



*Elizabeth Duchess of Hamilton.
After a portrait by Sir J. Kneller about 1703*

INTIMATE SOCIETY LETTERS

OF THE

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

EDITED BY

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL, K.T.

WITH PORTRAITS, FACSIMILES, AND OTHER
ILLUSTRATIONS

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

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Intimate Society Letters of the Eighteenth Century

LETTERS FROM THE DUKE OF HAMILTON
AND DOCTOR MOORE TO THE
DUCHESS OF HAMILTON
AND ARGYLL, ETC.

1762-1782

THE following letters from Dr. Moore, the father of the "Hero of Corunna," are interesting, for they show the impressions made on an English gentleman's mind by society in various capitals of Europe in the eighteenth century. The care the writer takes of the Duke of Hamilton, then a handsome and rather delicate youth, and the candour with which he describes the young man's foibles and love-makings, do him credit. The letters written with no idea of publication, and giving pictures of the leading people at Rome, Florence, Vienna, who all received the Duke most cordially, are refreshingly spontaneous. On their return to England, Dr. Moore appears to have devoted himself to literature, publishing his "View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy" in four volumes in 1779-81, and his well-known novel "Zeluco" in 1789.

Douglas Duke of Hamilton, the second son of

Elizabeth Gunning by her first marriage, died in 1799. Pompeo Battoni's portrait of him, painted in Rome, gives the idea of a handsome youth of good physical power; but both he and his brother James George, the writer of the first six letters following, were delicate of constitution, and seem to have inherited the weakness of the chest which killed the mother in 1790.

The boy Duke of Hamilton to Lady Susan Stewart, whom he playfully calls his Wife.

HOLYROOD HOUSE, 6 Dec. [probably 1762].

DEAREST LADY SUSAN,

I was very much delighted with your letter, not only as it informed me that my Dear Mama and Lady Betty were safe in France, but also as it is a proof that you have not forgotten me. Lady Galloway tells me I must call you Wife no more and that you are only joking with me. I am sure it is the pleasantest joke I ever was concerned in, and I beg we may carry it on. I fancy all the world is joking with me too, for there is not a Lady that visits me but offers me her sister, her niece, her daughter, or herself. I heartily wish them all good husbands, but will reserve myself for my dear Lady Susan. You tell me there are little boys with you that read delightfully and know everything. I know what you mean by that, and indeed I will not pretend to so high a character, but I will every day strive to improve, especially as I find that will make me still dearer to my Wife (for I must call you so), and hope that you will always think me

Y^r affec^{te} Husband.

HAMILTON.

The Duke of Hamilton to Lady Susan Stewart.

HOLYROOD HOUSE, *Jan.* 18 [probably 1763].

You could not have made me happier than by sending such good news unless you had brought it yourself. But, my dear Lady Susan, no more trouble yourself about the fine young ladies that visit me, for a letter from you has more charms than the finest of them all. But I am a little uneasy at your always reminding me that I ought to love my Mama. I am sure I would rather die than forget to love her, and so Lord Douglas * says. I gave him the Kiss that you sent him, and I think he would have been better pleased if you had not called it a little one. I am very glad that Lady Charlot Edwin is so fond of us. Tell her that we long to be acquainted with her, and if you know anything good or pretty in us, tell her that too, but tell her nothing but the Truth, for while you are speaking of my behaviour (and then only) I would have you forget that I love you dearly and that

I am your husband
HAMILTON AND BRANDON.

I trouble myself so little with Titles, and am so little used to anything but Hamilton, that I never thought of Brandon.

The Duke of Hamilton to Lady Susan Stewart.

March 21 [probably 1763].

MY DEAR WIFE,

You can't imagine what joy your letter occasioned among us all. I was particularly

* Afterwards Duke also.

pleased with your dutiful as well as affectionate way of writing to your husband. There is nothing I wish to see so much as my Mama return quite recovered. But tell me, do you think Lady Betty will be as good a romp as ever? I hope her dancing has not spoiled her. I too have a Dancing master, a fine Frenchman, by whose assistance (as he informs me) I shall become a very extraordinary Person. Lord Douglas [his brother] does not believe him, for he does not envy me his instructions, though in almost everything he wishes to equal, and even to excell me. Nor do I find him a Rival to be trifled with, for he has begun the Bible, and Mr. Church says he reads it prettily. However I will strive to keep him still at a distance, for fear I should no longer be the favourite of my Mama and for fear you sh^d be ashamed to own

Your husband

HAMILTON AND BRAND:

We are all very well.

The Duke of Hamilton to Lady Susan Stewart.

[Probably 1764.]

DEAR TOUTIE,

I received your letter last Thursday and at the same time a long long letter from Jack. I assure I am much obliged to you for your s—n, hum; his M—y to be sure was very gracious. I was too hasty in calling the President [of the Court of Session, presiding at the Douglas Cause Trial] a fool: he has knocked up the Duchess of Douglas; he has declared himself *for us—for us*—mark that now, *for us*. Is not

that curious? and this moment we have heard the cause is won. Give my respects to the Prince and Princess. I have just finished a letter to Lord Nors. Akenhead is making such a noise in the Room I can't right no more. I am, Dearest Toutie, your affectionate husband and sincere friend,

HAMILTON AND B.

The Duke of Hamilton to his Mother.

ARGYLE HOUSE,
August 19, 1765.

DEAR DUCHESS,

I am very sorry that my eye has prevented my writing before, to tell you what a desolate place Argyle house is now you are absent: the walls are bare, the rooms deserted, & in short I am miserable. I am very much obliged to Lord Lorn for his thirty shillin's, but I wish your Grace would join your mite too, for I am afraid I shan't see you before we go to Eton.

I am your most dutifull son,

HAMILTON, &c.

(Addressed) To her Grace the Duchess of
Hamilton.

The Duke of Hamilton to his Mother.

ETON, Sep^{br} 6, 1765.

DEAR DUCHESS,

I am sorry you took my letter so seriously, for tho' I should have been much happier to have seen you there yet I was not in reality miserable; what I said was only a way of speaking, which many another person has used

before now. Your mite was not small, but if it had been much less it would have satisfied

Your dutiful son,
HAMILTON, &c.

Pray give my love to Lord Lorne & my sisters & likewise to Miss Semple.

(*Addressed*) To her Grace the Duchess of Hamilton.

Dr. Moore to the Duchess of Argyll.

An Inhabitant of Ancient Athens or Rome could not have been more agreeably Surprized had he seen Minerva with a Distaff attended by two of the Graces Standing among his Household Gods, than I was to find the Dutchess of Argyle Spining in my Parlour with Lady Betty on one side and Lady Augusta on the other. Mrs. Moore declares she would have given five Guineas (that's the sum she always swears by) that she had been in Glasgow yesterday, and is exceedingly Vexed at the comfortless Reception Your Grace met with in her House. In vain do I Represent that I had Informed you of her having been in the Countery these two months, and could not be Responsible for a house and Servants she had not seen for that time. But all won't do. Had it been any body but the Dutchess she says I might have forgott it. But the Person on Earth to whom I would wish to show Attention to have met with Such a Reception at my House ! In short the Woman is Inconsolable, and except you actually give her some opportunity of Displaying her Zeal I don't know what effect it may have on her Under-

standing, w'h having hitherto been uncommonly good I would not wish to see demolished. Depending therefor on your Grace's Good Nature,

I remain with all possible Respect,

Your ever obed't Serv't,

J. MOORE.

GALSTON, *June 29, 1771.*

Dr. Moore to the Duchess of Argyll.

GLASGOW, *Oct. 22nd, 1771.*

Your Grace will remember certain observations that pass'd at Inverary concerning Lady Betty's Temper and Dispositions, and what might possibly be her Fate in Marriage. These Dwelt on my thoughts afterwards and produced the hasty lines which I enclose.

They express my Idea of her character, which I do think more form'd for happiness than any I ever saw. Many Tempers Require not accidental and external misfortunes to Render them miserable, they carry a never-failing source of wretchedness in their own Breasts. It must be something without that can make Lady Betty Unhappy, for within all is Peace, Gayity, and Joy.

As for the Wishes with which these lines conclude, your Grace will believe they proceed from my heart—for *whatever* opinion you may entertain of my Judgement I dare swear you have no Doubt of my Sincerity, particularly when I express attachment to your Family.

Notwithstanding what you Insinuated about Judgement (which your Grace will observe has made some Impression), yet I flatter myself that upon the whole I possess Your favourable

opinion. If I am mistaken, I hope I shall never have Judgement enough to find it out till the Day of Judgement itself. Till which time I Remain Your Grace's most obed't,

Most humble serv't,

JOHN MOORE.

As I have Inclosed these lines to your Grace I have omitted the last. Let the company at Inverary tric to make it out. If they cannot I shall send it to Lady Betty afterwards.

Lord Galloway to the Duchess of Argyll.

AIX EN PROVENCE, 17th Febr'y, 1772.

DEAR DUTCHESS,

Altho the great distance from this place to London has for some time interrupted our correspondence, yet your grace may be assur'd that nothing can either alter or diminish the regard, respect, and esteem I have for your grace, nor my reall concern for Duke Hamilton, and every thing that regaurds him. As your grace wrote me that you intended that the Duke should go abroad in the spring, I suppose he'll soon now be ready to sett out. I have been att some pains to inform myself as to the academy that may be thought the most proper for him to go to; that will depend much upon his disposition, and inclination to go on or not with his studys, and ought to determine it in a great measure. There are a couple of academies and universitys in Auvergne, one att Clermont, the other at Riom, both very private places and very rarely any british at either; att both those places the professors and masters are said

to be perfectly good, and where a young gentleman, if he pleases to apply, may acquire a very compleat education, but the masters for the different exercises are not so good as in some other places; at Riom they are too much taken up with little gambling, but not att Clermont.

As to there not being the best masters for the Exercises, the Duke is so young, he'll have full time to make up that even two years hence. If he proposes only to acquire the french and Italian languages (latin or greek I despair of), and as much of the mathematics as is necessary and every young gentleman ought to have, that may be gott almost at every academy in france. I'm very well inform'd that all the exercises are at present in the greatest perfection, and the young gentlemen kep't in the greatest regularity and good order, att Angers. The academy att Lyons is of late come into great reputation, and it's thought that there's not any in france where a young gentleman may improve himself more effectually in the languages, all the exercises, and the polite studys more than there, and there very few British subjects, which is no inconsiderable advantage.

Mr. Andrew Stewart will gett a full and distinct account from Lord Dalrymple of every thing relating to Geneva, so that I need say nothing about it. I don't take it upon me to give any opinion or advice as to the place where his grace ought first to go. I think that ought to be left to Mr. Andrew Stewart, who I take it for granted is to go along with him, to go to whatever place shall be advis'd as the most proper, and to continue or remove elsewhere as he shall find upon a tryall may probably answer

the best the purpose of his grace's improvement. I'm very sensible that all I have said is to very little purpose, but my concern and anxiety for the Duke made me throw out some little hints which your grace will make what use of you please. I shall only add, there's no academy in france where Mr. Church can be of any use to the Duke; on the contrary I'm sure his being with him would be a disadvantage.

I have been here about three months; my health has not been good, and I have had almost constantly some ailment. I intend to return to Britain next summer. I shall be happy to wait upon your grace, either in London or Scotland. Allow me to offer my best wishes and respectful compliments to the Duke of Argyle. With my kindest and most affectionate compliments to Duke Hamilton and Lady Betty, with the greatest regard I have the honour to be, Dear Dutchess,

Your grace's most devoted and most
faithfull humble servant,

GALLOWAY.

My daughter Phenie begs leave to offer her most respectfull compliments. If your grace will please honour me with your commands, address, a miLord, Le comte de galloway a aix en provence, La France.

Dr. Moore to the Duchess of Argyll.

GENEVA, *Munday, July 4, 1772.*

I intended to have wrote to your Grace by the last post, but finding that the Duke had wrote, I delayed till this day that you might

receive acc'ts of him by both posts. He happened to read a letter from Mrs. Moore to me, and was uneasy when he found that your Grace had been indisposed. I have assured him that you must now be almost perfectly well, of which your letter to him is a proof. I pray Heaven I may not be mistaken in this particular.

I wrote some time ago to the Duke of Argyll that the Duke was exceedingly fond of driving in a Cabriolet, that as the weather was excessively hot and as they generally Drive Standing this Exercise was too severe, that it over heated him, threw him into violent sweats, and sometimes raised a pain in his breast, which made me averse to his continuing this exercise. Notwithstanding of this, however, he had become so prodigiously enamoured of a new Cabriolet that a Fellow had to sell that I was affraid he would be obliged to purchase it, tho' the man demanded £100 for the Cabriolet independant of the Horses. Since that time I have been able to perswade the Duke against this purchase, which I am very glad of because I am certain the new Guilded Cabriolet would have been a temptation to make him take too much of this exercise and would have proved detrimental both to his health and studies. He now talks of having a couple of horses, and indeed I should prefer Riding to every exercise for the Duke. He desired me to write about having a couple sent from England. Your Grace may mention this to the Duke of Argyll. Perhaps Scotch Galloways may be the properest, at least one might be of that kind. If your Grace finds there will be much difficulty in this we must endeavour to procure them here. It will be

time enough by the months of Oct'r or Nov'r, if they can be here by that time. At present it is far too hot for riding.

Your Grace's conjectures with regard to the Girls were not very wide of the truth. He became exceedingly fond of the eldest, so much as to bring him into the habit of Rising in the morning. His sleeps were short and broken by Dreams of this same Girl; he became serious and pensive, changed colours as often as She came into the Room, and never was happy out of her sight. I was alarmed at all this, and so was the Duke himself. I prevailed on him to bind himself in the most formal Manner upon his Honour to Inform me of every thing, not only his actions but his thoughts. In the mean time I laboured to free him of this nonsensical Passion, and painted the Girl (who is in Reality a very fine Lassie) in so many Ridiculous and unlovely colours and attitudes, that this, joined to his natural fickleness and to a want of delicacy on certain points (common to French women)—in short all contributed to his cure, and he is now indifferently well. As for the Girl herself, she never was much affected. Neither his Passion nor his Indifference seem to have had the smallest affect on the invariable Gayity of her Temper. The youngest Miss has been generally in the country; besides the Duke never took much notice of her, and she appears fully as easie about him. None of the effects of this Short but Violent passion Remain except the habit of Rising in the Morning, which is some small Indemnification for the Plague it gave Both to the Duke and me.

If there were no English here I believe in my concience the Duke would do in every respect



DOUGLAS, DUKE OF HAMILTON, WITH DR. MOORE AND JOHN MOORE
(AFTERWARDS GENERAL)

FORBES LIBRARY,
NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

well. He has upon some occasions applied with considerable attention, and I have sometimes flattered myself that I had inspired him with a Curiosity and Taste for some very necessary parts of Knowledge. But it is not in my power to prevent his being oftener with some of the English than is to be wished, the never failing effect of which is to lead him into Idleness and expence and totally prevents every kind of Improvement. Your Grace will not imagine that I Reckon among this number all the English which are in this place. There is particularly Mr. Neville's Family, where the Duke has opportunities of being sometimes, and where he always finds the Best Society to be had here. The Company I would wish to Abstract the Duke from is that of Idle young men Devoid of Experience, knowledge, or Taste, and who under the show of studying at Geneva are as Idle as any of the Subalterns of the Foot Guards in London. I endeavour, however, in the least Rebuting Manner I can, to lead him to Manly Pursuits, and as his Mind strengthens, I have the better chance of Success, especially as I plainly see that tho' he yields to their projects from the easyness of his Temper, yet he has no Real enjoyment when he throws away his hours in frivolous company.

With sincere wishes for your Grace's perfect recovery,

I remain your ever obed't Serv't,

J. MOORE.

Knowledge and the Love of Science is of great use to every man, but I am convinced it is of more than usual consequence to Duke H. than to most young men. When his mind is

unemployed he flies to everything for amusement, and if he does not acquire good habits he will acquire Bad. Your Grace's Ideas have great weight with him, and I am always happy when in your letters you seem to wish and expect that he is to turn out a man of Solid Judgement and Virtuous Ambition—and when you talk w^h contempt of an over Sollicitude about the nice punctilios of Dress or running into the extravagance of Fashion. I have inclosed a figure of the Duke cut by Mrs. Upton. It is thought very like.

Dr. Moore to the Duchess of Argyll.

GENEVA, *Munday, Sept. 13th, 1772.*

The Duke wrote your Grace a letter in French about eight days since to which I added a postscript. We have had no letter from any of the Family since the 20th, when I received your Grace's letter dated the Sixth of last month. I expect there will be some this day, and I would willingly have seen it before I wrote, but in that case I must have delayed till next Friday.

The Duke is in perfect health. We continue to Bathe in the Lake four or five times a Week without Regarding the Weather, which is a very new thing here, where nobody Bathes but when the weather is warm and Serene. The degree of warmth of the water in this Lake does not depend so much on the temperature of the Air as upon the dryness of the Weather; after Rain there is such a quantity of water comes from the Neighbouring Alps and Glaciers, which are always covered with Snow and Ice, that the

Lake becomes as Cold as it is possible for Un-frozen water to be. The Duke, however, throws himself in headlong without hesitation, and the other day when we could not remain in the water above a Minute and had just begun to Put on our cloaths—My Lord, said I, a Whole Evening with Madam Salle would not Bribe you to take another Plunge. He threw down his shirt in an instant and dashed himself in. This ought to give your Grace a Strong Idea of the Duke's health and hardness, for the water was so Cold that it Cut my Breath, and tho' dared by the Duke I had not courage to Return to the Charge. Upon these Occasions we have the Whole Lake to ourselves. We shall continue this Amusement all this Month, and perhaps Next, as I am convinced the Duke has Received Great benefit from it. With regard to study, I can assure your Grace it has never been Neg-lected; we are at sometimes more in the train than at others, but there never passes a day in which something is not done. The Duke has made more than one Tour round the Globe, and he is familiarly acquainted with all the Countries of Europe, and the European Settle-ments in Asia, Affrica, and America, and has a pretty good General Idea of the present State of most Countries. We proceed also in Par-ticular History, especially in that of Europe since the Revival of Letters.

The Duke has opportunities of seeing as much Company as he inclines; he has Received Invi-tations to be in some of the best Societies of this Place during the Winter, and I make no doubt of his passing his time both Usefully and Agree-ably. We had a large Company a few nights ago, among whom were the Prince Gallizin,

two Levonian Noblemen, the Comte de Beauveron, a very Agreeable young Frenchman, Lord Mohun, and some English Gentlemen; this is the only thing like an Entertainment he has given Since he came to Geneva.

We Dine to-morrow with Mons. et Madame Saussure, a celebrated Professeur of Natural Philosophy, who is now going to settle at Naples, And is a distinguished character in this place both on account of his genius and his Fortune, having married a Lady of about forty or fifty thousand pounds Fortune. Mons. de Voltaire has prevailed on de Kain,* the Best Actor in Paris, to come to the Theatre here for a week—he stays at Voltaire's Villa and is to appear in three of his best Tragedies. The Old Man Retains all his Vivacity, is Present at the Rehearsals, giving directions to the Actors, and takes infinite pleasure in seeing his own Pieces Acted. The House will be immensely Crowded; there are Comp^y in Town who have come all the way from Lausanne and Even Berne to see this Actor.

I offer my Humble Compliments to the Duke of Argyle and all the Family, and

I remain Your Grace's most obedient
and Most humble servant,

J. MOORE.

DEAR DUTCHESS,

As we are to visit the Planets soon, possibly my next letter will be dated from the

* Henri Louis Lekain, the most famous tragedian of his time. He was Voltaire's friend and most enthusiastic admirer. He inaugurated drastic reforms in staging plays, especially in the matter of costume. He died in 1778.

Moon. You must therefore excuse blunders in a lunatick.

(Addressed) A Madame,
 Madame la Duchesse d'Argyle
 (Argyle House)
 à Londres.

franko Paris.

The Duke of Hamilton to his Mother.

GENEVA, September 20th, 1772.

I am studying the Stars, my dearest Duchess, but it will be long before I am such a conjurer as your Grace. You have at length fallen upon a method which will overcome my aversion to writing, and that is letting me feel the pain of not hearing from you. You cannot imagine how much I was disappointed for two or three Posts. I beg that neither you nor Lady Betty will carry your revenge any farther. You do not know the whole of my punishment. I am not only mortified by not receiving letters but I also suffer by the severity of Mr. Moore's Sarcasms. In general he hates lecturing as much as I hate to be lectured. But your last letter vexed him a little, and he drew such a strange, ludicrous, diverting, yet severe Picture of Laziness and Dawdelling with many allusions to my Character that I blushed, and smiled alternately, and did not know, upon the whole, whether to laugh or cry. And not satisfied with writing to you by the two last Posts himself, he also insists upon my writing by the present. I have not yet heard from the Baron,* or Mr. Hume. But when I do I shall certainly write

* Baron Mure.

in answer, and that autant par inclination que par obéissance. My time is passed between amusement and study, I must own to my shame, the latter plus par obéissance que par inclination; however it is certain that Mr. Moore has inspired me with a greater relish for it than I ever had. And though he labours obstinately against some of my favourite amusements, yet he has inspired me with no disclination towards him, but greatly on the contrary. Adieu, Dearest Duchess,

I am affectionately yours,
HAMILTON & BRANDON.

(Addressed) A Madame,
Madame la Duchess d'Argyll
(Argyll House)
Londres.

Franco Paris.

Dr. Moore to the Duchess of Argyll.

GENEVA, *Sept'r* 28, 1772.

If your Grace has Received all the letters I have wrote of late you must Acknowledge my Punctuallity and own that I have expiated my former Sins of Ommission. I took occasion from your last letters to expostulate with the Duke upon his negligence in writing, and told him I saw plainly that your Grace would write very seldom if he did not become more Regular. The consequence was his writing you a pretty long letter, and I believe he is Resolved to give you less Reason to Complain for the future.

The Duke of Hamilton's character would become great as well as amiable by Substraction without any addition to his natural Talents.

If we can remove indolence the Business is done. He knows that this is his weak side and laments it himself, but by long indulgence it has got such a hold of his constitution that it is apt to Return in spite of some very laudable efforts which he has made within these two months. When left to himself he is apt to allow the hours appropriated for Business to slip away without his being able to Recollect how they escap'd, for which Reason I have found it absolutely necessary, whatever Masters he has, to attend along with him, to Read alternately with him on every subject of his study, and to Repeat and Illustrate it again and again, without which I plainly perceive that the Lectures would be mere form Unattended with improvement, for he has a great Talent in deceiving the Lecturer and appearing to listen when his mind is in Reality employed about a very different matter. This engrosses more of my time than is Usual for People in my Situation, and as I accompany the Duke in almost all his excursions (tho it may appear extraordinary) yet it is certainly true that I am often Pinched for time to write necessary letters.

To make amends for this Indolence the Duke is possess'd of Vivacity, Good Humour, a Sacred Regard for his word, and all the principles of a Gentleman and the Spirit of a Man of Honour. I can assure your Grace his Personal good qualities have engaged my esteem independent of the attachment I may be supposed to have to his Connections and Family. And everybody here seem pleased with the agreeable and Confidential Manner in which we live together.

The Duke and I were Invited by Mons'r

Pietet to a Ball at his House some miles from Geneva a few days ago. There were about twenty Ladies, some of them exceedingly handsome. I do not believe the Ladies of the best fashion at Paris are Possess'd of more Politeness or Easier Manners than some of the Genevoise. I had no notion of this till I came here, but as far as I am a Judge, it is true. The Duke danced French Country Dances till three in the Morning, and a few Minuets. There were some who perhaps a Dancing Master would have thought danced the Minuet more correctly, but none had so much easy Careless gracefulness as the Duke. I begin to think his Stoop has a good effect. The Women seem'd to be of the same opinion. He attached himself to a Madam Cozenof, a Lady with the Blackest and finest eyes in the world. The Duke says the Devil's own Eyes cannot possibly be blacker. I believe he is a little Caught by this Lady. Since he must have a flame (for his heart is like tinder) he cannot be better fixed. The Woman fortunately is Married. They say She is fond of her Husband. However, he ought not to trust too much to that.

This is the third Passion the Duke has had since we cross'd the Sea. They generally affect his appetite, and I can make a pretty good guess of the highth of his Love by the Victuals he Refuses to eat. A Slight touch of Love puts him immediately from Legumes and all kind of Jardinage. If it arises a degree higher he turns up his nose at Fricasses and Ragouts. Another degree and he will Rather go to bed supperless as taste plain Roasted Veal or Poulets of any sort. This is the utmost length his passion has ever come hitherto, for when he was at the worst

with Madamoisel Marchenville, tho' she put him intirely from Greens, Ragouts, and Veal, yet she made no impression on his Roast Beef or Mutton appetite. He fed plentifully upon those in spite of all her charms. I intend to make a Thermometer for the Duke's Passion with four degrees: (1) Greens, (2) Fricassees and Ragouts, (3) Roast Veal and fowls, (4) plain Roast Mutton or Beef. And if ever the Mercury mounts so high as the last I shall think the Case alarming and inform your Grace.

I remain with the greatest Respect
 Your Grace's most obed't and
 most humble Serv't,
 J. MOORE.

Dr. Moore to the Duchess of Argyll.

GENEVA, Oct. 12, 1772.

I wrote to the Duke of Argyll and to Baron Mure last week, and as I have nothing more Interesting to say I shall Resume a subject upon which I formerly wrote to your Grace from Paris. I mean Economy. The answer your Grace sent and a letter from Colonel Stewart which accompanied yours were construed by the Duke into an approbation of his Ideas Rather than of Mine, which has made me more Reserved than otherwise I would have been upon the Subject of Expence.

The Allowance of £1,000 or £1,200 a year while the Duke Remains at Geneva I am convinced is sufficiently ample, and even more than is Necessary for the Duke to spend, yet at the Rate we go on I am affraid the highest of these Sums will not be sufficient. When I wish to

turn the Duke from any Piece of Expence which I think improper or Unnecessary I am obliged to found my Arguments upon some other Basis than Economy, otherwise they would have little Effect, as it is not Possible for any human Creature to have a more complete disregard to Money. I do not wish to trouble your Grace with Particulars, but in General I can assure you these Numberless Sources of Expences which (he either discovers or are suggested to him) and which united amount to something very considerable, and yet are so far from being necessary that I am certain your Grace would think they rather Diminished than Added to his Importance.

I hope your Grace will not suspect that for the sake of saving a little money I would spare anything that was becoming the Duke of Hamilton. On the Contrary I have the Utmost attention (perhaps more than he has himself) to what is due to his Rank. But I cannot bear we should be the dupes of Tradesmen or Servants who have an Interest in leading him into Improper Expence. Yet when he is perswaded to order things, however Unnecessary they may be, they must be paid; I cannot bear to Countermand what he orders or Even to Show, to any other but himself, that I disapprove of it; and as he has changed for the better in other things I do not like to give him any trouble on a subject which he thinks perfectly unimportant. If your Grace thinks it proper I wish you would write something pretty Strong, which will greatly Strengthen my hands and make what I may say have more weight.

One great source of Expence is horses and chaises. Some how or other he finds occasion

to employ two or three Servants with different Messages on horseback every day—every time a Serv't mounts a horse it is mark'd down, and the fellow's Bill who keeps these horses and Chaises is very considerable every month.

Below I give your Grace a List of the cloths the Duke has made up since we left London.

At Calais—a Plush Frock.

Paris—a laced half mourning Suit, a Green Frock, and two buff coloured sattin Waistcoats, &c.

Lyons—two Rich Waistcoats, &c.

Geneva—a Red Frock, White dress Coat, Light Blue dress Coat, a Green Frock, a White Ratine Suit, a Hunting Suit, a Big Coat, a Night Gown, Besides Silk Wastecoats, &c.

and Still he stands in need of Winter Cloths. I have advised him to make up a plain Crimson Velvet Suit when the Season is a little more advanced—contented if I can perswade him to limit his wardrigger to this for the winter. The Duke, like many people of his age, is fond of Dress. I have endeavoured to convince him that the Duke of Hamilton needs not draw attention of Sick importance from that Quarter. I have endeavoured to convert that Vanity (w'h he is not destitute of) into that kind of Pride (which might insite him to aspire to nobler distinctions), and I hope not without success.

It is not merely for the sake of the money that I would have your Grace give a hint on this subject to the Duke, but also for this Reason, that, I am convinced, we might answer all your Grace's Views in sending the Duke here, and he

might be on the most Respectable footing, with the sum allotted by The Tutors, and all that is over is sacrificed to Dissipation and Idleness. I have the honour to be

Your Grace's most obed't and
most humble Serv't,
J. MOORE.

I once intended to have wrote only a few lines Informing you of the Duke's perfect good health, but when I was on the subject of economy I could not bear to give your Grace so small a pennyworth.

Dr. Moore to the Duchess of Argyll.

GENEVA, October 19, 1772.

By the last Post the Duke had your Grace's of the 25 of Sept^r, and at the same time letters from Lady Betty and Captⁿ Gunning. I Regretted they came not by different Posts, because after so much Plenty I am affraid their will be a Dearth, and I know he is much dissapointed when he hears not from the family at least once in two or three posts.

It gives me uneasiness to trouble your Grace on any subject which possibly you may think triffling, and soon after my last went away I repented I had wrote it; however, as I have mentioned that subject, I may also Inform you that the day following another new suit of Cloths and some other very Unnecessary articles came home, upon which I had not Patience to wait for your Grace's letter, but I spoke to the Duke myself—and I believe with effect. I said little on Economy, but I took occasion to Paint the character of a youth we have here whose

only sollicitude and study is Dress. Tho the Duke was like to expire with laughing at the Picture, it was not a Laugh of approbation, and I am convinced he will have no desire to Resemble it. I would wish that all hints Relative to Economy came from your Grace Rather than from me—not that he neglects my advice—on the contrary I can carry any point by Insisting Possitively upon it, and he endures my Lectures with wonderful Patience and good temper. But I wish to be very sparing lest their force should be diminished by Repetition. This cannot happen to your Grace at any time—particularly at Present, when every admonition acquires strength from the distance it comes from.

Little pains need be taken upon the Duke with Regard to the showy and ornamental part of Education—there is no Question but he will be one of the most elegant and best bred men in the Kingdom. But I know your Grace will not be satisfied except he acquires Knowledge. Independent of the weight this would give him in the State, it is absolutely necessary for his private happyness. I am therefor striving to Inspire him with some taste for study—and the valuable art of filling up his time with satisfaction. To make him Independent of others and to open sources of happyness within his own mind, I wish to convince him of this Truth, that if he cannot carry enjoyment about with him he will find it nowhere. He promises as much as any body can to enjoy long life, but without the power of ammusing himself and bearing his own Comp^y without wearyness, there will be many a yawning Interval of Insipidity and disgust, to avoid which he might fly to Gaming or Drinking, if his mind is not

previously possess'd by a Love of Knowledge, the Resources of which are Infinite.

The Duke has gone this morning to the Hunting with Mr. Munson and Mr. Watson, sons of Lords Munson and Sands, which has prevented him from writing this Post, but he has promised me to write the next.

I offer my Respectful Compliments to the Duke of Argyll and the two Young Ladys, and I have the honour to be with much sincerity

Your Grace's most obed^t and
faithfull humble Serv^t,

J. MOORE.

The two young men above mentioned literally do nothing—the first, from a fit of obstinacy, will not so much as speak French. Their time is spent in the most Insipid and absurd manner Imaginable, sauntering and gaming when they can get any body to Play with them.

It is not Possible to keep the Duke so much as I could wish from the Comp^y of the English, which has Retarded matters a good deal—and unfortunately there are none of his country men here as students whose example he should imitate—he does better than any of them. I need not mention to your Grace that I should be uneasy to think that this last part of my letter was known to anybody besides the Duke of Argyll. I am sorry for the two young men, who seem naturally of a good character, yet their time is past in complete Idleness.

(*Addressed*) A Madame
Madame la Duchesse d'Argyll,
Argyll House,
à Londres.

franco Paris.

Dr. Moore to the Duchess of Argyll.

GENEVA, Oct 26, 1772.

I imagined your Grace would have had the pleasure of a letter from the Duke this post. I believe I said in my last that he had promised me to write, but I am convinced I have been mistaken, for I never knew him break his word, and if he had actually promised I am Certain nothing could have prevented his writing. The greatest foible he has is Indolence; he is, however, getting the better of it by degrees.

His Grace and me sup'd last night with Lord and Lady Morton, who have been at Lausanne for these three or four months past and are now on their way to Languedoc, where they Intend to pass the winter. We are to dine with them this day at Lord Stanhope's. I do not know whether Mr. Lock has the honour of being known to your Grace—this Gentleman with his Family came lately from London, and are settled for the winter at a very Elegant House within a few miles of Geneva where He lives in a very genteel manner. I am fond of accompanying the Duke to this Family because Mr. Lock is one of the most agreable and most accomplished Gentlemen I ever knew, and his Lady extremely amiable. The conversation of Such People is equally agreable and Instructive, and may be of more service to the Duke than the Lectures of any Professor. Mr. Naville has now left this Place, so that Lord Stanhope's Family in the Town, and Mr. Lock's and Mr. Upton's in the country, are the only English Familys in which the Duke visits.

I have wrote this letter in consequence of my

Resolution to write every week, if the Duke does not. I am sure he has not Bad health as an Excuse, for he never was half so strong in his life. Your Grace knows how to punish him for his Laziness.

I am your Grace's most obed^t and
 obliged humble Serv^t,
 J. MOORE.

Mrs. Moore to the Duchess of Argyll.

MADAM,

I have the pleasure to acquaint your Grace that I had a letter from Mr. Moore last post dated the 30 Octo^r. The Duke of Hamilton was then in good health. Mr. Moore expresses the most perfect satisfaction with his Grace's conduct, and wishes My Daughter may pay as great a regard to my advice as the Duke of Hamilton does to his in every particular. Heaven grant he may be able to preserve that influence by which alone he can hope to be of use to the Duke.

The day I was honoured with your Grace's letter I had the misfortune to lose my Infant, and tho' penetrated with gratitude for the obliging manner in which your Grace expressed yourself, My health and spirits were both so much affected that I was unable to make any return at that time. As soon as I was a little recovered I had a strong inclination to make my acknowledgement in person, but the weather became bad and I found the season too far advanced for me to take a Journie to Inverary by myself, but determined to go to Roseneath as soon as I heard of your Grace's arrival. Mr. Baird informs me you intend only being there

for a Night or two, which deprives me of all opportunity of waiting upon your Grace this season. I am happy, however, to hear you have thoughts of coming by Glasgow—and if you would not think the proposal very absurd, I would gladly beg of your Grace to do me the honour to accept of a Bed in my House. The accommodation I have to offer can have no other recommendation than being quieter than the Inn, and it is on that account only I presume to offer it. Besides a Room for your Grace their is a small Bed Chamber upon the same flat where any one person could sleep, which is all I can pretend to. If your Grace does me the honour to come I shall make every thing as easie and convenient as possible. I beg my Respectfull Compliments to the Duke of Argyle, and am, Madam, with unexpressible regard,

Your Grace's Most obedi^t Humble Servant,

JANE MOORE.

GLASGOW, 17th Nov', 1772.

Dr. Moore to the Duchess of Argyll.

GENEVA, 18th Jan'y, 1773.

Your Grace's letter of the fifth of Jan'y came at the very moment I was speaking with great earnestness to the Duke upon some irregularities in his Conduct. I was much affected myself, and this enabled me to affect him. Your letter, coming at this critical instant, seems to have had the full effect which it was exquisitely contrived to produce. He has made such promises to me, and seems so much in earnest, that I can have no doubt of his behaving in every Respect as your Grace wishes. It is youth,

inexperience, and a careless temper, not bad dispositions, or want of sense, that have ever made him act improperly. I will not trouble your Grace with any more particular account of a few excesses which are already expiated by Repentance, and I hope will not be repeated. Whoever writes you so minutely those unfavourable things of the Duke, will I hope be equally punctual in giving your Grace more agreeable intelligence when it can be done with equal Justice. But your Grace will Remember that there are Spirits in the world who are fonder of Satire than Panegorick.

With regard to the essential article of the choice of company, I am persuaded there will be no foundation for complaints on that subject for the future. It must be acknowledged that, if we fall into any error there, it is intirely our own faults, for the best Families in Geneva have show'd the utmost attention to the Duke, and have vied with each other in their endeavours to make the place agreeable to him. This is an Advantage which no other Stranger has in such a degree as the Duke, and many of them have it not at all, for the Genovois are shy in Receiving Strangers, and particularly the English youth, into their Societies. The excesses which our young men are sometimes given to are look'd upon with a great degree of dislike in this Place, where the Manners are exceedingly correct. French Manners make dayly advances, but hitherto have only increased ease and Politeness, without diffusing either effeminate Refinements or Libertinism.

I am concious that your Grace must have observed a variety and almost a Contradiction in my letters, owing to the influence which the

Duke's Conduct has on me at different times. I am in high spirits and view everything in a pleasant point of light when he is in a good train. My heart swells with Satisfaction and Pride when I hear him Prais'd. On the contrary I become Sad and unhappy when I think his Conduct is Blamed or Blameworthy. I never heard him say a foolish thing in Company without looking like a Fool, and almost wishing it had Rather come from myself. To this sensibility your Grace will impute the discordance in my letters, and from this you may judge of the Pleasure I at this moment enjoy from the fair Prospect which now opens of which the Inclosed will Inform you. I hope no diffidence will lurk in your mind. After the earnest Resolutions he has taken and the solemn protestations he has made, you cannot doubt of the Duke's adhering to them without thinking him totally lost to every Sentiment of Truth, Honour, and Virtue. Neither need what has past make too strong an impression on your mind. There are twenty who could have been seduced into all the errors the Duke has fallen into, for one who could have had the magnanimity to confess his errors in the manner he has done. Your Grace is not the only person to whom he has displayed this instance of true manliness. One of his late adventures made this proper, and I had no difficulty in prevailing on him, when the Duke was convinced that the person exacted nothing, and was not in a situation to receive any other kind of Reparation. I was the more pleased with this as I am fully convinced of the delicacy of his sentiments as a Gentleman and the Intrepidity of his spirit.

I offer Respectful Compliments to the Duke of Argyll and all the Family, and Remain
 Your Grace's ever faithful and obed't
 humble Serv't,

J. MOORE.

I did not write last post because the D. conduct could not be approv'd, and I did not choose to trust myself on the subject. I was to low spirited.

Portion of Letter dated Geneva, April 31st.

. . . But this ensuing year and the way he shall spend it I consider as of great importance—and perhaps will decide whether he shall be a character of Real Importance and worth capable of the first employments—happy in himself and approved by the just and sensible—or only a Genteel showy man of Quality with a good deal of natural Quickness and very knowing in horses. If the last should be the case he will, independant of other circumstances, be miserable from his own reflections, for in his heart he despises this very character and has Ideas of a different kind—and I can plainly see is hurt when he observes other young men admired for a different Turn of mind, and even for despising those objects which he puts to much value upon, tho' every object of that kind is without controulin their Power, and Refused and neglected by them only from the Idea of their impropriety and frivolity. This spark of Remorse I will work a little upon, and possibly matters may be altered before I can hear from your Grace—but still there can be no harm in your or the Baron writing in the Terms above mentioned.

The different turns of my letters may seem inconsistent till it is Remembered that the subject is a youth of seventeen, and that I make it a Rule to paint things to your Grace as they Really are at the date of my letters, and this easily Accounts for the varied and even contradictory accounts. But this always Remains without being contradicted, that the materials we have to work upon are excellent and capable of the finest polish, and well worthy of all our care to prevent their being defaced or broke to pieces before they are finished. I have the honour to be with Infinite Respect your Grace's
 Ever obedient and faithfull humble Serv^t

J. MOORE.

Dr. Moore to the Duchess of Argyll.

GENEVA, May 2, 1773.

The Duke received by the last Post your Grace's letter of the 16 of Aprile. It makes me inexpressibly happy to find your Sentiments so conformable to mine. I am convinced the Duke will not give you the mortification of finding your expectations of him dissatisfied, or of upbraiding me with having deceived you with groundless hopes. I will not say that the Duke has that ardent desire for knowledge, or that strong Ambition, which enables to despise present pleasure on every occasion for the sake of future Greatness. But I can truly say that his desire of knowledge and his application are considerably increased, and if his present turn of mind and attainments are compared with what they were when he left England, the change will be found much in his favour beyond what was to have been Reasonably expected

in the time. I am not naturally an Enemy to Pleasure and Gayity, and I wish to appear as seldom as I think consistent with my Duty in my Monitorial character. When I dread his relapsing into the habits of Indolence, when I disapprove of his Company, or when I perceive a destructive Taste beginning to form which might intirely ingross him, and swallow up every other Passion, it is only on such occasions that I interrupt the Cordial Alliance which generally subsists between us. This generally occasions a contest which is fought with sufficient Obstinacy on both sides. But the animosity is intirely exhausted in the Battle without leaving any Rancorous dregs behind. One Reflection gives me the utmost comfort, that I have People of such characters as those of your Grace and the Duke of Argyll to appeal to on certain occasions. I am the more sensible of my own happiness in this particular that I know the inconveniences which others who are here in the same situation with myself have experienced from the absurd and ill-judged Indulgence of their Pupil's Relations, as well as from the headstrong folly of the young man himself. The first seldom fails to produce or at least to increase the second. I must own that your Grace has acted in such a Manner as to leave us no Excuse. If we do not Improve it must be his fault or mine.

The Duke presents his dutiful Compliments to your Grace, the Duke of Argyll, and Lady Charlotte Edwin, and his Love to the two young Ladys. I have the Honour to be

Your Grace's ever faithful and obed't
humble Serv't,

J. MOORE.

I have read Mr. Stewart's letters with great satisfaction. He has done himself Justice, and attack'd his Enemy with the Dignity and Address of a Gentleman. When compared to him Junius is but an executioner.

Dr. Moore to the Duchess of Argyll.

CHATELAINÉ, *June 4, 1773.*

I was prevented from writing to your Grace by the last post, being much hurried preparing everything for our Establishment in this place, where we are now most agreeably settled. I mentioned in a former letter that the Duke was desirous of passing this Summer in the Country. I hired this House, which is about the distance of a League from Geneva, one of the most delightful Situations that can be imagined, on the side of the Rhone, with a beautiful Garden and Surrounded with vine yards. The Duke has made Strong professions of application during the Summer, and there is the greater probability that these will be kept as he begins to take some pleasure in Reading and is able to make Stronger exertions than he was. The Prince Galitzine lives in the same family with us, which I think an advantage because he is a young man of very agreeable manners and virtuous dispositions, who gives the utmost application to his Studies, partly from Taste and partly from a Strong Ambition to acquire distinction and to deserve it. He is three or four years older than the Duke, is very accomplished for his age, having been several years out of Russia, two of these in Italy, is much esteem'd in this Place, and as he

is of a Prudent Character and of an equal obliging Temper, I was exceeding well pleased when the Duke proposed that they should live together during the Summer. The Musick Master comes every morning to this place. There is no danger of this part of Education being neglected, as a natural Taste has more influence than any other Monitor. I hope to engage two other Masters during the Summer to give Lesons three times a week, one in Ethics, and the other to amuse the Duke with experiments in Natural Philosophy; but whether these take place or not I shall contrive to have the mornings and forenoons usefully employ'd.

As the Duke's acquaintences Are very Numerous he is Generally employed in visiting or some other amusement in the afternoon. Yesterday we dined with a Mons'r de Florian, a Gentleman much connected with the Comte de Polignaque, who has the Honour to be known to your Grace, and who has several times wrote to Florian from Paris in the strongest terms to pay every kind of attention and endeavour to be of use to the Duke. Florian's house is adjacent to Voltaire's. The old Gentleman sent a message to me to come and see him after dinner. He is busily employed at present in preparing what he calls a Tableau of the Late War. The part which I perceive excites his own curiosity most is what was transacted in the East Indies, with the Present State and the Characters and Religion of the Natives of that country. He spoke again with much approbation of Mr. Stuart's letters, which I imagine have made some noise in France, for the Duke of Rochfoucault, who is at present at Geneva, sent a message to Duke Hamilton desiring a

reading of them. You will direct your letters as formerly. I have ordered that all letters directed to the Duke or me shall remain at the Post house till we send for them.

The Duke received Lady Betty's letter and will write to her soon. He sends his Dutiful Compliments to your Grace and desires to be Remembered to all the family.

I am in the most Respectful Manner Your Grace's ever obedient and most faithful Serv't,
J. MOORE.

Dr. Moore to the Duchess of Argyll.

CHATELAINÉ, June 14, 1773.

Last week the Duke wrote to your Grace immediately on Receiving the Acc'ts of your Sister's Death. He seemed much affected with that Event and with the Influence it might have on Your Spirits and Health. He is much pleased with this place, and if I may Judge by the Sample I have had since we came to the Country, I have every Reason to believe that this Summer will be pass'd in an Agreeable and useful Manner. For I never saw the Duke so happy and so satisfied with himself, and I believe he never had so much Reason to be so. This morning he Rose at five and We walked to the Rhone and Bathed. The Musick Master came at six; from a little after seven till nine we are employed in Reading together. From ten till one is employed in different Exercices and studies highly proper for him. The afternoon is always occupied in a manner which sufficiently amuses him, and leaves no Interval for the fits of Langour he was formerly subject

to. In this manner has every day been pass'd since we came to Chatelaine, and I never saw him so active, lively, and satisfyed since we were together. Your Grace cannot Imagine how much pleasure this has given me. I own I never was happyer in my life, for My happiness is in a great measure included in his. This is a Theme which I love to dwell on, and I might have Prolonged this letter considerably if the Post did not oblige me to finish.

I remain your Grace's ever faithful
and obed't humble Serv't,
J. MOORE.

Dr. Moore to the Duchess of Argyll.

CHATELAINE, 28 June, 1773.

I have nothing but what is good to write to your Grace concerning the Duke. I had some hopes he would himself have wrote this Post, but he had a good many company dining with him this day, and since dinner he has fatigued himself so much playing at cricket, that it would be cruel to desire him to take the pen. The Duke is so much in debt with regard to dinners that he is obliged to slump off a good many Creditors at a time, tho' the Plague and ceremony this occasions is far from being agreeable either to him or me. He has since we came to the Countery taken a great fondness for cricket, and as there is a convenient field near this House he has collected a Party in Geneva and the environs who come here occasionally and Play. I am sometimes affraid that he pushes this exercise to excess, but he is so strong and agile that the other Players

are generally sooner fatigued than him ; besides he passes his mornings and forenoons so very much to my mind, that it would be ungenerous to make any objection to his passing the Evenings according to his own. In short he is in perfect health and good spirits, which I believe is greatly owing to his having some object to employ every hour of his time from Morning to night. As this is the case your Grace cannot doubt but the Duke's natural good sense and dispositions will be gradually adorned with knowledge and virtuous habits, to contribute to which desirable ends, as it is the Duty, so I may with Truth say it is the wish and study of

Your Grace's ever obedient and
faithful humble Serv^t,
J. MOORE.

(Addressed) A Madam
Madam la Duchesse d'Argyll,
Argyll House,
Londres.

franko Paris.

Dr. Moore to the Duchess of Argyll.

CHATELAINÉ, July 14, 1773.

The Duke Received letters two or three Posts ago from Messrs. Mure, Stuart, and Crawford relative to the Renfrewshire Election, and immediately answered them in Terms expressive of his wishes for Mr. Crawford's success, as he understood this Gentleman was favoured by your Grace and the other Tutors.

Mr. George Greenville came to this country about ten days since, and as he found it difficult to get himself established in an agreeable

manner, all the houses about the Town being occupied, the Duke invited him to this house, where there was a spare apartment, and he now makes one of the family. I am persuaded your Grace will not be displeas'd with this arrangement, as Mr. Greenville is a very sensible young man of Correct manners and a very manly turn of mind. Both the Duke and me were interested in this young Gentleman on account of an Intimate companion he once had at Eaton, and the more I see of Mr. Greenville I have the more Reason to be satisfi'd with his being often with the Duke.

Mr. Baron Mure gave me a hint that your Grace disapproved of my having attended Mrs. Lock and Mrs. Upton. I will not trouble you with the particulars of the manner in which I was induc'd to this, as I have done this already in my letter to the Baron. This I am fully convinc'd of, that if your Grace had been witness to what pass'd you would have join'd in the Ladies' Request, and would have had a much worse opinion of me than I hope you ever will have, had I refus'd to comply with it. Your Grace may soon be inform'd that it is not possible for any Person who ever was in this place in my situation to be on a more agreeable and Respectable footing with the best People of every Nation than I am. I cannot be insensible that this proceeds in a great measure from the connection I have with one of the Duke's Rank; at the same time I have reason to flatter myself that my own character has had some share. Every one is sensible of the advantage which the Duke has reap'd from his being attended by one who has some knowledge in medecine, and they seem still more convinc'd

that in the same person he is accompanied by a Gentleman; after having supported this character all my life there is little danger of my forfeiting it while I attend the Duke of Hamilton.

For Reasons which I formerly wrote to the Duke of Argyll, I would have been very happy that the Duke had been contented with the Riding horses he already had and with a hired carriage at his command when he needed one. And after what he wrote your Grace he would not have insisted on Buying a pair of horses for a Cabriolle if I had remained positive against it, but I saw this so very much the desire of his heart that I thought it best to propose purchasing a pair which he has now had for about a month. I plainly perceive that he will be much less in a Cabriolle now than ever, for he is so fond of his horses and so very much afraid of injuring them that he grudges the smallest use that is made of them, and very often chooses to Ride or walk afoot to save them the fatigue of driving two or three miles, tho' they are two of the strongest horses I ever saw. So there is more danger of their falling bad of Indolence and surfeiting than of over fatigue. Perhaps I am too anxious about Trifles, but I own it makes me Uneasy when I perceive the Duke too curious and too knowing on the subject of horses—his frequent visits to the stable never fail to give me a little uneasiness, because I fear the formation of an Uneconquerable Taste for every kind of Horses. I have the pleasure however, to assure your Grace that the Duke's mornings and forenoons are always well employed. I beg you will make my compliments acceptable to the Duke of Argyll and all the

family, and believe me to be with the utmost
Respect

Your Grace's ever obedient and
faithful humble servant,

J. MOORE.

(Addressed) A Madame,
Madame la Duchess d'Argyll
(Argyll House)
à Londres.

franko Paris.

*Dr. Moore to Baron Mure.**

CHATELAINE, near GENEVA, July 29, 1773.

DEAR BARON,

I congratulate you most heartily on the success of your Negociation at London; few people have of late carried so much intrinsic wealth of their own Creation into Scotland. Six thousand p'ds and two Boys worth a Million! I know no man (out of Asia) better at making money and children than you. You will say perhaps that two-thirds of the money is for other men. That is true, and possibly two-thirds of the children you have made in your time are for other men also. But whether you or others have the property, your Labours in both instances are certain gain to the Country.

The Duke received the conjunct letters from Mr. Stuart and you, and a letter from Mr. Crawford on the same subject. I explained to him the affair of the compromise, and he immediately wrote satisfactory answers to both.

* William Mure, baron of the Scots exchequer, friend of Hume and Lord Bute.

What the Dutchess mentioned to you concerning the two Ladys is true, and the manner I was drawn into it was this. When I left London Dr. Hunter gave me a letter to Mr. Upton, an English gentleman who at present lives near Geneva, in which among many obliging things he mentioned my experience and address in that particular business. He gave me the letter sealed, and you may believe I could have no Idea of that part of the Contents. Some time after Mr. Lock, a man of Great Fortune, and one of the most amiable and accomplished Gentlemen I ever knew, came here with his Family and took a house in the Countrey near Mr. Upton's. Both of these Gentlemen show'd every attention to the Duke; he was fond of their Company and upon the most intimate footing in their Familys. Their Ladys were both with Child and nearly about the same time gone. When the period approached Mr. Upton Informed me of what Dr. Hunter had wrote, and both he and Mr. Lock desired in the most earnest manner that I would attend on that occasion. They took pains to obviate every objection, telling me that their Ladys had perfect confidence in me and a dread of any other, and that they were so strongly of these sentiments that it would be a most severe and perhaps a fatal disapointment if I Refused. In short I could not Refuse, and as the Ladys had very expeditious Recoverys and fine children, I believe they have the highest sense of the service I did them.

My Reputation as a Physician is higher here than I could wish, and I am frequently consulted by the English who pass this way. It has hitherto appeared to me unfeeling and

dissobliging to Refuse. All I could do to prevent this, and which I have most sacredly observed, was absolutely to Refuse every offer of money and to let it be known that every piece of trouble which I take of this kind is merely out of favour to my country men. This makes it indelicate on their part to consult me, which accordingly is never done but on very particular occasions. As for Mrs. Lock and Upton, nothing would have made me yield to their Request but the many civilities they had show'd both to the Duke and me, the Regard which every one must have who knows them, and their Strong prejudices in my favour, Circumstances which cannot take place in any future Instance, and which after what you have said (in all events) I will positively Refuse.

I hope, my dear Baron, you will Represent this affair in its true light to the Dutchess without delay. If I know anything of her Dispositions, had she been here she would have Joined in the Ladys' Request. As for the effect which this or any other part of my conduct has had here, I can assure you that I stand as high in the opinion of the best People here as my heart could desire, more so (than I think in my Conscience) I deserve. The unwearied attention I have paid to the Duke's improvement and the favourable change which has followed, has been much remark'd, and has perhaps made the greater impressions that in this place they have seen many instances of an opposite conduct, particularly from our Country. This is so true that, if I had the care of one of inferiour Rank and Talents to the Duke of Hamilton, I flatter myself I would bestow instead of Receiving importance by the connection. Offer my Re-

spectful Compliments to Mrs. Mure and all your family. Tell Mr. Jarden I Received his letter and assure him of my esteem. I once had hopes of being able to procure him a Pupil that Possibly he would not have Refused. An accident, to the young man's great loss, prevented this. I suppose you have Received a letter the Duke wrote you some days ago in Answer to Yours. He is perfectly well, and I am and shall Remain to my last breath, my Dear Baron,

Your affectionate and obed't humble Serv't,
J. MOORE.

I wish it may be convenient for Mrs. Mure to allow Mrs. Moore to accompany her some time this Summer to Inverary. The many cross incidents which have happened of late have made me often uneasy on her acc't, and make me fear the effect they may have on her health. I am sure nothing can give her so much pleasure as Mrs. Mure's attention and yours, and she has often express'd in her letters her obligations to you both since I left her.

Dr. Moore to the Duchess of Argyll.

CHATELAINÉ, 2 August, 1773.

I wrote a short line to your Grace last week only to inform you of the continuation of the Duke's health. I expected he would have wrote this post himself, but his aversion to writing is very great. He says he hates writing because he writes badly, and I tell him he writes ill because he hates writing. He surmounts this aversion, however, when there is any particular call. When I pointed to him the distressful scene which your Grace was witness to before

you left London, there was occasion for no other argument to induce him to write.

The Prince and Princess de Carrignan* and Madame de Brionne have been at Geneva, and were intertained by the Republic with uncommon Magnificence. There was an Entertainment on the Lake with the representation of a sea fight; the vessel in which they were was attacked by another carrying Turkish colours and the men in Turkish dresses. After some firing and when the Prince's vessel was in danger of being taken a Maltese sloop came up to her relief, and after much firing and brandishing of swords the Turkish ship was forced to yield and all the infidels made prisoners, to the great comfort and satisfaction of all the Christian Spectators, while after this victory there was a Ball and Supper which continued till four in the morning.

The Duke is highly pleased with his situation in the country, and his affection for his horses continues with unabating ardour. There is another Serv't engaged on their acc't, for he can never be satisfied with the care that is taken of them and is in pain when the air of heaven blows on them too roughly.

I would have been well pleased if his Grace could have been contented with horses engaged by the month or season, for Reasons which I explained to your Grace in a former letter, the justness of which Reasons I am now more convinced of than ever, but that could not be done. I beg your Grace may sometimes remember me to the Duke of Argyll and the Ladies, and

* The Princes of Carignano were a younger branch of the House of Savoy, and were the ancestors of the unfortunate Princesse de Lamballe and of the present King of Italy.

believe me always to be with the most perfect
Respect

Your most obed't and faithful humble Serv't,
J. MOORE.

Dr. Moore to the Duchess of Argyll.

CHATELAINE, August 14, 1773.

I did not write to your Grace by the last post because the Duke and me were then on a Tour to the Glaciers of Savoy, from which we are but just Returned. These are prodigious Mountains of Ice and Snow which, falling from the highest hill of the Alps during the winter, are accumulated into such solid masses that the heat of summer is not able to dissolve even that part which touches the Valies. The objects to be observed in this tour are perhaps the most Grand, The most Varied, Curious, and extraordinary, that are to be met with in any other Part of the world. We Returned by the small Republick called the Vallais—whose Territories are so wonderfully fortified by Nature that a small body of Resolute men could defend all the passes against any force which can possibly be brought to attack them. The simple manners of these people are finely described by Rousseau in his Heloise—we Returned also by the little Town of Clareuse and the Rocks of Millerie, where your Grace will Remember the principle scenes of that Romance passed.

I would willingly have engaged the Duke to have wrote your Grace a particular description of what was most observable on this Tour, which would have been a proper employment

for him and much more interesting to you than the same from any other hand; but I must not conceal from you that the bad effects of his keeping so many horses are but too evident—as they occupy his mind and have already weakened his attention to objects of Real importance, and have in some degree turned him from a course which had the most flattering appearance. Tho' the horses were perfectly well taken care of by the man in whose house we are, who had engaged a serv^t extraordinary for that purpose—who had two Guineas a month for each horse—the Duke, on pretence that they were not sufficiently looked after, insisted on engaging another serv^t, which to satisfy him I agreed to, thinking this was to be only a Temporary matter during the summer, but I soon found this fellow dress'd in a new Suit of Livery w^h the Duke had ordered without speaking to me—so that there is little reason to imagine he will be inclined to diminish the number of his Horses or give up this serv^t, who is quite superfluous during the winter.

I particularize this, but the same turn of mind which has induced him with much perseverance and some art to carry this Point has made him increase very considerably every part of his expence, and I am certain if it is not checked will still go on augmenting. I believe I need not Repeat to your Grace that the simple consideration of the expence is of less importance than other consequences which accompany this Plan of living—which in Reality rather diminishes than adds to the Duke's importance in the eyes of the People here, both inhabitants and strangers, all of whom know his business here was improvement and not show—and who are also

sensible that in proportion as the last is augmented beyond a proper degree the first is diminished. The stile of the Duke's family has been from the beginning more splendid than that of any stranger of whatever country who has resided here, and I was pleased it should be so, but I own I should be sorry for any increase.

If the Duke was going into Italy or making the Tour of the German Courts, in that case I should be particularly attentive that his whole Equipage and appearance should be in the most splendid stile that his Fortune would admit—but what would be proper then is in every Respect improper now. What I would be at by all this (which I am affraid has sufficiently tired your Grace) is, that I should be glad to Receive a letter address'd either to the Duke or me expressive of surprize at your understanding there was an augmentation of Livery Serv^{ts} and the sums drawn, which you considered as no Proof of the Duke's real Improvement—this will be the case, for many acc^{ts} will be payable immediately.

I can assure your Grace the Duke has improved greatly since you saw him—he has many amiable Qualities and an excellent understanding—his fort is a Quickness and penetration into character which often surprises me; his foible is a love of show and an uncontrollable desire for every new object, which, however, becomes insipid as soon as acquired—and so he veers about to another, w^h remains an object of desire till in his possession and then is dispised. Age will correct this in everything but in his taste for horses, which if I know anything of the human heart will gather strength by years. I am the more uneasy about all this because he

was going on in the finest Train imaginable, and all is in danger of being destroyed by a Gilded Cabriolle, horses, and an equipage by much too Glittering—which is I plainly perceive laughed at by most people here, even the English who are doing any Good. If he could have had patience for one year more, I flatter myself his mind would have gained so much vigour that it would not have been in . . .

The Duke of Hamilton to his Mother.

DEAREST DUCHESS,

I have by this Post wrote on the subject you desired to Baron Mure, as also on another subject in which I feel myself much interested.

We lately made a Tour to the Glaciers of Savoy—before we arrive at these we have two long days' journey among the highest mountains of the Alps. Nothing can be more awfull than the appearance of these vast Mountains, and the rocks which in many places hang over the road and threaten the passengers with destruction. We saw some rocks almost as big as Inverary Castle which had fallen from the Mountains into the Valley and make the scene more dreadful.

These Hills are covered with the largest pines I ever saw, as well as Oaks and other Trees. The Valleys are fruitfull and exceedingly beautiful. Nothing can better prove the superiority and Grandeur and Magnificence of the works of Nature above those of art. Versailles is the labour of a child when compared with the Mountains and Valleys of the Alps.

The Glaciers themselves resemble the sea in a storm, if you suppose it instantly frozen while

in its highest agitation. We returned through a Country of a different aspect, where all the mild rural beauties are to be found. But I have not the powers of description in a sufficient degree to give you an idea of all the varied beauties of this delightful Tour.

Mr. Moore desires to join me in Compliments to all the family, and I always am

Your Loving and affectionate son,

HAMILTON.

CHATELAINE, *August 23, 1773.*

(*Addressed*) A Madame,
 Madame la Duchess d'Argyll
 (Argyll House)
 à Londres.

franko Paris.

Dr. Moore to the Duchess of Argyll.

CHATELAINE, *Sep'r 6, 1773.*

There was a kind of Military Entertainment at this Place lately. I believe your Grace knows that the Citizens of Geneva are all Soldiers. They are formed into different Corps and are continually exercising during two months every Summer. They are particularly fond of the Exercise of the Cannon and the Arquebuse, for they know Their war must, like the war of Troy, consist of a Siege. He who excells in the direction of these arms is considered as the Hector of the State. There has not been a comparative Trial of this kind these ten years till this Summer, when a certain Moses Maudrié carried of the Prize from many competitors and was crowned King, as they call it, of the Arquebusiers. His good fortune gave Universal Satisfaction because he is a man

of a Worthy character and who had done real Service to the Republick during their late troubles, for which he had Received a Gold hilted Sword in a present from the State.

On account of his Coronation the Entertainment was given. A Camp was formed on a Plain without the Town. All the citizens were under Arms. The King of the Arquebusiers walked between the two oldest Syndics, the Duke in the next Rank between the two Youngest; after them Prince Galizin and Lord Stanhope, flanked by another couple of large Periwigs. Messrs. Grenville, Clive, and I followed them, with all the Strangers who had been invited. Afterwards the Council of twenty-five, and those Citizens of Geneva who were particularly related to the King. A Band of Musick play'd before the procession, and the officers saluted them as they walked past the Troops drawn up on the Plain. They then placed themselves in an amphitheatre of Benches prepared for that purpose. The Troops were then divided into two Armies, a Battle was fought, a Bridge was attack'd and most resolutely defended, a convoy of Provisions was Intercepted on the March to one of the Armies and half the waggons taken—the rest escap'd by Miracle. Lord Mohun, who commanded a body of Cavalry, performed wonders, and many others distinguished themselves, particularly the Generals, who to be sure had an amazing quantity of Lace on their Clothes. When the hurly burly was done and the battle lost and won, his Majesty, etc., marched back to the Maison de Ville, where dinner attended them, and a great deal more execution ensued than had happened in the field.

After a few Toasts had been given, the Chief

Syndic gave Mons. le Duc d'Hamilton et la Noblesse Étrangère. The Duke with a gracefulness peculiar to himself stood up, and express'd his sense of the Honour had been done him and Drank prosperity to the Republick of Geneva. Each Toast was followed by a flourish of Kettledrums, Trumpets, and the firing of Cannon. The Dinner was more warlike than the battle. An hundred Granadiers with their Arms actually marched into the Hall where we sate. I was afraid they were going to Amuse us with a General discharge from their guns, but I found it was only a detachment from the army to drink the King's health in the Royal presenee, which having done, they Retired in good order. Many tables were covered in the Streets, and if there was not so much Magnificence, I dare swear there was as much real festivity at the Coronation of Moses the first of Geneva as at that of George III. of Great Britain. The most pleasing part of the Entertainment was the Cordiality, Good will, and perfect chearfulness which appear'd Universally among all Ranks of this happy little Republick, where the Love of Liberty, and Regard for the Laws, prevails more generally than in any part of the World. The Duke observed this to me, and said nothing could be more pleasant than to see a whole State live together in such an affectionate manner, where the distinctions of Rank and Riches seem to create no Envy.

I fear I have tired your Grace, and shall endeavour to eneroach less upon your time for the future. I shall only add that I am infinitely sollicitous that the Duke should improve this Winter, because if he spends this

well, I am perswaded he will spend the next better, and I imagine this would give a stamp to his character for life. He has fine talents and many admirable qualities, and if he can be perswaded not to bestow that attention (by which he could comprehend and acquire the most useful and ornamental knowledge) upon meaner objects, I am certain he will be all that your Grace can desire. Were he not capable of a great deal more than he does, perhaps there is good Reason to be satisfied with the Advances he has already made.

I have the Honour to be with the highest Regard

Your Grace's ever obed't and faithful
humble Serv't,

J. MOORE.

The Duke signed all the papers which were sent by Mr. Stuart, and I have returned them to Mr. Davidson.

Dr. Moore to the Duchess of Argyll.

The Duke had your Grace's letter of the 23^d of August this forenoon; he fully intended to have wrote by this Post, but he has fatigued himself so much hunting that he now begs to delay it till to-morrow morning. I fear, however, if I trust to that your Grace may be dissapointed altogether. I shall therefor make certain of this line to inform you that all is well, and if the Duke is better than my expectations you shall have his letter also. He expressed the highest satisfaction at Lady Augusta's recovery, and was exceedingly pleased

with her postscript to your Grace's letter, as it is a proof of her being quite well.

There was a little egarement sometime since—without saying anything on the subject I show'd a good deal of concern, and this at length affected him. Things are now in a better Train. There is no great occasion for Language between us in such cases—he understands my meaning fully by my features, and I imagine there is not a sentiment of his mind unknown to me before he communicates it in words.

Your Grace enquires about the horses. I therefor now inform you that they are in good health, but I am not without hopes that one of these days some of them will die apoplectick—for they are allowed hardly any exersise but eating. The Duke's Sollicitude about these animals goes beyond all imagination; if we propose to pay a visit of a League distance in the afternoon in the Cabriolle, he always walks that morning to Geneva when he goes to his Lecture, that the Dear creatures may not be fatigued with the Double Journey of half a League in the morning and a whole one in the afternoon. 'This little Redicule was noticed by some who were well enough inclined to sneer behind the Duke's back. I soon check'd that, however, for tho' I often put these things in a strong and sometimes ridiculous light to the Duke himself, I cannot bear that any other Person should when he was not present, which however, as I observed, was the only time they durst have used that freedom.

Some time since he was infected with a wonderful fit of Laziness, and tho' he often neglected his morning Journey to Geneva—and

sent away his Musick and Fencing Masters without taking a Lesson, tho' they come to Chatelaine at a triple expence—I said nothing till he himself observed that of late he had been very Idle and wondered I had not spoke of it. I answered coldly—that to be sure his friends would be much dissappointed and the mignonites greatly rejoiced when they heard of these things—yet as his Indolence gave him so much pleasure I did not think it worth while to disturb the tranquility of his enjoyment for what concerned himself nearer than any other body—only (added I) my Dear Duke, let us conceal the matter from the Dutchess, that she may not suffer by the dissappointment of her hopes till she actually sees you. I then fell a talking of some other thing—which indeed I might have continued long enough, for he kept a profound silence the Rest of the evening—and has not omitted a single lesson since.

Your Grace has Reason to be tired of my long letters; to alleviate you will Receive one from the Duke next post. I beg you will offer my Respectful compliments to the Duke of Argyll, and from my heart I do felicitate your Grace and him on Lady Augusta's Recovery.

I Remain Your Grace's ever obed^t
and faithful humble serv^t,
J. MOORE.

CHATELAINE, *Sept.* 13, 1773.

(*Addressed*) A Madame
Madame la Duchesse d'Argyll
(Argyll House)
à Londres.

franko Paris

The Earl of Derby to Lady Gower.

LAUSANNE, Oct. 7th, 1774.

MY DEAR LADY GOWER,

[After describing Swiss mountains, glaciers, and cascades.]

I told you in my last about Duke Hamilton. Since that I have had a great deal of conversation with Dr. Moore. They came here on their way to Brunswick, he intending to stay only a day or two, but he could not get the Duke away, and all the World talk so much of his attachment to *Mrs. Nobsen* that poor Mr. Moore was very unhappy about it; but upon the Duke's promising to follow him to-day a-horseback he set out last Saturday for Basle, as they had hired nine horses from Geneva to carry them to Basle, and paid so much a day for all the time they kept them.

I have not heard if the Duke is gone to-day. I saw him at M^r and M^{rs} W. last Sunday, at Dinner at Lady Broughton's (she and M^r Errington are here a few weeks on their way to Italy, to consult D^r Tissot on account of her health). They were at a Ball here, when we were making our tour, and they both say they never saw such a set of bad dancers, nor such vulgar awkward people, men as well as women, turning in their toes, etc., and that there is not a Provincial Town in France where there are not twice as genteel. And to be sure for Forwardness and Pertness I agree with them, that I never saw anything like the Misses here, flaunting about, leaning on Lord Lindsay's arm, or any of the young men here, with Hats of Feathers

like masquerade dresses. This still gives me no small pain on Margaret's account, for tho' she thinks it very odd as yet, I am afraid were she to be long here she would not like to keep in my quiet way when she sees so much levity.

Oct. 8th—As I c^d not get this finished for last Post, it could not go till to-day. You may imagine I have little time to spare when I tell you Margaret has Masters five hours in the day, and that I make it a rule to be present when they are with her; and of late I have been more hurried than usual, having been a great deal with Lady Broughton, whom I like vastly. Duke Hamilton went away last Thursday. He drank Tea with me the Evening before. It gave me pain to see how melancholy he looked. He is vastly liked and admired here, indeed he must be so everywhere. I am glad I went to M^{rs} Schellenberg, for I find all the English went, and she is very civil, and I am told she likes me. It is astonishing what fatigue she takes going about, seeing everything. I fancy 'tis that she may write everything to the King, who writes constantly to her. She is to go to Montpelier for the Winter, as soon as Lord Holderness is able to travel, being to spend the Winter there altogether. The Duchesses of Argyle and Ancaster wrote desiring their sons to wait of her immediately.

I hope, my dear, you are perfectly well. If not I wish you would have your case wrote very exactly to consult the most surprising man in the World, D^r Shuppach. I suppose his fame has reached England, as I am told they come to him from all corners of Europe. If you can't conveniently get your case wrote in French I will translate it as well as I can,

as I w^d do anything to serve you. I am afraid you have lost dear Lady Archibald before now out of your neighbourhood. I wish much to hear all you know about Lady Dunmore.

Ever yours more than I can say.

[No signature.]

Dr. Moore to the Duchess of Argyll on the commission obtained for his famous son, Sir John Moore.

BERLIN, June 12, 1775.

I have received the letter your Grace did me the honour to write inclosing Lord Barrington's, by which I perceive I have little reason to expect that my Son would get a Commission soon even if I would declare him to be sixteen. Some proposals have been made to me for his entering into the Prussian or Austrian Service, and much patronage promised. The Boy speaks French perfectly well, and German pretty fluently, and would have no objection himself, but I fancy his Mother would have many, and I feel Reluctance, tho' some considerations tempt me.

I perceive that your Grace imagines that some late applications in favour of this boy have been owing to my Sollicitude alone. I beg you will recollect that when the Princess of Brunswick offered to write to the King, I could not with propriety do anything to prevent this, and therefor contented myself with informing her Royal Highness of the Steps your Grace had taken, the obstacles you had met with, and that it would give me much pain if anything should be done that might make your Grace

imagine I had any doubt of your Patronage and goodwill. She said she would take care of that, and so after expressing my thanks I said no more, tho' at that time I was well informed of the State of her influence with his Majesty, for even here we are not quite ignorant of the Rises and falls of the Political Thermometer in England. I hope your Grace will no longer imagine that this happened from my doubting the Sincerity of your goodwill towards me. Such a Sentiment would afford me so much pain that there is no danger of my harbouring it on slight grounds.

We had left Zelle ten days before the poor unfortunate Queen of Denmark * was taken ill. Your Grace may be very certain that I will endeavour to lead the Duke from every place where infectious distempers prevail, but to enable me to do this I must mention a thing which gave me much uneasiness, and on which I hope you will take an early opportunity of writing with earnestness. The Duke has been a good deal with two young English officers during the Reviews, and was siezed with a sudden Whim of Accompanying them to Magdebourg, which he mentioned to me as soon as he had arranged matters with them and immediately before he sett out; he told me he would Return within four days. As we had already seen the Reviews at Potsdam and at Berlin, of which those at Magdebourg were but an Epitome, as we were Engaged to dine at some of the most distinguished Houses in Berlin for several days to come, &c., &c., I saw many objections and

* Caroline Matilda, "The Queen of Tears," sister of George III., and divorced wife of Christian VII. of Denmark. She died on May 11, 1775.

would have willingly turned his Grace from taking two long days' Journey to a place from which we had just come. Yet I also saw that he was bent on the thing, and that it would be impossible to put him off it. He staid longer than he intended, and Returned by Leipsick some days since, Much fatigued but in perfect health.

I pass'd a very uneasy time during his absence, the more so that I was obliged almost every day to attend some dinner or assembly which had been formed on the Duke's acc't: once at Prince Frederick of Brunswick's, once with Pr. Ferdinand, the King's Brother, at his House three Leagues from Town, and once at an Entertainment given by the Hereditary Princess of Prussia, to which (tho' I have put him into a Private Pension to be out of the way) my Jack was invited and danced both with that Princess and the Princess Frederick. So that while my head was like to turn about the Duke, my son's was in danger from another Cause. Your Grace may believe that the Duke's absence Surprized many and disobliged some, but no human being can be more perfectly indifferent about such a matter than the Duke. Tho' I do not believe there is much danger that he will take such a Freak soon, for he is not fond that I should be from him, yet to prevent the possibility I hope your Grace will write insisting that he do not form engagements without my approbation or at least Company. The Duke has a Strong and good Constitution, but he is subject to Violent and sudden Complaints which, I thank God, have hitherto been of short duration, from a method of management which has always succeeded with him, but which I am

convinced the German Physicians would not Use.

Your Grace has Received flattering acc'ts concerning the Duke, I will give you a true one. With regard to the first impression, this always is greatly in his favour, for devoid of the Pert vivacity of a French Petit Maître or the Supercilious reserve of an English coxcomb, he possesses all the easy Elegance of a Man of Rank and Fashion. He converses on Subjects which he Understands with Grace, and on those which he does not Understand with plausibility. He is not fond of the Company of his Superiours either in Rank or Understanding. The first put him under Restraint, and the others offend his *amour propre*. There is nothing I have taken such pains to conquer as this dislike to the Comp'y of those who he imagines have more Talents, natural or acquired, than himself. Easy, good-natured people who have nothing positively bad in them, are those he desires most to have about him; he often forms Plans which would be attended with much benefit, but he has not yet acquired sufficient Steadiness perfectly to follow out any. In all our schemes a large allowance must be made for the Chapter of Accidents. As he is not always pleas'd with himself he is sometimes peevish, yet his Temper is not bad, and his dispositions are much better than his Temper. He cannot bear contradiction, and is subject to violent gusts of Passion, but is incapable of harbouring malice or Revenge. Tho' he cannot practice all the precepts of Christianity, Yet he has a Respect for Religion and a Sense of Piety on his Mind, perhaps not without some share of Superstition; I should be sorry, however, to see the last effaced, because

on the whole it has a good effect. He has not much Curiosity nor Ambition, w'h is much to be regreted, because in him they might be so managed and directed as to produce the best effects, but it is more difficult to create these Passions than to direct them. When he returns to Britain one of these things may happen. He may be Suck'd into the Whirl of London dissipation, pleas'd with the admiration of Girls and imitation of one set of men; he may lead Modes or become one of the most conspicuous figures in the Fashionable Circle, and satisfied with that species of distinction, he may lose all desire for a higher Ambition. Or Pleased with Blind approbation and undisputed precedency he may prefer living in Scotland, surrounded by Hunters and obsequious Retainers,

Like Cato give his little Senate Laws
And Sit attentive to his own Applause.

Or, despising the degrading distinction of being a mere man of mode as well as the Dictatorial Pride of an unimportant Chieftain, he may by a Proper exertion of his Talents Shew that he is as able to make a conspicuous figure in the Senate or Cabinet as in the Drawing Room, and whether he betakes to a public or Private life become a Virtuous, Rational man, happy in himself, beloved by his freinds, and Esteemed by every body. This is what your Grace and I have Laboured to bring about, and I hope our labours will not be in vain. Yet I must say, and I say it from full perswasion in the Sincerity of my heart, that I think matters not yet ready. I do dread London or Scotland for some time to come.

The character of the woman he shall marry

will be of great consequence not only for his private happiness, but in determining the walk he is to choose in life. If she be a weak woman, tho' as beautiful as an angel, he will despise her in six weeks; if she be coquetish in the smallest degree he will be offended and unhappy, for he is naturally Jealous and infinitely nice in his Ideas of Female decorum. If she be haughty or Capricious he will detest her, and in all these cases will Neglect and abandon her. If your Grace can find such a Woman as I am about to mention and perswade your son to Marry her, you will render him as happy as he is Capable of being. She must be healthful, well looked, and of a good Family, Elegant and Modest in her Manners and exceedingly Reserved in her conversation with men, sensible but not ostentatious of her wit and never pretending to be better instructed than her Husband, Humane and benevolent in her disposition, with a Prudent ambition and desire to see her Husband of importance in the State, with Real friendship and esteem but not an over proportion of what is called Love even for her Husband—if she has too much of this last she is in danger of becoming troublesome, and will certainly be subjected to bear with caprices from his part—in short she must display great attention to acquire and Retain the approbation of his Judgement, but that she feels indignation at Unjustice and despises his Caprice.

The Duke's own experience has not contributed to give him too favourable Notions of the Sex. I have often pointed out one Example w'h ought to correct these impressions, which I have a Real desire to efface because I have long observed that an Unjust opinion of Women

has always a bad effect on the characters of Men.

I have wrote with much openness and at great Length that your Grace may not form false Ideas from the Representations of those who have not an oppertunity of knowing the bottom or who wish merely to please. I beg you may forgive the trouble I have given you, and I assure your Grace that you need not be affraid to open any letter from me, for I shall endeavour to make them as short as your heart can desire for many Posts to come, only I beg you will give me the satisfaction to inform me when you have Received this, and when you do me the Honour to write pray direct either to J. Moore, Esq'r, or à Mons. Moore, Gentilhomme Anglais à Berlin.

We came from Hanover with the Honble. Mr. Fortescue, a Young Man of great Merit. To my great regret he leaves us in a few days. We Dine or Sup with some of the Princes two or three times a week; the othe days we are Generaly with some of the Forreign Ministers. Mr. Harris has been exceedingly obliging. Our Scheme once was to move to Dresden and thence to Vienna about the beginning of July, but I suspect we shall not go so soon, for I understand that Madame la L. is to be here about that time from C. Some Female Planet always influences our Motions; at Present she is Queen of the Ascendant. I beg earnestly that your Grace will keep these Astronomical observations to yourself. Once more I beg your forgiveness for this Monstrous long letter, and I am with the highest Respect

Your Grace's most obedient and most
faithful humble Serv't,

J. MOORE.

*Dr. Moore to the Duchess of Argyll.*BERLIN, *June 17th, 1775.*

After the Unmercifully long letter which I wrote to your Grace on the 12th, I dare swear you will tremble at the sight of this, the purport of which, however, is on acc^t of the inclosed, which is from a young lady of Quality at this court; some letters which I brought from her relations at the other Courts we have already visited procured me the honour of her acquaintance, and as she is in all the societies which the Duke and I frequent, this has been since improved into a considerable of confidence. Not being sure whether Mr. le Comte de Guignes was still at Paris or had arrived at London, she desired me to inclose it to your Grace, begging you will be so good as send it to him if he is already in London or as soon as he shall arrive, and that you will mention in the first letter you do me the honour to write whether he has Received it. If your Grace were acquainted with the writer I am certain she would interest you highly: with the advantages of Birth, Fortune, exquisite beauty, and numberless accomplishments this Lady is very Unhappy; and what renders her Situation still more to be Lamented, her unhappiness proceeds intirely from the goodness of her dispositions and the aimiable qualities of her heart. These considerations will plead my excuse for the Liberty I have taken, tho' I do not trouble your Grace with all the Reasons I have for using it. If your Grace happens to see Mr. de Guignes you may let him know the news of his having gained his Cause occasioned universal satisfaction here, where he is greatly esteemed.

W. M. Moore
 Secretary to the
 Duchess of Argyll
 Berlin, June 17th, 1775

In obedience to your Grace's desire Duke Hamilton and I will set out for Strelitz in a few days. I have the honour to be

Your Grace's most obed^t and ever
faithful humble serv^t,

J. MOORE.

The Duke of Hamilton to Mr. Andrew Stuart.

STRELITZ, *June 23rd, 1775.*

You had better direct the Papers to the Care of Sir Robert Keith's Secretary.

DEAR SIR,

I am very sorry you have had so much needless Trouble on this Affair of the Papers. You must have misunderstood my meaning when you say in your last Letter that I refused signing the Papers you sent. I should never think of acting contrary to what my mother and my Guardians thought proper; all that I intended to have expressed in my last Letter I shall again repeat. I only wished to have thought a little on the subject before I gave such absolute Power to persons unknown to me, at the same time expressing my willingness to sign since Messrs. Nairne & Davidson were thought fit persons by you and the rest of my Friends. I only took the liberty of adding another Person to the number whom I do know and to whom surely you can have no Objection.

Baron Mure being now recovered and the number compleat with Nairne and Davidson there will be no Occasion for sending any Papers abroad for Mr. Moore's Signet. Hereafter it

may be of use to me to have Mr. Moore; It is a little Piece of Civility to him, and It cannot possibly hurt any one. If you make any Difficulties, I cannot help being surprized, as I can assign no reasons for those Difficulties. I hope you will take the trouble of sending the Papers to Vienna drawn up as I have desired, and I will send them back signed as soon as possible. Pray give my best Compliments to your Brother. If he is as successful as I wish he may be, there will [be] no fear of his gaining his Cause; but should he fail he may say, and with as much truth as any man: 'Tis not in my Power to command Success, but I'll do more, I'll deserve it.

We are going to be presented to the Duke of Strelitz just now, therefore I shall conclude by assuring you, I am with the sincerest Attachment

Your obliged
(Signed) HAMILTON.

(*Endorsed*) Copy Letter from the Duke of Hamilton to An. Stuart. 23 June, 1775.

Dr. Moore to the Duchess of Argyll.

BERLIN, June 29th, 1775.

On the 21st of this month the Duke and I set out for Strelitz, and the weather being exceeding warm we did not leave Berlin till about six in the evening. The first post is about 24 English miles; our Postilions lost the way in a very extensive wood between this and Oranianbourg, were after wandering for several hours we were obliged to Remain till daybreak,

when we found the road and got safe to the Posthouse. We arrived at Strelitz about ten o'clock at night on the 22nd, but his Serene Highness and the Princess were at Brandenbourg, a small Town twelve Miles farther North. We remain'd all night at Strelitz and set out early next morning for Brandenbourg. As soon as I had announced his Grace's arrival his Serene Highness sent an equipage from the Court to attend him. We were presented to his Highness and the Princess before dinner. There was a concert of Musick, which with card playing filled the interval between Dinner and Supper.

Next day we pass'd the whole day at Court, and did not take our leave till very late at night. Nothing could surpass the Gracious accueil which his Highness and the Princess gave the Duke and their very obliging Civility to me. There were a considerable number of the Noblesse of the neighbourhood at Court all the time we were there. There was none of that Stiff Etiquette which is at some of the German Courts, all was easy and agreeable. His Highness is a Prince of great good Nature and benevolence, and much beloved by his subjects, who are infinitely happyer than in some of the Neighbouring States. The Princess is unaffected in her manners and Possesses a great share of Good sense. They Both press'd his Grace to make a longer stay, but as we had engaged to sup this night with the Princess Dowager of Prussia, The Duke was obliged, w^h regret, to take his leave. We arrived this day at Berlin, and have just Returned from supping with the Princess. The Duke is in perfect health and sends your Grace his most

dutiful Compliments. I have the Honour to be
with great Respect

Your Grace's most obed^t and most
humble Serv^t,

J. MOORE.

Dr. Moore to the Duchess of Argyll.

POTSDAM, July 24, 1775.

I have this moment Received your Grace's long letter. We are going to step into the Chaise to set out for Dresden, from which I shall do myself the honour of writing fully; by your last I was not sure whether your Grace thought me Realy to Blame in not attending the Duke from Lausanne and to Magdeburg, or whether you wrote in that Strain in consequence of what I desired in one of my letters from Berlin. I must therefore beg you will Recollect that I proceeded from Lausanne without the Duke merely that I might engage him to give his word of Honour that he would follow within four days—without w^c he and his female auxiliaries might have wheedled me on to have pass'd the whole winter there. And when he last set out for Magdebourg it was a sudden Resolution which he did not communicate till the moment before he set out, when the Partie was arranged with the two officers Independant of me. I had a number of things to do, to write lines to the People with whom we were engaged to dine, &c., &c., and they would not wait a moment, so that I had hardly any alternative but to remain. Besides I have hitherto had the good fortune to make the Duke wish for my Comp'y, and I am sure this would not have

been the case had I forced my Comp'y on him when he had arranged matters without me. I believe he was sufficiently tired of his officers and very well pleased to see me again. So that except forty or fifty Guineas of Unnecessary expence there was no harm. Yet I will not answer against another Whim of the same kind, and therefor I am glade your Grace wrote me in the Strain you did, which I think you should reiterate occasionally. I am too anxious when I am absent from the Duke ever to remain behind When there is not some forcible Reason to Retain me.

We have been again presented to the King, who spoke near an hour to his Grace and me. We have lived at Court and been every day at Sans Souci. Of this more from Dresden. I am with the greatest Respect

Your Grace's ever obed't and
 faithful Serv't,
 J. MOORE.

Dr. Moore to the Duchess of Argyll.

PRAGUE, August 3, 1775.

His Grace and I passed ten days at Potsdam, being invited to attend the Amusements Given on acc^t of the Landgravine of Cassel—during that time we had regular invitations from the King to the New Pallace at Sans Souci every day that there was either a Play or an Opera, and in the Evening we Sup'd with the Princess Amelia. The Landgravine and all the Princes and Princesses went to Berlin on the 21st, to his Majesty's great joy who had display'd every symptom of tiredness before they left him.

The Prince and Princess of Prussia alone remained at Potsdam; his Grace and I Supp'd and took leave of them on the 22^d. That day an adventure happened which affected many People in that Place. The King's Principal valet de chambre had the misfortune to fall into his displeasure; this man was always about the King's Person, disbursed all his money for Personal expences, was considered as a great favourite, was Courted by every body even the Ministers themselves, had built a pretty House in a Garden near Sans Souci, kept a Coach and was Reckoned worth a good deal of money. No sooner had the Strangers left the Pallace than his Majesty ordered an Aid de Camp to conduct this Poor man to Potsdam and put him as a Common Drummer into the Reg^t of Guards. The Man threw himself at the King's feet and beg'd that he might be saved the disgrace of Serving as a Drummer, and only be dismissed his Service; the King would not listen to him. He then beg'd of the aid de camp to allow him to arrange some things in his own chamber, which being granted, he there immediately shot himself through the head. The King heard the Pistol, entered the Room, and found the Poor man dead on the floor.

The Duke and I arrived at Dresden the 25th. The Court were all in the country, but came to Town on the 30th, when his Grace and I were presented to the Elector and Electress, with whom we Dined. In the evening I had the honour of winning a good many Duckats from the Electress Dowager and the Princess Elizabeth, which seemed to afford them no manner of satisfaction. As the Court were to Leave Dresden next morning for some months,

His Grace determined to set out next day for Prague.

Dresden is a very beautiful Town. The King of Prussia destroyed great part of it last war, but it is now Rising like the Phenix from its ashes. I dare swear the King Heartily wishes the Poor Fellow who kill'd himself at Potsdam could do the same. If he does not he must have a good hard conscience.

We arrived yesterday at this Town. I shall have the Honour of writing to your Grace very soon from Vienna. We had heard much of the Disturbances in Bohemea, but found none—all seems Quiet. The Duke was highly delighted with that country, which often brought him in mind of his beloved Switzerland. About Prague is a fine fertile country, but not so Pictoresquely beautiful as among the mountains. I will not forget what your Grace told me about the Duke's writing to L. Ch., tho it is no easy task to prevail. The Duke is in good health, and sends his affectionate compliments to your Grace, the Duke of Argyll, and Lady Augusta. I beg they may at the same time accept of my humble Respects. I ever am

Your Grace's most Obed^t and faithful Serv^t,
J. MOORE.

(Addressed) A Madame
Madame la Duchesse d'Argyll
(Argyll House)
à Londres.

The Duke of Hamilton to his Mother.

VIENNA, August 10th, 1775.

I was surprized, my Dearest Dutchess, by some conversation I lately had with Mr. Moore,

that there was any difficulty made about our proceeding next month to Italy. I have considered all the objections, and they appear to me and to many with whom I have conversed to be frivolous. Women are not more dangerous there than elsewhere. If I am thought an easy prey to them, I ought never to return to Paris, or London—and as for the Men, I hope it is not imagined I shall adopt their manners. But it is neither for the Men or Women I wish to go to that country, but for the sake of the Country itself, which if I had not an impatience to see would be but an indifferent sign of my Taste. I have not read the Roman Classics with so very little feeling as not to wish to view the Country which they describe, and where they were written, and I never can find so fit an opportunity of gratifying my curiosity as now when so near. I have no inclination to leave Britain, when I have once returned. This I should think in some measure necessary if I return at least without having seen Italy.

I was persuaded to turn about into Germany last year, when I wished to have proceeded to Italy, but nothing shall engage me to abandon my Plan this Season, which is to leave Vienna towards the end of Sept'r and proceed to Venice thro' the Tirol, from thence to Florence and Rome, where we shall pass the greatest part of the Winter, making an excursion to Naples. If the prejudices of Lord Chesterfield are just, I shall be in little danger from the Effeminate or Profligate Manners of the Inhabitants, because I shall be satisfied with a short stay, having promised to Mr. Moore to be at Geneva by the month of May, or June, next, for it will be best to return by Turin. After some stay in

France I hope to have the pleasure to embracing my Mother at London. By this means my Tour will be compleat. I shall have no inducement to return to the Continent, but shall endeavour to fix myself agreeably in Britain for the rest of my Life. This appears to me the best plan I can adopt. It would make me unhappy to follow any other, and I hope no other will be desired.

I find Vienna tolerably agreeable, but I shall have more than enough of it by the end of Sept'r. We are already acquainted with every body here, and have no other loss in the absence of Sr. R. Keith than not enjoying the pleasure of his Company. Adieu, my Dearest Duchess, and believe me always

Your affectionate son

HAMILTON.

P.S.—I hope Lady Charlotte is better. I should have wrote to Mrs. Charters to enquire how Lady Charlotte does before, but as I do not know the address to Mrs. Charters, I hope you will give yourself the trouble of delivering the enclosed to her. I beg my respects to the D. of Argyll and love to Augusta, little George, et la picolissima Sorella.

Dr. Moore to the Duchess of Argyll.

VIENNA, August 16, 1775.

I had the honour of writing to your Grace from Dresden. From that City we proceeded to Prague, where we Stay'd only three days. I wrote to Mrs. Moore from thence, and desired her to inform your Grace that the Duke

was well. From Prague we had an agreeable Journey thro' Bohemia and Moravia to Vienna. As the Court went to Presburg the day after our arrival, we could not see the Empress till her Return. But in the interval we visited Prince Kaunitz, the officers of State, and principal Nobility, by whom We have been entertained in the most hospitable manner, and have a General invitation to the best Societies and Coteries in Vienna. On Sunday last we were presented first to the Emperour at the Pallace in Town, and then to the Empress Queen at her House in the Country. They both behaved in the most obliging and affable manner. Each of them conversed a considerable time with the Duke, and made many Inquiries about the different Courts in Germany where we have been. We were presented by the Count Degenfeld, the Dutch Ambassador, who is charged with this office for English Gentlemen who pass this way in the absence of Sir Rob't Keith. Prince Kaunitz, who is the First Minister, has been remarkably obliging, and insisted on taking my son on this occasion, who was also presented to the Emperour and Empress, who received him with much goodness. This day we dined with the Prince at Laxenberg, a Pallace about six miles from Vienna. He insisted also on our staying Supper, which invitation the Duke accepted, and we are just Returned, and tho' it is now past two in the morning I did not choose to go to bed till I had wrote to your Grace, as the Post goes away about eight.

The Duke seems Resolved to make a Tour into Italy this autumn and winter, and cannot bear the thoughts of Returning till he has

accomplished that Plan ; he wrote to your Grace on that subject in Consequence of some Conversations we had together since we left Dresden ; before I had always avoided the subject, tho' I knew that he had counted on this as a matter certain. I will say nothing further but that I shall endeavour to conform all in my power to your Grace's sentiments in this, but I think it will be next to impossible to turn him from his Scheme, and I am sure not without Vexing him in the highest degree. I find it very difficult to answer the Reasons he urges—which are these : I wish to finish this matter of Traveling at once, for I shall have no desire to go abroad any more. It is ridiculous to Return without having seen Italy. I do not wish to stay there long, for I give you my word to leave it next Summer, and shall only (as it were) Run over the Country. If I did not go now I should Return the Moment I was Major and make a much longer Stay. We are now near that Country, therefor let us go in Sept'r or the beginning of October, and when I Return I shall think of Nothing but establishing myself at home for Life, whereas I never shall think of any Establishment till I have made this Tour on which my heart is set, for I will not be insulted by a Parcel of fellows telling me about Rome, &c., when I have as good a Right to indulge myself by visiting it as any of them. I will confess to your Grace that my own opinion is the Duke should not be opposed in this, because I am convinced it will have a bad effect. I will also confess that I have a strong desire myself to see Italy, but I do assure you that neither my opinion nor my desire shall prevent me from acting conformable to your Ideas, if

your Grace after what I have said should signify your being against our proceeding to Italy. I beg leave to offer Respectful Comp'ts to the Duke of Argyll and to Lady Augusta, and I remain

Your Grace's Faithful and most obed't
humble Serv't,

J. M.

Our Expences are much greater here than they have ever been. This is necessary and proper, but I believe I have got the Duke Intirely turned from Gaming, and I consider this as 1,000 or perhaps, 2,000 pounds a year saved.

Dr. Moore to the Duchess of Argyll.

VIENNA, Aug. 29, 1775.

I had the honour to inform your Grace that the Duke and I have been presented to the Empress Queen, the Emperour, and the Arch Duke and Dutchesses. The first seems to me to possess the Zeal and devotion, and the second the benevolence, of the Christian Religion. No Prince can be more beloved than the Emperour; he is extremely affable, and detests the Pomp and Ceremony w'h is so generally loved by the Germans; he drives himself in a plain chaise, the coachman behind, and without another attendant. He frequents the Societies, and will allow no particular notice to be taken of him. I met him a few days since at the Countess Walstein's. He took me to a window and conversed above half an hour with the highest affability, so as to put me perfectly at my Ease. He made many enquiries about the King of

Prussia and an adventure w'h had happened while we were at Potsdam, afterwards about Voltaire. I was sorry the Duke was not there; he had gone that night to the Opera.

We generally dine and Sup at the Princee Kautitzes once a week. He lives at Laxenberg, two Leagues distant from Vienna. In the Town we may be in some society every evening. Count Degenfeldt, the Dutch Ambassador, in the absence of Sr. Rob't Keith, has shew'd much attention to his Grace. We were invited some time ago by the French Ambassador to dine on the Top of a High hill near this place where there is a convent. There was Princee Lockwitz, several forreign Ministers, many Ladies, in all a large company. We were drag'd up the hill in machines made for that purpose. The Duke lost patience in the Machine, and walk'd up in spite of some remonstrance on my part, and more on that of some of the Ladies. The day was sultry hot, he was greatly heated, and to that I imputed a shivering fit he was seized with the day after while we were dining with the Spanish Ambassador. He went home and was put to bed; the cold fit was very strong, and the hot fit after it as Violent. He was blooded that night. Next day he took a dose of James's Powder, which sweat him greatly. The third day the fever was considerably abated but not quite gone. I gave him a second dose of the Powder, which wrought him several different ways, and the fever totally disappeared.

He is now as well as ever, yet I prevailed with him not to go Esterasi,* where we were invited by that Prince to a great entertainment given at his House in Hungary, a day and a half's

* Esterhazy.

journey from Vienna. The feast continues three days; all the Court are there. There are to be plays, operas, masquerades, and finally a Fête Champêtre in the Park. This Prince has an immense Estate, and lives in a stile of magnificence greatly beyond any Subject in Europe. The Entertainment they have been preparing for many months, and I dare swear it will be mighty fine. Yet I am exceedingly happy that the Duke has been perswaded to remain at home, for it would have been too fatiguing for him who is still a little weak tho' otherwise quite well, and your Grace may now be as easie as if nothing had happened.

I have the honour to remain with the greatest Respect

Your Grace's most obed't and most
humble serv't,

J. MOORE.

Your Grace may now declare Jack to be sixteen, as he is actually turned of 15 and in his sixteenth year. I am fully convinced if you saw the boy you would not be displeas'd to patronize him on his own acc't and Independant of the good will w'h I have every Reason to believe your Grace bears me.

Dr. Moore to the Duchess of Argyll.

VIENNA, *Sept.* 5, 1775.

Lest any Inquietude should Remain on your Grace's mind on Acc't of the Duke's late illness, I take this oportunity to Inform you that he is now well Recovered in every Respect, only a little weakened by the attack, which was pretty

severe. The Duke has a good and even Vigorous Constitution; except a short fever of the putrid kind w'h he had at Chatelaine he never has had any complaint but what was evidently of his own procuring. He cannot stand any kind of Irregularity, and has had at different times smart Illnesses from excessive exercise during hot weather.

We were yesterday at a House in the Country where the Emperor was, who Remained two or three hours Conversing in his usual Manner with every one in the most easy familiar Manner. Some Sentiments he express'd to me gave me the best opinion of his Dispositions. But I am affraid of troubling your Grace with a long letter, and shall therefor Reserve an Acc't of that for my first letter to Mrs. Moore. I beg your Grace may not allow the Duke of Argyll nor my Lady Augusta to forget me, and believe me to be with invariable Respect

Your ever obed't and faithful humble Serv't,
J. MOORE.

Since I have been Abroad I have acquired different Ideas from what I formerly had Relative to the Education of Young People of Rank. I am Strongly convinced that I am in the Right, and when I shall have the Honour to see Your Grace and the Duke of Argyll, I shall explain myself fully. His Grace will have time to consider whether to adopt any Part of my Notions with Regard to Lord Lorn.

The Duke of Hamilton to his Mother.

I do not know to what attribute your long silence. If it is from anger against me for

something I have done, I declare to you on my Honour I am ignorant of my Offence. If your Silence is occasioned by bad Health (which God forbid), you might at least have bid somebody write the bad news, & not leave me in so long & disagreeable an incertitude. If from indifference—then indeed I am to be pitied—but I cannot imagine that three years' absence can have made a Mother so totally forget a Son whom she once loved. Supposing absence has had that Effect, I am sorry to say our Minds must be very differently formed. I wrote you a letter about a Month past from this Town, which I suppose you have received. For the Future I shall trouble you as seldom as possible. Permit me to finish by assuring you I shall always remain your Dutyfull & Obedient Son,

HAMILTON, &c.

VIENNA, *Sep^r* 10th [1775].

(*Addressed*) A Madame
 Madame la Duchesse d'Argyll
 (Argyll House)
 à Londres.

(*Par Ostende.*)

Dr. Moore to the Duchess of Argyll.

VIENNA, *Sep^r* 20, 1775.

It is A long time since we had the pleasure of hearing from your Grace. This silence the Duke bears with impatiencce, for tho' he is not fond of the task of writing letters, yet few things give him more pleasure than Receiving them from those he loves, and I am perswaded there is never above one woman in the World whom he loves more than Your Grace, I hope this

will be always the case, and I imagine Your Grace must be satisfied with this Rank. In a letter you did me the honour to address me some time since, you demand what right the Duke has to expect so much self-denial and so many accomplishments in a wife, while he indulges himself in freedom, and takes little pains to mend failings or check his caprices. No doubt he has no right at all, nor in the previous letter which I wrote to your Grace (where I mentioned what kind of Wife would best suit him) did I enumerate these Qualities as what were absolutely his due, but as being essential to his enjoying a tolerable degree of happiness in the married State, and without which I am convinced he had best never be married. A young man of Fortune and high Rank who has been accustomed to have every desire, every little caprice indulged, who finds a Set of Spaniels, wherever he goes, ready to fetch and carry for him, whose person and address interests the hearts, while his Title awakens the vanity of Women, such a man will certainly require more talents and address in a Wife than a Man whose situation in life has taught him to Controul his own desires and adapt his Conduct to the Mind of others. If I have studied the Duke's character with success, he will not only need a wife of sense and accomplishments, but one of the condescending, self-denying spirit I formerly Mention'd. If your Grace can find such a Person It will be fortunate for him. I imagine he will prefer a life a good deal Retired, and I have some Notion that his happiness here, perhaps hereafter, will depend on the character of the woman he shall be married to.

Vienna is a mighty agreeable place and

beyond comparison the properest for his Grace of any we have been in since we came to Germany. The manners and morals of the people are much more elegant and Correct than at any of the Courts we formerly saw. There are always some English wherever we go; those who are here at present are of a better Stamp than most we have Seen. The Duke prefers their Comp'y, tho' in my opinion the Society of the Place is preferable. I unite more intimately and readily with Strangers than the Duke; this has always been the Case wherever we have been, tho' his Grace speaks the French more correctly and with a better accent than me. He is naturally Reserved, and cannot take the Trouble to Cultivate those acquaintances who Require attention. His Reserve may on many occasions be Useful, and perhaps is becoming a person of his Rank. It were to be wished that he kept it in the Comp'y of People beneath his own Standard of Understanding and Rank as much as he does with others. Your Grace will easily perceive that Indolence alone makes him sometimes choose his company contrary to his Judgement.

The Court gave a magnificent Supper and Bal Masqué lately, and two days after we were again Invited by the Empress to Court, where there were Illuminations, &c., &c., on acc't of the Grand Duke and Dutchess of Modena, who are here at present. The Illuminations were finer than any thing I have ever seen. They were in a Garden. A Castle opposite to the Palace seemed one continued flame, but Retaining the figure of a Building, something like Chatelaurehault, from which tumbled sheets of flame in the form of cascades. There were a

hundred and eighty thousand Lamps burning on this occasion. If your Grace thinks this exaggerated Impute it to those who told me, from whose acc't I have Retrench'd 40,000 Lamps, for I thought 220,000 Lamps full of Oil Rather too much for your Grace to swallow at once.

I have the honour to be with all possible Respect

Your Grace's most obed't and
faithful humble Serv't,
J. MOORE.

Dr. Moore to the Duchess of Argyll.

FLORENCE, *May 24, 1776.*

The Duke left Rome early on the 19th. We travelled that day and night, the day and night following, without stoping, and arrived at this place about eight o'clock of the morning of the 21st. The Duke's suit make a showy enough appearance. They consist of four footmen in crimson laced with silver beside Mr. Templeton. The number of Horses Requisite is Inconvenient in Italy: there is no help for this; with the Duke's disposition and at his age Conveniency is generally Sacrificed to show. The Duke, however, is very simple in his own dress.

I hope your Grace has Received all the letters I wrote from Naples and Rome. We made a very short stay at Rome at our return from Naples, and would not have Remained so long as we did had not it been for his Grace's sitting to Pompeo* for his Portrait for your Grace. It is to be a large full length. The Face only

* Pompeo Battoni. See illustration. Original at Inveraray.

was finished when we left Rome. He is to be paid as he proceeds, and therefore there is Reason to believe he will not delay so very much as is his custom. The Picture is to be sent the first opportunity after it is finished, along with some others belonging to the Duke.

I believe I hinted in some of my letters that the Duke began to shew a fondness for virtue, and a great inclination to make purchases. This desire is always mightily encouraged by a set of designing People in Italy. It was with infinite difficulty I got him turned from giving two hundred & fifty pounds for a little cameo of Caligula. The thing was fine to be sure, but I am sure two hundred and fifty pounds are finer, and the Duke will think so before he has lived a year in Britain. He gave up also, after much persuasion, a necklace of antiques which he intended as a present for your Grace. This was ugly in itself, and I imagined the graces it derived from its antiquity would not be sufficient to incline your Grace to wear it.

The Duke and Dutchess of G.* still hold their Court at Rome. Your Son has never been a great Favourite: I cannot tell for what reason, for he always shew'd every proper attention; perhaps some sin of the Parent is visited upon the Son. Lady E. S. was once in high favour and very much at Court; that is not the case now. She did not chuse to go where Lady M. Gordon could not be admitted, and it seems her R. H. declared that this was *absolutely impossible*, on acc't of her age. Every Body regreted this because the young lady is much admired, and tho' She has every Visible Mark of a grown

* Gordon.

woman, yet it seems she wants some months of the Court age; and so as the thing was *impossible* she was obliged to Remain at home, and Lady E. has thought proper to Refuse herself the pleasures of Splendor and Remain with her.

We left Sr. H. F. at Rome, who has been the Duke's inseperable companion for some months past. He is good natured, formal, effeminate, and obliging, without violent Passions or Ambition, a negative character who will Rather be acted upon than act for himself. If I am not deceived, he has become very fond of Miss Gower, sister to Lady Cowper, who is now with her Mother, a very amiable woman, at Rome. As Sr. H. is not a man to control any Inclination that he can gratify, I dare say he will yield to his present penchent. Proposals will be made, and he has an Estate of Seven or Eight thousand pounds a year, so it is not *absolutely impossible* but the affair may be arranged. He can hardly do better; the Lady is exquisitely pretty and every body commends her. I do not know how I have been drawn on to write all this Tittle Tattle to your Grace; I fancy because Lady E. S. is Lady Gower's sister, and Sr. H. F. the Duke's companion. In that point of view I hope your Grace will excuse it.

We met the Pretender in the Publick walk with his Princess. She is very pretty and of a fine character. He had the King of Prussia's Minister at the Court of Turin with him. This gentleman was of our acquaintance, and had whispered to the Count Albany who we were. He look'd most earnestly at the Duke, and on our Bowing pulled of his hat and bowed very low, smiling and keeping his eyes fixed upon

the Duke in a most remarkable manner. We met him again yesterday, and nearly the same thing happened. I once was affraid he would have spoke to the Duke, but he did not. If he had, the Duke would not have been embarrassed, and would have talked to him respectfully, but as the Count Albany.

Our stay here will not be above eight days longer, when we shall set out for Milan, and then for Turin, but the Duke seems undetermined whether or not he will go to Genoa. I shall have the Honour of writing this as soon as the thing is fixed. I have often expressed my earnest wishes that your Grace may meet the Duke at Paris. Many and strong Reasons have I for wishing this. As soon as we arrive at that city I shall send to Sr. John Lambert's in expectation of hearing that you are arrived or coming soon; at least I shall Receive your orders in writing. I have the honour of being

Your Grace's most obed't and Faithful Serv't,
J. MOORE.

This day his Grace and I will be presented by Sr. Horace Mann to the Grand Duke and Dutchess. He is the only one of the Austrian family who the Duke is not already known to.

This letter was enclosed and sealed when the Duke came into my room with a letter which he has just wrote to your Grace and read it to me. I have therefore thought proper to break open this that I may Inform you that the Duke saw the first acc'ts of what passed in the H. of Peers about the Cause* in the News Papers while he was at Naples. He had never heard any

* The Douglas Cause.

hint of any such thing going on till then. Sr. Wm. H.* asked at a Table what it meant. The Duke blush'd, was embarrassed, and then owned he knew nothing of the matter. He afterwards complained much that he was not informed of these things.

At Rome a paper came from Mr. Davidson to sign. He swore he would not sign it, nor would give no powers of any kind to commence any Plea till he knew more about it. I could not prevail upon him at Rome to change this Resolution, but while in the chaise in our way hither I represented to him that his Tutors had not Consulted him merely because it was not possible that he could judge with accuracy in a matter w'h he could not possibly understand, and therefore they did not chuse to give him unnecessary trouble; that they could have no view but a conciencious discharge of Duty in this new Step, as he was to Reap the benefit and they were only to have plague and Trouble; that it appeared to me that this was only keeping a Cause open which he might pursue afterwards if he pleased rather than actually beginning one; that every objection which he could think of against proceeding must have been deliberated upon by The Tutors before they decided, and not to sign the Paper was shewing a diffidence in their judgement which they did not deserve, and would not forget, &c., &c. He gave little answer to all this, but yesterday he signed the paper and this moment read me the letter to your Grace, which surprised me so much that I opened my letter to give you this long detail.

* Sir William Hamilton, our envoy at Naples. He married Emma Hart fifteen years later.

For I will frankly own that I thought it very probable, after some things which have happened of late, that the Duke's aversion to signing might have been imputed to the suggestion of others. As far as I know all proceed from an Idea of his own. I never was more Surprized than at some parts of the letter to your Grace. When you see the Duke, which I pray Heaven may be soon, you will perceive the force and Truth of many things I have at different times hinted and which I know you cannot credit fully at present. My business is to state things as they are, in the absolute certainty that you will soon be convinced I never misrepresented a single fact to your Grace.

The Duke must be treated with infinite delicacy. The least appearance of neglect hurts him beyond expression. He is fond of your Grace to Enthusiasm. I am sure there is nothing you could not make him do or undo. This I think infinitely fortunate for him, and for this Reason I say, once more, I hope he will have the happiness to meet you at Paris.

The Duke of Hamilton to his Mother.

FLORENCE, *May 24th*, 1776.

I received a letter, my Dear Duchess, the other Post from Mr. Davidson acquainting me of Baron Mure's Death, and desiring me to sign a Paper by which I give full Power to my Guardians to give as much money as they chuse to Lawyers about a Cause that I know nothing about. Mr. Davidson tells me in his letter that I must sign the Paper as soon as possible, that my Guardians may be able to do what

they please for the good of the Cause. What the Cause is, I am totally ignorant of, excepting what I read in the News-paper about it, and I am still more ignorant of what they are going to do, which is saying a great deal; but as I suppose you know a little more of the Cause than I do, and approve of my beginning a new Law suit by never writing me a word about the matter, I have signed the Paper, much against my inclination. I think Law suits at all times are very bad things, but particularly as I am now almost of age and shall be in want of all the money I have at my first setting out.

I am not avaritious. Was I helping the Poor, relieving the distressed, I should not grudge the money that was given away—on the contrary, I should receive pleasure—but to hurt myself and enrich a set of low, mercenary Wretches, Lawyers, whom I detest, and with reason, I think is too bad. Had you but wrote me a letter, a word, a hint that you approved of what my Guardians are now doing, I should be perfectly at my ease. That not being the case, I own I am not at all at my ease. The idea of being distressed in my circumstances at my entrance into the World is very unpleasant. When once the Lawyers get a cause into their hands, the Devil himself, tho' at the head of the Band, does not know when they will carry it, tho' he has a good guess it will come to him as their Chief. I had rather keep what I have than risk all for the chance of more. *Je trouve que le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.* I can not be at rest till I am assured that you know and approve of what my Guardians have undertaken. I am heartily tired of travelling, of having no home, of being a Vagabond on the

Face of the Earth. I long to see you, my Friends, my country, which I hope will be soon.

The weather is so very cold that I am obliged to have a fire in my room to keep myself warm. I leave this place in a few days to go to Milan.

My love to Augusta and to my unknown Sister Charlotte. I beg my best Comp'ts to the Duke of Argyll.

Adieu, my Dear Duchess, and believe me to be your Dutifull and affectionate Son,

HAMILTON.

P.S.—I hope Lady Charlotte Edwin is well. Pray give my love to her.

Dr. Moore to the Duchess of Argyll.

FLORENCE, June 1, 1776.

A few days after our arrival at Florence I had the honour of writing to your Grace. The Duke had fixed upon the 30th of last month for the day of our departure, when he received a letter from Sr. H. Featherston informing him that he intended to be at Florence this day on his way to England. This resolution of Sr. Harry's was unexpected, for when the Duke left Rome his scheme was to go to Venice by Loretto; however, this decided his Grace to Remain here till his Friend's arrival, who I suppose will accompany us all the way to Paris.

Tho' the Duke's mind is preoccupied this does not make him blind to the Countess of Albany's charms, and if there was a Possibility of his forming an intimacy with her without making an acquaintance with her husband, I imagine he would be glad of such an opportunity.

I have not omitted to hint the Impropriety of such an Intimacy, and if it could be supposed Possible that it might be carried a certain length, I have represented with equal Zeal and Loyalty how very Ungrateful it would be to his Majesty to run the Risk of begetting Pretenders to his Crown, at the very time when he was fixing Honours upon your Grace and the Duke's family. I hope your Grace will put my Zeal on this occasion in a proper point of view to their Majesties, that in case the Stewart Line should be continued by the Duke's means, I may not incur their dissaprobation, or which might be attended with more violent consequences, that I as well as his Grace may not be exposed to the indignation of Mr. Wilks and the Opposition Whigs for the reanimation of the Cruel, Tyranical, Bloody, Papistical Race of Stewart when it seemed to be expiring.

Ten days was sufficient to see over and over again all that is curious here, and the Duke was sufficiently tired of the place when Sr. Harry's letter determined him to postpone his departure, which I hope will not be for many days. Of this I shall inform your Grace afterwards, in the mean time I am with the highest Respect,

Your Grace's most obed't and most
humble Serv't,

J. MOORE.

Dr. Moore to the Duchess of Argyll.

MILAN, June 19, 1776.

The Duke left Florence on the 14th. At Bologna he had the pleasure of meeting with Sr. William Hamilton and his Lady, who are

now Returning to England. We stayed there two nights, and then set out for this place by Parma and Placentia. Sr. W'm and Lady Hamilton arrived here two days after his Grace. The Duke has not thought proper to be presented at this Court, as he is impatient to get to Paris, from whence I hope to have the Honour of addressing a letter to your Grace very soon, and where I hope the Duke will have the Satisfaction of Receiving agreeable acc'ts of your Grace and his other friends in Britain. I have often mentioned how very great pleasure your letters afforded him, and have Regreted that you could not give him that pleasure oftener. Too long a deprivation of it never fails to make him uneasy and Low Spirited. The esteem and sincere affection he bears for Your Grace I have always Remark'd as one of the Strongest as well as most Amiable Features in the Duke's character. The Society of a Son possess'd of such Sentiments cannot fail to make a great addition to your Happiness. This fresh source of enjoyment I hope you will possess in a very short time. We leave Milan this night on our way to Turin, for the Duke declines returning to Vienna. I have the honour to be with the greatest Respect

Your Grace's most obed't & most
humble Serv't,

J. MOORE.

Dr. Moore to the Duchess of Argyll.

GENEVA, *June 30th*, 1776.

After the repeated assurances I have given to your Grace that we should not Return by

Geneva, It is not without uneasiness that I date a letter from this place. When we set out from Rome the Duke agreed that we should not Return by Geneva; he continued in the same Resolution till we came to Milan, and there all of a sudden he changed his mind and told me that he wished mightily to go by this place, but that he would make a very short stay. I endeavoured with much earnestness to turn him from this. I engaged Sr. Wm. and Lady Hamilton to use their Influence to retain him ten or twelve days at Milan; all would not do. We left Milan without appearing at court, tho' the arch Duke and Dutchess, who we had known at Vienna, discovered the Duke, while he sate in his Frock in the Pit at the Play House, and saluted him in the most obliging manner. After this I was more earnest that the Duke should go at least once to their court, because I knew his omitting this would be considered as neglect. I did not prevail; all I could Do was to send the best apology I could Invent by Sr. Wm. Hamilton. In like manner at Turin we were press'd much by several people of that court (who we had known in Germany and in Italy) to be presented there; this is what few strangers neglect, and none of the Duke's distinction. All Importunities of this kind, however, were ineffectual, and only put him in bad humour. Tho nobody I ever saw makes a more elegant appearance than he does at a Polite circle, yet it is certain that he has a Rooted aversion to all places of ceremony, and would never choose to be in any Society but that of Familiar acquaintences nor in any dress but a Frock. After three days' stay at Turin we left that place, passed Mount Cenis (whose terrours

have been much exaggerated by Travellers) without any accident, and within five days arrived here.

The Duke speaks of remaining here eight or ten days and then setting out for Paris, and probably he intends what he says, yet I am by no means certain that he may not be conduced to remain much longer. He Lives at present at the House of Mr. Thomas, the Gentleman to whom he lent the four hundred pounds at Rome, as I mentioned in a letter from Italy. This Gentleman with his Lady have Returned to their usual Residence within a mile of Geneva.

I beg your Grace will immediately write what your Inclinations are with Regard to the Duke. He himself seems at present to Incline to Return to England this autumn or the beginning of winter. I imagined this had also been your Grace's Intention, and therefor have endeavoured to fortify him in that Resolution. One Reason which perhaps more than any other makes this desireable is the Duke's sensibility to Female attractions, and his aptitude to form attachments; this has been the source of Infinite uncasiness to me and the cause of all the disagreements w^h ever happened between us. This consideration makes it desireable that he were in that country where alone he can form a proper attachment—and where his Inclinations may be Influenced by your Grace—for I am convinced that the most fortunate thing which can happen to the Duke will be his Union with an agreeable woman of Good sense and *firmness* of character, who can at once engage his affection and esteem. If, however, your Grace has Reasons for thinking it will be best that he should Remain

another winter abroad, there is no question that Vienna is the properest place. In every Respect it is preferable to all the other Courts we have seen, and the only Reason I know for hastening the Duke's Return to England is the danger I have mentioned. If your Grace thinks me worthy of any share of your confidence, you will by the first Post let me know what you determine, and be assured that I will with earnestness do all in my power to have your inclination followed.

Please direct under cover to Sr. Jo. Lambert at Paris, with orders to further the letter without delay to me at Geneva, in case we have not arrived at Paris, which is a possible case. If your Grace has anything to say in particular to me, direct to me. If not address to the Duke—and In case you incline for his Remaining abroad and going to Vienna, write with earnestness. I wish your Grace would also dissuade the Duke from engaging his credit or Lending large sums of money where I Refuse to sign the Draughts. With Regard to the Duke's opinions and sentiments in General, with Regard to his conduct where Passion or accidental Humour do not Interfere, I have all the Influence with the Duke w^h I can desire; but in such matters as he thinks Indifferent or which Regard himself only—under this last head he comprehends his Expences and his going to particular places, and the length of his stay at any place, and sometimes also the Comp^y he keeps—with Regard to all these I have much less than your Grace could desire; yet when he perceives that I am strongly against anything, tho' I have not power always to turn him from it, yet he does not proceed with such

alacrity in it as he would do otherwise—and tho' he will not give me the satisfaction to say he will yield a Contested point in consequence of my perswasions, yet he sometimes drops it of himself when he sees me very bent against it.

Of this there was a Remarkable and very Important Instance at Florence, the particulars of which I shall one day give to your Grace. I cannot express the Solicitude I felt on that occasion nor the pleasure I had when I prevailed to leave that place. I hope we shall be at Paris before an answer can come to this letter. If your Grace shall determine that we should go to Vienna or Remain in any other place on the Continent during the next winter, I beg you will let me know how long my son has leave to be absent from his Reg^t. If till the next spring I would incline to send him from Paris to pass the winter with his Mother at Glasgow, from whence he may set out for Minorca when his leave of absence has expired.

The Reasons I had for being solicitous that your Grace might meet the Duke at Paris—I cannot yet explain, nor would any explanation on that head be of any service. I have Reason now to hope the good I expected from that may be supplied, or perhaps not requisite. Your Grace will have the goodness to forgive the long details I sometimes Run into, in consideration of their proceeding from an earnest desire of giving satisfaction to you and serving the Duke. May I hope that you will present my very Respectful Compliments to the Duke of Argyll and to Lady Augusta, and believe me to be with great truth

Your Grace's ever faithful and obed^t Serv^t,
J. MOORE.

Dr. Moore to the Duchess of Argyll.

GENEVA, July 11th, 1776.

It has given me great uneasiness to find myself obliged to Contradict in one letter what I have said in the former. I am truly ashamed of the Uncertainty and mutability of our Plans, yet if I write to your Grace at all I must write what are the Resolutions at the time, and if these are altered before I have the honour of writing to you again—I hope your Grace will do me the justice to believe that this has not happened from any Intention of mine to deceive, but from my not being able to foresee nor controul the variation of opinion which takes place. Before we came to Milan I thought I had fully perswaded the Duke not to touch at Geneva, but to turn off from Chambery to Lyons and to go on directly to Paris. At Milan he formed the Resolution to go by Geneva, but said he would stay only a few days. Of this I was so fully perswaded that I wrote to all my friends in Britain to address their letters to Paris, and now by this Post I shall write to Paris to desire all letters that may be there at Present to be furthered to Geneva, but not to send those which may come after the 22nd of this month, because I believe, just now, that we shall set out about that time for Paris, where I shall expect with Impatience to be advised of your Grace's Pleasure. The Duke's own Idea was to Remain some months at Paris and then Return to England about the begining of winter, but by a hint in a letter he Received at Turin you seem to have a wish that he should pass the winter at Vienna (the latest letter he has

had). If this is still your desire I hope you will write with force upon that head, and in that case our stay in Paris ought not to be long. A long stay at Paris would not be good for him on several acc^{ts}. Vienna is without comparison the best place on the Continent, at least preferable to any we are acquainted with. Geneva has become good for nothing. There are by much too many English Boys here.

If the Duke is to Remain another Winter on the Continent, I humbly imagine he ought to Pass it at some Capital where his Usual Company may be People of High Rank or of Eminent character, Paris, The Hague, or Vienna. The Dangers of the first are the number of English always there, who might intirely engross the Duke and Lead him Intirely from the best Company w^h he might if he pleased find there. Undoubtedly if he is to spend his time in English Comp^y he had best be at London, where he may have a better choice with the advantage of the Duke of Argyll's and your Grace's direction. The Hague I have heard commended, but know nothing by experience. Vienna I know; there the manners of the court are more correct than in any other we have seen. The Duke is already known to the People of the Highest Rank and merit, with whom he may live on the most easie footing—and if he does not shun company altogether he must be with his Superiours, or such as consider themselves as nearly his equals—a Point of very Great Importance for the Duke. I have often hinted this to your Grace. I mention it now again, because my own opinion is that one of the greatest dangers the Duke Runs, is his choosing a too obsequious Set of Companions. This has given me great concern,

because it may give a disagreeable twist to a character naturally Amiable. The Duke is fitted for the *best* Company in every Sence of the word—among such he is Polite, Modest, and Judicious. But with the other class his behaviour may be construed as self-sufficient, arrogant, and capricious. When he Respects his Company he himself is always Respectable. I am sure your Grace will forgive the Liberties I sometimes take with the Duke in my letters to you, and be convinced that no body has his Interest and Reputation more truely at heart than

Your Grace's ever faithful and obed^t Serv^t,
J. MOORE.

If you have determined that we Remain another winter on the continent, I shall send my son from Paris to Scotland, where he may Remain till he is ordered to join his Reg^t. And may I hope that your Grace will write a few lines to Mrs. Moore Informing her of your desire that our Return be postponed ?

The Duke of Hamilton to his Mother.

ARRAN, March 15th, 1778.

MY DEAREST DUCHESS,

There is a report here, that five hundred men are to be taken from each new regiment now raising, to be sent immediately to America. I should be sorry for it, as it would spoil the new levied regiment and be of no use to the serviec. If you know anything of this affair, I wish you would write to me directly, as it is of the greatest consequence to me. My Major leaves me to-morrow to go to Hamilton upon

business. I now am here without any company, so you may conceive a letter would be a great pleasure. I make a Tour through the Island to-morrow. Adieu, my dearest Duchess.

Your affectionate son,

HAMILTON.

My love to all the family.

(Addressed) Her Grace
The Duchess of Argyll,
London.

Her Grace 1 Letter—8d.

The Duke of Hamilton to his Mother

ARRAN, March 19th, 1778.

MY DEAREST DUCHESS,

Since my last letter to you I have heard from my Major, who informs me that five hundred men are to be taken from each new levy. I enclose his letter to you, as I would have you know all the reasons for my going or staying. I fancy I shall stay with you a few months longer. I am in the greatest anxiety about raising the men. You will see by the Major's letter, that I cannot possibly leave Arran, and from the disposition of the People I meet with many difficulties, but you may be sure I shall do all that I can to succeed. If the People do not behave better before next monday, I intend to use a little force. I am just setting out on another expedition, so Adieu, and believe me to be, my dearest Duchess,

Your most affectionate son,

HAMILTON.

Love to all the Family. How is the Duke ?

The Duke of Hamilton to his Mother.

ARRAN, August 27th, 1779.

MY DEAREST DUCHESS,

I am very sorry to hear by your letter that you have not been well. Betty & I will come to see you at Inverary as soon as you arrive, which I fancy will not be for some days yet, as Lady Derby in her letter mentions stopping at one or two places in your way to Scotland. I hope you will have as fine weather for your journey, as I have had for my shooting. I congratulate you on Lady Derby's safe return to this country, & I sincerely hope every thing may be settled for her & your happiness. I saw a letter from you to M^r Stuart wherein you leave every thing to his management by the Duke of Argyll's desire. Her affairs can not be in better hands. I will not trouble you any longer, but believe me to be

Your most affectionate son,

HAMILTON & BRANDON.

Betty sends her love.

(Addressed) Her Grace
The Duchess of Argyll
Hamilton
Edin.

*To the Duchess of Argyll.*ARRAN, Sept^r 5, 1782.

DEAR MADAM,

We have just Heard of Your Arrival At Inverary Where We intend Ourselves the Pleasure of Waiting upon You & The Duke of Argyll

on The 11th or 12th, if it Will be Convenient to Your Grace to receive us at that Time. As We propose Going by Sea & Must Wait for Your Grace's answer, Winds & Weather, &c., I Hope You Will Not Expect us to be quite punctual. I beg My Love to Lady Augusta. The Duke desires His to Your Grace, & I am,
Dear Madam,

Yours Affec^t,
E. HAMILTON.

NOTE.—The formal mode of addressing near relatives contrasts with the more easy manners of to-day.

The Duke of Hamilton to the Duchess of Argyll.

DEAR DUCHESS,

A thousand thanks for having been so obliging as to recollect me for the ball this evening. Will your Grace be kind enough in addition to a ticket for the Prince Czartoryski and myself to send two others, one for Lord Mansfield & the other for the Hon^{ble} Col. Stanhope? With regard I have the honor to be, Dear Duchess,

Your Grace's most obedient & devoted
HAMILTON & BRANDON.

Tuesday.

P.S.—Mr. Fox, who is dining here, requests your Grace to recollect his ticket.



JOHN, FIFTH DUKE OF ARGYLL

FORBES LIBRARY
NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN VARIOUS
MEMBERS OF THE DUKE OF
ARGYLL'S FAMILY AND HIGH
OFFICERS OF STATE

1762-1831

John 5th Duke of Argyll.

MRS. GRANT of Laggan says that he was a "model of manly grace. We hear so little about him; he is so quickly passed over to make room for dashers and boasters and fighters and talkers. He does not wish to be talked of. Seek for a great man's true and solid praise at his own door, among his tenants and neighbours, that is to say that he lives at home among them. Every mouth here will tell you of some of those 'quiet waters, soft and slow,' that steal silently on, carrying bounty and beneficence into all corners of obscurity. This Duke's worth and wisdom improves and blesses the whole country. Yet I hope that when this modest and amiable benefactor of mankind sleeps with his fathers, and when the tenants have ceased to say 'He is the best of countrymen,' some voice may say 'Such must not sleep in darkness and in death.'"

Of him and of his father the papers here given are interesting as illustrating the life of a man who fought at Dettingen and Culloden, and lived till 1805, and was well remembered by men I have spoken with on their recollections

of him. He built Rosneath House, near the site of the old castle destroyed by fire.

To the Duke of Argyll.

MY DEAR LORD,

I do not really well know how to appoligize to your Grace for the Liberty I am about to take, but I must trust to your Goodness for my forgiveness if I do wrong, but my friend the Chevalier Reburguil, one of Monsieur's * suite, has requested me as the greatest favour that I would sound your Grace whether it would be agreeable to you to let him have the use of your Apartments in Holy Rood House. If I found you had no objection to let him have them, I am to say so, and Monsieur would then write to your Grace and ask them of you; on the contrary, should you not wish to let him have them, you have only to say so to me, and you will have no further trouble about them. When I was last in Edinburgh I bespoke the Armed Chairs, according to your Grace's Orders; he sent me out one, but it was not made according to my wish. I then sent my own Chair, and he promises I shall have them this week. I think the one first sent will do very well for our old friend the Baily, and the other two for Inveraray and Roseneath. I beg your Grace will offer my Best Respects to Lady Augusta, and any other of your Grace's Family that are with you, and believe me, my Dear Lord,

Most truly and sincerely yours,

DUNMORE.

DUNMORE PARK,
September 15th, 1801.

* Afterwards Charles X. of France.

P.S.—If your Grace is so good as to favor me with an answer will you have the goodness to direct to me at Hamilton. Pray where shall I send the Chairs to? Adieu.

From the Marquis of Lorne (5th Duke of Argyll).

BOND STREET, 30 Dec'r, 1762.

MY LORD,

As the reduction of the Army is very soon to be settled I beg leave to offer for your Lordship's consideration a circumstance which I had the honour to mention to you before, and which in the Multiplicity of Business your Lordship is engag'd in, may have escap'd your attention. I mean the keeping up of some independant Companies of Highlanders, which Your Lordship seem'd to think would be a measure usefull to the Publick, and would afford an opportunity of providing for some of your Lordship's dependants, particularly for Lieutenant-Colonel Dugald Campbell, whose situation will soon be very distressfull. If the Highland Regiments which are at present on the Establishment are to be continued in America, where they all are at present, It will be very necessary for the quiet of the Highlands, and for the suppressing of theft and disorders, that some of these people should be employ'd; the marching Regiments not being fit for performing that service effectually, of which I had experience while I commanded in Scotland, and which I am confident will be testified by Lord George Beauclerk. I beg to know your Lordship's opinion about this matter, and should be glad to have the honour of waiting on you

for a few minutes if you think my proposal worth your attention. I am, My Lord, with the highest respect,

Your Lordship's most obedient Servant,
LORNE.

From Lieut.-Col. J. Campbell.

INVERARAY, July 6th, 1765.

S^r,

It is the Earl of Loudoun's orders that you immediately assemble all the men you have rais'd for your company at Inveraray, which is allotted them for their Quarters, for which purpose you are to send to your officers and any other persons you may have employ'd in the recruiting service, ordering them to send hither the men they have listed with all possible expedition.

We are at present very much press'd for men, for which reason we cannot be so nice in regard to the size, so that if any men should offer half an inch or an inch lower than your instructions you may list him.

I beg you would write me word by the return of the bearer what number of men you have got, and as the Earl of Loudoun will be here in a day or two it will be necessary that neither yourself nor your officers be farther distant from Inveraray than a short day's journey. One of your officers, which ever you think proper, must be sent immediately to Inveraray in order to take care of the men you send hither. I beg there may be no time lost in sending this officer and all the men you have got hither, and if you are not at any great distance your self I should be glad to see you as soon as

possible, but if your coming would be of any great hindrance to the recruiting service I shall not expect you. I desire, however, you would write me a very particular account of the men you have got and what prospect you have for the future.

I am, Sir, your most obed't Ser't,
J. CAMPBELL, Lt.-Colonel.

From the Marquis of Lorne.

LONDON, Jan'y 23rd, 1770.

SIR,

I have your letter of 16th. I have received all the Papers mentioned therein. I find by Airds that the Mull Tenants will all accept of their Leases on my Terms. I have, however, agreed by Airds' persuasion to deduct six pounds sterling from Stewart's Rent, which will now stand at £100. I am afraid I am so far engaged about the Glendaruel Parish that I cannot retract. However I should be much obliged to Knockbuiy if he would come into the Scheme you propose. As I have no certainty of the Vacancy I have not yet given in the Recommendation, tho' I think Glendaruel writes of it as certain. I have drawn on Coutts for £250 on the other side, which you will remit to me by the first opportunity. I am, Sir,

Your sincere friend and humble Servant,
LORNE.

NOTE.—The above shows the leasehold system as being introduced in Mull, where the want of definite contracts had induced troubles.

From the Duke of Argyll.

SIR,

I received your letter of the 3rd instant inclosing a draft at sight for £300 from Sir W. Forbes to Harris & Co.

I have also this day received your letter of the 5th, giving me an account of the report with regard to Lord Elphinston. The East India Cap^t has been here with me to-day, and seems rather inclined to pick a German quarrel. I am to have a meeting with him to-morrow, and Lord Rosberry who was present at our Treaty. I shall soon give you an account of what happens. In the mean time I would not have you say a word about it to Sir James or any other. I find Sir L. Dundas is at the Bottom of it, endeavouring to intimidate me by means of the Elphinstons to come into terms with him in regard to Clackmannan.

You will have received my directions before this time to go on with the Dunbartonshire Votes in any event. I approve of ——'s proposal to take a Vote in Dunbartonshire, and that Lamont should have a Vote in Clackmannanshire, for which purpose I shall write to him this night. I also approve of Ferrier's being the Voter in Dunbartonshire instead of Clackmannanshire, and you may put Neil Campbell or the Chamberlain of Kantyre into Clackmannan, but rather the last if there is no mischief Brewing in Argyleshire. You will acquaint what I have said with regard to him as I have not time to write this post. I am

Your sincere friend & Serv^t,

ARGYLL.

LONDON,

Feb. 11th, 1779.

The Duke of Argyll to Mr. James Ferrier.

INVERARAY, 4 Nov'r, 1783.

I desire you will lend Provost Colquhoun of Dunbarton one hundred pounds sterling on my account, and take the best security you can get from him for that and the other sums he owes me. And whenever as much can be recovered from him on that security as will pay the debt of one hundred and fifteen pounds which he owes yourself, I agree that you shall receive it, as I understand your advances to him proceeded chiefly from a desire of serving and supporting my interest.

ARGYLL.

TO MR. JAMES FERRIER.

The Marquis of Lorne to the Duke of Argyll.

MY DEAR FATHER,

You have probably before this time heard of the Failure of Ross and Ogilvie; yesterday Lord Banbury called upon me to inform me that it was necessary immediately to appoint some Agent to carry on the business of the Regt. and that he wished to consult me as I might probably know if there was any person more agreeable to you than another. I told him I believ'd that you had not partiality for any particular person, and that if he had no predilection for some other person, I took the liberty of mentioning Greenwood as a Man from whom I had received personal civilities, and whose only fault was his having (perhaps) too much business. I am glad to see by the letter I enclose that Ross had also recommended him

to you, and he is to carry on the business till your wishes can be ascertained.

Adieu, my dear Father; there is no particular news, and nothing very interesting except a very long debate on the Volunteer Bill. There is a decided Coalition between the Foxites and Grenvillites.

I hear you have lost the amiable Mr. Torrence, *Chef de Cuisine*. Shall I send you one fit to comfort Sr. W. Hart's interiors—a more delicious Cook?

Y^{rs} Aff'ly,
LORNE.

I send Ferrier to London.

(*Endorsed*) L. Lorne, about Agent & Cook. No date but suppos'd 22 March.

The Marquis of Lorne to the Duke of Argyll.

MY DEAR FATHER,

I inclose a letter I have received from Graham, as I wish to have your opinion before I take any steps in the business. If you approve the best way will be to transmit the letter itself to Mr. Dundas or the Secretary at War, recommending it to their attention. I likewise send you a circular letter from the Duke of Portland, which by some accident I only received the other day; tho' not very applicable to Argyllshire I thought you might like to see it, as well as an accompanying Pamphlet—if necessary you can forward them to Grahame.

I was at Court yesterday, or rather Saturday; as I had not an opportunity of being presented at a previous Levee, I kept at an awful

distance; however I was *known* to be there and shall be presented the first opportunity. I was told (as a great secret) that the last Messenger brought proposals from Bounaparte for us to send two persons to Dunkirk to meet two of their people and conclude a separate peace, to which we replied that we were to faithful to our Allies to enter into any clandestine or separate negotiation. This comes from unquestionable authority, and is, I really believe at present, a sort of secret—therefore it is not necessary to say anything about it.

Lady Ailesbury has been ill, but is quite recovered. Lord Frederick went to Staffordshire on Saturday.

Ever affectionately Yours,
LORNE.

(*Endorsed*) Marquis of Lorne, 20th Jan'y, ans'd
29th, 1800.

From Lord John Campbell (incomplete).

23 Sept. 1800.

MY DEAR FATHER,

I was yesterday at the War Office and was told that no Ships had been ordered, and that some Officers who were going down to Portsmouth to be ready for the first Ships had been told they might remain in London till further orders.

I saw also a letter from Portsmouth, received this morning, which says that some troops which had been embarked for the Mediteranean are still laying at Spithead; in case the Regt. should return and I should have it in my power

to procure an exchange, will you have any objection to my doing so ?

I dined on Saturday at Strawberry Hill with George and William Campbell, who returned a few days ago from America ; we found Lady Ailesbury perfectly well and in good Spirits : with . . .

The Duke of Hamilton to the Duke of Argyll.*

MY LORD,

If I am induced to intrude upon your Grace it is from being anxious to co-operate in what I am led to conceive to be the wishes of my brother Peers of Scotland. It has been represented to me as a proper opportunity for us to request that Scotch Peers' eldest Sons should be permitted to enjoy the privilege of representing in Parliament Scotch Counties and Boroughs in common with British ones. Solicitous as I am to join in supporting the dignity and consequence of our Country, I can only offer myself as an instrument in the common cause and unite to your endeavours my own : their tenor must prescribe the line of my conduct, and point out the form and time of communicating our object to Government ; but before any step is taken I take the liberty of thus confidentially requesting your Grace's sentiments upon the business, that in its progress every deference may be paid to them, which will not only give additional strength and respectability to the object in agitation, but afford me an opportunity of testifying that

* Archibald, 9th Duke of Hamilton and 6th of Brandon, succeeded Douglas in 1799.

respect and esteem with which I have the honor
to remain, My Lord,

Your Grace's Most faithfull &
obed^t Servant,

HAMILTON & BRANDON.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ARGYLL,
&c. &c.

HAMILTON,
5th Jan. 1801.

*From Lord Frederick Campbell to the Duke of
Argyll.*

COMBANK, Tuesday,
Feb. 24th, 1801.

I was very happy, my dear Brother, to find your Letter relative to a propos'd Exchange in your Regiment so peremptory and yet so kind. Because it enabled me to send it to my very old Friend Robert Drummond. You will see from the enclos'd Scrap of a Letter, which you may put in the Fire, how very right Headed He is, and upon the whole how much oblig'd.

The late Change of Administration has griev'd and puzzl'd me much. In the long Political Course of Life, which more or less I have always been in, I could always form some probable Conjecture of the Motives which brought about The Change. Upon the present occasion I cannot hit upon any good Ground to form an Opinion upon. The ostensible Reasons which appear in Speeches and News Papers, by no means, I should think, account for the Event. The Bottom of the Bottom still remains to be discovered, to use the strong Mode of Expression formerly us'd by the late Lord Chatham.

I shall be happy to Consult with your Sons

and our Cousin John Campbell what is best to be done for your Interest and Theirs. If there is any Point you look forward to for Them or any of your Friends, I think it should be mention'd to the Persons now in Power, who both for the King's sake and their own must think the Weight of your Family, if properly applied, of very material Consequence.

I look forward with eagerness to your Example about Potatoes, and shall do all I can for the future to bear my Proportion. In the mean Time I give Potatoes and Rice in great Quantities to the very Poor, and sell both at half Price to Those who are less so. By which means, and a Parish Subscription going on to the same purpose, Sundridge is perfectly happy and pleas'd with all our Substitutes for White Bread. Herrings have been and are most greedily sought after.

It gives Lady Fred^k and me infinite Pleasure to hear that you are so well and so happy at Inveraray. We both join in most affectionate Good Wishes to you and yours.

Yours most affectionately,

FREDK. CAMPBELL.

The Duke of Argyll to Lord John Campbell.

INVERARAY, *March 14th, 1801.*

MY DEAREST JOHNNY,

It is time I should return you my thanks for the many letters I have lately received from you, which were well bestowed considering the constant anxiety I felt about your health. What has happened will, I am persuaded, make you cautious in future, and if it makes you reflect

upon the French Proverb, *Bon mariage payera tout*, it may have been of use. We have had our share of the fine weather of late, but not without some little Interludes of storm and rain. All vegetation, however, and field operations are in great forwardness. As there is neither fishing or shooting at present, the weather of the next two months will be of more consequence to you, and I hope will not fail us. McGregor told me yesterday that Donald Ferguson saw in one view no less than 39 Roebucks and does. They have been driven out of the woods in Glen Shira by the woodcutters, which occasions their appearance in the open grounds in such quantities; but as it is the Business of all you Sportsmen to shoot flying, some allowance may be made for the extent of this Report.

I need not tell you that I wish you to come here as soon as it can be done with Propriety in respect to your Senatorial Capacity, which as much as I wish to see you must by no means be neglected. I was very glad to find that you attended the meeting of the Crinan Canal Company, tho your going there will cost me £600. You set a good example to your Brother, which upon other such like occasions I hope he will follow. I send you a letter I lately rec'd from Glasgow, to which I refer you, and desire you would give some attention to the Business in question, and tell your Cousin John Campbell that I hope he will do the same. As I have been bragging of our weather in the former part of my letter, It would not be fair to conceal from you that we had last night a considerable fall of snow on the hills, and a sprinkling on the downs, which before were as

green as at any period of the year. I am in health much as when George left me, but the continued want of sleep and increase of Years make the wear and tear very rapid. My best love to George. One of you must write to me in a week.

Most affectionately yours,

ARGYLL.

My best love to Lady Ailesbury, Mrs. Damer, and Louisa. Compts. to Carnelm and Lady Mary Coke, whom I hope you do not neglect.

The Duke of Argyll to Lord John Campbell.

INVERARAY, March 31st, 1801.

MY DEAREST JOHNNY,

Your letters are always welcome, such as apply to me about Regimental Business less so than any. I cannot possibly comply with your request about Hopburne. I never have or will I now overrule General Lister's opinion in such matters. I most heartily wish you could with propriety come away. How do you bear the long days in the house? I hope you attend closely since you write me that you are perfectly well; it will give you the better pretensions to come away. I do not doubt your being tired of the Amusements of London, but you must not quite yet be tired of the Business of it. I desire you would by no means neglect going to the Queen's drawing room and to the Levy as soon as there is any. Tell George the same thing, and that I entreat and insist upon it, that he should not neglect it. The Books at Argyll House I fear much will be spoil'd by

damp; you must examine them carefully. I cannot send you the key, as it is left locked up at Edin^r, but you may pick the lock or get in at the Window. If there still remains any farming or Gardening books, send them, or any Books which George thinks can be spar'd from London. Plans and Maps relating to this place or Rosneath search for carefully and send, particularly one of the town of Inveraray nail'd up against the Wall. Don't shilly shally and loiter about this, but set about it directly.

Send me the following Musick—Non nobis Domine, in all the Parts as perform'd lately at the Oratorio. My favourite March for the Guards, much admir'd ten or twelve years ago, tho' perhaps scarcely known now. George knows what I mean.

I charge you strictly to visit frequently all your relations and Report to me the state of their health. Thank Camelia for two letters I received some time ago. All your friends here are well, viz. Sir Wm. Ferrier, Doctor, Capt. Campbell, and Mr. Tewson. The Hills swarm with Roebucks and black Cocks. Richy began yesterday to whip the River, but without success. We have had very bad weather for eight or ten days, constant snow on the hills, but little or none on the downs; at present and for three or four days past remarkably fine. Best love to George. Influenza is at Edin^r and Glasgow and Campbeltown, but scarcely a slight cold in this family during the whole winter, consisting of near 40 persons. Farewell, my dearest boy.

Most affectionately Yours,

ARGYLL.

The Marquis of Lorne to the Duke of Argyll.

LONDON. Feb^y 20th, 1802.

MY DEAR FATHER,

If you like to try if Pheasants will succeed in Roseneath, you may for an Expence not exceeding one hundred and ten pounds make a very fair trial with every prospect of success. A Man has undertaken to deliver them safe and well at Roseneath at a Guinea a bird, which people who understand these things tell me is reasonable enough—the man who goes with them will give instruction to person there for taking care of whatever number of them it may be right to keep for breeding from.

A Trial upon a smaller scale might perhaps be only throwing away Money. I think this has every chance of success. I inclose his proposal.

Aff^{ly} yours,

LORNE.

The King has been very ill but is much better.

(*Endorsed*) L^d Lorne. Pheasants.

From Lord John Campbell.

LEVENSIDE, *Saturday.*

[*Feb. 20th, 1802.*]

SIR,

I inclose Mr. Ferrier's Letter to you. I perceive he has mistaken the day, Saturday being the 27th instead of Friday. I wish you to ask all the people mentioned in it in my name; besides I would have you ask Mr. Donald, Mr. Smollet, and any others whom you

think would take it well to be invited. I go to-day to Blythwood, and to-morrow or next day to the Mures, both of whom I mean to ask to the Dinner at Dumbarton. I shall also request you to take the trouble of ordering the dinner, as you will be the best judge how many persons there will be at it. I shall return here on Thursday or Friday next.

Your obedt. Servt.,

J. D. CAMPBELL.

Lord John Campbell to the Duke of Argyll.

INVERARY, *Feb.* 21st, 1802.

DEAR GEORGE,

An order has been received here this day ordering all the Volunteer Corps in the County to hold themselves in readiness to March on the shortest Notice; as you are now appointed Colonel over the whole, it will be necessary for you to appoint Me to some particular Batt'n, the 1st of course, as Lord Moira will not probably admit of a Col. and Lt.-Col. Comm't of the whole; during your absence, however, I shall take the Command as eldest Lt.-Col., and have accordingly ordered letters to be written to the Captains of Companies over the whole County to Hold themselves in readiness to March immediately. I hope these fellows will really come at last and be done with it. Whatever orders you have to give direct them to Me or Officer Comm'g at Inverary, and if I am absent Graham will get them.

Yours affec'y,

J. D. CAMPBELL.

You Should also appoint all the other Lt.-Cols. to their respective Batt'ns.

1st Batt.	Lord J. Campbell	8	424
2nd	Sir A. Campbell, Bart.	8	424
3rd	Lt.-Col. Graham	8	424
4th	Lt.-Col. McLean of Ardgour	8	504
5th (of 3 Companies only)	Major Colin Campbell ..	6	378

2154

(*Endorsement*) Feb. 21st 1802,
from my Brother about
the Lt.-Colonel of Volunteers.

The Marquis of Lorne to Lord Breadalbane.

INVERARY, Nov. 26th, 1802.

MY DEAR LORD,

I have, agreeably to your request, withdrawn the two Companies from your Estate from Ardgowan's Battallion. Whatever offer of Service you may wish to forward to Government, I shall lose no time in transmitting. At the same time I have to observe that, according to the various letters I have received from Lord Hobart, and Mr. Yorke, I do not conceive Government have any intention of accepting more Volunteer Companies than will make the number amount to six times the original Militia, which number will be completed by the recommendation and acceptance of the Eardach Company if you should wish it.

With regard to the 24 Companies planned on the old system, they were selected with attention to the former where it was thought proper, and above all with an attention to the population of the various districts, so that a fair proportion of young men might be left for the Battalions, the Army of Reserve and

Militia. You will observe, my Dear Lord, that I make this answer to the last paragraph of your letter more to convince you how desirous I am to attend to any request of your's than from any immediate connection it appears to have with the subject of our correspondence.

I have the honor to be, my Dear Lord,
 Yours Sincerely,
 LORNE.

The Duke of Argyll to Lord John Campbell.

INVERARAY, Jan. 18th, 1803.

MY DEAR JOHNNY,

I find by your letter that your delay could not be avoided. I much approve of your propriety in attending at the Birthday. You might have said a word or two with respect to your reception at the Levee and at Frogmore.

There are some indirect Reports here of your intending to extend your travelling Operations beyond France, but I cannot approve of that, as I must have you here the beginning of Summer, and consider your journey at present to be only on account of your health and in order to avoid the bad Climate of Britain. I have by Ferrier's means remitted to Messrs. Drummonds a fund of Credit for Your Expences, which I hope and trust you will keep within proper bounds. Let nothing be wanted or wasted. My best love to your Brother. The Weather is bitterly cold here, tho no snow on the low ground. Augusta and your friends here are well. Continue to let me hear from you once in ten days whether at home or abroad. My Comp^{ts} to the Doctor.

Most affectionately yours,
 ARGYLL.

*To the Right Honble. Lord John Campbell,
Argyll House, London, from his sister
Charlotte, 1803.*

Welcome once more to Britain's shore,
Endear'd to me by Absence more,
Absence that Talisman which makes
Our Passions change in Proteus' shapes,
Absence That softens all the Mind
And real Friendships firmer bind.

In Rhyme and Prose, dear Johnny, welcome,
altho' you do not deserve it from me, as I only
know of your arrival thro' Doctor Robinson.
However,

In vain Resentment would her Arms supply
When the long wish'd for Friend again is nigh,
The Friend whom we perchance have deem'd unkind,
Lost to Affection and to Friendship blind.
Soon as again they meet our longing view
Doubt fades in Joy and we believe them true.
Ah who that scents the Rose's perfumed Breath
Would grasp the Thorn that lurks its leaves beneath.

In compliance with this Maxim I forgive your
Idleness, and Imagine I could not have formed
a more perfect one had I studied Moore's
Philosophy of pleasure, which, however, I have
not seen. We left Inveraray a fortnight ago,
exchanged

The Beauties of its Rocks and hanging woods,
Its Craggy Summits and its silver floods,
And above all, oh! sad exchange, to leave
The best of Fathers whom 'tis Grief to Grieve,
For Empty Streets where Cats their Orgies hold
Or Two Legg'd Cats more Horrid to behold,
For sounds of War that Martial deeds bespeak,
Whose bare idea pales My Icy Cheek,

Till sad reflection reconciles the thought
 That Honor must at Times with blood be bought,
 Can make a Female Breast with Glory fire,
 Feel Herself Daughter of a British Sire,
 And bow resign'd to ills the Times require.

This has even made Jack rise at Six every Morning, nor is this revolution to be transient, for there is a great Field Day on Friday at which all the Troops Hereabout are to be present. As Jack must be constantly at Dalkeith and that I cannot bear to be absent from him, we shall avail ourselves in part of a very kind offer Lord Ancram made us, and sleep at Newbattle the remainder of this Week, when I intend to pass my Time between that and Dalkeith House. I have not found my sejour here so unpleasant as I expected, for

My Infants now with opening Charms display
 Fresh Joys, fresh duties for the coming Day,
 A new exhaustless Source of Pleasure shew,
 Yet Cares still mix in Pleasure's Cup below
 And anxious Love in every State Supplies
 Enough to Warn us where true Blessing lies.
 Sojourners here, probation's Path is ours
 And lasting Peace dwells but in Heavenly Bowers,
 Yet no repining Spirit Breathes the Line,
 For Earthly Bliss its purest Bliss is mine,
 And all My wish is to Deserve My Fate,
 To Joy in this, nor fear another State.

We dined the other Day with Bob and Arch. She has got a new Wig and it is irresistable not to call Her the Arch Bob. In spite of a little unavoidable laugh, I feel them good obliging People, and Jack and I may say with Prince Henry we could better spare a better Man. At their House we heard a Blind Boy play most

charmingly on the Harpsichord. He is not above 25 and quite simple and unpolish'd, all but in that which

Heaven in Mercy lent
 To soothe the Ill its chastening Hand has sent.
 The Spark of Genius Offspring sent from High
 Gives tripple brightness to the Mental Eye.
 What tho' the Visual Orb of Light is fled,
 To Earthly Beauties and creation's Dead,
 The Powers of Harmony his Soul can guide
 To living Waters whose refreshing Tide
 Bids him aspire to higher scenes of Bliss,
 And trace in Heaven that Joy denied in this.

We persuaded the poor Young Man to come here the other Evening, and had Mr. and Mad^me Corri, whose performance delighted our Blind Friend much. We had quite a musical Night, to the great discomfiture of Camelia Rair,

Whose very name Inspires
 With Gay ideas and Poetic fires.
 More young and Blooming Ninon never knew
 The Grace of youth's first Season to renew,
 All but in this that Cards o'er Songs prevail,
 And lengthen'd sounds Her Ears Deem somewhat stale.
 Quavers on Quavers rise till Dumb despair
 Lost us the presence of Camelia Rair,
 Who with light step fled quickly down the stair.

After supper the Corris sung us many very nice Duetts that I mean some Day, and I hope soon, to Delight your Ears with.

Come soon, Dear Brother, after Dangers past
 Sweet's the Embrace that clasps Thee safe at last.
 In me and mine you'll equal meet a Friend
 Always the same and True unto the End.
 No Honey'd Phrase of Flattery you will find
 But the Warm Dictates of the faithful Mind.

These Hasty Lines my Heart's best wishes speak,
 Wishes as warm as these faint words are weak,
 To bid a Sister's, Brother's, Welcome, Join
 And Tell Thee Truly we are ever thine.

C. M. CAMPBELL & JOHN CAMPBELL.

I wrote part of this yesterday but not in time for the Post.

The Duke of Argyll to the Marquis of Lorne.

INVERARAY, 24th April, 1803.

MY DEAREST GEORGE,

A letter from you of seven Pages is well entitled to an answer. Seeing that I am now inevitably engaged in a most expensive undertaking, I am now more anxiously endeavouring to check the Progress of it, than I was a few weeks ago to press the dispatch of it. I refer you to Graham for particulars, but being every day more and more convinced that I can never inhabit it, I must divide the expence into two or three Years which I once flattered myself might have been furnished in one. In the meantime your display of Taste and Bonomis Fame is second. But let me observe to you *en passant* that Taste without Prudence and Economy is a mill-stone about a man's neck. And therefore I hope you will not associate too much with Bonomis and Nasmith. You will find them expensive Pets; they will not consult your Pecuniary interest as poor old Mylne us'd to do mine. I send you a Copy of what I wrote him yesterday.

I have many other things to say to you, but my Eyes, health, and Spirits, which are rapidly

declining, forbid my writing more. I wrote this day to John directing him to come home soon, unless his health requires his stay abroad. My reasons are my own comfort by his presence here, the Propriety of his taking some part in Military matters in case of War, and the heavy expence I am subject to, having remitted already two Bills of five hundred each, exclusive of his usual allowance. Your Idea of appropriating so much room to Wine Cellars and Kitchen, shew you mean to keep a good table or set up the Wine Merchant Business, but these spaces will be much better applied to the accommodation of housekeeper and butler, with dining and sitting rooms for upper and lower servants.

Most affectionately yours,

ARGYLL.

Lord Frederick Campbell to the Duke of Argyll.

HALF MOON STREET,

May 9th, 1803.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

It grieves me much that my Letter about the Election of a Scotch Peer gave you so much Uneasiness. It appear'd to me a matter of total Indifference—and that you would have flung my Letter into the Fire and have put an end to all thought about the Matter if it gave you the least Anxiety about what, or whether you should take any Part upon the Occasion.

I wish I could send something certain about Peace or War, to put your mind at ease and in better Spirits. I am told from every Person I meet with that We must wait till another Dispatch comes from Lord Whitworth in perfect

Suspence. But I am happy in finding the General Opinion is that Bonaparte will give way—and that We shall yet have Peace.

Most affectionately yours,
F. C.

The Marquis of Lorne to Lord Hobart.

INVERARAY, 11th Aug. 1803.

MY LORD,

After consulting with my Father and some of the gentlemen of the County, I beg leave to state to you that the division of the 1280 Volunteers of Argyleshire into 24 Companies of 53 instead of 16 of 80 appears to me to be absolutely necessary for the proper defence of the very extended line of Coast of this County. I hope therefore your Lordship will have the goodness to take the necessary steps for gazetting the officers, &c. In reference to a Letter which I have the honour to write to you of this date, I beg leave to observe that the change of the strength of the Companies from 80 to 53 is another reason why it was impossible to send accurate Muster Rolls, nor the Gentlemen offering Companies thinking it necessary, which they did not.

With regard to a second Battalion of the 91st, much will depend upon the County allowed and being allowed to name the officers; from the attachment which Highlanders have to their countrymen.

I have written to H.R.H. the Duke of York on the subject by this day's post.

I have the honor to be

Your obedient Servant,

LORNE.

Circular.

DOWNING STREET,
22nd August, 1803.

MY LORD,

His Majesty having been graciously pleased to direct that in future the correspondence upon all matters relating to the Militia and Volunteer Corps should be conducted by the Secretary of State for the Home Department, I am commanded to signify to your Lordship His Majesty's Pleasure that your Official Letters should henceforward be addressed to that Department.

In conveying His Majesty's Commands upon this occasion I have particular satisfaction in expressing to your Lordship the just Sense I entertain of the zealous Co-operation which I have received from your Lordship, and more especially in the unremitting attention you have manifested in carrying into effect the several important measures which have lately been committed to your charge.

I have the honor to be, My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient
humble Servant,
HOBART.

HIS MAJESTY'S LIEUTENANT
OF THE COUNTY OF ARGYLE.

(*Endorsed*) Lord Hobart, correspondence relating to Militia and Volunteers to be in future with the Secretary of State for the Home Department.

Circular.

DOWNING STREET,
22nd August, 1803.

MY LORD,

I have the honor to transmit the outline of a plan for a voluntary Naval Armament for the protection of the Coast, which has received the approbation of His Majesty's Confidential Servants, and which it is believed may be carried to an extent that would complete the Security of the Coast, under all circumstances, against any attempt on the part of the enemy, and be likewise productive of other beneficial consequences.

I have particular satisfaction in acquainting you that the East India Company, The Corporation of the Trinity House, The Cinque Ports, (The Proprietors of Lighters employ'd in the Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the Thames, and several of the owners of Ships employed in the Coasting Trade,) have already come to resolutions for carrying the proposed plan into Execution.

The importance of the Commerce of the Sea Port Towns within the County of Argyll, and the loyal and liberal Spirit of their Inhabitants, animated and encouraged by your active and well directed zeal, afford the Strongest ground of expectation that this measure may derive essential assistance from the resources in men and Shipping which those Towns possess; and that, by means of a judicious application of those resources, the Coast of the County of Argyle may obtain that constant protection which, you must be aware, might not at all

times be equally attainable by any other means.

I have the honor to be, My Lord,
 Your Lordship's most obedient
 humble Servant,
 HOBART.

HIS MAJESTY'S LIEUTENANT
 OF THE COUNTY OF ARGYLE.

(*Endorsed*) Circular, 22nd August, 1803. Lord
 Hobart with Plans for the defence of Sea
 Port Towns.

To the Marquis of Lorne.

INVERARERY, 23 Aug 1803.

MY LORD,

As it is probable we may not have the honour of again seeing your Lordship on business till after the ballots for the Army of Reserve are drawn, we consider it our indispensable duty to state to you what are our sentiments on the subject of the exemptions claimed by the volunteers of this County from the ballot for the Army of Reserve and Militia, and so doing, we trust your Lordship will have the goodness to believe that our doing so does not proceed from a wish of unnecessarily intruding our opinions.

From a careful perusal of the Acts of Parliament, and from every information we have been able to obtain of the practice in other Counties, we are fully persuaded, that general exemptions, on the footing proposed at a former meeting of your Deputies, are not legal. Under this impression and with great deference to your Lordship, we submit the importance of your decision in this case, It does not appear

to us, as we understand was stated at a former meeting, that a discretionary power is vested in his Majesty with regard to these exemptions—they appear to be privileges merely personal, conferred on individuals under certain conditions minutely described in the Acts of Parliament, and certificates from Commanding Officers as to the dates of inrolment are particularly required as evidence, befor these claims to exemption can be sustained, and we are humbly of opinion no general exemption of Companies founded on the dates of these offers or the acceptance of them can, under these acts, be sustained.

This is the practice in London and Edinburgh, and, it is believed, in every other place. Numerous applications have been made to us by the Country people, who, from their frequent intercourse with the neighbouring Counties, know the practice thus, and will, of course, feel the strongest dissatisfaction if the whole protection and privileges of the laws are not extended to them in common with the inhabitants of other Counties.

We have heard it hinted that some indulgence is due to the persons composing the present Volunteer Companies, but we cannot admit that greater favour is due to them than the other inhabitants of the County who were and are ready to inroll themselves under your Lordship, and it will be in your recollection that at a period of as great danger as the present, when to the threat of invasion was added the dread of internal insurrection, the whole inhabitants of the County inrolled under his Grace your father, and an Army of four thousand highlanders, to be commanded by your

Lordship, was offered to Government. The advantages which the present volunteers have on the proposed new lines independent of these exemptions are so great that it is not likely they will retire from the old and enter the new lines.

If your Lordship is pleased to agree with us in opinion a remedy can easily be applied. The district Clerks may be directed to make returns of persons improperly excused and orders given to relieve those balloted in their place of the penalties they have paid, or from the service, if they have entered into it.

At the same time that we feel it our bounden and strict duty to state these matters freely to your Lordship in private, we beg leave to assure you that our outmost endeavour will be used, on this momentous occasion, to bring forward the inhabitants with zeal & unanimity in the districts where we reside.

We have the honour to be with much respect,
My Lord,

Your Lordship's Most

Most humble Servants,

DON^D CAMPBELL.

NEILL MALCOLM.

J. CAMPBELL.

JOHN MACNULTY.

ALEX. CAMPBELL.

JOHN CAMPBELL.

Mr. John Campbell to the Marquis of Lorne.

12th Sept' 1803.

MY LORD,

The Earl of Breadalbane has obtained offers of service, from near 600 Tenants and

residents on his estates in Argyllshire—Barcaldine from 100 and Monzie and Baleveolan from about 100 more, so that his Lordship can send out a moderate sized Battalion when the public service requires it. It appears, however, that government at present are not disposed to encourage Volunteer Corps to the extent once proposed; And therefore I presume it will in the meantime be sufficient for his Lordship, to send out as many as will anticipate the compulsory provisions of the general Defence Acts, and Satisfy the calls of government, according to the proportion which the population of these districts bears to the general population of the County, agreeably to the lists under the Act when they are finally made up.

In case these calls are made parochially, I beg leave to inform your Lordship that, from the above offers, at least one company of 60 men can be called out in the parish of Kilchruman—two in the parish of Glenenchay, one in Kilniver parish, one in Kilbrandan (exclusive of the Eardale people), and one in Ardchattan. I shall be glad to be honoured with your Lordship's instructions when convenient, as to what proportion of these may now be required, under the call in Lord Hobart's letter of the 30th July. And I have the honour to be, with respect,

Your Lordship's most obedient &
very humble servant,

JOHN CAMPBELL.

STRONEMAGACHAN, 12th Sept' 1803.

MARQUISS OF LORNE,
Lord Lieut. of Argyllshire.

Major-General Wemyss to the Marquis of Lorne.

GLASGOW, 27th Sept., 1803.

MY LORD,

I have the honor to enclose a Form of Return, which I beg you will cause to be filled up, and transmitted to me here with as little delay as possible.

I request your Lordship will be pleased to acquaint me as soon as the whole Volunteer Force to be raised in the County of Argyll, in terms of the Secretary of State's Letter, shall have been Gazetted, and their proportion of Arms obtained, that I may be enabled so to regulate the time for their Inspection as to accomplish this Service speedily, and without inconvenience to the respective Corps. I shall forward to Your Lordship, by the first opportunity, six Copies of Instructions from His Royal Highness The Duke of York, for the use of the Volunteer Infantry. It is intended that each Company should receive one, and as soon as a sufficient number come to hand, and that I am favoured with the Return of the Volunteers Corps in your County, they shall be transmitted to your Lordship accordingly. The Commander of the Forces recommends that, in the Equipment of the Volunteers, the warmth and comfort of their clothing may be more attended to, than its shew and appearance—he particularly suggests the propriety of their being provided with Great Coats, and warm Pantaloons or long Cloth Gaiters, and besides the Knapsack, that each

man supplies himself with a Haversack for the purpose of carrying his provisions.

I have the honor to be

Your Lordship's most obedient
humble Servant,

W. WEMYSS, M.G.

Lord Moira to the Marquis of Lorne.

Nov. 30th, 1803.

MY DEAR LORD,

I have this morning had the honor of your letter of the 28th.

You probably are not aware that the Regulation transmitted to me by the Secretary of State allows the Issue of Firelocks to but Half the number of the Volunteers of your County. Pikes could readily be furnished for the remainder ; and you shall have them if you think proper. But, without disparaging them as a weapon (which they do not deserve), they would not answer entirely to your satisfaction or to my wishes. I am, therefore, employed in putting into condition a quantity of Muskets which were not essentially damaged, and I trust that I shall soon be enabled to send you a Supply. Government has given to me the Power, in concurrence with the Lord Lieutenant of any County, to call into Pay and Service, for a time to be agreed upon, any proportion of the Volunteers that I may deem expedient. If you would wish a Battalion or two Battalions of yours to be so embodied during the winter, I will make the proposal to you in Form : And I should imagine it would be desirable to the Highlanders who have little to do at this Season. Where I should station them, I cannot exactly say ; but I should

have no objections to Battalions relieving each other every Month or Six weeks. Should this arrangement take place, the Men who are to be marched out of the County should leave their Arms behind for other Volunteers, and should receive fresh Muskets at the Post where they were to enter upon duty.

My situation here affords so little means of paying attention to any one that I feel it a most fortunate chance to have an opening by which I may be able to do something agreeable to you. The Duke of York, in consequence of a remark in one of my letters, has left to my judgement an alteration in the plan of two or three Inspection Districts. If there is any Field Officer on Half Pay whom you would wish to have appointed Inspector of Volunteers for Argyleshire, Bute, or Renfrewshire, let me have his name; and I will immediately recommend him to His Royal Highness.

I have the Honor, my Dear Lord, to remain with great regard

Your Lordship's faithful and
obedient Servant,
MOIRA.

MARQUIS OF LORNE.

Lord Moira to the Marquis of Lorne.

EDINBURGH, *Novr.* 30, 1803.

MY LORD,

As my situation demands from me that I shall use my best endeavour to keep up, to the Amount which His Majesty and the Legislature have presented, that Force allotted for the defence of North Britain, I am convinced that your Lordship cannot misconstrue the liberty I take in soliciting your active assistance towards

completing as speedily as possible the Argyleshire Regiment of Militia. That Regiment is in its numbers very short of the Quota required for the County by the Act of Parliament. Upon my enquiring into the Cause of this deficiency, Colonel Campbell has accounted for it by saying that a great number of the Individuals drawn at the Ballot declined serving and exonerated themselves by paying the fine of Ten Pounds; which sum, however, has been found insufficient to procure Substitutes respectively for each Person. I beg leave to state that it is an error to imagine the County either limited to the offer of a Bounty of Ten Pounds or secured against the Penalties of Default by having made the tender of that Sum for each Recruit. The Law Officers of the Crown have given their opinion, founded upon the clear Spirit of the Act, that the Fines only form an aggregate Fund in aid of those Assessments upon Landed Property to which the Counties must recur if they cannot furnish their number of Men by other procedure: For, as your Lordship well knows, every County is liable to a mulct of Ten Pounds, to be repeated at each successive Quarter Session, for every Man deficient from it's Militia; thro' whatsoever Cause that deficiency has arisen. When this Process hangs over the County, I trust no charge of intrusion can rest upon me for preferring the mode of personal entreaty, which I urge with the sincerest respect.

I have the honor, My Lord, to remain

Your Lordship's most obedient Servant,

MOIRA, *General.*

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE,

H.M.'s Lieutenant for the County of

Argyle.

Lady Charlotte Campbell to the Duke of Argyll.

QUEEN STREET,
December 27th, 1803.

MY DEAREST PAPA,

If I have not written these last five or six days it is because I have not known what to say. I am unwilling to write to you upon any Unpleasant subject, yet not to mention the late disagreeable Affair at all seems so unfeeling that I have not known what to do. Let this therefore be my Apology, and in adding no more you may believe that it is not want of feeling my Due Share of Sorrow and Regret, but a fear of hurting you by dwelling longer on so disagreeable a subject, which prevents me from giving way to my Sentiments. George is still with us and always adds much to our Society. We have plenty of Gayety, and Lord Moira and I improve in our Mutual Friendship. I tell Jack he may thank me for not being sent either to Sunderland or Port Patrick, as two Thousand Men are sent away, and Lord M. declares that the Argyll Militia being the weakest would certainly be one of them if it had not been from his Wish not to disturb Lady Charlotte—perhaps there is more politeness than truth in this declaration, however I am willing to believe it.

Lady Charlotte Rawdon is coming here Directly; she has taken the next House to this. Certainly Edinburgh never was so gay or had so much good society in it before. Adieu, My Dearest Papa, believe me always

Your affec. & Dutiful,

C. M. CAMPBELL.

The Duke of Argyll to Lord Lorne.

10th May, 1804.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

For still I must call you so, in spite of Your extreme folly and unkindness to me as well as to Your Brother and Sisters, who must be deprived in part of what my affection would allot for them in support of their expences. I have signed the deeds brought to me by Ferrier, and with this, I sign my forgiveness, for anger or resentment is not in my composition, especially with respect to my children. In return I expect your solemn promise and declaration that you will never again play for any higher sum than twenty pounds in one day. This will be some satisfaction to me during the few months I probably have to live.

Never forget how much we are both obliged to Ferrier, who by the greatest diligence and from Attachment to the Family has extricated you a second time from the most unpleasant situation, and will point out to you in future how with common prudence you may live in affluence and even in splendour all your life. The principal cause of Your misfortunes is the habit you have long been in, of keeping very bad hours. They tend to drunkenness, and that to Gambling and every ruinous folly. The best remedy is marriage, which if you can find a Woman to your mind would keep you at home. I most earnestly recommend it to you. I do not make a point of money. I will share everything with You for the short time I have to linger here. Adieu.

Most affectionately Yours,

ARGYLL.

From Lord John Campbell.

INVERARAY, 17th February, 1806.

SIR,

When last in London I was accosted in the Street by a poor woman who demanded charity, and knowing by her dialect that she was a Scotswoman, I asked her from what part of the Country she came; she told me from Glasgow, and that she was related to one Baillie Menzies living in the Gorbals, who if he knew her distressed situation would so far relieve her at least as to pay her passage back to Scotland. I told her that I was going to Scotland immediately and would enquire into the truth of her Story, and if her relations would not, I would pay her passage, provided I found her deserving of it from their report. She persisted that I should find it true, and that her Maiden name was Mary McPherson, and that the cause of her present distress was her husband's being pressed on board the Fleet, and leaving her without any means of Support.

What I wish you to do is to write to any of your correspondents in Glasgow to enquire for Baillie Menzies, and ask him whether he knows of any such person and whether she is an object deserving of Charity. Her Name, Mary McPherson. If you can cause this enquiry to be made for me, without however making use of my name, I should be much obliged to you.

Your obedt. Servt.,
J. D. CAMPBELL.

The Duke of York to Lord John Campbell.

HORSE GUARDS,
31st May, 1806.

MY LORD,

I have to acknowledge your Lordship's Letter of the 25th Instant, announcing the death of Field Marshal the Duke of Argyll, and I beg that your Lordship will be persuaded of my sincere regret for this loss, and at the same time allow me to express the satisfaction I shall feel in any opportunity of testifying to His Family the sense I ever entertained of His Grace's distinguished Character during so long a period in the Service of his Country.

I am, My Lord,

Yours,

FREDERICK.

The Right Honble.

LORD JOHN CAMPBELL,
&c., &c.

(*Endorsed*) Duke of York.

Lady Augusta Clavering to Mr. Campbell.

Lady Augusta Clavering begs Mr. Campbell will make application at the Greenock Theatre that she may have a Box when Mrs. Siddons Acts there, and for every night that she is to Perform. She finds it very difficult to get one at Glasgow, but hopes she shall not be disappointed at Greenock. Ly. A. desires her Com'ts to Mrs. Campbell.

ARDINCAPLE CASTLE,
March 19th, 1808.

Lord John Campbell to Mr. Robert Campbell.

ARDINCAPLE, *Friday evening.*
[19th Aug. 1809.]

SIR,

You will send over the Duke's Barge tomorrow to take Lord and Lady Ormond to Roseneath. They are at the Inn and are Friends of the Duke's. I therefore think he would wish you to attend them in person. It is possible the Duke may be here this Evening.

Your obedt. Servt.,
J. D. CAMPBELL.

Lord John Campbell to Mr. Robert Campbell.

ARDINCAPLE, *Tuesday evening.*
[Nov. 1809.]

SIR,

I am obliged to go to Inveraray tomorrow upon some Business and wish to know whether I can have a Pony of the Duke's at Rosneath. I should suppose the grey one that he rode on his way here is not yet returned to Inveraray. If that is the case I should wish to have it ready for me about 8 o'clock tomorrow morning, and a Boat sent to take me over a little before that time. If I receive no answer to-night I shall conclude that the Boat and Pony will be ready; if you can not furnish me with the Latter, let me know this evening.

Your Obedt. Servt.,
J. D. CAMPBELL.

From Lord John Campbell.

GALWAY, *Sept. 14th*, 1812.

SIR,

I have this morning received yours, brought to me all the way from Hillsborough by the Gentleman "Mr. Hector Stannus" whom you recommend in it for a Commission in the Argyllshire Militia. Ever since I got the Regiment it has been my endeavour to make it as much an Argyllshire Regiment as I could, and to induce the Gentlemen of Argyllshire to enter into it.

With this view you may easily suppose that I could never think of giving a commission in it to an Irishman who has no immediate connexion with the County of Argyll.

In consequence, I have been obliged to give a decided negative to Mr. Stannus, who, I am sorry to say, took the trouble of travelling 150 Irish miles to deliver your Letter which he might much better have sent by the Post.

As I am exceedingly willing, however, to attend to any recommendation of yours, I have told the young man that I shall note his name, as one to be recommended in his turn for a commission in the Line, which is a much better thing for him. I have only to request that in future you will be cautious to recommend for commission in this Regiment none but Gentlemen actualy of the County of Argyll, as it subjects me to the disagreeable necessity of refusals. I am

Your Obedt. Servt.,
J. D. CAMPBELL.

From Mr. Robert McKindlay.

MY LORD,

This day's London Courier says Dispatches have been Received from Lord Somerset dated 6th and 7th instant, with the intelligence of Buonaparte having landed at the Head of about 1000 Men between Frejus and Antibes, on the 3rd and 4th. Marshal McDonald and Gen' St. Cyr had been sent to Command the troops who were to be opposed to him. The most perfect tranquility prevailed at Paris. Forgive the freedom I have taken, and Believe me to be, My Lord,

Your Lordship's Very Humble Servant,
ROBT. MCKINDLAY.

HELENSBURGH POST OFFICE,
March 13th, 1815.

Lord John Campbell to Mr. Robert Campbell.

29, UPPER BROOKE STREET,
June 18th, 1816.

SIR,

Lord Frederick Campbell died at his House in Queen Street here, at $\frac{1}{2}$ past Six o'clock this morning. I am

Your Obedt. Servt.,
J. D. CAMPBELL.

ROBT. CAMPBELL, ESQ.,
Roseneath.

From Lord John Campbell.

ARDINCAPLE, *March 17th, 1830.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I return herewith the Letters which you were so kind as to send to me, which are very

interesting, and I am glad to observe such agreeable accounts of your Sons. With regard to the Reform question, The Duke and myself are on diametrically opposite sides, I considering my Lord John Russell's Bills as Mixtures of Tyranny and Radicalism, likely to do serious and lasting injury to the British Constitution, and my Brother looking upon them as Masterpieces of Political Wisdom, calculated to preserve and invigorate that Constitution which I think likely to suffer so much injury if they are permitted to pass into Laws.

Upon so momentous a question, it becomes every man to come boldly forward and give his decided opinion upon the Measures in agitation, whatever it may be, and I hope that your Nephew will do so upon the occasion of the intended Meeting at Dunbarton on the 28th Inst., and I shall be very much obliged to you if you will write a few Lines to him, to attend, whatever way he may think proper to vote on that day. I am,

Sincerely yours,

J. D. CAMPBELL.

Lord John Campbell to Mr. Robert Campbell.

ARDINCAPLE, *Sunday evening.*

[*March, 1831.*]

DEAR SIR,

I return Mr. Matherson's Letter, and although I am not perhaps quite so good a Tory as he is, I very much agree with him in what he says of Mr. Brougham, whom I consider, notwithstanding his undoubted talents, to be the worst possible man for a Lord Chancellor. I have received this morning a copy

of the Scotch Reform Bill, and a more odious piece of Tyrannical Legislation never issued from the Star Chamber. I am

Sincerely yours,
J. D. CAMPBELL.

George 6th Duke of Argyll to Lorne Campbell.

ROSNEATH, HELENSBURGH, N.B.

Monday.

DEAR SIR,

You will be glad to hear that the Committee of the House of Commons have come to a Resolution that it is *inexpedient* to make any alteration in the Currency of Scotland.

I am, Dear Sir,

Yr. H'ble. Svt.,
ARGYLL.



FIELD-MARSHAL JOHN CAMPBELL, DUKE OF ARGYLL

After Gainsborough

LORD JOHN CAMPBELL

LORD JOHN CAMPBELL, referred to in the preceding letters, was born in the seventies of the eighteenth century and died in 1848. I give a drawing of him by Edridge, taken when he was a young officer in the Guards. He greatly loved the service, and it was a bitter disappointment to him that he was compelled to leave it after suffering from illness contracted during the unfortunate campaign in Holland. He became Member of Parliament for Dunbartonshire, and travelled much abroad. It was during one of these sojourns on the Continent that he narrowly escaped capture by Napoleon's orders, being obliged to hide in disguise in a wood before he could be guided across the country on foot over the Swiss frontier. His tastes inclined him to mechanics and scientific inquiry, and the acquaintance he made with M. de Saussure began with a desire to know the son of the man who was always at work on experiments connected with physical science. Before Alpine climbing had become a passion with travellers, the man who first ascended Mont Blanc was looked upon as a wonder and as a foremost citizen of Geneva. I give later on some of young De Saussure's letters: Lord John had persuaded him to pay a visit to Scotland, where mountain climbing, observations of atmospheric pressure, and also geology,

especially in regard to its evidence on prehistoric volcanoes, had occupied him very happily. Like his father he was devoted to science, and his letters complete the picture of the Geneva society of an interesting time.

As a country gentleman Lord John Campbell showed the greatest kindness and regard for all those living on his estates, and managed to check the ruin which a too generous policy of the making of small holdings by the breaking up of farms had occasioned. Rents had gone down to zero, and starvation stared the people on the Argyll estates in the face, in consequence of the admission of men of no capital to occupy small areas of poor soil. The end of this benevolent experiment brought all concerned to hopeless poverty. Petitions from the poor people who had thus been allowed to follow their own foolish desires came to him, begging for help to emigrate. He had to raise large sums of money to meet their requests, money on which interest has still to be paid, for it has been impossible to wipe off the loans. As this matter is very instructive now when new sentimentalists wish to repeat the small-holdings experiment, I quote the Petition which best shows the situation. It is from 825 persons, crofters, cottars, and paupers being all represented. It must be remembered they had the advantage of Protection.

THE PETITION OF THE UNDERSIGNED COTTARS
AND SMALL CROFTERS ON THE ISLAND OF
TYREE,

Humbly sheweth,

That since the making of kelp ceased, and particularly since the failure of the potato

crop, the inhabitants of this island have been in a state of great destitution; and, were it not for the benevolence of the proprietor, and the aid afforded by the relief board, they would inevitably have starved. That hitherto they have been employed by the proprietor at drainage and other works, during the winter and spring months, before the land was cropped, and during the summer they were supported by the funds of the relief board. That this latter resource being now at an end, your petitioners' prospects, on looking forward to the ensuing summer, are in the extreme dismal, and the more so, as the only prospect of ultimate relief to which they so fondly cling is denied them—that of emigration—which your petitioners neglected to take advantage of while in their power, probably supposing that the relief funds were to last, or that the potato would be restored. That, to add to their further grievance, your petitioners are led to understand that those adverse to emigration from the West Highlands are using every possible means to prevent it, and that statements are made publicly that the poor can be supported by employing them in the improvement of waste land. Those who advocate such are certainly actuated by other motives save that of philanthropy, and display the grossest ignorance as to the resources of the country, particularly as regards this isolated island, where there is no fuel, and not an inch of waste land which the inhabitants could not drain and trench in a few months. That your petitioners would now most earnestly request, that if possessed of the bowels of compassion, such as were your forefathers, or value the lives

of your countrymen, you will not credit the statement of those inimical to our best interest, but examine individually into our circumstances and the condition of the island, when they have no doubt you will have sufficient proof afforded of the fallacy of such statements, and the injury and cruelty done us by such misrepresentations, which may perhaps be the means of the Duke's withholding his bounty, and depriving us of the power of participating in the enjoyments and comforts, they are from day to day informed, their friends in Canada enjoy to such an extent.

May it therefore please your honour to take the miserable condition of your petitioners into consideration, and use your influence with Her Majesty's Government, or His Grace the Duke of Argyll, to provide for them the means of emigrating.

An ounce of experience is worth a ton of theory. Small farms are possible with capital; "crofts" are not in the Western Hebrides. Crofters must be dependent on outside help; crofts do not suffice for maintenance.

Lord John Campbell and Cholera.

Mr. J. B. Atlay, in his *Life of Dr. Acland*, quotes a letter from Anne Cunningham, Dowager Duchess of Argyll: "Regarding the cholera as it came to us in the West of Scotland in 1832. Its approach was so dreaded. I was just one year married and had the anxious care of three very delicate children. . . . We were sadly perplexed when the Pestilence appeared at Gateshead, and often spoke of the horror of seeing it in the nursery. . . . When the disease did

actually come, my surprise was to find that neither my dear husband or myself were really afraid. The sound of its ravages 200 miles off at Gateshead was so much more fearful than when we were told it was at Helensburgh. Lord John Campbell had laid up all kinds of stores, and built a large oven and bakehouse, so that we should not go to the village to buy bread, but shut up the gates of Ardencaple until the storm was past. None of these precautions were ever used. When he found that the gentlemen in the neighbourhood were afraid, and would not move as to a Board of Health, he came out of his den. Every day at 11 o'clock he was presiding at a Board of Health, which met at his own lodge gate-house. He saw Dr. Fergusson, whom he appointed and paid, and heard from him all the wants and wishes, distributed medicine and flannels and hot-water bottles himself, without the usual care of wearing camphor or any thing else to hinder infection.

“Quite fearless as regards himself—but not as to his children, for he never saw them after his Board meeting without a change of clothes. At the end of three months there had only been 9 cases and 6 deaths—the doctor was no longer excluded from the Castle, and all the neighbours were astonished at the risk they said Lord John had run. Lord John Campbell saw it otherwise. He often said that it was of God that he was able to do the service that he did.

“I remember in 1849 Dr. Sutherland coming to Helensburgh. There was a damp very peculiar fog. He foretold the approach of cholera, but was not believed. That very evening a gentleman in a healthy situation above the town of Helensburgh was the first attacked and died.”

LETTERS FROM VIRGINIA FROM GEORGE
WASHINGTON AND OTHERS

1768-1789

*Letter from General George Washington, asking
schoolmaster for leave for young Custis.**

MOUNT VERNON,
19th Aug^t, 1768.

REV^D SIR,

Your letter to the Rev^d M^r Addison was sent to him immediately upon its getting to my hands. Inclosed you will receive an answer to it. Being confined to company till this moment, I mean for two or three days past, and the Bearer obliged to depart (in order to meet us in time at my Brother's in Stafford), I have only time to request the favour of you to permit Master Custis to meet us there also to-morrow (that is Saturday), and if you think it will be of no great prejudice to him, to give him the further indulgence of accompanying us to Westmoreland where we shall stay (I expect) about 8 or 10 days.

Very respectfully, I remain, Rev^d Sir,
Y^r most obed^t H^{ble} Serv^t

G^E WASHINGTON.

* Washington's step-son.

Mount Vernon 10 Aug 1768

Your letter to the Genl. M^r. Boscawen was
sent to him immediately upon its getting to me & ad.
I believe you will receive an answer to it. — Being
constrained to Company till this morn^g & to the 14th next
or to part for order to meet us at time at my Brother's
in the Bay. I have only time to scrawl — The answer
of you to the Genl. must be sent to me & I will have also
in mind the 14th Saturday and if you think it worth
my favour, send a copy to him, to give him in the hands
of the Genl. of your party, you to Westmoreland
where we shall stay (I expect) about 8 or 10 days —
Very respectfully I remain — Dear Sir
Y^r most Obed^t & Affec^t Serv^t

G. Washington

LETTER FROM GEORGE WASHINGTON

Lord John Campbell's mother had property in Virginia, and this letter speaks of Warner Washington and of American Colonial affairs.

FREDRICKSBURG, VIR^A,
24th Dec^r, 1786.

MY DEAR SIR,

I did myself the pleasure of writing M^{rs} Glassell the 23^d Ult^o by the John & Bella of Liverpool, and agreeably to my intention therein express'd, I take the opportunity of the Boyd's sailing to write you fully. Your long lookd for letter of the 18th August to the address of M^r Campbell & myself came to hands a few days ago. I do not Wonder at y^r being at a loss, what instructions to give or in what manner to dispose of your property in this Country. Were you on the Spot you woud be equally embarrass'd. Our Assembly seems more and more disposed to oppress those unfortunate men Who returned here under the faith of the treaty of Peace to gather the Wrecks of their shattered Fortunes. A Bill has pass'd the lower House of Assembly, a copy of which I enclose, which will clearly point out to you the spirit of the times. It is evidently calculated to throw stronger Barriers if there was need for any in the way of collecting British debts, and to expel from the community a set of worthy men who are only obnoxious because of their claims.

I think there is little risk of any act being made this Session for the confiscation of British property. It was much talk'd of last Spring & Summer, but now I don't hear a word of it. So that there will be no necessity of conveying your

property here to me. It is a step that should be avoided unless such a law is like to pass. All men's lives are precarious, and in the event of my death without a Will the whole would revert to the commonwealth. If I did make a Will I could not bequeath any real property to you a Foreigner, Nor could any Bond I might give you operate against my supposed Estate, after my decease; because it would be considered a British claim. It is true I might will all the real property in my possession to a friend in Trust to dispose of for your Account, but here we might be both deceived & you at last duped out of all. Besides if it can be supposed for a moment, that if after such a conveyance is made, I should turn Rascal, the Laws notwithstanding my Bond would protect me in the vilainy.

With respect to your property in Fredricksburg, the accounts I have formerly given you of it are pretty Just. It is I believe perfectly vague to talk of selling your Dwelling House, Ware house & their Appendages even on credit for their value—and were they to be sold at public Sale they would not bring $1/4$ of the sum. In this case what to advise you to I know not, but after Being informd of every circumstance your own better Judgement may perhaps point out some eligible plan, which should be formed soon, and speedily decided. In a former letter I told you that the South end of your dwelling House was rented at £50 p. ann., a part of the Ware house at £30, and the other end of the Inspectors' Room at £25. So they remain, but as yet we have fingered no money from any of them. It is all safe however. £2600 Hhds Tob^o were Ship'd from the Fred^s Warehouses this year,

which at 1/6 each is £195, of which £45 only Remained due after paying for the Warehouse Built since the War, and near the whole of this went to pay the Tax on shipping the 58 Hhds per the Venus which is at 13/. This part of your Estate has hitherto been unproductive & will be so for another year, because the court of Spotsylvania have, on the petition of the Inspectors, order'd us to build two additional Warehouses, which order being *absolute*, I have been obliged to comply, and there are men now employ'd about them.

The demands against you in this country (a list of which is added) will prevent our making such Remittances on your account as you might expect. Not a Shilling of your debts have been received since my last except £25, due by M^{rs} Champe, the present Wife of Col^l Willis, who paid the principal but would allow no Interest. I was lately over the Ridge at Warner Washington's. He pleads poverty. Poor he is not, for he makes 100 Hhds 'Tob^o every year, but in place of paying his just debts he squanders the whole in profuse living. I believe I can get 1100 acres of land from him in Culpepper at £25 per hundred, but as you cannot hold any such property, and the taking a conveyance in my own name being a step that perhaps might be displeasing to you, I have done nothing decisive. I have offers of other lands, but without your positive Instructions I shall not venture to receive them. I need make no comment on British debts. You have formed a Just opinion of them—and to entertain the hope of receiving any sum, adequate even to the expence of travelling, is vain; for my own part I think it will be throwing money away, either to attend County

Courts or go to your debtors' houses where they live at a distance.

I enclose you a letter from your Brother, the contents of which you'll perceive from its being open I am acquainted with. It will serve chiefly to shew you his upright intentions. He talks of selling the Plantation Negroes &c as a matter of no difficulty; were he to to [*sic*] try to put it in practice, perhaps he might be convinced of his mistake. A property of that value cannot be turned into ready money, and to sell it on Credit to any man would be acting unwisely. For him to throw it up to your Attorneys, who are unacquainted with the management of it, would be equally so. The mode of settlement therefore which in my Idea would be most beneficial to you both, would be to let him have the plantation Negroes &c at a fair price, and on a statement of your Acc^{ts} to take his Bond for the Balance due You with Interest till discharged. Your Brother to be sure enjoys but an indifferent state of health; but this is the fault of his constitution, not of the climate. His other reasons for quitting Virginia are by no means weighty.

This I again beg leave to repeat, that it will be your Interest that Your Brother become the purchaser of the Culpepper Plantation Negroes &c. Whatever are your final determinations please be speedy in communicating them. Should y^r Brother die, those who he would Appoint his Executors would laugh at your Representatives. I know I am secretly hated by those people, who consider me as a barrier to a reconciliation between you and y^r Brother. They appear to know the whole story. Indeed I am accused by them of Fomenting the differ-

ence. This injurious aspersion gives me no uneasiness. The rectitude of my intentions, and a clear conscience in the matter, enables me to treat those who think so basely of me as they deserve. Your Brother I imagine knows better, and from the cordiality that subsists between us, I am certain he entertains no such suspicions. As to the Business in which we are engaged, if it is curtailed or given up I shall be thrown idle, and an idle inactive life is what I cannot bear the thoughts of; to continue our Business, can at no rate prove injurious. It is now fairly formed and daily growing, and to relinquish it now would be effectually losing a set of good Customers which it has cost us some pains to acquire.

Our back store is an object well worthy attention. All the honest dutch in that neighbourhood supply themselves from it, and it yeilds twice the ready money that y^e Fred^s Store does; the Cash Sales there will nearly average £80 per month, besides great quantities of loose Tob^o, wheat &c. Our remittances this Spring on the Company's acc^t I am hopeful will satisfy you. In consequence of a consignment from a friend in Jamaica, I have been paid the Balance due me by Mess^{rs} Sinclair & Bannatyne, £124 12s. 5½*d.*, for I gave M^r Brown, who was the consignee, an order for the Bal. which he received last August. In consequence of a consignment of a quantity of Herrings, Gin &c to Martha Brae in Jamaica previous to my leaving that Island, I have been a considerable Sufferer. The herrings being damaged on the passage round were sold to a loss, and contrary to my instructions on credit, the greatest part which being still uncollected, is in my A/C, after

giving me Credit for the Amount of the Sales, charged to my debit. I had some notion in the summer of going down to Jam^a, which I was induced to think of as I could have had a considerable consignment and was anxious to have Bal. due me there Remitted. On reflecting however on the Situation of y^r property here I saw the impropriety of leaving it & consequently gave out the intended trip.

I enclose you sundry Papers, but as M^r Anderson will forward them by a private hand to Edinburgh they will cost little postage. I will make Mess^{rs} L. C. & C^o a Remittance on my own Acc^t When the comp^y make their Spring Shipment. This letter is wrote in a great Hurry, as I am just come down from Culpepper (where I resided all Summer) and the last opportunity down to the Boy'd is about to set out. I fully intended to have done myself the honor of writing M^{rs} Glassell by this vessel, but my time is short. I will however make it up by next Ship, by writing both to you and her.

M^r Campbell is by no means included in the new citizens Bill, nor is there any necessity for a new power of Atty. If you think there is, Gen^l Stevens & M^r Somerville are permanent, proper people to be included in it; and they are men of Honor, and men of Business Warmly attachd to your Interest. You know M^r Campbell as well or perhaps better than myself, and I shoud be sorry were he to be withdrawn from the present Connection; I am well satisfied with him as a partner, and as he spent his youth in your service it will I daresay give you pleasure, if thro' your means he can acquire a small independence. I wish you may see Col^l M^cWilliams for sake of information, but from

what I have gathered lately, he has injured his affairs by imprudently Gaming, which will effectually prevent him from being in a situation to pay for your property here. This hint I give that you may be more guarded.

I rejoice to hear you have hopes of getting over your Complaints. I hope there is yet much health and happiness in Store for you. It mortifies me extremely that the situation of this country puts it out of my power, to be more serviceable in your affairs; I had formed the agreeable hopes of shewing my Unbounded gratitude and Affection to my Benefactor, by my unwearied attention to his Business & Interest, but this the Rascality of Mankind puts out of my reach. I will write you frequently during this Winter, giving you any intelligence that occurs which I may have Now omitted. I owe a great deal to many of Y^r friends here for their attention & Civilities. I beg you will present my best comp^s to M^{rs} Glassell and Y^r friends at Letham & Ed^r, and I remain with due Respect & Sincere Affection, My Dear Sir,

Y^r obliged h^{ble} Serv^t

W^M GLASSELL.

JOHN GLASSELL, ESQ^R.

Letter from William Glassell from Fredricksburg, Virginia, to the future Wife of the 7th Duke (Lord John Campbell), mentioning Washington family.

Friday, 14th August, 1789.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I wrote you fully in reply to yours of 27th February and 6th March, and am now to acknowledge receipt of your further esteem'd

favour of 9th May, which was doubly acceptable as it contained the agreeable tidings of Mr. G.'s recovery and of your being in tolerable health. I beg leave to return you my most grateful thanks for writing me so punctually, and beg you'll continue to do so as often as your leisure and opportunity permit. I enjoy perfect health tho' the summer has been aggressively warm and rather sickly. Mr. Campbell was nearly carried off. My last to Mr. G. were of 6th and 14th June; please to inform him his kind and salutary admonitions contain'd in your last shall have their proper influence, and that the reason of my not writing to him lately and by this conveyance, was my being closely engaged for a month past in Winding up the affairs of G. C. & Co. both in Culpeper and this place, which is now effected, and that not having yet come to a final close with Mr. Cr. about his wages, I do not wish to write till I can at once give him a full account of all things. Mr. Campbell and myself are now separated. The stock of goods on hand were fairly and proportionately divided, and the managing their affairs vested in me. As I had but few goods left in this store, I have sent the whole to Culpeper and shut up here till the Fall goods arrive; besides there is little doing here during this and the ensuing month in town, which time I mean to appropriate in looking after Mr. G.'s old debtors.

To-morrow I proceed for Culpeper quarterly Court, from whence I shall make a long tour over the ridge to the back Counties where there are many weighty sums due, and as it will be the end of month before I return it will be out of my power to write to Mr. G.

before the sailing of the October Packet. The new Government is fast acquiring energy, and such is my confidence in its being put into full operation, I have ventured to bring suits for some of the large debts, such as Warner Washington's, &c. In short, inform Mr. Glassell, I shall do my duty and take every step to acquit myself to his satisfaction; I have advice of all my orders being complied with.

I am much obliged to Mrs. Cathcart for her kind remembrance of me; I beg you will present my respectful compliments to her. Mr. & Mrs. Fitzhugh express the highest gratitude for the benevolent attention shewn their son by you and Mrs. Cathcart. Mrs. F. presents her Compliments to you both and requests you'll have the picture set in gold so as to be worn as a bracelet round the arm. No vessel has sail'd from this river for Glasgow, otherwise the Silver flaggon & Strainer with my Journal would have been sent you; I will however forward them by the Williamson, which will sail in November for London, from whence they can be readily convey'd by water to Leith. The Homminy shall not be forgotten. I had a letter a few days ago from Mr. Drinkwater, and am truly sorry to hear of the death of his amiable wife, Mrs. Drinkwater. It gives me pleasure to hear of the welfare of your friends at Letham and Edin'r. Pray remember me respectfully to them. I hope Mr. G. will accept my apology for not writing to him. That you may both long enjoy health and happiness is the sincere wish of, my dear Madam,

Yr. mt. aff. & obliged

W. G.

Friday, 14th Novr., 1789.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I wrote you fully the 14th August last of which the foregoing is a copy. This I think necessary to transmit as the original went by an uncertain conveyance to James River. I am happy to acknowledge receipt of your very acceptable letters of 1st July from Longniddy and 3rd August from Torthorwald. Your goodness in writing me so frequently lays me under the highest obligations; I hope neither you or Mr. G. will accuse me of neglect on acct. of my long silence. I was six weeks absent on my tour to the back Country, and since my return my time has been so completely arranging a new business that many conveyances to Britain have escaped me. As I have wrote fully to Mr. Glassell by this vessel a particular reply to your last esteemed favor is rendered unnecessary.

This fall has been sickly throughout the United States. The influenza has been very prevalent every where. Mr. Campbell was attack'd with it, accompanied by a Pleurisy and Nervous fever, which carried him off after only seven days' confinement. I visited him during his illness; he never suspected danger till within a few hours of his death. On this 'twere needless to make any comment. Daily experience shews the uncertainty of human life, and how necessary it is for every man, particularly those who are entrusted with the property of others, to have his affairs in the best and clearest train. For my own part, I have enjoyed a uncommon share of health. Exercise and temperance accord perfectly with

my constitution. I have just received a letter from Dr. James Law, and tho' time will not allow to avail myself of this opportunity of writing to him I shall not fail to cultivate his correspondence. It is an object with me to acquire the friendship of all such worthy characters. His attention to his little charge Tom Fitzhugh gives me an high opinion of his benevolence. All Mr. G.'s old friends here are still in life except The old Lady Washington, who died about three months ago.

Of late no homeward-bound vessel has sailed for Glasgow ; of consequence I have been disappointed in forwarding many little articles which were intended, but by the Williamson of London they shall all be sent. You make no mention of your friends at Letham and Ed'r. in your late letters. I hope they are all well and request you to present my best Compliments to them. I am glad to hear you intend soon to take little Mary home with you, and hope she will do credit to the kind care you are disposed to take of her. Hereafter both you and Mr. G. shall hear more regularly from me. It really affords me the truest happiness to find that his health continues to improve, and the greatest favour you can possibly confer will be to let me hear as often from Longniddy as your convenience will allow. I once more make cordial acknowledgement for your kindness in writing me so punctually, and am with very high respect and sincere affection, my dear Madam,

Your much obliged hble. Serv.

WM. GLASSELL.

THE EXPEDITION TO HOLLAND IN 1799

*Letters from Lord John Campbell to the Duke
of Argyll.*

BARHAM DOWNS, *August 5th, '99.*

MY DEAR FATHER,

We received orders to march to Sandwich to-morrow, where we are to encamp that night and embark the next morning on board ship. It is certainly Holland that we are going to attack, as we are only to take ten days' provision with us—so much we are to take, because it is supposed the enemy will have driven away the cattle from the sea coast.

The men assembled here amount to 11,500, but it is only the second Brigade of Guards consisting of the 21st Battns. of the Coldstream and third Regts. that are ordered to march to-morrow; the other Regts. will embark at different places. I will if possible write to you again before we sail; if not, as soon as the first dispatches are sent Home. With Love to all,

I remain your affec^{te}

J. D. CAMPBELL.

On board the *Content* Transport
in the Downs, *August 9th, '99.*

MY DEAR FATHER,

We embarked at Ramsgate the day before yesterday, and it has blown so hard ever since

that it is only this moment that the Captain would allow a boat to be sent on shore. The 1st and second Brigade of Guards are all embarked, and the Regiments of the Line are expected to be all on board by to-morrow evening, after which it is supposed we shall sail the first fair wind. The common opinion is that we are to land at Hamburgh, but of course this is merely conjecture.

As I have not time to write to Charlotte if she is not with you, you can inclose this to her. With Love to all,

I remain Your affect

J. D. CAMPBELL.

SAND HILLS, NEAR HELDER,
August 28th, 1799.

MY DEAR FATHER,

After having been blown about in the North Sea for 9 days we anchored off this coast on Wednesday the 22nd Inst., but another Gale of wind coming on we were again driven to sea, and could not again Make the Land till the evening of the 26th, by which Means the Enemy had time to prepare a force of about 7,000, chiefly Dutch. We Landed yesterday Morning at daylight under cover of several Gun vessels. The 27th Regt. and some Companies of the Coldstream succeeded in driving the Enemy from the Sand Hills next the Shore, and soon after some other Regt. of the line with the 1st Regt. of Guards and Grenadier Battn. Got into action, and continued to drive the Enemy tho slowly along the ridge of Sand Hills which run parrallel to the sea; they did not give over firing, however, till about 4 o'clock in

the afternoon, when they retreated towards Altemaar, as we learnt this Morning from the deserters. About 900 Men Stationed in the Fort near Helder evacuated it in the Night, so that Nothing will now prevent our ships from sailing into the Texel and taking all the Dutch Ships, amounting to ten or 12 Sail of the Line. The Town of Helder is of course in our possession. None of our things or provisions are as yet come on Shore, as the Surf runs very high on the beach, but they will be all Landed to-morrow at Helder. The 3rd Regt. was not in Action. The Staff as you will see by the Gazette has suffered pretty severely. You must excuse this scrawl, as I have nothing to write upon but my knee, and have with difficulty obtained a wretched pen from a Sergt. With Love to all,
I remain your affect.

J. D. CAMPBELL.

As soon as I can I will give you a further account of our proceedings.

HELDER, *August 31st, 1799.*

We have been stationery ever since the Action of the 27th, waiting till the ships could come into the Texel and take the Dutch Fleet, which service they performed last night or early this morning. They surrendered without fighting, but I have not yet heard the number of men of war taken. Our Baggage is now landing, but we are only allowed to take a small portmanteau with us when we move; the rest of the Baggage is to be given in to Store at this place. No Tents are allowed to be taken even for the Men; we have lain upon the ground ever since the engagement, and the greatest part of us without

any thing to cover us. I have been lucky enough the last two nights to get a place in Coll. Coply's Tent, which is one of the common Dutch Soldiers' Tents, and of course not very good. I have just heard that we are to move forwards to-morrow; it is uncertain whether the Enemy have retreated to Altemaar or not, but they have retreated a good way, and a party of our Cavalry which landed this morning are sent forward to observe their Motions.

I am at this place with a party of Men sent to carry the Blankets, Chattles, etc. of the Battalion to the place where they are, which is about six miles off. I am writing this in a Coffee room with twenty people looking over me, so that I can add no more at present, but remain.

Your affec.

J. D. CAMPBELL.

PETTEN, *Sept. 11th, 1799.*

MY DEAR FATHER,

The Day after I wrote to you from Helder, the Army marched, and took up a Position having their right in front of this village, which is close to the sea, and their left extended to the Zuyder-Zee. Ever since we arrived we have been throwing up works, and strengthening our outposts by every possible means, notwithstanding which the Enemy yesterday morning, a little before Day break, began to attack us at the next post but one to the one in front of this village, and soon after the attack became general along our whole lines, except at this post, which being covered by a Frigate and two Gun Vessels, obliged the Collumn that advanced against it to retreat before they could

come within Musket Shot, and from the Situation of the Ground they could not bring up any Cannon ; I was stationed in front of this battery with 50 men at the time they advanced, but was soon called in to make room for our Guns to play upon them. The French Grenadiers who attacked the posts upon our left behaved with the greatest bravery, charging up to the very Muzzels of our Guns several times ; our men, however, were so much covered by a Dyke and the works they had thrown up, that the French, after many fruitless attempts, were obliged to retreat, leaving the Ground covered with their Dead and wounded ; of course we do not know exactly what we have lost as yet, but I am told it will not amount to 200 killed and wounded, whilst that of the Enemy at the most Moderate computation must be 1,000. Another attack was expected last Night or this morning, but nothing took place except a few shots between their rifle men and our Patroles, and as we can see them entrenching themselves, it is presumed they are too much disgusted with their yesterday's reception to renew the attack. We shall in all probability wait here till the Russians or the Duke of York arrives to assist us ; as I have now been 60 hours on Duty I shall retire to bed. With Love to all I remain

Yours affec^{tl}y

J. D. CAMPBELL.

NEAR PETTEN, *Sept. 15th, '99.*

MY DEAR FATHER,

I have only just time to tell you that 7,000 Russians are arrived, and that the Duke of York is also with us. Yesterday and to-day

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two very large Fleets were seen going in to the Texel. The French have scarce ventured to show themselves since the 10th Inst. The Dispatches are just going off.

Yours affec^t

J. D. CAMPBELL.

ST. MARTIN'S BROOK,
Sept. 18th, '99.

MY DEAR FATHER,

I am but just returned from one of the outposts, where I have been on Duty 24 hours, and am informed Letters go to-day at 12, so I have only time to tell you I am well and that nothing worthy of Notice has occurred since the 10th except the arrival of the Russians and Duke of York. All well. I remain

Yours affec^{ly}

J. D. CAMPBELL.

Love to all. I have received all your letters of the 7th, 9th, etc., but have no time to answer them to-day.

ST. MARTIN'S BROOK,
Sept. 25th, 1799.

MY DEAR FATHER,

Nothing has occurred worthy of Notice since the Action of which I sent so long an account to Charlotte. There is one thing, however, I think hard upon us Subalterns of the 3rd Regt., which is that all the Ensⁿ of the Coldstream and 8th Regt. go home on promotion, but owing to some whim of — we are to remain. Now I confess, tho' I am willing to take my turn of Duty, I think those of the 2nd Battn. ought to take their share also. There are

now only three before me, and it is possible if we go home on promotion that I may get home in the course of the winter; if not I may be obliged to stay till the Regt. returns, which may be some time. I doubt not, a word from you might rectify the business.

Yours,

J. D. CAMPBELL.

ST. MARTINS, *Sep.* 30th, 1799.

MY DEAR FATHER,

We Marched at 3 o'clock yesterday Morning to attack the Enemy's lines, but before we got to the place of our destination we received orders to return to our quarters. The reason of the attack's being put off I do not know, but I believe it was in consequence of the high wind which prevented the Gun Vessels from coming near the Shore to assist a large portion of our force which was to go by the sands from Petten and attack the Enemy in the rear; we are every moment expecting orders to March. The unfavourableness of the weather may perhaps delay it for a day or two, but something decisive must take place soon. I am perfectly recovered of the illness I had in consequence of wading through the Canals on the 19th. With Love to all, I remain yours affec^{tly}

J. D. CAMPBELL.

Lord Frederick Campbell to the Duke of Argyll.

COMBANK, *Thursday,*
Oct'r 3rd [1799].

Lord John's Letter, my dear Brother, which is now return'd, gave me more Satisfaction



George

than I can express. It is indeed a wonderful Letter from so young a Soldier after The First and very warm Action in which he had ever been engag'd. For it marks out great Good Sense, Spirit and Firmness, the principal Qualifications to make a Great Man and a good General, which I hope and trust He will live to be.

I have heard very good accounts lately of your better Health and Spirits. I rejoice to have Them confirm'd by yourself, and that you are able to talk over and think about Two Elections, which must now be over immediately, without any real Cause of Alarm. Sr. Arch'd. Edmonstone is here in very good Health and Spirits—perfectly satisfy'd that, all Circumstances consider'd, it became necessary that Sr. James Colquhoun's Son should Represent the County of Dunbarton.

I put the Purchaser of my House, The Lord Mayor of London, in possession on Thursday last, and at the same Time I took up my Bed and walk'd to Argyll House, where I slept very comfortably, and since you are so good as to allow me to be there, I shall every now and then make it a Visit, Tho' nothing but Business shall force me to London, and that now can neither be frequent or pressing.

Lady Ailesbury, as I think I told you from Strawberry Hill, is wonderfully well and cheerful, and Mrs. Damer, Tho' I did not particularly mention her, not less so.

We have lately had wonderfully Rains and Floods—a Great deal of Grain of almost every sort still out. The last Three days have been fair. But Rain seems again to be coming. With great attention and a great Many Hands I have contriv'd This *Morning* to finish my

Harvest. I am told that some Wheat in this Neighbourhood has begun to grow, but not to any Great Quantity. Mine, I am just told, has been put into the Barn in tolerable good order.

I feel very anxious, as I am sure you must, to hear that our Army has, without much Loss, got out of the desperate Situation in which from Circumstances They have been plac'd. To say the Truth I can think of nothing else. But neither Papers or Letters say anything to-day.

Lady Fred'k joins me in affectionate Good Wishes to you and all your Children, who are now around you, and We both most heartily Wish that you may long keep together, the true Source of real Happyness and Comfort.

Yours, my Dear Brother,

Most affectionately,

FRED'K CAMPBELL.

To Lord John Campbell.

BANDON, *August 6th*, 1800.

DEAR LORD JOHN,

You got a letter yesterday from Captn. Thwaites to acquaint you that the Battalion had received orders to be *in Readiness* for Embarkation.

I understand we shall first sail for Portsmouth—where you may join us.

You shall be written to when we receive further orders.

I beg my best respects to the Duke and all your family.

Believe very faithfully, &c.

S. GROSVENOR.

Col. Murray is in Scotland and has been written to by the Brigade Major.

A SCOTTISH ELECTION A CENTURY AGO

1801-1802

THE following letters show the manner of starting a candidate for a Scots county seat a little over a hundred years ago. Lord John Campbell's cause found good support in Dunbartonshire.

It is notable how an old bad spelling has been perpetuated in spelling the name of the old fort Dum- instead of Dun-barton. Dun-Brittan is the oldest and best form—the fort of the Britons. The people who spelled and spell Dum- might as well call North Britain M.B. !

Mr. James Ferrier to the Duke of Argyll.

MY LORD DUKE,

I return the Duke of Montrose's Letter. The President thinks your Grace should frankly agree to forward his views in Stirling shire, as that will give you some claim on him in Dunbarton shire. But the truth, I believe, is that, except with Sir Arch^d Edmonstone, your Grace has no interest now in Stirling shire, as Sir Alex^r Campbell & Mr. John Campbell have sold their votes, and I have given up mine.

Sir Arch^d wishes much to have his son Charles in for Dumbarton shire, and by frankly agreeing to support the Duke of Montrose in Stirling

shire his claim to support in Dumbarton shire will be the stronger. I have the honour to be with the greatest respect, my Lord Duke,

Your Grace's much faithful Ser^v

J. A. FERRIER.

Ed^r. 23 Novr. 1801.

Mr. James Ferrier to Lord Frederick Campbell.

MY LORD,

I was so lucky as to find Lord Lorne & Lord John together yesterday at Woodhall, and with Shawfield's assistance, but not without difficulty, in a few minutes got Lord John's consent to declare him a Candidate for Dumbarton shire, and all hands set to work, some to write, some to fold, some to seal, his circular Letters, which I put into the Post Office at Glasgow within five hours after our meeting at Woodhall. In coming along I have only met with one Freeholder, Mr. Buchanan of Drumakeln. He had not got his Letter, but, without waiting for it, promised to write to Lord John this day, that he will most willingly support him, which is so far well, as he is a near neighbour & personal friend of the Duke of Montrose's.

Sir James Colquhoun had previously called on me, to ask about Dumbarton shire, and I had told him as much as I thought myself at liberty to divulge. Before leaving Ed^r I waited on him and told him what was true, that I found some of the Duke of Argyll's friends would not vote for his son, or any of his family, but would prefer M^r Glasford, and as he would probably be satisfied soon that his son has no chance I wished to be able to tell the Argyll family what to expect, in the event of a Contest betwixt

Lord John & Mr. Glasford. He answered that undoubtedly he would in that case support Lord John. My belief at present is that there will be no contest, that Lord John will be unanimously elected. By the way Shawfield wrote to Gartmore *his cousin*, & seem'd to think he would probably gain him, as they are friends, as well as Relations.

The only thing which I thought of and did not see done was Lord Lorne's writing a civil Letter to the Duke of Montrose, but Shawfield undertook to keep his Lordship in mind, and I have no doubt that it is done by this time.

Terrible frost & snow this length, but I am told it is not so bad in Argyll shire. I have the honour to be with great respect, My Lord,

Your Lordship's much obliged faithful ser^v

J. A. FERRIER.

INN,

Sunday, 3 Jany. 1802.

MR HON^{BLE} LORD FREDK. CAMPBELL.

Mr. James Ferrier to the Duke of Argyll.

Jan^y 21, 1802.

MY LORD DUKE,

This is the first Letter I have attempted to write since I left your Grace, and you will be so good as excuse its being a short one as my fingers are not yet very sound. We have met with some rubs in Dumbartonshire, particularly from the Duke of Montrose, who does not approve of Lord John's standing a Candidate, yet it is said his Grace is not to oppose, and as yet no other Candidate is openly in the feild. Meantime, by the friendship of Sir James Colquhoun, who has of new declared to Lord

Lorne & Lord John his attachment to your Grace and your family, & his resolution to support Lord John against every person except his own son, Lord John's election is considered to be secured, and I think, as at first, that he will not be opposed.

Lord Lorne two days ago sent a note to M^r Dundas desiring a meeting, to express his desire that Ministry will not interfere. I do not know if the meeting has yet taken place, but the President tells me, that Ministry *certainly* will not interfere against your Grace. The business is therefore I think in very good train.

I have the honour to be with the utmost respect, My Lord Duke,

Your Grace's much obliged faithful ser^v
JA. FERRIER.

ED^s, 21 Jan^y 1802.

Mr. James Ferrier to the Duke of Argyll.

Jan^y 27, 1802.

MY LORD DUKE,

I have just been at Woodburn seeing Lord Lorne set out for London after settling with him & Lord John the steps necessary to be immediately taken in regard to politicks. Mr. Glasford is now openly in the feild supported by the Duke of Montrose, and Major Colquhoun has also declared himself a candidate. The last will find that he has not a vote in the County beyond his Father & two Uncles—of course I expect in terms of what they have said & written that they will give up the canvass & join Lord John, who will then stand 16 to 12, as your Grace will see by the enclosed List, and there are five not declared,

the three last of whom represent familys who were in use to go with your Grace and I know no reason for their not doing so on this occasion. Two of them live in London and are to be attack'd by Lord Lorne on his arrival there. The third is Nephew to Mr. Allan at the Row, whom I have desired to stir in securing him, and I have no doubt will do it.

Lord Lorne will have inform'd your Grace that Mr. Dundas has promised a neutrality, and conceded some other points that your Grace & his Lordship wish'd to have settled, and that in return his Lordship is to try to get Sir Archibald Edmonstone to support Sir Rob^r Abercromby in Stirling shire at the General Election.

I have the honour to be with the utmost respect, My Lord Duke,

Your Grace's much obliged faithful ser^v

J. A. FERRIER.

ED^s, 27 Jan^y 1802.

For Lord John.

- Lord President.
- Sir Arch^d Edmonstone.
- Peaton.
- Sir James Colquhoun.
- 5 Lord Fred^k Campbell.
- L^t Co^l Lo^d Colquhoun.
- Charles Edmonstone.
- Co^l W^m Colquhoun.
- Arch^d Campbell Succoth.
- 10 Hector M^dDonald Buchanan.
- Airds.
- Major James Colquhoun.
- Lord John Campbell.
- General Geils.
- 15 Mr. Rouat Smollett.
- x Co^l James Campbell.

Not Declared.

Mr. Garlshore.
 Mr. Fergusson Raith.
 Mr. Yuill Darleith.
 Mr. Buchanan Drumhead.
 Mr. Donald Lylestone.

For Mr. Glasford.

Lord Methven.
 Gartmore.
 Mr. Buchanan Ardoch.
 Mr. Dennistoun.
 5 Ditto Junior.
 Cap^t Lennox.
 Mr. Hamilton Barns.
 Mr. Colquhoun Garcader.
 x Mr. Douglas.
 10 x Mr. Glasford.
 x Hon^{ble} W^m Elphinstone.
 x Mr. Adam.

N.B.—Those having a x before their names are not yet on the Roll, but are to claim to be enrolled at the Election.

Lord John Campbell to the Duke of Argyll.

MY DEAR FATHER,

I had yesterday some further conversation with Major Colquhoun. He told me that, tho' he was not at liberty fully to explain Himself, He entertained not the least doubt of success at the next General Election. Now I know the only Chance He can Have is the Duke of Montrose giving up Mr. Glasford and supporting Major Colquhoun with the Glasford party.

I think therefore it might not be improper to write to those Gentlemen who have voted

for Mr. Glasford from Motives of personal Friendship only (and who probably would not support any other Man the Duke might propose), requesting to Know whether, in the Event of Mr. Glasford's not being Eligible at the Gen'l Election or His giving up His claims, they would support me rather than Major Colquhoun? If you think this a proper Measure I will consult Ferrier immediately upon the Subject, and if he approves will put it in execution directly.

Your affectionate

J. D. CAMPBELL.

Thursday.

(*Endorsed*) Feb. 1802. Lord John about Election.

Mr. Robert Campbell to Colonel Graham.

6th Feby. 1802.

DEAR SIR,

Yesterday I wrote you a few lines by a private opportunity. I was sorry to learn that the note I sent you from Lylestown at 2 o'clock did not reach you till you was almost starved to death between six and seven, and to add to your misfortunes that you set out at 6 o'clock next morning, so that you must have had some hours of the worst weather possible. I hope, however, that you got safe home, and that you found Mrs. Graham and your young folks well. As there can be no impropriety in communicating the little I know of the Political Matters in which we must feel equally interested to *you*, I beg leave to mention that the Glasford Party are very active.

After parting with you on Tuesday I called

upon Mr. John Donald, where I learned that he had been dining at Capt. Lenoxes on Monday, where he met with Mr. Glasford, who had been visiting the Lochlmondside Freeholders that forenoon, though I believe with little success. I met with Lord John near Dumbarton, accompanied him to Captain Lenoxes, who received his Lordship with much politeness, but informed him that he had given his vote to Mr. Glasford. Called upon Mr. Donald, who adhering to the advice of his friends not to declare himself, immediately returned to Levenside, and next morning called upon Captain Mollet who gives Lord John his hearty support, upon Colonel Ludovic Colquhoun who seems equally well disposed to support his Lordship next to his own Nephew, who does not yet seem fully determined. Called at Rossdac in the absence of Major Colquhoun, who met us upon his return and seem'd much pleased with his Lordship's visit, which he will probably return if his Lordship makes any stay here on his way to Inveraray.

Lord John returned to Levenside on Wednesday evening, and I stoped at Dumbarton in order to make some private inquiries about a report which prevails that matters are going wrong there. As I supposed Captain Davidson to be the most proper person to give me information, I walked up to Dalkeith, and finding him from home returned about 10 Clock at night. Next morning I saw the two Bailies as if by accident. I find that the former oposition party are endeavouring to take advantage of the discontents which the disbanding of the Burgh Voluntiers have occasioned, but that matters are not so bad as represented. Mr. Ferrier is

apprised of their situation, to which I have no doubt he will attend, though he would not I dare say thank me for troubling myself about matters which do not immediately concern me. I will most certainly do no harm, and I think it my duty to give Lord John any information which I can procure. As Dumbarton is the returning Burgh at the next Election, I should suppose it very material to retain it.

I came to Mr. Donalds on thursday (after seeing Lord John in the morning) compleatly wet. I find he is hard pressed by all parties, but I trust he will ultimately adhere to the interest which his Father and Grandfather supported. Lord John was here for a few hours yesterday; we expect him again this day or to-morrow.

I am, Dear Sir,

Sincerely Yours,

ROBT. CAMPBELL.

Mr. James Ferrier to the Duke of Argyll.

MY LORD DUKE,

I send you a view of Dumbarton shire, as it stands at this time, from which you will see that Lord John stands fair to be returned, even if the Colquhouns were not to join him, and that with them he will have a great majority. The only danger to be apprehended is the other party joining Major Colquhoun, and then to be sure the matter may become very difficult, for even if the Election shall come on before the 29th July, and which we must try to bring about, there will be 12 good votes against Lord John, and if all these were to join Major Colquhoun they would give him a majority of one. I am

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hopeful, however, that all of them will not be so condescending as to transfer in that manner, and in that case we must prevail. This much seems to be clear—that Mr. Glasford cannot succeed, and that either Lord John or Major Colquhoun must be returned, for the Colquhouns cannot join him or any other having promised to vote for Lord John next to themselves.

I have the honour to be with the utmost respect, My Lord Duke,

Your Gracc's much obliged faithful ser^v
JA. FERRIER.

ED^r, 23 *June*, 1802.

Vieu, 22 *June*, 1802.

- Lord President.
 Sir Arch^d Edmonstone.
 Peaton.
 Lord Frederick Campbell.
 5 Charles Edmonstone.
 Arch^d Campbell Succoth.
 Hector M^eDonald Buchanan.
 Airds.
 Lord John Campbell.
 10 General Geils.
 Mr. Rouat Smollett.
 Mr. Yuille Darlcith.
 Mr. Donald Lylestone.
 Co^l James Campbell.
 15 Rev^d George Edmonstone.

Sir James Colquhoun.
 Co^l W^m Colquhoun.
 Co^l Lo^d Colquhoun.
 Major Colquhoun.

Lord Methven.
 Gartmore.
 Mr. Buchanan of Ardoch.

- Mr. Dennistoun.
5 Ditto Junior.
Cap^t Lennox.
Mr. Hamilton Barns.
Mr. Colquhoun of Garrcadder.
Mr. Douglas of Nairns.
10 Mr. Fergusson of Raith.
Mr. Buchanan Dunlop Drumhead.
Mr. Adam.

Hon^{ble} W^m Elphinstone. *Bad.*
Mr. Glasford not ready till 29 July, 1802.

LETTERS FROM LORD JOHN CAMPBELL
WHILE TRAVELLING ON THE CON-
TINENT IN THE YEAR 1803

Lord John Campbell to the Duke of Argyll.

ARGYLL HOUSE,
Tuesday, 1st Feb^y [1803?].

MY DEAR FATHER,

The late melancolly event prevented my appearance at the Birthday or any court day that has taken place since, but on Wednesday next George and me are to go to the Levee, and the day after I propose starting on my way to Dover. With regard to my stay upon the Continent, I am sure I shall not wish to stay a day longer than may be agreable to you. The supplies you have been so Kind as to send me by Ferrier you may depend upon being managed with as much economy as I am master of, and I do not doubt they will be sufficient for me for a long time. I was very Happy to hear that you are so well, and I hope Charlotte will soon be with you, which will enliven the society of the Castle much. I shall write from Dover and from Calais.

I have desired young Farquhar to take care of my Letters; when you write to me, therefore, direct them to Mess^{rs} Herries, Farquhar & C^o, S^t James's Street, London.

I remain, my Dear Father,

Yours affec^y,

J. D. CAMPBELL.

Lord John Campbell to the Marquis of Lorne.

PARIS, March 5th, 1803.

DEAR GEORGE,

We arrived Here, as you probably know from Lewis, on the 21st Feby., and I have been constantly employed since that time in seeing the curiosities of the place. The Gallery of the Louvre you probably recollect seeing before the revolution, as I am told there was at that time a collection of Pictures in it. Bonaparte has now added all those brought from Italy, and it contains at present 950 Pictures by the most celebrated Masters, and I am told they Have nearly Half as many more yet unpacked for which they Have no room. The Gallery is 1,700 feet in length. In rooms below are arranged all the Antique Statues, with many of which I was much delighted.

All the publick Buildings which existed before the revolution you are probably acquainted with. Of these the Cathedral of Notre Dame Has not suffered Much. The Pictures and Tapestry indeed are taken away, but the Building and the two beautiful circular windows of Painted Glass are in perfect preservation. The Pantheon is not yet finished tho' begun in 1758, but will be, I think, in the inside very beautiful indeed, and from the top, which is 300 feet High, we Had a charming view of Paris and its environs. The clearness of the atmosphere, from the absence of coal smoke I presume, surprised me much; from this High situation I could see very distant parts of the Town with more accuracy than one can see across a street in London. You will perhaps recollect the marble pavement of the church and Dome of L'Hospital des Invalides;

tho' decorated with Crowns and other insignia of Royalty, it Has by some accident escaped the fury of the Revolutionary Mobs : from the *Corniche* or *Friezes* are suspended 1,800 Standards taken in the last war.

Of the other Buildings you may remember, the *ci-devant* Palace of the Luxembourg is converted into the residence of the conservative Senate, and the magnificent House of the Prince de Condé on the other side of the River is at present the Hall of Assembly of the Legislative Body. The Thuilleries, you know, is the Consular Palace. What was formerly the *Garde Meubles de Roy* is the residence of *Le Ministre de La Marine*, who gave a Ball the other day at which I was present : all the Men in uniform or dress coats, except the ancient Nobles who Have been allowed to return ; they appear in plain clothes. The Ladies were Magnificently *undressed*.

To-day we are going to be presented to Mons. Tallyrand, and to-morrow we are to be presented to the first Consul. I have already seen Him at the Opera for a Moment, but after to-morrow I shall be able to describe Him more perfectly ; at the distance I saw Him He appeared very like the busts you see in London.

March 6th.—Yesterday after I Had written the above we were presented to M. Tallérand, the Minister of the Interior. He resembles nothing so much as a dead man. His feet are distorted in a Shocking Manner, and I think He deserves well of His country for Having by unremitting perseverance learned to walk upon them. This Morning at 11 we went with Lady — to see the grand parade. We were admitted into the passage leading to the Salle

des Ambassadeurs in the palace of the Thuilleries. The parade, consisting of about 7 or 8,000 men, being formed, Bonaparte mounted His white Horse and rode to the right of the line, passing close to the window where I was. He was dressed in a blue coat with broad white facings and Gold Epaulets, white pantaloons and Military boots. His Hat was quite plain, without any lace or ornament of any Kind. After riding along the lines both without and within the Iron rails, He returned to the great door of the Palace, where He sat on Horseback for some time delivering Sabres and Muskets of Honor to several Soldiers. He then went upstairs with His Generals, where he remained till near 3 o'clock, at which time we were admitted to the Levee or drawing room.

A circle is immediately formed round the room ; the 3 Consuls stand at the fireplace, Bonaparte in the Middle. As soon as the people are all assembled He begins talking to the persons next Him, and goes round just like the King. He talked a good while to Lord Whitworth, who presented Me and about 13 others. I stood close to Him, and Had a good opportunity of examining His countenance. He Has Hair Straight and rather darker than yours ; the Shape of His Head very like Mine ; His Eyes light Grey, not much Eye brow ; the Brow projecting a good deal, but not so much as is represented in the casts at London. His Nose is large and prominent, but Has not that sudden rise in the middle which mine Has, and as His Busts Have, but resembles William Campbell's more ; his complexion is uncommonly sallow, His Beard very dark but not thickset, and apparently not newly shaved. His teeth are

very fine, and when He Laughs or smiles the expression of His face is quite charming. His Highth, I should think, is as nearly Mine as possible, He is certainly no taller. His limbs are small but straight Kneed and neatly made. He was dressed in the consular coat, which is crimson Velvet richly embroidered, white Breeches and silk Stockings. After having gone round the circle He placed Himself between Cambaceres and Le Brun, and made 3 bows of dismissal, on which we all retired.

I am so tired I must now go to bed, as a cruel French Master attacks me at 7 o'clock in the morning. Adieu.

Yours affect'y,

J. D. CAMPBELL.

NOTE.—The reception at the Tuileries, when Lord John Campbell accompanied Lord Whitworth and spoke to the First Consul, was the gathering immediately preceding that at which Bonaparte “flew at” Lord Whitworth, abusing the British for not fulfilling the terms of the Treaty regarding their evacuation of Malta. Thiers, in his “History of the Consulate and the Empire,” does not mention the order given by Napoleon for the arrest of all Englishmen travelling in France. It was this order which was so nearly ending Lord John’s journey in a French prison, a fate that actually did overtake his friend Robertson. It was soon after this curious and capricious seizure of harmless travellers that the preparations were made at Boulogne for the invasion of England, and not long before the Duc d’Enghien was arrested in German territory, brought to Vincennes, and shot in the *fossé* of that fortress on a proved charge of fighting against

his native country, France. Napoleon believed him to be among the would-be assassins of himself, as well as the mortal enemy of the Republic—and “La République, c’est moi,” was at that time his description of himself.

Lord John Campbell to the Duke of Argyll.

ULM EN SOUABE, *July 17th* [1803].

MY DEAR FATHER,

You will no doubt be surprised at the date of this letter, as Ulm is by no Means in the direct road to any port from whence I can embark for England. Soon after writing to you on the 22nd of June, I left Lausanne, and spent a few days in seeing the Lakes of Neuchatel and Bienne, and in passing through Yverdun I saw Mademoiselle de la Chaise, who was anxiously waiting for an opportunity of going to England, and as that was not likely to happen soon, I offered her a place in our Carriage, which she accepted, and said she would join us at Bern, where I proposed remaining a few days to see the environs. She came accordingly on the 8th inst., and on the 9th we set out, meaning to pass by Zurich and Schaffhausen in order to see those places, but on the road we were advised to avoid Zurich as the French Officer there had been particularly severe against the English. In consequence of this we stopped at Baden, and sent for our letters which we expected at Zurich.

Unfortunately an order arrived in the Night to arrest the English all over Switzerland as had been before executed in France, and early in the morning The French Officer Commanding at

Baden went to Robertson's Room and forced him to give his parole that he would not attempt to escape; he enquired particularly after me, but Robertson told him that he did not know where I was, and he left the Inn without seeing me. As soon as I heard of this, I dressed myself in women's clothes belonging to Mademoiselle, and walked out of the town without being suspected. I concealed myself for the rest of the day in a wood about 3 miles from the Town, and in the Evening Mademoiselle, who had a Swiss passport, came for me in a carriage, and with her I passed the Frontiers in Character of her "Femme de Chambre"!!! She returned to Yverdun, not chusing to accompany me to England, and I came here to wait for news from Robertson, who has some hopes of being released in quality of Physician. As soon as I hear from him I shall write to you; in the meantime I am here in perfect Health, and have my French Servant with me for Interpreter. Gardener was arrested with Robertson.

Adieu, my dear Father; believe Me

Yours affect'y,

J. D. CAMPBELL.

Lord John Campbell to the Duke of Argyll.

VIENNA, July 27th, 1803.

MY DEAR FATHER,

I arrived here the day before yesterday, and have been much delighted with my voyage down the Danube: it is very fortunate that I came here, for Mr. Paget is going to England on the 10th of next month, and has proposed to me to accompany him, which I have, of

course, accepted. By that means all difficulties relative to my embarkment will be done away ; in the meantime I shall see all that is worth seeing here, and on our way we shall pass through Dresden, Berlin, &c.

I have not yet heard from Robertson, but I cannot entertain any hopes that he will get released before the other English who are taken prisoners, and when that may be it is difficult to say. My Health is perfectly good ; on that head you may be perfectly easy. With love to Charlotte, Augusta, &c., I remain

Your Affec'te

J. D. CAMPBELL.

LETTERS FROM M. DE SAUSSURE

1803-1806

THE father of this De Saussure was the first man to climb Mont Blanc in 1788. He died in 1799. His son, the writer of these letters, inherited much of his father's talent, and was very hospitable to English travellers.

M. de Saussure to Lord John Campbell.

GENÈVE, 2 Juin, 1803.

MY LORD,

Je vous envoie sous ce pli une lettre de crédit de Mess^{rs} Hentsch & C^o, sur Lausañe, Bâle et Francfort, de 5627^{ll} de f^{ce}; dont vous ferès usage suivant votre convenance.

Ces Messieurs ont retenu pour provision et port de lettres £116 19: Ils m'ont livré 50 Louis, soit 735^{ll} argent Courant de Genève, que j'ai livré à votre Courrier pour solder vos comptes.

Vous verrès que le dit Courrier m'a remboursé 270^{ll} 12 sols de f^{ce}, dont 78^{ll} pour diverses avances que j'ai faites pour vous et p: M^r Robertson, et huit Louis, soit 192^{ll} de f^{ce}, pour paier le portrait que j'ai envoyé à My Lord Lorne. J'ai pensé, My Lord, qu'il vous seroit facile de vous faire rembourser cet objet par votre frère. Voilà vos affaires d'argent en règle; et voicy d'autres dont je dois vous rendre compte.

J'ai passé hier à Sécheron ches Milady Beverley;

je lui ai remis votre lettre et celle de Madame de Staël. J'en ai été fort bien reçu. Elle a accepté avec empressement l'invitation de Mad. de Staël pour Vendredi : elle sera charmée de faire sa connaissance. Je suis invité à passer la soirée avec elle chez Madame Taeretine. Je joins yci deux lettres que Lord Beverley m'envoie. Il vous a remplacé dans l'appartement que vous avés quitté, mais ce n'est point la même chose pour nous. Vous nous manquès extrêmement l'un & l'autre.

Ma femē a trouvé la persoēne qui lui est recommandée fort malade, et elle se voit obligée de lui doñer la journée de demain. Je l'emploierai de mon côté à arranger quelques affaires ; mais nous serons libres Samedi, et nous venons de nous arranger avec Madame Cazenove pour partir avec elle pour Lausañe ce jour là. Nous dînerons à *la Tête Noire*, et nous vous y doñons rendès vous. Présentès s.v.p. nos excuses à Madame de Staël, et exprimès lui tout le regret que nous avons eu de la quitter. Nous la devancerons d'un jour à Lausañe, et si elle a quelque ordre à nous doñer tell her, we are at her devotion.

Adieu, My Lord ; our best compl^{ts} to M: Robertson. I am with greatest regard

Your most humb^e

SAUSSURE.

Voulès vous bien assurer Monsieur Necker de nos respects.

[*Translation.*]

GENEVA, 2nd June, 1803.

MY LORD,

I enclose herewith a letter of credit to Messrs. Hentsch & Co. for Lausanne, Basle, and Frankfort, for 5627 French livres, which you will use according to your convenience.

These gentlemen have retained against postage of letters and in case of emergency £116 19s. They delivered me 50 louis, which I delivered to your courier to pay your account.

You will note that your courier repaid me 270 livres 12 sous, of which 78 for divers advances made by me for you and Mr. Robertson, and 8 louis, or 192 frs., to pay the portrait which I have sent to Lord Lorne. I thought, my Lord, you would easily be able to get this sum back from your brother. So much for your own money matters, and now for other matters.

I was at Sécheron yesterday at Lady Beverley's; I gave her your letter and the one from Mme. de Staël. I was very well received by her. She accepted with alacrity Mme. de Staël's invitation for Friday: she will be charmed to make her acquaintance. I am invited to spend the evening with her at Mme. Tacretine's. I enclose two letters from Lord Beverley. He has taken the apartment you had, but it is not the same thing for us! We miss you both very much.

My wife found the person introduced to her very ill, and will be obliged to devote the whole of to-morrow to her. I shall spend it in settling various matters, but we shall be free on Saturday, and have arranged with Mme. Cazenove to go to Lausanne with her. We dine at the *Tête Noire*, and hope to meet you there. Please excuse us to Mme. de Staël, and express our regret at leaving her. We shall be at Lausanne a day earlier than she, and if she has any orders for us tell her "we are at her devotion."

Good-bye, my Lord; our best compliments to Mr. Robertson. I am with greatest regard

Your most humble

SAUSSURE.

Pray convey our respects to M^r Necker.

M. de Saussure to Lord John Campbell.

GENÈVE, 13 Juin, 1803.

En me séparant de vous à Lausanne, je conservois encore quelque espoir, mon cher Lord, d'un rapprochement entre votre gouvernement et celui de la France par la médiation de la Russie. Aujourd'hui nous devons y renoncer. Cette

question proposée par Fox en Parlement, et débattue par M^r Pitt et vos orateurs, a été enfin retirée par Fox lui-même. (On soit contente de reconnoître en principe, qu'une médiation puissante étoit acceptable, mais qu'il falloit admettre des conditions qui puissent lui assurer la confiance de la Nation et de son gouvernement.)

Voilà donc la guerre décidée. Les françois sont en possession de l'Hanovre; il ne paroît pas qu'il y ait eû de résistance; les papiers annoncent que l'armée Hanovrienne est prisonnière de guerre. On suppose qu'il y a eû une capitulation avec les Etats du pays. A ces mesures générales, nous avons appris par le Courrier de Vendredi, et on nous a confirmé par celui de Dimanche, que tous les Anglois détenus à Lyon viennent de recevoir l'ordre de se transporter à Verdun, dans le plus court délai. Les Gazettes annoncent qu'en Hollande on ne leur accorde plus de passeport, qu'un Embargo est mis à Gênes qui les empêche de partir. On craint une mesure semblable pour la Suisse: voyez donc, mon cher Lord, ce que vous voulés faire, et puis qu'il en est encore temps, hâtez vous de passer dans l'Empire, où vous serés en sureté.

Si vous voulés des informations plus précises sur la Suisse, adressés vous à M^r Freudenrich à Berne; il pourra mieux que personne vous en doñer. Du reste ce n'est point yei mon opinion seule que je vous comunique: c'est celle de tous les gens sages que j'ai consulté. Lord Beverley me charge de vous dire que des amis communs ont écrit à sa femme que le Duc d'Argyle désire vivement votre retour. Rendés vous, My Lord, aux vœux d'un Père, et aux craintes de vos amis. Il leur faut bien du courage et du désintéressement pour vous presser ainsi de vous

éloigner d'eux, lorsque vous leur témoignès le désir de vous rapprocher.

Rien de nouveau dans notre ville : notre société se resserre tous les jours, parce que l'on part pour la campagne. Vous y faites et votre ami M^r Robertson un grand vuide ; vous en faites encore un plus grand dans notre petit ménage, où nous nous faisons une douce habitude de vous voir. Adieu, My Lord ; adieu, nos bons et chers amis ; donès nous de vos nouvelles et faites nous part de votre détermination.

Ma femē vous adresse ses complimens les plus affectueux. I am, for ever,

Your most humble Serv^t,

SAUSSURE.

(*Addressed*) My Lord Jhon Campbell
au faucon
à Berne.

[*Translation.*]

GENEVA, 13th June, 1803.

In parting with you at Lausanne, my dear Lord, I retained yet a little hope of a rapprochement between your government and that of France through the intervention of Russia. To-day we must renounce this. That question put by Fox in Parliament, and debated by Mr. Pitt and your other orators, was at last withdrawn by Fox himself. (They would be content to recognise on principle that a powerful mediation was acceptable, but that it would be necessary to limit it by conditions which would ensure the confidence of the nation and its government.)

Now War is decided upon. The French are in possession of Hanover ; there seems to have been no resistance, and the papers announce that the Hanoverian army is taken captive. It is supposed that a capitulation has been made with the States of the country. Added to this we learn by Friday's mail, confirmed by that of Sunday, that all the English detained at Lyon have received the order to betake

themselves to Verdun without delay. The Gazettes report that in Holland no more passports are being issued for them, that an embargo has been laid on Genoa, forbidding them to leave the city. Similar measures are feared for Switzerland: be cautious, therefore, my dear Lord, and while there is yet time hasten across to the Empire, where you are in safety.

If you need more precise information on Switzerland, apply to M. Freudenrich, at Berne, who can best inform you. Besides this is not only my opinion, but that of all the wise people I have consulted. Lord Beverley desired me to tell you that some mutual friends had written to his wife saying that the Duke of Argyll earnestly wished your return. Defer, my Lord, to the wishes of a father and to the anxiety of your friends. It needs great courage on their part to urge you thus to go away from them, when you evince a wish to join them.

Nothing new here. Our circle is narrowing daily, every one going to the country. You and Mr. Robertson have left a great gap; an even greater one in our small household, where we had made a pleasant habit of seeing you. Adieu, my dear Lord; adieu, kind and dear friends; let us have news of you, and pray acquaint us with your determination.

My wife sends her most affectionate compliments. I am, for ever,

Your most humble servant,

SAUSSURE.

M. de Saussure to Lord John Campbell.

GENÈVE, 12 *Juillet* [probably 1803].

Je ne sais trop, My Lord, si ma lettre vous trouvera encore à Zurich; je n'ai pas bien saisi l'ordre de votre marche, mais enfin je veux bien hasarder quelques lignes pour m'entretenir quelques momens avec vous. Ma femme a été assés incommodée depuis votre départ: elle a voulu recommencer les bains de l'Arun, et cette fois ils ne lui ont pas réussi; ils lui ont attiré une fluxion qui l'empêche de vous écrire. Elle me charge de l'excuser et de la remplacer auprès de vous. Elle veut aussi que vous sachiez qu'elle

a fort bien compris votre lettre, quoiqu'elle fût écrite en Anglois. Vous l'avès mise en goût de cette langue, et elle s'est mise à l'étudier tout de bon depuis votre départ.

Nous avons vû quelques instans Mad. de St¹ à son retour de l'Isle de St^t Pierre ; mais c'étoit en nombreuse compagnie, nous n'avons pas pû lui demander les détails du voiage qu'elle a fait avec vous. Il m'a paru qu'elle a été fort sensible au voiage de votre ami, et qu'elle a pris fort à gré qu'il prit le chemin de Copet pour celui d'Yverdon. Nous avons aussi admiré cette marche nouvelle—je dis mal, nous l'avons un peu envié, et nous l'aurions trouvé très naturelle si elle eût ramené Robertson jusque ches nous.

Il n'est plus arrivé de lettres pour vous, My Lord, depuis celles que je vous ai déjà adressées à Zurich. S'il en arrive encore je vous les ferai passer à Francfort, *poste restante*, mais je suppose qu'ayant annoncé votre départ à vos amis ils cesseront de vous écrire.

Donnès moi s.v.p. des nouvelles d'Inverary : et quand vous écrivès dans ce pays là n'oublies pas de me rapeller à leur souvenir.

(*Addressed*) A My Lord Jhon Campbell,
poste restante,
à Zurich.

[*Translation.*]

GENEVA, July 12th [probably 1803].

I do not know, my Lord, whether my letter will find you still at Zurich ; I did not quite gather the order of your journey, nevertheless I will chance a few lincs to gossip with you. My wife has been rather ill since you left, and wished again to try the baths of the Arun ; but they did not suit her, and caused an indisposition which prevents her



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writing to you. She begs me to excuse her to you and to replace her. She wishes me also to say that she understood your letter perfectly, although it was written in English. You have given her a taste for that language, and she has begun to study it seriously since your departure.

We have seen Mme. de Staël once since her return from the Isle de St. Pierre, but always with many others present, so we have been unable to ask her for details of the journey she made with you. It seemed to me that she much appreciated your friend's journey, and that she was very pleased that he passed by Coppet to go to Yverdun. We too admired this new departure—indeed we rather envied her, and should have thought it quite natural had she brought Robertson to see us.

No letters have come for you since those I forwarded to Zurich. If any come I will frank them to Francfort, *poste restante*, but I expect having announced your departure your friends will cease writing to you.

Please give me news of Inveraray, and when you write to that country do not forget to recall me to our friends there.

M. et Mme. de Saussure to Lord John Campbell.

[1803.]

Je ne saurois assès, Milord, vous exprimer combien je suis sensible à votre souvenir et votre Amitié. Vos lettres sont on ne peut pas plus Aimables; elles m'aident à vous suivre dans votre long voyage, et me prouvent aussi que de nouveaux objets ne vous font point oublier vos Amis.

Vous voilà donc en Angleterre—au milieu de votre Famille, près de tout ce que vous aimès. Quoique la guerre ait dérangé vos projets, vous aurès pardoné aux circonstances en faveur du plaisir de vous retrouver dans votre Patrie. C'est un sentiment qui ne perd jamais son empire, surtout dans une âme comē la vôtre. Bientôt vous irès en Ecosse. Je sens toute la joie du Duc en revoyant son Fils, son cher John;

j'espère qu'il trouvera votre santé meilleure, et que la paix (on com̄ence à en parler sérieusement) il vous permettra de revenir en Suisse achever de la rétablir. M^r Robertson vous accompagnera, et ses sentiments déjà émoussé par le temps et l'absence nous permettront de le voir davantage. S'il est auprès de vous, dites lui que rien ne m'empêchera jamais de sentir tout ce qu'il vaut. La belle Embassadrice meurt d'ennui et de tristesse; elle passe sa vie entre Copet et Genève, et ne trouve nulle part les ressources qu'il faut à son Cœur et à son esprit. Elle a été fort péniblement occupée de M^r Christin, qui après avoir passé ici quelques semaines dans la plus affreuse prison du Monde est parti hier pour Paris escorté de deux Gendarmes. Nous partageons tous son Malheur. Com̄e on a rien trouvé à sa charge dans ses papiers, et qu'il se sait in̄ocent, on peut se flatter de le voir bientôt rendu à la liberté.

Le jeune M^r Persi est établi bien mélancoliquement à Verdun : félicités vous, Milord, d'avoir pris une autre route; nous serions trop malheureux si nous avions de vous voir partager son exil. Ses Parens sont affligés de cette séparation : com̄ent supporter un mal dont on ne prévoit pas le terme ! Toute la famille de Milord Beverley est intéressante. Milady est si bon̄e, si gaie, si douce, et si Aimable; ses filles sont parfaitement élevées, des talens agréables réunis à une simplicité si rare et si précieuse. Saussure les voit beaucoup, et moi le plus souvent possible. Ils sont à Sécheron. Nous n'avons pas de cheveux, et les grandes chaleurs ont été si fortes, si longues, que votre Amie la douce paresse est aussi devenue la Mienne—à 8 heures de soir je com̄ençois seulement à exister. Je prenois alors le bras de

quelqu'un, et j'allois respirer l'air sur la treille ou à Plain Palais, réservant pour une autre saison les plaisirs de la société. Je ne vous parlerai donc point, Milord, d'un monde ou je n'ai pas vécu, mais je vous dirai que Mesdames Sellon demande toujours de vos nouvelles avec empressement. Nous avons bien souvent parlé de vous et de votre Ami; nous regrettons de ne pas vous associer à nos projets de courses pour le mois de 7bre. C'est le plus beau mois dans ce Pays, et nous en profiterons pour aller quelques fois parcourir des sites nouveaux pour nous.

Demain nous devons prendre le thé à une Campagne de Mad. de Miroaux : elle n'est pas habitée ; on dit le local charmant. Nous avons eu un moment l'idée d'aller passer un mois à Epenen. Celle de nos bois se présentait ici avec avantage à mon imagination. J'aurois voulu partir tout de suite, mais Saussure avait quelques affaires, et le temps nécessaire pour les terminer m'a doñé celui de changer de projet : je reste ici ; j'ai repris mes créons, et le jour n'est pas assès long pour tout ce que je voudrois faire. Me pardonerez vous, Milord, de vous entretenir de détails si peu fait pour vous ? Et occupé comē vous allès l'être, lirès vous ma lettre ? Pouvès vous y répondre ? Vous souviendrès vous longtemps de deux Amis pour qui votre santé, votre bonheur, vos plaisirs, seront toujours du plus vif, du plus grand intérêt ? Si une lettre vous parvient à Londres, et que vous soyès près de Lord Lorne, voulliès me rappeler à son souvenir.

Je cède la plume à Saussure, qui veut achever de remplir mon papier.

[*Change of handwriting.*]

P.S.—La montre de M^r Robertson est finie ;

on cherchera une occasion pour l'envoyer à Londres; j'ai doné votre adresse ches Mess. Harris, Farquhar & C^o, où elle sera déposée. M^r Robertson n'a qu'à doner ordre à vos Banquiers de la recevoir pour son compte et de la paier.

Vous ne doutés pas, My Lord, du plaisir que nous font vos lettres. Nous avons eu tant d'inquiétude—sur votre sort et celui de votre ami, que nous avons reellement besoin de ce dédomagement. Faute de mieux, je vous félicite d'avoir fait route sur la Danube, et d'avoir pris une idée de ce pays là: j'imagine qu'en partant de Viène vous aurés eu le temps de voir Dresden et Berlin; ce sont les deux Villes les plus intéressantes de ces contrées; mais vous aurés passé partout si rapidement que je ne doute pas que vous n'éprouviés le besoin de les revoir encore. Je compte donc sur votre curiosité pour vous ramener sur le Continent, et beaucoup sur votre amitié et sur votre souvenir pour vous rapeller en Suisse.

Je pense que vous vous arrêterés peu de temps à Londres dans ce moment, et que vous vous haterés d'arriver à Inverary: présentés, My Lord, mes hommages respectueux à My Lord Duc et à vos sœurs; dites à My Lord Lorne que nous nous occupons souvent de lui et que nous ne désespérons pas de le revoir.

Dites à M^r Robertson qu'il est bien heureux de s'être tiré de Baden. M^r Percy, Edgworth, & many others sont tristement à Verdun: je ne me consolerais pas de vous y voir détenu. Tous les Anglois qui étoient en Suisse l'ont quitté. Mad^e de St. ne va plus s'y établir. Elle fait yei de fréquentes courses, mais pas de longs séjours.

[*Translation.*]

[1803.]

I can hardly tell you, my Lord, how sensible I am of your remembrance and friendship. Your letters are as kind as they could possibly be ; they help me to follow you in your long journey, and prove also that fresh interests do not make you forget your friends.

You are then in England, amidst your family, among all that you love. Although the war has upset your plans, you will pardon it for the pleasure of finding yourself once more in your country. It is a feeling that never loses its hold, above all on a mind like yours. Soon you will go to Scotland. I can feel all the joy of the Duke in beholding once more his dear son John ; I hope he will find your health is better, and that peace (of which they begin to speak seriously) will soon allow you to return to Switzerland finally to re-establish. Mr. Robertson will accompany you, and his feelings modified by time and absence will permit us to see more of him. If he is with you, tell him that nothing will prevent me henceforward appreciating him at his true worth. The fair Ambassador is dying of ennui and sadness ; she passes her time between Coppet and Geneva, and finds nowhere the resources demanded by her heart and her wit. She is much worried about Mr. Christin, who, after having spent some weeks here in the most frightful of prisons, left for Paris yesterday accompanied by two gendarmes. We all share his affliction. As nothing against him has been found in his papers, and he knows himself to be innocent, we may flatter ourselves that we shall soon see him restored to liberty.

Young Mr. Percy has been interned sadly enough at Verdun : you may congratulate yourself, my Lord, on having taken another route ; we should be too unfortunate if you shared his exile. His relations are afflicted by this separation : how can one support an ill the end of which one cannot foresee ? All Lord Beverley's family are interesting. My Lady is so kind, so sweet, so gay, and so amiable ; her daughters are perfectly well bred, with agreeable talents combined with a rare and precious simplicity. Saussure sees a great deal of them, and I do as often as possible. They are at Sécheron. We have no horses, and the heat has been so fierce and continuous that your friend Sweet Idleness has become also mine—it is only at eight in the evening that I begin to exist. I then take somebody's arm and go

to take a breath of air under the trellis or at Plainpalais, reserving the pleasures of society for another season. I won't speak to you, therefore, my Lord, of a circle which I have not frequented, but I will tell you that Mesdames Sellon always ask eagerly for news of you. We very often speak of you and your friend, and we are sorry that you cannot join in our excursions for the month of September. It is the best month in these parts, and we shall take advantage of it to visit several spots new to us.

To-morrow we are going to have tea at a country place belonging to Mme. de Miroaux: it is not occupied; they say the place is charming. For a moment we thought of passing a month at Epenen. But the thought of our woods presented itself pleasantly to my imagination. I wanted to go at once, but Saussure had some business, and this gave me time enough to change my mind: I remain here; I have taken up my pencils again, and the day is not long enough for all that I want to do. You will pardon me, my Lord, for bothering you with details so little suited to you? And occupied as you will be, will you read my letter? Will you be able to reply to it? Will you remember for long two friends who will always have the liveliest, greatest interest for your health, your happiness, and your pleasures? If a letter reaches you in London, and you are near Lord Lorne, recall me to his remembrance.

I give up my pen to Saussure, who wishes to fill up my paper.

[Change of handwriting.]

P.S.—Mr. Robertson's watch is finished: we are looking for an opportunity to send it to London; I have given your address c/o Messrs. Harris, Farquhar & Co., where it will be left. Mr. Robertson has only to give the order to your bankers to take it in on his account and to pay for it.

You cannot imagine, my Lord, the pleasure your letters procure us. We have been so much worried about you and your friend that we really need this compensation. On the whole I congratulate you for having travelled by the Danube, and gleaned some ideas of that country. I imagine that, on leaving Vienna, you will have had the time to see Dresden and Berlin. They are the two most interesting towns in those parts, but you will have traversed them so rapidly that I don't doubt you will feel the need of seeing them again. I count then on your curiosity to bring you

back to the Continent, and much on your friendship and your remembrance to bring you back to Switzerland.

I suppose you will stop but a short time in London, and that you will hasten to reach Inveraray : present, my Lord, my respects to my Lord Duke and your sisters. Tell my Lord Lorne that we think a great deal about him, and that we don't despair of seeing him again.

Tell Mr. Robertson that he was lucky to get out of Baden. Mr. Percy, Edgworth, and many others are languishing at Verdun : I should not care to see you detained there. All the English who were in Switzerland have left. Mme. de St. is not going to live there any more. She often comes here, but makes no long stay.

M. et Mme. de Saussure to Lord John Campbell.

Je ne prends point mon parti d'être oublier de vous, Milord. Nous avons su par Milady Beverley que vous vous étiez embarqué à Housain avec Mesdames Berry, et que vous étiez très heureusement arrivé à Londres. Nous vous supposons actuellement en Ecosse, réuni à votre Famille, et bien occupé des affaires de votre Régiment et de tout ce qui a rapport à la guerre. Puis-je espérer que vous pourès me consacrer quelques momens pour me doñer les détails de votre voyage, de votre séjour à Londres, et de la vie que vous menès apprésent. S'il est naturel qu'au milieu de tant de choses importantes vous perdies de vue vos amis de Suisse, et l'intérêt que vous leur avès inspirés, il ne leur est point aisé de ne pas penser à vous, et de ne pas souhaiter vivement d'avoir des nouvelles de votre santé—n'aura-t-elle pas souffert des fatigues d'un long voyage, et n'aurès vous point retrouvé avec votre Patrie les Maux qui vous avoient engagé à la quitter ? M^r Robertson est il encore avec vous, ou s'en est il séparé pour se réunir aussi à

ses amis ? Faites lui parvenir, Milord, l'expression de notre souvenir ; je dois placer ici celui de Mad. de Staël pour les deux amis. Elle avoit laissé l'ordre à Coppet, en partant pour Paris il y a deux mois, de lui envoyer ses lettres ; sans doute qu'elle n'en a point reçu de vous, puisque M^r Coinder est venu très souvent ici s'informer de vos nouvelles afin de pouvoir lui en donner. On la dit en route pour Berlin, où on ignore si elle passera l'hiver : elle n'a de goût que pour Paris, ou pour Londres ; les deux villes lui sont également interdites. M^r Necker a loué ici un fort bel appartement. Je voudrois que sa fille sut y vivre avec lui et se contenter des ressources que peut lui offrir Genève ; elle y trouveroit quelques Familles étrangères qui augmenteroient encore le mouvement de la Société. Milady Beverley ne va que pour y conduire ses filles ; elles sont déjà habituées à un plus grand théâtre, mais leur âge et la simplicité qu'on a su allier à leur très bonne éducation les dispose à jouir de tout ce qui se présente.

Ces Dames se sont fort liées à Sécheron avec une Russe, Mad. de Koscheloff ; elle a une nièce de 17 ans, et en sa faveur elle veut donner beaucoup de bals. Quant à Milord Beverley, s'il n'avoit consulté que son goût il auroit loué une Campagne pour y passer l'hiver ; il craint le froid et ne veut pas sortir. On espère le retour de M^r Percy dans sa Famille ; vous savés qu'il est à Verdun ; je crois que Mad. de Staël s'est fort occupée à Paris des moyens de lui faire sortir. Que vous dirais-je, Milord, de la Société que vous connoissés ? Elle ne fournit rien de nouveau et qui puisse vous intéresser. Vous n'en êtes sûrement point oublié ; et M^{lles} Sellon me parlent très souvent de vous. Elles se joignent à Moi pour trouver votre silence

bien long. Beaucoup de gens sont encore à la Campagne ; la société ne sera réunie qu'à la fin de l'année. Je ne sais si vous vous souvenez d'une Mad. Boutems que vous avés vue quelques fois, et pour laquelle vous avés bien vous charger d'un petit paquet de linge à l'adresse de son Fils, M^r Boutems. Ce paquet a été remis par moi à votre valet de chambre Anglois. Il prômit de le remettre à son arrivée à Londres. M^r Boutems va revenir ici et ne l'a point reçu, mais je joindrai à cette lettre l'adresse d'un de ses Parens à qui vous voudrès bien, Milord, envoyer le paquet s'il a été oublié jusqu'à présent. Je vous demande mille pardons de vous ennuyer à ce sujet.

Vous me gronderiez, Milord, si je ne vous disois rien de ma santé ; elle est très boñe, et je serois beaucoup plus en état que ce Printems de courir les Montagnes s'il en étoit encore la saison. Je n'ai point pris de remède ; le temps et quelques ménagements me rendent journellement tout ce que je puis désirer. Je crains le froid ; nos hivers sont terribles. Mais je ne m'y exposerai pas ; mes coñnoissances ont promis de se réunir ches Moi aussi souvent que je le voudrois. Que n'êtes vous de la Nombre, Milord ; vous auriez moins de plaisir, Mais la vie de ce Pays paroisoit si bien vous convenir que je regrette souvent que vous ayés été forcé d'y renoncer—avant d'en avoir tiré tout le parti que vous en espériès. Voilà M^r de Saussure qui m'oblige de lui céder la plume ; il veut aussi vous adresser quelques lignes, et ne se fie point à Moi pour tout ce qu'il a à vous dire.

[*Change of handwriting.*]

Don't be afraid, my dear Lord—I have not

many things to tell you, & after this long Mad. de Saussure's epistle, I shall not teaze you any longer, but desire you to present my respectfull compliments to his Grace, Lord Lorne, & the rest of the family. If you are not too much engaged with your military preparations, I should be much obliged to you if you would give me an account of your journey, arrival at Inverary, & des faits et gestes de votre ami Robertson.

Your escape from Baden, his confinement, would afford ample a matter to a novel, & might employ your leasure at Inverary. Adieu, My dear Lord. Adieu.

Valeas, valeas—et non amas.

GENÈVE, 14 *Novembre* [1803].

P.S.—Cy joint l'adresse où l'on vous prie de faire remettre le paquet de linges dont votre valet de chambre s'étoit chargé : à Mad^e Achard née Boutems, Great Ormond Street, Queen Square.

[*Translation.*]

I do not want to be forgotten by you, my Lord. We heard from Milady Beverley that you had embarked at Housain with the ladies Berry, and that you had arrived safely in London. We imagine you now in Scotland, reunited to your family, and much occupied with your regiment and with your military preparations. May I hope that you will find time to spare a few moments to give me some details of your journey, of your stay in London, and of the life you are leading at present ? If it is natural that in the midst of so many important things you lose sight of your Swiss friends and of the interest you inspired in them, it is not so easy not to think of you, nor to wish eagerly for news of your health. Did it suffer from the effects of the journey ? and did your return to your country cause a return of the suffering which had induced you to leave it ? Is Mr. Robertson still with you ?

or has he also rejoined his friends? Pray remember us to him—I must also here add the same messages from Mme. de Staël for the two friends. She had left directions at Coppet, on leaving for Paris two months ago, for her letters to be sent on. Probably she has received none from you, since M^r Coinder has been here often to ask for news of you so as to be able to tell her. She is said to be on her way to Berlin, where we do not know whether she will spend the winter: she has taste for Paris only, or for London, both cities being equally forbidden to her. M^r Necker has taken a very fine apartment here. I wish his daughter knew how to live with him and could content herself with the resources that Geneva can offer her. She would find a few foreign families who would enliven the society. Milady Beverley only goes out for the sake of her daughters; they are already accustomed to a larger sphere, but their age and their simplicity added to a good education dispose them to enjoy everything.

These ladies have made great friends at Sécheron with a Russian, Mme. de Koscheloff, who has a niece of 17 years old, for whose sake she means to give a number of balls. As to Milord Beverley, had he consulted his own taste, he would have rented a place in the country for the winter. He feels the cold and dislikes going out. They hope for the return of Mr. Percy: you know he is at Verdun.* I believe Mad. de Staël did all she could in Paris to get him out. What shall I tell you, Milord, about the society which you knew? There is nothing new to interest you. You are certainly not forgotten; the Misses Sellon often speak to me about you. They agree with me in thinking your silence a very long one. Many people are still in the country: society will not be completely reunited till the end of the year. I wonder if you remember a Mme. Boutems whom you saw sometimes, and for whom you kindly undertook to take over a small packet of linen addressed to her son, M^r Boutems. I gave the packet to your valet, who promised to deliver it on arriving in London. M^r Boutems is returning here, and he has never received the packet, but I enclose the address of one of his relatives: will you kindly, my Lord, send the packet to him if it has been forgotten up to the present? A thousand pardons for troubling you on this subject.

You would scold me, my Lord, if I told you nothing of my own health; it is very good, and I should be in a far better state than the spring to climb the mountains if it were the

* He had been arrested by Bonaparte's order.

season for doing so. I have taken no remedies : time and a few precautions are helping me. I dread the cold ; our winters are terrible. But I will not expose myself, my friends having promised to come to me as often as I wish. Would that you were of the number, my Lord ; it would not be so amusing for you, but the life here seemed to suit you so well that I often regret you were obliged to give it up—before having derived all the benefit you anticipated from it. Here is M^r de Saussure obliging me to yield up my pen to him that he may add a few lines ; he does not trust me to say all he wants to say.

[*Change of handwriting.*]

Don't be afraid, my dear Lord—I have not many things to tell you, and after this long Mme. de Saussure's epistle, I shall not tease you any longer, but desire you to present my respectful compliments to His Grace, Lord Lorne, and the rest of the family. If you are not too much engaged with your military preparations, I should be much obliged to you if you would give an account of your journey, arrival at Inveraray, and of the whereabouts of Mr. Robertson.

Your escape from Baden, his confinement, would afford ample matter for a novel, and might employ your leisure at Inveraray. Adieu, my dear Lord, adieu.

Valeas, valeas—et non amas.

GENEVA, 14th November [1803].

P.S.—Enclosed the address to which you are begged to send the packet of linen which your valet promised to deliver : Madame Achard née Boutems, Great Ormond Street, Queen's Square.

M. de Saussure to Lord John Campbell.

GENÈVE, 24 7^b 1804.

Il y a un siècle, mon cher Lord, que nous n'avons reçu de vos nouvelles ; tous les jours vos connoissances et vos amis m'en demandent et s'étoñent de votre silence. Mad. de Staël entre autres, dont vous connoissez l'activité et la facilité à mettre la main à la plume, se plaint

amèrement de vous. Elle me charge (entre autres choses) de vous dire, que si les maîtres de ce monde n'y mettoient obstacle, elle iroit à Londres vous reprocher votre ingratitude.

Mais pour cet hyver, elle prendra la route de l'Italie. Elle emmène avec elle un Professeur Allemand qui a beaucoup de connaissances, et qui servira d'Instituteur à ses deux fils. Constant ne l'accompagne pas. Elle est encore fort affectée de la mort de son Père; elle regrette en lui un ami, un protecteur, un point d'appui, et elle en sent le besoin. Peu de gens croient à sa sensibilité, mais quant à moi, elle m'est démontrée, et je n'ai jamais douté de la bonté de son cœur. Nous parlons souvent ensemble de vous, mon cher Lord, et nous regrettons les heures que nous avons passé à Copet.

Ma femme vous a mandé dans le temps le mariage de M^{lle} Victoire; il a surpris tout le monde—on n'imaginoit pas qu'elle put s'accommoder d'un mari de 50 ans. Mais pour ceux qui connoissoient toute sa raison, on a trouvé qu'un homme de cet âge, avec de la naissance, de la fortune et un esprit cultivé, pouvoit fort bien lui convenir. Il vient de la conduire à Paris, où elle passera l'hyver. Il nous promet de nous l'amener au mois de février. Du reste elle vivra dans une belle terre à 5 lieues de Turin. Son mari lui arrange un jardin à l'Angloise, et elle est toute occupée de ce soin. Pour l'aider et la diriger, je lui ai prêté l'ouvrage de *Price*; mais comme il ne m'appartient pas, elle me charge de lui en procurer un Exemplaire. Je m'adresse à vous, my Lord, pour cela. En voicy le titre: "An Essay on the picturesque as compared vvith the Sublime &ca by Udevald Price Esq^r vvith addition London Nevvbond Street 1796."

Be so good as to send it to me by the first opportunity.

A propos de mariage, parlez moi donc de celui de Robertson ; il nous semble qu'il soit bien hâté de prendre des chaînes, avec le projet qu'il avoit de voïager com̄e le Sage Ulysse pour coñoitre les mœurs et les usages du Continent. Faites lui s.v.p. nos complimens de félicitation, mais dites lui qu'il est engagé d'honneur à revenir à la paix, sur les bords du lac de Genève ; nous avons encore bien des choses à vous faire voir dans notre beau pays, et puisque vous nous en donnez l'espérance, je compte, my Lord, que vous l'amènerez avec vous.

Lady Beverley a eu la bonté de me doñer des nouvelles de my Lord Lorne ; dites lui s.v.p. que je suis bien fourni de son souvenir. Peut être, êtes vous dans ce moment cy en Ecosse ; dans ce cas je vous prie de présenter mes hommages aux habitans d'Inverary. Si vous en avez une *vue* je vous prie de l'envoyer à ma fem̄e ; je lui en ai tant de fois parlé, qu'elle désire d'en avoir un dessein. J'en ai vû une gravure (je crois) dans Pennant's tour, mais je suppose que my Lord Duc l'aura fait graver et qu'il en aura à sa disposition. Je n'ai point habité ma petite ferme d'Yenex cette année. Mad. de Saussure ne peut pas s'éloigner de son médecin : sans avoir de maladie, elle a des maux qui demandent ses soins. Elle est actuellement à Plainpalais dans un jardin où elle est allée prendre les bains et changer d'air : elle y a porté des livres Anglois et son Dictionnaire ; ainsi vous pouvez lui écrire dans cette langue et compter d'être entendu.

Du reste nous n'avons rien de nouveau à vous mander. Lord Beverley et son fils s'arrangent

pour passer l'hiver avec nous. Deux ou trois autres jeunes Anglois y sont aussi en surveillance. Nous avons depuis 8 jours la Duchesse de Courlande, deux de ses filles et une suite très nombreuse—avec elle la Duchesse de Belmonte et ses trois fils. On leur donne des soirées et des bals ; après quoi tout cela nous quittera pour passer en Italie. Les Russes nous ont quitté ; au départ de la légation de Paris, ils ont passé en Suisse. Nous sommes placés ici comme dans une lanterne magique : on nous apparait un instant et puis l'on disparait. Mais l'on revient quelquefois ; et nous espérons, mon cher Lord, que vous en aurez l'occasion et le désir.

Je suis, My Lord, avec tous les sentimens que je vous ai voué,

Votre tr. h. & t. obéiss^t Servit^r,
DE SAUSSURE DE MONGS.

[*Translation.*]

GENEVA, 24th Sept., 1804.

It is an age, my dear Lord, since we had news of you ; every day your friends and acquaintances ask for some, and are surprised at your silence. Mme. de Staël among others, of whose activity and facility in putting pen to paper you are aware, complains bitterly of you. She desires me to tell you (among other things), that if the masters of this world did not prevent it she would go to London to reproach you your ingratitude. But during the coming winter she will go to Italy, taking with her a German professor, who knows a good many people there, and who will serve as tutor to her two sons. Constant does not accompany her. She is still much affected by her father's death ; she loses in him a friend, a protector, and a support of which she feels the need. Few people believe in her depth of feeling, but as to me it is apparent, and I have never doubted her kindness of heart. We often talk of you, my dear Lord, together, and regret the hours we spent at Coppet.

My wife informed you at the time of Mlle. Victoire's

marriage : it was a surprise to every one—one did not suppose that she could have been satisfied with a husband of 50. But those who know her mind consider that a man of his age, with birth, fortune, and a cultivated mind, might suit her very well. He has just taken her to Paris, where she will pass the winter, and he has promised to bring her to us in February. Otherwise she will live on a fine estate 5 leagues from Turin. Her husband is laying out an English garden there for her, and she is quite taken up with this occupation. For her help and guidance I have lent her Price's work ; but as it does not belong to me, she has asked me to procure her a copy, so I am addressing myself to you, my Lord. This is the title : "An Essay on the Picturesque as compared with the Sublime, &ca, by Udevald Price, Esq., with addition, London, New Bond Street, 1796." Be so good as to send it to me by the first opportunity.

Talking of marriage, do tell me something about Robertson's ; it seems to us he is in a great hurry to take to himself chains, considering his project of travelling like the Sage Ulysses to learn the habits and customs of the Continent. Please present our compliments and congratulations to him, but tell him he has bound himself on his honour to come back here after Peace is declared, on the shores of the lake of Geneva. We have still many things to show you in our beautiful country, and since you give us reason to hope, I trust, my Lord, that you will bring him with you.

Lady Beverley kindly gave me news of Lord Lorne ; tell him please that he is very much in my thoughts. Perhaps at this time you may be in Scotland, in which case I will pray you to present my homage to the inhabitants of Inveraray. If you should have a view of it I beg of you to send it to my wife ; I have spoken so much to her about the place that she is anxious to have a drawing of it. I have seen an engraving of it, I think, in Pennant's Tour, but I suppose my Lord Duke will have had it engraved and will have some to dispose of ? I have not stayed at my little farm at Yenex this year. Mme. de Saussure cannot go far away from her doctor : without being actually ill, she requires care. She is at present at Plainpalais in a garden where she has gone to take the baths and to get change of air : she has taken English books there and her dictionary, so you may write to her in that language and be certain of being understood.

Besides this, there is nothing new to tell you. Lord Beverley

and his son are arranging to pass the winter with us. Two or three other young Englishmen are also under surveillance here. Since the last week we have the Duchess of Courlande, two of her daughters, and a very numerous suite, and with her are the Duchess of Belmonte and her three sons. Balls and parties are being given for them, after which all these will leave and pass on to Italy. The Russians have left us ; on the departure of the Legation from Paris they went on to Switzerland. We are situated here as in a magic lantern : people appear to us for an instant and disappear again. But they reappear sometimes, and we hope, my dear Lord, that you will have the opportunity and the wish to do so.

I remain, my Lord, with all the sentiments that I have already professed,

Your very humble and very obedient servant,
DE SAUSSURE DE MONGS.

NOTE.—Benjamin Constant (1767–1830), orator and writer ; a lover of Madame Récamier ; attacked Bona-
parte, 1803, in the Senate, afterwards reconciled to him ; became a mystic and devil-worshipper. His thwarted ambition to become a member of the Academy hastened his death.

M. de Saussure to Lord John Campbell.

GENÈVE, 28 Mai, 1805.

J'ai attendu, My Lord, assés longtemps une lettre de votre part pour que je sois en droit de vous témoigner quelque inquiétude de ne point en recevoir. Enfin il y a 15 jours je reçus avis de Mes. J. G. Abegg d'Emden qu'ils venoient d'expédier une Caissette à mon adresse. Je supposai tout de suite qu'elle venoit de votre part, et qu'elle contenoit les livres que je vous avois demandé pour Mad. Victoire. La caissette est arrivée à bon port, je vous en accuse la réception ; mais souffrès, My Lord, que je me plaigne de votre silence. Il est sans doute fort beau de se rapeller au souvenir d'une belle

Dame en lui offrant de beaux livres ; mais il faut quelque chose de plus à votre vieux ami. Je ne suis point tellement rassuré sur votre santé pour ne pas désirer d'être informé de tout ce qui la concerne. Après cela j'aimerois à savoir si vous avès pû vous rendre à Londres pour les Séances du Parlement, si My Lord Lorne vous y a précédé ; si vous avès laissé My Lord Duc en boñe santé à Inverary, si Lady Augusta, si la belle Lady Charlotte y sont aussi.

Je voudrois apprendre de vous cōment M^r Robertson se trouve dans le Saint état du Mariage ; s'il a abandonné ses projets de voiage pour se perfectioner dans l'art qu'il exerçoit—où si, digne fils de son Père, il se borne à cultiver ses domaines et à procréer des Enfants. Je voudrois enfin vous demander, si nous n'avons aucun espoir de terminer cette lutte funeste qui tient deux grandes nations en cohue, et toutes les autres petites en suspens et en souffrance. Vous voies, My Lord, what a number of topicks of private & public interest j'ai à traiter avec vous, et combien votre silence m'est pénible.

A présent je veux vous dire un mot de vos amis de Genève. Madame de Staël poursuit avec succès son voiage d'Italie. Elle reviendra passer l'automne à Copet. Mad. Récamier lui avoit annoncé sa visite pour ce moment là, mais on n'en parle plus dans ce moment. Victoire, la belle Victoire, est actuellement en procès avec son marri. Elle plaide en séparation M^r de la Turbie, pour cause de *sevices*, mauvais traitemens &ca. On dit que ce monstre l'a frappée, menacée, épouvantée au point de l'engager à fuir de sa maison et à chercher un refuge ches Mad^e de Cavour. Tout le monde à Turin a pris parti pour elle ; la Cour, la ville, chacun s'y

intéresse : vous pensés bien, My Lord, combien nous avons été touché de son sort. On espère que les Tribuneaux lui rendront boñe justice, et que dans 3 mois elle sera rendue à sa famille et à ses amis. Je lui présenterai à son arrivée le Cadeau que vous lui destinés. Quand je vous demandai ces livres pour elle, elle étoit alors dans les Terres de son Marri, qui plantoit, qui arrangeoit un jardin Anglois, et qui prétendoit n'être occupé d'aucun autre soin que celui d'embellir sa demeure. Le jeune Sellon est allé joindre sa sœur dès le moment que l'affaire a éclaté, et il est encore à Turin. Sa sœur Adèle, mariée depuis peu à M^r de Cavour, vient de partir aussi pour cette ville. Victoire se trouvera de cette manière au milieu des siens dans le moment où elle a besoin de tous les secours et de toutes les consolations de l'amitié. Son Père a été extrêmement affecté de son malheur ; nous le trouvons affairré, vieilli. Il ne lui reste dans ce moment que sa fille cadette M^{lle} Henriette, qui le soutient par son courage et par sa raison. Cette jeune personne que son avis distingue intéresse tout le monde par sa conduite.

Pour nous, My Lord, nous avons été les premières victimes de la guerre. Les vaisseaux qui avoient chargé pour notre compte à Surinam les denrées que nous avons en magasin ont été capturés. C'est pour la seconde fois que nous éprouvons cette perte. En 1794 nous plaidâmes en réclamation en notre qualité de Suisses et nous obtînmes *a redress* : actuellement nous n'avons pas même cette ressource.

Cette circonstance, jointe à la faible santé de ma femē qui la retient à Genève, m'est engagé à vendre ma campagne ; de cette manière me

voicy tout à fait Citadon. Nous ferons quelques courses et des visites à nos amis ; voilà à quoi se bornera notre Été.

Nous avons eu un temps déplorable, un hyver sans fin ; nous comptons six mois de pluie ou de neiges : cela est sans exemple dans notre pays. Nous n'avons pas encore cessé de faire du feu dans nos appartemens ! Avès vous eu aussi une intempérie ? Cela ne convient point à de faibles santés : rassurès moi, my Lord, sur la vôtre, et comptès sur l'intérêt que vous nous avès inspiré. Ma femē prétend que vous lui devès une réponse ; songès donc à vous aquitter envers le marri et envers la femē, car tous les deux ont des *claim* sur vous.

P.S.—Oseroi je vous prier de présenter mes respects à My Lady Beverley. Je vois souvent My Lord et M^{rs} Percy ; tous les deux se portent bien, et nous font espérer une visite de My Lady et de ses deux filles.

[*Translation.*]

GENEVA, 28th May, 1805.

I have waited long enough for a letter from you, my Lord, to justify me in feeling a certain amount of anxiety at not receiving any. Well, a fortnight ago, I received a notice from Messrs. J. G. Abegg of Emden, saying they had just sent a small case to my address. I supposed at once that it came from you, and contained the books I had asked you about for Mme. Victoire. The case arrived quite safely, and I hereby acknowledge its receipt ; but allow me, my Lord, to complain of your silence. No doubt it is a fine thing to recall one's self to the memory of a beautiful lady by offering her handsome books, but that does not satisfy an old friend. I am not reassured enough about your health as not to wish to know all you can tell me concerning it. After that I should like to know whether you were able to be in London for the Parliamentary Session,

whether Lord Lorne preceded you there, whether you left my Lord Duke in good health at Inveraray, whether Lady Augusta and the beautiful Lady Charlotte are there also.

I would like to hear from you how Mr. Robertson prospers in the holy state of matrimony ; whether he has abandoned his idea of travelling for the purpose of perfecting himself in his art—or whether, worthy son of his father, he will content himself with cultivating his lands and rearing children. Lastly, I should like to ask you whether there is no chance of terminating this deadly contest, which keeps two great nations in a state of turmoil, and all the other little ones in a state of suspense and suffering. You see, my Lord, “ what a number of topicks of private & public interest ” I have to discuss with you, and how painful your silence is therefore to me.

Now I must say a few words about your friends at Geneva. Mme. de Staël pursues her travels in Italy with success. She will return for the autumn to Coppet. Mme. Récamier had announced her intention of visiting her at that season, but the matter seems to have dropped at present. Victoire, beautiful Victoire, has actually gone to law with her husband. She pleads for a separation from M^r de la Turbie, on the score of his vices, ill-treatment, etc. It is said that the monster has struck her, threatened, and terrified her to such a degree as to cause her to fly from his house and seek refuge with Mme. de Cavour. Everybody in Turin has sided with her ; the Court, the town, every one is taking an interest in the case : you can well imagine, my Lord, how much we are touched by her fate. It is hoped that the Tribunals will deal justly with her, and that in three months she will be back among her family and friends. I shall hand over your present to her on her arrival. When I asked you for these books for her, she was on her husband’s property ; he was planting and designing an English garden for her, pretending to have no other thought than of beautifying her home. Young Sellon went to rejoin his sister as soon as the crisis came, and he is still at Turin. Her sister Adèle, married recently to M^r de Cavour, has also left for that town ; so that in this manner Victoire will find herself among her friends at the time when she needs help and consolation. Her father is much affected by her trouble ; we find him preoccupied and aged. Only his younger daughter, Mlle. Henriette, is left him now, who sustains him with her courage and good sense. This young person interests every one by her conduct.

As for us, my Lord, we were the first victims of the war. The vessels chartered by us for Surinam, the goods which we had in store, have been captured. It is the second time we have suffered this loss. In 1794 we appealed for damages on the ground that we were Swiss, and we obtained redress : but now we have not that resource.

This circumstance, added to the feeble health of my wife, which keeps her at Geneva, decided me to sell my country place, and I am now entirely a town-bird. We shall pay a few visits to friends, and that is all our summer will consist of.

We have had deplorable weather, an endless winter, six months of rain or snow : this is without precedent in our country. We still have fires in our apartments ! Have you also suffered from bad weather ? It does not suit feeble healths : reassure me, my Lord, about yours, and rest assured of the interest you have inspired in me. My wife will have it that you owe her an answer ; therefore do not fail to acquit yourself to both husband and wife, for both have a claim on you !

P.S.—Dare I ask you to present my respects to Lady Beverley ? I often see my Lord and Mrs. Percy ; both are well, and we hope for a visit from My Lady and her two daughters.

M. et Mme. de Saussure to Lord John Campbell.

J'ai été si touchée de votre lettre, Milord, elle m'a fait tant de plaisir que mon intention étoit d'y répondre très promptement. Mais l'ayant reçue la veille de mon départ pour Neufchâtel, il ne me restoit aucun moment à vous doñer, et arrivée auprès de mes Amis on ne m'a pas laissée plus de loisir. Il a donc falu revenir à Genève, et faire mille autre choses encore avant de vous dire, Milord, que bien loin de vous oublier, nous conservons, M^r de Saussure et Moi, le plus tendre souvenir de vous. Votre Santé nous intéresse vivement, et nous formons déjà mille projets agréables pour votre retour. Vous nous trouverès à Genève, et logés de manière,

j'espère, à pouvoir vivre encore sous le même toit que vous.

M^r Robertson est bien éloigné de penser encore à nous, et de désirer de revoir ce Pays et ses connoissances. Le voilà élevé dans toutes les dignités, et bientôt un des plus riches particuliers de l'Ecosse. Avec tant d'avantages on pouroit oublier jusqu'à l'auteur de Delphine * ; du reste Mad. de St. n'est pas restée en arrière, et les allées du parc de Copet ont vu dès lors d'autres touchans adieux. Vous savès peut être déjà, Milord, qu'elle a passé l'hiver à Genève, que sa Cour étoit brillante, et qu'elle a joué la tragédie d'une manière distinguée. Elle nous a fait oublier dans le rôle de Phèdre qu'elle n'a n'y beauté, ni noblesse ; un organe enchanteur, une sensibilité vraie, et beaucoup de nature ont charmés tous les Spectateurs. Deux élégans Parisien et le fils de notre Préfet ont été les principaux acteurs. Ce dernier plein d'esprit et de connoissance, quoique sans talent pour le théâtre, et même sans figure, a fait sur elle une grande impression.

Le printems a dispersé toute cette Société. M^r de Barante est parti pour Paris ; la Baroñe p^r Copet, d'où après quelques jours de recueillement elle est revenue ici passer 24 heures avant de prendre la route de Lions d'Auxere, p^{ce} vous savès qu'il ne lui est pas permis † d'aller à Paris ; il faut rester à 40 lieux de la Capitale où se réunissent tous ses goûts et toutes ses affections. Cet exil, qui me semble bien injuste, gâte le sort de Mad. de St., et cette femē célèbre, douée de tous les talens, est beaucoup moins heureuse qu'une autre. Après un

* Madame de Staël.

† By Bonaparte.

tel exemple, qui ne seroit pas consolé de la Médiocrité ?

Parlons apprésent de Mad. de la Turbie, c'est ne point quitter, Milord, le cercle de vos coñnoissances et celui de vos amis. Sa situation est toujours la même ; elle vit à Turin ches sa Sœur Adelle, qui a épousé il y a une añée un jeune M^r de Cavour que vous aurès peut être su dans votre Séjour à Genève. Le Mariage fait sous de plus heureux auspices consolle Mad. de la Turbie dans ses malheurs, obligée de résider à Turin à cause de son Procès qui n'est point terminé ; il doit lui être fort douce de vivre avec une Sœur et au milieu d'une seconde famille. M^r de la Turbie, qu'il ne faudroit nōmer qu'un monstre, ajoute à tous les Maux qu'il a déjà fait celui d'en appeller à tous les incidens, et de faire par conséquent traîner en longueur une séparation que les loix ne peuvent pas refuser ; mais le changement de Religion de Mad. de la T. rend le divorce impossible. Auriès vous pensé, Milord, que le sort de cette aimable et charmante Victoire devint en si peu de temps aussi infortuné ? et ne partagès vous pas tout le chagrin que cela nous cause ? Elle a chargé M^r de Saussure de lui garder votre livre, et de vous en faire parvenir ses remerciements. M^{lle} Henriette, la cadette des 3 Sœurs, n'est pas mariée ; elle vit toujours ici avec son Père, fort changé et fort affaibli. Le Frère est à Paris depuis quelques Mois. M^{lle} Amélie Fabry est aussi telle que vous l'avès laissée, à l'exception de sa santé, qui devient toujours plus délicate. Mad. Rellict Habert n'a point joué la Comédie avec Mad. de Staël ; sa santé et son Mary s'y sont opposés.

Voilà, Milord, un mot sur les persōnes dont



GENEVA IN MME. DE STAËL'S TIME

vous devès vous souvenir le micux—et qui vous reveront ici avec le plus grand plaisir si vous voulès avec le temps acheter une petite Campagne dans les environs de Genève; nous nous amuserons d'avance à la choisir: je crains seulement que vous ne trouviès rien ici d'assès champêtre; dites moi à peu près qu'il seroit votre goût. Epenen appartient apprésent à Mad. Donat, la plus belle F^{em}e de ce Pays, et nous passons actuellement toute l'añée à la ville. Il n'y a plus que des *projets* pour varier mon existence—celui de l'Italie me tient toujours au Cœur. Venès, Milord, nous yrons avec vous? Voilà Saussure qui demande la plume, et qui m'enlève le plaisir de vous parler encore de votre Famille; je vous remercie de tout ce que vous avès bien voulu m'en dire. Adieu, Milord; songès que je serai jalouse si vous écrivès plus à M^r de Saussure qu'à Moi.

[*Change of handwriting.*]

Mad. de Saussure a épuisé tous les sujets de Société qui peuvent vous intéresser yei, my dear Lord, et emploié presque tout mon papier; mais il m'en reste assès pour vous entretenir de ce qui me touche le plus: vous pensès bien que je veux parler d'Inverary et de tous ses habitans. Présentès au patriarhe de ce Château, à votre respectable Père, mes vœux et mon hom̄age. Ne m'oubliès pas auprès de vos intéressantes Sœurs. Dites au Marquis de Lorne que son vieux ami lui prépare depuis bien des années un compliment de félicitation pour un *évènement* qu'il renvoie toujours, et qu'il renvoie trop au gré de tous ceux qui l'aiment. Et vous, My Lord, maintenès vous dans la disposition favorable que vous avès pour nous, et dès que les circonstances

vous le permettront, revenès sur les bords de notre beau lac, et rapprochès vous d'amis qui vous sont bien dévoués.

Remember me kindly to M^r Robertson ; nous nous sōmes réjoui de son mariage, et de la fortune qu'il lui promet. Je suis, My Lord, avec un entier dévouement, V. t. h. s.

DE SAUSSURE DE MONGS.

GENÈVE, 18 *Avril*, 1806.

P.S.—Je joins yci une lettre que Mad^e de Staël m'a envoieé pour vous.

[*Translation.*]

I was so touched by your letter, my Lord, and it gave me so much pleasure that I intended to reply to it very promptly. But having received it the eve of my departure for Neuchâtel, I could not spare a moment for you, and once with my friends they gave me no leisure. I have had then to return to Geneva and to do a thousand things before being able to assure you again, my dear Lord, that M. de Saussure and I preserve the tenderest recollections of you. We are much concerned for your health, and we have already formed a thousand pleasant plans for your return. You will find us at Geneva, and in such fashion that I hope we shall be able to live under the same roof as you.

Mr. Robertson seems to have forgotten all about us and his desire to see this country and his friends again. Now he is high up in the world, and one of the richest private persons in Scotland. With such advantages one might forget even the author of "Delphine" ; for that matter, Mme. de Staël is hardly behindhand, for the walks in the park of Coppet have been the scene of other touching adieux, since. You know already, my Lord, that she has spent the winter at Geneva, that her court has been brilliant, and that she has distinguished herself as a tragedian. In the rôle of Phædra she has made us forget that she has neither beauty nor nobility : an enchanting voice, real sensibility, and much genuine nature charmed all the spectators. Two

Parisian *élégants* and the son of our Prefect were the principal actors. The last-named, full of wit and knowledge, although without talent or appearance for the theatre, has made a deep impression on her.

Spring has broken up our society. M. de Barante has left for Paris; the Baroness to Coppet, whence after some days of retirement she returned to spend 24 hours here before taking the road from Lyons to Auxerre, because, you know, she is not allowed to go to Paris; she must remain 40 leagues from the capital which comprises all her inclinations and affections. This exile, which seems to me most unjust, embitters the lot of Mme. de Staël, and this famous woman, endowed with all the talents, is much less happy than others. With such an example, who would not be content with mediocrity?

We will speak at present of Mme. de la Turbie; that will be keeping inside the circle, my Lord, of your friends and acquaintances. Her situation remains the same; she lives at Turin with her sister Adelle, who a year ago married a young M. de Cavour, whom you perhaps knew during your stay at Geneva. This marriage made under the happiest auspices consoles Mme. de la Turbie in her misfortunes, obliged to remain at Turin on account of her lawsuit which is not ended; it must be nice for her to live with a sister and in the midst of a second family. M. de la Turbie, whom one can only call a monster, in addition to the harm he has already done, raises all possible difficulties, and seeks to prolong the proceedings for a separation which the law cannot refuse. But Mme. de la Turbie's change of religion renders a divorce impossible. Would you ever have dreamt, my Lord, that the lot of the amiable and charming Victoire would become in so short a time so hapless? and do you not share all the sorrow this causes her? She has told M. de Saussure to keep your book for her, and to thank you for it. Mlle. Henriette, the youngest of the three sisters, is not married. She remains here with her father, who is very changed and much enfeebled. The brother has been some months at Paris. Mlle. Amélie Fabry remains much the same as when you left her, except as regards her health, which becomes every day more delicate. Mme. Rellict Habert has not acted in the comedy with Mme. de Staël; her health and her husband were against it.

There, my Lord, you have a word or two about the people you ought to remember best, and who will see you return

here with the greatest pleasure if you care to buy a little country place in the neighbourhood of Geneva ; it will amuse us in the meantime to choose it for you : I fear only that you may not find anything here sufficiently rural ; tell me as nearly as possible what you would fancy. Epenen belongs at present to Mme. Donat, the most beautiful woman in the country, and we spend the whole year in town. There are nothing but *projects* for varying my existence—that of Italy is dearest to me. Come, my Lord, we will go with you ? But here is Saussure who demands my pen, and deprives me of the pleasure of speaking of your family. I thank you for all that you have told me about them. Farewell, my Lord : remember that I shall be jealous if you write more to M. de Saussure than to me.

[*Change of handwriting.*]

Mme. de Saussure has exhausted all the society topics which could interest you here, my Lord, and has used nearly all my paper, but enough remains for me to talk to you about that which interests me the most : you will guess that I mean Inveraray and all its inhabitants. Offer to the patriarch of that castle, your respected father, my compliments and my homage. Do not forget to offer my respects to your interesting sisters. Tell the Marquis of Lorne that his old friend has long prepared for him a special act of congratulation for an event which he always puts off, and puts off too long in the opinion of those who love him. And you, my Lord, persevere in the kindly feeling you have for us, and as soon as circumstances permit, return to the shores of our beautiful lake, and be amongst the friends who are so devoted to you.

Remember me kindly to Mr. Robertson. We rejoiced to hear of his marriage and the fortune that it promises. I am, my Lord,

Yours, etc.,

DE SAUSSURE DE MONGS.

GENEVA, 18 *April*, 1806.

P.S.—I enclose a letter which Mme. de Staël has sent me for you.



F. Hader pinx

MME. DE STAËL

LETTERS OF MADAME DE STAËL

1803

MADAME DE STAËL was Anne Louise Germaine Necker, the only daughter of the Minister of Finance under Louis XVI. He was a Swiss banker with a charming property at Coppet on the Lake of Geneva, a place which became the home of his daughter during the long years when she deplored her hard fate in being banished from Paris. But only Parisians can have thought she was unfortunate in having to leave France, for a pleasanter existence than that led by her at Coppet it is difficult to imagine. At Geneva and at Coppet there was often the best Parisian society, and much which came from England, from Sweden, from Germany—indeed much of every kind disliking the dominance of the Revolution, and afterwards that of Bonaparte. But the child is mother to the woman, and her youth had known much of France. She had married the Swedish Ambassador accredited to the French Government, a man much older than herself, Baron de Staël-Holstein. She showed great courage and spirit at the commencement of the Revolution, writing in favour of the Queen Marie Antoinette, and making herself so well known that it was wonderful she was not arrested before she effected her escape in 1792. It was after this that Coppet

became the meeting-place of so many of the Emigrés, as the partisans of the *ancien régime* banished from French soil were called.

My grandfather, Lord John Campbell, a Member of Parliament and ex-officer of the Guards, was one of the British tourists who had a narrow escape from the treachery of Napoleon, who, in a time of peace between the British and French Governments, suddenly ordered the arrest of all well-known Englishmen travelling in France. Fortunately he was near the frontier, and received friendly warning. This enabled him to reach the house of an old lady who had been a governess in his family. She was quite astute enough to outwit the police agents, and getting Lord John to put on one of her dresses, she hurried him into a wood, concealing him so well that at night she was able to furnish him with a guide, who brought him safely over the boundary-line. He was constantly the guest of Madame de Staël, and her frequent correspondent when he was in England. Her hero in her novel "Corinne" was recognised by his friends as a "variation" of Lord John.

It is amusing, in Madame de Staël's parody rather than description of the character of Lord John Campbell in Lord Nelville, to trace the likenesses and the exaggeration. Though she represents him as inclined to be consumptive, and therefore advised by the doctors to go South, she says that he took with him a Scottish horse, which, accustomed to gallop in scaling the mountains, was able to do this also in the Tyrol, its master disdaining the high-roads to pass along the steepest paths. The peasants looked on with affright, then clapped their

hands with admiration at the address of the horse and rider, and marvelled at his Lordship's agility and courage.

I give an illustration of this redoubtable rider, not on horseback, but as an officer of the Guard on the Parade at Whitehall, with the towers of Westminster Abbey in the background. This is from a drawing by Edridge, and represents him as he appeared to the eyes of Madame de Staël when as a young man he made her acquaintance in Switzerland. She makes her heroine in her novel "Corinne" visit Scotland, but her descriptions are so general that they have no special character, and it is doubtful if she ever visited the Château of her Lord Nelville. He inspired Corinne with a sentiment of respect which she had not felt for a long while. No one spirit, however distinguished it might be, could astonish her. But his loftiness and dignity of character made a great impression on her. Lord Nelville combined with these qualities a nobility of expression, an elegance in the most minute actions of life, which contrasted strongly with the carelessness and familiarity of the manners of the greater part of the great lords in Paris.

"Corinne" was a novel famous in its day, wherein Madame de Staël gave an imaginary likeness of herself as a glorious literary Being, acclaimed as a marvel, and receiving the homage of the Romans and of the inhabitants of other cities, on account of the fame which followed her as a wonderful writer. She writes much of another character, almost as ideal as her heroine, describing a young Scottish Noble, around whom she throws a bright haze of romance lit with the sympathy of her own kindred and loving

soul, as shown forth in Corinne. It is all "in excelsis." She is marvellous because receptive of all the raptures and roses of human love and popular admiration. He is romantic as coming from the Highlands, a country then supposed to be filled with walking embodiments of the tremendous spectres of Ossian, whom Napoleon loved and Madame de Staël very rightly judged to be very monotonous personages. She could never agree with Napoleon—he was her Hate. Lord John was her platonic Love. But she had others, and eventually married a young officer named Rocca, young enough to have been her son.

These letters only reach to the year 1804, and most of them were written in 1803. It is curious to remember that her influence had been powerful enough at Paris to get Talleyrand recalled from his exile in America. The Baron, her husband, died in 1802. She used to seal her letters with a seal bearing his coronet with a cipher of her own initials beneath. Napoleon disliked her because she meddled in politics, and he was not a women-suffrage man. His spies told him that she had given false information for political ends. She was first told she must not come within 40 leagues of Paris. Finally she was commanded by the Emperor never to move more than two leagues away from Coppet. She took advantage of his captivity at Elba to go to Paris. As soon as he landed at Fréjus to commence the Hundred Days' reign she fled. She reappeared at Paris after Waterloo. She had angered the Emperor by getting away in 1812 to Russia and Stockholm. In 1804 her father died, so that when the last of this correspondence was sent to England she was in



LORD JOHN CAMPBELL, THE "NELVILLE" OF MME. DE STAËL'S
"CORINNE"

After Elbridge

possession of all the old banker's property, and could afford to exercise the lavish hospitality for which she was famous. The men and women she saw at her own house gave her "characters" to be introduced into her works of imagination, and one of those she had most opportunity of studying and admiring was the "jeune Lord écossais" of "Corinne."

The life of the "Emigrés" at Coppet must have been one full of interest. The post would constantly bring more and more alarming tidings of the career of the strange Corsican soldier who had

"Caught the fair Republic by her back-blown hair,
And stayed her course, and freedom in a thousand lands,"

as Swinburne says. They would hear from the British guardsman who had so narrowly escaped "the Corsican Ogre" how, just before the attempt to arrest him, he had been present at a Levée at the Tuileries, and seen Napoleon as he made the circle of his guests, and had been presented to the great little man, "of thin face, prominent nose, large grey eyes, and short gaunt figure." There at Coppet men of all professions came, literary men who had taken part in the word-warfare of the troubled time, soldiers obliged to seek repose from fever or wounds, men of science glad to have a word with de Saussure *filis*, and to speak with him of his father's triumphs over the white peaks of Rosa and gleaming dome of Mont Blanc, and listen to him and Italian guests speculating on the causes of the eruptions of Vesuvius and Stromboli and Etna, and comparing notes on geology, then in the infancy of its science, and the evidences given by its lavas and granites and pumice of

the overthrow of an old world by the forces of fire, in comparison with which the warfare of Napoleon beyond the white Alpine barriers was a momentary and hardly discernible spark, leaving no mark on the eternal rocks, though so striking to the minds of men. And then, like Boccaccio's company in the beautiful garden at Florence in the time of the Plague, they could forget all the horrors of subjugated kingdoms, and the legions of dead and wounded in the battles, and speak of the lighter dramas of the stage, the characters in the last novel, or the last poem or music that had made peaceful conquest in Italy, Germany, or Britain.

It was said of the central star of this society at Geneva that Anne Louise always remained young and that she had never been a child. But she loved to speak of her young days. The dramatic instinct showed itself even in her toys. She would cut out little figures of Kings and Queens, each in differently coloured paper, and recite for them the speeches she imagined each would have made in life. Her mother had strict ideas, and would not allow such theatrical games. But Louise went on doing it when sure not to be found out. When she was ten years of age the great English historian Gibbon, who wrote much of his book at Berne, visited Coppet, and her father, Necker, praising him, the little girl said she would marry Gibbon so that her beloved Papa might enjoy yet more of his company and conversation! At fifteen she wrote a "Summary of the Spirit of Laws," which astonished the literary friends of her father. She wrote also plays. Very emotional, she was in danger of suffering in health from the woes and joys of the creatures of her own imagination. She

loved France. Queen Marie Antoinette, having made M. Necker's acquaintance while he was yet a poor man, persuaded Gustavus the Third of Sweden to nominate de Staël as his Ambassador at her Court on the condition he would marry Louise Necker. She was married to him when twenty years of age. The young bride was so occupied with her own thoughts that she was absent-minded about dress, forgot to curtsy at the Tuileries, and even left her bonnet in the carriage when she went one day to visit a great lady of the Court.

A great literary success came with the publication of "Letters on Jean Jacques Rousseau." Then came the bright and many years passed close to the blue waters of Lake Lemman in the charming house which remains as when she lived there. After her mother's death, letter on letter, work on work, from her pen appeared. It was said that her novel "Delphine," which appeared in 1802, represented herself in reality, while the other novel, "Corinne," represented herself idealised. Her father, Necker, also offended Napoleon, who called the father "un Régent de Collège bien lourd et bien boursoufflé." His daughter called the tyrant "Robespierre à cheval." "Corinne" was written after Necker's death. Excursions were made into France, but she was always compelled to retrace her steps. Even at Geneva her luggage was searched, and she was made to feel that her enemy Napoleon's influence could reach her. The Prefect told her that, if she would write something to celebrate the birth of Napoleon's child (styled the King of Rome), it would be possible for the Genevan Government to favour her in many ways. "What can I say?" she replied. "Do you

wish me to say all that is possible to say? I will say, I wish him a good wet-nurse!" He persisted saying that by writing a few pages the money of Napoleon's treasury would be made to flow towards her. But she only answered, "I knew that a certificate is necessary to touch a salary, but I did not know that one had to give a declaration of love."

Madame d'Arblay mentions Madame de Staël's admirable conduct in exerting herself for the liberation of the prisoners of "The Terror," when every one who was in any way distinguished was doomed to the guillotine. M. de Goncourt, a deputy, had the courage in the Assembly to speak for King and Constitution. He resigned his membership on finding that only twenty-four members voted with him. By this he lost his right of freedom from arrest, and he was seized and without any form of trial cast into prison. Madame de Staël, as the Swedish Minister's wife, running the risk which even in her position was not small, managed to procure his release. She saved many whom she knew from death. Although her health was bad at the time, she walked every day to the Hôtel de Ville because no carriages were allowed to drive in the streets, and shut herself up for five hours together with the tyrants of the Committee of Surveillance who, working through spies and informers, were daily sending dozens to execution, and she obtained liberty for over twenty prisoners through her own unaided intercession. Her eloquence and her high official position had an effect that nothing else could have produced.

Dr. Burney wrote: "I am not at all surprised at the captivating powers of Madame de

Staël. It corresponds with the opinion I formed on reading her charming little 'Apologie de Rousseau.' But she has not escaped censure. Her house was the centre of Revolutionists previous to the 10th August. But perhaps all this may be Jacobinical malignity. But you know that M. Necker's [Madame de Staël's father's] administration, and the conduct of the nobles who first joined in the violent measures that subverted the ancient establishment, by the abolition of nobility and the ruin of the Church, during the first National Assembly, are held in greater horror by aristocrats [in France] than even the members of the present Convention. If you are not absolutely in the house of Madame de Staël when this letter arrives, it may be possible for you to waive the visit to her."

This was addressed to Miss Burney. She answered: "As to her house being the centre of Revolutionists, it was so only for the Court Nationalists, who were not only members of the then established Government, but were the decided friends of the King. The aristocrats were then already banished, or wanderers from fear, or concealed and silent from cowardice, and the Jacobins, I need not mention how utterly abhorrent to her must be that fiend-like set."

Of the impression made by her writing, she said when speaking of Madame de Staël's "Germany": "In reading her book I perpetually longed to write to her. . . . The Pleasure, the Transport rather with which I read nearly every phrase: such acuteness of thought, such vivacity of ideas, and such brilliancy of expression, I know not where I have met before. I often lay the book down to enjoy for a considerable

time a single sentence. I have rarely ever, in the course of my whole life, read anything with so glowing a fulness of applause."

It was this work, "De l'Allemagne," which first brought upon its author the penalty of exile. The censor appointed by the Government to supervise all publications had passed it as harmless. A very large edition was printed, as it was expected there would be a demand for at least 10,000 copies. Then orders were issued, and the police confiscated everything. The Prefect came and demanded also the whole of her manuscript. She went to Coppet and wrote: "I have fallen into a state of frightful melancholy. . . . Here are six years of labour, study, and travel entirely wasted. Do you fully comprehend the singularity of this affair? It is the first two volumes already approved by the censor that have been seized. So I am exiled because I have written a book which has been approved by the Emperor's censors. I could have printed it in Germany. I came of my own free will to submit it. Ah, mon Dieu! I am the Orestes of Exile, and fate pursues me! I am encompassed by such a cloud of sorrow that I know not what I write."

On her death-bed she summoned the members of her family and confided to them that she had contracted a secret marriage with young M. de Rocca. This man had been for years desperately enamoured of her, and the vanity which was part of her curious character did not allow her to refuse him, or to take his name, that of de Staël being superior in rank. M. de Rocca died only a few months after her, and "all Paris" acknowledged the unselfishness which distinguished her family in their conduct to

him, and the generosity of her son-in-law the Duc de Broglie in the respect and affection with which he always treated the memory of Madame de Staël.

Among her last words as she lay dying in July 1817 were: "I believe I know what the passage is from life to death, and I feel sure that God's goodness will soften it."

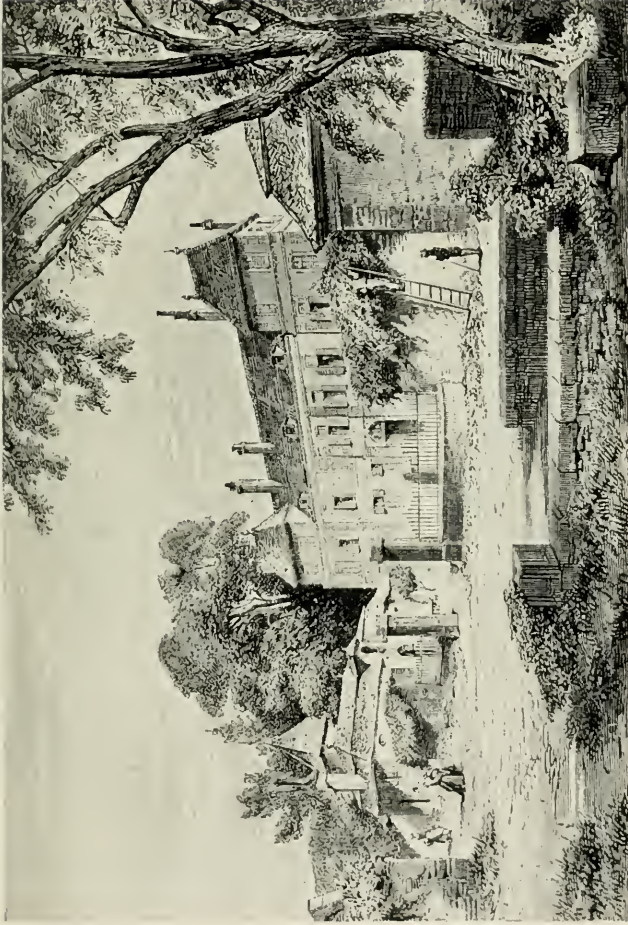
Mr. Noel Williams translates the beautiful Madame Récamier's account of her first meeting with Madame de Staël: "One day, and that marks an epoch in my life, M. Récamier arrived at Clichy with a lady whom he did not introduce by name, and whom he left alone with me in the salon while he went to join some people who were in the park. This lady came about the sale of a house. Her costume was peculiar; she wore a morning gown and a little dress-hat trimmed with flowers. I took her for a foreigner. I was struck with the beauty of her eyes and expression. I was unable to analyse my feelings, but I am sure I was thinking more of finding out, or rather guessing who she was, than of addressing to her the usual commonplaces, when she said to me, with an air at once charming and impressive, that she was truly delighted to make my acquaintance; that her father, M. Necker—— At these words I recognised Madame de Staël. I did not hear the rest of her sentence. I blushed and was extremely embarrassed. I had just been reading her letters on Rousseau, in the perusal of which I was extremely interested. My looks were more expressive than my words; she both awed and attracted me. I was conscious at once of her genuineness and her superiority.

She on her side fixed her splendid eyes on me, and paid me some compliments on my appearance that would have been too exaggerated and direct had they not seemed to escape her unconsciously, thus giving to her praises an irresistible fascination. My embarrassment did me no harm : she understood it, and expressed the hope of seeing a great deal of me on her return to Paris, for she was on the point of starting for Coppet. This interview was only a passing one, but it left a deep impression on me. I thought only of Madame de Staël, so much did I feel the influence of that strong and earnest personality."

The Château of Coppet is still shown to tourists who make a stay at Geneva. Taking the steamer, after touching Bellevue and Versoix, they come in sight of Coppet. The walls of the little town, the picturesque houses, the ancient church, are seen reflected in the waters of the lake. The tiled roofs of the old houses, of varied tints, rise one above the other on the hill-side; overlooking them all stands the Château.

There is a street bordered with heavy arcades resting on enormous pillars which support the façades of the houses. At the entrance to the building the front court is skirted to right and left by lodges of one storey, and is bounded to the east by the western wing of the Castle. A vaulted passage leads to the principal court, enclosed between the main part of the building and the two wings with their circular towers, one of which is very old.

The origin of the Barony of Coppet is not known. Amongst the proprietors into whose hands the place has passed were Michel de Viry,



CHÂTEAU OF COPPET
From an old print

Amédée de Beaufort, and Claude Antoine de Vienne in the sixteenth century; the Duc de Lesdiguières, Daniel de Bellujon, and the Baron de Villeneuve (whose three daughters had as tutor the renowned Bayle) in the seventeenth century; Sigismond d'Erlach and Germain de Thélusson in the eighteenth century. The last-named sold the Castle on the 3rd May, 1784, for a sum of 500,000 francs in French money, to the great Necker, who died there in 1804, leaving the whole property to his daughter Madame de Staël.

In the entrance hall is a marble statue of Necker by Canova, representing the Minister of Louis XVI. delivering a speech. This hall opens on to the library, where Madame de Staël gave her receptions. Here it was that she *donnait la comédie*, playing parts herself in those performances.

This library is still furnished with Madame de Staël's furniture. Bookcases containing a most valuable collection of literature cover the walls, pictures dating from the end of the reign of the unfortunate Louis XVI., a chest containing "the State Account Papers presented to the King by M. Necker." These papers constituted the first State Budget.

A door gives access to Madame de Staël's bedroom, containing her bed, a sofa and arm-chair; glass-cases with her famous turban, the gold key, symbol of Madame de Staël's function as Ambassadors, and the letters of freedom of the city given to Necker by the cities of Geneva and Besançon. Necker's desk and armchair are still in their places. Amongst the portraits is one of Madame de Staël and another of Necker, others of Madame de Staël

and her son Augustus, and of Madame Necker and Madame Récamier on their death-beds.

In the adjoining room, which was Madame Récamier's bedroom, there is a case containing numerous autographs; a letter with the seal and signature of Louis XVI., the foundation deed of the Necker Hospital in Paris, letters by Buffon, Schlegel, Madame Necker, Madame Récamier, and one of Madame de Staël's manuscripts.

A fine staircase leads to the first floor. The large salon, decorated with Aubusson tapestry, has portraits of Madame d'Haussonville, then Duchesse de Broglie (by Ingres), Prince de Broglie, Duchesse de Broglie, Madame de Staël, Jean Jacques Rousseau, Mirabeau, Schlegel, Madame Geoffrin, and Madame Necker. In the adjoining room are portraits of Madame de Staël as Corinne by Gérard; of M. and Madame Curchod Necker, both by Duplessis; of Madame de Staël as Ambassadress; of M. Aug. de Staël, her son; of the Duchesse de Broglie by Ary Scheffer; of Madame de Staël as a child, etc. On a piece of furniture in one part of the room is a beautiful breakfast service in Dresden china which M. de Buffon received from Prince Henry of Prussia and bequeathed to Madame de Staël. Here also are Madame de Staël's harpsichord, M. de Staël's sword and walking-stick, and the swords, pistols, and other objects employed in the dramatic representations organised by Madame de Staël.

Coleridge describes Coppet as "a large baronial Château, forming three sides of a square, the fourth opening on a single paddock, which they call a Park here. It stands on the borders of the Lake, but has the village between

it and the shores, so that you look from the drawing-room on the roofs of the houses. Madame de Staël is very rich and has her house always full of company, but it is badly furnished, and an Englishman sees a great air of desolation and untidiness. Her breakfasts are very odd, stewed beef, fried potatoes, etc., but she gives a good dinner and excellent wines.

“In her manners she is very agreeable, but not, I think, what we would call very well bred; her attentions are not equally divided among her guests, but she seems to attach herself to the person from whom she can derive most information, a selfish sort of politeness. On the morning on which I breakfasted with her, General Lambert and I had a great deal of political discussion with her. She blamed our ministers for want of energy in exterior policy, and thought we ought to give the Cortes an army to resist Ferdinand’s measures, and the Italians another to make them independent. She said it was very melancholy to think that Bonaparte, the worst of despots, was universally regarded in Italy as the friend of Freedom, and that the saviours of the world, the English, were there regarded as the friends of Tyranny and unjust conquest. Then discussing the liberty of the Press she asserted that France was retrograde in all the arts and sciences; that she did not know ten young men who could read the Classic Authors in the original—that whereas in England there were at least 10,000 people who could do it, there were not 600 in France; that the law which subjected small pamphlets only to the censure was artfully framed and conclusive upon the whole for small pamphlets, and the journals were literally

all that the French read. Then, in a very luminous manner, she took the constitution to pieces, and showed the essential difference between it and the English, and how the two Houses from their very nature must always remain dependent on the Crown. She gave General Lambert and me an account of a visit which Joseph Bonaparte had lately made to her. It is certainly most honourable to her feelings that, at this time, she should receive the brother of her persecutor, because when King of Naples he had offered her an asylum in his kingdom. She said he was the vainest man she ever met with, brilliant in conversation and of a good person. Madame de Staël has one daughter, Albertine, who possesses all her mother's brilliancy and more than her accomplishments."

The life led by the visitors at this house must have been interesting and amusing. For the early part of the morning the guests were left to themselves—a cup of coffee was served to them in their rooms, and there was a general meeting for breakfast at an hour we should nowadays consider very late. The society was one of a haphazard kind, for men and women came and went according to a general invitation telling them they might present themselves when they chose, if they only wrote a little time before from Geneva, or some more distant point, to say they might be expected. There were often English and Germans and Frenchmen and Italians, the more distinguished the more welcome, for the mistress of the house loved to have people whose names were known, if only the distinction was not that of being a friend of the First Consul. Authors were greeted with effusion. From the moment that the

breakfast or early lunch began until midnight there was an incessant flow of talk, stimulated by the mistress of the intellectual revels.

The Comtesse de Boigne, whose *Memoirs* have lately been published, describes the effect on her of the appearance of Madame de Staël. "At first," she says, "Madame de Staël seemed to me ugly and ridiculous. A big red face, a complexion by no means fresh, hair arranged in a manner which she called picturesque, in other words, badly done, arms and shoulders bare, a white muslin blouse and no shawl, or veil of any kind. . . . She held a small twig which she was constantly twiddling in her fingers, with the object, I think, of showing off a very beautiful hand. At the end of an hour I was entirely under her charm."

And so were the guests of all sorts. She commanded where they should go, what they should see, who was to be of her special party in any excursion, who was to read his verses, or article, or book; and in the evening, when at last the endless talk ceased, there was rapt attention, a most appreciative audience for the man or woman who was distinguished by her order to recite or read. Very often also the little theatre was arranged for acting, and Madame de Staël herself loved to take part in the performances. She attempted, and succeeded, not only in holding her old Salon as in Paris, but in making her house the birthplace of inspiration for new works of the fancy and intellect. It was said that the chief word used in speaking of any one was the word "talent." Almost everything was judged by the standard whether a person had, or had not, "talent." Coppet was a microcosm of the European world

of talent. And amid all the bright talk of literature and art and science men were glad to be free for a time from the anxieties of statesmanship, although they lamented their exile, and were preparing in the enforced retirement of Switzerland plans for the conduct of political events to be enacted in the future in half the capitals of Europe.

The Comtesse de Boigne relates how Madame de Staël, on the restoration of the French Royal Family, "arrived very soon after the King. Her happiness at returning to Paris was increased by the joy she felt in showing off the young beauty of her charming daughter. In spite of her hair of a somewhat daring colour and a few freckles, Albertine de Staël was one of the most delightful persons I ever met, and her face had an ideal and angelic purity such as I have never seen in any one else. Her mother was very happy, and very proud of her. She was thinking of marrying her. Suitors soon came forward. I think Madame de Staël used her authority to lead her daughter's choice to a Duke and Peer. It was by more personal gifts that the Duc de Broglie justified the preference accorded to him. The hatred she had for Bonaparte made her a great Royalist. I frequently saw her. At my house she expressed my own sentiments, but at her own house I was often scandalised by the conversation of her set. She admitted all opinions and all ways of expressing them, and would fight to the death for the cause she upheld. But she always finished these bouts with a courteous parade, for she did not care to deprive her salon of any adept at this kind of fencing who could bring into it any variety. She liked all kinds of



CARICATURE OF MME. DE STAËL.

By Kirkpatrick Sharp

notabilities, whether of intellect or of rank, and even those whose fame was due to the violence of their opinions. I often left her salon indignant at the language there used. We went to say good-bye to her. A young man leaning on her armchair was declaiming in so hostile a way against the Royal Government, and showing that he was passionately devoted to the Bonapartists, that Madame de Staël, after vainly attempting to bring his vindictive eloquence to a playful tone, was compelled in spite of her habitual tolerance to silence him."

Madame de Staël in her later days at Paris produced more wonder than admiration among the foreigners who visited her. One of these wrote: "Madame de Staël 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, for 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."

In her drawing-room at Paris even so late as 1816 it was said of her, that she had the "rare

talent, never possessed by any other person, of uniting around her the most distinguished individuals of all the opposite parties, literary and political, and making them establish relations among themselves which they could not afterwards entirely shake off. There might be found Wellington and Lafayette, Chateaubriand, Talleyrand, and Prince Laval (Montmorenci); Humboldt and Blücher from Berlin; Constant and Sismondi from Switzerland; the two Schlegels from Hanover; Canova from Italy; the beautiful Madame Récamier and the admirable Duchesse de Duras; and from England such a multitude, that it seemed like a general emigration of British talent and rank!"

On a visit to Vienna Madame de Staël as usual had a salon, gave large parties and theatricals. She wrote a play on Hagar in the Desert. The Duc de Luynes was fond of acting, and was one of her guests. But though he received a part to act in another play, he got none in this play of his hostess, and was by no means pleased that what he considered his powers of acting had been overlooked. So he went and sat in the audience, and when Madame de Staël came in as Hagar, coarsely dressed in desert "outfit," old De Luynes said aloud to his neighbour, as though he knew nothing about the play, "And pray what does this play call itself?" "Ah," said his neighbour, "you don't know? It is Hagar in the Desert." "Well," said the Duc, "I for my part would style it 'The Justification of Abraham.'"

The impression made by Madame de Staël's writing on her English contemporaries may be seen from Lady Charlotte Campbell's letters: "Read Madame de Staël 'sur les Passions.'

What a wonderful mind is hers! What an insight she has into the recesses of human feeling! How many secret springs does she unlock! and how much the woman—the tender, the kind, the impassioned woman—betrays herself even in the philosophy of her writings! But what do men think of a woman authoress? With one or two great exceptions, women are sneered at who venture on the public arena of literature; and there is not a man existing perhaps who does not think that those women are happiest who do not attempt that bold and dangerous adventure—authorship!”

She speaks of the famous author's political activity: “Bernadotte was instigated against Bonaparte by one who not only owed him a personal hatred, but who possessed a mind equal to his, and who gave Bernadotte both information and advice how to act. This was no less a person than Madame de Staël. It was not, as some have asserted, that she was in love with Bernadotte, for at the time of their intimacy Madame de Staël was in love with young Rocca [whom she married]. But she used her influence, which was not small, with the Crown Prince [of Sweden] to make him fight against Bonaparte, and to her wisdom may be attributed much of the success which accompanied his attack upon him. Bernadotte has raised the flame of Liberty, which seems fortunately to blaze all around.”

“I dined with Madame de Staël. It is always delightful to be in her society. Even those persons who have been most hostile to her have generally been subjugated by her sincerity, her kindness, and the charm of her conversation, which, unlike that of any other person, in giving

out her own ideas, awakens those of her hearers, and draws them, as it were in spite of themselves, to a reciprocity of communication. Thus it was that she acquired a knowledge of mankind which superseded all that books can ever teach."

"It would be wholly unfair to judge Madame de Staël by any common standard of her sex. In all that pertained to mind, she was of no sex. The qualities that are supposed to belong to man alone—vigour of understanding, abstract reasoning, vastness of conception, the power of overleaping or discarding all minor considerations to arrive at a conclusion—were peculiarly her attributes. She was ambitious, not vain, and showed it so that little minds could not understand the *bonhomie* which avowed itself athirst for commendation—not that of contemporary praise, but the lasting eulogy of well-earned fame.

"It was not wise to betray this feeling. It gave an ample field for detractors to carp at, and it sometimes degenerated into an egotism that distressed her admirers. She was unhappy in her affections in early life, and when at last she fixed the heart of a gay and handsome man, I have heard her say, as she watched the approach of that fatal disease consumption, All I pray for is to die before him. Her prayer was granted. Her kindness to her inferiors in station and in intellect, her total freedom from all affectation, her strong sense of natural religion, the enthusiasm of her nature, were qualities as admirable as they were attractive. It was impossible for any one to like her by halves: she was destined to be either loved or hated. No wonder Bonaparte did the latter. Perhaps

she was the only human being he feared and could not conquer."

Mr. Gill's account of her re-establishment in Paris after Bonaparte's misfortunes shows her more active than ever: "The Staël is safely lodged at Paris, and is to give parties immediately to all the great characters—the Emperor of Russia, 'L'Infini,' the King of Prussia, 'L'Impossible,' and in short the heroes of all ages and principles, with the intention of extracting from the mass the real quintessence and vital principle of virtue, in a hydrogen state, which she means to have ready in bottles for exportation! N.B. None are genuine but those sealed with her own arms, viz. gules, two arms akimbo surmounted by a Saracen's head, [see caricature] sable, crowned with a French Pyx; crest, a cock and bull: badge, a cat and bladders. These have all been conferred by Louis XVIII. on his last visit to London."

Lady Holland in London in 1813 says: "The great wonder of the time is Madame de Staël. She is surrounded by all the curious, and every sentence she utters is caught and repeated with various commentaries. Her first appearance was at Lady Jersey's, where Lady Hertford also was, and looked most scornfully at her, pretending her determination not to receive her, as she was an atheist! and immoral woman. This harsh resolve was mitigated by an observation very agreeable to the observer—that her personal charms have greatly improved within the last twenty-five years. She [Madame de Staël] is violent against the Emperor, who, she says, is not a man: 'Ce n'est point un homme mais un système'—an incarnation of the Revolution. Women he considers only useful 'pour

produire les conscrits,' otherwise 'c'est une classe qu'il voudrait supprimer.' She is much less ugly than I expected; her eyes are fine, and her hand and arm very handsome. She was flummerying Sheridan on the excellence of his heart and moral principles, and he in return upon her beauty and grace. She is to live in Manchester Street and go occasionally to breathe the country air at Richmond Inn."

Let us cite from Madame de Staël's own writings a few lines to show her position at the time she wrote these letters to Lord John Campbell—namely, from 1803 onwards. Napoleon had told her to leave Paris, the only place where she thought she could be happy. She was born there—there also had she passed her childhood and her first youth. "French conversation," she declared, "existed only at Paris." There in 1802 she had made the acquaintance of General Bernadotte, the son of a poor lawyer of the South of France, who became one of the best officers of the French army. Bernadotte was suspected of intriguing against Bonaparte, who was heard to say that the men who frequented Madame de Staël's society at the Swedish Embassy were found to be less devoted to Napoleon after keeping company with those they met there. "Everything showed that he was resolved to punish me." She left Paris to stay at Coppet on the Lake of Geneva. "What shocked the First Consul even more than the opinions attributed to me was the number of strangers who visited me. It was a small matter that a woman existed with a literary reputation that made people wish to see her, but the fact that interest thus shown did not concern Bonaparte was enough to make him

desire to crush her. A symptom of his enmity was the manner in which the French Press treated my romance 'Delphine,' which appeared during the winter of 1802-3. I was at Geneva, living among English society there, owing both to a taste for it, and also owing to circumstances, when the declaration of war between France and England arrived." Madame de Staël then recounts the amazing order for the seizure of all Englishmen and their imprisonment. It did not matter whether they were politicians or not. Two thousand were arrested.

Mathieu de Montmorenci, who is frequently mentioned in the following letters, was with Lafayette in America, and took an active part in the war of the Colonists against Britain. He was accused by Fouché, at Paris, of inducing Madame Récamier to refuse the office of *Dame du Palais*. Napoleon thereupon sent him into exile. He visited Madame Récamier at Lyons, and became Equerry to the Duchesse d'Angoulême. He was appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs, and was made Duke. He resigned after the Congress at Verona.

Madame de Staël to Lord John Campbell.

COPPET, *mercredi matin.*

Quoiqu'en puisse dire Robertson,* my dear Lord, j'ai crain de trouver dans votre lettre une nuance de froideur pour moi, et je m'en suis tourmentée. J'attache à votre amitié un prix

* Mr. Robertson, an agreeable medical and scientific gentleman who travelled with Lord John Campbell.

infini, et je vous le répète encor, quand j'ai quitté Neufchatel je confondois dans mes regrets et dans mon cœur les deux amis à qui je devois des jours si heureux au milieu de ma triste et monotone destinée. Vingt fois pendant les deux jours que Robertson vient de me donner je vous ai eherché, je vous ai demandé, et comme Albertine je disois, *Mais pourquoi donc Lord John n'est-il pas là ?* Vous interdisez ce que vous appelez des louanges, mais n'interdisez pas les expressions de l'attachement, et pardonnez à mon caractère sa vivacité extérieure, puisqu'en fond du cœur il reste encor des sentiments que je retiens. C'en est donc fait à présent ; vous allez partir à travers toute cette Allemagne, à travers toutes ces mers : quel serrement de cœur !

J'ai été bien heureuse en revoyant Robertson dimanche ; je me suis fait dans ce moment une illusion presque complete sur l'avenir, mais à présent il est retombé sur mon cœur, cet avenir qui me sépare de vous, cet avenir qui me sépare d'une société si en harmonie avec mes idées et mes sentiments qu'il me semble que depuis long-tems je vous aimois et que je n'ai fait que vous reconnoître. Adieu, my dear Lord ; plaignez moi de retomber dans la solitude du cœur. Ecrivez moi pour me dire que vous pensez à moi. Je veux avoir du courage, mais de toutes les peines de la vie la plus difficile à supporter c'est la séparation, et c'est pour eela qu'il est si fou de laisser gagner les affections par des étrangers ; mais je n'ai pas dans le cœur plus de prévoyance que les sauvages, et je n'espère ni ne crains rien du lendemain. Adieu encor ; il me semble que je reviens de la porte pour vous embrasser encor. God bless you, et si vous avez quelques peines, si l'amitié d'une sœur vous est

nécessaire, revenez me trouver partout, et toujours mes affections les plus sincères et les plus tendres vous attendent. Saussure, malgré deux lettres de moi, a envoyé à Zurich deux lettres arrivées pour vous ; vous les trouverez là vendredi, et samedi je vous écrirai encor là, et puis après à Francfort. Je n'espère presque plus la paix avant votre embarcation ; je n'espère rien d'heureux, et mon âme est triste comme un des jours de votre climat. Adieu ; conservez de l'estime et de l'affection pour une personne dont les manières différent des vôtres, mais dont le cœur vous ressemble. Chargez moi de quelque chose ici ou en France ; combattez le tems et faites qu'il subsiste toujours des liens entre nous. Adieu ; je ne signe pas, mais y a-t-il loin de votre famille une femme dont vous puissiez confondre l'attachement pour vous avec le mien ? Pour la dernière fois, adieu.

(*Addressed*) My Lord John Campbell.

(*Endorsed*) Madame de Staël.
Coppet,
1803.

[*Translation.*]

COPPET, *Wednesday.*

Whatever Robertson may say, my dear Lord, I fear to find in your letter a trace of coolness towards me, and I have been tormenting myself about this. I cherish an infinite value for your friendship, and I repeat once again that when I left Neufchatel I mingled in my regret and in my reward the two friends to whom I owe such happy days in the midst of my sad and monotonous destiny. Twenty times during the two days when Robertson gave me his company did I seek news of you and ask about you, and like Albertine I cried, But why is Lord John not here ? You forbid me to sing praises, as you call it, but do not forbid the expressions of attachment, and pardon in my

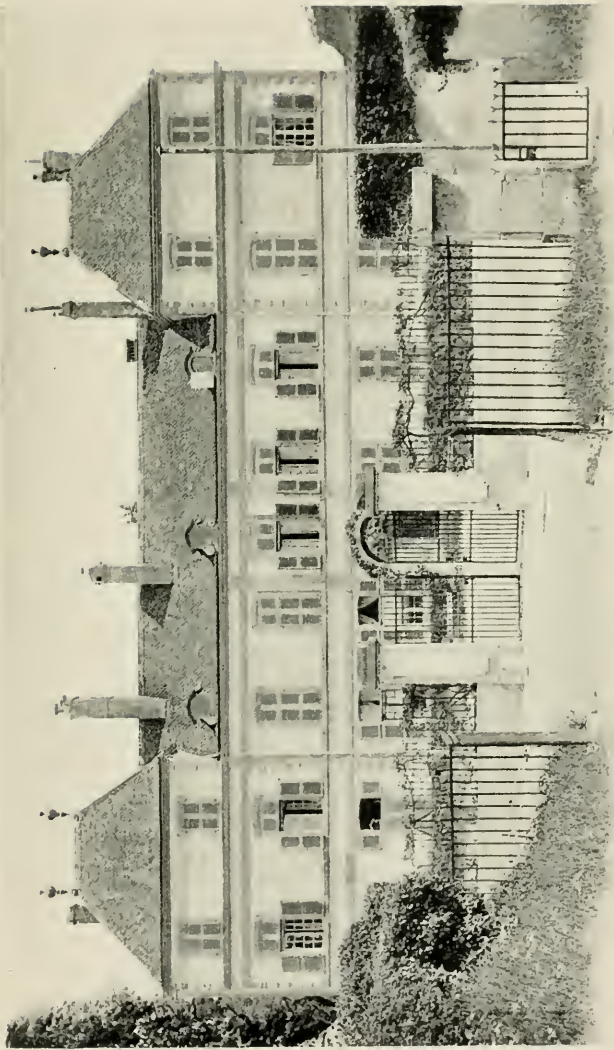
character its natural vivacity, for deep in my heart remains the feeling it must retain. It is then over for the present: you cross all that wide Germany and over all those seas. What a heart-ache I feel!

I was very happy to see Robertson again on Sunday. I keep myself an almost complete illusion as regards the future, but now again it weighs down my heart, that future which separates me from you! that future which divides me from a society so in harmony with my ideas and sentiments that it seems to me that I have loved you long, and that I have always known you. Adieu, my dear Lord. Pity me, now that I relapse again into a heart solitude. Write to me to tell me that you are thinking of me. I want to have courage, but of all the pains of existence the most difficult to bear is the pain of separation; that is why it is so foolish to let one's affections be gained by strangers, but I have no more power of seeing into the future than the savages, and I do not hope nor do I fear for the morrow. Adieu again! it seems to me that I have but now returned from the door to embrace you. God bless you! and if you have any cares, if the friendship of a sister be of necessity to you, come back to find me again. My most tender affection is with you and follows you everywhere. Saussure, in spite of having received two letters from me, has sent two letters to Zurich which had come for you. You will find them there on Friday, and on Saturday I shall still write to you there, and then afterwards to Frankfort. I hardly hope any more for peace before your embarkation. I hope for nothing fortunate. My spirit is sad like one of the days of your climate. Adieu; keep some esteem and affection for one whose manners differ from your own, but whose heart is like to yours. Give me some charge to execute for you either here or in France. Fight time and see that our friendship one for another ever live. I do not sign, but is there far from your family any other woman whose affection for you you could confound with mine? For the last time, adieu.

Madame de Staël to Lord John Campbell.

COPPET, le 27 juin.

Ah, my dear Lord, il y a un an que j'étais avec vous, un an que j'étais heureuse, et ma vie est



CHATEAU OF COPPET

foudroyée. Jamais, jamais je ne reprendrai à de l'intérêt, à de l'expérience. Je remplirai des devoirs, j'élèverai mes enfants, mais il n'y aura plus sur cette terre un but pour moi, il n'y en aura plus. Je mennerai mon fils à Edimbourg l'année prochaine ; c'est mon projet, mais si vous veniez ici je ne pourrais pas me résoudre à n'y pas être ; enfin nous combinerons ce double voyage, il faut que je vous revoye. Je n'ai pas été satisfaite de votre ami ; il me semble qu'il devait beaucoup à la pensée du désespoir affreux que j'ai d'avoir imaginé d'aller à Berlin ; mon [père] l'avait approuvé, mais est-ce assez pour supporter le reste de ma vie le regret d'y avoir été ?

My dear Lord, je n'ai plus dans le présent que la contemplation du passé ; je ne vis que pour y songer. Vous aussi, my noble friend, êtes-vous heureux ? Il y a tant de délicatesse, tant de générosité dans votre conduite : vous rendent-elles heureux ces vertus ? Y a-t-il au moins quelques exemples du bonheur de la vertu pour compenser les terribles tableaux que nous avons sous les yeux ? Le pauvre Christin sera mis en liberté, dit-on, le 14 juillet. Adieu encor une fois. Ma santé est abîmée ; je ne puis écrire deux pages sans tremblement. Adieu.

(Addressed) Right h^{ble}

Lord John Campbell.

(Cover)

Suisse.

To r^{ght} honourable

My Lord John Campbell.

Recommandée aux soins de

Mrs. J. Conrard Shultess,

banquiers,

à Zurich.

[*Translation.*]

COPPET, 27th June.

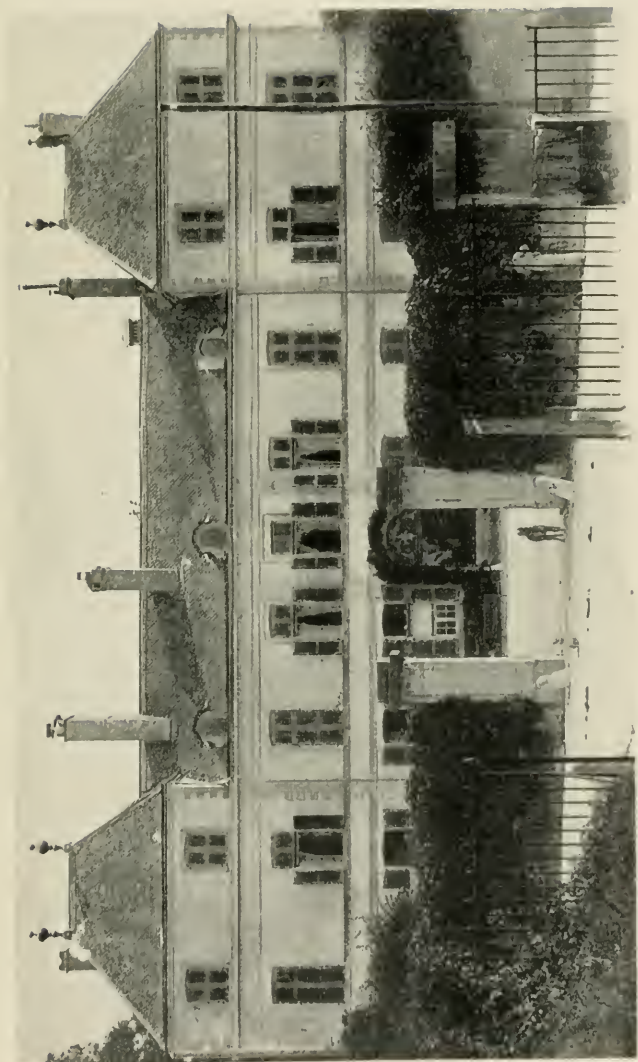
Ah, my dear Lord, it is a year since I was with you, a year ago that I was happy, and my life is blasted. Never, never again will I take an interest or seek experience. I will fulfil my duties, I will bring up my children, but there will be for me one object in life, one object only. I will take my son to Edinburgh next year; that is my plan, but if you came here, I should be here too: well, let us combine this double journey; I must see you again. I have not been very satisfied with your friend; it seems to me that my idea of going to Berlin was largely due to the frightful despair I was in. My father approved the scheme, but is it enough to support the regret of having been there during the rest of my life?

My dear Lord, at present all that remains to me is the contemplation of the past; I live only to think of it. You, too, my noble friend, are you happy? There is so much delicacy, so much generosity in your conduct; will those virtues make you happy? Are there any examples of happiness in virtue to compensate us for the terrible scenes before our eyes? Poor Christin will be set at liberty on the 14th July, so they say. Adieu once more. My health is ruined; I cannot write two pages without trembling. Adieu.

Madame de Staël to Lord John Campbell.

C. le samedi, 9 juillet.

Il me semble, my dear Lord, que vous pourriez nous donner le bonheur de vous posséder encor un ou deux mois en Suisse. La lettre du M^{is} de Lorne à Robertson m'a tout à fait convaincue que votre père ne le désapprouveroit pas, et je suis moralement sûre que dans l'intervalle de ces deux mois il se passera quelques évènements qui rendront le passage à travers la France possible, ou le passage de l'Allemagne plus sûr, plus facile et plus prompt. Voyez les petits



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cantons et revenez à Lausanne ; j'ai une maison toute prête pour vous à la campagne près de Lausanne, à Ouchy, où je vous ferai un arrangement plus indépendant et tout aussi commode que celui que vous aviez chez M^r de Saussure. Vous dînez chez vous, et en bonne *house keeper* je ferai que vous ne soyez pas volés, et vous souperez tous les soirs chez moi, car j'aurai une maison à quatre pas de la vôtre. M^r de Montmorenci * sera ici le 20 juillet, et le 1^{er} aoust nous pourrions être établis ensemble à Lausanne. Vous aimerez M^r de Montmorenci ; il est noble, simple et bon. Vous l'aimerez, car tous les gens que j'aime ont ensemble quelque rapport.

Les Call valent mieux que je ne croyois. Sir vwilliam m'a parlé de son pays avec âme. Nous nous ferons des ressources de promenade et d'occupation à Lausanne, et j'espère que tous les jours plus accoutumé à moi, mon amitié aura pour vous autant de charme que la vôtre en a pour moi. Dans tous les cas d'ailleurs vous pourrez repartir par Basle, ce qui est un chemin plus court, plus sûr et nouveau pour vous. Alors je vous accompagnerois jusqu'à Basle, parce que M^r de Montmorenci feroit avec un grand plaisir du voyage. Est-ce un rêve que tous ces projets, my dear Lord, ou votre cœur les réalisera-t-il ? J'ai écrit deux lettres à Robertson, l'une poste restante et l'autre comme celle-ci à l'auberge de l'Épée. Je lui dis que les lettres que vous recevrez à Zurich ont passé par Gênes ; il est donc certain que vous ne pouvez savoir l'effet que les lettres de Lord Lorne

* Bulletin of Police, August 2, 1811: "The Minister has charged the Prefect of Geneva to inform M. Mathieu de Montmorenci that he cannot return to Paris—that he is free to go to Coppet, or elsewhere, provided he remains forty leagues away from Paris."

ont pu produire sur le Duc d'Argyll. Attendez donc de le savoir. Une fois retourné dans l'isle vous ne pourrez plus en sortir ; il est bien plus aisé de prolonger. Je sais que mon désir est *selfish*, mais votre santé, mais votre bonheur y gagneroient, et il est bien permis d'être *selfish* par de tels intérêts. J'ai envoyé un homme à cheval pour savoir s'il n'y avoit point de lettres pour vous à Genève : il n'y en avoit point ; mais toutes les lettres de Paris à Genève disent qu'on espère la paix, et les fonds ont monté à Paris d'après . . . * espérance.

En vérité il est presque déraisonnable de partir au milieu d'une telle incertitude, et j'ai ce pressentiment que vous arriveriez plutôt en Angleterre attendant ici qu'en vous enfonçant dans cette Allemagne et vous exposant à ce vilain port de Tonningen. Ecrivez moi votre décision ; avec quelle joye je recevrais l'espoir d'une longue continuation de nos relations ensemble. Je vous écrirai mardi prochain, 11 juillet, chez M^{rs} Conrard et Shultess à Zurich. En revenant de Lucerne vous ferez prendre cette lettre à ce que j'imagine. Adieu, my dear Lord ; dites moi que vous m'aimez et que vous croyez que je vous aime *directement*.

(Addressed) à My Lord
 John Campbell
 à l'auberge de l'Epée
 à Zurich.

[Translation.]

COPPET, Saturday, 9th July.

It seems to me, my dear Lord, that we may have the good fortune to possess you yet for a month or two in Switzer-

* MS. torn.

land. The letter from the Marquis of Lorne to Robertson has quite convinced me that your father would not disapprove of this, and I am morally certain that in the interval of these two months some events will occur to make the passage across France possible, or the passage of Germany surer, more easy and prompt. Come and see the little cantons and return to Lausanne. I have a house all ready for you in the country close to Lausanne, at Ouchy, where I will make an arrangement for you, more independent and quite as convenient as that you had with M. de Saussure. You will dine at home, and as a good housekeeper I shall see that you do not get robbed, and you will have supper every evening with me, because I shall have a house within four paces of your own. M. de Montmorenci will be here on the 20th July, and on the 1st August we could be established together at Lausanne. You will love M. de Montmorenci. He is noble, simple, and good, and you will love all the people I love, for they all have something in common.

The Calls are more worthy than I thought. Sir William spoke to me of his country with exaltation. We will have our resources in walking, and occupation in Lausanne, and I hope that while every day you grow more accustomed to me, my friendship may have as much charm for you as yours for me. In any case you may leave again by Basle, which is a safer route, shorter, and more novel for you. I can accompany you as far as Basle, for M. de Montmorenci will make the journey with great pleasure. Is this a dream, all these prospects, my dear Lord, or will your heart realize them? I have written two letters to Robertson, the one to the Poste Restante, the other to the Auberge de l'Epée, like this one. I have told him that the letters you will receive at Zurich will have passed by Genoa. It is certain then that you cannot know the effect that the letters of the Marquis of Lorne have had on the Duke of Argyll. Do wait then to know this. Once returned to the island you will not be able to go away again. It is much easier to prolong your stay. I know that my desire is selfish, but your health and your happiness will gain by it, and it is surely permissible to be selfish for such interests. I sent off a man on horseback to know if there were any letters for you at Geneva, but there were none. All the letters from Paris to Geneva say that people hope for peace, and the funds have risen in Paris in accordance with this hope.

In truth, it is almost madness to depart in the midst of

so much uncertainty. I have the presentiment you will arrive rather the sooner in England if you wait here, than by burying yourself in that Germany, and exposing yourself to the discomforts of that vile port of Toningen. Write to me your decision. With what joy would I receive the hope of a continuation of our relations together. I will write to you Tuesday next, 11th July, care of Messrs. Conrad & Schultess at Zurich. You will, I imagine, receive this letter on returning from Lucerne. Adieu, my dear Lord. Tell me you love me, and that you believe I love you "directement."

Madame de Staël to Lord John Campbell.

C. le 12 juillet.

Il me semble, my dear Lord, que je vais vous dire cette fois trois ou quatre nouvelles qui doivent influer sur vos décisions. D'abord, on a publié à Genève que la communication pour les lettres était rouverte par Calais, ce qui prouve que les négociations continuent; secondement, voici un article du Publiciste du 7 juillet très significatif aussi pour la paix; troisièmement, il y a une négociation commencée entre la ville d'Hambourg et le Consul pour permettre que le paquebot d'Angleterre aille par Hambourg, et sans cela il faudroit traverser le Sund, ce qui est un voyage bien pénible et dans lequel surtout il est bien difficile qu'une femme s'engage. Si vous voulez écrire en Ecosse vous aurez à présent la réponse en vingt jours. Cependant ce tems la communication avec l'Angleterre sera rouverte, peut-être par la France, sûrement par Hambourg. M^r de Marcoff reste à Paris pour les négociations. Enfin mon père, qui avait toujours peur que vous ne retardassiez votre départ lorsque la Suisse ne paraissoit pas sûre, mon père eut d'avis que dans l'incertitude actuelle de toutes choses vous

avez tort de partir, et il n'y a pas un Anglois en Suisse à présent qui ne soit de cette opinion. Réfléchissez, je vous en prie, à tout ce que je vous mande là. Ce n'est point le désir que j'ai de vous revoir, désir qui s'augmente chaque jour, ce n'est point lui seul qui m'inspire ; je crois que la raison vous parleroit ainsi, et Saussure, l'impossible Saussure, dit, *Ma foi, je crois qu'à présent ils doivent rester*. De quel autre intérêt puis-je vous parler que de celui-là ? Il me semble que je sens encor plus vivement depuis votre départ quelle différence il y a pour mon esprit et mon cœur entre votre société et toutes les autres. Cependant on dit dans la Suisse que vous m'avez dit une fois *que vous vous ennuyiez partout et avec tout le monde*. J'ai répondu que si cela étoit vrai il l'étoit également que je ne m'étois jamais ennuyée un moment avec vous. Avez vous lu le discours du Préfet du Pas de Calais au 1^{er} Consul ? Il lui dit, *Dieu, après avoir créé Bonaparte, se reposa*. Ce sont les propres termes de la Bible en racontant la création du monde.

Je regrette de ne vous avoir pas donné mon fils pour le mener à Edimbourg ; je l'aurais tiré de toutes ces flatteries françoises, et je ne me serois pas crue séparée de vous quand un lien si cher nous auroit encor réunis. Si vous revenez il me semble que, d'une manière ou d'une autre, nous ne serons plus aussi complètement séparés. Les Call viennent de nous quitter ; je les aime assez. Sir vvilliam est un peu sauvage, et c'est amusant à voir dans un bon château bien civilisé. Du matin au soir il faisoit retentir la maison de chants et de danses, et j'aimois ce mouvement où mon âme ne prenoit aucune part. Au milieu de tout cela il est naturel et bon, et quand on se sent de la tristesse on aime à trouver

cette disposition du cœur qui vous promettrait de la pitié si vous y aviez recours. Il est étonné de tout, comme s'il se réveillait à 22 ans au milieu de la vie. Il m'a rappelé le huron de Voltaire. Je sais que vous aimez Voltaire, parce que votre esprit est gai et que vos idées sont analogues aux siennes, quoique vos sentiments lui soient bien supérieurs.

Si vous revenez M^r MacCulloch partira, et c'est en vérité un grand service que vous nous rendrez à tous les deux, car il a quelque chose d'extraordinaire qui m'effraye. Je vous ai dit une fois que les hommes aimoient d'autant plus qu'ils n'étoient pas aimés : je crois cette triste réflexion vraie ; l'amour des hommes est plein d'ingratitude. J'espère qu'il n'en sera pas ainsi de l'amitié, my dear Lord. Si vous répondez mal à la mienne vous me causeriez une vive et longue peine. Je veux que votre bonté pour tout le monde soit de la sensibilité pour moi, car vous ne pouvez me faire du bien ou du mal que par les délicatesses du cœur.

Voilà la troisième lettre que je vous écris en comptant celle que Robertson vous a portée ; il faudra bientôt que je vous prie de me répondre, comme à M^r Lewis, en signant votre nom. Répondez moi en disant, *Je reviens*. Soyez à Copet le 25 juillet. Vous aurez bien eu le tems de voir la Suisse, et nous partirons de là tous ensemble, M^r de Montmorenci compris, pour aller passer le mois d'aoust à Lausanne ou dans les montagnes des environs. Je suis tentée de vous dire à *l'irlandoise*, si vous ne recevez pas cette lettre mandez le moi. J'écrirai demain à Robertson à la même adresse que cette lettre-ci après le courier de France, à moins que je ne reçoive une lettre de lui demain qui m'indique une autre

adresse. Adieu encor, my dear Lord ; revenez, revenez, adieu.

[*Translation.*]

COPPET, 12th July.

It strikes me, my dear Lord, that I have two or three pieces of news that may alter your decisions. 1st, it is announced at Geneva that postal communication has been reopened *viâ* Calais, which proves that negotiations are still in progress. 2ndly, here is an article from the *Publiciste* of 7th July, very significant also of peace. 3rdly, negotiations have been opened between the city of Hambourg and the Consul, to permit the English mail-boat to go by Hambourg, as otherwise it would have to cross the Sound, which is a very disagreeable journey, and almost impossible for a woman. If you have to write to Scotland you will at present get an answer in twenty days. By that time communication with England will certainly be opened, perhaps by France, certainly by Hambourg. Mr de Marcoff remains in Paris for the negotiations. My father, who always feared you would put off your departure while the state of Switzerland was so uncertain, is now of opinion that you are unwise to leave, and every Englishman in Switzerland thinks the same. I beg of you to reflect on what I am telling you. It is not alone my desire to see you again, a desire which increases every day, it is not only that which inspires me, but I think Reason should tell you so, and Saussure, the impossible Saussure, says, Faith, I think they ought to stay here at present. From what other motive can I speak of him ? I seem to feel more than ever since you left the difference, both in my intellect and heart, of your society to any one else's, and yet it is said in Switzerland that you once said to me that you were bored everywhere and with everybody, to which I answered that if that were so it was equally true that I had never felt bored for an instant in your company. Have you read the speech of the Prefect of the Pas-de-Calais to the First Consul ? He says that God, after creating Bonaparte, RESTED. They are the exact terms of the Bible on the creation of the universe.

I regret not having confided my son to you to take to Edinburgh ; it would have removed him from French flattery, and I should not have felt so divided from you while such a tender tie united us. If you return, I feel that, one way

and another, we shall not be so completely separated. The Calls have just left us ; I like them rather. Sir William is a little wild, and it is amusing in a good civilized house to see him making the place re-echo with songs and dances, and I liked the movement even when my soul could take no part in it all ; it is natural and good, and when one feels sad one is glad to find that disposition of the heart which would prompt one to feel pity. He is surprised at everything, as though he had awaked at 22 years of age in the middle of life. He reminded me of the Huron of Voltaire. I know you like Voltaire, for you have a gay disposition, and you have similar ideas, though your sentiments are far superior to his. If you come back Mr. McCulloch will leave, and in truth it would be rendering a great service to us both, for there is something about him which frightens me. I told you once that men love all the more when they are not loved : I think this is true ; man's love is full of ingratitude. I trust it will not be so with friendship, my dear Lord. If you did not respond to mine, you would cause me a sharp and prolonged pain. I wish that your kindness to all the world should be sensibility to me, for you can only give me pleasure or pain by the heart.

This is the third letter I have written you, counting the one Mr. Robertson took to you. I shall soon have to ask you to answer me, like Mr. Lewis, signing your name. Answer me saying, I am coming to Coppet. Be at Coppet on the 25th July ; you will have had ample time to see Switzerland, and we shall all go together, Mr de Montmorenci included, to spend the month of August at Lausanne, or in the mountains in the neighbourhood. I am tempted to say, like an Irishman, if you do not receive this letter let me know. I shall write to-morrow to Robertson at the same address as this unless I receive a letter from him to-morrow notifying change of address. Adieu again, my dear Lord ; return, return, adieu.

Madame de Staël to Lord John Campbell.

COPPET, 22 juillet.

Je n'aurois pas conseillé à Robertson, je vous l'atteste, my dear Lord, de rester en Suisse, mais j'aurois voulu qu'il eut le besoin de venir passer

quatre jours avec moi après avoir reçu un courrier de moi qui lui disoit. Ce qui est vrai, c'est que dans quelque ville de France qu'on l'eut conduit je l'y aurois suivi. S'il vous avoit quitté, s'il avoit renoncé à son pays, je l'en aurois moins aimé ; mais comme il n'y a pas un seul Anglois arrêté en Suisse, comme ils y sont aussi sûrs que jamais, et que votre course à Fribourg a été la seule cause de l'évènement de Baden, je trouvois que Robertson pouvoit revenir ici par quatre jours, et daignez en croire mon attachement pour vous, je ne l'aurois pas retenu plus long tems. Le parti qu'il a pris certainement n'altère pas mon estime pour lui, mais diminue beaucoup l'idée que je m'étois faite de son affection pour moi, et par conséquent ma confiance dans ses plans futurs pour me revoir. Une telle pensée est douloureuse, car j'ai pris pour Robertson une vive et profonde amitié, et tout ce qu'il m'avoit montré de sentiment m'avoit presque persuadée qu'un homme pouvoit être capable d'une sensibilité telle que je la désire, telle que je la veux pour donner celle que je puis éprouver. Heureusement, si toute fois je puis prononcer ce mot dans un moment d'amère douleur, heureusement qu'une idée confuse que Robertson étoit mobile et qu'il s'exagéroit lui-même ses sentiments pour moi, a retenu mon cœur que j'étois prête à lier à lui pour toujours, et que je me suis défendue des engagements irréparables, il en reste assez pour être triste et souffrante, peut-être jusques à la fin des jours de jeunesse que la peine abrège si vite.

Vous voyez avec quelle franchise je vous parle, my dear Lord. J'ai une telle estime pour votre caractère, j'ai si profondément senti que

si vous m'aviez aimé je vous aurois aimé, que je vous montre sans aucune crainte ce que toute autre femme cacheroit, et j'ose compter que le M^{is} de Lorne lui-même ne verra jamais une seule de mes lettres à vous, ne saura jamais par vous que j'ai regretté si cruellement d'être séparée d'un homme que les circonstances éloignaient autant de moi.

Encor un dernier plan pour vous revoir, il me semble, celui-là, sans aucun genre d'inconvénient. J'ai divers motifs ou divers prétextes pour aller à Stutgard. Matthieu désire que nous fassions le tour de la Suisse pour rentrer en France par Basle. Stutgard est très près de la Suisse, et il y a là un homme que j'ai promis d'aller voir pour lui confier mon fils Albert à cause de l'allemand. Il n'y a donc pas pour moi le moindre inconvénient à passer 8 jours à Stutgard, et si vous n'allez pas à Vienne je ne vois pas pourquoi vous ne me donneriez pas ces 8 jours dans une ville agréable et assez curieuse à ce qu'on dit. Si vous me répondez que vous y allez, j'y serai en comptant le nombre de jours qu'il faut pour partir après votre lettre reçue. Mon père approuve ce plan, et il est possible que je vous laisse Auguste si vous allez directement en Ecosse et que vous vouliez lui donner la place de M^{lle} de la Chaise ; c'est une idée du moins qui me revient souvent. J'ai droit à être crue, my dear Lord, quand je vous exprime des sentiments que tout autre cacheroit, quand je les exprime dans un moment où l'amour-propre des femmes communes seroit blessé. Je vous dis donc que vous revoir me fera autant de plaisir que de revoir Robertson. Vous avez dû recevoir une lettre de moi le courier dernier avec une lettre d'Angleterre ; je croyois

alors que R. alloit revenir, et je pleurois en vous écrivant du regret de votre départ. Consentez donc à me donner ces huit jours à Stutgard; peut-être vous y porterai-je des nouvelles de paix. Adieu.

P.S.—Si ma lettre ne vous atteint pas à Ulm I vvill vvait a month for your decision.

Mon père, qui est la bonté même pour moi dans tout ceci et que ma peine touche, me fait rouvrir ma lettre à vous pour vous dire que le meilleur endroit pour nous réunir quinze jours au lieu de huit, ce seroit Constance, qui est à l'extrémité de la Suisse, appartient à l'Empereur, et est sur le bord d'un lac plus beau que celui de Genève. Je crois que tous les Anglois qui pourront s'échapper d'ici iront là. Enfin décidez. Pourvu qu'avant quinze jours, un mois ou six semaines j'aye passé quelques jours avec vous, je suis soulagée et le lieu du rendez-vous m'est presque égal. Puisque vous aviez l'idée d'aller à Vienne, pourquoi ne passeriez vous pas quelque tems en Allemagne? Il n'y aura rien du tout de militaire avant le mois de 9^{bre}, et en restant encor quelques semaines sur le Continent vous vous donnez la chance de la paix. Ah que je serai heureuse si je vous persuade, si je revois dans une auberge encor les têtes blonde et noire m'accueillant à la fenêtre! Vous pourriez aller à Munich, et revenir ensuite à Stutgard ou à Constance. Ah, mon Dieu, que je suis longue dans mes lettres, développée ennuyeuse, mais j'ai tant d'envie de réussir que je crains toujours d'avoir oublié une raison qui seroit bonne. Adieu encor, my dear Lord: peut-être pas adieu pour longtems; il me semble qu'il n'y a pas d'inconvénients à ce que je propose.

J'écrirai à R. le 1^{er} courier, toujours à Ulm.

(Cover) fr. Schaffouse. Allemagne.
à My Lord
John Campbell
à Ulm—poste
restante.

[*Translation.*]

COPPET, 22nd July.

I would not have advised Robertson, I assure you, my dear Lord, to remain in Switzerland, but I wish he had felt the need of passing four days with me after having received a letter from me asking him. To tell the truth, I would have followed him no matter to what town in France they had conducted him. If he had left you, if he had renounced his country, I should have liked him less ; but as there has not been a single Englishman arrested in Switzerland, as they are as safe there as ever, and as your journey to Fribourg was the sole cause of the Baden episode, I thought that Robertson might have returned here for four days, and do believe that out of affection for you I would not have let him stay longer. The course he has adopted certainly does not affect my esteem for him, but much diminishes the idea I had of his affection for me and consequently in his projects for seeing me again. Such a thought is painful, as I had a lively and profound friendship for Robertson, and what I saw of his feelings had nearly persuaded me that a man may be capable of the sensibility that I desire, such as I want before giving what I can myself experience. Happily, if I can use the word in a moment of bitter anguish—happily a vague suspicion that Robertson was fickle and over-estimated his sentiments for me restrained my heart, which was about to give itself to him for ever, and I kept free of an irrevocable engagement ; but enough remains to make me sad and suffering perhaps to the end of the days of my youth, which pain so quickly shortens.

You see, my Lord, with what candour I speak to you. I have such an esteem for your character, I feel so profoundly that if you had loved me I should have loved you, that without any restraint I show you what any other woman would hide, and I count on you that not even the Marquis of Lorne

will ever see one of my letters to you, will never know through you how much grief I felt at being separated from a man whom circumstances removed from me.

Yet another plan to see you, this time, I think, without any sort of inconvenience. I have various reasons or pretexts for going to Stuttgart. Mathieu wants us to make a tour of Switzerland, re-entering France at Basle. Stuttgart is very near Switzerland, and I have promised to see a man there about my son Albert, who is to learn German. There would therefore be no objection whatever to my passing a week at Stuttgart; and if you do not go to Vienna, I don't see why you should not spare me a week in a town pleasant and interesting enough, I am told. If you tell me that you are going there, I shall be counting the number of days before I shall see you. My father approves of the plan, and it is possible that I shall leave Auguste with you if you go directly to Scotland and if you will give him the place of Mlle. de la Chaise. It is an idea at least that often occurs to me. I have the right to be believed, my dear Lord, when I express sentiments which every one else would conceal, when I express them at a moment when the *amour propre* of ordinary women would be wounded. I tell you then that to see you again will give me as much pleasure as seeing Robertson. You must have received a letter from me by the last mail with a letter from England; I believed then that R. would return, and I wept while writing to you in sorrow at your departure. Consent then to give me that week at Stuttgart—perhaps I shall bring you news of peace. Adieu.

P.S.—Should my letter not catch you at Ulm I will wait a month for your decision.

My father, who is kindness itself for me in all this and who is moved by my sorrow, has made me open my letter to you to tell you that the best place to meet during a fortnight instead of a week would be Constanz, which is at the far end of Switzerland, belongs to the Emperor, and is on the shores of a lake more beautiful than that of Geneva. I fancy that all the English who escape will go there. Make up your mind. Provided that before a fortnight has passed, a month, or six weeks, I shall have spent a few days with you, I shall be consoled, and the site of the rendezvous is indifferent to me. Since you had the idea of going to Vienna, why did you not spend some time in Germany? There will

be no military operations before the month of November, and by remaining a few weeks longer on the Continent, you give yourself a chance of peace. How happy I should be if I can persuade you, if I see once more at my inn the fair head and the black welcoming me at the window! You could go to Munich, and return thence to Stuttgart or to Constanz. Good Heavens, how long and tedious I have become in my letters, but I am so anxious to succeed that I always fear that I have forgotten some good reason. Farewell again, my dear Lord: perhaps not farewell for long; I don't think there can be any objections to what I propose.

I will write to R. by the first mail, always to Ulm.

Madame de Staël to Lord John Campbell.

Les Call vont, je crois, s'échapper,
et me donneront rendez-vous dans
la ville d'Allemagne que je leur
désignerai si j'y vais.

C. le 23 juillet.

J'ai un peu de honte, my dear Lord, de la dernière lettre que je vous ai écrite, et je vous prie de la brûler. L'agitation que m'avait donné l'évènement de Baden, et la subite séparation qui l'a suivi, m'eut fait un tel mal qu'il n'y a que depuis quelques heures qu'à l'aide du laudanum j'ai cessé d'avoir une fièvre ardente. Pardonnez done, et faites mieux, oubliez et brûlez une lettre à laquelle je ne puis penser sans beaucoup d'embarras, car je ne me souviens même plus de ce qu'elle contenoit. Ce que je sais c'est que j'ai dû sans doute exprimer un regret affreux de la perte de votre société et de celle de R., car il y a dans votre caractère et dans votre esprit à tous les deux un genre de charme qui m'a fait éprouver un bonheur parfait, et je ne sais pas ce qu'on ne ferait pas pour rejoindre

ceux qui ont le talent magique de vous rendre heureux.

J'étais bien convaincue avant de vous connaître qu'il était possible de me plaire, de m'intéresser, mais non pas de me rendre la vie tout à fait douce. Mon âme naturellement agitée n'a trouvé du calme qu'auprès de vous. Dix ans de révolution m'avaient fait mépriser les hommes, et vous m'avez rendu ce que j'éprouvai à vingt ans, l'estime et la confiance. Pardonnez moi donc si j'ai senti je ne sais quel déchirement inexprimable quand le dernier lien de l'espoir s'est brisé. Il m'en reste un cependant encor ; c'est que vous acceptiez la proposition que je vous ai faite d'un rendez-vous en Allemagne avant votre fatale embarcation. Je puis être dans quinze jours à Stutgard ou dans six semaines à Francfort. Si je vais dans quinze jours à Stutgard, c'est en faisant le tour de la Suisse avec Matthieu, et prenant là des renseignements qui me sont nécessaires sur une pension où je pourrais mettre Albert. Si je vais dans six semaines à Francfort, ce serait en rentrant en France par Strasbourg, et peut-être vous remettrais-je là Auguste, qui meurt d'envie d'être mis en pension à Edimbourg. Vous avez produit sur mes enfants, tous les deux, un effet qui me prouve combien mes sentiments sont naturels ; ils me font pleurer sans cesse par leurs allusions à vous, par leurs regrets. Ah, je le crois, les vrais qualités du cœur sont celles que des êtres innocents et simples ont senti si profondément. Ne dites pas que ce n'est rien que se revoir huit jours. Nous ferons là des projets pour l'année suivante, et si je vous donne mon fils, n'est-il pas sûr que j'irai en Ecosse le printems prochain ? Enfin, my dear Lord, dans cette vie où le bonheur ne compte que par jours j'irais à

cinq cent lieux pour huit jours ; leur attente, leur souvenir font le lot d'une destinée.

Ce que je veux seulement c'est ne pas vous déranger ; mais si ma lettre vous est parvenue à Ulm, Stutgard est la route pour aller à Francfort, et si vous avez été à Munich ou même à Vienne il me semble que, si vous retournez en Angleterre, Francfort est encor votre route, et que nous pouvons nous y retrouver dans six semaines. Par les nouvelles d'aujourd'hui il est positif que la Prusse ne sera point en guerre avec l'Angleterre, et l'on peut s'embarquer à Embden sur un bâtiment prussien ; or Francfort est la route d'Embden. Il y a toujours des négociations, mais je ne vois point qu'elles se hâtent, et ce qui va vite ce sont les préparatifs de descente en France ; cependant personne n'y croit avant le mois de mars.

Je vous ai envoyé une lettre d'Angleterre à Ulm, et je continuerai à vous les adresser là poste restante jusques à ce que j'aye une lettre de vous qui change l'adresse. J'écris de même à Robertson. My dear Lord, quand je reçois des lettres ou des compliments, savez vous quel est mon premier mouvement ? L'espoir que je vaux assez pour que ma parfaite amitié pour vous soit de quelque chose dans le bonheur de votre vie ; et je suis tentée, comme Don Quichotte, d'obliger tous ceux qui me louent à vous aller dire que je vous aime et que vous devez m'aimer. Matthieu arrive après demain, et m'apportera beaucoup de nouvelles ; je vous les écrirai, mais prenez garde, je vous prie, que mes lettres ne se perdent pas—il y a partout des agents français. Je vous en prie, souvent quelques lignes à la fin de votre journal ; mettez sur un petit papier *je vous aime, je me porte bien, et*

s'il se peut *je vous attends là tel jour*. Voilà des lignes qui feront plus de bien que toute la puissance consulaire n'en pourra jamais produire. N'est-il pas doux de penser qu'au milieu de l'empire du pouvoir l'empire de l'affection reste, et que l'amitié dispose encor du bonheur ? Je reçois à l'instant une lettre de vous, bonne, touchante, comme tout ce qui vient de vous. Je suis bien aise à présent que Robertson vous ait rejoint, car les Anglais sont en fuite de Lausanne. Ah, quelle tyrannie ! Si cette lettre vous parvient à tems pour nous rejoindre en Allemagne, ah, my dear Lord, attendez moi. Je vous aime tous les jours plus. Il y a des trésors dans votre âme que je vous découvrirai à vous-même, et vous redeviendrez heureux en sentant mieux tout ce que vous valez. Ecrivez moi, écrivez moi—jamais vous n'aurez causé un plus doux sentiment à personne.

[*Translation.*]

The Calls are, I think, about to escape, and will give me a meeting in a German town I shall mention to them if I go.

COPPET, 23rd July.

I have some remorse, my dear Lord, regarding the last letter I wrote you, and I beg you to burn it. The agitation which the Baden event caused me, and the sudden separation which followed it, brought on such an illness that it is only a few hours ago, with the aid of laudanum, that I ceased to have a burning fever. Pardon me therefore, and do better—forget and burn the letter, which I cannot think of without much embarrassment, because I do not even remember what it contained. All that I know is that I no doubt expressed a terrible sorrow at your departure and that of R., because there is that in your character and in the spirit of both of you a kind of charm which makes me feel a perfect happiness,

and I do not know what one would not do to rejoin those who have the magic talent of making one feel happy.

I was assured before I knew you that it was possible to please me and interest me, but I did not know that my life could be made absolutely happy. My mind, being by nature easily moved, has only found calm with you. Ten years of revolution had made me contemptuous of men, and you have restored that which I felt when I was twenty years old, esteem and confidence. Pardon me then if I feel an indescribable wrench when the last tie of hope is broken. But still one remains, and that is that you will accept the proposal made to meet in Germany before your fatal embarkation. I can be in Stuttgart within a fortnight, or in six weeks in Frankfort. If I go in a fortnight to Stuttgart, it is in going round Switzerland with Mathieu, and making inquiries there for a *pension* where I could place Albert. If I go in six weeks to Frankfort, it would be by re-entering France by Strasbourg, and perhaps I could hand over Auguste to you, who is dying to go to school in Edinburgh! You have produced an effect on both my children which proves to me how natural my own sentiments are. They make me weep constantly by their allusions to you and their regrets for you. Ah, I believe that the true feelings of the heart are those which innocent and simple beings have felt so deeply. Do not say it is nothing to see each other for a week. We will then make plans for the next year, and if I give you my son, is it not certain that I will go to Scotland next spring? In fine, my dear Lord, in this life where happiness can only be counted in days, I would go a distance of five hundred leagues for eight days, the expectation and the memory of them making the lot of a destiny.

What I wish is not to incommode you. But if my letter has reached you at Ulm, Stuttgart is the route for Frankfort, and if you have been to Munich or to Vienna, it seems to me that, if you return to England, Frankfort is still on your way, and in six weeks' time we may meet again there. By the news of to-day it is positively stated that the Prussians will not go to war with England, and one can embark at Embden on a Prussian ship; now Frankfort is on the way to Embden. Negotiations are proceeding, but I do not see that they are being hastened, and what is being done quickly are the preparations for invasion in France. However, no one believes this will take place before the month of March.

I sent you an English letter to Ulm, and shall continue to

send them to the Poste Restante until I get a letter from you to change the address. I wrote the same to Robertson. My dear Lord, whenever I receive letters or compliments, do you know what is my first thought? It is a hope that I am worthy enough to make my perfect friendship for you count for something in your life, and I am tempted, like Don Quixote, to compel all those who praise me to go to you to say I love you and that you ought to love me. Mathieu arrives the day after to-morrow, and will bring me much news. I shall write the news to you, but take care, I pray you, that the letters do not get lost: there are French agents everywhere. I beg of you often to write some lines at the end of your journal and your letters, written on a little piece of paper: "I love you, I am well," and if possible "I expect you there on such and such a day." There, those will be lines that will do more good than all the power of the First Consul can ever attain! Is it not sweet to think that in the midst of the empire of power the empire of affection remains, and that friendship still disposes of happiness? I receive this moment a most touching letter from you, as is ever all that comes from you. I am much relieved in my mind to hear that Robertson has joined you, for the English are in flight from Lausanne. Ah, what a tyranny! If this letter reaches you in time for us to meet again in Germany, ah! my dear Lord, do wait for me there. I love you each day more and more. There are in your mind treasures that I may reveal to you yourself, and you will again become happy in knowing what you yourself are worth. Write to me, write to me—never will you have inspired a more tender sentiment in any being!

Madame de Staël to Lord John Campbell.

*le 24 * juillet.*

J'ai brouillé toutes les dattes ;
je ne savois plus où on étoit, ni
le mois ni la vie.

J'ai besoin encor une fois, my dear Lord, de
vous prier d'oublier et d'anéantir la lettre que je

* This date has been altered.

vous ai écrite le jour où j'appris la nouvelle du départ de R. Je n'y puis penser sans rougir et j'y pense sans cesse ; j'avois tort en tout, et de tous les hommes du monde vous êtes celui devant qui il me fait le plus de peine de m'être présentée à mon désavantage, car je ne vous ai jamais su dire un mot que la plus parfaite convenance ne dut approuver. Mais j'ai pour excuse un ébranlement de nerfs cruel auquel je suis quelquefois sujette, et qui duroit encore quand l'heure de la poste me forçoit de vous écrire. J'en ai conservé un engourdissement dans les mains si bizarre que je pourrois le prendre pour le commencement de la maladie de Lady Derby ; mais cet engourdissement ne s'étend plus à ma raison, et depuis que je sais les Anglois retenus en Suisse j'approuve entièrement votre ami de n'être pas venu ici pour 8 jours comme je le souhaitois.

Quand j'aurois reçu la lettre où vous peignez avec tant de douceur votre isolement, et que je me serois vue peut-être dans l'impossibilité de vous ramener votre ami, j'aurois été bien malheureuse, car je vous le répète, dans toutes les situations de mon âme, le sentiment que R. m'a montré a créé dans moi une intérêt vif pour lui, mais votre bonheur m'est aussi nécessaire que le sien. Enfin je ne veux pas consacrer toutes mes lettres à en excuser une autre ; cela seroit trop ennuyeux pour vous, mais j'ai besoin que vous m'écriviez, ou que vous me disiez si je vous revois, que vous pardonnez un tort qui appartient à une sorte de chaleur de sentiments et de vivacité, de peine que je ne suis pas toujours la maîtresse de couleurs.

Je désire extrêmement que l'un de nos deux projets, Stutgard dans quinze jours ou

Francfort dans six semaines, soit accepté par vous ; mais si vous ne pouvez les accepter, si vous ne pouvez m'attendre, je me résignerai avec douceur et tristesse, en me recommandant seulement à vous pour trouver une manière de nous revoir le plutôt possible. Vous avez raison de citer ce vers françois, *Ils sont passés, ces jours de fête* ; c'est un des plus mélancoliques que je connoisse. Ah, my dear Lord, rien n'est passé pour vous, et tout votre cœur renaîtra une fois par le bonheur ; mais moi qui ai sept ans de plus que vous, moi qui suis déchirée entre mes devoirs et mes affections, c'est pour moi que *les jours de fête sont passés*, et la dernière fois que j'ai dansé en vous rappelant Lady Augusta est, je n'en doute pas, le dernier jour de ma vie d'illusion, la dernière heure de cette existence animée qui en finissant commence la mort.

Mais je veux vous dire des nouvelles ; je ne veux pas me laisser aller à ma profonde tristesse. N'oubliez pas que j'ai été aimable et gaie avec vous ; vous pourriez n'en plus trouver de traces dans ces lettres écrites avec un sentiment encor si douloureux. Pourquoi n'iriez vous pas à Constance ? M. est arrivé ce matin de Fribourg, où je l'avois envoyé pour R. et où il étoit allé avec beaucoup de zèle.

Le général Ney a déclaré que si vous aviez été pris il ne vous auroit jamais relâché, mais que pour un médecin cela n'en valoit pas la peine. Vous voyez que le Général Ney et moi nous ne faisons pas grand cas des médecins, et il répétoit toujours en grondant *ce petit Lord qui s'est échappé en femme*. Il est vrai cependant que c'est bien une action d'homme de s'échapper ainsi en femme. Il répète sans cesse à la Diette de se dépêcher parce qu'il est

pressé d'aller en Angleterre avec le Consul. Il est de si bon goût dans les plaisanteries qu'il a lancé l'autre jour à table toute une bouteille de vin de champagne sur M^r Venturi, Ambassadeur de la République Italienne, qui d'abord étoit étonné, mais qui a fini par être charmé d'amuser un moment ce grand seigneur conventionnel. Il y a des lettres de Londres du 13 juillet par Calais qui disent qu'on y souffre beaucoup des impôts et des banqueroutes. Lord Nelson a fait déclarer au Roi de Naples que s'il recevoit les François dans Naples il la bombarderoit. Sur cela on a envoyé un courier au Consul pour savoir s'il ordonnoit toujours aux troupes de marcher ; je ne doute pas qu'il ne persiste. On dit que l'électorat d'Hanovre va être partagé entre le Roi de Prusse et le Duc de Mecklenbourg, beau-frère de l'Empereur de Russie. Il seroit bien à désirer pour l'Europe que cet Empereur eut un peu moins de vertus domestiques. Au reste on ne craint plus la guerre avec la Prusse.

Pourquoi n'iriez vous pas à Munich voir les établissemens du C^{te} de Rumford ? ou à Carlsruhe de l'autre côté où il y a les plus beaux jardins du monde ? Je reviens toujours à mon idée favorite ; donnez moi un rendez-vous en Allemagne à deux jours de la frontière suisse, ou dans quinze jours ou dans un mois ou dans six semaines. Décidez, et simplement écrivez le nom de la ville et la datte du jour ; j'y serai. Indiquez moi bien exactement l'adresse où il faut vous écrire. Voilà la cinquième lettre que je vous écris à Ulm en comprenant celle d'Angleterre envoyée par moi, et quatre à R. en comprenant celle qui lui sera renvoyée de Baden. Voilà de quoi effrayer l'hôte de la Rose d'Or, mais tant que je vous sais au

milieu des *yung frau* il me semble que vous n'avez rien de mieux à faire que de me lire ; je serai plus discrète quand vous serez en Angleterre.

Voulez vous donner à R. ces vers de moi faits à l'âge de seize ans, qu'il m'a demandés plusieurs fois. Vous voyez que déjà j'avois le besoin d'être aimée ; je l'ai toujours désiré, et dès que j'ai aimé je me suis persuadée que je ne l'étois pas : c'est une maladie de mon cœur qui me fait plus de mal qu'aux autres. Je sais que MacCulloch et Call se sont enfuis à Neufchatel ; mais MacCulloch m'ayant demandé de lui dire de rester, et moi l'ayant refusé, il est parti sans m'écrire. Je suis inquiète de lui, car il est bien violent. M^{lle} Call va en Allemagne ; nous pourrions tous nous trouver réunis dans la ville que vous désignerez. Cette dispersion, même des intérêts secondaires, est profondément triste : à qui parlerai-je anglois ? Ah, pourquoi vous ai-je connus ? Je n'ai de ma vie tant souffert que depuis quelques jours. Adieu—God bless you and me.

[*Translation.*]

24th * July.

I have confused all my dates ; I didn't know where I was in the month nor in life.

I want once more, my dear Lord, to beg of you to forget and destroy the letter I wrote you the day I heard of R.'s departure. I can't think of it without blushing, and I think of it constantly ; it was a mistake altogether, and of all men in this world you are the one before whom it grieves me most to show myself at a disadvantage, for I have never known you say one word to which any one could take exception. But my only excuse is a nervous prostration to which I am at

* This date has been altered.

times subject, and from which I was suffering when post-time obliged me to write to you. It left me with such a strange numbness in the hands that I might have taken it for the symptoms of Lady Derby's illness; but this numbness does not extend to my brain, and since I know that the English are detained in Switzerland, I quite approve of your friend's not having come here for a week as I had wished.

Had I then received your letter where you described with so much gentleness your isolation, and had found it impossible to bring your friend back to you, I should have been very unhappy, for I repeat, that the feeling which R. showed me has roused in me a great interest for him, but your happiness is as necessary to me as his. However, I will not devote all my letters to making excuses for others; that would be too tedious for you; but I want you to write to me, to tell me that you forgive an error which is attributable to a sort of warmth of sentiment and vivacity, so that often I am scarcely able to control my language.

I want you so much to accept one of our two projects—Stuttgart in a fortnight, or Frankfort in six weeks; but if you cannot do this, if you cannot wait for me, I will resign myself sadly, counting on you to find a means for us to meet again as soon as possible. Well may you quote the French verses, "Ils sont passés, ces jours de fête"; they are some of the saddest I know. Ah, my dear Lord, nothing is passed for you, all your heart will live once again with happiness; but I who am seven years older than you, I who am torn between my duties and my affections, it is for me that those days are over, and the last time I danced, reminding you of Lady Augusta, was, I doubt not, the last day of my life of illusions, the last day of that animated existence which in ending commences death.

But I want to give you news, and not abandon myself to my profound sadness. Do not forget that I have been amiable and gay with you; you might find no trace of it in these letters written in such a melancholy strain. Why should you not go to Constanz? M. arrived from Fribourg this morning, where he went to fetch R. and where he went with much zeal.

General Ney declared that had *you* been caught he would never have let you go; but for a doctor it was not worth his while. You see that neither the General nor I take much count of doctors, and he keeps repeating grumblingly "that little Lord escaping in woman's garb"! It is true all

the same that it is quite manly to escape disguised as a woman. He insists all the time on the Diet hurrying, as he is in a hurry to go to England with the Consul. His pleasantries are in such good taste that the other day at table he flung a bottle of champagne at M. Venturi, Ambassador to the Italian Republic, who was at first astonished, but ended by being charmed at being able to afford amusement to a notable member of the Convention. There are letters from London of the 20th July *viâ* Calais saying that there is much suffering there caused by the taxes and bankruptcies. Lord Nelson has informed the King of Naples that if he receives the French in Naples he will bombard it. Thereupon a courier was despatched to the Consul to inquire whether he would continue to order the troops to advance; I don't doubt that he will persist. They say the Electorate of Hanover is to be divided between the King of Prussia and the Duke of Mecklenburg, brother-in-law of the Emperor of Russia. It is a pity for the rest of Europe that the Emperor has not a little less domestic virtue. War is no longer feared with Prussia.

Why should you not go to Munich to see the establishments of the Count de Rumford? or to Carlsruhe on the other side, where there are the finest gardens in the world? I keep coming back to my favourite idea. Let us meet in Germany two days' journey from the frontier, or in a fortnight, or month, or six weeks. Decide, and simply write me the name of the town and the date; I will be there. Let me know clearly the exact address to which to write to you. This is the fifth letter I have written you at Ulm, counting the one I sent to England, and four to Robertson; what with the one forwarded from Baden, it is enough to frighten the landlord of the Rose d'Or, but as long as I know you to be among the Jungfrau, I feel that you can have nothing much better to do than to read me; I shall be more discreet when you reach England.

Please give Robertson these verses of mine written at the age of sixteen, which he has asked me for several times. You see I already had a desire to be loved, and when I have loved I have persuaded myself that I was not loved in return: it is a malady of my heart more painful to me than to others. I know that Call and McCulloch have fled to Neufchatel, but McCulloch having asked me to make him stay, and I having refused, he left without writing to me; I am anxious about him, for he is very violent. Miss Call is going to Germany; we might all meet there in whichever town you suggest.

This dispersion, even of my secondary objects of interest, is extremely sad : to whom shall I talk English ? Ah, why have I ever known you ? I have never in my life suffered so much as in the last few days ! Adieu—God bless you and me.

Madame de Staël to Lord John Campbell.

Voilà, my dear Lord, une lettre d'Angleterre. Celle que j'écris à R. contient une nouvelle que vous n'apprendrez pas sans peine. Je sens approcher l'orage qui me jettera sur vos côtes ; je voudrais vous revoir encor, et il me semble que je l'espère.

25 juillet.

[*Translation.*]

Here, my dear Lord, is a letter from England. The one I am writing to Robertson contains news that will give you pain. I feel the storm approaching that will throw me on your shores. I want to see you once more, and I seem to hope for it.

25 July.

Madame de Staël to Lord John Campbell.

COPPET, le 2 aoust.

Voilà Robertson qui m'écrit, my dear Lord, que vous êtes parti pour Vienne sans l'attendre. Je le plains du fond du cœur de son voyage solitaire, et je trouve que nous avons bien mal arrangé notre vie. Vous m'avez écrit de vous adresser vos lettres d'Angleterre à Ulm ; elles y sont toutes avec les miennes, que je ne voudrais pas qui tombassent en d'autres mains que les vôtres. Au lieu des projets qu'elles contiennent je vous en offre deux. L'un, qui est le moins bon, c'est, si vous retournez en Angleterre, de passer par Constance

ou Stutgard ou Tubingen en vous rendant à Francfort, et de me donner rendez-vous là le premier de septembre. Je ne peux pas aller plus loin que deux jours de Suisse. Si vous venez plus près de la Suisse je resterai plus long-tems avec vous. Dans mon voyage de Suisse avec Matthieu, que je tiens en suspens pour avoir votre réponse, je puis prendre six à sept jours pour vous aller voir.

Mais le second de nos projets m'est bien plus doux. Rester à Vienne jusqu'au quinze d'octobre, ou à Venise si Vienne vous ennuye, et soyez le 1^{er} de novembre à Francfort sur le Mein à une journée de Strasbourg. J[e] m'y trouverai en re[v]enant de Paris, où je ne veux passer que six semaines pour payer les dettes de M^r de St. Là nous irons passer l'hyver où vous voudrez, y compris Stockolm, où j'ai des affaires. Il est certain qu'il ne sera pas question de descente cette année, et l'on croit assez à des négociations de paix cet hyver. Que j'aimerois à le passer tout entier à Berlin avec vous-même, ou partout ailleurs, à Venise, en Italie, à Vienne, si je ne craignis pas quelque difficultés pour y arriver. Le mois que j'ai passé avec vous deux a été parfaitement heureux ; si vous avez conservé quelques souvenirs de ce tems, recommençons le. J'attends votre réponse pour fixer mes projets ; je vais rester ici sans en sortir jusques à ce qu'elle m'arrive, et je pars après l'avoir reçue suivant la route que vous m'indiquerez. On ne peut plus, dit-on, passer par Tonningen. Les François sont entrés à Lubeck. M^r vvilkins mande qu'ils cernent la terre tout autour. La Prusse reste, dit-il, décidément neutre. La colonie anglaise qui est à Neufchatel ira à Vienne ou à Berlin ; ils regardent comme impossible

d'aller en Angleterre. Il paroît que les ord[re]s de les arrêter ne sont pas donnés ici, et les [Fran]çois quitteront le pays, à ce qu'on assure, dans deux mois.

Vous aurez vu par mes lettres d'Ulm que Christin a été arrêté comme agent de l'Angleterre ; j'ai obtenu qu'il fut transféré chez lui, mais il y avait dans son journal et dans mes billets adressés à lui pendant qu'il était à Fribourg par Robertson de quoi me suivre assez sérieusement. En un mot, vous me rendrez un service *inouï* en me tirant de cette France, et comment avoir le cou[rage] d'en sortir si des amis ne vous reçoivent pas ? Matthieu est ici ; il m'a apporté bien des lettres de France, mais mes idées et mes sentiments ont pris un autre cours, and God save, &c. Accepterez vous mon petit ou mon grand projet ? car je n'ai pas le courage de supporter que vous puissiez les rejeter tous les deux. Adieu ; écrivez moi—vous le devez puisque je le désire si vivement et qu'une petite peine que vous prendrez me fera tant de plaisir.

S'il vous vient des lettres d'Angleterre, je vous les adresserai à Vienne poste restante jusques à ce que vous m'ayez donné le nom de vos banquiers. J'écris à Robertson par ce courier poste restante.

(*Addressed*) To the right hon^{ble}
Lord John Campbell.

[*Translation.*]

COPPET, 2nd August.

Robertson writes to me, my dear Lord, that you left for Vienna without waiting for him. I pity him from the bottom of my heart, and I think we manage our lives very badly. You told me to address all your letters from England to Ulm ; they are all there, with mine, which I would not

have fall into other hands than yours. Instead of the projects therein contained I offer you two more. One of these, which is the less good one, is that, if you return to England, you should go by Constance or Stuttgart or Tubingen to Frankfort, and that we should meet there on the 1st September. I may not go farther than two days' journey from Switzerland. If you come nearer to Switzerland I can stay longer with you. During my journey with Mathieu (which I am keeping open till I hear from you) I seize six or seven days to go and see you.

But the second plan is far more attractive to me. Remain at Vienna till October 15th, or at Venice if Vienna bores you, and be at Frankfort on November 1st, one day's journey from Strasbourg. I will be there on my return from Paris, where I shall only spend six weeks to pay M. de Staël's debts. Then we shall go and spend the winter wherever you like, including Stockholm, where I have business. There will certainly be no question of an invasion this year, and there are hopes of Peace negotiations. How I should love to spend the whole winter with you at Berlin, or anywhere else, Venice, in Italy, or Vienna, if only I did not fear some difficulty in being able to get there! The month I spent with you two was one of perfect happiness; if you have retained any memories of it, let us repeat it. I await your answer before settling my plans. I shall stay here till it arrives, and on receipt of it I shall take the route you suggest. It is not possible, it appears, to go by Tonningen. The French have entered Lubeck. Mr. Wilkins announces that they have surrounded all the neighbouring district. Prussia remains, he says, decidedly neutral. The English colony at Neufchatel will go to Vienna or Berlin, as they consider it impossible to go to England. It appears that orders for their arrest have not been issued here, and the French will leave the country, so we are assured, in two months.

You will have seen by my letters that Christin has been arrested as an English agent. I obtained leave for him to be transferred to his own house, but there was that in his journal and in notes I addressed to him at Fribourg through Robertson to involve me somewhat seriously. In a word, you will be rendering me a *great* service by getting me out of this France; and how is one to find courage for this if one's friend will not receive one? Mathieu is here, and he brought me numberless letters from France. But my sentiments have found another channel, and God save, etc. Will you accept

my great or my little project ? for I have not the courage to contemplate the possibility of your rejecting them both ! Adieu ; write to me—you must since I desire it so ardently, and since a small effort on your part will give me so much pleasure.

If any letters from England come for you, I will address them to you *poste restante* until you give the name of your bankers. I am writing to Robertson *poste restante*.

Madame de Staël to Lord John Campbell.

le 5 aoust.

My dear lord, je vous ai écrit sous l'adresse du ^{g^{al}} Groissard le dernier courier; et je vous récris encor quoiqu'il me prenne quelquefois l'inquiétude que vous ne commenciez à m'oublier. Il y a des lettres de Londres ici du 26 juillet ; le commerce y était triste et souhaitait la paix. On en parle encor dans les papiers d'aujourd'hui, mais faiblement. On ne croit pas à aucune tentative de descente cette année ; en effet il est de l'avantage de la France de retarder et d'user les finances d'Angleterre en préparatifs. M^r Herefort, parent du Duc de Norfolk, que j'ai vu aujourd'hui, m'a dit qu'entre Fontainebleau et Paris il n'y avait pas plus de 250 Anglais, dont cent domestiques ou ouvriers. Il arrive de Paris avec un passe port ; les mesures à cet égard deviennent moins sévères. M^r Herr est retourné. Lady Elisabeth Foster s'en inquiétait beaucoup avec une grande bonté. Son fils et Lord Duncanon sont aussi retournés. M^r Robson a écrit de Lyon une belle lettre au Premier Consul lui-même, qui lui a valu de venir à Paris ; il vaut mieux s'être sauvé en femme.

Cette pauvre famille de Beverley est désolée du départ de M^r Piercy ; quand je serai à Paris

je le lui ferai rendre, j'espère, mais vous savez que j'attends votre réponse pour savoir si je serai le 1^{er} septembre pour deux jours à Tubingen ou Stutgard, ou le 1^{er} novembre à Francfort, partant de là pour passer l'hiver à Berlin. Oh que j'aime ce dernier projet! Lady Mountcastle est arrivée hier, et sa mère Lady Kingston et deux Lady King; tout cela va à Stutgard. Le pauvre Christin est toujours arrêté, mais doucement traité. Je crois toute la colonie de Neufchatel en route pour Stutgard. Il paraît cependant qu'il n'y a point d'ordres donnés en Suisse pour les arrêter. Le g^{ral} Ney vous ayant vu à Fribourg a éprouvé comme moi le désir de vous retenir; voilà ce qui me paraît le plus probable. M^{lles} Berriez sont aussi en route pour Stutgard. La Princesse d'Angleterre attire là les Anglais, et tous regardent le retour en Angleterre à présent comme trop difficile. Puissiez vous en juger ainsi et me donner cet hiver. J'en serai si reconnaissante que je tâcherai de parler anglais, mieux pour vous plaire, et encore assez mal pour vous amuser. Adieu, my dear Lord; j'attends votre réponse pour savoir ce que je ferai.

J'écris sous cette même adresse à Rob. Mad. de Saussure est triste et malade; elle voudrait bien aussi aller à Berlin.

[*Translation.*]

5th August.

My dear Lord, I wrote to you under the address of General Groissard by the last courier, and I write to you again although sometimes I am seized with doubts whether you begin to forget me. There are letters here from London of the 26th July. Commerce then was dull and Peace was longed for. In the papers to-day Peace is still spoken of, but feebly. No one believes in any attempt at an invasion this year. In truth it is to the advantage of France to delay it, and to use

up the finances of England in preparations. Mr. Herefort, a relative of the Duke of Norfolk, whom I saw to-day, told me that between Fontainebleau and Paris there were not more than 250 English, of whom 100 were servants and workmen. He arrived from Paris with a passport. The measures taken with regard to the passports are less severe. Mr. Herr has returned. Lady Elisabeth Foster, with great kindness, took much trouble about this. Her son and Lord Duncannon have also returned. Mr. Robson wrote an excellent letter from Lyons to the First Consul, which ended in his going to Paris. It is wiser to save oneself in the guise of a woman.

The poor Beverley family is miserable at the departure of Mr. Perey. When I am in Paris I hope to be able to restore him to them. But you know I await your reply to know if I am to be at Tübingen for two days on the 1st September or at Stuttgart, or on the 1st November at Frankfort, leaving that place to pass the winter at Berlin. Oh how I love that last project! Lady Mountcastle arrived yesterday, her mother Lady Kingston and the two Ladies King. All these go to Stuttgart. Poor Christin is still under arrest, but treated gently. I believe all the Neufchatel colony to be en route for Stuttgart. It seems, however, that there have been no orders issued to arrest them in Switzerland. General Ney having seen you in Switzerland felt like me a wish to keep you. This seemed to me very probable. Misses Berry are also going to Stuttgart. The Princess of England draws all the English there, and all regard the return to England as too difficult at present. May you also think as they do, and give this winter to me! I would be so grateful that I would try to speak English, to speak it better to please you, and yet badly enough to amuse you! Adieu, my dear Lord. I await your reply to know what I shall do.

I write under the same address to Robertson. Mme. de Saussure is sad and ill. She too would gladly go to Berlin.

Madame de Staël to Lord John Campbell.

Voulez v[ous] avoir la
bonté de faire parvenir
sûrement cette lettre à R.

COPPET, le 9 7^{me}, SUISS[E].
C'est toujours ici qu'il faut
m'adresser vos lettres.

Je vous écris donc à Londres, my dear Lord, et qui sait à présent quand je vous reverrai! C'est

une terrible barrière que cette mer, et si elle sauve votre indépendance elle met un cruel obstacle entre nous. Votre dernière lettre à moi était de Pragues, et vous n'aviez pas encore reçu ni ma lettre à Vienne ni celle à Tourringen. J'espère que vous me répondrez ; j'espère que vous ne laisserez pas t[om]ber nos rapports ensemble. Une fois nous nous réunirons, car je vous aime, et j'irai vous chercher dès que je le pourrai sans déchirer mes liens naturels. Je vais en France dans huit jours, et de là je vous écrirai en employant quelquefois la main d'Auguste s'il y a des nouvelles dans ma lettre. Je fais des projets pour la France sans savoir trop ce qui m'y arrivera, mais ne pouvant plus mener ici la douce vie que je vous devais à tous les deux, celle que j'aurais voulu prolonger tout le reste de mon existence, je veux savoir si la France peut encor être ma patrie et celle de mes enfants.

Les partis les plus décidés, si je dois les prendre, doivent m'être commandés par la nécessité ; elle sera mon excuse auprès de mon père et de moi-même. Dans tous les cas, si Robertson persiste dans le projet qu'il m'écrit de Berlin, j'irai l'y voir avec un extrême plaisir, soit cet hyver, soit ce printems, suivant l'époque qu'il choisira. S'il ne venait qu'au printems, ne serait-il donc pas possible que vous fissiez ce voyage ? Tout danger de descente serait passé alors. Vous verriez avec moi l'Allemagne, que vous n'avez pu connaître en la traversant si rapidement. La Suisse nous serait peut-être ouverte, car on assure que les troupes françaises la quitteront ; et l'Italie l'hyver ensuite. Il m'est impossible, dussai-je être seule dans mes chimères, de ne pas faire des projets de voyage avec vous. Vous

m'avez rendue parfaitement heureuse pendant nos relations ensemble, et dans le cours de ma vie j'ai si peu connu ce sentiment, que je n'oublierai jamais entre tous vos agréments celui qui doit être mis au premier rang, le talent de rendre heureux. Hélas, vous donnez le bonheur que vous n'avez pas. Dites moi de vous ce que vous vous permettez d'en dire, un mot sur l'état de votre âme et de votre santé. Vous n'avez jamais voulu m'ouvrir votre cœur, et j'ai toujours senti que mon attachement pour vous m'en[a]rendue digne. Moi je n'ai pas craint de vous laisser lire dans mon cœur, et j'ose penser que votre frère lui-même ne connaîtra pas l'inconvenable abandon que mes lettres ont exprimé dans un moment de grande peine.

Les lettres de France parlent toujours d'armées, de bateaux plats, de descente, &c., mais il y a cependant des gens qui croient encor que l'on se contentera des menaces qui font la guerre à vos finances. Le pauvre Chr. est au Temple et n'a point été interrogé encor. On le désigne seulement dans les gazettes comme ayant eu des rapports avec les Anglais. Si vous aimer est un crime je suis bien plus coupable que lui. Mon père a écrit *a novel* [e]n 60 pages qui est ce que je connais au monde de plus touchant. C'est la suite d'un défi que je lui avais donné en écrivant Delphine. Cette nouvelle sera imprimée anonyme dans la Bibl. britannique, et je l'enverrai à Lady Charlotte. Je vous prie, faites qu'elle s'intéresse un peu à moi, Lady Charlotte. Je ne vois pas un Anglais sans parler d'elle. J'ai passé hier la soirée chez Lady Beverley, qui se flatte de voir revenir M^r Percy, et qui m'a paru assez contente. Ah, permettez moi de vous dire que je ne puis me consoler de *your escape*.



LORD JOHN CAMPBELL (MINIATURE)

Combien j'aurais été pour vous un doux geôlier.
Farewell; Albertine parle sans cesse de vous.

(*Addressed*) franco Engiro. *Angleterre.*
To the right h^{ble}
Lord John Campbell,
in vereray argyll's house
North britania,
Scotland.

[*Translation.*]

Please forward the
enclosed letter to R.

COPPET, 9th Sept., SWITZERLAND.
Always address my letters here.

I am writing to you then at London, my dear Lord, and who knows when I shall see you again! The sea is a terrible barrier, and if it preserves your independence, it also places a terrible obstacle between us. Your last letter to me was from Prague, and you had not received either my letter to Vienna or that to Tübingen. I hope that you will reply to me—that you will not let our relations drop. One of these days we shall be reunited, and I shall come and find you as soon as I can do so without severing my natural ties. I am going to France in a week's time, and thence I will write to you, sometimes by the hand of Auguste if there is news in my letter. I make plans for France without knowing exactly what is going to happen to me there; but unable any longer to lead here the pleasant life I owed to you two—which I wish I could have prolonged for the rest of my existence—I wish to know if France can be again my country and that of my children.

A decided course, if I must take it, will be imposed on me by necessity; that will be my excuse for my father and myself. In any case, if Robertson persists in the project about which he has written me from Berlin, I will go to see him with extreme pleasure, either this winter or the spring, as he may elect. If it is spring, could you not come also? All danger of an invasion would be past then. You would then see Germany in my company, which you have not been able to see, traversing it so rapidly. Switzerland perhaps would be open to us, for they say the French troops will evacuate it; and Italy the winter following. I cannot help making these plans, even if I am alone in my dreams.

You made me so perfectly happy during our relations, and in the course of my life I have so little experienced that sensation that among all your accomplishments I shall never forget to place first the talent of making others happy. Alas, you impart the happiness that you don't possess ! Tell me what you will allow yourself to say, a word on the state of your mind and your health. You have never opened your heart to me, and I always felt that my attachment for you rendered me worthy of it. I have not feared your reading my heart, and I venture to hope that your brother himself will not know the indecorous *abandon* which my letters in a moment of sorrow have expressed.

Letters from France speak always of armies, flat-bottomed boats, of the invasion, etc., but there are still people who believe that all this only means a war against your financial resources. Poor Christin is at the Temple, and has not yet been interrogated. In the papers they speak of him only as having had relations with the English. If to love them is a crime, I am more guilty than he. My father has written a most touching novel in 60 pages. It is in consequence of my challenge to him in writing "Delphine." This novel will be printed anonymously in the Bibliothèque britannique, and I will send it to Lady Charlotte. Make Lady Charlotte like me a little. I never see an Englishman without speaking of her. I spent yesterday at Lady Beverley's. She is pleased at the thought of seeing Mr. Percy again. Ah, I can't console myself for your escape. I should have been such a kind gaoler ! Farewell ; Albertine is always talking of you.

Madame de Staël to Lord John Campbell.

le 15 8^{me}, ST. BRICE, PRÈS DE PARIS.

Je remets à Lady Donagald, une personne que j'ai trouvée bien aimable d'esprit et bien distinguée de caractère, un petit mot pour vous. Depuis Berlin je ne sais rien de vous que par M^r de Saussure, qui m'a mandé que vous lui aviez écrit d'—— en vous embarquant. Ma position ici est fort triste ; mes amis y sont parfaits pour moi, mais le 1^{er} C. a beaucoup dit ce que vous

croyez qu'il ne dirait pas, et je ne regarde pas comme possible pour moi de passer l'hiver paisiblement à Paris. Cette impossibilité m'eut été fort douce si j'avais dû vous retrouver en Allemagne, mais je traverserai le Rhin avec tristesse n'ayant pas cette perspective. Ecrivez moi sous l'enveloppe de M^r Récamier, banquier à Paris. Je suis à demeure en ce moment chez son angélique épouse, et j'y vois M^r Green, avec qui je parle de vous. Je vous dirais de bien bon cœur combien je vous conserve d'amitié tendre, si je n'étais pas affligée de n'avoir pas de vos nouvelles.

Faites parvenir cette lettre, je vous prie.

(*Addressed*) To right honourable
 Lord John Campbell,
 Inveraray,
 N.B.

[*Translation.*]

15th Oct., ST. BRICE, NEAR PARIS.

I sent a little word for you to Lady Donagald, a person whom I found to possess a very amiable spirit and a very distinguished character. Since you were at Berlin I have not heard anything of you except through M. de Saussure, who informed me that you had written to him from — as you were embarking. My position here is a very sad one. My friends here are all I could desire, but the First Consul has said much you would never believe he could have said, and I do not consider it possible for me to pass the winter in peace at Paris. The impossibility would have been very pleasant for me could I have found you again in Germany, but I shall cross the Rhine in sadness as I have no such prospect. Write to me under cover to M. Récamier, banker at Paris. I am staying at present with his angelic wife, and I see Mr. Green, with whom I talk about you. I would tell you with my whole heart what a tender friendship I cherish for you, if I were not in affliction because I have no tidings of you.

Pray see that the enclosed letter arrives at its destination.

Madame de Staël to Lord John Campbell.

YVERDUN à minuit, jeudi.

Vous croirez, my dear Lord, en voyant arriver ce courier qu'il vous apporte de grandes nouvelles. Point du tout, mais je ne pouvais vous écrire par la poste et je voulais vous écrire à Bernes. M^{lle} de la Chaise ne sera à Zurich que vendredi, et elle voudrait trouver un mot de vous au Faucon mercredi soir qui lui dit si elle pourrait par hasard y trouver M^r Robertson, parce qu'elle continuerait sa route de là avec lui jusqu'à Zurich, et renverrait son frère et sa sœur. J'ai donc eu l'idée que peut-être M^r Robertson pourrait vous laisser aller seul à Lucerne et suivre le projet de Copet, où je lui remettrais lettres et nouvelles pour vous s'il y en avait. Voyez si ce projet, qui m'a séduit, est bon. Je croirai toujours ce que vous déciderez meilleur que ce que je propose. Vous m'avez profondément convaincue que personne ne vous surpassait en délicatesse et en bonté, et je me mets moi-même au nombre de ceux qui valent moins que vous.

Il reste peu d'espoir de paix ; cependant il ne paraît pas que le courier russe soit encor revenu de Londres. M^{lle} la Chaise a reçu une lettre d'Ecosse du 17 juin, par la France, de M^{lle} Moire (je crois), qui lui dit que le Duc d'Argyll se porte très bien, qu'il vous sait échappé et vous attend. Cette lettre aussi rassure sur la crainte que la fille de Lady Augusta ne la quitte. On dit beaucoup qu'il ne faut pas l'embarquer à Kiel, mais à Embden, qui est encor libre. On prétend que les corsaires français pénètrent dans le canal de Kiel. Ah, quelle douleur que ce voyage ! Pense qu'une lettre d'Ecosse est arrivée en 12 jours, et

vous, vous serez six semaines. C'est ce qui me fait encor plus désirer que vous ralentissiez votre route. Il y a des signes qui pourraient faire espérer que le 1^{er} C. s'appaise. Les Anglais de Genève ne vont pas à Verdun ; au contraire, on a permis à deux familles anglaises de Fontainebleau de venir à Genève. On dit qu'en arrivant à St. Dominique la brigade helvétique et la brigade polonaise se sont joints aux nègres. On dit que les Anglais vont occuper la Sardaigne.

J'ai su tout cela chez M^{lle} la Chaise, où je me suis arrêtée avec un cœur tellement serré que je pouvais à peine respirer. J'ai eu pour la première fois de ma vie une palpitation de cœur en m'éloignant de Neufchatel. Je voudrais bien, my dear Lord, vous en avoir guéri en les prenant. J'ai trouvé MacCulloch en avant de St Aubin. Quel mauvais moment pour revoir que celui où l'on vous a quitté ! Je crois que je le laisserai bientôt retourner in Fifeshire. J'ai un dégoût de toute autre société que la vôtre à vous deux qui ne vaut rien pour mon bonheur. Je serai bien aise si vous m'envoyez Robertson pour ces deux jours, mais je penserai sans cesse à vous en causant avec lui. Jamais, jamais, si vous vous souvenez de moi, je ne cesserai de vous aimer.

J'ai reçu à Yverdun une lettre superbe sur Delphine et moi, écrite par un homme très connu à Paris. J'étais tentée de vous l'envoyer pour vous obliger à lire mes louanges, mais j'ai réfléchi que vous deviez m'aimer parce que je vous aime, et que je ne vous en donnerais pas d'autres motifs. Adieu, my dear Lord ; je suis malade et triste, Auguste aussi ; je ne sais ce que je vais faire to support my self. Adieu ; n'oubliez pas qu'il faut que M^{lle} la Chaise trouve au Faucon une petite lettre qui lui dise s'il faut qu'elle

continue sa route avec son frère et sa sœur, ou si M^r Robertson la prendra là jeudi matin. Adieu eneor ; mon écriture doit être plus inlisible que jamais—je pleure et je vous embrasse.

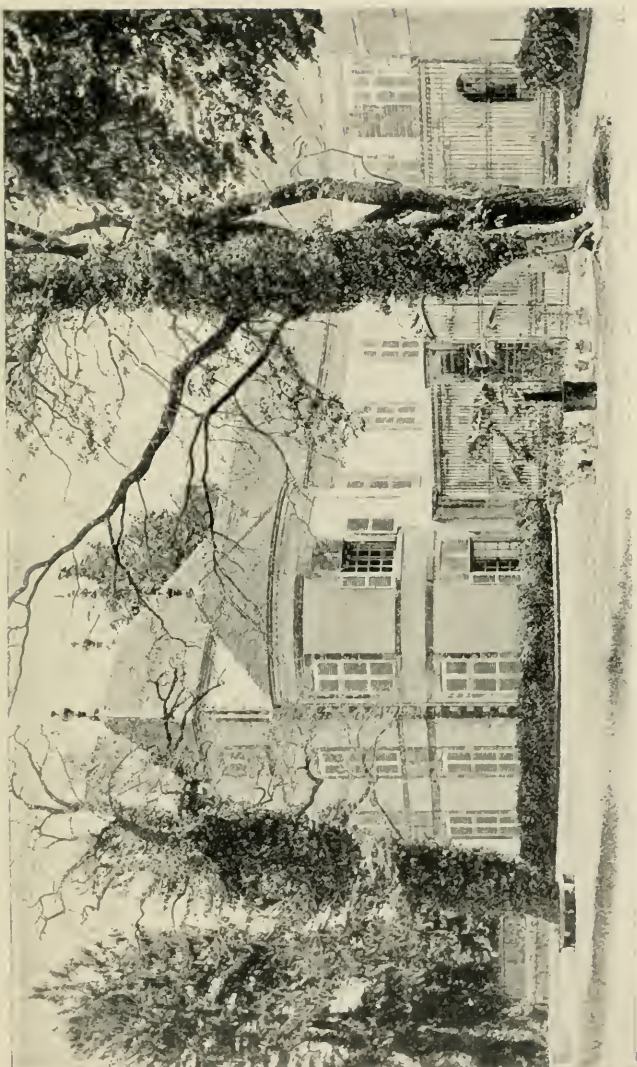
(*Addressed*) à My Lord
 John Campbell
 au Faucon
 à Bernes.

[*Translation.*]

YVERDUN *at midnight, Thursday.*

You will suppose, my dear Lord, on seeing this courier arrive, that he brings you important news. Not at all, but I could not write to you by the post and wanted to write to you at Berne. Mlle. de la Chaise will not be at Zurich till Friday, and she would like to find a word from you at the Falcon on Wednesday evening, telling her if by chance Mr. Robertson is there, so that she could continue her journey to Zurich with him and send back her brother and sister. The idea then occurred to me that perhaps Mr. Robertson might let you go on alone to Lucerne, and himself come to Coppet, where I would give him any letters and news there might be for you. This plan pleases me : do you consider it a good one ? I always consider your decisions better than anything I propose. You have deeply convinced me that no one surpasses you in tact and kindness, and I class myself among the number of those who are below you in worth.

Little hope remains of peace ; however, it does not appear that the Russian courier has yet returned from London. Mlle. de la Chaise has received, *viâ* France, a letter from Scotland of the 17th June, from Miss Moore (I believe), mentioning that the Duke of Argyll is well, knows you have escaped, and expects you. This letter is also reassuring as to the fear of Lady Augusta's daughter leaving her. Every one says one should not embark at Kiel, but at Embden, which is still free. It is rumoured that French cruisers penetrate into the Kiel Canal. Ah, what a sorrow this voyage is ! Just think, a letter from Scotland comes in twelve days and you will be six weeks on the journey. This makes me more than ever hope you will delay. There are



CHÂTEAU OF COPPET

signs that the First Consul may relent. The English of Geneva are not being sent to Verdun; on the contrary, two English families from Fontainebleau have been allowed to come to Geneva. It is said that the Swiss brigade and the Polish brigade joined the negroes on arriving at San Domingo [from the West Indies]. An English occupation of Sardinia is announced.

I learnt all this when, with Mlle. de la Chaise, at whose place I arrived with a heart so oppressed that I could scarcely breathe. For the first time in my life I had palpitations of the heart on leaving Neufchatel behind me. Ah, my dear Lord, if I could only have cured you by having them! I found McCulloch near St. Aubin: what an inauspicious moment after just leaving you! I think I shall soon let him return to Fifeshire. I have such a distaste for any other society than yours, the pair of you, as augurs ill for my happiness. I shall be very glad if you can send me Robertson for these two days, but I shall think without ceasing of you while I talk to him. Never, never, while you remember me shall I cease to love you.

While at Yverdun I received a splendid letter about "Delphine" and myself, written by a well-known Parisian. I was tempted to send it you to force you to read these praises of me, but reflected that you ought to love me because I love you, and that I would give you no other motives. Adieu, my dear Lord; I am ill and sad, as is Auguste also. I do not know what I shall do to support myself. Adieu; do not forget that Mlle. de la Chaise should find at the Falcon a note telling her if she should continue her journey with her brother and sister, or if Mr. Robertson will take charge of her there on Thursday morning. Once again adieu; my handwriting must be more illegible than ever—I weep, and I embrace you.

From Madame de Staël.

VEIMAR, le 2 janvier, 1804.

Comment se fait-il, mon cher Robert, que tout le monde m'écrive d'Angleterre excepté vous? et cependant c'est vous qui avez décidé de mon voyage. Je serai à Berlin dans trois semaines.

Si vous me promettez d'y venir je vous y attendrai ; mais arrivez donc le plutot possible. Je vous avois écrit dans une sorte de mauvaise disposition que je repartirois au mois d'avril ; si vous venez je ne repartirai pas, ou du moins nous ferons quelque autre projet ensemble. Mais songez que Berlin est désert au mois d'Avril, et qu'on ne concevroit pas pourquoi j'y reste. Nous pourrions aller ensemble à Vienne. Mais que dis-je avec tous mes projets ? M'aimez vous encor ? et faut-il que je signe mon nom, pour vous rappeler et vos promesses et le sentiment qui ne s'est point affaibli dans mon cœur ?

Répondez moi sous l'adresse de M^r Jackson à Berlin.

M^r Paget revient à Vienne et passe par Berlin, à ce qu'on m'assure. Il y a un mariage à Berlin qui amenne de grandes fêtes jusqu'au 15 février prochain. Je sais bien que les fêtes ne vous décident pas, mais n'est-ce pas une bonne raison à donner ?

[*Translation.*]

WEIMAR, 2 Jan. 1804.

How is it, my dear Robert, that everybody in England writes to me except you ? and it's on your account I have undertaken this journey. I shall be at Berlin in three weeks. If you promise to come, I will wait for you, but come as early as you can. I told you in a cross mood that I should leave in April. If you come I won't go, or at any rate we will fix some plan. Don't forget that Berlin is a desert in April, and that no one would understand why I remained there. We could go to Vienna together. But why do I talk like this ? Do you still care for me ? and must I sign my name to recall to you your promises and the sentiment which is not dead in my heart ?

Answer me care of Mr. Jackson at Berlin.

Mr. Paget returns to Vienna and goes through Berlin, they tell me. There will be a marriage at Berlin which will be

the occasion of big fêtes till 15 February next. I know that will not attract you, but it will be a good excuse to offer.

Madame de Staël to Lord John Campbell.

GENÈVE, 17 avril [1804?].

Je ne puis cesser, my dear Lord, de m'intéresser à vous, et je suis persuadée que ce sentiment me ramènera près de vous dans un tems quelconque. Je mène toujours une vie errante sous le poids de l'exil, et mes affaires de fortune ne sont pas plus avancées que le 1^{er} jour de ma réclamation, mais en attendant les affaires de l'Europe avancent beaucoup plus que celles des particuliers. Ecrivez moi toujours à Coppet; c'est de là que vos lettres me parviendront sûrement. Dites moi des nouvelles de votre bonheur; à travers toutes les armées ces nouvelles là peuvent m'arriver. Je n'ai pas un mot de Robertson depuis son mariage: je trouve cela un grand tort de caractère; je ne laisserois jamais une amitié véritable périr ainsi dans le fond de mon cœur. Mes enfants se portent bien: l'aîné est en France, où je vais le voir à 40 lieus de Paris, car il ne m'est pas permis d'en approcher davantage; les deux autres sont avec moi. Albertine dit quelquefois quand quelqu'un lui plaît, Il ressemble à Lord John, mais elle vous est un peu infidèle; quand elle vous reverra elle vous aimera de nouveau, car vous avez éminemment ce qui fait aimer. Souvenez vous de moi, my dear Lord, et tâchez que nous retournions une fois dans ce monde à l'Isle S^t Pierre.

(*Addressed*) pour Lord John Campbell.

[*Translation.*]

GENEVA, 17 April [1804?].

I cannot cease, my dear Lord, to interest myself in you, and am persuaded that this sentiment will bring me to you at some time or another. I continue to lead a wandering life under the burden of exile, and in the matter of my fortune things have advanced no further than on the first day of my claim, but meantime the affairs of Europe advance quicker than those of individuals. Always write to me at Coppet: letters will reach me that way most surely. Give me some good news; such news may reach me through all the armies between. I have not had a line from Robertson since his marriage. I find this a defect in his character; I would never let a true friendship perish thus in the depth of my heart. My children are well: the eldest is in France, where I visit him at 40 leagues' distance from Paris, for I am not allowed to go any nearer; the two others are with me. Albertine says sometimes when she likes any one that he resembles Lord John, but she is not very faithful to you; when she sees you once more her love for you will revive, for you are eminently made to be liked. Remember me, my dear Lord, and try that we may return once again in this life to the Isle St. Pierre.

(Cover) fo Enquen.

To the right Hon^{ble}

Lord Jhon Campbell, to the care
of Mess. Harris, Farquhar & Co.
Bankers, St. James Street.

*Chanson des Paysans Suisses. Pour Lord John
Campbell de la part de Mme. de Staël.*

1. J'ai bien passé en tout six mois
Dans la ville de Gênes;
J'y vivois content comme un Roi,
Ayant ma mie auprès de moi
Sur le bord d'une fontaine. (*bis.*)

2. Un jour la fillette en pleurant
S'en vint dire à sa mère :
Mère, donnez-moi un amant ;
Je l'aimerai bien tendrement,
Comme vous aimez mon père. (*bis.*)
3. Ah, ma fille, à quoi pensez-vous ?
C'est un soldat de guerre.
Ah, nous n'avons que toi d'enfant ;
Nous te marierons richement,
Nous te ferons Demoiselle. (*bis.*)
4. Maman, mon cœur n'est point touché
De toutes vos richesses.
Ah, j'aime mieux mon grenadier,
Qui a pour moi tant d'amitié,
Mon vaillant soldat de guerre. (*bis.*)
5. Il faut écrire au Général,
Au Général d'armée.
Si le Général y consent,
Aussi bien que tous vos parents,
Nous vous marierons, ma fille. (*bis.*)
6. Le Général est arrivé.
Il y a bien d'autres nouvelles encore :
La guerre est déclarée partout ;
Les grenadiers partiront tous.
Adieu la ville de Gênes. (*bis.*)
7. Adieu l'objet de mes amours,
Adieu celle que j'aime.
Nous irons tous en garnison
En Italie ou en Piémont.
Adieu la jeune fillette.

LETTERS FROM LORD JOHN CAMPBELL
TO MISS GLASSELL, WITH HER LET-
TERS FROM THE CONTINENT, ETC.

Mrs. Grant to Miss Glassell on Lord John
Campbell's character.*

MY DEAR MISS GLASSELL,

I am sorry to find I cannot see you this morning, having more than a hundred things to do, but if you are at home in the afternoon (which I think would be still a wise measure) I will come as soon as we are done of dinner, viz. half-past five, and stay as long as I can, or you may wish to have me.

I cannot say how much I was gratified by what you shewed me last night, for besides the pleasure of having the veil withdrawn from a Mind whose hidden stores are so carefully concealed from the general eye, it affords me the most certain conviction of your happiness, where there exists so much both to satisfy the intellect and to rivet Affection.

Having a great belief in *glamorification* (if I may borrow his own word), you might have preached to me for a century about his perfections, without bringing the conviction to my mind, which one page of those beautiful letters has indelibly fixed upon my memory. You

* The author.

must not be angry with me for saying this, for you must yourself allow that there may be such a thing as delivers a fascination of manner, to which many poor victims have fallen a sacrifice, and awakened too late from their dream of perfection, to the dreary void left by misplaced attachment. In this instance I am rejoiced to say that I feel perfectly satisfied, for in those letters, written in no assumed character, I see a Mind laid open, of all others the most fitted to gain and secure an ardent attachment. That delightful combination of deep feeling, unostentatious affection, and playful fancy, who would not prefer to the tinsel and glitter which catch the crowd, and which on the crowd alone depend for gratification.

His very shyness, I think, will form an element of your happiness, as it secures to yourself those delightful qualities which have hitherto "wasted their sweetness on the desert air" literally, for surely, with the exception of one person whose mind he himself formed, he has not lived among those best qualified to appreciate or enjoy the higher tones of such a Mind. You know I am no flatterer, you have never found me so, and even on this occasion I might have been backward in offering the incense which I know to be more acceptable to you than any other; but I will confess that I have been prejudiced, though not to the same extent you may suppose, and think it justice, not compliment, to say that I feel as if I had a bandage taken from my eyes.

Now, my dear Miss Glassell, you had better burn this, for fear it should rise up in judgment against you, and his Lordship add another instance to the number of Men tried for the murder of their Wives, a consequence you seem

to think would follow any discourses on this subject.

Adieu, believe me always and affectly. yours,
M. GRANT.

*Lord John Campbell to his future Wife,
Joan Glassell.*

November 11th, 1818.

DEAR MISS GLASSELL,

I wrote to you from Riddlehowhope on my way from Harrogate to thank you for the writing-case and all the nice things it contained, and I meant to have written to you from Inveraray, but I found that both Augusta and Miss Hamilton were writing such long Letters to you that my account would be quite unnecessary. The only novelty was Sinclair's singing, which was really charming, and we had one night at the Castle when he sang all the Evening with Miss Hamilton, and charmed my Ears more than they have been for many a long day. My Friends the Stirlings did not come, being prevented by the illness of the Brother, who has been very nearly dead of a Rhumatick Fever; but their place was supplied as far as ornament was concerned by Miss Logan and her Sister. The MacLeans of Coll did not arrive, being detained by contrary Winds in Mull. Donald Knock was there, and I was delighted to have it in my power, by making Interest with Mr. Selkrig, to be of some use to his Sister, who wants a Farm of my Brother's in Mull.

Donald Knock has just done a thing that I believe there is not another man in the Kingdom would do. His cousin Mr. Campbell of Braghen died the other day, and he was

Heir of Entail to all his landed Property, about 5 or 600 a year, Braghen having only two Daughters, children about 6 or 7 years old. Donald immediately took steps to set aside the Entail in his own favour, and settled the whole of the Property on the Daughters in Succession, with this only proviso, that whoever marries the Eldest or the one in possession of the Estate should take the name of Campbell of Braghen. There is a proper sort of a man now, and you are just the person to appreciate the Merit of such Conduct, so I thought you would like to hear it, or rather read it.

When Donald was at Inveraray he shewed us a curious Brooch, which he was then taking to his Cousin Braghen, whose property it was, said to have been worn by Robert Bruce, and taken from his Person in a Skirmish by one of the Macdougalls of Dunolly, and taken from that harth when it was burned by the Campbells, ancestors of Donald's and Braghen's; and they keep it a Secret still from the Macdougalls, lest they should claim and obtain it now that Law is as much respected as force used to be, so if you meet a Macdougall do not mention it to him. It is a very large Silver Brooch with long Silver Spikes sticking up from the plate, with Pearls set in the top of each spike, and a large Christal set in the middle, of no great value, but which might have been thought so long ago. I wished you had been at Inveraray to see it.

I was so bothered when at Inveraray that I had not time to go an *oak-trimming*, but as soon as I go back, which I do in a few days, I shall remember the one near the Inn. The Duke and D^{ss} and Lady Augusta Paget are expected to Dinner here this Day, and after staying two days

at Roseneath will go on to Inveraray, where they are to stay two Months, and then one at Roseneath before they go to London. Miss Hamilton is still with me here, and by-the-bye my going to Inveraray with his Grace depends upon his asking her, for I cannot of course go and leave her. Bessie Mure is also here at present, but she goes to Edinburgh on Monday or Tuesday next.

I had a letter yesterday from Mr. Smith from Lausanne, which thank him for, and tell him as I am writing to you I shall not put him to the expence of an answer this time, merely to tell him the same news I have told you. I hope, however, if you keep your resolution of not writing, that he will continue to write to me, for I am sure none of you have any Friends more sincerely Interested about your proceedings than all here. I have often heard you say you liked to be missed, and I am sure you would have been highly gratified if you had seen how every body asked about you at Inveraray and how very much you were *missed* by us all. Perhaps I have done wrong in writing this Letter to you after what you said in the Last you wrote to me, but in the one I wrote to you from Riddlehowhope I told you that, if you really wished me to write no more to you, you must say so in so many words and then I would plague you no more, so I shall obey your Commands whatever they may be; and now I shall bid you Farewell, my Dear Miss Glassell, begging you to believe me always

Your Sincere and affectionate Friend,

J. D. CAMPBELL.

I saw Mrs. Haswall at Inveraray, and we had a long crack about you. She is so fond of you.

*Lord John Campbell to Mr. Smith.*ARDINCAPLE, *November 27th*, 1818.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have to thank you now for two Letters unanswered, the last one received this day from Genoa. To your former one I answered by a Letter to Miss Glassell, which I hope she has received. I addressed it, like this one, to Rome. Truly I envy you much your travels and Sojourn in Italy, but as I did not accompany Landen and McBean or go with you, I shall never now be tempted, I think, to go so far from Home. It is most provoking to have missed Mr. Landen by two days.

The Duke passed here last week, and went to Inveraray, and I follow him there to-morrow, with George Cunynghame, our old *happy Shipmate*, who is now with me and begs to be remembered to you and your companions. Lady Augusta and Miss Hamilton are gone to Inveraray, to remain, I believe, with the Duke as long as he stays there; but he talks of going to London in two or three Months, and now the Death of the Queen will assemble the Parliament on the 14th day of January, which, tho he does not do *much* Parliamentary business, may by various *contingent* and *remote* Influences cause His Grace to go there sooner than he intended. When he was here I spoke to him about your retaining the House as long as possible, and he said of course that you was most welcome to remain till the last moment that you could be comfortable there, and I do not at present see much probability of his very soon carrying on his proposed

improvements in that quarter. Truly I am quite aware of your *cut* at my Turning apparatus. The Lathe you describe I know very well, and it requires a good deal of practice to turn at it, as the Tool must be retired when the work is turned upwards, and advanced only when it descends. I have often seen it done, but I am at loss to guess how the ornamental work is executed upon it.

I have not made any progress in Ballooning, indeed I am quite lost for want of an assistant, and so constantly interrupted by other things that I have scarcely given it a thought since my return from Harrogate. Sir George Bayley writes to me that his Experiments are also at a stand for want of some well-executed valves, which he has not workmen near him to execute, but that he hopes soon to send me the result of some experiments with the Balloon I got constructed in London.

I have not been at Roseneath for a long time, but from the Top of the Hill here I have always seen what I suppose is your Cutter quite safe at her Moorings; indeed we have had no storms this year, and the Thermometer at my Window, the North side of the House, has seldom been below 50° at Night—warm enough, I think, for November, but you will be all so spoiled by the clear sky and heat of Italy that you will never be contented with the clouds and the Hills (for after those you have been looking at I must not call them *Mountains*) of Scotland. Nevertheless I shall enjoy my ignorance, or at least my forgetfulness, to-morrow in riding through Glencrae and *imagining* Myself among Mountains,

Miss Glassell to Mrs. H. F. Cadell.

Como, November 1st [1818].

MY DEAR JANET,

I either sent a letter to you or it was lost after being written from Geneva, for here letters I do think run a great risk of being lost, as we pay the Inland postage, which can only be done at certain hours, and we are often obliged to leave the letters and money to the honesty of the people. My doubt about that letter makes me not know where to begin, but in case I must tell you of the glorious view that burst on us after the day's continued climbing up the Twin Mountains. At the mouth of a tremendous-looking defile, many hundred feet below us, we saw extended an ocean, not of mist but beautiful clouds. Beyond this magnificent curtain, which concealed from us the Lake and Plain of Geneva, rose the Alps, first a few black summits, and far above, blazing in unclouded whiteness, Mont Blanc. There is no describing the feelings of seeing the clouds far, far below us, and still looking up to the immeasurable height of Mt. Blanc.

After spending two days at Geneva, and admiring much its exquisite situation on the Lake, whose banks are covered with luxuriant vineyards. The Rhone runs through the town in two branches. Never was there a poet so nice to the original in description as Lord Byron. The "blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone" is so perfectly descriptive of it. Its rapidity preserves its purity even in flowing through a great Town, and its colour is as if dyed with blue. We went by Lausanne, saw Chillon and Clarans

(look at Lord Byron's former Canto of Childe Harold). It is vain indeed to describe the enchanting scenery in driving along the Lake. Opposite us the Alps rose perpendicularly from its banks. On our side, down to the very shore, the most beautiful vineyards. Châteaux, cottages and Spires on every little bay. There are beautiful villages, all the houses with trellises and vines; the peasantry so delightful-looking, and so much kindly civility among them. There has been so much one regrets taking no remembrance of that I have begun to attempt drawing a little. In doing this I often walk on before others from the slopes or up hills. It is quite a pleasure to speak to the people. None ever pass without wishing you Good-day. While we continued in the Cantons of Switzerland they speak good French, and I get on very well considering what a dunce I am at languages.

I never will forget the beauty of the night we entered Lausanne, the setting sun throwing a new light on the vineyards and chestnut trees beside us, and a purple shade on the Alps and glaciers behind them,—see what Lord Byron says, “Sunset into rose hues sees them wrought,”—the whole scene reflected on Lake Lemman's “crystal face.” We slept next night at St. Maurice, passing Chillon, and we saw the “small green isle” with its trees, and light blew the mountain breeze,

“And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were wild flowers growing.”

The Alps approach nearer from the end of the Lake as we follow up the course of the Rhone through a valley in the scenery of which there

is endless beauty and variety. It is most singular to our eyes, the vines growing and bearing luxuriantly at the foot of hills on whose heads the eternal snows are laying perpendicular above us. We saw the traces of a dreadful calamity which overwhelmed the village of Martigni in the Vallais on the 16th of June last, an avalanche having fallen down and stopt up the course of the river (a small one that came down a deep ravine), which coming down in an instant swept away 250 houses and much above 100 people. For a long way the grass and road is quite torn up, and every where round ruins of houses, trees torn up of all kinds, from the gigantic mountain pine to the fruit trees with which the valley was filled, and still is beyond the track of the desolation. Our hostess told us her husband was suffocated at his own door. She was above stairs attending an English family at dinner, who had their carriage swept away and dashed to pieces.

We continued by the Rhone to Sion, the Capital of the Vallais, and then to Brigue, where the ascent of the Simplon begins. German and Goïtres were all thro' the Vallais universal. You know it is an enormous swelling in the neck supposed to be from the snow water which they drink. The Vallaisians are Catholic, and more devout than almost any people in Europe. All along the Mountains we saw beautiful little Hermitages perched far above where we would have supposed human foot would have ventured. There was something in the idea of crossing the Alps which made us arm ourselves as if for Siberia. Nothing could be more unnecessary. About half way up, at a height much greater than

the top of Ben Nevis, I sat down to attempt a sketch of the gigantic Alp and Glacier before me, along the foot of which our road wound. Before me an abyss black with pines and masses of rock at the bottom, many hundred feet down a torrent roaring, and in a distant opening the valley of the Rhone, the Jungfrau, and some other Swiss mountains. In such a scene it was curious to feel almost oppressed with heat, and to be walking along a road as broad, smooth, and serene as that from Gladmuir to Haddington. Thanks to Napoleon the ascent is about 200 feet in the mile, and I believe there are Refuges all along where travellers find a fire ready when bewildered in the snow. Some galleries are cut through the solid rock, and fine bridges thrown across gulphs of prodigious depth. Nothing was more strange than to go on and see the carriages creeping along below us like snails on the side of this vast wall. Except in Lord Byron's *Manfred*, which I had on the spot, nothing I ever saw conveys even a slight idea of the terrific grandeur of Alpine scenery. By a very fortunate chance I saw one of those beautiful rainbows over waterfall which he describes there too. It looked doubly lovely from being close by me and seen contrasted with one of the dark galleries.

We slept at Simplon. A very good Inn a little beyond the summit. The last part, the valley of Gondor, is the finest: only a very little sky seen above us, thousands of feet of perpendicular black rock or shagged with pine, roaring waterfalls dashing down the sides, and above all the sparkling glaciers glowing in the sun, and which for many months in the year never reach the lower parts even of this valley.

One gallery is 260 feet long. All along this valley on one side the mountains rise. Below on the right the river dashing over its deep rocky bed. From all this gloom we pass into hills covered with vine, beautiful cultivated meadows covered with olive, mulberry, Indian corn. Slept that night upon the banks of Lago Maggiore, on which stand on two Hands famous marble palaces surrounded by Orange, Lemon, and citron, not as shrubs, but fine trees loaded with ripe fruit, hanging down to the very waters of the Lake, pure as crystal and reflecting a sky brighter than we ever see. Yet I love in my soul our own soft grey skies. No one knows how strong the love of country is till they feel the recollection of home coming over them like music heard first in happy days, when all round is gay, and rich and glorious beyond any thing our own land of brown heath and shaggy wood can show.

We spent another day on the Lago di Como, which unites all the beauties of Highland and Italian scenery. In many places the banks are steep as a Loch, long vineyards climbing up them on terraces, magnificent palaces on the banks, and the Lake covered with beautiful barques with awnings formed of vine stalks and nicely fitted up with sofas and tables. We went to the Princess of Wales' villa; she is near Rome now, and it is for sale. The front terrace rises from the Lake. The hill is steep behind it, but the view is exquisite: the Lake, wooded and vine-clad hills, and the Alps rising round in every variety of form and shade.

We reached Milan, from which I now write, on Monday. The Cathedral here is, next to St. Peter's, the finest in the world. The body

of St. Charles Borromeo lays in an open vault in a coffin of rock-crystal in gold. The apartment is, one may say, all of silver, gold, and stones. This is his birthday, that was celebrated in great pomp, all the numerous Priests in their splendid dresses. The Cathedral can contain more than 30,000 people, indeed nearly that must have been in it to-day. All this enormous pile is of the finest marble, covered with statues. There are above 1,000 of them. The music was very fine.

Get a sight from Robert of Eustace's Tour and Coxe's Picture of Italy. It may amuse you to trace us. I am much hurried in this letter, as we go to-morrow to Genoa. By-the-bye, on Isola Bella in Lago Maggiore we saw Bonaparte's name cut on a tree by himself the day before Marengo. Now do write me, dear. Give my love to all. Address Mr. Smith's care, *poste Restante*, Rome. Forgive this hurried letter. It is the most hopeless feeling attempting to give an idea of any thing like $\frac{1}{2}$ the things we see. We long for home letters. They are at Leghorne, where I hope we will be soon now.

Yours, dear Janet, ever affect'ly,

M. F. GLASSELL.

Let my Mother know when you hear. I am always afraid my letters do not reach home. Tell me if you hear they do. Tell me all the home news. How good it is for amor patrie going away a while! I love Scotland so much more than ever. We have had only one day with a single cloud since we left Calais, and only one rainy day since we set out from Dunbar. I send this off from Genoa, a noble town of the Mediterranean, which appeared magnificent; the sight of British ships very refreshing.

Miss Glassell to Mrs. H. F. Cadell.

PARIS, HÔTEL MEURICE, RUE ST. HONORÉ,
June 17th, 1819.

MY DEAR JANET,

We arrived here on the 29th, and leave it on Monday next for Calais by Beauvais. We had so little time in passing through before that we had almost all the sights to see now. There is an endless variety of interest besides amusement here. We spent a very delightful day yesterday in the Jardin des Plantes and its Museums. A friend of ours introduced us to the famous Cuvier. We breakfasted with him, and he went with us round the whole. His wife and daughter are very delightful un-French-like women, and seem to have profited to the utmost by being in the very focus of everything interesting and awakening to the mind. Their house is in the Jardin, which is quite a paradise, and they seem personally acquainted with all the variety of animals in the magnificent Menagerie, which is so different from the usual imprisonment. The Deer, Goats, Camels, all the docile animals are in beautiful enclosures shaded by acacias and Plane trees. Their houses are left open, and they go out and in as they will. We were there and in the Cabinets from 11 till four, and when we left it only felt what a world of wonders were yet unseen. M. Cuvier has got us tickets for a meeting of the Institute to-day when a member is to be admitted. There is much speaking expected, and we are very lucky in getting admission. We went up the other day to Mt. Martre, where the keeper, a director of the telegraph, gave us a detailed account of all the movements of the

allies in both the attacks on Mont Martre, and showed us the marks of the Russian's balls on the building which entered (some) close by them. I never before understood fully the principle of a telegraph, except merely the clumsy contrivance of bells. Here it seems brought to most extraordinary perfection. A message is sent to Calais and the answer returned in five minutes. Napoleon once wrote a long letter to Eugène Beauharnais at Milan, and had an answer in an hour and half. A simple message goes in incredibly shorter time, but this of a *letter* crossing the Alps seems miraculous. They have very fine glasses, and we saw them working, which was very curious.

19th.—We were to-day at the Institute. The speaking was good—all on one subject, the work and character of Morellet,* the last contemporary of Voltaire and the constellation of great men of that day. He died at the age of 91, and a very spirited little piece of his, the praises of old age, was read. We have been seeing the Tivoli gardens this evening, after dining at one of the restaurateurs Verys, which is more like the public room of an English watering-place than any thing else. Every place full of English. The Tivoli garden is perhaps the most perfect epitome of the sort of amusements that delight the nation: les Montagnes Russes, where cars fly down a precipice by a railway; a horizontal windmill, with ships full-rigged suspended from the arms, where ungrown babies get so many rounds for ten sous; velocipedes, some with chairs where you sit while a man mounted behind on a sort of hobbyhorse works the wheels like skaits. But

* L'Abbé Morellet, man of letters and economist (1727–1819).

the effect of the Lights among the dark alleys of trees and orchestras of music, gaily illuminated shews of all sorts, little Cafés for ices and refreshments, and the crowds of people sometimes shewn so distinctly by the blaze of fireworks in one part, or dispersed in groups among the groves.

We are going to-morrow to Versailles if the weather is fine. Indeed their and our ideas of fine weather differ. A *grey* day they consider a decidedly bad one. We have had many since we came; they are like home, but a very great contrast to the cloudless sky of Italy. [Paper torn] all the Roman English are now come on here. [Paper torn] multitudes more are every day coming on, though few comparatively go farther than Paris. We have met two Scotch friends since we came, Mr. Smith's youngest brother and Lord J. Campbell. The former was here when we arrived, and we were a day and half in the same house without knowing it. There were then 160 English in this Hotel, and must be more now, I think, as there are arrivals every day. We have got delightful appartments, with a garden attached to them, and looking over into the Thuilleries garden. I am sorry to hear of Sir George's poor state of health; at his age I fear there is little chance of his recovery. I hear Lord John Hay has left this place lately; he had intended going to Italy with a friend of ours who is going now, but changed his mind. He is himself quite certain of his ultimate success in the County, I hear. Has there been any great progress made of late?

We hope to go to-morrow to hear the debates in their House of Commons. Here they are more

gallant than our legislators, admitting ladies who have interest for tickets. The King has been much of an invalid and not seen for some time, but is expected to attend Mass at the Chapel of the Palace on Sunday, when we are to get admission, though I confess the music is a greater attraction to me than the royalties.

Believe me, my dear Janet,

Yours affectionately,

M. F. GLASSELL.

I am in pain: It is that way
 to him self I must be
 fourth child of Cor in heaven be
 baby last and I am
 that they engaged town but in ~~the~~
 I am raised so that I off you carry
 I am glad to change for being a man
 that I trust very well ends I hope you
 was no the future as - Lord your -
 I wish to intimate
 your hands for I have a will that be
 they should bring they that would be
 a good go but I did not know
 so no that he was ever poor but I was
 to tell me that he had the will
 resolution I hope to natural for me for
 the trouble as to write to my
 the trouble and I am glad of that
 to I am glad to hear of that
 who will faithfully be true
 as what should I do in that

of us does to the eye
 out of your ground
 May 22 1748

regarding y will do with being
 I remain as formerly
 for
 your as former
 Rob Roy

VARIOUS LETTERS

Rob Roy to Baillie Buchanan.

DEAR SIR,

There is one Patrick C...tter that ingaged himself as Tenant with me for the fourth part of Corriehervick in February last, and I am informed now that he is ingaged Tenant in Ardshiel [Rynneray?]. If so I hope that you being Chamberlain to charge for . . . and a man that I trust very much unto, I hope that you will do me the favour as to send your officer to him, and he move out of your bounds, for I have no will that there should be anything that could be a groudge between us. He was so unjust to me that he never came or sent to tell me he had altered his resolution. I hope you would not put me to . . . the trouble as to write any one of the curators. I send the substance of this to Duncan MacIntyre at Inver[chernach?], who will faithfully . . . all it to me. This is what should be done, but it might be well [torn] trusts to oysr us. The . . . dismiss one of us does to Edinburgh. This trusting you will dispatch him out of your ground very soon.

I remain, Sir, Your's as formerly,
ROB ROY.

May 22, 1718.

Dr. Johnson to Mr. Allen.

DEAR SIR,

I came hither on Thursday without the least trouble or fatigue, but I do not yet perceive any improvement in my health. My Breath is very much obstructed, my legs are very soon tired, and my nights are very restless. Boswel went back next day, and is not yet returned. Miss Adams and Miss Moore are not yet come. How long I shall stay, or whither I shall go, I cannot yet guess. While I am away I beg that you will sit for me at the Club, and that you will pay Betsy Barber five shillings a week. I hope I shall by degrees be better. I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

SAM: JOHNSON.

PEMBROKE COLLEGE, OXFORD,
June 7, 1784.

*To MR. ALLEN,
Bolt Court, Fleet Street, London.*

A Merman.

At Tiry House in the Island of Tiry the Eleventh day of August One thousand Eight hundred and thirteen Years.

IN PRESENCE of James Maxwell, Esquire, One of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County of Argyll.

COMPEARED Colin MacNiven, Tacksman of Grianal in the Island of Tiry, who being

solemnly Sworn Depones That one day in the beginning of Harvest about Eighteen Years ago two little Girls who had been walking about the Shores of his Farm, which is situated on the Western extremity of the Island of Tiry, came to him the Deponent, and informed him that there was an human body cast upon the Beach. That a brother of the Deponent having been drowned a short time before this period, he hastened to the Shore to examine the Body. That he and some of his Servants who were alongst with him, in the belief that it was an human body, raised it from amongst the Sand, and then perceived that down from the Middle it was formed like a Fish. That it was in a very putrid state, and from having been tossed and chaffed amongst the Rocks and Sand the surface Skin was almost entirely rubbed off. That the upper part of the Body had a perfect resemblance to the human form. That the Head was about the size of that of a Lad of twelve or fourteen Years of age, the features of the face very much resembling those of a Negroe; the Ears small and flat like the Human Ear. That the chin was short and projected, but very little beyond the line of the Neck. Depones that the Arms appeared to be about fourteen Inches long, formed in all respects like the human Arm, and ending in hands like the human hand, with fingers and Nails like those of a Man, except that the fingers were all joined together by a thin Membrane. That its intestines were torn out, and the Deponent could not observe whether there had been any Sexual distinction. Depones that the extreme length of the animal appeared to him to have been fully five feet, and from about the Middle downwards was formed like a

Fish. That at the point where the human form descended into that of a Fish there were two broad lateral fins, and that the tail was forked like that of a Mackarel, but placed flat or horizontally. Depones that there was a small part of the Skin remaining entire near to the tail which resembled the skin of a Porpoise and was perfectly free of hair. Depones that from the close resemblance which the upper part of the Animal bore to the human form he the Deponent and his Servants did not like to see it exposed to injury or torn by Dogs, and they therefore put it upon a hand barrow and carried it to a Sand bank, where they dug an hole for it and burried it. That they raised an head and foot stone and threw some loose stones and Sand over it to protect the body and mark the place as a Grave. Depones that a Grave in a Sand bank near to his the Deponent's House which he has shewn to the Magistrate before whom this Deposition is emitted, and which has been opened in his presence and in presence of his Son Doctor Niel Maxwell, is the same in which the Deponent and his Servants deposited the body of the Animal above described, and that the Remains of a Skeleton found therein are its Remains, all which is truth as he shall answer to God.

COLLIN McNIVEN.

The above Deposition was emitted and the Grave therein mentioned was opened in presence of us,

JAS. MAXWELL, J.P.
NEIL MAXWELL, M.D.

Of us the same in Courts called in law
The country's laws a piece of earth was said
In the eye of the people in the same
The minister was declared the name of grace
(The Book 2nd)

2

In such a case, how you will see
The world in the hands of the people
In the night of the people, the world is
The world is the world of a common law?

3.

— the unequal and the world in the night
The world is the world of the people
The world is the world of the people
The world is the world of the people

4.

In each of you in the world, I am to see you,
At distance the world is the world of the people
The world is the world of the people
The world is the world of the people

Walter Scott
1800

VERSES ADDRESSED BY SIR WALTER SCOTT TO LADY
CHARLOTTE CAMPBELL

From Lady John Campbell.

November 18th, 1820.

MY DEAR FRANCIS,

As Robert is no scribe nor decypherer of writing I am unwillingly obliged to trouble you to send for him, and desire him to get the detail of the accounts, the sums of which M^{rs} Scot has given me the enclosed note of, & to send the Beer & coal accounts also. If he brings them to you, will you be so good as send them under one or more covers to me. I send for Robert also a note of the Cottars' rents due, which I wish him to pay to you also. In case of making a voyage of discovery to the other world this winter, I wish to have all my most trifling affairs in order, that Lord John may not be bothered. I believe the fright I got when I found myself in debt at 20 through that worthy man Stuart's management was a very good thing, as I have a most pious horror at debt ever since, a disease not much amiss in this family; but though I say it *my share* of them is an exception, as he is a perfectly regular man of business. Great has been my delight at being relieved from the fear of his going away; he had determined to send an excuse, having no idea of the possibility of such a result. However, the fear I was in for some weeks gave me small peace, so they laid me up & bled me, which, however, did me less good than being put out of suspense.

Lord John & Hercules are very busy planting a belt where a new approach is to be, thinning young wood, &c., much better fun than listening to Miss^{es} Lushington & Co. I

hope the lower classes with you are not mad Queenites as here; two nights since they stole Boats & barrels for bonfires at Helensburgh— & Greenock was blazing. We shut all our shutters for fear our lights sh^d seem *Rads* too. People disapproving of the Liturgy business, &c., one can understand, but giving the narrow escape of such a woman the appearance of triumph is quite an outrage on the moral character of the Nation.

Anent the insurance, L^d John begs leave to say his Turning & Cabinet maker tools there cost £180 & are worth *more*. In the name of wonder why did L^d Tweeddale not vote on the Bill?

Very sincerely yours,
I. G. C.

From Lady C. Campbell.

ARGYLL HOUSE, *Monday Morning.*

This is to be a great day, And I begin it well, My Dear Camelia, by writing to you. I know no *Wonderful News*, but will give you a little Sketch of My Life & adventures since last Monday, which was the day of our Arrival, & really, considering all The Difficulties we underwent ere we reach'd this, I think we ought to keep it ever after as a Jubilee. My first Appearance was on Friday Night at Lady Salisbury's crowded Assembly; there were a great Number of People of My particular Acquaintance all *being* or pretending to be very Happy to See Me. I was Universally told that I Had increased *Not a little*, one or two thought Me rather *Prodigious*, but on The whole if Half the Flattery Stuck to Me which was offer'd I fear My Brain Must be

Much the worse of it. Saturday I went to The Opera, which is bad in every way, The *Bantis'* singing Excepted; that indeed Must always be Heavenly. Lady Abercorn Has got The Dss. of Gordon's Box, as the latter is obliged for lack of Rhino* to remain at Kimbolten. Lady Abercorn was dres'd in Pink And look'd devinely well, so did Lady William Russell & Her Sisters, Caroline Villiers & Anne Lambton. We Had in our Box Lord Granville Levison, L^d Borringdon, Lord Abercorn, M^r Pichell Bobby, &c. L^d G. & L^d B. are in High Good looks & Spirits, And we are as great *Friends* as ever. Nothing More, Nor do I wish to be. Lord Darnley too I like vastly, So Sensible And Good He is, or at least Appears to be. I talk'd Mostly to Him, tho' Col. Leith & several others came in for a *share of My Tongue*, & there is yet Enough left for as Many More. I fancy The Widow's Cruise was only Allegorical, & Meant Neither More nor less than a Female Tongue.

Well, you See, The Opera went off pleasantly, & so did I Home to Bed, & was in time for King Street chapel yesterday Morning, where we Had a Good Sermon tho' I thought too Political. At Night I went to An Assembly (not a *Belle Assemble*) at L^y Cecilia's. There was Lady Betty Mackenzie shaking Her Head, & t'other old Female Sister Mandarin shaking *Her Head* also, The Maiden House keeper Miss Jennings, with Sundry other Antique Maids, widows, Wives, & *what Not* too tedious to Mention. Then as for *Youthful Virgins* & Blooming Brides, I add to the List Mrs. Johnstone, Her Sister M^{rs} C: Bury Street, Miss Berrys, Louisa, & your Humble Servant. No one could Complain of

* Slang for money.

want of Beauxs, for there was ye poor Dear old General *flannel'd* Up to His Eyes, Marshal Conway who now Neither Sees nor Hears, Gen' Bude of full Venerable Aspect, & Lord Mount Edgcomb of Detestable Graces & Grimaces, whose Black Coat for His poor Father Made a Charming Contrast with The Fadeur of His Complexion, & His Bag & Sword added *Much Dignity* to His Gigantic Stature & Warlike Appearance. Had His Mother been there I should certainly Have taken Her for *Mother Bunch* & Him for The *Yellow Dwarf*—but really this looks very ill Naturesd, & did I Not feel that Mere Vivacity Exempt from Any Malice or Uncharitableness Had Dictated it I would Not Suffer so bad a sample of My Heart to Stand in black & white Against Me.

Now Having Made this self-saving Digression, I will return to L^y Cecilia's Drawing Room in idea, I Hope not in reality for some time, Tho' I chatted away with My female favourites, And Amused Myself very well for once. M^{rs} Johnstone looks very well, tho' not so fat as she was ye last time I saw Her. M^{rs} C: is in High Beauty. M^{rs} Anderson's Face is Plumpd up & looks well; Her Figure is Broken down & looks Disjointed, with Slatternly Petticoats Hanging *upon Nothing*. Lady Cecilia enquired kindly for you, so did L^y Ailesbury, who is really a good Naturesd Worthy Woman when they let Her alone. Lady Frederick was not there; she said Yesterday Morning she was surprised, she wonder'd you did not prefer being at Edin^r to remaining *alone at Roseneath*. I replied that every one Judged these Matters best for their own Tastes & feelings, & tho' Perhaps *I* might Not Have prefer'd a total retirement at My Age, that were I no

longer *so* Young My choice Might very likely coincide with Yours, & Her wonders ceased for that Time. L^d F: looks ill & thin, particularly His Legs.

I supp'd at M^{rs} C: Locknells with Lady Archibald Campbell, M^{rs} Malcolm Colensey, & Col: Leith; these with The *Padrona & Padrone Della Casa*, Johny, Augusta, & Myself Spent a Merry Evening, Sat up Singing till past one, & then Retired Mutually pleased I Hope & believe. I forget whether or Not I told you we were at Richmond on Friday Morning. We found Elizabeth grown very Lovely, Lady D: rather worse, but as for M^r Cole He was just gone out, so I only Saw His Picture. If in His Person He is Half as well as that, Her *Eyes* at least Have not been so Much to Blame. Various Are The Accounts I Hear of Him, but Most of them are favourable. The Sensible part of His Conduct is that He Reads every day with Elizabeth, & seldom or ever leaves Her even for An Instant. She was very ill with The Influenza that is Going about, & He never for an Instant left Her, but paid Her all sorts of attentions, Nor Suffer'd The *Maids* to do Anything about Her. All that I Had from Peggy, who Heaven knows abuses them Sufficiently to Make one believe The Truth of Her *Commendations*. I Have not yet been able to learn by Any Satisfactory Accounts whether Eliz: or Peggy was to blame in that Separation, or whether they are both in fault; the latter I think Most likely.

Papa Has been wonderfully Well Since He Arrived, but this Morning Has been very *Unwell*. Farquhar says it is Undoubtedly The Influenza, which tho' very *Tedious & lowering* is *not Dangerous*. It is a Sad Pity tho' after He was

So well. They Say The Prince is still Miserable for M^{rs} Fitz: * who first Broke off their *Arrangement*. He goes, However, every Night to L^y Jersey's *pour se Consoler*; she (L^y J:) never stirs out, & they sit & talk all Night till one or two o'clock. These New Loves & Miserys for ye old Love are Strange Contradictions. But Human Nature was ever a Contradiction; *both Men & Women are at best a Contradiction Still.*

I write in a great Hurry all I Hear, so do not Vouch for The truth of it nor for The *Distinct Manner* in which I Have recited it, but you Must forgive your affec.

C: M: CAMPBELL.

P.S.—I Have done Nothing about ye Newspapers because Mr. Mackinnon told me He Had Settled that with you.

M. G. to Mrs. McCall.

INVERARAY, July 18th.

MY DEAR M^{RS} M^CCALL,

According to my promise, tho' I have little time, I sit down during a few minutes before the post hour, but verily this day is so fury and I am in such a fever I can scarce hold a pen. It is quite vain to tell you what we have been about since we came here; we have really been like evil spirits, or at least troubled Consciencees, never resting night or day. Of all our *pranks* the most delightful was the other night going to the herring fishing. We did not go to bed, & sett off at two o'Clock with the piper in the boat, & saw some nets drawn. It was really a night fit to send any one to the house on the

* Mrs. Fitzherbert.

hill at Glasgow—from very craziness with its beauty, and we had pibrochs and all sorts of music. There were about 200 boats out. Did you ever see the nets drawn? It is so beautiful in the dark or dim light: the silvery glittering of the fish, and the calls of the men from one boat to another. We went up the Loch that we might see the morning break over the Loch Awe hills, or, as Miss Helen would say, “See the *Sin* rise over the hills from the muddle of the Loch.” It was so lovely as the light got up, one by one the boatmen hoisting their sails and retiring into all the creeks round. We came home about half-past 4, and had a very jolly supper or whatever you call it on our spoils.

We had another fine day’s fishing on the Dhu Loch, and an excursion to Loch Awe: did you ever see it? But there is nothing half so delightful as having the band on the green in the evening, and us dandering on the leads while they play and the Moon rises in glory over the Cowal hills. There never was so lovely a night as last. We dined early, rode down to the Factory afterwards: it was delightful. I think we are going to have a thunder storm to-day, much need to cool the air. We go to Dalnally to-morrow night. Next day to Oban, from that Lord knows where. I am to ride.

Mrs. R. is *here*, and just as agreeable as ever, only she dare not muddle with me, but torments her husband & his sister.

L^d John orders me to stop or I shall get no frank, as it is late.

Ever yours,

M. G.

Love to y^r Lord.

From Lady John Campbell.

INVERARAY CASTLE, *October 24th.*

MY DEAR FRANCIS,

I had the pleasure of receiving your letter (forwarded Arden) yesterday. As we intend being ourselves in Edin^r in Dec^r at all events, perhaps it may be as well to delay any farther operations on the Lime till that time. I only say this from our knowing of no scientific person to whom we can apply, but if you do, we would like the operations to proceed forthwith; indeed Lord John says he thinks y^r own judgement must be quite as satisfactory as any scientific person, whose knowledge is often more theoretical than practical. Heaven knows how soon or how late it may be when Lord John passes to London; the Duke by a letter to-day seems in perfect despair of ever being released, and thinks there will positively be another adjournment of the Lords in consequence of legal demurs and discussions. Lady Charlotte is on her way home summoned by her Majesty, whose system of exculpation seems much of a piece with the Irishman who, on Trial for an assault which 5 men swore to have witnessed, exclaimed with much triumph, "By J^{as}us, if you have 5 men to swear they saw me fell Pat, I'll bring 50 to swear they never saw me near him!" I am kept in hot water for fear of Lord John going up, but he says if he does go he won't stay.

We have had a very jovial meeting here, 3 days of public breakfasts, dinner, ball, & supper at the Inn, and one day here a dinner of 45 people & ladies in the evening dancing. . . . I

was afraid the row of the Free-holder dinner here would have knocked him * up, but he was not a whit the worse, & is now away cross Dunnaquoich with the remaining men of the Castle party (now getting thin) Roebuck shooting. We had a very gay scene on the lawn. L^d Jⁿ & M^r Smith sent up a very fine balloon which we got in Paris last year. The day was bright, but the breeze obliged them to half fill it in the house & lead it out. The lawn was covered with people of all ranks, our own band playing, & when the Balloon rose two ships of war laying off saluted, which was returned in a hundred echoes & re-echoes from the mountains round. The Balloon went about four miles & descended in the sea, to great dismay of some workpeople who were near. The whole people then went to see the Dhu Loch dragged, foot races, leaping, &c., and concluded the forenoon by a sail in M^r Smith's bateau, except L^d John & I who have a due preference for Terra Firma. We were much the better for the sailors. The Capt. of one ship is a natural son of Lord Nelson's, a particularly interesting gentlemanlike person; so were his officers, at least as to the latter quality, & they as well as some other strangers were much pleased with the specimen they had of Highland gaiety & hospitality. It was a thousand pities the Argylls could not come, & Isla was detained by L^y Elinor's job. Her Ladyship's Health was drunk with much enthusiasm, & he is re-elected steward for next year. . . .

Y^{rs} sincerely,

M. I. G. CAMPBELL.

* Lord John.

From Lady John Campbell.

MY DEAR FRANCIS,

I had my Aunt's letter the other night—and since James had a suit before of course there is no need for more. We had given the Nurse 5 guineas, thinking it the best sort of present. I said something about a present to Ja^s under the impression that he had not got it. Perhaps My Aunt will be so good as explain this to her. The Meeting here has gone off very well, very good races. Campbell Barcaldine won an 80 guinea Cup, and Isla a 40 guinea one; the Duke had a horse sure of the first, but he withdrew it thinking it better some other person should get it. Lord John has announced his intention of retiring, & Isla starts in his room. I am delighted to get out of the scrape: he is quite tired of going to London; & as his political opinions are quite opposite to the Duke's, it's needless to sacrifice one's personal comfort, one's opinions and interests all at the same time. We have sad weather, & the crops in a melancholy state.

Believe Me Y^{rs} sincerely,

I. G. CAMPBELL.

From Mrs. Hemans.

BRONWYLFA, ST. ASAPH,
Jan^y 23^d, 1822.

MY DEAR MADAM,

It is by such feelings of pure and heartfelt gratification as these which your Ladyship's most kind letter could not but excite, that the many anxieties attendant upon a literary career, (especially when pursued by a Female,) are occasionally overpaid.

Amongst the moments of such pleasure which

Wrentham St. Michael

My Dear Madam

Jan^y 23rd 1822

It is by such feelings of pure and
heart-felt gratification as those which your
Ladyship's most kind letter could not but
excite, that the many anxieties attendant
upon a literary career, (especially when pursued
by a Female,) are occasionally overpaid.

Amongst the moments of such pleasure which
have fallen to my share, I can remember
none of more deep and serene delight than

Felicia Hemans.

OPENING LINES AND SIGNATURE OF LETTER FROM FELICIA HEMANS TO
LADY JOHN CAMPBELL

have fallen to my share, I can remember none of more deep and sincere delight, than those for which I am indebted to the approbation you have done me the honour of expressing in terms so *kindly* and encouraging. Fame and Popularity may have many more dazzling triumphs, but none of which the heart “can ask, *if this be joy,*” and be answered with such unalloyed satisfaction. It certainly *is* joy, and that of the purest and most intellectual kind, to learn that our own thoughts have impressed themselves so deeply upon an ardent and cultivated Mind; and with your Ladyship’s name, this feeling will ever be associated in my recollection.

The inquiries which express so flattering an interest in me, shall be answered with all the frankness they deserve. I have never had the happiness of visiting Italy, though my imagination has always turned to that Country with an enthusiasm for which I can hardly account. I sometimes amuse myself with describing it as instinctive, as my Mother’s family were Venetians, but with them I have never had any communication, having passed my own retired life almost exclusively amongst the Mountains of Wales, for which I now feel all the attachment of a Native. I have now too many domestic ties even to form a wish for exploring “*cette terre où les Citronniers fleurissent*”; but in the earlier part of my youth, my longing to visit its magnificent Wonders, both of Nature and Art, amounted almost to a Passion, which, like most other hopeless ones, was only subdued by *Time*. I can now content myself with the study of its History and Literature, which have ever been my chosen pursuits; and I often think that it is perhaps better to preserve the bright

idea of Italy as it exists unclouded in my mind, than to have it dimmed or impaired, as appears to have been the case with many recent Travellers, who complain of the disappointment their highly coloured expectations had sustained.

I have too long delayed acknowledging your Ladyship's kind invitation to Scotland. I should want no inducement to visit a Country to many of whose Inhabitants I feel sincerely indebted, and whose scenery "of the Mountain and the flood" has become almost classic ground, since it has been peopled with such glorious creations by "the Ariosto of the North"; but I am at present bound by too many links to "my ain hearth-stane," to break through them even in pursuit of such gratifications as Scottish Society would, I am convinced, afford me. I have a Sister at present in Edinburgh who has had the good fortune to be introduced to Mrs Grant, and many other distinguished characters in that "romantic Town"; of which her description has, if possible, increased my admiration. She has been much in Italy, Germany, and Switzerland, and is therefore better able to appreciate its beauties, both natural and acquired.

I have taken the liberty of enclosing, for your Ladyship's acceptance, a little Italian Story which I published, some time since, in *Constable's Magazine*. I had intended greatly to extend it, and introduce additional characters and incidents, but having been unexpectedly forestalled by a Poem of Mr Herbert's, called "Pia della Pietra," I gave up the idea of publishing it separately. The Subject alone, which always struck me as particularly interesting, encouraged me to hope that it may be acceptable

M^r Cuvier a beaucoup de regret de ne pouvoir
procure a mylord Campbell les billets qu'il desire
mais pensant qu'il parlait demain il a laisse
disposer de ceux qu'on lui offroit et il fera tres
tard maintenant pour renouveler avec vous sa
demande. Le moyen le plus sur et le plus
prompt sera de s'adresser a l'ambassadeur
d'Angleterre qui pourra faire placer les adresses
dans la tribune du corps diplomatique mylord
et ses amis M^r Cuvier te prie d'aguer
ses vœux et ses regrets.

Lundi. Soir. 21

to you. Since I had the honour of receiving your letter, I have been informed that M^r Murray of Albemarle Street has advertised second editions of "The Sceptic" and "Modern Greece," respecting which last, if I am not mistaken, Miss M^cNeil had inquired in your name. I will consult my friends upon the suggestion of publishing in Scotland, and should they recommend it, will not hesitate to avail myself of the interest your Ladyship has so cordially offered. May I hope that this letter of Egotism will be pardoned by the kindness which has led me on to the unreserved communication of my circumstances and feelings, and allow me to assure you, dear Madam, with how much sincerity I shall ever consider Myself, your Ladyship's

Truly obliged

FELICIA HEMANS.

I ought to apologize for sending so very rough a copy of "The Maven," but I have no other, not even in MS.

From Lady John Campbell.

ARDEN-GARTH, July 20th, 1824.

MY DEAR FRANCIS,

I have received your two letters, the first containing the result of Houden's Link Park plea & the last y^r account with Longniddry. When the first came we were going off to Argyllshire by steam to carry the 3 Islay girls and little Johnny Campbell Islay to Ardpatreck on West Lock Tarbert, the embarking place for Islay. A steam Boat had been hired on the 30th June to take them all round the Mull of Kentyre, but when we took one of them who was with us to join the party at Greenock, we

found the Cap^t had played false & crammed the Boat. Lord John took the girls & — out & brought them here (Lady Ellinor is with Walter making a tour of Argyllshire), & most fortunate it was, as the steam Boat was in considerable danger twice, & after 2 attempts to get round the Mull was driven back & landed at East Tarbert in Loch Fyne. We went to Oakfield after seeing them off, and came home on Wednesday last. I got a bad cold, which has prevented me writing sooner. I am very glad L^d Elden gave so strong an opinion as to the spirit of the Trustees' demand. I hope their other pleas may meet the same fate.

Robert is very obedient—I suppose he thinks needs must when the Devil drives. I wish you would pay to John Cadell for a piece of Mosaic ware of Pietra Duro he brought me from Italy. While we were at Oakfield I had a letter from Lady Tweeddale asking my interest with Lord John for his vote, which he of course gave, a few days before Sir James' circular had come. I hope to be in the East country some time before winter. I am dying to see Lady Dalhousie; I have not heard any direct news of them since they came home. How delighted they must be to see the boys! By all accounts Ramsay is a perfect model of a boy's character. On one occasion there was some conspiracy against the Master at Harrow the boys wished R. to join. He refused, and said not only "I won't join," but "If you persist I'll inform the Master, and if you think that unhandsome I am quite ready to fight you all round." M^r Story told me this; I believe it is quite true. We have been thinning a good deal of wood. Lord John has got about £500 worth of oak here, yet it is never missed.

We expect the Argylls down the 2^d week of August—to remain during the Autumn. In the steam B^t coming from L. Gilphead the other day we met M^r Lumsden & his new wife; he told me he had seen Tom Hepburn lately, & that he had become such a fine lad. I wonder if Mama w^d allow him & Johnny to come & take a day or two's shooting here sometime before they go back to College. When are you coming? Cannot Janet & you come now? any time before the 2^d week of August, when our house will be full for a day or two, or three probably. Lord John joins me in this, & also begs you will tell M^r Burnet we expect he will come this year. Tell him we had two months entirely dry, & after 2 weeks' rain it seems now quite settled again.

I have the finest potatoe crop in the county, & 16 acres of green crop; the 2 of Turnips are not so good. We sold of the potatoes you saw last year £130 on the ground, & after keeping what we required we this Spring sold 23 Bolls at 17/- per Boll. Is E. Lothian a good place to get milk cows? I am very anxious to get some good milkers. We have none above 9 Pints a day. A friend of mine in Argyllshire 'Tother day bought one who gives 17 Pints for £10—which has raised my envy. Lord John desires his kindest regards, & hopes you will come.

Believe me Y^{rs} sincerely,

M. I. G. CAMPBELL.

When you have an oppo^{ty} tell Rob^t wife he is quite well, & will you when you write mention how his family are? Kind regard to Janet. Tell me if you think Tom Hepburn w^d come, & I w^d write to them ab^t it.

Scraps found in the pocket of a poor young parish Dominic when, on lodging him in the Asylum, it was found necessary to search him.

WOODALL.

To a Young Lady with an Astronomical Map of the Stars.

Gaze on those worlds of Light,
 And still to thee may their soft voiceless
 language tell
 Of a Bright realm that claims Thee as its own;
 And as thy long blue eyes have been to me
 Fountains of sweetest thoughts and love and
 gentleness
 That come, even like a mingled stream over the
 soul
 And wash it from the weary dust
 Of this world's cares and strife,
 So to Thy soul may the soft aspect of the starry
 sky
 Come with a lesson like the dews of night,
 Refreshing all the green & springlike softness
 Of Its bright early Youth!
 Oh think when gazing on those living lights
 How many Beauteous Beings they have shone on
 Now passed away—aye, even from Memory!
 While they shine on—Type of Eternity
 And of all those deep and tender feelings which
 we barter
 For the poor toys of wealth, ambition, power!
 I have gazed upon thee with the love of nature,
 Beautiful Nature! When we see
 The moon-lit waves, soft morn, or fading day,
 And lift our Hearts to Him
 Who breathed upon those scenes the Breath of
 Heaven

And gave our souls to feel how pure and bright
The Fountain whence proceeds
All that is beautiful in this visible world,
Its moonlight waters, setting suns and moons,
That breath of new-born Joy ! & most of all
How beautiful God's creatures ! when like Thee
They seem an emanation from that world
Where purity & dove-eyed innocence
Dwell in unclouded Light !
Fair Being, it is not thy perfect form alone
That makes thee seem to me a Poet's vision ;
To my ear thy voice is Heaven's own music,
Sad yet how beautiful, like Autumn's earliest
breath
Sighing 'mid changing leaves & drooping flowers,
Telling of Beauty that must pass away !
Thy soft blue eye speaks in a language yet more
plain to me
Of Thoughts & feelings deep & yet most precious,
If their Holy fire is never kindled
Of strange Gods ! on strange altars to strange
Gods.
Oh I have seen the Halls of Pomp & State,
Temples & palaces that once were great,
Have seen the glories of the wondrous Dome,
Have gazed on Many a Prince's Marble Tomb,
Heard the deep music of the Requiem swell,
Pealing of Royalty the pompous knell :
Seen the Time-honored Banners proudly wave
O'er the cold form now sinking in the grave,
No longer now in that shrunk nerveless hand
The scepter glitters—an enchanter's wand !
Oh who can gaze on that vain idle toy
And trust their all to cold ambition's Joy !
Dark, Dark the passions that had left their trace
On every feature of that pallid face,
And sparkling in funereal torchlight now

The crown seems mockery on that ghastly brow.
 The Eye turns wearied from the heartless show
 To the blue Mountains tinged with sunset's glow,
 And memory flies to one low place of rest,
 Fit mansion for a fond and faithful breast.*
 Near a small Stream the ocean waters meet,
 Mingling their tides with music passing sweet,
 So may the streams that wear the living breast
 All meet and mingle in Eternal rest.
 I've seen the dew-besprinkled Holly's wave
 In mournful beauty o'er that quiet grave;
 There lives the verdure of unfading Bay,
 Fit emblem where unfading feelings lay.
 Burial Not lost, for if the Spirit fly
 To brighter, purer mansions in the sky,
 There all its pure affections cannot die!
 But the freed Spirit chilled or wounded here,
 Returning veinless from that happier sphere,
 May watch the object of its earthly care,
 Tho' tuned for others' ears the voice that long
 To it seemed soft as its new country's song.
 Ev'n when it feels Its own forgotten name
 Has o'er the memory lost its feeblest claim,
 And the Dark tide of cold oblivion's wave
 Rolled its dark waters o'er that lowly grave,
 Still It would steal from all the Joys above,
 And come a Dove-winged messenger of Love,
 Watch with affection that can never cease,
 And e'en o'er slumber breathe the balm of peace.
 Not vampyre-like would Its soft pinions now
 Brood over & gently fan th' unconscious brow,
 Wipe gently from the eye the dreaming tear,
 And breathe soft music to the sleeping ear.
 And still perchance if in a Spirit's lot
 There is a pang in being quite forgot,
 If still clings to the soul that earthly feeling,

* A beautiful grave in the West Highlands.

O'er the closed lid the spirit may be stealing,
 To the loved dreamer's mind past scenes recall
 And in one passing thought be paid for all !
 All that the weary heart at last w^d crave
 Is such a dwelling as that oft-seen grave,
 No breathing incence from rich Censers flung,
 No lofty Requiem's solemn notes be sung,
 No long-robed Priest with Holy water near,
 For what so Holy as affection's tear ?
 If e'en one tear be on the cold dust shed
 Young flowers will spring upon the lowly bed,
 And one low sigh be to the parted soul
 More balm than all the sweets from Censers
 stole.

But if nor sigh nor tear will memory spare,
 The last dear offering to a dying prayer,
 May evening's dews then bathe th' unconscious
 brow
 That throbs & burns at that sad sentence now !

*Lord Greenock to the Duke of Argyll, relative to
 Papers of Orders found upon the Field of
 Waterloo.*

EDINBURGH, *Septem'* 19, 1842.

MY DEAR LORD DUKE,

I think you mentioned to me some time ago that you had in your possession an order in my handwriting or Signed by me which had been picked up on the field of Waterloo, & which your Grace had honored by preserving as a relick of that memorable day. If you should still possess this Document and can without inconvenience refer to it, Your Grace would confer a great favor upon me if you will have the goodness to cause a Copy to be forwarded to me as early as circumstances may permit.

I am not aware of the date or the purport of this order, but the Duke of Wellington having expressed a desire to me through Colonel Gurwood to be informed of the Precise hour at which certain orders were circulated to the Cavalry respecting its Movements Previously to the battles fought on the 16th, 17th, & 18th of June, 1815, it is possible that the Document in question may throw some light on the Subject, and be the means of enabling me to satisfy the Duke in this particular, better than I could do from my own recollection, for during the hurry consequent to such operations I had no time to preserve copies of the orders I had to circulate, or to make any memoranda respecting them.

If the Superscription be preserved it should likewise be copied, for probably upon it the hour of its despatch would have been noted, as well as the address of the General or other officer to whom it was transmitted.

With many apologies for giving Your Grace this trouble, I remain, My dear Lord Duke,

Your Grace's faithful & obed^t Serv^t,

GREENOCK.

Letter of Orders to Sir William Ponsonby, found on the Field of Battle at Waterloo.

Rec^d at One & 3/4 A.M. 16 June.

Immediate.

NINOVE, June 15, 1815.

Memorandum.

Major-General Sir W^m Ponsonby's Brigade will assemble with the utmost possible expedi-

Recd. at New York
AM. 16 Jan 1862

Immediate Service

Mr. Genl. Wm. S. Burdett
in office command of Regt.
Greenock 2nd Div. 1st Corps

Orders

St. Omer June 15 1815

Memorandum

Major General de W. Porcu, ^{the night}
longed with a general with the
utmost possible expedition, at
St. Omer when it was received further
orders

The Regiments had better be formed
on the High Road leading from St. Omer
to Koerde see. near the quarters of part
of the Royal Dragoons between Salbre &
that place. St. Omer

Greenock 25th
of Dragoons

Major General de W. Porcu in order to open the
L. de Porcu sent to St. Omer
D. de St. Omer

tion this night at Ninove, where it will receive further orders.

The Regiments had better be formed on the High Road leading from Ninove to Voordem, near the Quarters of part of the Royal Dragoons, between Oultre & Ninove.

GREENOCK, L^t C^l
A^{ss} Q.M. General.

An orderly officer to be sent to Ninove.

Major-General

SIR W. PONSONBY,
Denderhoutem.

Lord Greenock to the Duke of Argyll.

EDINBURGH, *March 7th, 1843.*

MY DEAR LORD DUKE,

I am extremely obliged by your kindness in entrusting to me the Document found on the Field of Waterloo, and which has been so long in your Grace's possession. It is highly interesting to me, as shewing the precise hour at which the order for the assembly of the Cavalry at Ninove was received at the Quarters of Sir William Ponsonby, which appears by a Memorandum on the Cover to have been one & 3/4 a.m. on the 16th of June, as it has been the subject of some controversy, it having been imagined by some that the Cavalry ought to have been put in motion at an earlier hour.

I have availed myself of your Grace's kind permission to forward this Document to London that it may be shewn to the Duke of Wellington, with strict caution respecting its due preservation, and the desire that it may be sent back to

674 INTIMATE SOCIETY LETTERS

me as early as circumstances will permit with a view to its being returned to your Grace.

Believe me, My dear Lord Duke,

Always very faithfully yours,

GREENOCK.

The letter of Orders to Sir William Ponsonby is herewith returned to the Duke of Argyll with Lord Greenock's compliments and best thanks.

12 CARLTON PLACE, *April 18th*, 1843.

LOVE & REASON

'Twas in the Summer time so sweet
When hearts & flowers are both in Season
That who of all the world sh^d meet
One early dawn but Love & Reason.

Love told his dream of yesternight
While Reason talk'd about the weather;
The Morn in sooth was fair & bright,
And on they took their way together.

The Boy in many a gambol flew,
While Reason like a Juno stalk'd
And from her portly figure threw
A lengthened shadow as she walk'd.

No wonder Love as on they past
Sh^d find that sunny Morning chill,
For still the shadow Reason cast
Fell on the Boy & cool'd him still.

In vain he tried his wings to warm
And find a pathway not so dim,
For still the Maid's gigantic form
Would pass between the Sun & him.

This must not be, said little Love,
The Sun was made for more than you,
So turning thro' a Myrtle Grove
He bade the Portly Nymph adieu.

Now gaily roves the laughing boy
 O'er many a mead and many a stream,
 In every breeze inhaling joy
 And drinking bliss in every beam.

From all the gardens, all the bowers,
 He culled the many sweets they shaded,
 And ate the fruits & smelt the flowers
 Till taste was gone & odour faded.

But now the Sun in pomp of noon
 Look'd blazing o'er the parched plains.
 Alas! the boy grew languid soon,
 And fever thrill'd thro' all his veins.

The dew forsook his baby brow,
 No more with vivid bloom he smil'd:
 Oh! where was tranquil Reason now
 To cast her shadow o'er the Child?

Beneath a green & aged Palm
 His feet at length for shelter turning,
 He saw the Nymph reclining calm,
 With brow as cool as his was burning.

Oh! take me to that bosom cold,
 In murmurs at her feet he said,
 And Reason op'd her garment's fold
 And flung it round his fevered head.

He felt her bosom's icy touch,
 And soon it lull'd his pulse to rest,
 For, ah! the chill was quite too much
 And Love expir'd on Reason's breast!

T. MOORE.

'T was in the summer time so sweet
When hearts & flowers are both in season.
That who of all the world sh^d meet
One early dawn but Love & Reason.
Love told his dream of yesternight
While Reason talk'd about the weather.
The Noon in South was fair & bright
And on they took their way together.
The Boy in many a gambol flew
While Reason like a Juno stalked
And from her pretty figure threw
A lengthened shadow as he walk'd.
No wonder Love as on they part
Sh^d find that sunny morning chill
For still the shadow Reason cast
Fell on the Boy & cold him still
In vain he tried his wings to warm
And find a pathway not so dim
For still the proud gigantic form
Would pass between the Sun & him

There must not be, said little Love
The Sun was made for more than you
To burning thro' a Myrtle grove
He bade the Pearly Nymph adieu
How fairly roved the laughing boy
O'er many a mead & many a stream
In every breeze inhaling joy
And drinking bliss in every beam
From all the gardens, all the bowers
He culled the many sweets they shed
And ate the fruits & smelt the flowers
'Till taste was gone & odors faded
But now the Sun in pomp of noon
Look'd blazing o'er the parched plains
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And fever thrill'd thro' all his veins.
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To cast her shadow o'er the Child?
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With brow as cool as his wax burning
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In murmurs at her feet he said
And Reason op'd her garments fold
And flung it round his fevered head
He felt her bosom's ray touch
And soon it lull'd his pulses to rest
For ah the chill was quite too much
And Love expired on Reason's breast.

J. Moore

VERSES, LOVE AND REASON, BY THOMAS MOORE

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