportunity of sending to you. The one is Queen Elizabeth dancing, the other Louis XIV. and the Duchesse de la Vallière. Whichever of these unworthy performances you deem best, pray retain for yourself; for though the Princess Charlotte is

certainly a great personage, and a budding queen, and one may give oneself great airs on having done a drawing for her, yet I am a Jacobite and a Scotchman ;—so I would rather have the best of my poor efforts in the possession of yourself, than in that of the Princess Charlotte of Wales. Ever since I have possessed eyes and ears, I have known how to appreciate the honours done me by the former. Things have gone on rather stupidly, I think, since you left Edinburgh. There have been some parties, where people pretended to waltz and imagined they were singing. Indeed, not to be above one's trade, with some exceptions, this city containeth few pretty, well-dressed women, and a number of Anthropophagi, and men whose heads

“ Do grow beneath their shoulders.”

I had the honour of being at Lady C——'s one evening lately, and saw some French country-dances. I wish that you and Miss C—— had seen them also : there was every step of a dancing duck, and the line of beauty formed the wrong way. Pray tell Miss C—— that the principal Vestris was her humble admirer Charles C——, figuring with a new French (I presume) head, his hair being peaked up like Corporal Trim's Montero cap, or some of the foretops in Captain Cook's Voyages. With this head-gear, and holding his legs like a frog swimming, he was enough to kill one with laughing ; and he never could have his fill of it—for when any poor Miss fell piping hot upon her chair, out of the ring, he always handed her up again, with a kick-out of his heels that beggars all description.

I saw Dr A. R—— there, in very good health, but still busy with the measles children in George's Square. His brother, an officer in the 92d, is a very descendant of Adonis, and all the pelisses in Princes Street are in love with him. However, 'tis said he confines himself entirely to Miss G——, a lady rich in money and a hump, to which I fear Adolphus

will never find a discussing plaster—for it appears to be a mighty obstinate tumour. She does not care so very much for good looks—but she is extremely fond of laurels, and R—— was at * * * : so she will wear his garlands upon her shoulders * * * ; while he will find her money a much more comfortable and substantial thing than a night-cap of green leaves.

I saw Mr C—— here the other day. He is, I think, grown fat, and has always more light in his face than anybody ; but I wish he were away from this odious town—I mean odious with respect to young men of fortune, and indeed to young men of any sort : for I am old-fashioned, I confess, in many points, and deem this place a very poison to the youthful soul. In London, young lads are dissipated enough, and thoughtless ; but I never found them set up, as they universally do here, for atheistic professors of everything foolish and impious. David Hume has left that legacy to his unfortunate countrymen. His ill-grounded reputation dazzles our College and our Bar ; and I actually believe that there is not one Christian, I had almost said Theist, on the benches of our lecture-rooms, or on the boards of our Parliament House.

Apropos, our *ladies* are greatly shocked with the free use of Scriptural phrases in the * * * , and very angry with the author on that account. For my part, as I have read a great many of the old Presbyterian sermons, I do not see those passages in so atrocious a light ; for they are nothing to the wonderful things one meets with in the effusions of Peden and Cargill, whose favourite Scriptural book appears to have been the Song of Solomon—which Song, by the way, I lately found in MS. in the Advocates' Library, translated into rhyme by Mistress Barbara Macky, and humbly dedicated to that most noble lady the Countess of Caithness, daughter to that thrice worthy marquess, my Lord Marquess of Argyll. And a conscientious translator Mistress Barbara was, for she leaves not out one word of her original ; but her fidelity is

superior to her metre by many degrees. The Countess to whom she dedicates was twice married; first to Lord Caithness, and then to Lord Breadalbane. Her picture, extremely pretty, is at Holyrood House.

Talking of pictures, poor B. H. has got such a cold (I suppose by sitting to T—— as Venus) that she coughs the Castle rocks into ten thousand echoes, and rouses the 92d there every five minutes with the trumpet of her nose. I never saw her in so sad a condition. Not so Lady C——, who is going to marry Mr B——s forthwith, and seems very comfortable on the prospect. However, she will not have the satisfaction of carrying on the S—— family; for it appears that Mr B—— hath a son—an unlicked lad; and I was told that, the other evening, B——'s old nurse (who always lives with him) and his landlady, looking out of the back windows by moonlight, beheld master salute the housemaid as they met in the cabbage-garden; on which the two indignant Lucretias sallied down-stairs, and fell each upon her own property, with blows as well as words—and a dreadful scene there was! Nothing like the uproar hath been heard thereabouts since the murder of David Rizzio. They had all been very nearly seized by the police. What became of the nymph I know not; but Master B—— is transmitted to the birch of the minister at Aberlady, there to mortify in sackcloth and sea-coal ashes. If I did not know your goodness, dear ——, I should beg ten thousand pardons for all this stuff; but as it is, offering my very best wishes and respect, I rest your ever obliged, &c.¹

¹ Considerable intervals must have elapsed between these letters; but as Lady Charlotte Campbell does not assign dates except to the first two, I have thought it convenient to group them together.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to the MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

1811.

I think that nothing very remarkable hath happened in this part of the world since your ladyship left it, saving the arrival of 200 French prisoners at Dumfries, which is thought to be one of the portents of the comet, and cast the Presbytery into such a consternation, that they drew up an advertisement for the Dumfries newspapers, stating that no marriages with these ogres and bluebeards were valid. I know not whether the maturer inhabitants of Dumfries viewed the prisoners with smiles; but the junior citizens, with that urbanity peculiar to provincial towns, paid them wonderful attention from the very beginning, testifying the warmth of their feelings by incessant shouts, and a liberal contribution of all they had to bestow, their own original and prototype—namely, huge handfuls of dirt; but my Lord Provost, anxiously alive to the town's reputation for loyalty, as well as to the decreasing glories of his own dunghill, very judiciously sent his herald through the city, who, by beat of drum put an end to such unseasonable hospitality.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Mrs BALFOUR.

MY DEAR MADAM,—In case I should not find you at home when I swim to Heriot Row to-day, I impudently write this to beg that you will permit me to bring to your party Mr Shelley—who is a son of Sir Timothy Shelley—and his friend Mr Hutchinson. They are both very gentlemanly persons, and dance quadrilles eternally.¹ I will make no apologies for

¹ The guarded language of this letter of introduction is worthy of note. Mr Sharpe's real opinion of Shelley is elsewhere very forcibly expressed.

this intrusion, but rely upon your good-nature for an excuse ;
and so I rest, dear Madam, your ever faithful servant,

CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

93 PRINCES ST., *Saturday*.

Earl GOWER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

TRENTHAM, *Novr. 4, 1811.*

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I have not yet thanked you for the notices for 'Wood's Douglas's Peerage,' which Lady Stafford forwarded to him, and which we think he will be very glad to receive ; and now I have to thank you for your last letter of the 31st Oct. with the portrait of Esme, Duke of Lenox, for which I really cannot thank you so much as I should wish, or tell you how very much I like it. I think it impossible to have little portraits of interesting persons done in a more agreeable manner. I like it much too well to refuse the portrait you are so good as to offer me of the Lady Marie.¹ If she be proportionally handsome, I shall like her still better than the Duke, whose beauty I admire very much. I think you must have had the beau Tircis in your head at the time of copying it, as I see a great resemblance in feature. Pray tell me, is the original at Hoddam, or where ?

Do you know, I do not much like trusting such drawings to the Post, as the Duke has been near suffering from the letter having been a little worn thro', as if it had had a piece of packthread tied too tight round it, but not so as to have suffered essentially.

Mr Clifford, the proprietor and editor of Sir Ralph Sadlers's papers, has let his house of Tixall in this county to Lord

¹ Lady Mary Stewart, second daughter of Esme, Duke of Lennox ; wife of John, second Earl of Mar. For an etched portrait of this lady, who was an ancestress of Kirkpatrick Sharpe, see 'Etchings by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe,' Plate ii.

Granville,¹ and very strangely has left a great many curious books and papers about, and among others Sir Ralph Sadlers's original papers. Yesterday I amused myself with taking a facsimile of one of old Queen Elizabeth's signatures, and your loving Sovereign, in her own hand. There is no curiosity in it, as several facsimiles of her handwriting have been published, and some in the very book of Sir Ralph Sadler's. However, such as it is, I send it you for want of anything better. You may depend on its accuracy, as I put out my eyes in tracing it thro' the paper. If it had been to Leicester, I should perhaps not have resisted a temptation I felt to tear out the page, which would, 10 to 1, never have been missed; but perhaps you might not have cared for it. I could not find any of Queen Marie's, at least not Marie Stuart. Of Marie of Guise there were several, which are given in the book. I was much amused with the account of the Hamilton Palace ball, and the idea of Lady Primrose. *Apropos* of family pride, which your letter has a tendency to encourage, did you ever hear of the Grants thinking that there was a misprint in some part of Genesis or Exodus where it says, "And there were giants in those days," and of their altering it to what they supposed must be the right reading, "And there were Grants in those days"?

When this is well told it makes a very good story—perhaps an old one.—Yours very truly,
G.

COUNT DE GRAMONT to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

Nov. 12.

A thousand thanks, my dear Sharpe, for your kind inquiries. After such an account as the newspapers gave of

¹ Lord Granville Leveson Gower, youngest son of first Marquis of Stafford, created Viscount Granville 1815, and Earl Granville 1833; uncle of Earl Gower.

my fall, you must have thought me dead, and of the most ignominious death for a hussar. It was not from a horse that I was thrown, but from one of those confounded tilburies. All my limbs, except the most precious, had their share of bruises and fracture. Little Fatty was here at the time, and I again lost the opportunity of fulfilling my promise to you. She often came to see me: every time I repented to have hazarded myself behind a kicking horse. How her eyes spoke! They seemed to be swimming in delicious ideas. I was ready to afford her civil entertainment; but whether for my sake, or whether she thought I was not in proper condition, *j'ai manqué mon coup*. *Mais reculer pour mieux sauter*, damned the trumpets; they blow their guts out to let me know I ought to be on parade, so I must dress for the purpose of getting over, and must give up the pleasure of conversing with you.—Portez-vous bien, soyez heureux,

GRAMONT.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE TO WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

HODDAM CASTLE, 25th Nov. 1811.

MY DEAR SCOTT,—A number of reasons, most touching in themselves, but tedious to relate, like the woes of many a Miss Montreville in a novel, have prevented me from sooner transmitting to you my grandsire's sage advices, and (which is of more import to me) my thanks for your late kind epistle. In this cold season of Solway Firth showers, and winds from every point of the compass, such a letter as your last is doubly comfortable. It hath done my toothache a great deal of good, and almost dispelled the main body of my rheumatism which hath lately quartered itself in every habitable part of my frame; but grieved am I not to have it in my power to make you a better return than by this [¹]

¹ Letter torn under the seal.

discourse of Lord Eglintoune's, which, on transcription, I find abominable. In my infancy I was taught to admire it, and I have taken its merits for granted ever since,—don't, however, believe, had it been ten times better than it is—an original from King Solomon himself to his son by the Queen of Sheba, who was, if I remember right, sovereign of the *genii*—it should not have been at your service. To this admonition, which, in addition to its other demerits, is not yet quite old enough to be curious, I have subjoined a couple of *billet-doux* which passed between my grandfather's aunt and her spouse previous to their marriage; they may, perhaps, amuse you. Lord Loudon discharging upon mine *hostess* in the manner of Antient Pistol, while the Lady takes such a length of time to respond, and then is so exceedingly laconic, that she furnishes an admirable example of the amatory ladies of the Owensonian school, who return flash for flash like the D. of Bucks's Lightning, and powder their red-haired sentiments to an amazing length and thickness.

Apropos, did I ever tell you that I at last obtained copies of *La Belle Stewart's* letters to Lord Blantyre? There is not a word concerning Leyden in the whole mass, which, I mean the mass, proves her to have been a much more sensible woman than Hamilton pretends, a *small lucky* looking well after her money matters, and entertaining as great a contempt for Lord Blantyre's understanding as Count Anthony did for her own. She complains sadly of the spleen, and mentions the recent death of her old lover, King Charles, with all the indifference imaginable.

You are very good, dear Scott, to express yourself so kindly respecting our meeting, which I much fear cannot soon take place. Meanwhile, I wish all success to the Trentham oaks. May no rapacious pig or wily crow invade the buried acorns; may no spiteful arcolous or crabbed Duessa revenge the cause of magic in your poems, by blighting the tender shoots; may the trees spring up as fair as the noble donor,

and as durable as their possessor's fame; and may you survive to sit under their spreading shade, as happy as the old man of Verona, without his stupidity, instructing your delicious muse to weave crowns from their branches for the brows of our Caledonian worthies!

I am quite happy that I have found favour in the eyes of Lady Dalkeith, who is a most charming person. We shall read again, by-and-bye, of "the witchcraft of the Lady Buckleugh," tho' not *apropos* of loose queens, and the blowing up of sick princes into the air. Don't you think that Lady Dalkeith is exactly what every woman of her station ought to be? She is sensible, and not dull; sweet, without insipidity. Of all nauseous things on earth, beetroot without vinegar is the most abominable.

When I was last in London, I met with a great friend of yours there, Lady Hood,¹ and we became very well acquainted—more from a congeniality of sentiment concerning your good worship, than owing to other circumstances. She is a very singular personage, with a sort of head like a pigeon-house: in this hole, a couple of eggs ready for hatching—in that, a dove; here, some dung and a rotten egg—there, a cat that whips out upon you unawares, and makes you start with its long tail. The last time I had the pleasure of seeing her she told me that she was going to Jamaica with Sir Samuel, which I was very sorry to hear, because she had really been civil to me, and is an excellent person to meet with at routs and suppers in town.

You flatter me very much by desiring me to contribute to

¹ Mary Elizabeth Frederica, eldest daughter of Frances Humberston Mackenzie, Lord Seaforth, in the peerage of Great Britain, married 6th Nov. 1804, to Vice-Admiral Sir Samuel Hood; and secondly, to James Alexander Stewart, afterwards Stewart Mackenzie. It was to Lady Hood that Sir Walter Scott, on her father's death, addressed the well-known lines, "Farewell to Kintail."

the 'Register'; but my fun, however your kind partiality may regard it, will scarcely stand the press, and till I have got a better set of nerves (which I think I shall never do but in my coffin), I must shrink from those "tirrets and frights" which the rejections of editors and the roughness of reviewers unavoidably occasion to a mind of my very confined and cowardly calibre.

Talking of a coffin brings poor Grahame¹ into my head. There is a very pretty poet and a good sincere man gone. How I grieve that I once in your classical mansion shocked his Presbyterian spirit with praises of Lord Dundee and the other persecutors of the primitive Whigs. He thought me in a state of utter reprobation. What you say of Miss Seward is extremely amusing and just, I should think; some of her criticisms appear very good. She furnishes some admirable irons for smoothing the rumpled ruffles of the Muses. But all the world is flouting at her about this poor Mr Saville, this simple singing-man of Lichfield, who studied botany, and fell into the *hysterica passio* on the death of her favourite lap-dog. For my part, I hold that the connection was harmless; and if it was really closer than the laws of chastity in strictness warrant, still poetesses and queens are in some sort privileged persons—from Sappho to Aphra Behn, from Semiramis to Katherine of Russia, a *cicibio* hath been the mode. On the Lyre and on the Crown Love perches "free as air."

Before I have done, permit me to ask you two questions—did you ever meet with a novel called the 'Perplexed Prince,' which, I am told, contains a full account of the amours of Charles the Second and Lucy Waters, the D. of Monmouth's mother? secondly, did you ever fall in with an older poem than that of Ramsay on Bessie Bell and Mary Gray, which concludes with this stanza:—

¹ Grahame, the author of the "Sabbath," and other poems.

“ They thought to lie in Methven kirk-yard
 Among their royal kin,
 But they maun lie in Stronach Haugh
 To beik forenent the sin ” ?

My dear Scott, pray answer me these questions when perfectly convenient, and believe me, meanwhile, most faithfully and ever yours,

CHS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

WALTER SCOTT, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—Though I am very cross with you for not coming to Edinburgh, I hasten to thank you for your kind communications to my favourite ‘ Register,’¹ and to requite you by a response to your two queries. Listen, then, to the Brazen Head.

I have the ‘ Perplexed Prince.’ It is a small 12mo, printed for R. Allan, London, without printer’s name or date of publication, dedicated to Lord Russell—though, as the author acknowledges, without permission or acquaintance to justify the inscription. It is a stupid, bold attempt to throw the history of Charles’s amour with Lucy Waters (Dame *Lucilious*, as the pamphleteer calls her) into a novel. Nothing like private history or even delectable scandal can be gleaned out of it except that Charles made his first addresses at the Court of *Denesia*, in a garden where the lady was plucking (not a rose, but) a carnation. It avers stoutly that the king, by the advice of his brother (who had his own ambitious ends to serve), married Madam Lucilious, very probably without any other witness than the said brother and the priest. The book itself shall attend you if you will point out a safe *quomodo*; for I think it rather curious, though main stupid. I have also the ‘ Fugitive Statesman’ in requital for the ‘ Perplexed Prince’—a sort of Tory Rowland for the

¹ Edinburgh Annual Register.

Whig Oliver, which turns on the expatriation of Shaftesbury. Moreover, I possess a Grub Street of the same size and period, 'The Life and Heroic Action of James Duke of Monmouth,' which really contains some articles of minute information concerning that unfortunate tool of a Protestant Duke. Now if these can assist or entertain you, you shall have them for any length of time you please, provide you will engage not to revive the legend of the 'Black Box,' or to prove his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry lawful heir to these realms. It would grieve me to the heart to lose the privilege of Lady Dalkeith's squire and minstrel, and of cuddling her little boys. I do not think the matter would be softened by the promotion of my little namesake to be Prince Walter of Wales, or the prospect of being hanged for Border fealty to my chief, which our rigid laws might term high treason—in which case, as Shakespeare's clown says, I should have brought up a neck to a fair end. So e'en let the House of Hanover keep what they have got.

As to your second query, Mr Irving, a second son of the Drum family, and an artist by profession, produced in the Exhibition at Edinburgh this year a view of the graves of Bessie Bell and Mary Gray in the dell of Lednoch, and added the fragment of the ballad to the description in the catalogue. I asked him about it, and he assured me of its authenticity, but said he could recover no more of it. It is evident the first verse of Allan Ramsay's song belonged to the old ballad, for the "bower theeked with rushes" has no connection with the stuff he has subjoined to it about Jove and Pallas. You will find the story of the unfortunate damsels (though I daresay you have heard it often) in the Statistical Account. I have no doubt the concluding lines are genuine. On looking at last spring catalogue, I do not find the lines; they must have been in that for 1810. I think it was *Lednoch* Haugh, not *Stronach*, as you write.

Poor Graham is indeed one good man lost to the best of

possible worlds. Indeed he had conscience and modesty enough for a whole General Assembly or Convocation. Yet his principles and prejudices and feelings made an odd jumble. He was an admirer of Queen Mary, and somewhat a Jacobite, yet a keen Whig in modern politicks; a Church of England clergyman from choice and conviction, yet an advocate for Dissenters and Cameronians; a Graham, and yet a murmurer against Montrose and Dundee. As for your amicable debate, there was nothing that I remember to regret about it, especially as I am convinced poor Graham was quite delighted with you. I daresay when he went to Arthur's bosom he was surprized, at tuning his lute, to be attended with a grand trumpet accompaniment from the noble leaders of his name, to whom in his earthly blindness he had assigned another mansion. Adieu, my dear Sharpe.—Yours ever,

W. S.

EDINBURGH, 4 Dec.

Pray what is become of the family History? I have got a droll one of the Somervilles written about 1667, which I think of publishing.

I have filled up my sheet without a word of my Patagonian baby, Lady Hood, whom I like very much for all your raillery, or of Miss Seward. As for the scandal between the latter and the Vicar Saville, she herself told a female friend, who told me, there was not a word of truth in it,—and I believe her; for she added candidly, she did not know what might have happened if Saville had not been more afraid of the devil than she was!

Earl GOWER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

TRENTHAM, Decr. 4, 1811.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I am happy to be able to announce to you the safe arrival of the Lady Marie, who, with her father,

will be great ornaments to my copy of the Sutherland History, which I intend to adorn and illustrate very handsomely. She has a very French-looking face, which, independent of her father's resemblance to Tircis, she has a good right to, I find, from her mother, who was a Frenchwoman.¹ The book must, I should think, soon come out, tho' we have not heard from Constable for some time.

We are still here, and Lord Stafford does not intend to go to town till the New Year. I am not sure yet whether I shall remain so long. I am very sorry to hear such dismal accounts of rheumatism, &c.; the flannel and arm-chair and fireside sounds more comfortable. I am very much entertained with Voltaire and Frederic's correspondence, which, when one gets over a little disgust at the extreme flattery with which Voltaire bedaubs him, is extremely interesting—as Voltaire's works all are. I should have no objection to have rheumatism with a good fireside—and no sensation of necessity of taking exercise—with a good edition of Voltaire, of whom one can never tire,—at least in the way I read him, which is taking the liberty of passing over all the metaphysics, of which I soon tire.

Decr. 6, 1811.

I had written so far the other day, when somebody or something interrupted me; and perhaps it would have been as well if I were not to continue it. However, dull as it may be, it shall be now continued, *et qui plus est* in same style of dullness. I have in store for you, as my *étrennes* for the New Year, a sixpennyworth of etchings, which are curious as the production of the porter at Cleveland H.—copies of pictures in the gallery, with which he has amused himself during the summer. You won't admire or care much for the etchings; but find another porter who can do better, and you shall have them from me instead.

¹ Catherine de Balzac.

I am amusing myself with studying a little botany; but as I think it one of the worst sorts of pedantry, and as common as any other, I mean to keep it quite to myself.

I am not sufficiently versed in Ovid to pretend to give an appropriate motto for the sonnet of the rival goddesses. If I were to say for them to Tircis—

“Arbiter es formæ; certamina siste Dearum,
Vincere quæ formâ digna sit una duas,”

you would probably think it flat, and I am sure he would not understand it. I believe you had better have pure English, or perhaps rather French—

“Nous vous avouons toutes, sans en faire la fine
Que nous vous trouvons beau, bien fait, de bonne mine,
Un trop friand morceau, pour cette chienne de Proserpine.”

I shall hope to hear from you soon again. Continue to direct to this place.—Y^{rs}. very truly, G.

If I were at Hoddam, I should talk to your brother on farming as long as he chose—as, in addition to my farm in Sutherland, I am now going to have one in Shropshire, for the management of which I have engaged a Scotch bailif.

Lady Stafford desires me to give her compliments to you, and to say that she admires your drawings extremely.

Earl GOWER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

TRENTHAM, Decr. 18th, 1811.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I begin to fear that the rheumatism has taken possession of your right arm, wrist, and hand, which would be the devil and all, as the vulgar would say. I would compound with it by giving up the shoulder, but no farther on any account. People in this part of the world think and talk of nothing but the murders and robberies that now take place

everywhere in town and country. In this neighbourhood we have had a farmer robbed a mile and half from home, on one side; and on the other, at about the same distance, a butcher robb'd and almost butchered into the bargain. And last night, not content with the horrid transactions going on abroad, death took hold of a man in the park *par le derrière*—not in the way she did Louis 14th, but in a more unusual manner. The poor man was returning home across the park, at about 8 o'clock, and it would seem *qu'il avoit le ventre un peu trop chargé*, and perhaps the head too, with ale.

We shall leave this place at the end of this month. I shall make a short visit on the road, and be in town before the meeting of Parliament. People are dying to know what the Prince will do when the restrictions are taken off. Lady Stafford has just begun reading Anthony à Wood, which we say you have at your fingers' ends. Don't you think you could entertain yourself with composing a continuation of his work?

There is another work I wish somebody would undertake, which you would think beneath you—that is, the completing and perfecting 'Koch's Tables généalogiques des Maisons Souveraines de l'Europe,' which is a most useful and excellent book, but unfinished.—As this will arrive at your apartment a very little before Xmas, I could wish that it were more entertaining, that it might not appear contradictory to wish you a merry Xmas. G.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

MY DEAR SCOTT,—Ten thousand thanks for your excellent letter, its kind offers, and most satisfactory communications.

Since I last had the pleasure of addressing you, my plans as to this earthly pilgrimage are so far changed that I now travel with my family into Edinburgh, a device which gives me infinite satisfaction from the prospect it holds forth of meet-

ing with you, else "to hear music the General doth not greatly care," and Gow is the only *irrational* amusement in Auld Reekie; moreover, I have now few acquaintances there, and these are ladies, who have become old maids in spite of themselves and me. "Here," according to the late Dean of Ch. Ch., with his cork'd wine, "here is a real calamity;" but I hope you will take pity upon me while I remain. "Good, my lord, be good to me," and suffer me to enjoy as much of your society as your numerous avocations will permit.

Your offers respecting the Monmouth pamphlets I will thankfully accept when in Edinburgh, tho' I have given up a plan I nourished for about a fortnight regarding memoirs of that unfortunate Adonis, with an appendix of poetry. However, I still think that anybody who can write very sweet English, with no morals, and a slight knowledge of leading facts, may make a pretty book of it. The Duke was a bad son, a bad husband, and an indifferent father, besides silly and led by the nose; but then that nose was beautiful, and the feature of a prince of numerous accomplishments—brave, sincere to his friend, constant to his mistress, and wretchedly unfortunate. Here is a real hero of a true romance; but my style will not "stalk on boards and barrel-heads to the sound of a crackt trumpet," so I can do no justice to the merits of the subject.

Ergo, there is no danger of rebellion; that black box of Pandora shall remain unopened, the Duke of Buccleugh uncrowned, and the clan of Scott unchanged; but were Lord Scott a prince to-morrow, I see not why that should preclude a poet's caresses. We have so many princes and so few poets, I have an idea that the very touch of a true poet is salubrious.

I have been reading Southey's *Curse* lately, and find it much more dreadful than that of *Ernulfus*, yet there are many beauties among much beastliness. To recover myself from the latter, I was compelled to take a dose of 'Marmion,' for you

“ Have ambulate on Parnax the mountain
Inspyrnt with Hermes frax his golden sphere,
And dulcely drunk of eloquence the fountain,
Quhen purifect with frost, and flowand cleir ;
But Southey cam in March or Febraeir,
There till ane pule, and drunk the Padok Rude,
That gave him rhyme in terms of sense denude,
And blabber things that wyse men hate to heir.”

The fragment of Bessie Bell and Mary Gray I shall try to complete when in Perthshire, whither I bend my steps from Edinburgh. I remember that Miss Anne Forbes—aunt to a beauty whom you may have met with at Dalkeith, Bess Robertson—once showed me a necklace which had pertained to Mary Gray, she said, who was an ancestress of her own, but she seemed to know nothing of any other song but that stuff of Ramsay's. Pennant, in his account of these nymphs, quotes 'Gabions of Perth,' a book which I never saw. He and the Stat.¹ do not agree as to dates. I should like to see Mr Irving's view of the Haugh, both on account of the scene represented, and the artist; for, as a cavalier, I have always entertained a great respect for that family of Drum, which I imagined to be extinct. It makes a great figure in Spalding,² and there is a letter from the Laird in Whitelock, which appears to me extremely well written.

I finished my family History long ago, and now look at the mass of writing as a catalogue of dull knights and forgotten ladies, with a degree of horror which no language can describe, as the produce of laborious idleness. The very sight of the book sickens me, and I am daily tempted to make my progenitors dree the fate of warlocks and witches by passing them through the fire to Moloch. The Somerville History I have seen, and must seriously beseech you to publish it, as it

¹ "Statistical Account."

² Commissary Clerk of Aberdeen, author of "The Troubles of Scotland," and eponym of the well-known Book Club.

is replete with entertainment,—full of lies, certes,—but the gossip of an old-wifish lord, which is excellent.

I recollect being struck with the hereditary love of cow-feeding, &c., exhibited in the Hist., a turn which got the name of Pudding Somerville to the race, and still shines (do not think here of a barn-door in moonshine, I beseech thee) in the present lord, who, as fame reports, knoweth passing well—

“The care of sheep, of oxen, and of kine,
And when to geld the lambs, and sheer the swine.”

Lady Stafford, you will know, is printing her family chronicle, some proof-sheets of which I saw in London, and they seemed amusing; but of all such things, I long most to behold put forth the diary of Lady Anne Clifford, though I am now beginning to despair. Lord Thanet has a copy, and Lord Essex; the Duke of Dorset none, which is wonderful enough. When that Duke came to Oxford I saved no expense in tea and toast to gain his good graces, in order that I might one day come at the MS. treasures of Knowle; and I have succeeded pretty well, this youth being a mighty amiable, modest person, though without one single grain of the Sackville in him. I have got promises which *may* be performed, especially as he is not now to marry that Tibbie Fowler, Miss Long, who would have broken his wind in a fortnight, and his heart in a month.

My heart hath almost failed in the perusal of Mrs Tighe's ‘Psyche.’ What is a buttered bun? I perceive that she was a Foxite, poor soul! and a true Irish woman. She makes veil rhyme to conceal—“Consale yourself, honey, my husband's coming”—in a minor poem; and tells us that when Psyche brought in her candle, the eyes of Love were shedding radiance on his form, so she might have seen him long before by his own light—a bull which may belong to Apuleius or the French poets, but still 'tis a conceit of all the Whigs and Edinburgh Reviewers in the world.

Poor Lady Hood! don't suppose, dear Scott, that I do not like her; but there is somewhat in her genius to make one laugh, she resembles nobody I ever met with; but I must at present spare you particulars, as I had a crucial incision made upon my head yesterday (no Pallas issued forth!) and I find that stooping pains me. The farming gentlemen of this quarter are all so busy with Fiorin grass (respecting which you will see some excellent epistles in the newspapers), and extol it so hugely that I entertain serious thoughts of sowing my ploughéd pericranium with this newly discovered species, Pantagruelion.

Trusting soon to have the pleasure, old-fashioned though it be, of wishing you many happy returns of the new year, I am, dear Scott, yours most faithfully,

CHS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

HODDAM CASTLE, 18th December 1811.

REV. KENNETH M. K. TARPLEY TO C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

WYCHWOOD PARK, Decr. 20th, 1811.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—When I look at the date of your last letter, I take great shame to myself for suffering so long a time to elapse without returning my thanks for it. But you are not unacquainted either with my dull, or my dilatory, qualities as a correspondent. It is well, however, that our mutual regard does not depend upon the frequency of our correspondence, for then we should long ago have been disciples in the school of Plato. I can with great truth say, that if thinking was writing, you would have no reason to complain of my silence—you would find me a very troublesome correspondent. I am not often idle, and have of late been engaged more than usual. But my labours are by no means about to terminate, for with *grief* do I tell you, that we have lost that pillar

of Ch. Chian greatness, that jolly fellow, that good sincere man, who never says one thing and means another,—in short, he who was the support of the mirth and good-humour of the agreeable meetings in the Common Room,—Webber. He is gone, and joy go with him, and I am to succeed to the *important office* of Censor next term. I by no means was anxious for this honor, but will explain to you my reasons for accepting when we meet. Webber is in great luck, for he is to be chaplain to the House of Commons,—a pretty specimen of what we are at Ch. Ch. I was much disappointed at your not coming to Oxford, but trust you will contrive it next term. All things go on much the same; the Dean gives good dinners, and Mrs Hall whines as before; Corne is as dictatorial, when awake, and Goodenough as pleasant as ever. I suppose you heard of the arrangement of the Classics, and of Dawson's success. Every one was deservedly indignant at the decision with respect to Bloomfield. You will hardly thank me for saying so much without mentioning Worcester. He is still flourishing at Brighton, and will flourish there. His *chère amie* is with him, but, I believe, rather more behind the curtain. I never hear from him, and seldom of him, for here it is a sore subject—and well it may be, for it is provoking to think that he is neglecting the best society to waste his sweetness on the desert air. His dear friends Lewis and Townshend walk'd about quite disconsolate without his cheery smiles. I hope he will come home before I return to Oxford on the 11th of Janry. I came to this place about ten days ago, and found her Grace¹ in all her glory, for she is surrounded by many young fellows, some of whom are admitted into the society of the "*exclusives*." She reigns without a rival, and is all *complaisance* and good-humour. The ass playing the lap-dog is an imperfect emblem of her folly. It is disgusting, as well as ridiculous, to see an old woman of forty, with a tribe of child-

¹ The Duchess of Beaufort—Charlotte Sophia, daughter of Granville, first Marquess of Stafford.

ren at her heels, affecting the airs and gaiety of a young girl of sixteen, and laying out for compliments and flattery. She warbles most nights, surrounded by Mr Montagu, W. Bathurst, and such people. We remove to Badminton on the 24th. I dare not ask you to write to me before I leave that place for Oxford, but hope you will let me hear from you on my return there, if you do not intend to favour us with your company shortly after the beginning of term.—Believe me,
yours truly,
KENNETH M. K. TARPLEY.

The MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

TRENTHAM, *Dec.* 21 (St Thomas's Day), 1811.

I was in hopes before this time, my dear M^r Sharpe, to have sent you the book which you have already done so much for in the portraits you have sent to Gower, and which will make the copy in which they are inserted truly valuable; but I imagine Constable delays sending it out till the new year, as I have not lately heard from him, and he promised it before this time. I shall direct him to send you a copy by the Carlisle coach, unless you w^d. have it left for you anywhere at Edin^r.

I cannot tell you how much I admire the D. of Lenox and his sister, the Ladie Mar. Charlotte is now copying them. I tried, but in vain, for the beauty of L^y. Mar's mouth is very difficult to be attained, as I made a portrait only resembling my old friend, L^y. Carnegie. I think this must be the Lady Mar of whom I have heard L^y. Alloa tell a curious story—that the Earl of Mar fell so violently in love with her in his old age, that, to save his life, James the 6th settled the marriage, and threw her literally at his head. From that L^y. Mar were descended a number of Erskines, among whom the Justice-Clerk was one. This subject being revived to my mind by your portrait, gives me a curiosity to know some-

thing more of the present Erskines of Mar, who I never happened to see, though L^d. Stafford is related to them by the Pierrpoints. I believe his great-aunt died out of her senses; in short, I wish you would give me some farther history respecting them. They ought to have large possessions, as the estate appears not to have been forfeited from Alloa still belonging to them, and they were a very great family formerly. Our book treats chiefly of the Lenox family and the Huntly, besides the domestick history, of which it treats elaborately; and one regrets that the Mackays take up so much of it, as the part relating to them is merely a set of skirmishes described minutely which have but little interest except to our clan and that of Y, which is their proper name, and which might amuse Monsieur D'O. (if there is now such a person), but few other strangers to the country. Does the E. of Mar's lodging at Stirling now belong to Mr Erskine? In short, I am at present quite *coiffée* with the Erskines, just as I was, after seeing Roslin some years ago, with the St Clairs, and particularly with a Lord Murkle,¹ who the woman who showed the chapel named with a particular emphasis; and after many inquiries, I was brought out of my romantick search after him by being told he was merely an old L^d. of Session who had been buried there forty years ago, so the romance I had built upon him vanished when I found he was no longer a chief "couch'd in his iron pannel," but that he was buried in a large wig.

I think there is much interest and amusement in those old histories, and differ from Voltaire, who says: "Les vieilles histoires ébranlissent l'ésprit et le rend banal et pesant." On the contrary, they appear to me much better than the present uninteresting jog-trot that is going on, and have gained rather than lost in point of interest by the sort of uncertainty and mystery that must hang about them. Perhaps you may think that in the present great and important times there

¹ Hon. John Sinclair; died 1733.

appears to be also a good deal of these two qualities to excite our observation, and draw our attention to them; and if that is the case, I hope you will “leave the old illustrious dead” to take care of themselves, and come to London this winter. L^d. Ossulston¹ was here soon after our search after L^f. Henrietta Berkeley. He told me many curious things about Chillingham (L^d. Grey’s place), and among others, that he found in the church a plate over a tomb with the name of one of L^d. Grey’s mediators mentioned in the trial—I think Chancock. L^d. Ossulston has a large collection of portraits, but none of L^f. H. B. Is the marquise’s sister, L^f. Craven, alive? because the papers describe a lady living at Hounslow, and about to be married to a corporal, who I take to be her from the description. If you sh^d. go to Edin., there is a curious picture there in the possession of a man called Chancery Gordon, of the divorced C^s. of Bothwell, who married afterwards a Sutherland. Constable knows about it; it descended to him from Sir R. Gordon, whose mother I think she was.

If I go on in this way you will think me the most tiresome creature that ever existed; but at this time of the year, when the weather is bad, and everything looks dull, one must amuse oneself agreeably if possible—and what can one do better than to plague one’s friends with one’s reveries? I therefore hope you will receive this letter when you are in a similar disposition—at least, that it will not interrupt you when you have anything better to do than to read it. Adieu.—Believe me, ever most truly yours,

E. S. S.

The Hon. KEPPEL CRAVEN to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MALTA, *Tuesday, December 24, 1811.*

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I should have written to you immediately after my arrival here, which took place on the 16th, had

¹ Afterwards the fifth Earl of Tankerville.

there been any opportunity of dispatching a letter; but there have been no departures, so I delay'd in hopes of having more to say. I don't know that this will go for England for some time; but as there is an appearance of our setting out on the continuation of our expedition soon, I may as well begin a letter, that I may not be taken unawares. I shall now proceed to tell you that our voyage has been the most prosperous, and nearly the most speedy, that ever was perform'd at this season of the year. We sail'd, as you know, on the 20th of last month; and without tossing or jumbling of any kind, and cheer'd the whole way by the most lovely weather, we landed at Gibraltar on the 1st of this. There, the wind being contrary, we stopp'd 4 days, which I was not sorry for, as it is a place I like, and where I met several old acquaintances, and some new ones, who were all equally kind and hospitable. Among the latter was General Campbell,¹ the governor. The most interesting thing at Gibraltar was the Spanish army under Ballasteros, encamp'd on the sand under the Rock, and their general holding his headquarters in a lime-kiln. The French were only 3 miles off, consequently to be seen very distinctly. I was in hopes to have witnessed some battle, or at least a skirmish, which, from the top of the Rock, that is quite out of the reach of spent balls and foraging parties, must be a pleasant spectacle for once in one's life; but the two hosts remain'd in perfect quietude, so I was disappointed. The day before we quitted the place—that is, the 4th—I saw the Duke of Leinster,² who was just arrived: he was with a certain Mr Macnamara,³ whom you may have seen in London, where he generally is to be met in all streets and most par-

¹ Lieutenant-General Colin Campbell, colonel of the 65th Regiment.

² Augustus Frederick Fitzgerald, third Duke.

³ Query? Was the Mr Macnamara mentioned above the opponent of Lieutenant-Colonel Montgomery in the famous duel of 1803? Captain Macnamara, R.N., and Colonel Montgomery met riding in Hyde Park, each accompanied by a dog. A fight between the animals led to a bitter altercation between their masters, and a meeting was arranged at Chalk

ties. I have that degree of acquaintance with him which an introduction from Skeffington, and a great forwardness on his side, forced me to acknowledge. He came up with the manner of an intimate friend, as which I am sure he had represented himself to the Duke, who also accompanied him evidently for the purpose of an introduction ; but I defeated this his sinister purpose by contriving to have both my hands so taken up as not to admit of the possibility of a friendly shake, and I immediately bow'd to the Duke and enter'd into conversation with him, which seem'd by no means to displease him, and much surprised and mortified the other. I hope you will give me credit for presence of mind. But I must return to our voyage, which was renew'd on the 5th, and on the 11th we anchor'd on the coast of Sardinia, close to a little island call'd San Pietro, the existence of which I never had the least idea of. We stay'd there two days, opposed by contrary winds, or rather calm. We visited the little colony which inhabits this place, whose Governor received us very kindly. There is but one little town, surrounded by a fortified wall on three sides, and bounded by the sea on the fourth. It is not rich, but clean, and the people are good-looking, and seem perfectly happy and contented. They originally came from an island called Trabarca, on the coast of Africa, and about thirteen years ago most of the families were carried off with all their property by some Tunisian pirates, so the whole concern is in a state of infancy. On the 13th, the wind coming fair, we again set sail, and after rather a rough passage (as it blew very hard, though in our favour), we came in here on the 15th. I am not at all sorry we have staid so long, as I like the place of all things, and so would you, if it was only in remembrance of the Knights, whose destruction I cannot help

Farm. Both fell at the first fire, Captain Macnamara seriously, Colonel Montgomery mortally wounded. Captain Macnamara was tried for manslaughter ; but in spite of Mr Justice Heath's charge for a verdict against him, the jury found him "not guilty."

lamenting, notwithstanding their vows of chastity and enmity to the Turks. The palace is quite magnificent, as are indeed most of the buildings—many good pictures adorn it, especially the portraits of the Grand-Masters, two of which, those of *Vignacourt* and *La Valette*, are beautiful: the latter is in the dress of the Order, which I should like much to restore to fashion. General Oakes,¹ the Governor, has been very civil, given us a house to live, which is preferable to the inconvenient and expensive hotel we first inhabited, and done everything in his power to make our stay agreeable. There is a very good Italian comic opera, which is the delight of my evenings, as the *tout ensemble* of it is excellent, and the first woman-singer, call'd *Calderara*, is charming in point of looks, acting, and voice. There is, besides, a private English theatre, establish'd and supported by the merchants; but I cannot say much for the performance, though everything else is good. As to society, there is plenty; but, alas! not the kind which can give one any satisfaction, for the females are all merchants' or officers wives, and such a set you never beheld. It seems to me a kind of fatality that every English woman who resides out of her country from necessity, should be vulgar, and improve in that capacity the longer she remains abroad. I dined with three ladies on Saturday, one a general's wife, the second the consort of the commanding officer of engineers, and the third a celebrated belle and the wit of the garrison. Not one of them could speak three lines of decent English—I mean grammar. I bore it very patiently till they abused Maltese and foreign women in general for being ugly and vulgar, and then I ventur'd to say that I never saw one who could not *walk* better, and that did not look more like a gentlewoman, than any English lady I had yet met in Malta. The beauty was near crying with rage, and vowed she would tell all her countrywomen in the island of this, and

¹ Hildebrand Oakes, Colonel of the 52d Regiment, created a baronet 1813.

thence so I am never to be spoken to by any of them, which will save me the mortification of hearing tenses and verbs disfigur'd in the most barbarous manner, which I also told her. But here I must stop, as I am called away to return many tiresome visits and pay respects to the Governor.

Thursday, 26th.—I must tell you in all haste that I was told, as the general report from Palermo, that Malpas¹ is become a Catholic, and so rigid a devotee that he sees no one, and is constantly taken up with the duties of his new faith. I remember your saying that he was that way inclined; but at the same time, the news struck me most forcibly, and has made me laugh ever since I learnt it. Mercer is at Palermo: let us hope that he will follow his example, and that we shall see them both take the veil in the monastery of St Rosolia. You can form no idea of the ugliness of the people here, and for once the men surpass the women in that particular, being one and all African monkies.

I can assure you that I have followed your advice, and taken pen in hand, with which I daily pay a tribute to my journal, although I don't mean to publish it. There is an account just arrived of Lady Hester Stanhope having been wreck'd on the island of Rhodes, but saved her life. She was going to Egypt from Constantinople, but the ship encounter'd so violent a storm that the mainmast was forced out of its socket, leaving a hole for the water to come in, which soon made the ship unmanageable, as she was nearly filled with water when they came in sight of land—when, to save their lives, they got into the long-boat, which was so loaded, and the rowers so exhausted, that they very soon were unable to make any way against the waves, and their only resource was to land on a barren rock some distance from Rhodes, where they were very nearly starved, till the wind moderated and they gained the

¹ George Horatio Cholmondeley, afterwards second Marquess of Cholmondeley. The Marquess afterwards recanted and became a pillar of Exeter Hall.

land, after losing all their effects, but no lives. The ship sunk very shortly after they quitted it. Her physician has just written an account of it to General Oakes. And now, as the Packet is going to sail, I shall close this, and begging you to write under cover to Mr King, No. 4 Madox Street, I remain your most aff^{ly}.

CAROLUS REX.

Gell desires his kind regards to you.

Earl GOWER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

CLEVELAND HOUSE, *Jany.* 8, 1812.

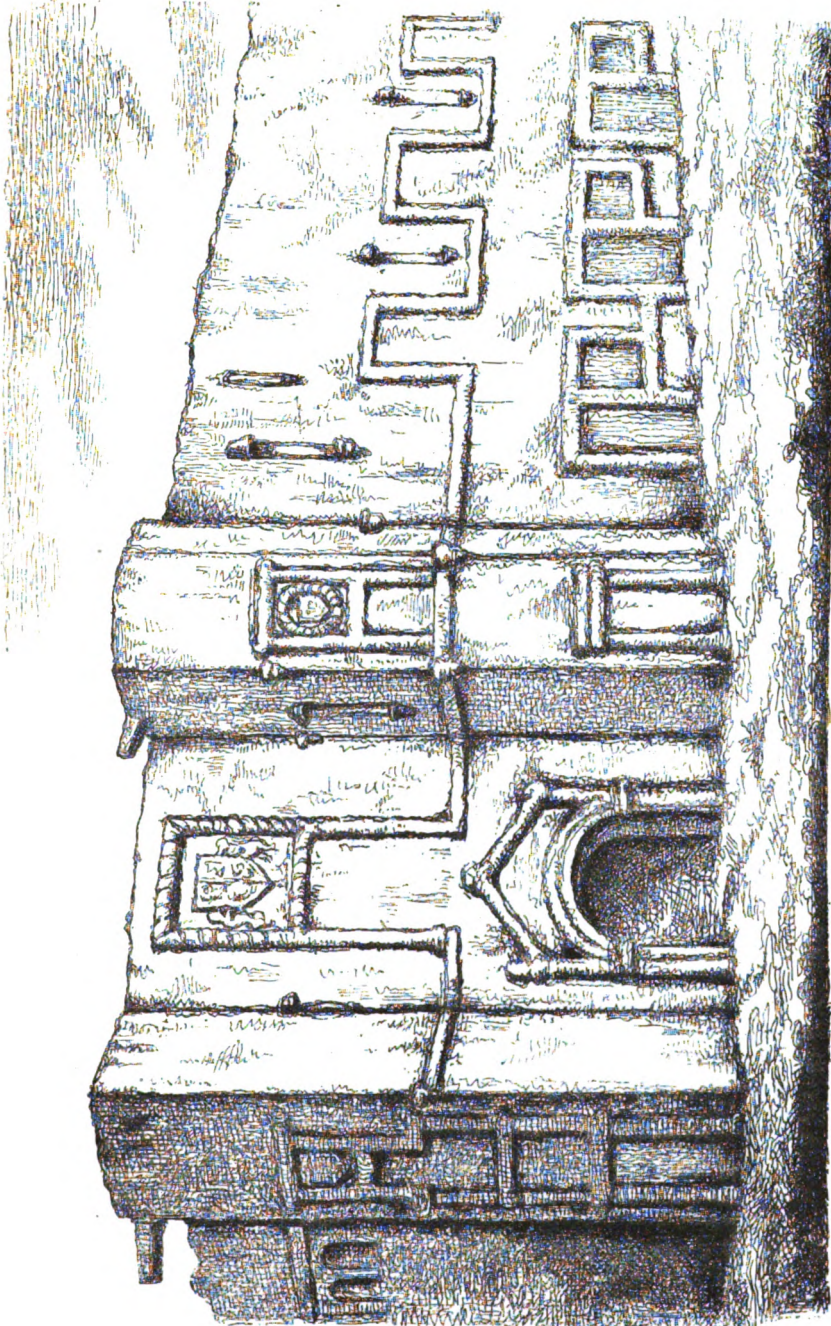
MY DEAR SHARPE,—As I know that you received a letter from home two days ago, perhaps you would not have been surprized not to hear from me so soon after. But I cannot ‘by owing owe not,’ as Milton says, any longer, and must thank you for Lord Huntly,¹ who has arrived in perfect safety, tho’ I cannot help regretting the necessary folds he has been obliged to undergo in putting himself into a letter.

I don’t know why you undervalue your Mar’s Work so much as you do. I am delighted with it, and can assure you it is much admired instead of being laughed at, as you imagine. I cannot thank you as I should wish for these productions. You must at once believe me that I am very much obliged to you for them.

You can have no idea what a general alarm the murders here have occasioned²—alarms, rattles, bells, bolts, bars, in every corner, besides dogs, blunderbusses, and pistols by every bedside.

¹ Drawing of George, first Marquess of Huntly, and his wife, Henrietta Stewart, eldest daughter of Esme, Duke of Lennox, by C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe. See *Etchings, &c.*, by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Plate XXI.

² Probably the murder of the Williamson family by Williams, who afterwards committed suicide, and several other sensational tragedies which occurred towards the close of the preceding year.



MAR'S WORK, STIRLING.

Your friend Miss Cholmondeley's marriage¹ is not so certain yet, as Lambton's guardians have refused to hear of it, and he won't be of age for two years, before which, it is thought, he will probably change his mind.

The Comtesse de la Suze² was once Lady Haddington, having married a Lord H. for her first husband; for her 2nd, the Comte de la Suze, from whom she separated—having turned Catholic, the Q. of Sweden said, “pour ne voir son mari ni en ce monde ni en l'autre.” She wrote many elegies on her Tircis, from some of which, by the by, you might have taken some very good mottoes for yours. Some of her poetry is, I think, very good.

They say that Worcester has come on the Duke of Beaufort for large sums to pay the expenses of his establishment, which I am sorry for. They say further that the lady *has refused* to marry him, and has declared she will live with him only till the return of the Duke of Leinster. Your friend Lord William Fitzgerald³ received a slight wound in the leg when the Duke and he were with our army in Portugal, on which he began to find he had no business there. They have, I believe, gone on to Sicily. Clare and Delaval returned to take their degrees, and were at Oxford a day too late.

I am glad to hear you have not suffered so much from your head as you feared.—Yours very truly, G.

¹ The marriage had by this time actually taken place. Mr Lambton, afterwards first Earl of Durham, had been married to Miss Harriet Cholmondeley, on 1st January of that year. Mr Lambton only wanted a year of being of age.

² Henrietta de Coligny, eldest daughter of Gaspard Comte de Coligny, Maréchal of France (by Anne de Polignac, daughter of Gabriel Sieur de St Germain), sister of the Duke de Chatillon, and great-granddaughter of the Admiral. She married, secondly, the Comte de la Suze, a Huguenot, and when divorced by him became a Roman Catholic. The Countess was one of the celebrities of her day, not less for her wit and beauty than for her adventures. She died in Paris, March 10, 1673.

³ Lord William Fitzgerald, second son of the first Duke of Leinster; died 1864.

Rev. J. J. CONYBEARE to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

CH. CH., *Jany.* 1812.

DEAR SHARPE,—I write to relieve you from the necessity of journeying all the way from Scotland in this inclement season. My only competitor, Ingram,¹ has declined the contest, and I shall probably walk over the course very undisturbedly. So much for official communication. News I have no time to detail at present, but if you be anxious for any, and will give me a line to say as much, you shall have all I can gather next week, either from London, where nobody goes to bed without a patent maul-proof nightcap and anti-cut-throat collar, or from this place, where Rachel Burton has just got a prize of £500 in the lottery. *Maintenant—ut pictura poesis*, you know. Do not forget a certain collection of landscape engravings you promised me, and I will set aside all hellish Breugels and other gentlemen professors of the inverted sublime that I can find. Let me hear how you are, and what you are doing. Impey is rather better.—Ever yours,

J. J. CONYBEARE.

William's best remembrances.

The MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

BRANDENBURG HOUSE, *Jany.* 12, 1812.

I have waited till my patience is exhausted, and my uneasiness is begun, about my *élève*, to write to you. I have no news from him, so let us leave that subject to a farther opportunity. My gallery is now painted, and all the good pictures I had at Benham and here are put up in it, and 'tis beautifull.

¹ Afterwards President of Trinity College, Oxon.

Benham is let for 21 years, and I believe to a good tenant. Quimporte and all his foolish machinations thrown to the winds, for I have not been driven nor worried to sell one inch of land in Berks, which was *the intention*, and my firm resolve not to do. London swarms with caricatures of certain personages, some too high, some too low to be named; and as everything is *smothered* till it bursts out, war at home or peace abroad may stare you in the face before you are aware of it. In the mean time, I like to tell you that my bright star is at work; and I wish you to let me know if you would like to have *in view* a place which would be little trouble 2 months in the year to yourself, and leisure to come from London to this place as often as you like it; and before you are so situated, an excuse to take an excursion, suppose you say to Paris, and all this, and cost you nothing but your journey up? The climate, as I feared, is getting worse and worse, and beds and fires are the only means of existence. Young Lambton, 19 years old only, marries Lord Cholmondeley's natural daughter,¹ older than himself I hear. L^d Malpas at Gibraltar is fallen in love with Miss Campbell, and means to marry also. Miss Gell has taken up her abode with the P^s. of Wales at Blackheath. The stage has, in addition to houses, an elephant, a cat, a rabbit. What refinement! I am tolerably well, in spite of fogs and impiety; a letter from

¹ Miss Harriet Cholmondeley, Lord Cholmondeley's natural daughter, by a Frenchwoman, was a charming person. I knew her well. She was very handsome, and outshone Lady Charlotte, her father's legitimate daughter, which made Lady Cholmondeley very glad to get rid of her. She had always wretched health after she married Mr Lambton, and after her death her husband took another wife—not much like his first. Lady Malpas, mentioned here, was rather pretty, and very silly, and very consumptive. She died in good time. I saw much of her during her life, and the more I saw the less I liked her. Her husband, with many amiable qualities, was intended by nature for a monk, or a field preacher; he at one time became a Catholic, and then reformed—but I believe always very sincerely.—C. K. S.

you will do me much good, particularly if it tells me you are well, and mean to persevere in liking me, *en dépit des jaloux et des envieuses*.—Believe me, yours sincerely,

ELIZABETH.

The Hon. KEPPEL CRAVEN to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

PATRAS, *Monday, February 3d, 1812.*

MY DEAR SHARPE,—Having an opportunity of writing, or rather sending, I will not let it go by, especially when I reflect how very long it may be before you get this child of my pen. I believe I ought by rights to take up my adventures or journey from Malta, whence I last wrote to your Majesty. I left it with regret, not owing to any intrinsic charm of its own, but because, two days before my departure, I chanced to meet a person whose merits (at least I fancied such they might be) made me most anxious to cultivate an intimacy which was begun by chance, and which neither time or place allow'd to become as close as I would have wished. But though measures were taken to procure a second interview, they failed of success; and our transport being ready, and the wind fair, there was an end of all hopes. But such was my weakness that, had I been alone, I should certainly have defer'd my departure—and to what further delay this first might have led, heaven only knows. Since that time I have rejoiced that things turned out as they did, and conclude with Dr Pangloss that everything is for the best. And now you may be curious to learn some further particulars respecting the misterious object of my regret. I shall only say that you must have patience till we meet, if it was only to give you an opportunity of laughing *viva voce* at my folly. But to proceed. We had a favourable passage from Malta to Zante, and were there most hospitably received and housed by Mr Forrest, who acts as British Minister, and whose name is celebrated

in the troubles of the seven islands. General Airey, who commands there, was also very kind; and his wife is the only Englishwoman that I have not felt ashamed of. We receiv'd also many civilities from the officers of the 35th Regiment, among which we found one whose way of thinking on most subjects corresponded so exactly with ours, that we became very intimate; and he was so overjoyed to find any congenial souls, that we were inseparable, and we found him a very entertaining companion. We staid a fortnight at Zante, which is by far the most beautiful spot I ever beheld, and well deserves the title of *Fior di Levante*, which the Italian travellers give it. It is quite impossible to conceive anything more lovely than the general aspect of the whole island; and I was never tired of wandering about it, and hope sincerely I shall be able to go there on my way back. General Airey gave us a gunboat to bring us here, and go on with to Corinth if we pleased; but it is so very clumsy a sailer, and in most respects so inconvenient a conveyance, that after waiting ten days in hopes of a favorable wind, we are going to send it back, and shall take one of the country vessels to proceed by short voyages up the Gulph. Our last expedition was by no means so successful as our former ones, as we were caught in a violent storm, very near lost, and jumbled to death a whole night in such rain and lightning as I never felt or saw, besides being very sick, and having nothing but a filthy hole without air by way of a cabin. The next morning we were enabled to creep into a little port on the Ætolian side, where we waited the end of the bad weather, and dried our cloathes and mended our fractures. This harbour is formed by the uninhabited island call'd Oxia, from whence, as you may remember, some navigator in times of yore heard a terrific voice order him to tell the Dryads of Corcyra that the *great Pan was no more*.¹ We heard no such news, but were saluted by an equally alarming voice and a still more alarming gun-

¹ Plutarch, *De defectu oraculorum*, xvi.

shot, both proceeding from an Albanian peasant or robber, who would have it that we landed to steal his cattle. It was in vain to assure him that we had no such intentions, but only meant to climb the mountain to take angles and observe the course of Achelous. He persisted in defending the pass; and as he call'd many of his companions to his assistance, we were forced to retreat much more precipitately than we had arrived, and never again attempted that inhospitable coast, though the matter was afterwards explain'd. We remained in this place for two days and a half, and then were enabled to come on here. The mountains all about are very fine, and cover'd with snow, which render every sort of wind cold and fires a matter of necessity; but the weather is very lovely, and the orange-trees in the gardens the largest I ever beheld. This is decidedly a Turkish town; and we have baths, janissaries, mosques, pachas, agas, minarets, khans, and bezesteins in plenty. The former I very much approve of, and think it one of the Prophet's wisest tenets. I have taken three, and enjoy the operation extremely, though I don't quite like to go through all the ceremonies of it, such as shaving every part of one's body, &c.

Mrs Airey, who knew Malpas very well, and liked him much, informs me that the report of his change of religion gains ground, and is generally credited; added to which he has the character of being the most susceptible-hearted swain in the universe,—he was deeply enamour'd of Miss Campbell¹ at Gibraltar, and has since been head over ears in love with at least three other young military ladies. I believe his present flame is a Sicilian, but am not quite sure. I stared with astonishment at all this information, and dropt my head. We saw at Zante the collection of statues found by Cockerell² and Co. in the island of Egina, and they are very fine, and extremely curious from their antiquity, as it is an older stile

¹ Daughter of the Governor. See *ante*, p. 518, note.

² Mr Cockerell the architect.

than that of the Parthenon. We shall stay a week at Athens, and then make the best of our way to Smyrna, where I long to be to receive some tidings from England.

We are all well. Our artists go hunting for mutilated columns and architraves with proper vigour. I go on drawing with more zeal than success; but my Journal flourishes amazingly. Gell desires his best regards to you. I invite you to answer this by the usual means, and beg you will believe me yours most affly.

CAROLUS REX.

I have let my mustachios grow to please you, and a beard on my chin.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

Thursday Evening, March 1812.

MY DR. SCOTT,—If you are not yet free from winter's icy thrall, will you send me the last speech of Sir [John] Johnstone, who was hanged for Miss Wharton.¹ I feel interested in the story, and you were good enough to promise me the loan of it.

To add to your collection of ballads, and as a rival to Mrs Caroline Rudd, accept the enclosed ditty on the affair of Mrs Lee.² I had it printed in Oxford, and circulated in the streets previous to the trial, to insinuate the plot into the upper galleries; and, thank heaven, my endeavours were crowned with

¹ Sir John Johnston of Caskieben was arrested for aiding his friend, the Hon. Captain Campbell, in abducting Miss Wharton, a lady nearly related to the notorious Lord Wharton, King William's favourite. Sir John was condemned to death and executed 31st December 1690, at London, while his more fortunate companion succeeded in marrying the heiress and making his escape to Scotland.

² See *ante*, p. 194. The ballad of twenty-six stanzas is entitled "Mrs Lee's Garland, showing how a poor lady was carried away against her own consent, to the tune of the 'Babes in the Wood,' or any other lamentable melody in fashion."

success. As the Gordons were my cousins, this act was meritorious, according to the reasoning of Justice Shallow, particularly as of two ills Mrs Lee was certainly by much the worst.

I never now have any shyness in sending you my trash, so here's a song on Dillon which Miss Mure sung at the Masquerade, but, alas! nobody heard it. It is a parody on Miss Owenson's 'Kate Kearney':—

Oh! did you ne'er hear of Beau Dillon?
His beauty is fit for to kill one.
The tip of his nose
A budding moss-rose—
Oh! dreadful's the nose of Beau Dillon.
His smile is bewitchingly simple,
There's hog's lard in every dimple;
His eyes they do shine
Like oysters in brine,
So bright are the eyes of Beau Dillon.

Oh! could we but catch this Beau Dillon,
With endless delight it would fill one;
What damsel now cares
For capering bears
Who sees the *pas seul* of Beau Dillon?
He kicks with the air of a donkey,
He frisks with the mien of a monkey;
And who dares inhale
His lips *spicy* gale,
Must die by the breath of Beau Dillon.

Ever yours,

C. K. S.

The Hon. KEPPEL CRAVEN to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

ATHENS, *Thursday, March 26, 1812.*

MY DEAR SHARPE,—When I tell you that I have not the most distant idea of the opportunity which may convey this to England, you will perhaps not feel very gratefull for my

beginning it, and very likely think that it is because I have nothing better to do—in which you will not be very far from the truth; for you must know that I have been ill—very ill, though I believe not dangerously so,—and confined to the house for nearly three weeks. It began with a slight fever, which was follow'd by all manner of aches, pains, weaknesses, and other afflictions, but which ended in what I am tempted to call a fit of the gout in my left leg, which brought it to the shape of Lady Honynood's (without exaggeration), and which still makes me so lame as only to hobble from my bed to the breakfast-table. I have suffer'd much pain, and still more from lowness and depression. But all these are gone; and though, as Skeffington says, the lily, or rather crocus, has usurped the place of the rose in my cheek, and I am more meagre and elongated even than usual, I feel that I am recovering, and shall not be the second Englishman who has died in the city of Minerva. It was lucky that this took place while we were in the utter impossibility of advancing in our journey—a situation which we have been in ever since our arrival here, which took place six weeks ago. But perhaps I have told you so already, for I have written twice to England since we came; and though I am not conscious of having address'd you, as both times I was hurried and taken by surprise, yet my memory has been so confused by the violent headaches I have endured, that all this may be a stale repetition to you, which, however, you will forgive. We expected to find our kinsman here, but were disappointed; this was one reason for waiting, but a stronger still succeeded, which was the difficulty of traversing the Archipelago at the present time, it being full of privateers and robbers, who would put our property and virtue in the utmost danger. So we have written to Smyrna, where we want to go, and have received an answer; but it is not very consolatory. As I don't see how we are to move from hence by sea, unless one of the sea-cruisers we have in these seas chuse to take com-

passion upon us—which I cannot say I think very likely—to pass away the time, and employ it in some usefull way, Gell set his artists to dig up the temples of Eleusis and endeavour to ascertain their position, for which purpose we all went and remained a fortnight there—and, indeed, the architects are still there at present. It is a curious place, and they were successfull enough to find sufficient traces of the ancient edifices to make very accurate plans and drawings of them. Gell has made 3 very good maps of the place, and between them all they have materials for a very good work on the subject, if the dilettants think it worth publishing. For my part, I used to ramble over the country, and thought our sojourn there pleasanter than here. I am disappointed in my expectations of this place, though I cannot exactly tell why; for all the ruins have answer'd the idea I had form'd of them, and I don't know what else I could look for. I am willing to make allowances for my illness having prejudiced me against the place. There are four German artists here, who draw well, and are good kind of people enough, though they never wash their hands; these and the French Consul, who is really a clever, entertaining man, form our society. As to the inhabitants themselves, they are not to be mention'd in the scale of human beings; for the Greeks are the only nation which, I own, have inspired me with an universal aversion to them. It would be too long, and not very amusing, to enter into a detail of their character and manners; but I am certain that you would think me justified in my abhorrence and contempt of such people, who are only render'd sufferable by their good temper and chearfullness.

I have just discovered that I have miss'd one page of this letter, so that this is the second—which I shall number as such,—and hope you will be able to make it out. The beginning of this month was very stormy and disagreeable; but we have now decided spring, or rather summer weather, which makes my confinement the more irksome.

I am very impatient to receive letters from England, and conclude there is a tolerable provision waiting at Smyrna. Should my mother positively desire me to come home, I shall certainly do so; but if not, shall in all probability remain away the ensuing winter, as now that I am in these distant regions, it would be a pity not to see every part of them that is interesting, and I have accordingly great plans for seeing Constantinople, Sicily, &c., &c. But these are still in embryo. In the midst of these, frequent and ardent wishes of revisiting England occur,—I ought rather to say, wishes of seeing friends I have left there; and when oppress'd by illness, these yearnings were accompanied by most melancholy sensations. Augustus is one of the objects that presents itself the oftenest, and in the most glowing colours, to my imagination, and it is when absent that I feel how much I prize him. My only amusement during my confinement has been reading. I luckily found the French Encyclopedia here, which, though very ill done in many respects, has been a great resource to me. I found a very pretty epitaph in it, which I shall not hesitate to transcribe, as it is so short. It is on a young wife—

“*Immatura peri, sed tu felicior, annos
Vive tuos, conjux optime, vive meos.*”

I think your Muse could, without great effort, put them into English verse with some effect. For the present, my dear Sharpe, I shall quit you; and when an opportunity occurs of sending this, I shall finish and dispatch it.

Friday, April 3d.

There is a person going to Malta, but in such a hurry that I have scarcely time to add that I have got the better of my evils, and can walk about without crutches. Our boat is return'd from Smyrna, and brought on firmans; but I don't see any immediate chance of our going from hence, as all the difficulties about ships, privateers, and robbers are the same.

I receiv'd some letters from England, but none from my mother. I find Benham is lett, which I am glad of in some measure.

Gell sends his love.—Believe me, yours most afftly.,

CAROLUS REX.

The Hon. KEPPEL CRAVEN to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

SMYRNA, *Saturday, May 9, 1812.*

MY DEAR SHARPE,—Your letter of the 20th November—that is the very day we sailed from England—greeted my arrival here last Wednesday; and though it bore so remote a date, and I could trace no vestige of foolscap or crow-quill, I felt nevertheless most sincerely thankful for it. It ought to have reached me with the first budget of correspondence which I received at Athens above five weeks since, but by some mismanagement was sent to Constantinople, which accounts for the delay. I believe the last I wrote was just as I was recovering from my gout, and probably bore the marks of debility and despondence which it had left both on my mind and body. I trust this will not be the case in this one, and that if you don't derive much amusement from it your friendship for me will at least be gratified by observing that I am entirely recover'd, and have even regain'd as much of those solids which you now prize as essential requisites, as my complexion and formation are susceptible of. I found an immense packet of letters waiting my landing here, among which were two from Henrietta Marie, the first I had yet received from her. She was well, and writes in a strain of good-humour, the more satisfactory from my not quite expecting it. Among other pieces of intelligence which these despatches brought was that of poor Tom's death, which took place towards the end of January. I will frankly own to you, without the fear of being reckon'd unfeeling, that I felt

but little affliction on the subject: from the month of August I had given up all hopes of his recovery, and his sufferings have been so continued and so severe that the cessation of them I always looked forward to as a desirable event. But I was considerably shocked at learning the death of his wife, which took place a month *before* his: the details of it were not made known to me, but I have no doubt that she fell a victim to her unremitting attendance upon him, added to the effect of that attendance on her mind. It is a melancholy story, and I shall not dwell upon it any more. I was most happy to quit Athens, which our protracted stay and my illness had rendered very disagreeable to me; and for the first time in my life I went on board a ship with something like pleasure. Ours was a Hydriot vessel: these are reckon'd the best in the Archipelago, and their mariners the most experienced and courageous, but nothing in the shape of a modern Greek can ever attain any step towards excellence of any kind; and well it was that no privateers attack'd us, to put their courage to the test. We anchor'd for two days in the island of Thermia, which is the least interesting of them, and when the wind permitted came on here. We arriv'd off the Castle in the evening, and as the breeze fail'd us, we anchor'd there; and were I at present inclined to be either poetical or romantic, I could enlarge with some success on the beauty of Asia, at least on this coast, which far surpass'd my expectations, and perfectly answers the descriptions which the ancient Greeks gave of this part of the world. The air, too, fans our cheeks, "softly sweet in Lydian measure," and inclines one to be very indulgent or profligate; but the town in its present state destroys the whole of Ionian illusions, though it is animated and amusing: but trade is the great feature, and that, you know, annihilates everything like classical sensations; so I can only tell you of Khans, Bazars, and Bezesteins—or, if you will rise one degree higher, of Agas, Cadis, Dragomans, and Bohek Bashis. They are

raising troops here, and these are in such an undisciplined state of unrulyness that the Turks themselves keep their shops shut while they remain in the town ; and it is accounted unsafe to stray at any distance from the city, or even go into that quarter of it which they frequent. I, however, was imprudent enough to do the latter, accompanied by our interpreter, and am rather inclined to think their excesses are exaggerated, as though they were noisy, they seem'd to take no notice of me ; and some that I met by accident in one of the numerous gardens that surround Smyrna were extremely courteous.

“ There, underneath the fragrant lilack shade,
They taste the freshness of the noonday breeze ;
There, in the garb of future war array'd,
They laugh away one hour of present ease.

There, shedding soft its innocent perfume,
The white rose droops upon the turban'd head,
While the pomegranate rears its scarlet bloom
'Midst weapons donn'd to blush with deeper red.”

They always wear flowers on their turbans and in their girdles.

“ There, while on gaudy carpets they recline,
They swear to die for their religion's sake ;
And in delicious draughts of Chian wine
Vow to maintain the very laws they break.”

You see I am bit by the Muses ; but in truth these comely vagabonds, picturesquely scattered under beautiful trees, and drest and occupied in the manner I have described, awoke my slumbering lyre, which will now only sleep the sounder for some time to come. By the bye, I see by the papers that Lord Byron has published another poem.¹ I have heard much of him since I am come to these regions, and could tell you a secret which is not one wherever he has been, but shall wait till we meet, and in the meantime shall only

¹ Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

observe that as he is not very popular among the Englishmen that were here and in Greece at the same time with him, I think it very lucky that he is such a good shot, as that will keep their tongues in order.

I understand Lord Sondes¹ is coming here; as to *Mercer*, I have not a notion if he is still in Sicily, or flown to the arms of his disconsolate family, but you will know that better than I can. Pray give me some account of Mr Burrell, and what is said of Malpas. Every one who comes from Malta asserts that he is to marry Miss Campbell, which is much more strange than his changing his faith. Can you conceive his mother's mouth on the occasion? only think of young Lambton's growing antlers! What things all the folks have done since we left England! which makes me think, as an old Turk did at Athens, that there must be some intrinsic virtue adherent to my person, since the absence of it sets a whole nation into profligacy and disorder. This Turk express'd himself in these terms, but on a very different occasion, as it was on seeing three different persons pass in the market-place, to each of which he had offer'd strange rudeness in their youth, and as they all prosper'd and got good places and fortunes, he ascribed it to some innate virtue of his own, which he had thus transfused as chymists do gold into copper; but he said it quite gravely to two or three Englishmen, which adds much to the zest of the anecdote. I have another of the same nature relative to the day of judgment, and a third about a gold snuff-box, but have no space for inserting them, but they will keep, and I shall not forget them. We set off next week for Sardis, Philadelphia, Aphrodisias, &c.; but I shall quit the mission for a month or two to visit some of the islands and Constantinople. Pray go on writing through Mrs King's thimble until further notice.

I hope you will have been in town, and tell me all the

¹ Lewis Richard, third Lord Sondes; born 1792, died 1836.

scandal, for such a thing does not exist in Ionia. Gell has had a cruel fit of gout previous to our quitting Athens, but is much better, and desires his best regards. Adieu.—Believe me, yours most affectionately,
CAROLUS REX.

Do you know Lord Euston, and that he is to become my cousin? That ought to produce a real Charles's breed, as she descends both by father and mother.

Earl GOWER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

CLEVELAND HOUSE, *May 29th*, 1812.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—To begin in due order, I have to thank you for your letter of the 6th from Edinburgh, with the Lady Gabrielle. I am glad that you have by your questions perhaps stimulated Constable, tho' he has shewn no signs of life yet. *Apropos* of the book I bought t'other day at Dr Dowdeswell's sale—one that I had never seen before or heard you mention, tho' it seems curious, and often quotes S^r R. Gordon MS. History — it is Gordon's (of Aberdeen) Hist^r of the illustrious family of Gordon, in 2 vol. oct^o. I see it marked in Blackwood's Cat. (of Edinburgh) at £2, 16s. I bought mine for £1, 6s., consequently a great bargain.

I went yesterday to see a house at Chiswick, next door to the D. of Devonshire, in which L^y Mary Coke died.¹ She had purchased it 4 years ago. It was built by Sir S. Fox,² with a handsome oak staircase and painted walls, and square sort of gardens w^h high walls, and formerly laid out in the Dutch stile. K. William was so much pleased with it as to say he could pass 5 days in it with pleasure. It now presents a most triste and dull appearance. L^y Mary lived in two small

¹ See *ante*, p. 467.

² The founder of the Holland and Ilchester families, and originator of Chelsea Hospital; died 1716.

rooms, in a wonderfully uncomfortable manner, and died in a small tent-bed, half sunk in a recess, so as to make it as difficult to get in and out of as those beds one sees in garrets in imitation of chests of drawers.

Your story of the report of Perceval's assassination at Bridekirk is very strange indeed, and I think unaccountable, as there can be no doubt of Bellingham's having been alone in the business.

I suppose you heard that the D^{ss.} of Gordon's body¹ was shown by the waiters at the hotel at a shilling a head. Lord Huntly, they say, has paid the expence of her funeral, as the D. could not, tho' he complains of the cost.

I have bought the Lord knows what of prints to illustrate "the Book," so you must come to town next winter and assist. I shall remain here till the end of the month. I am tired of asking you to come to Dunrobin, and of being answered that it is impossible; so unless you will beforehand say yes, I will not do it, tho' very truly yours,

G.

The MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

BRANDENBURG HOUSE, June 1, 1812.

Indeed you are the most unjust of men; I wrote to you last, and received no answer to my letter—imagin'd you was departed this life or this country; and never was any one so greatly surpris'd as I was to receive your epistle dated Hoddam, 25th of May. I do not wonder that people are discontented. Patience more than human may be exhausted waiting for amendments on which depends the salvation of an almost ruined country, and any future comfort. I think one might write a pleasant book call'd *Arithmetie*; it is want of calculation that has been our bane, and the motto might

¹ The Duchess had died April 11th.

be, *rien de trop*. The weather is owing to the not having calculated that as one cannot add one inch to the surface of England, yclep'd an island, it was *de trop* to put half of it under stagnate water by the multiplication of canals and navigable cuts. And yclep'd an island, she cannot furnish more inhabitants to spread over foreign possessions five or ten times her own size, money and troops to guard them.

Your acquaintances here go on worse than ever. Skef— talks more, but then he admires you. People except him and me quarrel about everything; even the cotillon parties are at variance with one another. The operas and plays are bad enough. The Pantheon rear'd its lofty head, and is now laid by as unsafe. Miss Gell comes here once in five weeks. The last letters I had from Keppel were dated Patras and Zante. By the bye, we have a Zante Comte Foscardi, an agreeable sort of a man, here. I don't think he'll stay long, for I think he'll find out there is little or nothing to be done here that can prevent the Corant grape from being extirpated for want of exports. I knew de Bathe's¹ father—true Irish. I had three Forbes's presented to me the other day, which I like as well as I do all the Forbes's. My brother, the Admiral, is coming home; his last and 3d daughter is to be married to L^d. Euston,² who is a good sort of young man, I am told, which is better than being a Duke's son. I am mustering up all the philosophy I am mistress of to support the idea of not seeing Keppel till next year. I believe he will not come home till next summer. The increased badness of this climate, and the idea that he is so much better out of it, and the hopes of a peace which I nurse in my bosom, and that would give me leave to go and meet him, supports me.

¹ Sir James de Bathe, mentioned in this letter, was a young Irishman, for some time in Edinburgh. Forbes was her own nephew, afterwards killed at Waterloo.—C. K. S.

² Afterwards fifth Duke of Grafton, married Miss Berkeley, daughter of Admiral Sir George Berkeley, 20th June 1812.

Alas! one cannot cure or diminish love for him, and so I forgive you your weakness for him. I think Malpas is not wrong to take up the religion of his forefathers, as there is *none*, at least I see signs of none, among Protestants of any description. I except the D. of Devonshire, who, for the last trait of generosity among a thousand, has just given £2000 a-year to a bastard of his father's; who, having been kept and educated by the bounty of his father, was *forgot* in the will: his name is Macdonnel. Pray, pray write soon. I have let Benham for 21 years.—Pray, I beseech you, Milord Hodam, believe me your affec. and sincere
ELIZABETH.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to the Hon^{ble}. KEPPEL CRAVEN.

June 1812.

All the English world is charmed with Lord Byron's 'Childe Harold,' which (*entre nous*) doth not delight me in an equal measure. It is a sort of production which you do not care to look at twice—containing no one stanza that, coming upon the memory like an evening perfume, inspires a wish to recur to the parent flower for more perfect enjoyment.

He imitates a Scottish ballad called Lord Maxwell's Good-night,¹ as Skeffington doth Mrs Siddons; and pours forth, at the end of his first canto, a tender lamentation on the death of a dear friend, which, from certain hints, I verily imagined to be the funeral song of his departed bear—but lo! 'tis the elegy of a military officer; so my Lord Byron, tho' a complete knight, in the piety of friendship doth not yet rival his prototype Orsin, who, you know, when he lost his dear armies—

“ Raged, and kept as heavy a coil as
Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas;
Forcing the vallies to repeat
The accents of his sad regret,

¹ See Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.

He beat his breast, and tore his hair
For loss of his dear crony *bear*,
That echo, from the hollow ground
His doleful wailings did resound," &c.

'Tis now reported that a certain great lady (the P^s. of Wales) will get her just dues, which her loving husband can no longer keep from her; I do not mean due benevolence, which nobody would covet from him, I think—but her place and precedence as his wife. On a selfish account, I am rather sorry for it; and I think one may justly enough feel a concern for her too, considering her late comforts, and the filthy piece of crustiness she will now have to deal with. He is always out of temper; but that is not wonderful, if he be as much with Lady Hertford as is reported, for one may say of him what Voltaire says of Jonah: "Mais quand on a été trois jours dans le corps d'une baleine, on n'est pas de si bonne humeur que quand on a été à l'opéra, à la comédie, et qu'on a soupé en bonne compagnie."

Poor Worcester is once more shipped off to Portugal, after occasioning both Duke and Duchess a great deal of distress, not only by his ridiculous displays with that dish-clout, Harriet Wilson, but by the immense demands for money still coming upon his father. It is said that he actually offered to marry Miss Wilson, but she put him off with an hypothetical answer, as the Duke of Leinster had given her reason to hope for a like civility at his return from foreign parts; and she prefers him to the other, so Crom-a-boo¹ and Worcester will fight about this drab, if they have any spirit! O shame, where is thy blush?—that the progeny of Plantagenet—

"The offspring of the rose, in whom unite
The varied colours of the red and white"—

¹ The Duke of Leinster. Crom-a-boo, the war-cry of the Fitzgeralds, is said to have been derived from a castle of Crom, one of their earliest possessions.

should be guilty of such base and ruinous proceedings! As to Crom-a-boo, an Irishman can be hurt by nothing; and I suppose he wishes to astonish and confound all the natural philosophers of Ireland, by exhibiting, at his own expense, a live toad there.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

Friday morning, June 1812.

MY DEAR SCOTT,—Will you be so good as to transmit to me per bearer the 'Gabions of Perth,' and, if you possess such a thing, 'Lady Culross's Dream'? I will not, on the honour of a Borderer, detain them as long as the last book you lent me.

I have written to Lord Worcester this morning about Swift's and the Duchess of Ormond's Letters, and if they really do remain in the Duke of Beaufort's hands, I can answer for the success of my application. That Lady Castle-reagh! You should claw her off soundly in a note or in the preface, were it only on account of the common cause of Letters.

Since an illness I had about a year and a half ago, I have (and it is a sad annoyance to me) perceived that my memory, which was very good, is much impaired, so I have always forgot to mention that I possess a pamphlet published, as I think, by Curll, containing forged letters of Swift and Lady Betty Berkeley, which the lady mentions in one of her genuine letters to the Dean; it is at Hoddam Castle, and when this family goes there you shall have it, if it can be of service. The Margravine of Anspach told me that she remembered her aunt, Lady Betty,¹ very well: she could

¹ Second daughter of the second Earl Berkeley, to whom, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Swift was chaplain. Her ladyship is better remembered as Lady Betty Germain.

never have been pretty, and was little, with a surprising portion of wit and vivacity—the overstrained good-breeding of the old Court; was the soul of a society composed of many distinguished persons. Her niece added (but this is a secret) that she lived in the *strictest intimacy* with the Duke of Dorset, and that with the connivance of the Duchess, who actually pretended to be with child, and to be delivered of that youth whom Lady Betty herself had by the Duke, and to whom she left all her fortune. Her money she got from her husband, Sir John Jermyn, originally a Dutch merchant and a gambler, more beautiful than an angel, and sillier than one of Fox's *saints*. The Duchess of Norfolk (Lady Mary Mordaunt, I think) was divorced for him,¹ and left him all the Peterborough jewels, plate, &c., &c. You know the Strawberry Hill stories about Sir John's ignorance, so I need not tattle them here. Pray don't take the trouble to answer this (except with the 'Gabions'), and believe me ever, my dear Scott, most sincerely yours. [No signature.]

I shall wait upon you soon to see the plan of Gowrie House.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE TO WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

HODDAM CASTLE, *June 10, 1812.*

MY DEAR SCOTT,—I yesterday despatched, by the Dumfries carrier, a small box containing drawing of Meikle-mou'd Meg,² which you desired me to execute for you in winter, and a little packet for John Hay,³ Sir John's son of Haystoun, which I should be ashamed to beg that you would have the goodness to send to his house in George's St., did I not rely

¹ In 1699.

² See Etchings, &c., by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Photograph II.

³ Afterwards sixth baronet of Haystoun; died 1838.

upon your long-experienced indulgence, and hope that the subject of the papers may in some sort propitiate, as they concern no less poetical a personage than Lucy, Countess of Carlisle. On the outside of the box I fastened the pamphlet regarding Swift, in no small fears lest it should be rubbed off amid the chaos of a carrier's waggon; however, if you have seen it I shall care the less for its evil fate. As to the epistles which were said to be in the possession of the Duke of Beaufort, I found a letter awaiting me here from Lord Worcester, disclaiming all knowledge of any such MSS., but his authority doth not entirely satisfy me, as he is an excellent young marquis in his way, but very ignorant and incurious; moreover, of late so deeply implicated in follies by that drab Harriet Wilson, that I should not wonder if he could not ask his enraged papa any questions. I shall now apply to Worcester's *ci-devant* tutor,¹ who is a great friend of mine, and a relative of my Lady Duchess, who ruleth many roasts by the help of her silly husband's spit, but I begin to fear that the inquisition will come to nothing. *Appropos*, when you were in Oxford, did you see the portrait of Swift in the picture-gallery, painted by Jarvis? It is better done than most of Jarvis's daubs, and hath a lively, rather handsome countenance; but in the possession of Dr Smith, sub-Dean of Ch. Ch., there is another portrait of Dr Jonathan, much more striking and expressive,—it must have been done when he was old, and exhibits a thunderstorm on the eyebrows, and a sloe-ish sourness in the mouth, almost too tremendous and unpleasing to behold.

As to my miserable performance transmitted yesterday, I will make no apologies, because I am sure that you are convinced the horror is as well executed as I possess the power of doing it. Having used Bristol paper, I found it necessary to have a small box in place of a roller, and now I can only say, that nothing giveth me greater pleasure than to perform

¹ Rev. K. M. K. Tarpley.

your commands in the drawing, or any other way, and that my pencil, poor as it is, is always at your honour-conferring service.

I discover from “The Staggering State” that Meg’s mother was a miller’s daughter: such a *lapsus* in wedlock was surely not common in Sir Gideon’s age.

The last time I had the pleasure of listening to you at dinner, you mentioned a book, at Ballantyne’s, I think, with prints in the French style, which you said were good. I was carving at the moment, and very unhappy, so I lost the name—pray let me know it. The ‘Histoires tragiques’ are at Oxford, but I shall be sure to supply your hiatus.

Thus far I have proceeded labouring under a violent toothache, which kept me all alive and merry all last night, and is in a fair way for amusing me for some days and nights to come, so that I cannot connect my discourse after a rhetorical fashion, or torment you with any more of my impertinence just at present. Will you, my dear Scott, have the goodness to present my very best respects to Mrs Scott, and believe me ever your faithful and obliged

CHS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

P.S.—What an extraordinary affair is that of the report hereabouts respecting Perceval murder!—the very mode of death, the very place named. I hear that the Duchess of Gordon’s body, after her decease, was shown at the hotel at a shilling a-head; that the flourish concerning her in the newspapers was written by Professor Playfair. He styles her “the fair Fidele”!—“there are fairer things than Polecats, sure.”

WALTER SCOTT, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—The inimitable drawing of Mickle-mouthed Meg has arrived safe. *Ah che cara cosa.* I think it

is quite perfect—the rueful helpless resignation of the heroine, the exhortations of the priest, who obviously feels the drollery of the dilemma, the sly look of the mother, the glee of the poor damsel, and the determined obstinate attitude of the baronial papa, are all most exquisitely embodied. It is now in the hands of Marnock, that it may go with me to Abbotsford, of which it will be a principal ornament. I will not offer any thanks, because it is better to acknowledge bankruptcy at once, than to pay a debt of gratitude at the rate of a penny in the pound. I forwarded the parcel to Mr Hay, and the book was most welcome. I am sorry for the trouble you have had about the Dean's letters, but much obliged by your persevering kindness. Would to God I had shaken hands with the Dean, which would end my labours of editorship, unless where little antiquarian tit-bits were to be cooked up!

The Duchess of Gordon's panegyrist is surely too absurd a fellow to be identified with Playfair. If I could suppose he had written the paragraph, I must conclude that the fickleness of cousin Ap Reece, now Lady Davy, had turned his brain. The fair Fidele with a pize to her!—'twas as rampant a brimstone as ever came out of Billingsgate, whose sole claim to wit rested upon her brazen impudence and disregard to the feelings of all who were near her. I should suppose some country minister, or the led surgeon of the family, had squirted out the piece of absurdity you have noticed.

A very different specimen of our Scottish matronage, your friend Lady Stafford, is in town just now, but I have not seen her as yet.

I will overhaul Ballantyne's books, but I cannot immediately guess what one you mean with plates in the French style. They have some neat little articles at present.

I have got from Tho^s. Thomson a very old and curious brief Chronicle of the reign of James II. It overturns many facts in our received history, and throws much light upon that obscure period. Thomson intends to throw off a few copies

for private friends, and I will endeavour to get you one, or have mine copied for you. Are you aware that Lord Hailes challenges the slayer of the Red Cuming as not being the Chief of Closeburn? I think, however, upon very feeble grounds.

I have lately recovered a curious document, being the King's declaration to Parliamt^e after the fall of the Douglasses, "Anent the coming of the Laird of Buccleuch to Melrose." The object is to exculpate the Laird from having any treasonable intentions, in token of which the King, with laudable minuteness, informs us that he had "bot on ane ledderin doublet, with ane black bonnet upon his head." When you are hunting after Border anecdotes, perhaps you may pick up something anent the battle of Dryfe Sands and the death of Maxwell. I have heard it reported that the lady of Lockerby knocked him on the head like a second Jael, and that the weapon she used was the large key of the Castle, for, having sent out all her servants, either to assist Johnstone or to procure intelligence, she at length sallied out herself, locked the iron gate, and carried this unlucky key in her hand when she encountered Maxwell, whose horse had thrown him in the retreat, after he had lost a hand in the battle. I think it is not altogether out of the dice that I may see you in Dumfriesshire this year; for as I intend to be in Cumberland, I shall be at no great distance from you. I should like to see Carlaverock and Lochmaben, but above all to see you in your land. But all this is hypothetical.—Believe me, ever most gratefully yours,

WALTER SCOTT.

EDINR., 18th June 1812.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

HODDAM CASTLE, *Sunday* [June 22 or 23] 1812.

MY DEAR SCOTT,—I make the greater haste to answer your last, that I may express the extreme pleasure which a visit

from you will give to all the inmates of this mansion, and to beg, that if you really make out your pilgrimage to Cumberland, you will by no means forget and pass us by. I need say nothing particularly from myself, saving that I shall be most happy to do the honours of Lochmaben and Caerlaveroc, both of which are at no considerable distance from our own chateau; but this my mother desireth me to add, that she begs you to present her best wishes to Mrs Scott, who, she hopes, will accompany you in your excursion, and do us the honour of coming hither, tho' to her our variety of ruinous castles can be but slender attraction. You will, I am sure, be much gratified by your examination of Caerlaveroc, which is certainly, in spite of the Goths who steal the materials to construct dykes, a most beautiful relic of antiquity; but Lochmaben is so totally ruined, both from time and the peeling of its walls, all the hewn stone being removed, that it is far from picturesque: however, come and see. The situation must be dear to every Scottish antiquarian, tho' there were not a stone of the castle left. Moreover, to draw you by a still stronger tug to this den of Cacus, know that we are only about four miles distant from Fair Ellen's grave,¹ and that the scenery is beautiful. She lies in a romantic holme, covered with broom, by the side of the Kirtle; there are birch-trees, too, and wild roses—in short, everything that the poet can desire. “O then, draw thou near to our dwellings, that the sun may appear in our land!”

I am quite happy that Meg pleases you, and that she is deemed worthy of a frame, but there is one anachronism in the drawing concerning which I feel a qualm—I mean the priest's costume. This never struck me until I had gone too far to amend matters, and my only consolation is that very few persons saving yourself are in a capacity of finding out so minute a flaw. You deserve a crown of crab-tree

¹ Fair Ellen of Kirkconnel.

blossom in place of laurels for your cares respecting that spider of a Dean, whose letters to the Duchess of Ormond I do not yet despair of, tho' poor Worcester is once more shipped off to Portugal, after occasioning both Duke and Duchess a great deal of distress. What you say of the Duchess of Gordon is, I daresay, as just as it is amusing. I had lately put into my hands a packet of letters written by the wife of the second Duke to a Mrs Dunbar, which prove that she had the turn of Sappho, and of many ladies mentioned by Brantome. How Mrs Dunbar came to preserve such documents is wonderful. The Duchess, you know, was a daughter of the famous Earl of Peterborough. "Mordanto fills the trump of fame;" quere, do the daughters of great soldiers partake too much of the father? Here is one instance; Christina of Sweden was another; and I think Mrs Manley mentions some of the Duke of Marlborough's daughters as members of the Cabal. I do not talk of these epistles in general, for eschewing the resurrection of too recent scandals; but with you I can have no *literary* secrets.

I am in some hopes of seeing the fair Marchioness's son in his way to Dunrobin, as we lie on one of his lines of pilgrimage; and, talking of our mutual acquaintances who bear honours on their brows, I am assured that a certain great lady is at last to receive due benevolence, in all its pride, pomp, and circumstance, from her reluctant spouse! which, on a selfish account, I am rather sorry for, and I think one may justly enough feel a concern for her too, considering her late comforts at K., and the dreadful paragon of peevishness she will now have to deal with. He is always out of temper; but that is not wonderful, if he be as much with Lady H. as is reported.

I shall be extremely obliged to you for a copy, in any shape, of the Chronicle which Mr Thomson has picked up and intends to print. The murders in the Douglas family render K. James the Second's reign excessively interesting, par-

ticularly the first crime: "Edinburgh Castle, town, and tower, God grant ye sink for sin!" What sad dogs, however, those Douglases in general were, even by the account of their own friends! Did you remark how much of their noble origin Mr Chalmers docks off in his 'Caledonia'? He seems much prejudiced against the race, and lavishes great abuse upon them, but still it appears that he may say with the clown, "Here be truths."

I remember Lord Hailes's note respecting the Kirkpatricks rather imperfectly, tho' I'm sure it went on a date proving one Roger to have been alive after he was dead, consequently another Roger did not kill the Regent. My lord was a strange historian, tho' in this case he really may be right, as the fixing of the stab upon Closeburne is merely through tradition, authorized strongly by the crest and motto of the family. We have no papers to prove anything decidedly in the affair, or, indeed, much respecting the clan in any shape. Our oldest charter, a confirmation of Closeburne to Yvone Kirkp^k. by Alex^r. 2, is dated 1232; but in a charter of Robert Brus, 1st Lord of Annandale, to the monks of Holmcultram, Yvone Kirkp^k. appears as a witness; and as this Robert died 1141, we *make* this Yvone the other's papa. We can go no further up on parchment: to come *down*,—"Stephanus, Dominus villa de Closburn, filius et hæres Domini Ade de Kirkp^k. inibitis," makes an agreement with the Abbot of Kelso concerning the Kirk of Closburne, 1278, so Stephen *must* have been grandson to Yvone. Here a Dr Clapperton, who resided at Lochmaben, was a virtuoso, and had access to many charter-chests now impervious, particularly to that of the Lords Carliel of Torthorwald, produces two sons to Stephen,—Roger, and Duncan, who married Isobel, d^r. and heiress of Sir David Torthorwald of that ilk. It is this Duncan who is so frequently mentioned in the poem of Wallace. Sir Roger, 'tis said, stuck Cummin, but we have no charters to prove even his existence; but unanimous

tradition gives him the *honour* of stabbing a half-dead regent-killer. Here is his successor; but perhaps this *Thomas* "did give the mortal touch." Hume calls the man-queller *Thomas*! The Kirkpatricks of Torthorwald quickly ended in an heiress, who married the ancestor of the Lords Carliel; so there was no baronial family but that of Closeburne of the name, till that [¹] of Kirkmichael started up in James 3d's time, and quickly "*conquest*" a large estate, afterwards possessed by the Dallyell's and Douglas's.

We were people [¹] of good condition now and then, but with sad falls, which occasioned letters of [¹] and growsome "Giftis off Escheet." The laird of Closeburne's son was pledge for Oliver Sinclair after the rout of Solway, and from Lodge it appears we were then rich. His son, tho' he married a daughter of the reforming L^d Glencairne, stuck to Queen Marie, and had Closeburne Castle blown up with powder by the E. of Sussex for his pains. His son, who was at Dryffe Sands, seems to have been tormented by all the world, even his own children. His neighbours were constantly herrying him, and tho' we have no less than three writs of fire and sword granted against them, all seems to have availed nothing. One of these writs, dated 13 April 1593, denounces Alexander Johnstone of Gallihill, and many more of the name of Johnstone, "for the shaimfull and cruel slauchtir of umq^l William Kirkpatrick;" but another (2nd June) includes members of the name of Maxwell, so Sir Thomas, perhaps, was not sorry to see his friends scamper off at Dryffe, where, I have heard, Lord Maxwell was slain, not by the gudewife of Lockerby, but of Kelton, which is near the scene of battle. She went out, I have heard, to strip the dead, and found Lord Maxwell in a ditch. The beautiful good-night you printed in the 'Minstrely' alludes to Closeburne's coldness, not to say worse, in the cause; yet in the writ against the Johnstones, he himself inserts as his

¹ Letter torn here.

coadjutors Roger Grierson of Lag, Sir John Gordon of Lochinvar, William Lord Herries, and John Lord Maxwell. To conclude this verbiage properly, I must mention that Lord Hailes wrote an elegy on my grandmother Kirkpatrick, which I possess, and which is a sad specimen of his lordship's poetical powers. One may quote Cotton about Dido:—

“ My lord, to make her death the sweeter,
A portion gave of Hopkins' metre.”

I went the other day to the house of Terregles, near Dumfries, that I might take a sketch of Lady Nithsdail's portrait—the lady who got her lord out of the Tower with so much ingenuity in the year 1716. I had not been in the house since poor Lady Winny's time, and found her grandmother's picture in no good condition. It seems to have been painted by Sir Godfrey, and is rather well done. She is not pretty; fair-complexioned, slender, sitting upon a rock, with one hand round the neck of a [¹] spaniel. Her husband, who is also well painted, is a hideous black-faced fellow, in armour, with so coarse a visage that I know not a countess of the present day who would not cry fie upon Lady Nithsdail for thinking of “so shocking a fright's” rescue.

If I go on much longer, you, I fear me, will cry out, “Good people, bring a rescue or two;” so I have done, begging you to let me know your motions, when at leisure, and to believe me, ever most faithfully yours,

CHS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

P.S.—If ever I have an opportunity, I shall beg a sight of King James's Declaration respecting the laird of Buccleugh. In the Ashmolean Museum there is an account of Lord Bedford's embassy to Scotland, after the birth of James 6th, and as a particular relation of the dresses of several Scottish peers, worn when Lord Bedford dined with Lord Murray. I had lately sent me a catalogue of the books and MSS.

¹ Letter torn.

which Drummond of Hawthornden presented to the Ad.'s Lib., printed 1627 (reprinted, I suppose, in the large catalogue), and there appear to be some curious things that one never hears of,—a relation of the Gowrie Conspiracy, by the E. of Stirling (MS.); an answer to the Chameleon (MS.); Sir Robert Kerr's Psalms, in English verse (MS.); *Tetrachista* ou Quatrains à son file; Queen Marie (MS.)—is this printed? By the bye, since I cannot get Sir John Johnstone's speech, I wish you'd let me have the song upon him. After perusing this letter, I was tempted to throw it into the fire, but on second thoughts it shall go, as the most complete specimen of gossip that ever was seen.

WALTER SCOTT, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—It is with great pleasure that I send you a copy both of the dying speech and song relative to the hapless Knight of Caskieben, who died like a true knight-errant—but in an unusual manner though—for the common cause, a lady fair.¹ I have a copy of the Chronicle in hand for you; it is certainly the most ancient and authentic account which we have of the reign of James II., and contradicts in many points the common histories. I send a copy of the declaration of the King in favour of my chief. By the way, looking into the 'Staggering State,' I observe Sir Gideon Murray was an ally of our clan, and carried Buccleuch's standard at the affair of Dryffsands: such I fancy had been the consequence of the marriage with Mickle-mou'd Meg. By the way, I believe I did make a mistake about the gudewife of Kelton, and now recollect it was to her, not to Lady Lockerby, that the Sisera and Jael business of Lord Maxwell was attributed.

What you tell me of the D. of G. is very curious, and might enlighten the intellects of some of our judges, who in a *cause*

¹ See *ante*, p. 530.

célèbre of our own day protested against the united testimony of ancients and moderns, not to mention that of direct witnesses in the case, that there were no such propensities as the ancients ascribed to Sappho, and the Court of Charles II. to Mad^{selle}. Hobart.

The reunion of the Prince and Princess will be an astonishing phenomenon; but I fancy he has got a fright, and wishes to secure the attachment of the decent classes of society, to which this would be a great step. But, to be sure, it must be a cat-and-dog life between them after all, unless they begin, as they are to end, with keeping different corners of Carlton House.

As to the Douglasses, Chalmers has fallen into a great error. The whole theory rests on this—Certain lands on Douglas water, “Theobaldo Flammatico,” who, as Chalmers avers (but this, as Partridge says, is a *gratis dictum*), was the father of William de Douglas, witness to some charters between the years 1170 and 1190. Now, notwithstanding that he disingenuously would have you to infer there is some stronger evidence of the connection between Theobald than his own *say-so* and the assumed identity of the lands possessed by them, yet I understand there is no other support whatever; and the lands are so far from being the same estate, that it has happened rather wonderfully that those granted to Theobald Fleming, which are mentioned by their proper boundaries in the Abbot’s charter to him, are not now, and never were, any part of the adjacent Barony of Douglas; so down falls Chalmers’ whole system. Indeed, though a most indefatigable bearer of wood and stone for antiquarian erections, I hold him incapable of putting one stone on another—or, in other words, of drawing any sound or wholesome inference from the mass of matter which he assembles together.

I think that tradition must be accurate in the matter of the slaughter of the Reid Cuming—indeed the assumption of the crest seems sufficiently to warrant our believing it, and an

hundred reasons might occasion the circumstance which Hailes stumbles at.

Now let me try to interest you in a sort of hobby-horsical proposal of mine for amusement of a winter's or autumnal evening. You know I have a fine collection of witch-books and suchlike. Now, what think you of a selection of the most striking and absurd stories of apparitions, witchcraft, demonology, and so forth, tacked together with ironical disquisitions, and occasionally ornamented with historical and antiquarian anecdotes, and instead of a broomstick, to clap three or four humourous drawings to the tails of our witches, which we would take care to have beautifully etched, and which would send the publication

“Up in the air on my bonnie gray mare,
And I see, and I see, and I see her yet”?

The plan might admit a sprinkling of poetry, especially of an humourous cast. We would carefully conceal names, and I am certain might have a great deal of fun, and afford some to the publick. We could divide the literary part of the task as was most agreeable to you. I would not confine ourselves to dry extracts, but would abridge and select and ornament the narratives where that was judged more advisable. Moreover, I think we might put down in such a collection any of those mystical tales of tradition which we may be able yet to recover or may have stored in our memory. Pray let me interest you in this matter,

“For if you deign not to assist,
You make all this an idle dream.”¹

We—for Mrs Scott is my travelling companion—propose to be in Dumfriesshire about the middle of August, as the Duke

¹ The joint work was never undertaken, but it took shape with each in a separate form—Scott's treatise on 'Demonology and Witchcraft,' and Sharpe's essay on Scottish witchcraft in the introduction to Law's 'Memorials.'

and Duchess will then be at Drumlanrig. I trust you will go there with us, and see what is left in the old library and what pictures are in the halls. But before going thither, we will visit Hoddam Castle, agreeable to your kind invitation.

“*Ohe jam satis!*” quoth my fingers, and I fear your eyes will re-echo the quotation, though barest of the threadbare.—Ever yours,

WALTER SCOTT.

EDINR., 26th June.

My address will be Abbotsford, Melrose, after this week.

I enclose a few doggrel lines about Douglas of Dornock, which I thought you might like to see, as the scene lies at Ecclefechan. The poor poet, like many a country gentleman, seems to have been eaten up by his men of business, who in Scotland supply the place of hawks, hounds, the turf, and the gaming-table in easing the landed men of their dirty acres.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to MATTHEW LEWIS, Esq.

H. CASTLE, 30th June 1812.

DANAË.

“Night on horror’s wings suspended,
Veil’d in clouds the watery world,
Darkening storms, by death attended,
Through the air destruction hurl’d.
Loud was heard the whirlwind blowing,
High was borne the brazen chest,
When the fair, with eyes o’erflowing,
Clasp’d her infant to her breast.

“Babe, she said,” &c.

Victoria! After in vain trying to mollify your tenacious rigour, I have squeezed this, and about seven stanzas more, from a wonderful Scottish Echo, who, tho’ condemned to the mountains of Caledonia, hath entirely recovered from the cold she caught sitting upon the damp grave of Narcissus!

Shall I send you a copy of Danaë, Mr Lewis? Don't be modest on account of the trouble, as I never tire of transcribing such pretty verses, and in such a solitary, dismal, woe-begone chateau as this "no other task these faded eyes pursue." For I see nobody, read little, weep less, and never draw at all.

Apropos—

"Shepherds tell me, tell me have you seen—

Ha * ve you se -  en De G—¹ pass this way?"

When I say, however, that I never draw at all, I wish you to understand that since I have gained my point concerning Danaë, I have composed myself a little, and finished a drawing for you, very ill done, certes, yet as well as I could do it with a crow-quill and a pair of very weak eyes; but the question is, how am I to transmit it to your worship? seeing that it is not worth mail-coach carriage—and, alas! no cheering footstep of London traveller e'er leaves the traces of social joy amid the noxious dews of Annandale.

I passed the greater part of last winter in Edin., where all the women and all the men are virtuous. There the children dance waltzes, write love-letters, fight, flirt, copulate, and conceive in leading-strings!—is not this strange? I saw Lady Augusta Clavering² there, who is looking better than she hath done for a long while; and, moreover, hath the satisfaction of being the mother of an acknowledged flag and flagstaff, a king's birthday beauty, on whose appearance all the great guns in Edin. do not fail of making a monstrous discharge. Miss C.³ strikes me as being pretty, but nothing more; for she hath got tender eyes, and no flesh to cover her

¹ De Gramont.

² Daughter of John, fifth Duke of Argyll, married Brigadier-General Henry Clavering, son of Sir John Clavering of Axwell.

³ Charlotte Catherine Clavering, married, 1817, to Miles Fletcher, Esq.

nakedness. She's a sort of ghost of Lady Charlotte,¹ dead of a consumption, and much compressed by whipping through the keyhole.—Adieu, my dear Lewis; believe me ever faithfully yours.

Earl GOWER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

LETHEBOL, July 1, 1812.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I have fairly got out of the metropolis and *les douceurs de Londres*, on the way to Dunrobin, and am very sorry to be obliged to say “No, I cannot,” to your kind invitation; but I must stay here a day to see my farm, and a day at Trentham—and that will leave me no day for the journey, except what I must needs require in order to be in time for the local militia.

So pleasure must give way to duty, you see. I am sorry for it, as I sh^d. have liked much to have been able to have seen you and Hoddam.

I neither saw nor heard of Constable at London, further than that at the Roxburghe sale I heard several books knocked down to his name; but I did not observe his presence there. Such prices never were heard of as some of the books sold for—as you may have seen by the newspapers, which are too apt to anticipate me and my letters.

Pray write to me at Dunrobin, where I shall be in the course of a week.—Y^{rs}. very truly,
GOWER.

I have opened my letter to say that Lady Stafford saw Stirling on her way to Dunrobin, and the Castle all turned to barracks. She says, “Marr's Work is exactly like Sharpe's drawing.”

¹ Lady Charlotte Campbell.

WALTER SCOTT, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

EDINBURGH, *July 10th*, 1812.

MY DEAR CHARLES SHARPE,—The transcript I sent you of Johnstone's speech¹ was from a copy belonging to my friend Mr Gillies. But I have since found my own, which I enclose, and which I think is rather more particular, though agreeing in general with that which I sent you. As the *minutiae* of these matters are always the most interesting, therefore I send you the enclosed "more last words of the worthy Knight," whose fate it was to be *sus. per coll.* for serving his friend.—
Yours truly,
W. S.

The Hon. KEPPEL CRAVEN to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

CONSTANTINOPLE, *Saturday night, July 11*, 1812.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I don't know whether I am justified in choosing a moment of pain, alarm, and uncertainty, as the one most favourable to letter-writing; but I cannot defer the so doing any longer, for the time is come when I must put my packet of letters into the hands that are to convey them to England, which are no less than those of Mr Canning,² our ex-Minister at this Court, who is returning by the same ship which brought out Mr Liston; but before I proceed further, I should relieve your mind from the uneasiness which the second line of this epistle may have raised in it, by telling you that the alarm therein mentioned proceeds from reports of the plague, which is said to have broke out in the neighbourhood, and indeed in some parts of the Turkish town: the uncertainty arises from the daily alterations which have taken place in Mr Canning's plans relative to his departure, and which affect me, as I am to accompany him as far as the

¹ See *ante*, p. 555.

² The late Lord Stratford de Redcliffe.

Dardanelles; and the pain is created by an abominable visitation called a boil, which has made its appearance on the back of my neck, and has confined me to my room for this week past, and thereby disappointed me of playing the pretty to her Excellency Mrs Liston, besides really preventing my sleeping every night. I am now trying to put an end to its baneful influence by next Monday, the day fixed for our departure, but doubt of success, which would be a most severe disappointment, as we are to visit *Brousa* on our way, and I long to know how one feels at the top of Mount Olympus, which it is proposed we should climb. I have been here nearly a month,—much more than is necessary to see the *soi-disant* curiosities of the place, and quite enough to be heartily tired of it as a residence, notwithstanding its beauties, which certainly are quite beyond description, and which are not confined to the town alone, but extend the whole length of the banks of the Bosphorus as far as the Black Sea. Though I am a great friend to the Turks, from whom I have met with nothing but kindness and hospitality, I must own that I wish that they were confined to their possessions in Asia (which, after all, form the finest country I have ever seen), and that some European—I don't say Christian—power had the ruling of this city; but I should bargain for none of the mosques being pulled down, not a cypress-tree touched, and that the fashion of the boats be not alter'd. This last condition will make you smile, and betrays the cloven foot; but I assure you that those three objects form in my eyes the most prominent features of the picture, and I don't think any others could be substituted with equal grace and effect. I quitted Gell and his artists at Scio, or rather they left me there for Samos, from which place I have heard from him, and he is by this time at Rhodes. I went from Scio to Lesbos, from thence on to the Asiatic coast, and by land through the Troad to the Dardanelles, whence I came here in a boat, and was soon follow'd by the

new embassy, which has afforded something in the shape of conversation and society. There is a Mr Phose, lame, and out of health, but gentlemanlike and well-inform'd; if he was good-looking, he might be consider'd as interesting, but that is not the case, and his voice is so like Stapleton's that the charms of his conversation are quite extinguish'd by the sound. . . . The captain of the ship *Argo*,—a very good-natured person, though very different from Jason,—and some of his officers, make up the party, among which I am considered as a prodigy of learning and antiquarianism; which I found out quite by chance, and have held my head up ever since as high as my boil will let me. After this Olympic expedition, I propose making another of an equally sublime nature by visiting M^t Athos; and then, to descend to gentler scenes, have some thoughts of looking at Thessalian Tempe, and reanimating my drooping patriotism by a view of Thermopylæ. After this, I shall return again to the orange-groves of Scio, where I hope to find a clue to lead me to my lost companions, without whom, I own, I feel very awkward, and sometimes unhappy. The true way of possessing that equality of spirits which is reckon'd so enviable, is to lose whatever forms the main spring of one's existence, and I thereby have been most apathetically amiable and chearfull for these six weeks past. I am grown indifferent to everything but bodily pain, even to the daily loss of the remainder of my white locks, which now vie with the snow of Ida in brightness, but not in quantity. I have left off that fatal *toupee* which excited your wrath, and my head now shines in artless nudity and baldness. I have been much pleased with Lord Byron's poem, or rather parts of it; but the prose is vile, his attempts at wit quite melancholy, and his mention of the artists' squabbles at Athens perfectly uninteresting to English readers, and only calculated to wound the feelings of those mention'd. I am also much concern'd that he should translate "Nostra Señora

de la Pena" (at Cintra), "Our Lady of woe or punishment," for unluckily "pena" there only signifies a rock. It is also wrong to accentuate Andalūsia as he does, and not Andälūsä, which is the national mode of pronouncing it, and, moreover, much more poetical and harmonious. This, and Buchan's 'Domestic Medicine,' are the only books I have *seen* for some months, save my own Journal, which, to follow your advice, I pay great attention to, and which has already filled nearly two small volumes.

But it is late, and I am in pain, so shall bid you farewell. My next will probably announce my plans for the autumnal and winter campaign. In the meantime, adieu. Write as usual, and believe me thine affectionate
CAROLUS REX.

GRANVILLE VERNON,¹ Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I do not know whether you end your name with an *e* or not, but the Archbishop of St Andrews did, and the Archbishop of York did, and therefore the analogy is all for it, though it is possible that the Puritans may hold in such holy Catholic hatred everything Episcopal, that Sharp you must be whether you will or no, and that you may prefer *security* without HONOR, to your *namesake's fate* with as much of the LATTER as a well-stuffed E can conveniently carry. Nevertheless, as it would be inconceivably vulgar to expose your name to all the vile ribaldry of puns to which the adjective sharp, sharper, sharpest (I *compare* for the benefit of country gentlemen), might render you liable, I have resolved to write you Sharpe.

But here I must observe that this resolution is an insult to

¹ George Granville Harcourt Vernon of Newnham Courtney, M.P. for Oxfordshire, son of the Archbishop of York; born 1785, died 1861. He married first, Lady Elizabeth Bingham; secondly, the Dowager Countess Waldegrave, the daughter of Braham the singer.

the memory of the above-mentioned Archbishop of York, for his arms are quartered, subquartered, and emblazoned with every *sharp* instrument imaginable, which convicts him or his ancestors either of a most unseemly pun, or of most ignorant orthography. Daggers, pricks, spits, choose your alternative.

If you have contrived to wade so far, your patience is well entitled to an answer to the very natural difficulty which you have found to understand this stuff. First, then, Aristotle informs me that all men are indignant with those who forget or distort their names. An eventual apology seemed my only resource. Next, it argues very plausibly the destruction of your letters to me, that I should have no means of reference to satisfy me on this interesting question. The conclusion, however, is false, for they are all safe at Oxford. Lastly, it must have been an age since my last letter to you, or I should not have forgotten what I then knew. I confess the dilemma, but there may be another reason more true and more wise than these, that not knowing how to fill otherwise so many pages as I thought would entitle me to a corresponding answer from you, I was obliged to have recourse to my friend Nonsense. I resemble therein the silk-worm making a great puff with but little weight of matter: in this, however, I differ from the little beast, that as he who gathers *its* labour receives all the fruit, so contrariwise all the fruit of *mine* will, I trust, revert to me in a copious answer from you. You know my opinion of your epistolary powers, and, knowing it, you paid me a bad compliment in supposing that I should not perform my best endeavours to purchase a share of their entertainment by answering your letter. You know, I suppose, that Tyndall's brother is married, and I am afraid that it will very much detract from their family comfort. Oney should not have had a pupil, but the die being cast, he has been fortunate enough. Sir T. Jones¹ is a very good-

¹ Of Stanley Hall, Salop.

humoured, rattling, pleasant Baronet, and nevertheless not "a good fellow," nor "damn your eyes."¹ Bull has L^d Belgrave² for his pupil, and is to have 200 GUINEAS A-YEAR and travel with him (into Scotland this vacation), and all his expences paid. His good fortune is surprising. It has had, moreover, a visible effect in his life at Ch. Ch., for you are well aware of the advantage of having under the arm a very rich Viscount in Oxford, and Scotland especially. It has likewise been partly the means of introducing Tyndall to the favour of the *noblemen's set*; and he at last, though reluctantly, has joined them. His heart, you know, was always with them. Ch. Ch. had no prizes this year, and but one first class man. W. Bathurst is pining over his failure in the latter particular; he, Delawarr,³ and Low were in the second class. The Staffords had left town before our vacation commenced, but I saw Gower, whom people are grown tired of making matches for. We had a Scotchman resident at Oxford for a fortnight, Sir J. Riddell,⁴ whom I should think you must know well, both as a countryman and an Oxonian. He seems very good and very particular, and a most amusing specimen of a "one clock." Let me not be misunderstood. I call the specimen *amusing*, not the man. Your neighbour, Mr Brougham, has signalised himself much this spring in Parliament. I believe, however, that you, as a partisan of Walter Scott, feel little interest in an Edinburgh Reviewer. This reminds me to thank you for the verses which you transcribed for me, and I give you great credit for honesty in not giving them as your own. I understand that there is in the press, and shortly will be published, another cart-load of wealth to Scott and pleasure to his readers. I forget what affected person (I think it is Miss

¹ See note, *ante*, p. 446.

² Richard Grosvenor, afterwards second Marquess of Westminster; born 1795, died 1869.

³ John George Sackville West, born 1791; succeeded his father as fifth Earl Delawarr, 1795; died 1869.

⁴ See *ante*, p. 128.

Seward) concludes her letter with, "Write me soon and write me quickly."—Yours most truly,
GLEE. VERNON.

BISHOPTHORPE, YORK, [July 19, 1812.]

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

HODDAM CASTLE, July 21, 1812.

MY DEAR SCOTT,—I have got so much to thank you for that I scarcely know how to begin, yet my inclination prompts me first of all to make my acknowledgments for the favour you intend us in a visit, which will be most welcome whenever you find it convenient either to wander towards the Cumberland lakes, or seek the hospitable halls of your chief in the chateau of Drumlanrig.

And now I must profess my shame on account of the trouble you have taken respecting that knight of an evil star, who suffered base suspension—one would think from these documents, somewhat unjustly, tho' I have no doubt but that he was a sad, bloody-minded tyrant, and guilty (for I am no disciple of Queen Elizabeth in such things) of the first act of violence laid to his charge. It is striking enough that two of the godly Earl of Argyll's sons (the Earl, that shining light of the new 'Fox's Martyrs'¹) should have been such graceless dogs as the first Duke, who was slain in a bawdy-house squabble, and this Campbell of Mammore, to whom his father wrote a pious epistle the morning of his execution, which, as it is brief, and was never printed, I here subjoin: "For Mr Johne Campbell. Deare Johne, we parted sudenly, but I hope shall meete hapily in heaven. I pray God bless you, and if you seeke Him, He will be found of you. My wife will say all to you, pray love and respect her.—I am your loving father, Argyll. Edin. Castle,

¹ Lord Holland's Memoirs of James II.

30 June 85." The original of this is in Lord Frederick's¹ possession, who may one day make a figure in story somewhat like that of his progenitors, for I have seen a MS. narrative, written by poor Miss Campbell of Carrick, who died of a cancer in the Duke of Argyll's rooms in the Abbey, extremely well done, in which she makes out Lord Frederick to have been a very sad deceiver. All these documents respecting Sir John Johnstone I shall guard like the fruit of Hesperia until I can restore them safely into your own hands. And the same care shall be used towards Dornock's 'Distress,' which amused me much, and of which a copy is a great addition to a pretty extensive collection of papers respecting the Queensberry family that is in the possession of your humble servant. The unfortunate Laird who sets his sorrows forth in such a moving strain was g^t-grandson of Archibald Douglas of Dornock, second son of the first E. of Queensberry; and son of the last Laird of Dornock (for it's a groundless title which he assumeth in his tragedy) by a d^r of Sir James Johnstone of Westerhall. His grandfather was the confidant of the first Duke of Queensberry, and of his whole family, who wrote to him on all their squabbles, even the waiting-maid of Lady Anne informing him by letter that her mistress had kept her room for three days in a pet, and that she, as an excuse to the house, had said that her Ladyship's gown was a-washing. His father sold the estate of Dornock to the Duke of Queensberry, but bought the estate of Castlemilk contiguous to this, which was all that his son had to dispose of. He was a madman, and dangerous in his cups. I have heard that he once caught his wife, a d^r of Sir Patrick Maxwell of Springkell, in an *unequivocal* situation with the ploughman, one of whose ears he immediately whipt off with a *gullie* which he happened to hold in his hand. His son, I remember, was the

¹ Lord Frederick Campbell, son of John, fourth Duke of Argyll, and Lord Clerk Register of Scotland; died June 1816.

horror of my youth, a truculent-faced, squinting fellow, who was perpetually drunk, and armed with pistols, which he made very little ceremony of discharging. His cousin, Sir Will. Maxwell, never dared to pass the door of his house, lest he should meet with a stray bullet, as he would take no notice of the Captain after he was turned out of the army for wounding a man behind his back with whom he had picked a quarrel. At last he actually shot one Little, a farmer of his own, and was tried for the murder at Dumfries; but by the help of money (for we were all in a fear about having a cousin hanged, the Border notions are now so refined), and abundance of perjury, he was brought in insane, and confined at Dumfries till his death, which happened lately. When drunk he was certainly mad, but not otherwise. I believe his family is now represented by his cousin-german in Jamaica, who, should the Kelhead branch by any chance fail, will be Marquis of Queensberry. So much for Dornock and his tragical dialogue; in which, however, I must add the initials of G. M. stand for George Muir, Sir Alex^r. Muir Mackenzie's father, who, if all be true which one hears, is a very becoming third to Scoundrel Grant and Pastoris Filius.

Ten thousand thanks for the Chronicle of King James the Second, which must be a most valuable discovery; and for the extract concerning the good Laird of Buccleugh, whom I see in my mind's eye galloping forth in his buff coat and black bonnet, having, I dare swear, good stout armour under both. These worthies were always on the right side in politics, if I remember clearly, which is vast praise to a Scottish family of importance. The Duke of Monmouth, to be sure, went astray; but he only married in, and had great temptations of every kind to ensnare him. I bear a womanish affection towards his memory, which is very ridiculous. What you tell me respecting the origin of the Douglasses is quite satisfactory, and enrageth one's spirit against Chalmers,

whom I could perceive to be ignorant in his notes to Sir D[avid] L[indsay], but had not skill enough to detect in 'Caledonia.' Since I wrote last I have read Lord Hailes once more, after a lapse of some years, and find that he'd fain made out Archibald the Grim to have been illegitimate,—that gruesome carle's expulsion of the nuns of Lincluden on account of their incontinency would make an amusing drawing; but Lord Hailes seems to have been fond of making discoveries, and it requireth no great talent that way to perceive that there is a great deal of stuff and ill taste in his own 'Annals of Scotland.'

Your plan respecting a collection of spectre relations and diabolic agency strikes me as delicious, and whatever is in my limited power to execute shall be done with alacrity; but I see in the plenitude of my wisdom one dreary obstacle to the perfection of the work,—the tiresome shackles of modesty, as it is called, under which we must ply the literary oar; for, under favour, we cannot enter into those curious minutiae of courtship which passed between the devil and the witches, the most amusing article in the whole routine of sorcery; neither enlarge upon particular *malefices* which the hags wrought against young fellows, concerning which there is such an excellent story in the 'Discovery of Witchcraft.' Our frontispiece, of course, must be portraits of the P. and Lady Hertford as Satan and one of the sisterhood; but what do you think of embellishing with likenesses of people who have shown themselves, after death, sorcerers, &c., &c., and views of houses remarkably haunted? There is a portrait of Sir George Villers at Strawberry Hill, of Pearlin Jean at Allan Bank,¹ of Lady Anne Douglas at Drumlanrig, and of Lady Isabella Thynne (who, like her sister, Lady Di, saw her own shade) in Lord Breadalbane's apartments in the Abbey. Then for witches: I fear we have no representations to be relied upon of Mother Shipton or the woman of Endor, nor

¹ For Pearlin Jean, see Marriott's ballad, *ante*, p. 303.

portraits of Lady Glammiss (who is not, by the way, found guilty of witchcraft in the 'Criminal Record'), or Lady Buccleugh; or Lady Athole, who cast the pains of King James the Sixth's birth upon Lady Rivers; or Lady Ancrum, who figures in the 'Staggering State'; or Lady Huntley, who, if she did not ride herself, was a great upholder of the besom. But there may be a picture of the first Lord Stair's mother, and there are certainly genuine prints of the Marechale d'Ancre, La Voisin, and Madame de Soissons. I never could detect a portrait of Mother Jennings at Blenheim. There, dear Scott, we have wealth of warlocks! There are prints of Dr Fiane (I never saw the curious book of his pranks; it was in Brand's collection) and of John Knox, of Napier of Merchiston (who was habit and repute), Oliver Cromwell, Prince Rupert, and Lord Dundee. Nay, in this quarter of the world we possess the effigies of two most notable warlocks, painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller: the first Duke of Queensberry, whose history you know; and Sir Patrick Maxwell of Springkell, who gave his eldest son to the devil the moment he was born, and had nightly meetings with that foul thief in the lonely churchyard of Kirkconnel.

For new wonders in the way of narrative, we may collect many. The Margravine of Anspach hath a long MS. account of the spectre which haunted Mademoiselle Clairon the actress, who was kept by the Margrave, written, I believe, in the lady's own hand. This I could procure secretly. Then Pearlín Jean, and many other *true* stories, you know have never been printed; nay, this family could yet add a dismal relation to the rest, seeing that we all heard a ghost at Dumfries many years ago, with some surprising circumstances which are too tedious here to be recorded.

But I shall never forgive myself for a crime I once committed in destroying some letters written by the Laird of Cool, the ghost,¹ to the late Mr Sharpe. I was burning a

¹ Cool's ghost created a great sensation in Dumfriesshire about the

vast quantity of rubbish at my father's desire, and not aware of the story, so they were all consumed. I shall regret them all my life, as one might have compared his colloquial with his epistolary style, and drawn sage inferences. Ritson, in his preface to 'Scottish Ballads,' quotes a very curious tract which may be useful in our compilation, 'News from Scotland, 1591,' where are given the words which the witches sung at North Berwick Kirk, "Commer, goe ye before," &c. There's a book called 'Pandemonium,' too, which I never met with [¹] that hath some curious tales, and which I daresay you possess. When I was last in Edinburgh, I copied some extracts from the 'Criminal Record,' principally concerning witches. There is one odd affair, the trial of Lady Fowlis, wife of Munro of Fowlis, for witchcraft, 1590. She and her *commers* made clay figures of Robert Munro of Fowlis and Margorie Campbell, spouse to Ross, younger of Balnagowan, which they shot at with elf arrows. There is another curious story of Sir John Colquhoun of Luss bewitching Lady Margaret Grahame, his wife's sister, with a jewel which he procured from one Chirlips, a necromancer. But enough of these. The only printed book I have (and it may be common, nevertheless) is 'Cruels effets de la vengeance du Cardinal de Richelieu, ou Histoire des Diabes de Loudon,' 1716, in which there are many strange passages, and an account of the execution of Grandier enough to move a very stout mind to compassion.

What an extraordinary apparition that was which a woman swore to before the coroner some years ago, when so many people were killed at Sadlers Wells! Nobody ever enquired into the affair, but I preserved the newspaper in which it is recorded. There were no less than three witnesses, which would have convinced Dr Johnson, and certainly appears

middle of the last century by appearing to various people, seeking to make restitution for injustices done in the flesh.

¹ Torn out.

very extraordinary to persons of a less superstitious turn of mind.

Whatever I can do in this matter tell me, and I will attempt it. Meanwhile we are all happy in the prospect of seeing you and Mrs Scott here; and I remain, dear Scott, with many thanks for all the trouble you have taken on my account,—Your obliged and faithful

CHS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.



published Aug 1807/18 by J. Sharpe

HODDAM CASTLE.

NOTES BY C. K. SHARPE ON LETTERS TO LADY
CHARLOTTE BURY

IN MR GIBSON-CRAIG'S COPY OF 'LIFE AND TIMES
OF GEORGE IV.'

(The first references are to Mr Gibson-Craig's copy; the second, to the pages
of the present volume.)

LETTER I.

Gleanings which regard the family of — (p. 57).—
"Argyll" (p. 441).

Mr Shelley (p. 58).—"Mr S. was a strange tatterdemalion-
looking figure, dressed like a scarecrow: he had no credit for
talents at Oxford, where he was thought to be insane" (p.
442).

The Posthumous Poems (p. 58).—"Her Posthumous
Poems" (*ib.*)

Extremely dull (p. 59).—"A 4to pamphlet. I still have
a copy. One poem is a dialogue between Ravailac and Char-
lotte Cordé,—all sad dull stuff" (*ib.*)

Dukes of Leinster and Dorset (p. 59).—"Two excellent
men in their way. I blush at this impertinence. I was
afterwards very intimate with the D. of D., born, poor lad,
under a most unlucky star. At Oxford one of his eyes was
so injured by a tennis-ball, that he rarely after had the right

use of it : his deplorable end I can never think of without tears. 'He was ravished from us, lest the wickedness of the age should alter his heart, and flattery beguile his soul.'—(Wisdom of Solomon, iv. 11)" (*ib.*)

LETTER II.

Bounty of the outlandish queen (p. 95).—"I cannot remember the story, and am inclined to think that this is foisted in; but not being able to swear it, I hold my tongue" (p. 481).

Power and sweetness (p. 97).—"A horrible lie of mine—God forgive me! Cava ab ilice cornix.—Virgil" (p. 482).

King Montezuma (p. 97).—"This is downright nonsense. I wonder if I ever wrote it" (*ib.*)

Fervours (p. 99).—"Flowers" (p. 483).

Titian (p. 100).—"This might have been applicable enough ten years before I wrote it" (p. 484).

Deaneress (p. 100).—"I never wrote the word" (*ib.*)

P—e (p. 100).—"Poodle" (*ib.*)

Bores (p. 101).—"Beaux, I guess" (p. 485).

LETTER III.

B—m (p. 112).—"Bingham" (p. 486).

S. (p. 113).—"Skeffington" (*ib.*)

H. (p. 113).—"Hartington" (*ib.*)

B—m (p. 113).—"Burlington" (*ib.*)

Duchess of G— (p. 115).—"Gordon" (p. 487).

Lady O. (p. 118).—"Oxford" (p. 489).

Lady O. (p. 119).—"Oxford" (p. 490.)

Swine (p. 119).—"Swain" (*ib.*) (In the edition quoted in the text the initial merely is given.)

S. (p. 119).—"Scott" (*ib.*)

Duchess of St A. (p. 120).—"St Albans" (p. 491).

LETTER IV.

Adolphus (p. 150).—"I remember nothing of this stuff" (p. 494).

Mr C. (p. 151).—"Mr Campbell" (p. 495).

Phrases in the * * * (p. 151).—"Old Mortality" (*ib.*)

Note.—The letters in the text are printed from the edition of 1839, and are printed *verbatim*, mistakes and all. Mr Gibson-Craig's copy did not fall into the hands of the Editor until after the first volume had passed through the press.



APPENDIX.

A

FRIENDLY ADDRESS

To the COMMON PEOPLE of DUMFRIESSHIRE.

Delenda est Carthago!—(See p. 185.)

GOOD FOLKS,—

THE great and very unnecessary *fuss* which is at present made about the French INVASION, hath at last got the better of my philosophic patience, and occasioned me to take pen in hand, with the intention of giving you my serious thoughts on the subject—thoughts which I will strive to express, ungarnished with the flowers of rhetoric, in order that they may be attainable and plain to the homeliest and most clownish capacity.

My Brethren, it would be retailing *Piper's news*, according to the proverbial phrase, to tell you that you have been long grievously oppressed by the Princes and Rulers of the land; by despots who fabricate tyrannical laws, to effect the destruction of an *honest fellow* convicted of a little murder, robbery or theft, (the slightest and most natural piccadilloes in the eye of a philosopher!) and who, at the same time, compel you to be happy contrary to your inclination, which is a very abominable trespass against the liberty of a free-born subject: neither need I hold up to the execration of the multitude our tribe of ignorant Priests, who preach tedious discourses on those thread-bare texts that are intirely out of fashion, and the laughing-stock of every person pretending to true wit and a contempt of superstition. Indeed, these have been causes of infinite grief and vexation to an enlightened and tender-hearted set of people, commonly styled *Democrats*, who most sedulously strove

to clap their magnifying spectacles on your noses, whereby you might the more clearly perceive the manifold oppressions and abuses under which you have laboured. They attempt, with exceeding condescension, to dispel the mists of ignorance from your cloudy understandings, *being themselves gifted with such a peculiar clearness of brain*, that their pericraniums are said to shine in the dark, like the heads of stinking salmon, in so much that projectors and others, whom the heavens prosper, are anxious to try the experiment of substituting them in the place of lamps, after the fashion of those which old people may remember to have seen on the gates of Carlisle.—Nay, these Democrats have actually composed a medicament from their own galls, similar to that of Tobit's fish, (which commentators hold to have been a *shark*,) wherewith they laudably endeavour to remove the scales from such optics as may chance to be obscured by the dull sparrow-dung of contentment.

And their own *Deity* hath blessed their efforts with unbounded success, in spite of the vain attempts of insignificant opponents, who confidently assert that a Democrat must be either a fool or a knave: "for (say they) he is a contemptible ass if he believes what he professes—and a factious knave if he professes without believing."—But this is one of the silliest propositions that ever was advanced by man; its absurdity being apparent to every Whig preacher in Scotland—Yes, my good friends, these Democrats are shining lights, rays and emanations from the great *Will o' the Wisp*, who loves to lead travellers through the obscurity of night, and to glimmer amid the bogs of Ireland: they are prodigious creatures, abundant in wisdom and learning, and overflowing like wet nurses with the milk of *human kindness*, however their malicious foes term it *venom*, and the *essence of hemlock*.

Now, as people are at present busily employed in raising a Militia, to oppose the very best friend Democracy ever had, bating, perhaps, a certain old acquaintance, whom I shall more fully mention by-and-bye; and as the drift of this Address is to quash all attempts towards the preservation of what prejudiced enthusiasts (to give them no worse name) call, forsooth, *Religion and Liberty*, but which we have thought fit to baptize with the more fashionable epithets of *Slavery and Deceit*; I will touch upon a few of the *benefits* which must shower around us from the subjection of this Kingdom to Bonaparte—I say a *few*, as it would require a folio to enumerate *one-half of the good things* which we have the most assured reason to expect from it.

Fellow-Citizens—Let me ask you, What may we not look for on the event of Bonaparte's prosperous arrival here?—He will certainly slay all our Ministers, and lay our Churches level with the ground, so that no more rebukes for fornication will be heard, nor

dismal repenting-stools rear their heads to chill the natural propensities of youth;—no extorted fines will then make our ardent Strephons curse the dearness of their fruitful bargains; and you may make what use you please of your neighbour's wife or daughter, as your neighbour will have an ample title to return you the same compliment. Our *bountiful deliverer* will destroy the whole fabric of the Law,—so you will be able to steal whatever you have a fancy for, and kill those that offend you. Moreover, though all are to be equal, all Kings, yet Bonaparte will be King paramount, (which is no contradiction in the logic of philosophy,) and the meanest clown among you will have the comfort of knowing that he is better born than his Majesty on the Throne.

Consider the happiness which you will enjoy in an emancipation from all the burthensome and ridiculous solemnities of marriage. Reflect that when you become tired of your wives for the time, you will have nothing to do but to kick them out of doors, or drown them in the nearest ditch,—which last I would recommend as an excellent preventive against that irksome female clamour, which is apt to derange the ideas of the coolest Philosopher. Imagine the delight of beholding the young Kings, your sons, falling on their knees before a Gallic Viceroy, (who may have been a hangman in his own country;) and the Queens, your daughters, honoured by licking the dust under the feet of the common trulls of France. And, lastly, figure to yourselves the pleasure of enduring no more apprehensions concerning a frightful place called *Hell*, which the French divines have struck intirely out from all their maps of Theology, though our opponents pretend to find it still in their other charts, under its waggish nickname of IRELAND.

But here, however, my candour obligeth me to take notice of one important inconvenience, which may perhaps accrue from our fraternization with (that is, subjection to) the enlightened French, which seemeth not to have struck our dull adversaries of the Aristocratic faction—I mean the total abolition of the Whig religion, as well as the Presbyterian. As King Bonaparte hath a rooted aversion even to the caracature or burlesque resemblance of certain things, he will, most probably, by no means permit that ugly likeness to divine worship which our Whig meetings exhibit, tho' in truth the Preacher never holds up to his hearers the precepts of charity and meekness, but, from an old barrel-head, rouses them with the voice of a crack'd trumpet to sedition, and the most scandalous impiety—We shall, perhaps, have the mortification of feeling the godly Mr Haldane's canting house in Dumfries demolished, and his conventicles in the fields dispersed, with the loss of an old maid, and a cat or two, by the shot of the soldiery. But, however, should the *great Corsican* really abolish these assemblies,

he will, no doubt, institute some other civil recreation to supply their place;—and if he allows us a weekly festival, with plenty of whisky, and a mountebank, we shall have very little reason to complain.

Nay, he may perhaps go somewhat farther, and, from his huge funds of *tenderness* and *condescension*, permit the open dedication of a few meeting-houses to that Idol of all Republicans, whom I mentioned in a former part of this Address as one of our greatest friends.—In truth, Bonaparte hath always lived on the best terms with him, from a sincere admiration of his nature and attributes, never being known, by any thing he uttered, to put him to shame (according to the proverb) during the whole course of his life;—yet I fear a slight taint of envy—for that *great Man* is quite free from *petty* blemishes!—may, perchance, check his generosity a little. We well know the late shameful ingratitude of Democrats towards this staunch old friend of theirs, as many have had the impudence to deny his very existence, though they were worshipping him in their hearts all the while;—but, for my own part, I can see mighty little foundation whereon to erect this opinion, my reason being daily, yea hourly, struck with proofs to the contrary, even from those very persons who support the chimerical proposition with the warmth and solidity of modern Philosophers.—The antients indeed affirm, that at an epoch once memorable, but now forgotten, the decease of our tutelar Deity was proclaimed with lamentable shrieks and howlings, and that his oracles forthwith become silent. But I am persuaded that if he ever did expire, he is now again alive and merry, seeing that the most vehement assertors of his annihilation are, in fact, themselves the very oracles of the God they deny: Yea, I am firmly convinced, that their wonderful energies and exertions proceed from the strong and immediate inspiration of the devil, and not from their own innate material powers, however the case of tigers, carrion crows, serpents and toads, may be urged against me.

Besides *spiritual* lessons, Frenchmen will instruct you in many things with respect to good living, of which you are at present miserably ignorant; so that when your bellies are well crammed with delicious viands, we shall hear no more grumbling about oatmeal and potatoes.—The *Mounseers* will teach you the newest style of fricasseeing frogs, dainties to be caught in any stagnate piece of water, by clapping your little children into the frying-pan, and doing you the honour of eating them before your faces. This will not only put you on a method of living cheaply and wholesomely, as no food is more nourishing than the hind-leg of a young frog, but will also help to ease you of the intolerable load of a numerous family, and place the means within your reach of gratifying your

generous instructors, who are a little inclined to the taste of cannibals with regard to human flesh, and may besides prefer the novelty of your porridge and potatoes, to their own excellent but accustomed fricassee.—And here by the way allow me to observe, that you need not be startled through a vain fear which our enemies are anxious to inspire concerning French rapes on your daughters, whereby the household may be re-incumbered with children. . To my certain knowledge, the *Mounseers* have no great nicety in their amours; neither any particular admiration for blooming youth and beauty. Nay, I hear from the unquestionable authority of Mr Fox, who hath been lately in France, that the present fashion at Paris runs intirely on *Cows* and *old Women*!

Finally; from the merciful Bonaparte, after he is fairly settled on the throne of Scotland, we may always expect a sudden and just redress of the grievances under his own government, which we choose to complain of; as well as a wondrous quick decision in those disputes which may arise concerning *meum* and *tuum*, (the scorn of Philosophers,) when the plan of organizing commences: He hath fallen on an effectual mode of curing these evils in the country where he at present domineers, with just as much title as he will have to rule over this.—Solomon himself was a mere Country Justice to the wise Bonaparte!—No Lawyer, tho' bred to his profession from infancy, was ever known to put a stop to litigation and higgle-haggle with such celerity!—No orator, with all the magic flourishes of eloquence, could ever soothe men's minds into such an unrepining calmness, after disputes of a like nature! But as I wish to have you agreeably surprised, so I will not explain and lay open this device of his: Suffice it to say, that a model of his convincing argument existed long in an apartment under the Parliament-house of Edinburgh, though our rascally Lawyers were never philanthropic enough to make use of it.

From what I have already stated, I trust a conviction of the manifold blessings you are likely to enjoy under the yoke of the French, hath reached your minds: But I will still further proceed to mention, briefly, a few of the dreadful evils that will certainly take place, should the kind visit of our loving friends really meet with a repulse.

In the first place, you will all remain *in statu quo*; and everybody says that variety is charming—that is, a change for the worse is better than no change at all.

Secondly, You will be obliged to talk politics, and settle the affairs of the Church, over a glass of whisky; instead of freely drinking the good health of Bonaparte in the dunghill puddle, with a gag between your jaws.

Thirdly, You will be required to maintain children of your own

begetting, in place of enjoying the sentimental pleasure of supporting bastards, wherewith your help-mate might furnish you by the assistance of a friend.

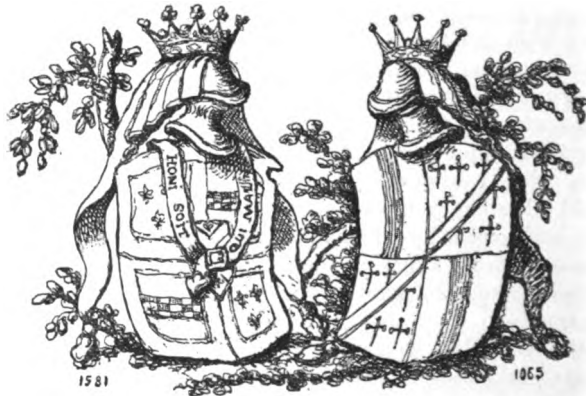
Fourthly, Your grandmothers will stand no chance of having sweethearts,—which truly is a lamentable case.

And *Fifthly*, If you happen to pass a church on Sunday, your ears will be stunned with the noise of psalm-singing; whereas, under the dominion of Bonaparte you would hear nothing but blasphemous and bawdy songs, and those as many and rank as heart could desire.

Take my advice, then, and receive this *illustrious hero* with open arms! If his attempts meet with success, you will obtain the rich rewards I have already enumerated: If they do not, and the present sad train of things continueth, you can only be served up, as dishes prepared by French cookery, to the Devil's glorious dining-table, the scaffold; and from thence your independent souls (if Democrats have souls) will swing to enjoy the bless they merit in the genial climate of Pandemonium.

GRACCHUS.

. R. JACKSON, Printer, }
Dumfries.



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E R R A T A.

Page 1, line 5, *for* "second Baronet," *read* "third Baronet."
,, 244, ,, 28. The footnote does not apply to "Betham," but to
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line 14.

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