



Cha<sup>s</sup>. Kirkpatrick Sharpe

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LETTERS FROM AND TO  
CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE, ESQ.

EDITED BY

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*WITH A MEMOIR*

BY THE

REV. W. K. R. BEDFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

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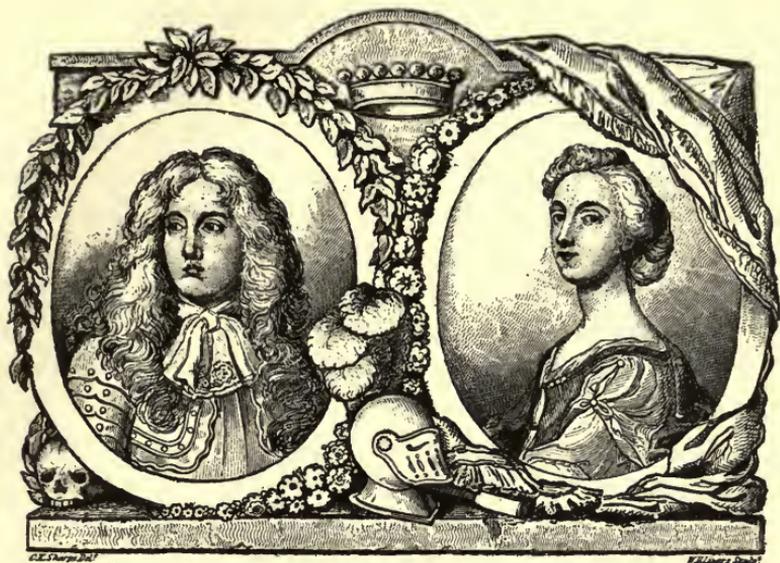
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Grahame Jean Cochrane

## LETTERS.

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C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to JOHN HAY, Esq.<sup>1</sup>

H[ODDAM] C[ASTLE], July 1812.

MY DEAR HAY,—I have been debating in my own mind for two or three days whether I should thank you for your last letter or not, because almost every mode of thanksgiving only adds to the original obligation; but at length I have followed the dictates of my own inclination (which, by the way, is an excellent plan to pursue through life), and so I write. Ah me! would to Venus that Lady Carlisle had done

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards sixth Baronet of Haystoun.

as you say! *She* certainly indulged her inclinations pretty freely, so I must believe that she never was lucky enough to meet with your ancestor (taking it for granted that the family face hath descended), or we should have had *billets doux* in sackfulls, and very savoury—much sauce to the fish, no doubt. Well, it cannot now be helped. Both Lady Lucy and I have lost a great deal. She being in Abraham's bosom, as I hope, will not now perhaps regret that she never was in your ancestor's; but I who am in no bosom save that of my easy-chair, reflect upon my ill fortune with all the bitterness of a peevish antiquarian. However, I am not the less obliged to you, *amico mio*—you who have already so overwhelmed me with favours, that I may exclaim in the words of Massinger—

“ O that thou hadst, like others, been all words  
And no performance, or that thou hadst made  
Some little stop in thy career of kindness !”

Any letters or papers that you really do not value, I shall receive in all thankfulness, and bequeath to you when I die (which will be soon, I think); but I already possess the print of Lord Carlisle, so will not rob you of him—a circumstance which giveth my conscience no ease respecting my gluttony, because I have no merit in the rejection.

Before your letter arrived I had heard of Miss Hay's illness with much concern; but as consumptive complaints are better understood now than they were a few years ago, I would fain hope that sound medical advice and Devonshire will effect what all who have had the honour of being known to her must desire with the deepest anxiety.

I know not how the weather hath been in other parts of the world, but here we have as yet had nothing but winter—frost, hail, and nightly hurricanes that shake the turrets and chimnies of this ruinous pile so much, that we require to be dug out of the rubbish every morning to make our toilettes for breakfast. When I lie in bed listening to the furious winds, I frequently think of Robert on his treacherous

element with many a painful apprehension. "O that I had the wings of a dove," or of a rook, or a wild goose, or any fast-flying bird, to achieve a milder climate!—of the Isle of Palms, for instance, where are sunshine and flowers, and the sweet sighs of Favonius all the year round. But alas! I cannot fly—far less find that terrestrial paradise of Wilson's in any map. My only hope of wings rests with Sir James Hall of Dunglass and Professor Playfair; and if George Forbes and Cummin return from their pilgrimage without a palm-branch in their bills, and a navigable chart of the island in their pockets, farewell to the prospect of everlasting strawberries and cream, and a certain cure for the rheumatism!

Night and day I get no rest with pains in my head and teeth, so that I wish continually the Irish scheme of boiling and shaking out the bones were practicable—or that one's head were entirely composed of gristle, to pop out and in like an Italian Scaramouch's; but that would be too like—I can't tell what. In truth, whenever I used to see Scaramouch at Cheltenham come upon the stage headless, and by degrees the head appear, and then the neck prolong till he spit in Punch's face, I never could help feeling ashamed; yet for rheumatic people who are not very modest, a head *à la* Scaramouch would be an admirable fashion.

But I daresay by this time you wish my head at the devil, or upon a pair of tongs, so I have done—after once more thanking you for all your kindness to your obliged and affectionate.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to GRANVILLE VERNON, Esq.

H. CASTLE, 30th July 1812.

MY DEAR GRANVILLE,—Before I say anything else, I must desire you not to imagine from the hue of this paper that I

am afflicted *à present* with the green-sickness, one sad symptom of which, as Pliny assures us, is the giving of a verdant tint to whatever the diseased look at for any length of time; nor have I boiled the sheet among the cabbage, nor stolen it from the portfolio of the Fairy Queen. The truth is, what with old age and other infectious distempers, I am almost as blind as the beggar of Bethnal Green or Belisarius, and compelled to write on this comfortable colour, not only for the present ease of my feeble optics, but to preserve the thimbleful of visual starch (about half an eye) which my evil stars have still left me. . . .

I believe that the Archbishop of York bore no relationship to us. As to his armorial bearings, I can only say to you with the Princess Huncamunca in Tom Thumb—

“O, fie upon you, sir! you make me blush.”

Things are much altered in Ch. Ch. (the common pasturage for such cattle) if tutors are admitted to the society of noblemen. The tufted set of my youth—Lords Gower, Dartmouth, Lanesborough, Hamilton, Desart, Calthorpe, and Claud Hamilton (O flower, untimely cropt!)—never thought, *Dieu merci*, of such a thing. Their presence would have transformed our wine and tea into tears; our commons from the kitchen into Aldrichs and Euclids; and our trifle in the middle of the table into the very birch that whisk'd it. *Tempora mutantur*. Moreover, no rules or customs would then have been violated for such pedagogues as Mr John Bull, who, tho' he may be a very good man, and the son of an excellent man-midwife, hath no breeding of a *gemman*; and our nobles did not like unpolished gems, nor had occasion to cry out—“Juno Lucina fer opem, precor!”

No more do these perhaps; but Mr Bull's star is irresistible, and perhaps Lord Granville Somerset<sup>1</sup> wishes to be safely delivered of his hump. I think I see its parent

<sup>1</sup> Second son of the sixth Duke of Beaufort.

holding it up, with the youth that begs at Oriel Col. for godfather, while little James performs the ceremony of baptism and calls the infant Æsop.

Tyndall and I always fought about noblemen, tho' I suspected his colt's tooth with regard to Lord Apsley,<sup>1</sup> who is a mighty good sort of man, but only captivating as a peer. I cannot help thinking it as great a symptom of vulgarity to suppose people of rank worse than others, as to look in a terror and astonishment at their approach, starting and staring like Sancho at the bearded Countess in Don Quixote. It hath certainly been long the mode in paultry novels, and still more miserable stupid plays, to hold up the nobleman as a silly wretch, and the clown as a compound of every virtue; but such systems are only fit for studious abigails, and the scum of the earth which collects in our theatres. Nobody of sense and any experience can endure that stuff. At the same time, few but Townshends, and persons who have no relations in the peerage, and who never saw ten lords or ladies in their lives, would suppose that every virtue nestles amid the leaves of a coronet, and that the smile of a nobleman confers an honour on his untitled acquaintance. That old-fashioned notion hath been dead and buried ever since the civil wars. It was struck off, I do think, from the shoulders of the commons with King Charles the First's head before Whitehall, and no balsam of Fierabras, whatever flatterers may say to their idols, will ever make it again adhere; but noblemen and noblewomen are very good people, and while they chuse to keep up any show of character, and not to give themselves high airs in London, they will always be respected by gentle-men and women as they ought, whatever *valets de chambre* may write, or the rascality of the playhouse relish.

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards fourth Earl Bathurst.

Earl GOWER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

DUNROBIN, *August 2d*, 1812.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—In return for your letter written during the thunderstorm, I write one during as soaking a rain as ever fell on a Sunday: of such symptom of summer as thunder and lightning we cannot boast here. We had some warm sun yesterday; but, on the whole, I believe this the coldest summer that has been known for a long time. I can pick up very little information for you of or concerning the poor witch you inquire after. I have seen people who knew some that were assistants and spectators. It was a cold day, and the poor creature stood by the fire warming herself while it was preparing for her. I saw yesterday a vault, built against the old cathedral at Dornoch, which had a square hole on the top in the centre, down which the witches used to be dropped into the cell, which now serves for a coal-vault to the more enlightened inhabitants of that very ancient metropolis of this county, and the residence of the Bishop of the Diocese from St. Gilbert's time. The Bishop's castle, long a ruin, is now repairing for county hall, jail, mess-room, school-room, store-room for arms and clothing of the local militia, and for a residence for me when on duty there. I am very glad to have done with it for this year, and to have returned to this place. I should really have liked very much to have been able to have come your way and paid you a visit, but it was impossible. I have not yet been able to get the book you mention, 'Self-Indulgence,'<sup>1</sup> with which I dare say you have had something to do in spite of your denying it. I have lately read a most entertaining and curious book, 'The Memoirs of the Margrave of Bareuth,' sister of Frederic the Great. She tells everything of herself and family, who were a most extraordinary set, and for the account of whom one feels much obliged to her, as it is such as one would

<sup>1</sup> Lady Charlotte Campbell's novel.

think every person concerned could have never wished to have remembered.

Miss Hairstens's pictures have just arrived here, and have been added to the collection, which is very considerable, but unfortunately has no very old portraits in it. We are in high spirits with the success our search for coal has met with, which we hope will soon give everything a new life. I believe this will become a paradise before you come to it. We are likely to have a blue-stocking soon, on the leg of Lady Davy,<sup>1</sup> who is to accompany her *caro sposo* Sir Humphrey. Pray write soon. You see I want news. It is none to you that I am very truly yours,

GOWER.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to General CAMPBELL, Monzie.

H. CASTLE, 2d August 1812.

MY DEAR GENERAL,—I return you ten thousand thanks for the kind trouble that you have taken respecting the antique seal, which I daresay will never be accessible to my purse, tho' I shall continue to pray for the prosperity of David the friend—"heaven send him moving graces!"—and for the success of your obliging endeavours when you go again to town. Your new reading of the legend, and commentaries on the seal, are almost as valuable as the trinket itself; and I cry *peccavi* respecting Sir Roger Kirkpatrick's watch-ribbon, tho' I am somewhat sceptical towards your hypothesis of the Englishman's hyde; for at that time our Southern neighbours were even more thin-skinned than they are now, and you cannot make watch *ropes* of cobwebs. I know you will quote against me the Homeric targets, made of seven bull (interpose John) hides; but still I am not convinced, because I never believe anything that I read in verse, save Miss Porter's sonnet on myself, the Babes in the Wood, Cat-skin, and the bloody-minded cruelty of bonnie Barbara Allen.

<sup>1</sup> Formerly Mrs Apreece.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to the MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH.

H. CASTLE, 17th August.

MY DEAR MADAM,—Till your highness tells me plainly to hold my tongue, or rather pen, after what has already happened with respect to letters, I am resolved always to write upon a long silence, for I am well aware of the shortness of life at the longest, and, moreover, extremely selfish.

“Parliam’, che non ha tregua  
 Con gli anni, humana vita e si dilegua.  
 Parliam’, ch’l sol si muove, e poi rinasce :  
 A noi sua breve luce  
 S’asconde, e’l sonno eterna notte adduce.”

. . . I have read Keppel’s epistle thrice, and with greater care than an old maid who is going to be married peruses her deed of settlement, but I cannot find a word of his return. He hath seen such a power of sights, as clowns of the fair speak, that I think he may now rest contented, and shut his eyes at home for the rest of his life; but I suspect that Keppel in some things resembles the nature of the fox, which may be in part domesticated, and become greatly attached to the people around him. Yet still, should his collar get loose, tho’ he hath abundant range, and poultrys at command, he will slip out his head, and off to the woods like a whirlwind. Let us deprecate the usual fate of such stray Reynards, worried as they are by the miller’s mastiff, or knocked on the head by the distaff of an old woman basking in the sun.

The hero of Lady C. Campbell’s romance<sup>1</sup> is a sad dog, and hath the exorbitancy to marry two wives, both charming amiable angels, as most wives are, you know. These ladies, after a deal of work, discover Strephon’s roguery, upon which, embracing each other with much good breeding, and making their bastards shake hands, they sit down upon two elbow-chairs and die of consumptions. He himself goes to the wars,

<sup>1</sup> ‘Self-Indulgence.’



HER SERENE HIGHNESS.  
ELIZABETH MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH.



quite desirous to be shot, consequently a civil bullet does his business in a twinkling. This is a slight sketch of the fable, which is garnished with a mad lover, fond of flowers and peacock-feathers, after the old fashion; and an honest clown and his wife, who, of course, are always just at hand to help the heroine out of a ditch into the alehouse, and give her crying child its heart's content of pap. There is not much novelty in the work, your highness may perceive, . . . but, what astonishes me greatly, some vulgarity; for Lady Charlotte makes her gentlemen address her women of rank with "My lady," which is surely not the mode of these times. In truth, she might have been accustomed to such phrases by —, who were very low people. She also insinuates that all gay young men begin life by becoming drunkards—an hypothesis which is now utterly false, both with regard to England and to Scotland; however, about a hundred years ago, or more, we might have continued the vinous practices of our beastly Scandinavian ancestors.

Sir Humphry Davy the great, together with his lady the greater, are at present making a progress through Scotland, and are soon to be at Lady Stafford's castle in Sutherland. All our professors are paying court to the knight, who puffs around him that gas of Paradise which he inhaled from the deceased Dr Beddoes, while Lady Davy charms every one with her radiant blue eyes and bluer stockings. I never was lucky enough to meet with that belle; but there surely must be something very extraordinary about her, as she hath almost turned the brains of two natural philosophers.

M. G. LEWIS, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

OATLANDS, Aug. [    ], 1812.

DEAR SHARPE,—It must have appeared to you very ungracious, that I should have suffered your kind letter and the

offer of your drawing<sup>1</sup> to remain so long unanswered; but really I have for some time past been so occupied with business of various kinds, that I have been obliged to defer the acknowledgement of all letters whose contents did not require immediate notice. You will probably have seen in the newspapers, or have heard from some quarter or other, that in May I had the misfortune to lose my father. The arrangements necessary to be made in consequence of this event, law business, Jamaica agents, letters to relations, and, above all, a cursed mortgage of £24,000 on my estates to be provided for, have till now filled up my time with quite sufficiency of occupation, and I am now only beginning to breathe again a little at my leisure. I congratulate you on having succeeded in procuring a copy of 'Danaë,' since you were anxious to have it; though *why* you were so anxious, I cannot very well understand—for it is, in truth, very ill done, and in some parts absolute nonsense. What the devil (for instance) is the meaning of "Night suspended on the wings of horror"? If *you* know, I am sure it is more than *I* do. However, as you have procured these verses, and therefore put it out of my power to pay you the promised price for your drawing, I will send you with this instead a little volume of poems which I published in the spring, and in which I really think that there *are* two or three trifling things that are pretty enough. My apartment in the Albany requiring infinite paint and white-wash, I took that opportunity of paying a visit of propriety (and consequently an immortal dull one) to a relation in Buckinghamshire, about a fortnight ago, till last Monday, when I removed to the Duke of York's for the Egham race-week. They were very well attended, and as good as races generally are. The Duchess would not go to the ball, and therefore everybody else stayed at home in compliment to her. I heard there were above 400 people there. Gramont was

<sup>1</sup> See vol. i. p. 559.



AGENOR COMTE DE GRAMONT.  
DUC DE GUICHE.



among the number, and dancing quadrilles with L<sup>Y</sup>. B. Ashley,<sup>1</sup> to whom (as you may probably have heard) he has been laying warm siege, but without success. By the command of the King of France, he has assumed his title of the Duc de Guiche. Lord Alvanley<sup>2</sup> says that she (Lady Barbara) is as stupid as a post, and that during a week which he past with her at her father's, she only opened her lips once, and that was to say, "I'm vethy fond of Frigandeu." I cannot say that the society at present at Oatlands is by any means to my taste; there is a damned deal too much slang and jockeyship. However, we have the Chevalier de Kainca, Arioli, and the Miss Fitzroys, who sing very prettily, and therefore our music in the evenings is a great resource, and, indeed, a positive luxury. Mercer also is here, being lately returned from Sicily, and still in close and serious correspondence with the Board of Admiralty respecting his baggage, which has been seized at the Custom House. It consists of two guittars and a small pot of Minorca honey. He gives a very whimsical account of that very whimsical person, Lord Malpas, who has been drawn into vowing, by moonlight under an orange-tree, to marry the Governor of Gibraltar's daughter, as soon as he is of age. You know he thought fit to turn Roman Catholic one fine day, being (I should imagine) the very last person which the poor old W. of Babylon will ever have inspired. I enquired whether he would return to the Church of England on his return home, but I hear that he declares publicly that our religion is too beggarly for gentlemen, and that he may possibly turn atheist, but not Protestant again. The Princess of Wales

<sup>1</sup> Lady Barbara, only child and heiress of Anthony Ashley, fifth Earl of Shaftesbury, married the Honble. William Ponsonby, third son of the third Earl of Bessborough. Lady Barbara, through her mother, inherited the representation of the barony of Mauley, and her husband was created Lord de Mauley in 1838. Lady de Mauley died 1844.

<sup>2</sup> William Arden, second Lord Alvanley, Captain in the army; born 1789, succeeded to the title 1804.

has fairly sent poor shivering Mrs Lisle to the right about, and has taken L<sup>y</sup>. Anne Hamilton <sup>1</sup> (of all people in the world !) in her place. L<sup>y</sup>. B<sup>a</sup>. Fitzgerald has lost the use of her limbs through grief for the death of her eldest son ; and the Duchess of Dorset's daughter is to be married to Lord Delawarr.<sup>2</sup> I believe I have nothing more to tell you, except that I should infinitely prefer one of your fairy drawings with tinted faces to one in pen-and-ink. How I am to get it, I know not ; you had better bring both it and yourself to London.—Yours truly,

M. G. LEWIS.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to HENRY ADAMS, Esq.

H. CASTLE, 18th August 1812.

If you have thought of me at all, my dear Henry, you must have considered me in the light of a brute, for not sooner responding to your two last letters ; but listen, kind sir, to my apology, and then divest me of horns, hoof, and tail, with that justice and celerity due to my cause. . . . It is now—let me see—good thirteen years since my mind was made up concerning tours to Highlands or Lowlands—by sea, or through the air in a balloon—that they are the most nauseous, miserable, comfortless amusements in nature. What can people cooped up in a cage or barrel, or straddling and jumbling together on horseback, do but quarrel ? The very motion shakes up all the sediment of ill-nature or peevishness in the soul, and every jolt of the carriage or stumble of the beast makes the cork of prudence fly out of the bottle, and your vinegar spirit upon one another's faces.

<sup>1</sup> Eldest daughter of Archibald, ninth Duke of Hamilton, died 1846 ; author of 'Secret History of the Court of England, 1720, to the Death of George IV.'

<sup>2</sup> Lady Elizabeth Sackville, afterwards Baroness Buckhurst in her own right, married to the fifth Earl Delawarr, June 1813.

Take Job, that Hebrew wonder, mount him upon a horse or ass, and clap patient Grizzel on a pillion behind him; or, if you please, put them both into a gig or a tandem, or any other carriage mentioned on those tiresome boards with which toll-gates are adorned, and send them off on a jaunt to Melrose, Loch Catrine, St Andrews, or the Falls of the Clyde—you would find, perhaps, ere they had got half-way, Job overturned, and sitting once more upon a dunghill, cursing himself, his wife, all the world—but particularly Grizzel; while she, the jumbling having converted all her milk of human-kindness into butter-milk or Corstorphine cream, returns flash for flash, and raves against her evil stars for having coupled her, for ever so brief a period, with such a rude, awkward, ill-tongued, ungovernable, ridiculous, ugly, old, bloody-minded rascal.

Then a great disadvantage of tours with me is that one never sees anything worth the trouble of the journey; but here *you* will cry fye upon me, as you would pass the domains of the Duke of Argyll, the uncle of your charming Pastora.<sup>1</sup> Indeed, my dear friend, the very reason which makes you desirous to conceal your journal, makes me anxious to see it; for I should like to peruse a few of your reveries on this sweet nymph, by placid lake or purling stream—in moonshine mild, the lover's mouthful—under imagination's spreading tree, for there are few of any other growth in Scotland. Ah, Henry, Henry! . . .

Your question respecting Miss Edgeworth's novel I cannot answer, because I have not redd it. In the country one seldom meets with such books, and I seldomer peruse them, as I tire of novels even more than of sermons,—because there's always truth at bottom of the latter dull article, while the former generally gives false pictures of life, false sentiments, false views of everything. Miss E.'s 'Castle Rackrent,' however, was certainly excellent; but her Belindas and fashion-

<sup>1</sup> Miss Clavering.

able tale ladies should all emigrate upon her Irish bulls to her native country, and ravish the national taste of the Teagues there. I look upon them as very shocking; and now, Captain Adams, I will make bold to ask you a question in return—Have you yet met with a certain novel stiled 'Self-Indulgence'? It is written, O sympathetic Lysander! by the fair hand of thy Sacharissa's aunt—by no less or lean a woman than Lady Charlotte Campbell herself. Certain civil people in Edin. imputed it to me, because I wished my sister, Lady Kirkpatrick, to baptise her youngest daughter Corizande (the family name of Gramont), and lo! this is the heroine's appellation! But I am innocent. That you may buy it directly, I will not give a single hint of the plot to satiate the spasms of desire; but I inform you that there is poetry now and then, which reminds me of what you say concerning Burns, whom I wonder not an Englishman, even with a glossary, doth not admire. Yet all your countrymen pretend it. For me, I am not so great a worshipper as many; yet his Tam o' Shanter, and one or two more, strike me as being very good poems—nay, fine, in some passages—and many of his songs are surely exceeding pretty. I remember him well; and he always appeared to be formed for the most enchanting *lover* in the world, whatever he might prove as a poet; for he was a stout, good-looking fellow, and so great an enthusiast *sur cet chapitre*, that his genius and vivacity must have rival'd the divine flames which consumed Semele, while his strong knit sinews seem'd calculated to endure through the triple night that gave being to Alcides.

I have time for no more, so adieu, Orlando the fair. Pray write soon to your ever affec. friend.

The MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

WEYMOUTH, 23d August 1812.

I put off writing to you till I was here, thinking I should find some subject to treat upon; but this is become, like all the sea-bathing places in England, a very bad London—millions of bourgeois and military parading about, and few people one can speak to. However, I find the sea-baths excellent, and I am grown fat, and stand some chance of being a portly dowager. Keppel has written to me from Smyrna, and means to go to Constantinople *without Anacharsis*. If you have the same climate we have, you must highly approve my *élève's* not returning till next June. We have seen the sun three times in one month. Everybody feels the influence of the eternal fogs and vapours, by growling, grumbling, hanging, murdering, or dying suddenly; but nobody suggests the only remedy, which is filling up the Navigable Cuts.<sup>1</sup> I began Lord Byron's 'Child Harold.' Could not get through it—*a quoy remain il*. As to my nephew, L<sup>d</sup>. G——,<sup>2</sup> I told him to send me his works. He never has. *Apropos* to wishes, M<sup>r</sup>. de Choiseuil-Gouffier's second part of his '*Voyage Pittoresque de la Grece*' is come over; and if I am not robbed, he has at last made me a present of *un exemplaire*. I did not tell you that I went to Drapers' Hall, in the city, to see a picture of Mary Queen of Scots. 'Tis a very fine one, and in that one I can see what the Scotch mean by my likeness, though I am too humble to think I deserve the compliment. I wish you would let me know if there is any chance of your coming to England this winter. If I did not know you, your letters would make me

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.*, canals.

<sup>2</sup> Lord G. Grenville, who succeeded to the Barony of Nugent on the death of his mother, Mary, Marchioness of Buckingham, 16th March 1812; died 1850.

wish for your society, and they do not console me for the loss of it, as I do know you.

I set out to-morrow to go to Southampton, in hopes of finding some money owed to me there. I then go to Woodend, in Sussex, to my brother the Admiral, who is returned—recalled suddenly from his post, after having been left there by the express earnest desire of Lord Wellington. I think his surprise must have been equal to his anger. When L. Malpas was at Gib<sup>r</sup>. I heard that he was in love with Miss C., but that a new love at Palermo had made him take up the creed of his ancestors. Did you ever hear where the French say Henry the Eighth found his religion? If I was a man I'd tell you. Skeff. has been a little more absurd, and just as fortunate as usual, in a new pursuit—*matrimonio*. His father has taken up a gay and laughing manner, which renders him so unlike himself that if he goes on one must wish him married. I wish all wars ended. I was obliged to tell my coachmaker the other day that black and white mixd *ad vol.* made grey. Ignorance in all the arts keeps pace with increase of armies. I shall shut myself up in my library at my return, and let seas of ink flow over paper plains till my conscience is satisfied, and then recreate myself with composing some melody as gay and original as you can hear massacred by others after I have played it to you unmassacred. I have *made* one here to words of my own, a *folly* to put into a piece now ready to enact, called ‘The Neighbours; or, Two Heads better than One.’ ’Tis a pretty trifle, where there is a *soubrette’s* part for me. I wrote it in French, to amuse the Margrave at Anspach, when we were in mourning, and now have translated it into English. Miss Gell, whom I saw *once* at B—— House, is gone into Cornwall with my nieces. You know, I suppose, that Mercer is at Palermo. Miss Mercer E—— is grown intolerably cross and proud. The P<sup>s</sup>. of Wales has taken Augustus—my Augustus—into favour. I am in sweet hopes that the wandering Prince will return *al*

*Nido Paterno*, finding it a new thing; and I am sure, with the giant strides that ignorance and *ennui* makes, Nido will be his favourite place; at least I hope so.—Believe me yours truly,

E.

Excuse the worst of paper, pens, and ink.

Lord ELCHO<sup>1</sup> to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

GOSFORD, *August 23, 1812.*

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I have been travelling so much all over the country that I have never, till the present, had sufficient time to answer your letter; but late as this one arrives, and though contrary to your expectations, yet still you may expect to be troubled with another before I sett off for Oxford. We went about a month ago to see Peebleshire, which is a remarkably fine country. One of the great beauties near the town, and placed in a romantic situation upon the banks of the Tweed, is Neidpath Castle, which formerly was the residence of the Dukes of Queensberry; but upon the decease of the late Duke, it, with the rest of the property, came into my father's possession. On our return from thence, we dined at Noble House,<sup>2</sup> which you, in one of your letters, most shamefully abused; but in that respect I must beg to differ from you, as they gave us a most excellent dinner, and instead of "ladders covered with dishclouts," we found neat clean beds, with good furniture pertaining to them (as L<sup>d</sup>. Meadowbank would say), and not a vestige of either the mice or rats which threatened such destruction to your wig. Two waiting-maids, certainly not of honor, one of which was tolerable enough, and might pass for a beauty

<sup>1</sup> Francis Wemyss Charteris Douglas, born 1796; succeeded his father as eighth Earl of Wemyss, 1853; died 1883.

<sup>2</sup> An inn on the Edinburgh and Peebles road.

among the Peebles misses ; the other, much inclined, as I am, to defend *everything* that belongs to the house, yet I must confess she could by no means be ranked among the hand-somes. Upon the whole, it was remarkably comfortable, and I am rather inclined to think you did it at the expense of the house to exercise and show off your satirical talents. Since that, I have been at the Calder Muirs, where I had tolerable good sport considering the shyness of the birds and the number of poachers on the ground before us. Lady Stafford has had the goodness to write to Mrs McKenzie to offer to recommend me to the Bishop of Oxford,<sup>1</sup> and he will introduce me to the Dean, which offer my father has most gladly accepted, and has written to her ladyship to thank her for her attention. Pray write soon, and in your letter, as you promised, give me a great many good advices. My father, following yours and the advice of many others, whom he has consulted on the subject, has written to the Dean to ask if he will permit Mr Goodenough<sup>2</sup> to be my tutor at Oxford. His answer has not arrived yet, but when it does I shall let you know. What a splendid victory<sup>3</sup> this is ! It is certainly one of the greatest things ever achieved by British arms, and the consequences from it must be immense, and I sincerely hope that it will soon be attended with the total evacuation of the French from Spain. The harvest will be very late this season, but the crops, unless this severe rain does them harm, are upon the whole pretty good. I am afraid there will be no partridge-shooting on the 1st of September ; but I believe you are no sportsman, therefore you cannot commiserate with me on that account, though notwithstanding, if you will tell me the best method of conveyance, I will send you a brace or two of my shooting. In your next letter pray let

<sup>1</sup> William Jackson, D.D., brother of the Dean of Christ Church.

<sup>2</sup> Son of the Bishop of Carlisle, head-master of Westminster, 1819 ; Dean of Wells, 1831.

<sup>3</sup> Salamanca.

me know the name of the lady Sir James de Bathe<sup>1</sup> is to be married to. I hear he is undetermined whether he returns to Scotland or goes to the Grecian Isles with Lord Byron. I suppose you wish he may chuse the latter.—Pray write soon, and believe me yours affectionately,

ELCHO.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Lord ELCHO.

—But, in the first place, I must thank you for your last letter, containing the account of your rambles, wherein I think you do in one respect resemble the wandering Knight of La Manca, taking the inn at Noble House for a magnificent castle, a dishclout laid upon a gridiron for a sumptuous bed, the squeaking of mice for the cooing of the ringdove, and the waiting-maids and hogs for beautiful princesses!

The MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

BRAND. HOUSE, *Sunday, 6th Sept. 1812.*

I am returned safe here and thank you for your letter. Do not be afraid of my growing too fat. Exercise and sobriety will prevent that. And now believe that nothing shall prevent me shutting myself up in my library till my manuscripts are arranged. Mdlle. Clairon was the greatest liar that ever existed. There is a printed book called 'Mémoires de Mdlle. Clairon,' in which there is scarcely anything but lies. Among them is the conversation she pretends to have had with my Margrave's first wife—a *tête-à-tête*. Now I was given an account by all the courtiers at Anspach *de ses faits et gestes*, while she was there. She never was *alone* with the Margravine. Never saw her but before all the people invited

<sup>1</sup> The marriage never took place. Sir James Wynne de Bathe, born 1792; died unmarried, 1828.

to hear her declamation. She never did anything but act, and I'll cite you two traits of her. Her brain was so completely turned by her favour with the Margrave, that at one of the two audiences she had (she was with the Margr. only twice), somebody said, "Est ce que Mademoiselle parle l'Allemand?" "Comment peut on parler une langue *non articulée*?" This before a Saxon princess, as proud of the German tongue as of her pedigree. Another time, one of the chamberlains told her she spoke to the Margrave with too much *hauteur*. "Que voulez vous, mon cher Baron? J'ai tant les d'impératrice sur le théâtre, que je me crois impératrice même sur ma chaise." If she had had any virtues she would have been a very dangerous person, for she always studied words or actions, to produce some effect. But to connoisseurs, even on the stage she was inferior to Mme. Dumesnel, because the one was all art and the other all nature, as I've been told. I have seen my brother all gouty, and my niece, Lady Euston, all blushes, and a country depopulated, ninety thousand French prisoners in England. Pray God we may have a peace soon. Nothing can be so completely spoiled as my niece's manners. I dined with Lady Call once this summer. There were only 13 people. Miss Gell was whispering and giggling with one man, and Lady E. Forbes with another, and I shall make myself very, *very* scarce, and live only for myself, and be most happy to give you a *den* here.—Believe me yours, E.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to the MARCHIONESS OF  
QUEENSBERRY.

Sept. 1812.

After searching for two days and a night, I cannot for my life lay my hands upon the little book of Lewis's poems to transmit to Mrs Douglas, so that it must have been carried off; and I strongly suspect a Presbyterian minister, a physician, and the mice with which this house is horribly beset.

If the Fairy Queen had not long ago been murdered by Mr Todd, I should have laid the theft exclusively at her door.

But I have sent Lord Byron, which I beg your ladyship will desire Mrs Douglas to be cautious how she reads, if alone at night, lest she fall asleep, and catch cold or take fire. Such authors occasion more rheum than a shower of rain at Vauxhall, and kill more unfortunate ladies than the barbarous custom of Hindostan, or the act against witchcraft, while in force here. Be so good also as to tell Mrs Douglas that the hapless young gentleman whose untimely fate is celebrated near the end of the first book, is not the Hon<sup>ble</sup>. Mr Something, as Lord B. portends—"no waiter, but a Knight Templar"—it is a bear!! the only companion Lord B. had at Cambridge, between his lordship and which there existed a friendship unparalleled, save in the antient chronicle of Valentine and Orson.—I am, dear madam, you l<sup>d</sup>'s faithful humble ser<sup>t</sup>.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to JAMES MACONOCHIE, Esq.<sup>1</sup>

H. CASTLE, *Sept. 29th*, 1812.

MY DEAR JAMES,—As the time draws nigh when you are to appear at Dumfries, armed with all the terrors of justice, I write this billet to greet you there, and to express my vexation at not being able to pay my respects in person. My sister's illness, of which, I fear, there is little to be expected in the way of amendment, precludes us from seeing any of our friends at home, while it generally prevents us from going out. But I should not have suffered that circumstance to hinder me from seeing you in Dumfries for an hour or two, had I myself been well enough in health to travel; but the truth is, the rheumatisms in my head have been for some time so violent, that I exist enveloped in

<sup>1</sup> James Allan Maconochie, advocate, son of the first Lord Meadowbank, afterwards Sheriff of Orkney and Shetland—died unmarried, 1847.

flannel *mitches*, and earry about an entire sheep's fleece (I should say, a sheep's entire fleecce) stuff'd into the orifices of my noddle—whereof the visage is generally so serewed up with pain, that it strongly resembles the face of the above-mentioned animal, when elapt upon a pair of tongs to be singed *selon les règles*. Judge then if in such a condition I can appear in the polite eirele of Dumfries! I should be mistaken for the great Bubo of the desert mentioned by the prophet Ezekiel (or some other prophet), or the black ram of East Enborne, in the county of Berks. Seriously, I am really vexed that this odious rheumatism prevents me from having the pleasure of meeting you.

I believe that there will be no very savoury trial at Dumfries, tho' there's a man for killing a woman; but he did it very stupidly. According to Lord Herbert of Chisbury, talking of Lady Salisbury, "he took off her head very slovenly." For laek of fresher matter, I have been reading the Douglas eause, and am about as wise now as when I began it. One thing I'm sure of, that the Duchess of Douglas had all the qualifications of a great woman, and would have made an exeellent empress—she was rather a strong duchess<sup>1</sup>—and is to be ranked next to her late Grace of Gordon among the Jaëls and Judiths of Seotland. They were both strong, but not neat. I think that Lady Jane Douglas, tho' miserably unfortunate, united a good deal of strength with infinite neatness.—Adieu, dear M.; believe me ever faithfully yours.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

HODDAM CASTLE, 6th Oct. 1812.

MY DEAR SCOTT,—Your last kind letter obliged me extremely, and I deem it high time now to thank you for it, tho' our situation is very little altered for the better. My

<sup>1</sup> See vol. i. p. 200, *note*.

sister, after a violent struggle, got a greater portion of strength some time ago; but still the medical people give us no hope, and we have the dreary prospect of protracted sufferings being terminated by the most comfortless conclusion. After what she has already survived, it may be many months before her disorder reaches its period.

However, I myself cannot help nourishing a little hope, more from her youth and wonderful spirits than from anything else; but to change this subject. I some time ago received a letter from my cousin, the Rev<sup>d</sup>. Kenneth Mackenzie Tarply, in which there is this passage respecting the Duchess of Ormonde's correspondence: "When I was at Badminton I had an opportunity of making the enquiry of the Duke you wish'd, about Swift's letters. His answer was that there was not anything of the kind to his knowledge, certainly not in his private possession. The Duke's knowledge don't signify much; his possession is another thing. If such a thing," continues Tarply, "had existed in the library, we must have stumbled upon it, as there has been a complete ransacking in that quarter."

And thus the report concerning that literary treasure ends in *fumo*, tho' her Grace's correspondence may be in the garret at Badminton after all, known to the rats and mice alone; for, tho' as a Tory, one would not say such things in public, dukes, and duchesses too, are generally very stupid persons, and never trouble their heads about such possessions. Had I not been a gentleman born like Crispinus, I should have been a terrible democrat. As to the Duchess of Ormond, she died in very confined circumstances, after being neglected by her husband, so that her papers may have wandered into strange hands, supposing she was at the pains to preserve her letters. I have a memoir of her at Oxford, one of Curll's catch-penny lives, with a print, which has passed off for her Grace, Mrs Barry the actress, and the heroine (I forget her name) of one of Madam Behn's novels.

Talking of duchesses (but with that respect which should always be their due), your friend the Duchess of Buccleuch sent me a very kind message lately by my sister, Lady Kirkp<sup>k</sup>, and if Cecilia gets at all better I am resolved to wait upon her for a day at Drumlanrig. Now I long greatly to know your motions, concerning which I am in the dark, as we see nobody at present, because even for that short time I should like vastly to meet you there; but I fear that you have already been in Nithesdale. Amid our continued rains and cold outrageous winds I have often thought of your tour with shivering rheumatic sympathy.

Indeed I imagine now and then that the inclement season must have caused you to relinquish the progress, and that idea pleases me, as I do not love to think that you have been in the vicinity without being here; and the failure of your plan this year gives us a better chance the next, which I trust will be of a milder complexion. Come when the wall-flower is blooming on Caerlaverock, and the Solway glittering to the sun, for it is then that these regions will be worthy of your presence. I am told that the Duke of Buccleuch is making great alterations in Drumlanrig, which, after all the grudging of Duke William, turns out to be a small house, particularly that the gallery is transformed into a barrack for waiting varlets, which will not tend to the preservation of much curious carving by Gibbon, with which it was ornamented at both extremities; but this I daresay is a false report. The last time I was in that gallery—a sad scene of desolation—I saw all the books piled up in one corner, which used to be formerly in a room below stairs. There then seemed to be but few; and I have heard that the best were carried to England in Duke Charles's time, being culled by Gay the poet, at that period the Duke's secretary, and prime favourite of the Duchess, who ever ruled the members of the family with a mighty despotic sway.

There are many curious letters and a household book at

Drumlanrig, and in the charter-room a charter written entirely and most beautifully in King James the First's hand, during his unworthy bondage in England; but as these letters were not kept with any care, I suspect they will not now be forthcoming. The charter-room was well locked. I believe Sir William Pulteney was the last person till of late times who contrived to penetrate into its recesses.

Your Ecclefechan tragedy set me a rummaging among the trash here to find anything respecting the Dornock family, and I have been very successful. I fell upon a huge bundle indorsed Dornock Papers, wherein among many rentals and bonds were the printed advertisements respecting the *roupe* of the estates, one of which I shall present to you as an illustration of the verses. Among Dornock's creditors you will find Mrs Barbara Allan, whom I strongly suspect to have been descended from that Barbara concerning whom there is a song: this is serious. I also discovered a letter which is rather amusing, and as I am not at all so, I will transcribe it here, that this epistle may not be totally unworthy of postage. I find the tradition concerning the fellow's ear was erroneous: it was a much more serious matter.

“To MATTHEW SHARPE, Esq. of Hoddam, at Edin.

“DR. SIR,—I take the opportunity of the bearer, Mr Scot, to let you know from good authority the most deliberate action I ever heard in our country. Young Dornock last Thursday's night, in his lady's room and presence, ordered his servant George to sit down on his knees, and be sure to pray weil, for he was to be a dead man in a very few minutes, and his lady begged him not to shoot the innocent lad, but rather shoot her than anybody else. He fired a loaden pistol on the lad, missed him, and for all that they could do, fired a second, which he had in his pockets, shot the lad beneath the left arm, run to Pennersaugh, but could not get John Carlyle's beast to run away on, and told him he had shot George. A

despatch was sent to Doc. Maxwell, who told them he was not a surgeon; another to Doc. [ <sup>1</sup> ], who told them George was a dead man; a third to William Cranston, Dumfries, who dressed his wounds, and is in hopes of his recovery. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

WILLM. IRVING.

"They say the cause was jealousy, and George passed for dead all Friday. I have presumed to trouble the bearer with a letter to Grange, one to Bar. Clerk, and one to my lady Douglas anent the business you know. Please mind him to forward them."

Lewis lately sent me a little book of his poems printed last May, in which there are some pretty things. There's always a violet among his weeds, and his motto is not unhappy—"Viveri mihi videris, ne majoris libelli tui sint, quam ipse es. Oct. Aug. apud Suetonium"—but it contains one curiosity, an Italian translation of a poem written by Master Matthew, from no less a hand than that of the umquhile Charles James Fox!

I have been reading a strange hodge-podge of Border history written by a namesake of yours, in which there's an account of the Flower of Yarrow, and Gibby with the Gouden Garters, that is excellent. It seems she had no shoes to receive her lover in, so borrowed her mother's, who seized upon her husband's, and drove the poor man to his boots, and the child that was brought home in the blanket was actually smothered!! *vide* page 240, to save trouble should you have the book. I know the present Gibby of Stobbs, who is not like his ancestor, but bent on a well-shod bride. He thought himself quite sure of Miss Long a twelvemonth ago. We are all agape for 'Rokeby,' which the minor poets chuckle at in hopes the subject will hang you. Adieu, my dear Scott, beseeching your indulgence for this nonsense.—I am ever your affec. friend,

C. K. S.

<sup>1</sup> Torn out.

Since writing what is below,<sup>1</sup> I have just heard that the family has left Drumlanrig, so my plan respecting that place comes to nothing. The Duchess is regarded as an angel by the poor there, which is better than the applause of the rich (which she also has) anywhere.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to the MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH.

Oct. 1812.

DEAR MADAM,—Tho' it rains and blows so dreadfully that I can scarcely keep my ink undiluted, or prevent my paper from flying up the chimney, I am resolved to thank your highness for your excellent anecdotes of Mademoiselle Clairon, the last of which makes me laugh whenever I think of it. What a pity it is that you will not take the trouble of committing your *souvenirs* to paper, as French ladies who remember anything (and sometimes nothing) always do, and English ladies now and then! I find that James the Second's first wife, Miss Hyde, was at the pains to write a great deal in this way; but she died young, and I suppose that her journal is now lost, which is a pity, for the curiosity of the thing; else, as she had a good share of sense but no wit, her familiar records must have lacked the principal ingredient.

Talking of journals, I had this very morning a despatch from the wandering prince, dated Constantinople, July 11, in which he complains of a boil on the back of his neck. That is a fine subject for discourses concerning the punishment of the obstinate Egyptians, and the infliction sent by Satan upon Job. I shall act the part of one of that patient man's friends on this occasion, and preach a folio sheetful of sermon. . . .

I would give the world to know to whom Skeffington is

<sup>1</sup> This was at head of letter.

married, as I am quite in the dark, never having seen the notification of that prodigious event in the newspapers; but we Scotch people have all felt a huge sensation on the nuptials of Lady Margaret Fordyce,<sup>1</sup> which certainly were surprising enough. I suppose Lady Anne Barnard<sup>2</sup> will go off next; and, indeed, I wonder that her sister's spouse did not give her the preference, were it only for being the authoress of the ballad of Old Robin Gray, a merit (and it is a very great one) which she certainly possesses. Your highness may have heard that Malpas is on his way home-wards with his fair bride, whose origin, like Lady Margaret's, is from our flowery mountains. Her grandfather was a natural son (I am not fond, being an antiquarian, of hasty-puddings in general) of the old Lord Braidalbane,<sup>3</sup> who, I have heard, had no less than seventy bastards, as all his tenantry existed on the old feudal tenures, and paid tythes, or rather tribute, in wives, daughters, and nieces, as well as in poultry and pigs. It was his custom, whenever any woman appeared at the gate of Taymouth with an infant in which he had an interest, to give her a guinea and bid her begone. And when he became old and in his dotage, the country girls were apt to wrap up cats in dishclouts, and pass them off as the fruit of his embraces for the sake of the gold. I hope poor Malpas will not discover, from the teeth and claws of his wife, that she is descended from one of these feline postiches. She hath an uncle, a writer (that is, an attorney) in Edinburgh, who is an Anabaptist, and a sort of Blue Beard, for he hath drowned two wives, after converting them, in the distinguishing ceremony of his sect; and, I am told, is at present busy with his third rib, who, should she yield, is sure

<sup>1</sup> Second daughter of James, fifth Earl of Balcarres, married, secondly, Sir J. B. Burgess, Bart.

<sup>2</sup> Eldest daughter of James, fifth Earl of Balcarres, married to Sir Andrew Barnard, Governor of the Cape of Good Hope.

<sup>3</sup> John Campbell, third Earl, born 1696, died 1782.

to go, poor woman, as she is very fat, and consequently, like Falstaff, must have an alacrity at sinking.

Indeed I do not despair of seeing Malpas an Anabaptist one day. He will change into all the hues of the rainbow before he dies, and like that vanish away and be forgotten.

“Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,  
He’s everything by starts, and nothing long.”

It is reported that the Duke of Gordon is going to be married to Lady Anne Hamilton, which I cannot for my life believe, as he is fond of much fresher delicacies, and Lady Anne really gives one the idea of the right reverend and original nightmare. She hath been writing the history of her own family for these ten years, and hath as yet got but to the fourth generation. I know not whether the work is a sort of Penelope’s web. The late Duke of Queensberry certainly admired her, for he left her ten thousand pounds; but they were never married. We shall see whether she will write out the ardours and existances of the Duke also.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to HENRY ADAMS, Esq.

H. CASTLE, 11th Oct. 1812.

MY DEAR HENRY,—Tho’ at this moment I have got the most abominable cold in my head with which poor humanity was ever oppressed, yet I am resolved to write, because I know not how soon you may be bending your steps towards Edin., and I should be sorry that this letter reached you *horrent* in accumulated postages, since perforce it must be one of the dullest that ever was written.

. . . I should have been happy to have resided at Cheltenham when your worship was there, as, putting the pleasure of your society anywhere aside, I am vastly attached to

that town and its beautiful vicinity. I was there about two years ago, when I resided with some relations of mine, who were not sick enough to be tiresome, and found the society, the evening amusements, and the rural scenery charming. Perhaps I should not like things so well on a second trial, for we lived *en famille* in a cottage near the town, and there were a great many acquaintances of ours at Cheltenham at the time, young, pleasant people. By the by, among our beaux was that rogue of a French general (Le Febvre), who has since decamped so scurvily; and I never could discover, putting his courage out of the question, what made all the ladies so excessively fond of him.

. . . You subscribe yourself my humble imitator. Alas! like good Madam Sheridan, as described by the Dean of St Patrick's, I am

“To all an example, to no one a pattern”—

except, perhaps, in the constancy of friendship, with which I  
am yours affectionately,

C. K. S.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to the DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH  
AND QUEENSBERRY.

H. CASTLE, 25th Oct. 1812.

MADAM,—I hope you will have the goodness to forgive the trouble of this, which is occasioned by what my sister Kirkpatrick tells me respecting the tapestry in the dining-room at Drumlanrig, now so much soiled that your Grace entertains some doubts respecting the possibility of cleaning it. As I have dealt in such articles pretty largely (more particularly when Lord Abingdon<sup>1</sup> pulled down his house at Ryecot, and from his walls clothed half the town of Oxford with coverlids and carpets; I have seen a worsted Cupid and Psyche under

<sup>1</sup> Montague Bertie, fifth Earl, D.C.L.

the dirty shoes of rusticks on an ale-house floor, and the battles of Charlemagne upon the hostess's petticoat), I can assure your Grace that it is very practicable not only to remove the dust from tapestry, but to restore the colours in a great measure. A man in Oxford, whose trade was cleaning of carpets, did this with infinite dexterity; and I suppose that there are people in Edin. who understand the process. It is certain that switching, brushing, and plain soap and water go a great way—as I myself once proved by such methods, bringing out the colours of a faded elephant with very considerable success.

The tapestry in the dining-room at Drumlanrig is curious, as it represents the riding-school of Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, whose magnificent book of horsemanship<sup>1</sup> your Grace must have seen. Diepenbeke the painter, who was one of the Duke's retainers, did the designs for that work, which are also the originals of this tapestry, wove, as I guess, at Antwerp, where the Duke resided during Cromwell's usurpation. The pictures were once preserved at Welbeck, where was also a curious portrait of the Duchess of Newcastle (who wrote no less than twelve folio volumes, ten of which have been printed) in a sort of tragedy queen's dress, which it is said she generally wore.

I hope that your Grace will not deem me impertinent to mention the carved work in the gallery at Drumlanrig as well worthy of preservation. I mean the sculpture at each end, which was done by the famous Gibbons, and put up by Duke James. Doubtless your Grace and the Duke are very well aware of its merit; but when the owners of a house under repair are absent, much injury may be done to such frail decorations. I was very unfortunate that I could not

<sup>1</sup> 'La Methode et Invention nouvelle de dresser les chevaux, auquel on apprend à travailler les chevaux selon la nature et parfaire la nature par la subtilité de l'art.' Published in folio at Antwerp in 1657, by Jacques van Meurs.

do myself the honour of waiting upon your Grace while at Drumlanrig, owing to the alarming illness of my sister, which kept us long in much uncasiness. Once more requesting pardon for the intrusion of this letter, I am your Grace's faithful servant,

C. K. S.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Miss DOUGLAS of Holmhill.<sup>1</sup>

MY DEAR MISS DOUGLAS,—I did not think to have troubled you so soon again with a billet, had not some intelligence I received from my sister Jane (who is now here) made me wickedly resolve to pester you. But before I enter into the minutiae of my reasons, allow me to congratulate you, my dear madam, on the continuance of your good spirits and wit (I must name the thing at once, which is clumsy, but the carrier waits), and also on your fatness—an improvement upon everybody but Jehoshaphat and the minister's mother at Durrisdeer.

You will already have guessed, I daresay, that the occasion of this trouble is something in my old way. Jane informs me (and my wig stands on end whenever I think of it) that the late rummage-up of Drumlanrig set a number of easy-chairs and hapless naked statues adrift on the wide world, which are now dispersed about in Nithsdale. I was particularly unlucky that Cecilia's illness prevented me from making out a proposed visit to your part of the world, as I not only lost time in seeing my friends (among whom I have the confidence to rank yourself), but an opportunity of acquiring some of these stray articles for which, in my own mind, I have long broken a commandment. Now, dear madam, I know that you got none of them, else I should not have given so strong a hint, as this would have proved;

<sup>1</sup> Miss J. H. Douglas of Holmhill, generally known as Miss Hyde Douglas, a goddaughter of Catherine, Duchess of Queensberry.

but I shall take it as a singular favour if you will discover, and let me know at your own good time, who the persons are who possess these relicks. Jane says that an old man—she can't tell his name—hath one chair; and of that chance I despair, because I am not a young woman—and an old man is the most retentive thing in nature, save a brooding goose or a pissmire; but other persons may be more *accessible*. I would have spared you this request, and employed Jane, had she not been a very indifferent agent, encumbered as she is with cradles and the increase of moving statues—a much heavier lumber than all the lead at Drumlanrig.

To be sure, it is not so delicate to enquire after such shameless nudities; but since the most refined people will talk of the Hottentot Venus, I have the impudence to mention them—in this age, our fig-leaf is terribly devoured by the caterpillars!

I am sure, my dear madam, you will be pleased with the Duchess of Buccleuch. She is a sweet-tempered, sensible Duchess—which, because of its extreme rarity, is one of the prettiest things in the universe. As my aunt writes, I say nothing of Cecilia; but with very best wishes to Miss Clark and your nieces,—I am, dear Miss Douglas, very affectionately your humble servant.

H. CASTLE, 27th Oct. 1812.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Miss CAMPBELL of Monzie.

HOD<sup>M</sup>. CASTLE, 31st Oct. 1812.

Before I say anything else, my dear Miss Campbell, I must beg your pardon for the antiquity of this paper, which is the only proper scrap I can at present find in which anything like a letter can be scribbled. I am very much obliged to you for your yesterday's dispatch, and all the kind things you say in it, not to omit the epistle to the Knight Bel-

tenebros, which is excellent. You may guess the sort of interest which we take in such effusions, proud as we naturally are of that champion's affinity; but I have prudently kept a certain note—

“There spoke my cousin, there Lord Alva's tomb  
Did utter forth a voice”—

entirely to myself, for we are

“Fallen on evil days, 'mid evil tongues  
With darkness and with dangers compast round;”

so that, to parody the conclusion of the madman's letter which Miss P.<sup>1</sup> was so good as to send me—Sir Alex<sup>r</sup>. is crazy, Lady M. is superannuat, and what am I?—Gilmour's mother! Having now continual warnings of rash tongues and indiscreet pens, I am become most wonderfully retentive; nevertheless, between friends, I suspect who the author of this parody is;—but mum!—you shall never have a hint from me on so very delicate a subject.

That the General is elected<sup>2</sup> gives me pleasure on very many accounts; and if this hath cost him money, I know those who waste more on less valuable acquisitions. The Stirling ballies must perforce be abominable monsters; and I hope that he hath escaped all the declivities which render that town so improper a situation for the temple of Bacchus. I heard lately from poor Gower, who hath been shaking hands with all the hatmakers about Newcastle, and on whose serene mind such torture hath made a deeper impression than one could have expected. His letter reminds me of Macbeth's wife, with her—“Out, out, d——d spot! . . . All the perfumes of Arabia cannot sweeten this little hand!”

Talking of perfumes, I daresay you have supposed that the effluvia of some such fish as Tobit's had driven the evil spirit

<sup>1</sup> Miss Pitman.

<sup>2</sup> General Campbell of Monzie was re-elected for the Stirling burghs in 1812.

for ever from Monzie; and indeed, considering all the kind invitations I have had, I wonder at my present resolution—for spoilt children love to be caressed, and to cry *no* to everything; yet to Monzie I am resolved to repair in December. I intend to take Edin. in my way, for the sake of my teeth, which plague me constantly. No less than three of these valuable torments have decay'd this summer, one of which is an eye-tooth. So "Othello's occupation's gone"—farewell the hopes of an heiress. I never could comfortably pride myself upon my beauty; but when this tooth is quite consumed, I shall be the very counterpart of Mr Thomas Nero, in Hogarth's Progress of Cruelty.

. . . This morning I received a packet from Susan, who says that she is much the better for the use of the warm bath (*entre nous*, I never knew that anything was the matter with her), and tells me that Lord Aylesford,<sup>1</sup> who died lately, hath left ten thousand pounds apiece to his younger children. I was trembling for poor Dan;<sup>2</sup> but Lord Guernsey's<sup>3</sup> extravagance at play compelled his father to sell an estate in Cambridgeshire, which brought in so large a sum that his family is rendered easy as to pecuniary matters.

I am longing for the promised bulletin, but I do not think that my *soif de sang* will be satiated on this occasion. To be sure, Ælian tells us that the sovereign cure for a sick lion is to swallow a live monkey; and so Sir Alex<sup>r</sup>. runs some risk of a gulp, else there will be no fighting, you may depend upon it. People who *flyte* on paper seldom tilt in the martial field. To be sure, Jeffrey and Moore are an exception; but still their duel was an author's fray—

"So mouse and frog came gravely to the field;  
Both fear'd to fight, and yet both scorn'd to yield."

And here I challenge you, with direful quill in dangerous

<sup>1</sup> Heneage, fourth Earl, died 20th October 1812.

<sup>2</sup> The Honourable Daniel Finch, barrister-at-law.

<sup>3</sup> Heneage, fifth Earl of Aylesford.

hand, for not answering the question in my last respecting Richie Storie!<sup>1</sup> I am so disgusted that I can scarcely prevail upon myself to transcribe the following excellent songs, which your grandpapa the Justice-Clerk<sup>2</sup> taught Miss Peggy Laurie when a child, and which my aunt (who, like the godly gentlewoman mentioned by Rich<sup>d</sup>. Baxter, hath become a *Ranter*, and like her also will shortly be carted for a bawd) hath imparted to me. . . .

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Miss PITMAN.

H. CASTLE, Nov. 1812.

MY DEAR MISS P.,—I am quite ashamed of my paper—“ but it is night, and I am alone on the hill of storms,” so I must pick these fragments from the late Mr Sharpe’s correspondence, and rely on your friendship for my excuse. Were I a Sybil, I should indeed have choice materials for my *billets doux* in the leaves which are settled on the outside of my window, and at this moment rustling to the bitter north wind; but I have as little the gift of writing on vegetables as of prophecy. Nevertheless, I predict that the Mandarin Fa-fi-fum will flourish under the protection of the god Fo; and that Confucius the second will repair to his new house in Nankeen without a brace of bullets in his carcass.

. . . Here hath been a stir! I once thought of ordering a black garment for my cousin, and beginning to compose a letter of consolation to his afflicted relic, but bethinking me of former rubs, and how tender most great men are of their persons, I changed my mind. We shall have no blood. The antients, you know, and eke Sir Chas. Grandison, could never approve of duels; philosophers, with Candide at their head, are ever cool; then the Emperor refused to fight

<sup>1</sup> The footman of the ballad, who eloped with his mistress. See ‘A Ballad Book’ by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, p. 95.

<sup>2</sup> Charles Erskine, Lord Tinwald.

Francis the First; and when De Wilton did venture a brush, that roughish emancipator of Catholic nuns, Marmion, gave him a sound drubbing, and left the field victorious.

Had not Lady Charlotte Campbell made me a mighty coward as to books, I should advise you to pluck up courage and peruse the French Memoirs, which I never read, but well can divine their tenor. Remember that Lady Abercromby, *alias* Clarissa, seduced Lord Rochester, and her niece defiled Lord Peter's property with the Mem. de Gramont! Then if nobody knows, there is no harm, *you know*; but come not from your cabinet with the *petite bouche*, else there will be suspicions. Seriously, there is one very disgusting trait in the general chronicles of the French Court, which with me greatly dilutes the flavour of the draught. I mean the total disregard to relationship in the system of Parisian gallantry; and from the period of the Memoirs you mention, I guess you will have a good share of that beastliness. The Queen of Navarre was a very notable person, and there were many other ladies of her time, if we may believe Brantome, not a whit more scrupulous than herself.

I have always been a vehement admirer of Moore as a poet, tho' one is inclined to cry to him what my Oxford landlady screamed to her children—"Come here, you dirty little devil, till I give you a stick!" For he can warble but of two things—Love, as the polite term it, and Liberty. Liberty!—the very writing of that word maketh the humane sick and the pious shudder! His love, putting the tedium of Rosa's and Celia's diamonds, rubies, and *hortus siccus* whereof they are composed, out of the question, is generally immodest; and he hath taught all the boarding-school girls and other misses of the present day to screech indecency as well as political reformation. Yet he is a pretty poet; he steals from Dr Donne (so he may steal from others we wot not of), and hath written—"Your mother says, my little Venus"—yet he is a pretty poet. In the 'Quarterly Review' his songs

are praised somewhat too long after their birth, in a critique written by himself, perhaps, or by a friend to annoy Jeffrey. Yet, after all this, he is a very pretty poet.

He far excells the antients of Greece and Rome who thrilled a similar lute, for they have less imagination, and were not shackled by a tuneless language and the cobwebs of rhyme; but few who think they can construe Greek and Latin will confess this. Nevertheless, the thing may be true for all that.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to JAMES MACONOCHE, Esq.

MY DEAR M.,—As, like many authors of this and of former ages, I never in all my life wrote anything worth a farthing (and the postage from Hoddam Castle to Edin. is 8 pence!), I have deferred my thanks for your valuable present untill William's return to his duty in the gude auld metropolis of Scotland. Now, kind sir, allow me to make my most grateful thanks, and humbly kiss your hands for this addition to my cabinet of curiosities—a relic of female prowess which I value more highly than I should have done that very fragment of a millstone wherewith the woman of Tebéz demolished the pericranium of Abimelech, or even the Scotch pebble with which Black Agnes of Dunbar gave a *fausse couche* to the sow of those English bores, her besiegers.

It is pleasing, in a national point of view, to consider that the race of the Countess of March, Lady Branhholm, and Lady Mackintosh is not totally extinct, and that if we had but tolerable poets to celebrate their praises, we might rival the heroines of the sister kingdom, who are far famed in lofty rhyme for—

“ Calling for sword and pistol,  
Which do come at their command.”

But this Clorinda did not exactly kill her man, which, me-

thinks, was a pity for the reputation of the stone. I wish she had brained her enemy, for I possess nothing wherewith any one ever committed murder, tho' I might, perhaps, last winter, have procured a lock of Miss Crofton's hair or a bladderful of Mr Dillon's breath.<sup>1</sup>

. . . And now, my dear friend, let me assure you, whatever that false sybil, my sister Lady Kirkpatrick, asserts, I have been, and am, overwhelmed with rheumatism and toothaches. To prove the latter complaint, I should send you a tooth, were the most curious of all the Egyptian arts now understood in perfection; but that is not the case; and I have read that when the Spaniards, after the conquest of the New World, burnt the celebrated monkey's tooth, a prodigious stink arose, and a plague throughout the city. Now I do not desire the too vehement compression of your nose; and wish all health and happiness to the inhabitants of Edin., where I am to be for a few days in December (on my way to Perthshire), in order to get the ruins of Stonehenge which my mouth still possesses put into a decent condition.

#### C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Miss MURRAY.<sup>2</sup>

. . . And now, kind cousin, be it known to you that I repair to Edin. next month, on my way to Monzie, and would fain hope that I have a chance of getting a glimpse of you in that city. I say a glimpse, as I shall only sojourn long enough to get something done to the ruins of Palmyra which my mouth still contains. For alas! I have lost no less than three teeth this summer. Ah! how I envy elephants and the old Countess of Desmond!<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Beau Dillon. See *ante*, vol. i. p. 531.

<sup>2</sup> Miss Magdalene Murray of Clermont. See vol. i. p. 85, note.

<sup>3</sup> "Who lived to the age of a hundred and ten,  
And died of a fall from a cherry-tree."

To be sure, I shall never now be able to marry an heiress, as Skeffington hath done; but who she is, setting her fortune aside, I know as little as yourself. The Margravine says it was a silly match, but she thinks everything of the kind silly that doth not concern herself. When her son will write of what he sees and hears, his letters are very instructive; but he is too apt to talk of his own rheumatisms and gouts, which, when over, one need not mention even to a friend. In truth, I can re-echo ache for ache, and produce a tooth for every toe. Keppel was quite busy in too long letters, with a small boil upon his neck which rose in Athens. I heard much more of that than of the Acropolis; but, after all, he is a happy man, for he can see to read a newspaper by candle-light, and hath never had the unutterable misfortune of losing an eye-tooth!

Talking of newspapers, you are right, my dear madam, in supposing me no politician, for from politicks, like cards, I systematically abstain, as even the consideration of former events, such as the Reformation, Revolution, Union, &c., makes me now and then very uncomfortable; and I am certain that an interest in the present routine of political chances (however prosperous) would render me completely wretched. It would ruin my temper, and make my teeth decay faster than they do at present; for I should never forbear showing them to the opposite faction—and external air, say the dentists, is vastly pernicious. I congratulate you on the success of your party in Perthshire, and must confess (between friends) that I leant a little towards Drummond,<sup>1</sup> because the name, from many circumstances, carries a pleasing sound with it to my ears. Now that “the din of war is past,” many will wonder that they could enter so warmly into these debates, which, however they may support the motions of the great machine, certainly improve not the

<sup>1</sup> James Drummond, M.P. for Perthshire, 1812-1820, sixth Viscount Strathallan on the reversal of the attainder, 1824.

creaking hinges of private society; and tho' it is very pleasing to consider the great genius of these kingdoms as deckt in smiles, yet the frowns of our own little *lares* render this, in some sort, but a comfortless satisfaction.

I have never met with Chateaubriand's book, but shall now hunt it out with persevering nose. You are very kind in what you say about Lord Mansfield,<sup>1</sup> to whom I should like to be known, because he is an earl (a very good thing in spite of the philosophers), and a friend of yours. Whenever I saw his brother and Mrs Murray<sup>2</sup> last year in London, I longed to have the power of Medusa's head, till I could secure the portraits of so much beauty. Like Saul, they overtopped the people prodigiously; but when one did climb up to their faces, the birds were not flown like poor Lady Hamilton Dalrymple's.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Miss CLAVERING.<sup>3</sup>

MY DEAR MADAM,—My face blazeth with blushes, like that of your adorer Adams, when I not only consider the length of time which I have taken in obeying your commands respecting Granville Vernon's picture, but also look upon the mouse which hath concluded my labours. Such as it is, however, allow me to lay it at your feet, and plead an excuse for its late appearance in my sister's alarming illness, which has kept us very uneasy all the summer, and in my own rheumatic blindness, that will very soon reduce me to the sad necessity of a long stick and a turnspit in a string—  
“*date obolum Belisario!*”

<sup>1</sup> William, third Earl.

<sup>2</sup> *Née* Mdlle. de Visme; see vol. i. p. 472.

<sup>3</sup> Charlotte Catherine Clavering, daughter of Brigadier-General Henry Clavering and Lady Augusta, daughter of John, fifth Duke of Argyll. Miss Clavering, who was a niece of Lady Charlotte Campbell, married, 1817, Miles Fletcher, Esq.

For this reason, and because it is a chance if I go there myself, I am not *so* sorry that you are to be absent from Edin. this winter. To be sure, there is some pleasure in conversation; but when "the drop serene" is settled upon my eyes, I think I shall close my ears with a little Indian glue to prevent the torments of curiosity. Such a thing would also be useful in the case of meeting with our friend Bessie,<sup>1</sup> who is grown an intolerable scold. She will not by any means allow me to like young people better than old, and talks with such detestation of children, that I am convinced she is an ogress in her heart. Then I have discovered a new fault in her: she doth not understand a joke, which, in conversation and literary correspondence, is certainly the sin against the Holy Ghost.

As this letter goes through her hands, I write what is above for her edification, being told that all ladies make it a point of honour to read such dispatches; and ever practising the like myself, dear madam, I have read your novel; but, as it is yours, I will not praise it, because Lady Charlotte once said I was an intolerable flatterer, and I will so far mortify you as to declare that you improve not materially by what you read, as this work resembleth not at all the style of the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' I had a very pretty little vol. of poems sent me lately by Lewis—Homer in a nutshell; but as you will have seen them before this time, I shall not enlarge the annoyance of this into accounts and criticisms; but begging you to present my best respects to Lady Augusta, I am, dear Miss C., your faithful humble serv<sup>t</sup>.

CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to HENRY WELLESLEY, Esq.<sup>2</sup>

HODDAM CASTLE, 8th Novr. 1812.

DEAR HENRY,—Accept, with my best wishes, a premature Xmas-box—of which I must, however, state, the tin and black

<sup>1</sup> Miss Mure.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, vol. i. p. 231.

wool are modern ; but you may depend upon the authenticity of the bone and fragment of linen—and who knows but that the one may be older than the drumsticks of the geese which saved the Capitol, and the other than the winding-sheet of the virtuous Lucretia ! After all, I am resolved to believe that my Ibis was the favourite of Cleopatra, and that one of her majesty's old chemises was cut down for her darling's shroud.

—Believe me ever faithfully yours,

CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

Miss J. H. DOUGLAS to CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

HOLMHILL, *Nov.* 9, 1812.

DEAR SIR,—All that mortal weak woman cou'd do for you in my situation have I done ; but such a tale of horror as I have to unfold, other tales of wonder is nothing to this!—*Sep<sup>t</sup>.* 4, 1812 : Stood four stately men, the admiration of all in and about Drumlanrig, and the terror of strangers ; but ere the evening of the 5th, where were they to be found (my pen almost refuses to tell the horrid deed !)? In a large, huge iron pot, and with them six females ! There were they brought to a liquid ; afterwards to window-weights, patches for the old roof, and suchlike ignoble uses. By whose orders I know not ; but not a finger, no not even a toe, cou'd I find, when I went up that day I got your congratulatory letter on my being twice the size I was when I first saw you—a thing only 6 or 7 p<sup>d</sup>. weight. I left the Castle in a sulky humour, and went to many cottages : some of them had burnt the chairs they got ; some of them so tarty, they wou'd keep them for the “iniquity” of them. I came to one portly dame. “That old chair seems for very little use ; will you sell it to me ?” “O no ; for if a body had but a *sair* head, it does them muckle good to rest their tail on it for a minute ;” and down she sat, or intended to sit ; but the burden was too much. Down

went the heaviest part of her, and away went the chair in a dozen of pieces. Then I went to an old man, who wanted both hands. "Will you give me that chair, and I will give you half-a-crown?" "Are you in earnest?" "Yes." "O, take it; and I wish I had the three I burnt! but they were not elbow ones." So here is the chair; but how is so frail a piece of matter to be conveyed to Hoddam? How I regret you did not get to this corner this season! for next year I think Drumlanrig will be nether old nor new. If every Dutchess is like the Dutchess of Buccleugh, I wish every female were a dutchess. What a world it would then be! I rejoice to hear Cecilia is so much better. Will you have the goodness to give my love to your aunt, and say I am to be in Dumfries on Thursday? I have no hopes of seeing her, as my stay will be but a few days. I go to a very distressed family—Captain Hamilton. They are in the greatest affliction at this very extraordinary marriage Eliza has made; but they had no say, as she had fixed it before they were told. Harriet is at Drumlanrig. Chr-h- joins me. Every good wish to all in the Castle. We had yesterday a letter from our dear Charles, dated Feb<sup>ry</sup>. 27. He was then, thank God, in good health—still at Java.—I am, dear sir, with much esteem, yours very truly,

J. H. DOUGLAS.

Many thanks for 'Childe Harold.' There is certainly some very pretty things in it; but I am such an everyday reader, there is too little story for me.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Miss MURE.<sup>1</sup>

MY DEAR BESSIE,—Tho' you are very wrong in not having sent me the story you promised, I can excuse you that, because it is an error of will; but I never can forgive your

<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth Mure was daughter of Colonel William Mure of Caldwell, and sister of the historian—a very clever and agreeable lady. She lived with her mother in Edinburgh.

incapacity of understanding a joke, because it obliquely implies my dulness in making one.

So you're a naughty hussy! It was notorious to all the world that I admired Miss Clavering and respected Miss Russell; and so far from disapproving their civility to children, I have the same love (qualified a little, perhaps) for babes and sucklings myself, because I believe not the doctrine of original sin, and abominate old people *in toto*. That was a wise nation of the Greeks, wherein the old men invited one another to feasts, and, crowned with roses for the last time, hobnobbed most judiciously in hemlock. And he was a second Solomon who made a law against witchcraft; but I shall not insist in this strain (to which I can never convert you) any longer, but proceed to beg that you will convey the enclosed packet to Miss Clavering, "in lands where'er she be." It is the fruit of an old promise, and in execution as little like your beautiful Lady Bellenden as Miss Tytler to Marie Queen of Scots, or Mr Dillon to Adonis.

. . . In Edin. I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you, if you are not junketting out of town in that tedious tiresome country. I have read your novel—or Miss Clavering's or Lady Charlotte's—for to all these ladies it hath been attributed, and like it as well as a lover of Clarissa Harlowe can do. You write very good and elegant English, miss—no small matter nowadays—but don't entice people to a plurality of wives with the milk of human-kindness yielded by your heroines. There are few such meek gentlewomen in the world as Corissande<sup>1</sup> and her rival, who, had they done their duty, should first have flay'd their dog of a husband alive, drown'd his children like puppies, and then torn each other's eyes out. After all, I have still mine own doubts respecting the authoress of 'Self-Indulgence.'

But I shall state them when we meet. Meanwhile, I am, *seriously*, my dear Bessie, ever most affectionately yours.

<sup>1</sup> See 'Self-Indulgence.'

Mrs SMOLLETT to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

*Thursday, Nov. 1812.*

See, my dear Charles, how gladly I receive your letter! I have but just read it, when I take my pen to thank you for it. I am nowadays pleased when, from any cause, I am remember'd; and am glad Lady Aboyne's<sup>1</sup> story obtain'd me your very obliging request. It was not a dream. According to my ancient narrative, she had her fortune told. To make it more wonderful, it was said the wizard came up to her on the street and offer'd the information she was inspired with; but however the communication began, it ended by telling her she wou'd heir two earldoms, would bear a certain number of children, wou'd die in a certain year of her age, and desired her to beware of a new coach.<sup>2</sup> All the circumstances of the prognostication were fulfilled. Miss Grace Lockhart, who was first married to the Earl of Moray, and then to the Earl of Aboyne,<sup>3</sup>—to each she had sons, who inherited the titles of their fathers; but how far the other circumstances tallied I know not. You may believe in recital they wou'd equally square; but whether there was anything authentic to found upon I cannot say. I have often heard the story told, and always the same way, almost without variation. At the same time, I must add, the narrators had no cause to lead them to a

<sup>1</sup> Grace, daughter of George Lockhart of Carnwath, by Euphemia, second daughter of Alexander, ninth Earl of Eglinton, married John Gordon, third Earl of Aboyne, and after his death, James, seventh Earl of Moray. She died 1738.

<sup>2</sup> One version of the story is to the effect that her ladyship had been warned that she would die in a yellow chariot. Her husband, who did not know the prediction, unfortunately thought to give her an agreeable surprise by making her a present of a coach of that colour. When the Countess saw it drive up unexpectedly to the door, she took to bed and died shortly after.

<sup>3</sup> The Earl of Aboyne was her first husband, the Earl of Moray her second.

knowledge of the facts. There is one person alive from whom I think I may still be able to get some information, and I will not neglect to attempt it. Besides the pleasure of gratifying you, I own I wish much to know on what a story of the kind, so circumstantially told, and at no very distant period of time, cou'd be grafted. It is many, many years since I heard it, which cou'd not be long after Lady Aboyne's death. If I succeed, you shall have the fruits of my enquiries; in the meantime, the promptitude with which I have obey'd you must varnish over want of elegance of stile, &c., &c. Interruption of various kinds, my dear Charles, has prevent'd this delicious morsel of ancient history from reaching you in early date; but it was not in my power to finish. The Campbells from Dalserf have been our guests since Thursday, and gone home to-day. We have dreadful weather. The hero of Delvine<sup>1</sup> has lost all his beef in the contest with the hero of Barossa. You never saw such a scarecrow. But the soul is not the soul of the Justiciary Clerk surely; it has been transmitted with the estate. William is so good as see us sometimes; he is grown very tall, I think.

Mr W. Scott is come to town, but I have not seen either he or his little lady. Not long ago the press was stop'd, by having overtaken the manuscript of 'Rokeby,' so I suppose he is now very busy making up his leeway; it is curious his being so dilatory. The fruitfulness of the Bishop's daughter is unlucky. Nothing can be worse than the gallantry of the present period except the murders, they are still more horrible. I'm not sure if this opinion is strictly orthodox. I believe John Knox would say No. I imagine in his day Mr Curwen wou'd have been doomed to the fate of Abelard. By the by, Terry shou'd have play'd Ld. Ogleby on Saturday, but wrote Siddons she was under the necessity of going to Bath for a

<sup>1</sup> Sir Alexander Muir Mackenzie of Delvine, contested Perthshire in 1812 with Colonel Thomas Graham of Balgowan, afterwards Lord Lynedoch.

few days. I am evil-minded enough to suspect poor Vining's horns will sprout afresh. His wife was *chère amie* of Mr Terry while here.

I rejoice in the thoughts of seeing you soon. Cecilia's recovery is most wonderful. I admire Gen. Campbell's speech in answer to Mr Brougham's exceedingly. Susan joins me in love to all your house.—Believe me, my dear Charles, your very affec<sup>te</sup> aunt,  
CE. SMOLLETT.

[ENCLOSED IN THE ABOVE.]

Epigram of Allan Ramsay on receiving a present of an orange from Mrs Grace Lockhart, now Countess of Aboyne:—

Now Priam's son, thou mayst be mute,  
For I can blythly boast with thee,  
Thou to the fairest gave the fruit,  
The fairest gave the fruit to me.

See also Ramsay's Ode to the Countess of Aboyne on her marriage-day.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Lord GOWER.

H. CASTLE, 12th Nov. 1812.

Now that the prostitution of your Newcastle canvass is passed away, the evil ceaseth to exist. . . . In truth, I can imagine nothing much more horrible than such an affair to a person of right modes of thought and common delicacy, and I can figure you, in spite of all your efforts to the contrary, bearing a little of Coriolanus's part towards those villanous plebeians. After all, *men* who have votes may be endured, for they only possess themselves of your hand and make free with a thump or twain upon the back; but a fat election woman, who can bear? It is a joke to talk of Socratic apathy in such circumstances—for what is a full *pot de chambre* to a salute of one of these horse-leeches? I

think Hogarth was never happier than in his portrait of the young candidate at the election dinner—the sick resignation with which he suffers the caresses of the old hag nobody could have hit off so well as that most wonderful master of nature and expression.

You may guess how I was refreshed with some information concerning love and love's disport which your last contained, but it was a pleasure which I will keep to myself. When you are recollecting and repenting of your sins, you need not trouble yourself on the score of any secrets you ever told me, for I do think you are the closest person I ever had the honour to be acquainted with. This I insert by the way; and now I must say that I enjoy much inward mirth from the thoughts of Vernon's tenderness. He looks ever so clerical, so grave, so dry, and (if you will permit me to say so of your cousin) so unlike a young gentleman, that his *amourettes* always remind one of 'Religious Courtship,' or the intrigues of Abigail and Sir Roger in Fletcher's 'Scornful Lady'; but that he should fall into the snares of such a *prostrate* as Miss Wilson is most wonderful, considering his birth and parentage—an archbishop's son—*fi donc!* And now I talk of that, here is a curious piece of scandal which hath agitated Cumberland and the parts adjacent more than anything that hath happened since the siege of Carlisle by the Highlanders, or the irruption of Solway Moss. Mr Curwen of Workington, of whom you may have heard, is driven from his wonted seat in Parliament for having done—guess what!—not what Lord Seafield did, or Long Tilney, or Dr Dodd, or the Duke of St Albans, or Mr B., or Lord C. Did your lordship ever hear an old song in Sutherland which begins—

"I have not killed, I have not slain,  
I've done no man an injury—  
I've gotten . . .  
The bailiff's daughter of bonnie Dundee" ?—

but this is the bishop's daughter of merry Carlisle. There

never was such a sad business, for she's ugly and he's old—married also. You never saw a more rusty figure—

“No marvel, had he been an earthly knight  
As he is an elfin grey.”

This is the fruit of studying the propagation of Fiorin grass. By the old law, a layman who struck a clerical person suffered the amputation of his hand—*quare*, in such a case as this, how is the bye-blow punishable? I wish I had an able lawyer to solve me, but here we are denuded of all satisfactory references. And on the head of such gallantries, learn that Lord Sempill, aged 64, hath eloped with a young Helenore of Edin., the wife of a discreet writer to his Maj. Signet. I know not her name, but she's very pretty. It is most certain that when those young fellows set about seduction, they play the very devil. But to return to Miss Wilson: I would give a good deal to know more of her extract, for she's shooting up to be a celebrated person. She will quickly rival the fame of Sally Salisbury,<sup>1</sup> who stab'd Lord Foley's brother in a tavern, and of Poll Kennedy, who got both her brothers off when they were condemn'd for murder. When all is considered, I do not think that Lord Worcester will actually marry her. The Duchess said before he went to Portugal, “Worcester's legs are grown so thin I can't bear to look at them.” Vernon will be an excellent successor to Crom-a-boo, whose head is now free from the net. I suppose Vernon nibbled him out. Concerning Miss Harriet and her lovers, and what she saith and doth (she does more than I ever heard of before), I am always curious, and know two or three little things which I think would amuse even you, could I get an opportunity of relating them by word of mouth. They are too prolix to be written now; but I will, when I die, leave you the MS. chronicle of the whole affair,

<sup>1</sup> Sarah Pridden, *alias* Salisbury, died in Newgate, 1724. See Noble's ‘Continuation of Grainger,’ vol. iii. p. 476.

under the title of *Faictes et gestes de Madame la Duchesse de Beaufort*.

. . . Of Godscroft's book, your lordship and Lady Stafford may believe just as much as you deem fitting, seeing that it is for the most part as impudent a legend as Wodrow's Hist. of the Kirk of Scotland, or Burnet's of his Own Times; but, my lord, to what discoveries biographical may we not in time arrive, when the lapse of a few years hath shown us Rich<sup>d</sup>. the 3<sup>d</sup> unhumped and bloodless, Monmouth wise, Lord Argyll great, and John Knox a courtly fine gentleman!!!!

. . . It is so long since we have conversed, that I begin to feel awkward. I address you now in a pair of stiff stays and a hoop petticoat; by-and-by it will be a Jones's collar and the stocks. This is terrible, but there is no help for it.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Miss MURE.

H. CASTLE, *Nov.* 1812.

MY DEAR BESSIE,—Your letter gave me as much as anything can do in my present teasing disorder, which leaves me little ease by day, and renders my pillow irksome during the whole night. In all situations it is a comfort to consider that one's friends continue "leal and true," and can even prove constant to a man who has lost—an eye-tooth! Not that mine is quite extinct, but it is in as deep a consumption as Corissande from having, like that hapless heroine, contracted too close an alliance with a hollow-hearted neighbour. The pain is very tormenting; it affects my eye, and swells my upper lip like the proboscis of an elephant. (Ah! happy animal, that sheds its tusks only to refresh them!) So how, my dearest madam, am I to obey your desire? to pout amid the circles of the gay and wink at the smiles of the beautiful?

Shocking! . . . At present I resemble one of the bats which

frequent the walls of this gloomy castle. I creep into every hole for warmth; I wrap all my loose leather about me; I scream feebly when touched, and try to bite in vain. In only two points the simile holds not good, for I shun the blaze of a candle, and fly not at a white apron. . . . I have not heard from E— since he went to Ch. Ch., but a nobleman must like to wear a gold tuft upon his cap, and dine three steps higher than the rest of the world. I hope this youth, who will of course be spoilt, is immersed in the gulfs of study. Perhaps you will exclaim with Dr Johnson, “How vain are the hopes of man!”—and so may poor Walter C—, when he finds all the labours of his flirtation concluded in the departure of his beloved Miss Russell.

She certainly was a very amiable person as far as public conversation went, but I never knew her intimately. There are some good people, like some good sermons, which you have no further curiosity to peruse, after a well-chosen text and a judicious distribution of heads. Shall I confess to you that I felt no interest in Miss Russell? She might do very well for a rainy Sunday in the country, like the discourses of Sherlock and other sound divines, but to my vitiated or bad taste she was somewhat spiritless—somewhat English. . . . I join all the world in admiring General Campbell’s speech, which I like even better than Lord Kinnaird’s parody, tho’ that is very good. If Lady — — stay in Edin., she should take up her residence upon the Mound, and be shown as a *rara avis*—a black swan—for she will be the only woman of her station in the whole town totally devoid of character. I look upon Edin. as the chastest place in the whole world; so what can such a poisoned armoflede as this do there, but pine in darkness or be peeped at as a monster? Chair-hire is so high, that she will not find love cheap. The very *messens* of the Cowgate would loathe such odious carrion. When I saw her a year and a half ago driving through the streets of London with an ugly old

woman all in black, I never could help thinking of Spenser's description (he's another guess poet than Lord Byron, tho' nobody, whatever people pretend, reads him) of the foul witch Duessa riding in a chariot with Night—

“When all the time they stood upon the ground,  
The watchful dogs did never cease to bay.” . . .

Lady Williamson<sup>1</sup> seems a very good woman, and I had imagined that a huge, sturdy, sprawling child, who was brought roaring into the drawing-room after tea the day I dined with her, was Sir Hedworth.<sup>2</sup> He was in petticoats, which I daresay became him much better than they did his eldest brother, or Henry Napier,<sup>3</sup> who is a good boy, tho' too grave for me. Here is another perfection of Edin.—all the children there are well bred. They do not treat people of my age and head of hair as the unmannerly little boys of Bethel used the prophet Elisha; but the old, crusty, wearisome men of our metropolis combine both the boys and the bears. Positively, my dear Bessie, I cannot affect human antiquity; but I desire that you may never be so shocking as to talk of your own age till you are double your present reckoning; for I do think (seriously) that till the infirmities of age come on, people of a certain temper, particularly women, are all of the same standing—nay, a raw miss, who can do nothing but “O dear,” titter, and eat roast-turkey, is a terrible creature, so don't persuade me that you are old;—and, on the other hand, I charge you not to suppose that I am parching, tho' I wear a wig and have lost so many teeth. As to the latter misfortune, to use the words of the Duenna Rodriguez to Don Quixotte—“I can assure your worship that

<sup>1</sup> Maria, daughter of Sir James Hamilton, widow of Sir Hedworth Williamson.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Hedworth Williamson of East Markham, Notts, born 1797; died 1861.

<sup>3</sup> Son of Francis, seventh Lord Napier; afterwards rector of Swyncombe, Oxon, and master of Ewelme Hospital. See his letters *post*.

it is not the consequence of years, but owing to rheums, which abound in this country of Arragon." My wig I wear for warmth; and, from the scale of spirits, I class myself somewhere between 16 and 20.

The Hon. KEPPEL CRAVEN to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

SAMOS, *Saturday, Nov. 14, 1812.*

I am strongly tempted to scold you as you deserve—that is, most tremendously,—only that your letter was so agreeable and entertaining that I cannot find the heart to do it, so you shall only have an answer, and that, you will be glad to learn, will probably be the last you receive from these transmarine parts, as henceforward every step we take will bring us nearer home, and we are going to use all our efforts to make them as expeditious as circumstances will allow, for Gell's task is over, and he is equally anxious with myself to see the smoke of London, which is much less romantick, but more comfortable, than the verdure of England. I had almost resolved never to write again to your majesty till within the atmosphere of said smoke, but hope you are convinced of the relenting tenor of my disposition. You *must* positively come to London next spring, having done Scotch penance quite long enough for the satisfaction of all your family; for I mean to be very gay, though without a shade of hair on my whole forehead, and sundry marks of decrepitude in other apparent parts. Perhaps you will wish to know some account of my actions since I wrote to you from Constantinople last July. Well, then, learn that I quitted it with much joy a few days after the date of my letter, and, with Capt. Warren of the *Argo* and Mr Rose, proceeded to the said *Argo*, where I was very near allowing myself to be persuaded to go to Malta, but my good stars saved me in the shape of a Greek vessel, which brought

Mr Canning<sup>1</sup> to us, and took me on to Scio, where I vainly hoped to gain some tidings of my lost companions; but I only found whitloes, boils, and other consequences of hot weather, which detain'd me three weeks, during which time I saw your friend Lord Sondes,<sup>2</sup> his leader Mr Smelt,<sup>3</sup> and two other travellers, who with them were, as they imagin'd, visiting the different islands of the Archipelago. I received them in my *best* manner. They din'd with me, and I breakfasted with them on board their vessel, which was a kind of pig-stye. The lord I thought gentlemanlike and very well, but the tutor I thought rather beastish, though he spoke to me of you in proper terms of praise. The lord was amusing enough in his relations of Mercer and Malpas. They went away evidently very much wearied with their undertaking, and anxious to get back to Sicily. After that, I heard by chance that my lost satellites had been at Rhodes, and was on the point of committing myself to the dangers of the waves and the privateers in a boat of the country in order to get there, when, as luck would have it, an English brig-of-war pick'd me up and took me there, where I found poor Anacharsis laid up with a fit of the gout, which kept us all there till the 15th of last month. The place was not uncomfortable, but there was nothing to see—not even the toe of the Colossus; and even after he was well, our first efforts to go by water were frustrated by contrary winds, and by land by the plague which ravages Asia and broke out at Constantinople the day after I left it, where it kills 9000 persons daily. I will spare you the recital of our voyage here, which was fortunate enough, and which terminated three weeks ago, since which we have been making a tour into the *uninfected* parts of Asia, and visiting the ruins of Magnesia, Priene, Miletus, &c., all which were interesting, and must have been so to make

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Lord Stratford de Redcliffe.

<sup>2</sup> Lewis Richard, Lord Sondes, third Baron, died 1836.

<sup>3</sup> Rev. Charles Smelt, M.A., Christ Church.

up in any degree for the horrid weather, bad accommodation, and still worse travelling we had to encounter. Thank my stars, it is all over, and we are now only waiting for an opportunity of conveying ourselves straight to Malta, or going there by way of Athens and Zante, which may be safer, though perhaps a little more tedious. In the meantime we are living at the consul's house, which has no chimney, and is open to every cold wind, besides being full of bugs and children, the former of which are much the least troublesome of the two. Since our last arrival I have been employ'd in nothing else but answering the quantities of letters I found from England,—all very satisfactory and loving, full of praises of one's self and one's friends, and longings for one's return; and such accounts of your friend Augustus as made me hold my head very high. I am inform'd his manners have asham'd everybody. He has been paraded about and introduced to royal company, where he was not the least abash'd, and proved himself of kindred blood. Of Lord Byron's poem<sup>1</sup> I gave you my opinion in my last, and now find that it was not accurate with yours. I think you are rather severe on his elegy on his friend, "known the earliest and esteemed the most," which I wonder at, considering you are told he was an honourable. The prose part of the book I allow to be very bad, and all the fugitive pieces also; however, it seems that we shall not long be troubled with him or his productions, for I am told he means to sell everything he possesses in England and retire into Greece, where, I suppose, he thinks no one will take notice of his lameness—for that seems to be his great quarrel with the whole world. As to G. Grenville's poem,<sup>2</sup> I have not read it, nor had any account from any one that had, so must have patience. I cannot sufficiently con-

<sup>1</sup> 'Childe Harold.'

<sup>2</sup> 'Portugal: a Poem,' by Lord George Grenville, afterwards Lord Nugent.

gratulate you on your breaking the ice for masquerades in Edinburgh, and I suppose your name will be immortalised in consequence, which I allow it deserves to be. Your groupe must also have been very good, and I should like to have made one. As to Hastings Forbes, my sort of cousin, I know but little of him, and always consider'd him as very silly, but certainly good-looking as far as face goes. I also observ'd symptoms of those mark'd articulations which you mention, but withall his figure is very bad, and I rather disgusted him, as I do most of his family. Poor Burrell! I fear he never will be the thing he was, and I am truly sorry for it. I hear of many new Heroes, which I long to see, though there seems no striking one. I am glad Worcester is sent to Portugal, as I consider the disorders of that climate far better than a match with my sister-in-law Harriet,<sup>1</sup> and had rather that Leinster should marry her; she must be my cousin either way. Only think of Lewis being a rich man, and his late flame, T. S., being married. How the folks do marry in my foolish country! it quite makes one sick. Your account of the Icelandic tragedy diverted me vastly. I had written the *dram. pers.* of an opera, founded on Lady H. Stanhope's travels and our own peregrinations, but never got any further. Do you know Mr Bruce, who has dedicated his sword and service to her? Her friends (they are few) maintain she makes no use of the former, but most of her visitors cannot believe but what she thinks both equally acceptable, and his purse still more than either. While I was at Scio, and could not write on account of a filthy whitloe, I was seized with a poetical fever, and made two copies of verses, one to Lady C. Campbell and the other to my mother; but my muse was dumb the moment my fingers recover'd their activity, and I sent the latter production in an unfinished state.

I expect to have many scraps of yours to read, and that

<sup>1</sup> There was a rumoured *liaison* between the Hon. Berkeley Craven and Harriet Wilson.

you have done an infinity of drawings for me. I need not say that you must *not* write to me any more. Expect to see a dreadful change in me as to looks, but none, I hope, as to spirits or disposition, which you perceive, I think, the first consideration. It blows and rains, and this town is a nasty place, though the island is fine; but Scio is the place to live at. Adieu.—Believe me, with Anacharsis's best regards,  
yours most affectionately, CAROLUS REX.

The MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

“ Britain, be bold, be fearless ; never slow  
In freedom's cause, when *freedom's on the blow.*”

And—

“ Now closed around, each dark battalion met  
The native force of England's bayonet.”

My nephew gave me at last his ‘Portugal,’<sup>1</sup> having dined here with my brother, who, with his wife Lady Emily, have been staying here ten days. Oh me! how lamentable it is that English lords, because the birchin education has given them scholastic knowledge, should fancy that they are poets! Latin tells them *poetus nascitur*, and my ignorance has the *charms* of music, because it cannot rhyme unharmoniously, and *soothes savages*. I have been very remiss in writing to you, but I have been sick and sad at hearing and seeing my visitors, neither of them well. They have bought a house in S. Audley Street, but I think it likely he will not stay in England, for he (my brother) was second in command to the Lord H. Admiral of Portugal, and all the business of the Admiralty was done by him, the other, the chief, being the Prince, just dead.

<sup>1</sup> This alludes to Lord George Nugent's poem about Portugal. I never have read it, but he was much superior to other lords in conversation.—C. K. S.

You cannot form to yourself the *marvellous* confusion of all this, and very many other things. Do you ever see the 'Examiner,' a Sunday's paper? 'tis perfectly well written and would entertain you. I cannot possibly be entertaining. My garden and my library, and a little music now and then, only can furnish amusement to me. *I form* wishes; first I wish that my Lords Liverpool and Castlereagh's giro to the British coast may turn out olive-branches. That Lucien Buonaparte may not proceed in his sedentary works too far. I wish that my friend Sharpe would induce his father to think a giro on the Continent would be of use to him—when a certain princess would place him under her eagle's wings, and having a vessel to coast along the shores of France up to Bordeaux, then travel by land to Montpellier, &c.: these fogs which reign triumphant and put out the sun cause castle-building. I am beginning again likewise to pine after a letter from Keppel. Absence is very like death, more torturing.

Augustus<sup>1</sup> is growing stouter; by all accounts his mother is not the sweetest-tempered person on earth. Dear child! it feels happy here, and miserable when he goes away. Pray excuse the dulness of this epistle, and believe me your sincere friend,

ELIZABETH.

B. HOUSE, 8th Nov. 1812.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to the MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH.

Nov. 1812.

. . . Poor Lord George Grenville! I am really sorry that he hath written so ill, but if he does not make the discovery himself, the matter will not much signify; and at all events, he will have an article in future editions of Lord Oxford's royal and noble authors, which those who are greatly given to the last infirmity of noble minds deem better than utter

<sup>1</sup> Augustus—a natural son of Keppel's (at least he thought so), by a Madame Derville, a Frenchwoman.—C. K. S.

oblivion. Milton, when he sang of that infirmity, did not know the force of his own expression. Lord Salisbury and Lord Carlisle—for one must say nothing now of Lord Byron's first attempts—are dreadful examples to titled thrillers of the lyre. A private person, if he writes ill, is generally suffered to lie quiet in his original obscurity; but when a peer will adventure to print and his effusions prove stuff, woe be unto his inconsiderate lordship! Everybody hears of it, or sees it—all his inferiors are happy that he is brought nearer their level—all his equals that he hath not stept above them. Then a coronet is the most pleasing of all nests for modern ridicule to lay her cuckoo eggs in. There she perches, and settles herself, and clucks, and screams, pushing off the balls and defiling the strawberry-leaves till the whole country is in agitation with bursts of obstreperous merriment.

One may impute, I think, the love of printing, which our peers of late years show, to two causes—the vast reputation which the witty lords of Charles 2nd's Court still enjoy, and the strange passage respecting the merit of authorship as connected with nobility in Boswell's *Life of Dr J.*<sup>1</sup> Now those ingenious persons of your ancestor's Court seldom stept formally forward in black and white. They were circulated in MS., and now and then stolen into a miscellany, which went greatly to the increase of their fame—even now, I presume to think, somewhat ill-founded. Then as to the Doctor, tho' in most instances he was an oracle (your highness is one proof among many), yet surely in all his transactions with Lord Carlisle he suffered an Earl's civilities to soften the rugged flow of his numbers and purify the exhalations of a swampy brain. He overrated the noble bard of the Howards prodigiously. Witness those terrible tragedies, those snoring sonnets, and those mortal elegies wherein my

<sup>1</sup> My friend was of opinion, that when a man of rank appeared in that character (a candidate for literary fame), he deserved to have his merit handsomely acknowledged.

lord pours water upon dead mice, and, like Dryden's Alexander, remurders the already slain! I heard lately that Lord Carlisle hath periodical attacks of rhyming madness, in which he wanders through the rooms of Howard Castle with a bit of chalk in his hand, scrawling verses on the doors and window-shutters, while his poor wife follows with a wet dishclout to erase his folly from the observation of the servants. He wrote the following distich on one of the doors:—

“O Portal, Nature's pattern, in and out,—  
But here comes Lady Carlisle with a clout.”

. . . After asking so many questions about Mad<sup>lle</sup>. Clairon's annoyance from a ghost, I was surprised and pleased to meet with the whole relation printed in the 'Sun.' Ah, dear madam, if I had but the lightness of a spirit that I might glide through the rusty keyholes of this dreary dungeon, and make one in the circle who have the happiness to be near your highness! . . . Nevertheless, I do hope to be in England next summer; and if I can contrive fairly to cross the Tweed, it will be no easy matter to conjure me back to a bottle in an astrologer's cupboard, or a brass pot hermetically closed with the seal of Solomon, and buried under the waves of the ocean.

There is no small consternation in Scotland at present concerning the validity of our divorces. If Mr Brougham doth not contrive things cleverly, the Duchess of Argyll and others will be in rather an awkward predicament. For my part, I admire the Jewish law in such matters, and think we have still too much difficulty in procuring divorces; for if a man and woman cannot agree in any one thing, as is frequently the case, it is surely better to be divided entirely than to live together, spitting, scratching, tearing, and growling miserable in this world, and rendered so abominably malicious and unchristian, that, like Punch and his wife in the puppet-show, the devil carries them off at last.

Lord Sempill, arrived at the years of discretion (for he is

near 70), hath run away with a married woman in Edin., a Mrs Dundas, young and pretty. To do such a thing in spite of custom and our climate is most wonderful; but, what is still more surprising, Mr Curwen of Workington Hall, old and married, hath made a child to the Bishop of Carlisle's daughter, which has lost him his election in Cumberland—an instance of virtue in the voters which I know nothing like, save a petition presented to my father by some young men of Aman against the enlisting a youth as a volunteer who had made successful love to a blackamoor wench from Jamaica.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to the Hon<sup>ble</sup>. KEPPEL CRAVEN.

H. CASTLE, 14th Dec. 1812.

MY DEAR K.,—I have had many violent struggles between my sense of duty and the urgent cries of inclination before resolving once more to address you, for I am convinced, after what has happened, that it would be far better to give up all commerce with the world than to brave the scorn of common acquaintances, and raise a blush on the cheek of friendship; but, however alive to all the horrors of my desperate situation, I confess it is not yet in my power to relinquish the pleasures of your correspondence—in endeavouring to preserve which, indeed, I am perhaps only adding weight to an impending blow, that will cut deeper than any I have already endured. I own that I have experienced (and I am vain of the recollection) the strongest testimonies of your valuable regard; but alas! how am I to expect that you will exceed the measure of benevolent constancy allotted to mortals, and deign to patronise one rejected by all the rest of the world? Had I paid proper attention to many conversations which have passed between you and Anacharsis, I should never have been reduced to this wretched predicament; but, proud of my own wisdom, I undervalued the experience of others,

and now suffer the punishment of my folly, without one consolatory reflection to alleviate my miserable doom. I cannot hope ever again to appear in public circles, for the scorn of the women and the triumphal insults of the men are insupportable, and how can a person driven from society look for domestic comforts? The memory of what I have so imprudently lost will haunt me night and day—strew my pillow with thorns, and convert the little *lares* of my hearth into grinning spectres, who will deride my irredeemable fortune! Will it not be better then, at once, my dear Keppel, to desire you not to write to me any more? Will it not be more generous to take the first step towards breaking that pleasing bond of friendship which your benevolent disposition may perhaps make you shrink from? Is it not my bounden duty—all contagion, death, and ruin as I am, an object at which Nature sickens—spontaneously to relinquish that darling tie? Oh me! I fear, I fear it is; and yet, when I consider myself driven to such a dire extremity, how hateful becomes the very sun, the light of day to my tearful eyes! O that those lofty mountains which surround would fall upon my drooping head, and bury me under their rocks and forests! O that those glittering waves of the Solway, which seem to smile at my woes, would swell beyond their wonted limits and engulf me, my misfortunes, and my memory for ever!

But I have too long left you in suspense respecting the nature of my calamity. Grief is generally loquacious, and it is natural to forbear from telling the horrid truth at once. Learn then why I am looked upon as a monster, no longer fit to converse with my fellow-creatures. Know, O thou compassionate friend (for, spite of my errors, I am certain you will sympathise), the full extent of my misery—

“Hear, hell, and tremble!”—

I have lost an eye-tooth!!! . . .

I hear very regularly from the Queen-mother,<sup>1</sup> who seems in excellent spirits, tho' still provoked with the badness of the climate—and she has reason. You live under a milder sky; and tho' you may be subject to the plague and other slight distempers incident to a fiery climate, are pretty secure as to your eye-teeth. . . .

Skeffington, you may have heard, is married, but to whom I have not as yet been able to find out. I now firmly believe the tale of all Jupiter's amours under the various forms of flesh, fish, and fowl, and also the legend of Pasiphae, seeing that he hath found a woman who can suffer herself to be beloved by him. As a pretty pendant to this hymeneal picture, behold, bound in chains of faded artificial flowers and ribbands restored with cream-of-tartar, Lady Margaret Fordyce in the arms of Sir W. B. Burgess!

“Tottering they came, and toying, odious scene,” &c.

The MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

BRAND. HOUSE, 28th Dec. [1812].

No news from the wandering Prince. Berkeley told me he was to come in March, which month I dread. I should think, by all accounts, that you are much gayer in Scotland than we are in England. Miss Welsley is married to a very rich young Mr Lytleton,<sup>2</sup> and young John Madocks<sup>3</sup> is to be married to a Miss Aclan, who is an immense fortune for him. This is all the news I know, except that Skeffington is a great friend of Betty's, and admires his acting, which I do not.

<sup>1</sup> The Margravine of Anspach.

<sup>2</sup> E. J. Walhouse, who took the name of Littleton, and was created Lord Hatherton, married, 1812, Hyacinthe Mary, daughter of Marquess Wellesley.

<sup>3</sup> John Madocks, son of J. E. Madocks by his first wife, married, 1817, Sidney, daughter of Abraham Robartes.

It is the fashion for every one to have violent coughs, and I am in that fashion. My brother the Admiral has bought a nice house in S. Audley Street, where he and his wife, Lady Emily, are coming to stay. I suppose the treatment he has received from Ministers will come out if Lord Wellington returns not *well* pleased, which, I suppose, must be the case if, as I suppose too, his frisk to Madrid was by orders from hence.

You must expect to have nothing but dull politics from me, for I hear nothing else; but I shall hope the spring will bring you and some other exotics to cheer us.

I only write now to say I am alive, and always wish to hear from you.—Believe me yours sincerely,  
ELIZABETH, &c.

ALEXANDER SINCLAIR, Esq.,<sup>1</sup> to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

EDINBURGH, *Jan.* 19, 1813.

DEAR COUSIN,—I called upon you early on that morning on which this city was deprived of your love-inspiring and delight-creating presence, to inquire whether you had been *able* to depart after your exertions at the promenade. The whole company pitied you, which, I hope, will help to console you for the burdensome burden you bore. I suppose you left Auld Reekie at so unfashionable an hour, being unwilling that your gay companions of the night before should witness the equipage in which the elegant Sharpe had taken his departure. But to return to Corri's, I regretted, and still regret, that I had no opportunity of talking to you for a few minutes and wishing you adieu, little foreseeing that it might have been eternal!!! A letter from William Elphinstone,<sup>2</sup> one of the directors, arrived about

<sup>1</sup> Second son of Sir John Sinclair, Bart. of Ulbster, afterwards in the Bengal Civil Service of the H.E.I.C.

<sup>2</sup> Third son of Charles, tenth Lord Elphinstone.

an hour after you set off, with the information that I am to sail for the East *this spring*. I leave home and return to College in about a week, and am never more to return, or, at least, not for many, many years. Can anything be more distressing!! One of my few comforts in that distant clime will be hearing from you, and hoping to see you and all my other friends again.

I shall give you something more agreeable—an account of the Queen's assembly. There was a complete turn-out of the whole beauty, RANK, and fashion of Edinburgh and its vicinity. To begin where I ought—there were Lord and Lady Caithness and Berriedale, all looking divine. Their lordships were both in regimentals, and her ladyship in elegant white. Lady Buchan was queen, in all the majesty of a scarlet velvet gown. General and Lady Matilda Wynyard, and *your friend* Johnstone, who cut a conspicuous enough figure, and whose spirits had been elevated to rather an unusual height by pouring an unusual quantity down. For the first time I had a pretty long conversation, in which I discovered him to be what will lower him considerably in your eyes, and what you would call a barbarian. He said he hated parties, and only was dragged to them, and particularly last night by the General. The sports of the field were to his taste, and nothing would please him better than to get a *gamekeeper's* place in a *reputable* family. I told him that I thought none would suit him better than Mr *Sharpe's*, whose last one, a very promising young man, had been killed by the bursting of his gun when firing into a covey of pheasants, of which there were great plenty in that part of Dumfriesshire. He was quite delighted with the proposal, and begged to be immediately introduced to you, and was sorry to hear that you had left town. He said he flattered himself he would make an *unkimmon good* one, and would leave the army as soon as he was appointed. He said a great deal more to the same effect, which he begged I would write to you, and get an answer as soon as possible.

Sir David<sup>1</sup> and Lady Baird made a resplendent figure,—he with his two stars, and she with a blaze of diamonds. Lady Calthorpe,<sup>2</sup> Misses Calthorpe and Curzon, if they knew who I was, will bear me a grudge. Their carriage drove up to the door, and as they were not ready, I made it pass on to make way for ours. No sooner was it gone—

“Than, lo, amid the crowd upreared,  
Gradual a moving band appeared,  
And hackney-coachmen knew  
'Twas Lady Calthorpe (name revered),  
The foremost of the crew.”

The most showy personage was Lady Drummond:<sup>3</sup> she looked as if a whole jeweller's shop had been expended upon her. Nevertheless, I had the honour of conducting her round the room and pointing out the beauties—such as Miss Macleod, Miss Clavering, and particularly Mrs Scott Moncrieff, the late beautiful Miss Macdonald of Auchindinny and Chattachan. She, however, showed her bad taste, I think, in not admiring them more, and in seeming to prefer Miss Callendar. On the whole, there were more elegant and distinguished people than usual, but unfortunately fewer *figures*. Trotter of Dreghorn and Innes of Stow had light-green coats, like some of the parroquets in the new importation of wild beasteses.

It will be supervacaneous to give you a list of the parties in prospective, as you are as well acquainted with them as I am. I shall therefore conclude by subscribing myself your sincere friend and affect<sup>l</sup> relation,

ALEXANDER SINCLAIR.

<sup>1</sup> First Baronet, the hero of Seringapatam.

<sup>2</sup> Frances, youngest daughter of General Benjamin Carpenter.

<sup>3</sup> Lady Amelia Murray, daughter of the fourth Duke of Athole, married to Mr Drummond of Strathallan, afterwards Viscount Strathallan, in 1809.

Earl GOWER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

LONDON, Jan. 20, 1813.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I am glad to hear from Edin<sup>bg</sup>. that you are not yet gone to the Elysian fields, but that you are enjoying the keen breezes and keen wit of that city.

I trust you have at last safely received "the Book," w<sup>h</sup>. I understand is at length fairly finished. I have not yet seen it, as I have been out of town on visits for a few days, and only returned this ev<sup>g</sup>. I just heard a few days ago that some copies were shipped for here. He desired Constable to send you another copy besides y<sup>r</sup>. own, for the marginal illustrations you were so good as to intend for me. If my collection of prints are to illustrate another copy, it w<sup>d</sup>. be fair that the one you adorn sh<sup>d</sup>. at least have the advantage of the copies of the portraits you have sent me. What do you think about it?

Now for an event in the family, making an *epoch* in my life.

I am *not* going to marry—far from it; but I am going to leave Cleveland House, and establish myself on my own bottom in a small house I have taken in Curzon St<sup>h</sup> for 24 years, where I mean to be extremely comfortable: not that I am not so here, but it is pleasant to have one's own peculiar home. One advantage I hope to have in it is a spare bedroom, w<sup>h</sup>. I should be most happy to offer to you if you sh<sup>d</sup>. be able to pay London a visit this spring, and you will find it a tolerably snug little room (something like mine at Ecclefechan), in which you can repose, and go in and out it as you like, without our being of any annoyance to one another, or in any danger of quarrelling. I shall get into my house on the 15th of next month.

I have read 'Rokeby,' e piu non dico. I don't think the rest of the world will be so discreet.

Roger's Columbus is but a mouse indeed, but of a very singular shape and formation. Non occorrendo mi altro che dico alla S. V. faro fine.—Yours very truly, G.

ALEXANDER SINCLAIR, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

E. I. COLLEGE, *Feb.* 8, 1813.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Your excellent letter was worthy of a prompter reply, and it should undoubtedly have received its due had it not been for the bustle my unexpectedly early departure had occasioned. Now, however, that I am settled for some time at college,<sup>1</sup> I hasten to take up my pen and remunerate you for your agreeable epistle as well as my feeble efforts will admit of. And first to answer your question about the situation of this place: it stands nineteen miles from London, on the *Hertford* road, and two miles from the latter town. Need I assure you that a visit from you, at this dull and stupid spot, w<sup>d</sup>. afford me the most lively satisfaction, and operate as balm to my afflicted mind. I shall now sit like Patience on a monument till you come; and shall hail the time with joy that brings Kirkpatrick to my longing sight as friend, as cousin, or as courteous knight! I shall promise you a good Scotch breakfast, with a hearty welcome.

Though my stay in Edinburgh appeared to *me* at least but too short, I found that I had transgressed most heinously, particularly in not writing to the Principal, that I was to go to the eastern hemisphere sooner than either he or I were aware. He is rather inclined to be choleric; so when one of those friends in need who are friends indeed told him, by way of making my peace, that I had written to another of the professors with whom he has long been on terms not the most friendly, he flew into the most violent rage. Like some

<sup>1</sup> Haileybury.

of my friends, however, he has fortunately a great predilection for anything in the shape of a *coronet*, which operates like magic upon him in appeasing those storms of otherwise inextinguishable wrath. On this occasion my father's *patent* sufficed to quell the *principal* part of his rage.

I fear much that *our friend* Berriedale is going to help himself to a rib, regardless of one of your necessary ingredients, just a drap o' gude blood. What say you to a *pagan* Earl of Caithness? I think he will blot out all the crimes of his ancestors, if so heinous a sin be committed as introducing such blood into their veins. She has plenty of the needful to buy herself another name and a pedigree. In short, there appears to be some chance of his espousing Miss Pagan of York Place. God forbid! say I. What do you?

You will probably have seen that Lord Minto's services have been rewarded by creating him an earl. A lucky man! first to get an appointment by which he makes his fortune, and then gets a title as a reward for holding the office.

We met John Kemble at Morpeth, on his way to the Edinburgh stage. He amused us excessively by his never-ending anecdotes. He told us one of the way in which Lord Milford<sup>1</sup> got his title, which was curious. He had supported Lord North's Administration for many years without asking for anything whatever, which the Minister thought so *extraordinarily disinterested* that he called and begged to know if there was anything in which he c<sup>d</sup>. oblige him. He was answered that he wanted nothing, but that if he really wished to do him a service he sh<sup>d</sup>. like to be allowed to pass thro' the Horse Guards. Lord North found this was impossible to procure, and called again and expressed his regret that he c<sup>d</sup>. not obtain the desired permission, but if an *Irish peerage* w<sup>d</sup>. be any object— Oh! he should consider it as a very great obligation. Consequently, Gen<sup>l</sup>. Philips is now Lord Milford.

<sup>1</sup> General Sir Richard Phillips of Picton, first and last Lord Milford.

I was entertained at Biggleswade with the answer of a post-boy. We had been scolding him for having driven us particularly slow. He said his horses had just come in from grass, and, to say the truth, he did not like to hurry them.

I was lately paying a visit at a Mr Smith's, M.P. for Norwich. I found that the whole family had been viewing a stag-hunt with Wellesley Pole's hounds. They said that when they saw him they felt a strong inclination to vociferate—

“ Bless every man possessed of aught to give ;  
Long may Long Tylney Wellesley Long Pole live.”<sup>1</sup>

It will not surprise you to hear that they are going to separate. She w<sup>d</sup> have done wisely to have married you, and got you created *Earl Tylney*.

Pray write me soon and tell me when you will come, that I may prepare everything for you ; and meantime, believe me to be most sincerely your affect<sup>t</sup> friend and cousin,

ALEXR. SINCLAIR.

E. B. IMPEY, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

WEYMOUTH, *Feb.* 15, 1813.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—We are losing sight of each other apace. Where you may be, or what you have been about for the last year and a half, whether you be alive or dead, single or married, I profess myself to be as ignorant as, no doubt, you are in all these particulars concerning me. To clear up all these doubts as far as they relate to myself, and to elicit a like elucidation of the mysteries of Hoddam Castle, are the two principal objects of this letter. And first of the first, as touching myself, it is high time that you should be informed—if you have any doubts on that head—that I am still a very sober, single, middle-aged gentleman, not likely yet

<sup>1</sup> ‘ Rejected Addresses.’

awhile to emerge from the happy state of bachelours; that, notwithstanding all reports that you may have heard to the contrary, I am residing, and have been ever since we parted, on this side of the Atlantic Ocean—although, about this time last year, I had carried my project of emigration so far into execution as to have taken my passage on board a fruit-ship bound to St Michael's, in the Azores, from which voyage I was prevented by sundry fortuitous accidents too tedious, and now too obsolete, to relate; that ever since I have been riding, as it is said, from pillar to post in search of what still eludes my pursuit. In one out of many wild-goose chases which I have lately taken for the benefit of my health—which is, alas! no longer of much benefit to me—I took a trip last spring to the island of Jersey, where, in my accustom'd *poco-curante* style, I found much to abuse, and little, except the beauty of the country, to admire. The natives—who are justly classed by some naturalists more skilled than Linnæus under the genus of *Bufo versicolor cum ventribus maculosis*—are a set of reptiles too disgusting to admit of description on this modest page. I remained there two months, and, making my best bow to Messieurs les Crapauds, returned in August by Southampton, shortly after which I joined my mother and fair sister at Cheltenham, where, as I knew it to be a place frequently honoured with your visits, I directed my inquiries concerning you, but, alas! in vain. I met with nobody but the M'Cleods who had ever seen you. This was a sad disappointment. My mamma was the gayest of the gay at this nucleus of fashion, and it would have been no little triumph to me could I have exhibited to you all her grandeur and hospitality. As for myself, my chief amusement there was writing prologues and epilogues, for which you know I have a wonderful talent. These were recited with some success by his Majesty's company of comedians, under the direction of Mr Watson, and afterwards published for the benefit of the poor players, who *entre nous*, derived no profit whatever from the

sale, and that for the best reason in the world, because no purchasers except myself could be found, though everybody concurred in rapturously applauding my performances. Seriously, had you been within reach, I should have put down your name for half-a-dozen copies. As it is, I have reserved one, which, when we meet, you may have for the trouble of reading the title-page, and at the expense of your veracity should you affirm that you have proceeded beyond. From Cheltenham I made my *délogement* in November, and have been here ever since, I think improving rather in health by dint of strict temperance and moderate society. I am in a small sheltered lodging with a spare bed for a friend, but the latter has lately become so rare a commodity, that I fear it must be dreadfully damp for want of airing. As for acquaintance, of them there is no dearth; and who, think ye, among others, is here? The Honble. Majr. Henry Lygon, of the 16th Lt. Drags.—“Money’s no matter to me.” He is grown prodigiously fine to ev’rybody else but me, whom he honours with his patronage and protection. We dine together pretty constantly, and talk over old Ch. Ch. stories, in which, you may rely upon it, you are not spared. *Yr. friend* Val. Jones has lately been here in quality of aid-de-camp to the Genl. of the district. Fancy a Bantam of the China breed buttoned up to the chin in scarlet, surmounted with a cocked-hat and a prodigious plume of feathers, and you will be at no loss to execute his portrait. One good trait of him, however, I must mention, and that in earnest. He spoke with such signs of unaffected contrition about his having been formerly at variance with you, that he convinced me, as I hope he already has you, of his sincerity. When I tell you that Wood and Conybeare are both, or shortly will be, married, you will be possessed of all I know of our ancient *comrogues*. I must not close this without entreating you to undertake a commission for me, and that with as much circumspection as the nature of the business requires. It has lately come to the

knowledge of our family that the present representative of the Frasers<sup>1</sup> (whoever he may be) is adopting as his heir a very distant—*if any*—relation. Now I wish you, by y<sup>r</sup>. skill in genealogy, to discover whether we have not a nearer claim to the inheritance. All that I know amounts only to this— which may, however, be a sufficient clue to your researches— viz., that my grandmother, Martha Fraser, was first cousin to Simon, Lord Lovat, who was beheaded. I do not know how far the Act of attainder may affect the lineal descent of property, but it is certainly worth inquiring about, and you will confer a great favour on me by directing your thoughts to this question. You may have discovered my foible—if such it be in your mind—a great affectation of the admixture of Scottish blood in my veins, to say nothing of a trifling preference for landed or any other description of property, which, could it ever in this instance descend to the present representatives of our family, might by no very improbable casualty fall into the possession of the second son—y<sup>r</sup>. humble servant. Write to me on this and other subjects, and let us once more take sweet counsel together. I shall remain here two months longer from this date; but should this letter meet with any delays, for I direct to you at random, you may address to me at my mother's, No. 23 Baker Street, Portman Square. Jamque vale. —I am, and ever will be, y<sup>r</sup>. affectionate friend,

E. B. IMPEY.

The MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH TO C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

Your delightfull letter deserves an expeditious answer. First, many thanks; then all the news I can tell you. What relates to myself is of the most *lugubre* kind. I have been confined to the house five weeks with illness. I go into

<sup>1</sup> Colonel Archibald Fraser, the last of the Beaufort family.

crapes for the M<sup>s</sup>. of Buckingham to-morrow, and my brother the Admiral is by no means as well as I wish him. There is no news from Keppel. *Juger si mes idées sont couleur de rose.*

The whole world, and the person it interests most, is talking only of the P<sup>s</sup>. of Wales's letter, and it is said much pains is taking to make a *finale* of that which *I* think, if it could have been ended, would have been many years ago. *Apropos* to years, Chandos House<sup>1</sup>; most of the rooms had not been opened for twenty-five years, and one of them contained all the crazy Duchess's Court dresses, which were not tarnished. So much for family quarrels—beside the poor lady being exhibited in a coach-in-four every day, hail, rain, or shine, for years before she died. I think your resolution of coming to us, and your devotion to my countenance, equally charming; but expect *wrinkles* and all the effects of time. The effects of modern education and too much seclusion is a young heiress flinging a glass of wine in her governess's face, and a chicken at her grandmother, our gracious Q——. I am told the world treats the Russian ambassador's lady<sup>2</sup> as if she was a princess. Now, in a print called '*Le Monde Renverse,*' the same world certainly w<sup>d</sup>. treat a princess as if she was a dog. I have a granddaughter, Eliza Madocks,<sup>3</sup> going to be married to a Mr Blackburn; so I shall be a greater curiosity—soon, perhaps, a great-grandmother. I shall read no more of Walter unless you recommend, for he has spun out his thread to rags. The world will have it that tho' Lord Byron<sup>4</sup> has long left the university, he remains at Oxford, where he is heartily

<sup>1</sup> Chandos House, on the north side of Cavendish Square.

<sup>2</sup> Madame de Lieven.—C. K. S.

<sup>3</sup> Daughter of J. E. Madocks, Esq., by Lady Elizabeth Craven (his second wife); married Edward Blackburn, Chief-Justice of the Mauritius.

<sup>4</sup> Lord Byron, at Oxford,—alludes to his intrigue with Lady Oxford.—C. K. S.

welcomed. I have seen Lady Malpas.<sup>1</sup> She is pretty, and neither looks bold or affected. L. S. M. brought her here. Adieu.—Y<sup>rs</sup>.

BRAND. HOUSE, 17th Feb. 1813.

The MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

CLEVELAND HOUSE, March 22, 1813.

I heard with much concern, my dear Mr Sharpe, of the very sudden and melancholy event in your family.<sup>2</sup> I hope Mrs Sharpe is as well as could be expected after so severe a shock. I beg you will take some opportunity of mentioning to her how much I felt for her and for you. Your father's age was such as to have afforded the prospect of a much longer life, which must if possible make the affliction of his family the more deeply felt, and I wish much to hear that they have been enabled to bear this sudden misfortune at least without injury to their health. I also wish to know as much as you will tell me respecting your own situation and plans, and shall be glad to learn that the latter give some hopes of my seeing you in this part of the world. I hope to be in Scotland in summer. At present I am uneasy about a sort of mutiny that has broke out in one part of Sutherland, in consequence of our new plans having made it necessary to transplant some of the inhabitants to the sea-coast from the more inland parts. The same plan has succeeded in other parts of the estate, but the people in one parish resist it, which I fear has rendered it necessary for the sheriff who went to quiet them to send for the assistance of the military. I trust their appearance may be sufficient, but it is necessary not to give way to the disposition they showed to acts of

<sup>1</sup> Lady Malpas was a Miss Campbell, daughter to the Governor of Gibraltar.—C. K. S.

<sup>2</sup> Death of Mr Sharpe of Hoddam.

violence, as, if that were not repressed, not only our property but that of various neighbouring proprietors w<sup>d</sup>. be in danger of similar disturbance. The people who are refractory on this occasion are a part of the *Clan Gun*, so often mentioned by Sir Robert Gordon, who live by distilling whisky, and are unwilling to quit that occupation for a life of industry of a different sort which was proposed to them.

I wish to mention a circumstance to you in which I think you will take some interest. Sir James Mackintosh, of whom you have no doubt heard as a person distinguished for ability and talent, is about to write a continuation of Hume's History of England, which he means to bring down as low as 1790. He is at present collecting materials for this work, which excites a general interest and expectation. He has received great assistance from the P. of Wales, who gives him access to the Stewart papers which the P. has lately obtained from Italy; L<sup>d</sup>. Hardwicke supplies him with his valuable collection of papers; L<sup>d</sup>. Glenberrie tells me he has got for him from L<sup>d</sup>. Chichester the correspondence of the *Minister* Duke of Newcastle. He wishes much to know if there is any correspondence or papers of the *Union* Duke of Queensberry; and as it occurred to me that there are collections of that sort at Hoddam Castle, you might perhaps induce your brother, Gen<sup>l</sup>. Sharpe, to allow him to have the benefit of access to them, which w<sup>d</sup>. be of great consequence: or if there are any such in the possession of the Buccleugh family, or anywhere else, you could perhaps suggest the means of attaining this object, which is really an important one, as from Sir J. Mackintosh's genius and character, much is expected from this work.

London is more full and gay, if possible, than usual. A great many foreigners from Russia, &c., parlant bon anglais-russe. The P<sup>rss</sup>. of W., unfortunately for all parties, affords a subject for conversation, as you will see by the papers; but after all the discussions on this subject, it appears to be "a

most unfinishable adventure," and nobody knows what to make of it. L<sup>y</sup>. Anne Hamilton has drawn her sword and her pen in defence of her royal mistress, and I hear the Princess calls her "her Pucelle d'Orleans."

I am glad to hear you like our large old book: it is written with great appearance of sagacity, and does credit by the printing, &c., to the Scotch press, so I have forgiven Constable for being so long about it. Adieu.—I hope to hear from you soon, and beg you to believe me, my dear Mr Sharpe,  
most truly yours,  
E. S. S.

The MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH TO C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

I got your letter, in which I find you have a distress, if, les soins d'une bonne mère peut vous consoler vous les trouverez dans mon estime pour vous. Faites en usage quand il vous plaira. Voilà donc les Allemands qui finissent par où ils duraient avoir commencés Dieu veuille que tout ceci nous ouvre la porte d'une cage rendue insupportable par les cuniaux et *les jolis canards* qui regnent sur tout le pays.

Albinia<sup>1</sup> means to give another breakfast in May or June. She has written *d'avance* to me to do something gay for her. You will come, then, and you'll hear me recite the abominations I have been a witness to. I tremble *d'avance* at the effect of this climate upon Kep., for those who live in it are, or have been, all ill. I cannot recover my voice. I consent to the effects and the ravages of time, but not to be martyred by the stupid inventions of false calculators; for it is a very false calculation to imagine money can purchase health injured by constant cold damp.

I am just told the D. of Brunswick is dead. I hear another great old lady<sup>2</sup> is very tottering in her health. What mourn-

<sup>1</sup> Albinia, Lady Buckinghamshire.

<sup>2</sup> Queen Charlotte.—C. K. S.

ing! I hear of my "First of May" being murdered everywhere. They gallop through it, and leave no time for grace and expression—sole merits of that trifle.—Believe me yours,  
&c.,  
E.

Madame de Staël is in Russia—coming here *engoué* of England, which she thinks perfection.

23d March 1813.

The MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

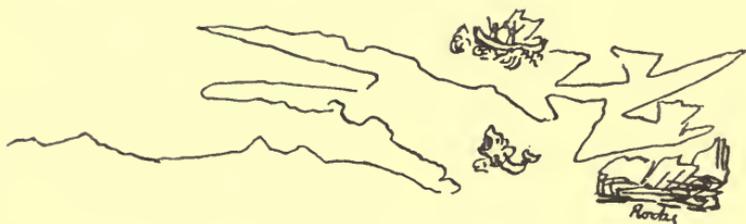
RICHMOND, April 19, 1813.

I communicated what you were so good as to say, my dear Mr Sharpe, in answer to my queries respecting Queensberry Papers. Sir James Mackintosh is desirous of seeing your Papers and of being acquainted with yourself, and he wishes to avail himself of the aid you were so kind as to promise in assisting in procuring materials, should they come in your way. You will, I think, be much pleased with him, he has so much *tact* and agreeable conversation, besides the essential and solid merits of great talent; and I am much pleased, in seeing him, to view the perfection to which one of the true Catti may be brought by being forced out of his native hills and obliged to exert himself,—for had it not been for loyalty to the Stuarts his family w<sup>d</sup> have remained where it was, and be probably striking bargains for cattle at the Falkirk Tryst, like many other Highland gentlemen, instead of being what he now is. I therefore hope when you come to town you will let me introduce him to you, and that you will afford him what assistance you can on a subject with which you are so well acquainted as English and Scotch history. By the account in your letter of your own affairs, I am concerned to find they are not what could be wished; but I trust I shall soon have an opportunity of talking more fully on the

subject with yourself. We shall be in town in a week, and you will probably arrive soon after that time. I thought I would write a few words to secure your bringing the letters with you.—Believe me very truly yours,  
E. S. S.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to the COUNTESS OF MANSFIELD.<sup>1</sup>

Tho' your witch, on Lord Stormont's kite, could set the violence of the winds at defiance, those terrible blasts had wellnigh put Miss Murray and me astride upon the back of a Queensferry dolphin, or placed us at dinner in the stomach of a whale. She must long ere this have transmitted to you an account of our aquatic perils, else I should enlarge upon the howling of the winds and the roaring of the waves, the cruel descent of the rain, and the merciless ambition of the mud. I might relate how our boat went thus—



how we were trod upon by the rude hoofs of sailors and carriers' horses, hanged in the cordage, brained by the mast, and buried in the filth at the bottom of the vessel; how the fate of Ophelia, Rosabelle, Sir Patrick Spens, and Lycidas, ran violently in our heads, while our hearts were somewhat supported by the hanging face of (I believe) my Lord Provost of Inverkeithing, the tail of a stout bull-dog (which is of rare significance in swimming), and the true heroism of a new-

<sup>1</sup> Frederica, daughter of Dr Markham, Archbishop of York, wife of William, third Earl of Mansfield.

married couple passing towards Edin., who seemed as easy as if the sweet breath of Favonius had swelled our sail, and the god of Love himself sat perched upon the rudder. But to relate this in detail would now be stale and unprofitable, so your ladyship shall be spared from what in verse would far outdo the storm in Virgil, or even Miss Seward's horrors that she whips up around the North Pole, &c., &c.

HODDAM CASTLE, 22 April 1813.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to the MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH.

It appears that everybody is vastly exalted by the present situation of things, and that Buonaparte is looked upon in the light of poor King Priam after the destruction of Troy—"a headless body, and a nameless thing;" but, dear madam, I still fear another reverse, even tho' Mad. de Staël hath taken pen in hand to rouse the energies of the whole male creation. We have long understood that she has fixed upon Edin. as the favoured scene of her future life, as the abode of solid learning and true philosophy, as exemplified in the writings and conversation of our most celebrated Scottish Professors, and now I hear that she is to arrive directly; but from the *mala fama* attached to her principles and general tone of discourse, I think the magistrates of the good town should certainly forbid her landing at Leith; she might be permitted to repair to that conspicuous rock, the Bass, which emerges from the Firth, and there, at the very pinnacle, assume the character of Fame personified. But still, even in that situation, she might contrive to do harm to the commonwealth at large—she might teach the solan geese to make horned owls of their ganders, and, what is still worse, disdain the vulgar occupation of hatching their own eggs!

*Apropos*, the swans of Caiyster will be outdone in melody should an egg crown the amours of a certain masculine Philo-

mela with a fair cignet of the Cherwell and of the Isis.<sup>1</sup> But that bird seems doomed to perform a higher rôle than she has hitherto discharged, so all her progeny now may prove eagles. How can any person of delicacy patronise *halting* feet in love affairs, however smoothly the feet of rhyme may move? I cannot understand it. But then I am not a lady; and the devices of the sons of Ericthonius (who invented the chariot to hide his serpent-tail) may be more numerous and effectual than my rustic ignorance hath any notion of.

I wonder if we are to have a certain great lady<sup>2</sup> put over her husband by the mob and made Protectress! Then one may expect a murder like that which polluted the Castle of your Highness's ancestors;<sup>3</sup> but it will be easier in the execution, for one of his own horns will be at hand, and Sir Francis<sup>4</sup> may use his long nose for a poker. Am I writing treason?

H. CASTLE, 25th April 1813.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to E. B. IMPEY, Esq.

As to Cheltenham, I wish to the Loves, the Graces, and Hygeia, that I had been lucky enough to have met with you there; but I have been freezing in Scotland for ages, which may in some sort account for the oblivion into which I am fallen around those salubrious springs, where, indeed, I knew, and was known to, but the woodcock birds of passage like myself. That the redoubted clan of Colbecks remembered me at all was a miracle. The only person thereabouts who once knew me well is that patriarch, old Sir Robert Herries, who is so destroyed in memory, such a monument of forgetfulness, that I am convinced, were he but once to make water

<sup>1</sup> An allusion to Lord Byron and Lady Oxford.

<sup>2</sup> The Princess of Wales.

<sup>3</sup> The murder of Edward II. at Berkeley Castle.

<sup>4</sup> Sir Francis Burdett.

in the well, the Cheltenham liquid would acquire the properties of Lethe.

Talking of antiquity, there is just one passage in your letter that shocks me—that about your being a middle-aged man. Middle-aged, indeed! I am about your age, and I never mention middles. But now you run on that, you will certainly marry soon. For me, I pretend to be quite young and fresh still, and can't remember anything ten or a dozen years back. I am glad, however, old as you are, that you still cultivate your muse, and I shall take much pleasure in perusing those morsels which you composed for the needy sons of Thespis when at Cheltenham. Since I have been in Scotland, I have witnessed the sad condemnation of a most notable tragedy, written by Sir George Mackenzie of Coul,<sup>1</sup> Kt. Bt. Sir George, having little to do in the Highlands, took a trip to Iceland, and on his return, not only published a quarto tour, but brought an Iceland tragedy of his own composing on the Edin. stage. It was entitled and called Helga, who is a young lady with two lovers: these lovers fight till they are weary, and one calls for a mouthful of water, which the other bringing, like a fool, he stabs him in the guts, and then says, "How do you do?" which made us laugh till we wept—the proper end of tragedy. Helga says to her confidante, "Let us retire, my dear, and drink some milk!" and we all expected to see the scene draw, and Lady Mackenzie's Iceland cow eating a salt fish (according to the country fashion), in imitation of the Drury Lane elephant; but no quadruped appeared, which put the spectators in ill-humour, so that they would not suffer Helga to go stark mad at last (though she came on screaming, with her hair about her ears), and damned the whole production with innumerable shouts and hisses. Alas, poor Helga!

"She left that name at which Tom Thumb grew pale,  
To point a pasquil and"——

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<sup>1</sup> Sir George Steuart Mackenzie, F.R.S., born 1780, died 1848.

I can't parody the rest, as it would tempt me to be immodest.

. . . And now I talk of incest, I think of your news respecting Captn. Jones, who debauched both the daughters of my scout at Oxford. I may say with Proteus in the *Two Gen. of Verona*, "Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold." I remember him a fat, merry, not very clever, Jack-pudding at Ch. Ch., a great favourite of that extinguished light, Dean Jackson, in the gay set, and on no ceremony with your humble servant. By-and-by the scene changed. In London we met again; but there I was *the scholar armed* with many Peers and Honourables—according to Fulvia—"with those that made and can unmake a Dean." Alas! my dear Impey, it was the glare of coronets and jewels, that poorest of all poor brilliance, which threw a new light upon my perfections to the eyes of an old tuft-hunter and a fresh banker's clerk. . . .

HODDAM CASTLE, 27 April 1813.

Earl GOWER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

DUNROBIN, July 12, 1813.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—Tho' I don't know how to direct to you, I shall let this take its chance of finding you at Bury St. or of being sent after you. I must begin with Mackenzie, who, it is much wished here, should, if possible, be persuaded of the little use that any applications will be of on a certain subject, though everybody has really a very great esteem for him. Yet it won't do; and L<sup>y</sup>. S. desires me to tell you that she wishes you would send somebody that could do better. Further, it is hoped that he does not mean to pay a long visit (if he must pay any), as he is considered a great proser; but seriously, don't give him any encouragement, as it will only give him unnecessary plague, and make him give it to others.

The Kildonan rioters are quite settled: above 100 have gone to Orkney, ready to embark in the Lord Selkirk, and their families are to be continued for a year. But now we have as furious a riot on another subject in Assynt, on the west coast, about the settling a minister—as they refused to have one that was sent to them, took possession of the kirk, armed with bludgeons, and, to the number of 150 or 200, maltreated our factor and the clergyman, and drove them entirely out of the country, and have since expressed their regrets at letting the factor go off alive.

They are now summoned to Dornoch, and it is supposed they will either refuse to come or will come in a large body; and in case they sh<sup>d</sup>. think of taking this in their way, the cannon that you see in the drawings are cleaning, and fire-arms for the servants are collected. The 19th is the day w<sup>h</sup> they are summoned to attend—so that any civil war or siege of the castle will take place either before or at that time, and be over before you come—so don't be deterred, as we are very desirous to see you. I arrived here on Saturday about 3 o'clock, I having left London at 11 on the Sunday before, travelled 670 miles, w<sup>h</sup> was very good going, to speak elegantly. If you receive this in Bury St<sup>h</sup>, and sh<sup>d</sup>. happen to write immediately, direct to Dornoch, where I shall be as usual for the next fortnight with the militia. After that I shall be here again.—Y<sup>rs</sup>. very truly, G.

Lord GRANVILLE CHARLES HENRY SOMERSET<sup>1</sup> to C.  
KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

BADMINTON, *Sunday, Aug. 1, 1813.*

MY DEAR SHARPE,—For your letter which I yesterday received I return you my most sincere thanks, since it had the

<sup>1</sup> Second son of the sixth Duke of Beaufort, born 1792; M.P. for Monmouthshire, 1816; Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, 1841; died 1848.

good effect of setting me upon an enquiry with respect to your book of drawings, which, owing to the stupidity of the servants in London, had never met my eyes; and, indeed, to confess the truth, I thought some mistake had taken place on the subject. Owing to this negligence, and to that only, did I purloin your property for so great a length of time, and no wonder were you so apprehensive of its being lost, when no tidings were to be heard of it in London, and I was departed thence. However, it arrived here very safely, and on being excited by your epistle, I made a grand stir and found it classed as a *music* book. We have now availed ourselves of your kind permission, and have taken the picture of Worcester *à la* Hussar, intending (*te volente*) to keep it until he returns from Portugal, and by that means we are enabled to have one drawn of him, and then to restore it to you, its rightful possessor, not thinking it proper to rob you entirely of the fruits of your toil. As I trust W.'s return will not be much beyond Christmas, I flatter myself, when we meet the following spring, to give you undamaged the produce of your labour. My father desires me to express to you his thanks, in which I most cordially unite, and am very sorry you have had so much trouble with respect to the matter, which I am afraid I have not lessened by writing you a long letter of explanations. Your book sets off this day for London, and the porter will, if he be yet recovered from the state of stupor occasioned by the routs, balls, &c., in that class of society, deliver it to you in the course of to-morrow or the Tuesday morning early, at your apartments. Tarpley is gone on an expedition to Northamptonshire, thus leaving an opportunity, not often to be regained, to the *big* wigs of regaling themselves among the few damsels who will venture to make their appearance during his absence.—Ever y<sup>rs</sup>. truly,

GRANVILLE HENRY SOMERSET.

E. B. IMPEY to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

BROADSTAIRS, *Aug.* 23, 1813.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I should have had great pleasure in executing your commission had I been in London when it arrived. It was forwarded from thence to Broadstairs, where we have been but a few days. I return an immediate answer, that you may the more expeditiously employ some other agent, as you talk of leaving England so soon. Meantime I have destroyed the draught at the end of your letter, notwithstanding its being of no use from your having neglected to write upon a stamp, which is necessary for the payment of every order above the value of forty shillings—a provision enforced by a considerable penalty both on the drawer and drawee. My mother desires me to return you her best thanks for the portrait enclosed in your letter. She is much struck with the likeness, and *ravie* by the execution altogether, and intends to give it as distinguished a place among her cabinet of curiosities as Rachel Burton did the picture of Lygon, with Wrottesley's poetry at the foot of it. We are living here in an absolute desert—a mere fishing-town, at the distance of three miles from Ramsgate, and in a parallel latitude relatively to Margate. All three places are supplied with the choicest company by the overflowings of the London Hoy thrice a-week. You may suppose, therefore, what a wide range of acquaintance we have: in truth, there is not a soul here that one knows or would confess the knowledge of, though I had a glimpse of a youth whom you may remember at Ch. Ch. yclepped Dering.<sup>1</sup> Fortunately I had time to bob my head from the window to the pannel of the coach before he could catch my eye. Added to the other *agrèments* of this place, I feel, or fancy I feel, a return of my worst symptoms from the bleak winds which, during my residence here, have

<sup>1</sup> Cholmondeley Edward John Dering, born 1790; Prebendary of St Paul's, and one of the Queen's Chaplains.

visited my cheek somewhat too roughly. I sympathise in your distress from the toothache—an evil for which there is no cure in philosophy, and which yields to no soothing short of absolute eradication. I learned before I left town that Sr Isaac Heard<sup>1</sup> was at Cheltenham in a declining state of health. I sincerely hope shortly to see you invested with the insignia of his office. There is no colour more becoming round the collar than Garter blue, and would greatly set off the slope of y<sup>r</sup>. shoulders. This reminds me of an application which, *entre nous*, I lately made, but without success, for the Poet-Laureate's place, vacated by the death of Pye. A certain dowager of our acquaintance, whose interference I solicited, replied that he had no acquaintance with the L<sup>d</sup>. Chamberlain, in whose gift, it seems, the nomination lies. What say you to becoming a candidate for the butt of sack? I beg of you to answer this letter,—not that it is worth a reply, but for my desire to know whether it reaches you. I only guess at the direction, having left your address in town, and not being able to supply the defect from the post-mark of y<sup>r</sup>. letter, which appears to have been carried by a private hand to London. Adieu.—Yours affectionately,

E. B. IMPEY.

*P.S.*—I confess to my shame that I am not quite certain whether y<sup>r</sup>. host is a peer of Parliament or not. You must therefore be at charge for this trash. If you send the picture to our house, it will be taken care of by our people.

The MARCHIONESS OF EXETER<sup>2</sup> to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

BURGHLEY, *Sept.* 1, 1813.

It is quite impossible for me to propose your leaving all the gaiety, magnificence, and pleasant society of Grimsthorpe,

<sup>1</sup> Garter King-at-Arms.

<sup>2</sup> Elizabeth, daughter of Peter Burrell, Esq., widow of the eighth Duke

to *starve and vegetate at Burghley*, but I should be very sorry, by my own negligence, to be deprived of the pleasure of seeing you here before you set off for Scotland. And hearing that you are so anxious for a copy of Lord Roos as to have commissioned Charles Percy<sup>1</sup> to make a sketch of the picture, I cannot but recommend it to you to take the copy yourself when you quit Grimsthorpe, or on your return from Scotland—*dear Scotland!* If I be still at Burghley, let me know whether you listen to either of my proposals, and, in that case, when I may expect you, for I think Exeter<sup>2</sup> and Cecil<sup>3</sup> would break their hearts should Miss Sharpe visit Burghley during their absence from it.

I must repeat my thanks for your so *graciously* and *beautifully* and *instantaneously* fulfilling your promise; and if you would add to the obligation, you would *in* and *with* your *own fair hand* write the scene from which the drawing is taken, and believe me, with great truth, your much obliged

ELIZ. EXETER.

I have very little expectation of William's<sup>4</sup> arrival to be my letter-carrier.

The Hon. CHARLES PERCY to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

BURGHLEY, *Sept. 14, 1813,*  
*Tuesday morning.*

MY DEAR SHARPE,—Nothing but the possession of a frank and your anxiety abt<sup>t</sup> William could overcome my diffidence of Hamilton, and sister to the Duchess of Northumberland, Countess of Beverley, and Lord Gwydir. Her husband, Henry, tenth Marquis of Exeter, by whom she had no children, died 1804.

<sup>1</sup> The Hon. Charles Percy, afterwards Lord Charles Percy, nephew of the Marchioness, son of the Earl of Beverley and brother of the fifth Duke of Northumberland, born 1794; married, 1822, Anne Caroline, daughter and heir of Bertie Greathed of Guyscliff, Warwickshire.

<sup>2</sup> Brownlow, second Marquis.

<sup>3</sup> Lord Thomas Cecil.

<sup>4</sup> Hon. William Burrell.

in writing to you, though I trust, as I make no pretension as a correspondent, the ordeal of just criticism through which this note will pass may not be very severe. Of William the accounts till last night were as favourable as our most sanguine hopes could have foreseen; but owing, I hope, merely to the fatigue of his *journey*, he passed an uncomfortable night with very little sleep, and his cough is this morn<sup>g</sup> worse. He is looking very well notwithstanding, and is in good spirits. I need not say how sincerely I hope that you arrived safe and well at your destination, and that all your *fears* and *anxieties* were groundless. Then you will breathe one sigh to tautology and me.

I have proceeded thus far without having recourse to Mrs Montagu's favourite theology, but I cannot answer if I allow myself to run on, w<sup>h</sup> fortunately the stick of a pen prevents, —to what straights I may be reduced! L<sup>r</sup> Exeter intends enclosing a note in my frank, but I fear it will be impossible to persuade dull Thomas to do the same. The Marquis is gone to play at shooting partridges with a brother of mine of y<sup>r</sup> favourite profession. "Oh, Cap<sup>n</sup>., Cap<sup>n</sup>." <sup>1</sup> is expected at Grimstrophe, and it is at length discovered, that the "business in Kamschatka" was only a ruse, and that his toilette wanted refurnishing in "Colley's liquid for turning red or grey hair to the most glossy black," which compelled him to sound a precipitate retreat. The Dowager D—— has never made her appearance at Grims., as I hear from your old twaddler Cheshyre, who has already paid us a visitation. My sister and W<sup>m</sup>. unite with me in kindest wishes.—Most cordially y<sup>rs</sup>.,

CHARLES P——Y.

<sup>1</sup> Captain, afterwards Colonel, Daniel Mackinnon of the Coldstream Guards.

The MARCHIONESS OF EXETER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

BURGHLEY, Sept. 18, 1813.

You are really too good to indulge my insatiable appetite for your drawings, and I return you ten thousand thanks for Mad<sup>me</sup>. de Staël. No one of your friends can more highly prize either the drawings or the obliging attention which prompted you so immediately to grant all my troublesome requests. My thanks were to be convey'd thro' the medium of a cover Charles Percy brought with him, but one continual succession of (for the most part *tiresome*) visitors effectually prevented my writing one line that day, and each successive one till this, when I seize on the first moment after breakfast to ensure me from interruption. Every day till yesterday has brought me an importation from Grimsthorpe; *but, alas!* the looking-glasses are no longer in requisition, and the preparations for *his* reception are entirely thrown away, for *that* Captain never arrived, as we expected, to breakfast, and return with William, to charm away the *ennui* and cheer the drooping-spirits of the fair inhabitants of the castle. There are advantages *in old age, and I am peculiarly desirous to search for them with a scrutinizing eye:* that of beholding *such a Captain* with all the serenity of calm indifference, and observing his effect on all around him, you will allow is no small one, and *there are* who can FEIGN *so well*, that I question even if *that Capt<sup>n</sup>*. can better feign; but *I do think* with you what *I do wish* for *him*, that he may as *surely* escape the dangers that await him on the Peninsula. I am glad to find disappointment has not impair'd the appetite of one who is a great favourite of mine, notwithstanding this *lack of sentiment*. " 'Tis true that men have died, and worms have eaten them," "but—not of love." The admiration bestow'd on the Capt<sup>n</sup>'s image has been found to impair the drawing very much, and we have this morn<sup>g</sup> been bathing him in coffee,

which we hope will in future preserve him from injury. I am afraid you will think I far outdo Madlle. de l'Espinasse and all the dullest of the dull prozers of more remote antiquity in prolixity—*lacking* the sentiment of the former and the good sense of the latter. What a pity, you will exclaim, that some of *her* neighbours or *my* friends have not interfered in my behalf, and arrested the progress of her unmerciful pen! I am quite of your opinion, but I must add that I hope to hear you have recover'd the fatigue of your mail-coach journey, and intend renew<sup>s</sup> it by Christmas at latest. We shall give credit to no *fine comp<sup>ts</sup>*. Actions, Col.—actions—actions! Susan,<sup>1</sup> Charles, Exeter, Cecil, Sophia,<sup>2</sup> &c., unite in kind remembrances and most cordial good wishes.—Your very sincere and much obliged

ELIZ. EXETER.

May I request that you will either give or convey to Eliz. Mure the enclosed, which I venture to send, *because* she wanted a speedy answer to her last; *because* I know you will forgive my troubling you; and *because* I am certain that, should it procure her either the pleasure of seeing you or receiving a note, she will be much indebted to me.

The Hon. KEPPEL CRAVEN to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

ALBANY, *Sunday, 19th Sept.* [1813].

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I might have a better apology for *not* writing at this present moment than any to offer for my past silence, but I shall not do either the one or the other, but throw myself entirely on your indulgence, which I trust you will extend. I have little to say that can amuse or interest you, unless the details of a surgical operation could prove entertaining. Such, indeed, I have it in my power to display,

<sup>1</sup> Lady Susan Percy, daughter of the Earl of Beverley.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Sophia Cecil.

having experienced various performances of the kind last Friday, the consequences of which have kept me in my bed ever since, from which place I now write to you. Perhaps you are curious to know what could be the cause of so disagreeable a visitation, and I can only tell you that it was a complaint which has been coming on gradually, and for which there is no remedy but the said carving, to which I submitted the moment my mother left B. House, and that I was sure of having a week entirely to myself. In truth, the whole affair was much less painful than I expected, and I would advise all my friends labouring under similar inconveniences to adopt the same method of cure; and many are my fellow-sufferers, as I have lately found out, some of which are well known to your majesty. In a day or two I shall be on my legs, and two or three more will, I hope, see me quite recovered. I shall then quit this vicinity, and pay some visits of duty to my brother and sisters, while my mother is staying at Southampton, where she proposes to go after a short stay at Admiral Berkeley's, where she now is. I have pass'd the time since you quitted town in a very tranquil and uniform manner, dividing it between B. House and London, but by no means equally, as the former saw much the most of me. I don't know if I told you that my mother has allow'd me the Pavilion as a residence, and that in every respect I am much pleased with it. She has been very kind ever since my return, which has not a little contributed to my remaining more with her: at the same time, there were so few people in town that I had not many temptations to come there very frequently.

At Kensington I have din'd once or twice a-week, and formed a very strict alliance with Lady C. Campbell, whom I cannot help having a very great regard for. Lady A. Hamilton is now in waiting, and very inferior to all the other *Dames*. The Princess has taken a house in Connaught Place, which perhaps you know is at the end of Oxford Road, beyond

the turnpike: this will be much more convenient than Kensington for all her acquaintances and friends. She is employ'd now in furnishing it, and hopes to get into it at the end of November. I am also changing my rooms, but I shall not have to remove far, as I am only going across the way for the sake of better light.

I hope to take possession on my return from my country excursion. Gell is mounted up two pairs of stairs in the body of the House, which I think better for himself, but not so convenient for his friends. He leaves London on Tuesday for Derbyshire with his sister.

I call'd at your lodgings a few days after your departure, and was inform'd you would only stay a week at Grimsthorpe, which prevented my writing to you there at the same time I did to Burrell and Mackinnon. The latter is in town, and I was sorry to learn that poor William has been so ill. He is expected to-morrow. So you had Alexander at Grimsthorpe. That must have been glorious, and I would have given anything to have seen Miss N. as Roxana. I believe from the Captain's account that you had a variety of other entertainments, but he seems more desirous than capable of doing justice to them. I have scarcely ever seen him alone for above ten minutes at a time, and then he seems bursting with a load of events which at the same time he appears to dread the disclosure of. Mills and Mercer are in town, and very obsequious at my bedside; indeed I have a prodigiously well attended *couché*, as my room is scarcely ever empty. I have heard from Hope, who is in wonderful good health and spirits, and expects to be a captain before many months 'elapse. N.<sup>1</sup> has had a very narrow escape, as many of his officers were killed. I shall feel much gratified if you will write to me, and not take this very stupid letter as a specimen of our future correspondence. But what can you expect from a person all bandaged up, lying

<sup>1</sup> Napoleon.

on one side, and who every morning is probed and linted?  
Adieu.—Direct here, and believe me yours very affection<sup>ly</sup>.

CAROLUS REX.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to General CAMPBELL.<sup>1</sup>

MY DEAR GENERAL,—I am much obliged to you for your yesterday's kind letter; but for any help that I can afford you in your present perilous situation, alas! To be sure, we have read of a mouse that was of some service to a lion, and in Amadis of Gaul the dwarfs now and then extricated their masters from the toils of Urganda the enchantress, "who was more adorned than beautiful," and of Dinarda, the wizard's niece, who wore a white mantle over a red petticoat; yet my teeth and my stature are very unsuitable. Moreover, I shrink, shudder, and, like the nurse, every part about me quivers, when I consider what I have heard a slighted Moorish queen remark upon the stage—

"Earth has no pest like love to hatred turn'd,  
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorn'd."

As I consider Monzie as in some sort "the Paradise of dainty devices," pray, dear General, have some thoughts, against my arrival there, concerning the reproduction of human teeth; for, by this good light, I have lost no less than three this summer, which I attribute entirely, according to the words of the Duenna Rodriguez, to the rheums which are rife in this country of Arragon. Now, the expense of false teeth is enormous, and to mump or live by suction, like a woodcock, I am unwilling. We know that the old Countess of Desmond "did dentive" twice or thrice after she was antient; but hence there is little comfort, and all my hope is from Lord Bacon, who has a notion that teeth may be made

<sup>1</sup> Of Monzie.

to shoot out again, which is derived from various other animal reproductions. He would have one more especially to try experiments with horns. So your neighbour, Sir Peter Murray,<sup>1</sup> if he be courteously inclined, may prove of wonderful service to, dear General, your obliged and faithful cousin.

The Hon. R. M. HAMILTON<sup>2</sup> to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

*Camp near IRUN, Sept. 20, 1813.*

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I sit down to give you a short account of what has befallen me since last we parted. I reached Hythe just after the Regt. had embarked, and got a boat to take me on board the headquarter ship, where I lived pretty comfortably. We put in to Plymouth, and stayed there some days. I dined once with Lady Keith.<sup>3</sup> Miss Mercer<sup>4</sup> had not arrived, so that I was disappointed in not seeing her. His lordship was on board the fleet at sea. We landed at Passages on the 19th of Aug<sup>t</sup>, and immediately encamped on the heights near that town, where we remained till ordered to proceed to San Sebastian, and had a small share in the taking of that place. A cannon-ball had nearly sent me into the other world, but luckily at the time I was sitting down, so that it passed directly over my head and knocked a man's hat off who was close behind me, and passed to the rear without doing any damage. San Sebastian was one of the best towns in Spain, the houses quite beautiful. Our artillery has rendered it a complete ruin. We are now encamped opposite to the French *camp*. The boundary river runs between us, but in a day or two we are, I *suppose*, to cross the *water* and force their position. I believe I must stop for the present,

<sup>1</sup> Sir Peter Murray of Ochtertyre, Perthshire.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards seventh Lord Belhaven.

<sup>3</sup> Second wife of Admiral Lord Keith, daughter of Mr Thrale of Streatham.

<sup>4</sup> Afterwards Baroness Keith, Countess de Flahault.

and shall write you again as soon as we get *into France*. Remember me particularly to Kinnaird<sup>1</sup> whenever you should meet him.—Believe me ever, my dearest Sharpe, y<sup>r</sup>. very sincere and affectionate friend,  
 R. M. HAMILTON.

Earl GOWER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

DUNROBIN, *Sept.* 23, 1813.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I was very glad to receive y<sup>r</sup>. letter yesterday. I am very sorry for all the causes that have prevented y<sup>r</sup>. coming here, excepting y<sup>r</sup>. month's amusement and Grimsthorpe recreations, as you have been so well amused with them. If I had known where to direct, I sh<sup>d</sup>. have written long since—even tho' I had received no letter from you—to tell you (what, alas! is now useless information) that there is a mail-coach and a diligence to Inverness every day, and a diligence from Inverness 3 times a-week to within 18 miles of this house; so that in fact it would be as easy for you to come from Edinburgh here, as to go to Edinburgh from London. But the birds fly next week. We shall all set off about the 2d or 3d of Oct., so that there is an end of all idea of seeing you this year, w<sup>h</sup>. I assure you, we all regret very much. I shall be very glad to see you at Edinburgh, whither I shall repair straight from home.

I could write a very entertaining account of a visit we had some time ago here from Mr. Weber, who, I sh<sup>d</sup>. suppose you know, was a friend of W. Scott, and editor of 3 volumes of metrical romances, &c.; but I will reserve it for you, in case you sh<sup>d</sup>. not have such a good store of Grimsthorpe anecdotes as you promise.

L<sup>d</sup>. Seaforth has been dying, w<sup>h</sup>. I suppose, has preserved us from a 2<sup>nd</sup>. visit. It has, however, been twice proffered lately; but our speedy departure, &c., have afforded excuses.

<sup>1</sup> Hon. Douglas Kinnaird, the banker.

I shall write to you when I reach Edinb<sup>h.</sup>, wh<sup>h.</sup> I sh<sup>d.</sup> think, I shall do by the 6<sup>th</sup> at the farthest.—Y<sup>rs.</sup> ever truly, G.

THE MARQUESS OF EXETER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

BURGHLEY, *Oct.* 10, 1813.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I am extremely obliged to you for writing to me so soon after your arrival at Edinburgh. Your letter was very entertaining, and amused me greatly. Percy was very much enraged at your not desiring to be remembered to him. I did not put the kitten upon his nose, as he was in a melancholy mood all the time he was here, and I thought he would never recover his spirits if he had returned to Grimsthorpe with a scratch upon his nose. O Captain, Captain!

By the by, that puts me in mind that I have unravelled the mystery about the Captain at last, with the assistance of ‘*Courier*’ of the 22d of September. In your letter, to make use of your own expression, you said, “Tho’ I actually saw his letter of orders, yet I have a strong suspicion of some ruse in that matter.” In first place, he informed us, when he called here in his way to London, he had received a letter from the Commander-in-Chief. My interpretation is, from his Commander-in-Chief, his wife; and the levee that he was to attend the following morning, to have meant his wife’s room. I think you will tell me I am right when I copy the advertisement: “Births.—On Saturday last, in George Street, Portman Square, the lady of Dan<sup>l</sup> Mackinnon, Esq., of a son.”

I am extremely sorry I am obliged to send you such an indifferent account of poor William. He has had a worse attack since he arrived in London than that he was inflicted with at Grimsthorpe. When he called here last he desired me to tell you he wished very much to hear from you, and that he would have answered your letter had not the conditions on which you wrote prevented him. He is, I believe, at Gen<sup>l</sup>

Tarleton's.<sup>1</sup> Lady Susan<sup>2</sup> has finished the marble hall: she goes to town to-morrow with Lady Willoughby. I must insist upon your burning this directly, as I do not chuse my stupid letters to be shown to any of your friends who come into your room. I go in a day or two into Suffolk before I return to St John's Coll., Cambridge, where I shall hope to hear from you. Lady Exeter and my sister desire to be remembered to you; the former hopes soon to hear from you.—I remain, my dear Sharpe, yours sincerely, EXETER.

FRANCIS FOX to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.<sup>3</sup>

DUMFRIES, *October 15, 1813.*

GREAT SIR,—I take this opportunity of writing to your hand these few lines. I am informed that your honour wants a man to serve as a hermit. I think I could undergo to serve your honour in a cave for the space of seven years. I am a man of yellow complexion, about 30 years of age or thereabout; so, sir, if you want such a person, you will write by return of post. I am a man that likes solitude very much. I think I could undergo seven years' solitude. When your honour writes, be so good as to direct your letter to the Postmaster of Dumfries, for Francis Fox.—Sir, I am your humble and most obedient servant, FRANCIS FOX.

The MARCHIONESS OF EXETER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

BURGHLEY, *Oct. 25, 1813.*

DEAR SIR,—My obligations to Mad<sup>me</sup>. de Staël are so great that it would be the *basest* ingratitude not to acknowledge them when she has not only promised me so many drawings,

<sup>1</sup> A distinguished cavalry officer in the American war; afterwards M.P. for Liverpool.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Susan Percy.

<sup>3</sup> This letter seems to be a serious application.

etchings, &c., but the still greater pleasure of hearing from you. In granting me the privilege of a *twenty years'* acquaintance in the way of *confidence*, I cannot help regretting extremely that you should not find it as easy to extend it (on so slight an acquaintance) to friendship likewise. If you will try the experiment, I can assure you (my trumpeter being lately dead) that I am a very *steady one*. You are, however, such a deceitful wight in some things, and counterfeit *enmity* so well for the purpose of taking in the *young* and *unwary*, that I should be afraid of trusting you lest old age should not escape *unquizzed* in the shape even of a friend. Notwithstanding this dread, I must make Mad<sup>me</sup>. de Stael an excuse for troubling you, with my very tedious thanks both for the etching<sup>1</sup> and letter; and I will just venture to hint that if you were by any chance disposed to enter into a correspondence, you are exactly of the disposition to suit me in that line, having heard you say you never required an answer, and make silence expressly a condition of your correspondence with William Burrell, to whom you promised a letter every month. If you could extend your bounty on the same condition to me, I should certainly prize your letters *fully as much*; and as I fear I have but little chance, poor soul, of profiting by that which you were to direct to him at Burghley every full moon when he came down to dance with Lady Trollope<sup>2</sup> at the Stamford Ball, I should exceedingly wish to have it transferred to me. It may inspire me with some degree of gaiety, and will, at any rate, raise my spirits sufficiently to enable me to undergo the bore to which, if I remain here, I must be exposed. You may therefore set it down as a deed of charity, and I will promise never to send an answer. "Really, now, 'pon honour I will not." You delight us very much by holding out the agreeable prospect

<sup>1</sup> The etching of Madame de Staël—see Etchings.

<sup>2</sup> Anne, daughter of Henry Thorold, Esq. of Cumwold, Lincoln, wife of Sir John Trollope, sixth Baronet of Casewick, Lincoln.



David pinx.

Comme on consume en efforts superflus  
Le Vertu n'en veut pas, le Vice n'en veut plus.

MADAME DE STAËL.



of seeing you here again so soon. I hope you will not disappoint us; and be assured if you *can* submit to such *dull work* we shall very much rejoice, but I cannot help fearing that you will seek a merrier Xmas party. Sophia desires me to tell you she has by no means forgotten her promise, but will "exert her best energies," very hopeless of making a drawing worth your acceptance, especially after seeing *your* pen drawing. Lady Susan left the marble hall under my care, and she hopes when you see it that you will justly appreciate the refinement of sentiment with which she was inspired—the Capt<sup>n</sup>, the Kitten, and the Water Wagtail, being introduced. Will you let us know *when, where, or how* the drawings are to be sent, or whether you would have them remain in my possession till you come to claim them? I shall not be disposed to wait as patiently for the sight of those you mention as destined for Burghley. Not that I am so unreasonable, I can assure you, as to expect any share in them except the advantage of feasting my eyes.

I conclude you have heard from O Capt<sup>n</sup>, Captain! how extremely ill poor Mr Bunch has been. His danger was imminent for some days; and tho' safe, thank God, from the present attack upon his lungs, and surprisingly recovered, yet I cannot feel at ease about him. The Captain, as usual, was a most kind and assiduous nurse during his illness. He appears to have so many amiable qualities, I can never cease to regret his being such a coxcomb; for *all killing* as he is, it certainly diminishes one's esteem, and although I was his zealous defender against his enemies I must lament this weakness. Upon my word, you will be too much sickened of me and my nonsense to give me any chance of ever receiving another letter. I will therefore as speedily as possible release you, only adding our united good wishes and kind remembrances. Exeter is still at Burghley, not having been at all well. He quits us for Cambridge either to-morrow or next day. Pray don't be troubled with any more "doubts or fears."

The waters of Burghley will remove them, altho' they may not afford you much "satisfaction."—Believe me, dear sir, your obliged and sincere  
ELIZ. EXETER.

Earl GOWER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

TRENTHAM, *Nov.* 7, 1813.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—Do not be quite overwhelmed with what I am going to tell you,—remember that I have already been abroad and have returned. I am now again going abroad, and hope to return some time or other. As soon as Hamburgh is fairly open, I embark at Harwich, and intend to proceed to Berlin, which I have been dying to do for some years. I leave this to-morrow, and hope not to stay above a week in London. I think by that time the north of Germany will be open, and I shall be ready to go. I won't promise to write to you from abroad, but as I did so formerly, I probably shall again.

You would dislike to go to Germany, I suppose, as much as I am delighted to do it.—Yours very truly, G.

L<sup>y</sup>. S. desires me to beg that you will write to her (under cover to L<sup>d</sup>. S.) whenever you may feel disposed.

Any note to me hereafter had better be sent to her, as she will be most likely to know how to send it.

MARCHIONESS OF BREADALBANE<sup>1</sup> to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

TAYMOUTH, *Dec.* 2, 1813.

DEAR SIR,—I have to thank you for Madame de Staël. There certainly never was a more striking resemblance, and I think the verses very excellent, although I see you disown them. I should have believed, after all the trouble we have

<sup>1</sup> Mary, daughter and co-heiress of David Gavin, Esq. of Langton, wife of the first Marquess of Breadalbane.

given you in various ways, you would scarcely have felt it necessary to make any apology for asking for a piece of old tapestry.

All I regret is, that there is not some worth sending you. I have had the contents of our old chest turned out, when we have discovered some pieces; and such as it is, it shall be sent to you by next week's carrier.

I fear you will be gone south before we pass, but I hope you will not be in London without calling in Park Lane.

Our window remains in the miserable unfinished state you saw it—the poor old knight shivering on the white ground. It is our intention to have a correct drawing made out as soon as possible for Mr Egginton<sup>1</sup> to go by, for we must trust nothing to his genius or imagination.

My family all join in best compliments to you; and believe me very sincerely yours,

M. G. BREADALBANE.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Lady MUIR MACKENZIE, Edin.

MY DEAR MADAM,—You may remember that when I last had the pleasure of seeing you, we agreed to lay our heads together this winter towards the invention of something new in the way of evening amusement, and I have been puzzling prodigiously and revolving fifty schemes in my mind till within these few days that I have stumbled upon a very glorious discovery. Happening last week to pass the school-house of this parish, I beheld two or three boys and girls straddling over planks and see-sawing, as the persons are represented in the enclosed sketch. It immediately struck me that this exercise, if refined a little, would be an admirable substitute for the waltzing exhibition, which is now stale, and was always unprofitable—and is sufficiently hazardous and novel both to astonish and captivate; so pray let us

<sup>1</sup> Egginton, the Birmingham glass-painter.

contrive to produce it in Edin. Nothing is requisite but one of the supper-benches placed in the middle of the ball-room, and half-a-dozen planks smoothed and covered with cloth or velvet. The dancers, particularly the men (boys, between friends), will require but little practise; only, I would advise the ladies to follow the fashion of the London waltzers and procure an appropriate dress, else the name of see-saw will be much too applicable. I have been rummaging through a cartload of music to discover airs fit for the motion of the dance, but in that your ladyship will be much more dexterous than your humble servant—only I must say that the tune of “The Sow’s Tail to Geordie” seems the best suited to the figure, which is so simple and salutary that it will neither turn the stomachs of the young gentlemen (vitiating as they are soon to be with Xmas dainties), nor make those ladies who wear not *rouge* resemble the ghost of Creusa in the embraces of the sorrowful Æneas!

Before I have done I must take the liberty, in quality of a relation, to warn you respecting the danger which one of your family runs now that you reside in Edin.—I mean your son, who is exactly of that age whereat he is most liable to the violent flirtation of the Scottish gentlewomen. So, my dear madam, pray have a care. He will be so spoiled that no whipping will ever again make any impression. The fairies were never fonder of stealing little boys than the Edin. ladies. You will have him torn from your arms as if it were the persecution of Herod. They will scamper across the North Bridge with him like Rolla with the doll of Madam Cora, and then you will be shocked at every assembly with the sight of your son making one in the groupe of Loves nursed by Hopes, according to Sir Joshua’s picture,—a very grievous spectacle to parents and to the world in general, who behold a variation of the sad story of little Red Riding-Hood, and tremble at the aspect of ravenous ogresses with their “fee, fa, fum,” and all the rest of their barbarity.

EARL OF PERTH<sup>1</sup> to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.PARK STREET, *Monday, Dec. 27, 1813.*

Mary Lumsden has this morning, from you, put Mr Mackay<sup>2</sup> into my hands. I must give you to know—which, by the way, I thought you did know—that my impatience was such as not to wait with patience your pleasure. I have had Mackay this age. Still I am oblig'd to you, as it shows you have not forgot me, which, by your not writing from Grimsthorpe, I must humbly own I thought was the sad case. Well, I have seen Ly. Stafford, clever as ever. She told me her two best friends in Edin<sup>r</sup>. were you and *Daft Sally*, who I hope you are also acquainted with. From what she said I fear your b<sup>r</sup>. is doing what he ought not to do, and of course leaving undone, and so forth. I hope you will surely write me soon, and a long epistle pray make it: should there be a better picture, so much the better. What has kept Elphinstone and Burrell so long in Edin<sup>r</sup>.?—pray tell me, as I hope and trust, for both your sakes, you have seen him often. I must say a little of myself. I am going to Bath: my sister visits me there. It has been a long promise to pay the Elphinstones a visit there. I hope and trust that I will meet the Campbells, whom I love most truly. Lord Huntly<sup>3</sup> is married, and that's all's to be said. What has become of Seaforth's eldest son?—he, like the rest of his faithful or faithless sex, has forgot my Highland Peggie.

How does love go on with him and you? Mary Lums-

<sup>1</sup> Charles Edward Drummond, titular Earl of Perth and Duke of Melfort, served heir to the Earls of Perth before the Court of Session, 1802.

<sup>2</sup> Mackay's Memoirs.

<sup>3</sup> George, Marquess of Huntly and last Duke of Gordon, married, 11th December 1813, Elizabeth Brodie of Arnhall.

den will tell me how to direct this; and I tell you that I am most sincerely yours, in spite of *Meg* and other.

PERTH.

I shall give Mackay to you or who you please.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to ——— ———.<sup>1</sup>

[1813.]

“O come you from the earth?” she said,

“Or come you from the skye?”

“Oh! I am from yonder churchyard,

Where my crumbling relics lie.”

This epistle, my dear amico, is in fact a letter to the living from the dead. Methinks I see you start, and fall to your prayers, as people are won't to bestir themselves when they behold a ghost! Alas! if I were a ghost indeed, how I should like to glide through the keyhole of your bed-chamber door at Grimsthorpe some evening when you have gone to bed a little earlier than usual, and have one of those conversations in which I took so much delight formerly; or start up upon an empty chair at the supper-table, like Banquo's spirit, or Dan M. out of one of his *retiring pets*. This is the first letter that I have attempted to anybody for these three years, and God knows how my heart pants and my nerves quiver at the arduous effort.

I have heard everything about you since we parted, for I was always inquiring. You have been ill, and well, a great many times, but I trust that *well* now carries the day. I also heard that you were going to be married, which I could not by any means approve of. It is true that the Scripture saith, “Marriage is honourable,” but honour and *pleasure* are very different things; and I wish all my friends some honour, and

<sup>1</sup> From an unaddressed draft in Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe's handwriting, probably to the Hon. Charles Percy.

a great deal of pleasure—for myself. I think I have neither, for I don't greatly care for the honours one gets here, and the pleasures are all coldish, like Sir William Elliot's dinners at his hotel, and the frisks of a rainy evening at Vauxhall.

I never correspond by letter with anybody, because I can't write, and hate to be a bore, but I catch a person going through the town now and then to tell me the news of the day. The last person I secured was Miss Mercer, who yielded—as people say of a whale in Greenland—a good deal of blubber. And I discovered one thing which she did *not* tell me—a whisper in your ear, hoping you are not in the Hall—she is in love with Lord Byron.

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

[1814.]

DEAR SHARPE,—I want to consult you very much on a point of taste. The town of Edinburgh, in their zeal for encouragement of *useful* learning, have proposed to present me a piece of plate. My choice was the old-fashioned tankard for ale, toast, and nutmeg. But the silversmith has called on me for more special directions, as he says he has orders to make it very handsome. My modesty has given way to my wish that the noble ore should really be made in a handsome form as to embossing and so forth, and I wish you would consider the matter for me, and give me a sketch. If you are to be at home about two, I will call on you. You understand; Squire Sullen's tankard, the sort of thing in general.—Yours ever,

W. SCOTT.

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

[1814.]

MY DEAR SHARPE,—Many thanks for your communication. I return the volume. I wish you would look in here to see a

sketch I have gotten from Bird of the Battle of Chevy Chase, painted for Lady Stafford. I have seen the tankard: it is, thanks to your taste, magnificent,—quite Squire Sullen's chosen vessel.—Ever yours,

W. S.

I leave town on Saturday.

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

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I send you the tankard; I presume mine may hold about two quarts, and so be larger, as the silversmith told me he was directed to make it very handsome. I wish you, as in a point of hostile honour, to take the thing upon yourself—utterly—for your friend. I send you Kenmure's dying speech, which is, you will see, authentic. The silversmith's name is William Marshall, South Bridge, and he will attend you when you please. One of the Irvines of Drumdines with me to-morrow; he has made sketches of some Scottish antiquities, and means to engrave them. Are you disengaged enough to meet him?—Yours ever,

W. S.

CASTLE STREET, *Saturday Night.*

Lord MALPAS to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

28 SOUTH MOLTON ST.,  
*Jan. 13 [1814].*

MY DEAR SHARPE,—You do indeed wrong both myself and Queen Mary if you think us displeas'd with you—her for the likeness, and me for the performance. You certainly are the only person who, out of *modestie d'auteur*, would call so pretty a picture a *daub*, and nobody can repent the insult more than myself, setting upon it a double value, being a token of remembrance from a person whose friendship makes me so happy. I think that, as to legacies, I could as well now leave

you one which you would be likely to get before I would yours, for I have been lately always ill, and am not quite well now; so that, instead of being surrounded with loves and graces, forbearing to mention what my modesty will never suffer me to write down, I lead a very tedious life, spent mostly in my lonely apartments, and have certainly all reasons to envy the situation of the happy mortal who lives near the fairest of the fair. How I should like to see her inhabit the same building that was the residence of one of her sex to whom she bears a semblance by her beauty, tho' not by her weaknesses! Alas! that is her only deficiency; for what can be more lovely than the *foibles* of such a charming creature? and how blessed a man must be at whose approach a crimson hue of conscious guilt diffuses itself over so sweet a face! Perhaps que M<sup>r</sup>. le Marquis differe de mon opinion à cet egard et qu'il trouve qu'il fabrique les *anguises* fort bien à lui tout seul, c'est que de ce moule rien ne peut sortir que de parfait; mais elle pouvait partager votre predilection pour les moustaches, et desirer voir arriver certain petit être encore sous l'enveloppe avec cet ornement guerier, il se trouve ici quelques qui ne demanderait pas mieux, que de les lui procurer en donnant les derniers coups de pinceau à un ouvrage déjà malheureusement ebauché par un autre:—

"Et grefter, . . . . .  
 Le fruit nouveau sur l'arbre qui le porte."

I could not answer your letter sooner, having been at Brighton, where I have been rather tired. So I am also of the town, which is thought very dull at present. All this depresses my spirits, and may account for the stupidity of this letter, which I wish could contain an ode on friendship and a poem on gratitude—both sentiments filling my heart at once when I think of you.

Good-bye. I should be very happy to see you in London before I leave it, which will not be before the end of March.  
 —Ever yours sincerely,  
MALPAS.

Viscountess HAMPDEN<sup>1</sup> to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

THE GLYNDE, *Jan. 30, 1814.*

I am grieved to disappoint your hopes on one point, my dear Charles, by telling you that I was informed (from what I consider great authority) some time ago that the Post Office in Scotland is now to be always kept for peers, as one of the few things suitable to a needy Rt. Hon<sup>ble</sup>. in the gift of Ministers; and in the present state of affairs, I should think there is not a chance of that plan being changed, whatever may be done hereafter, with new people and new measures. Besides all that, why do you and others suppose Lord Caithness is to give it up?—for you don't explain that, or even hint if there is any opening in either the Excise or Custom House at present. If there is, I wish my power was equal to my inclination of being useful to you, and, at all events, I am ready to make the experiment if there is any hopes of success; but I am of too little consequence to do anything alone in such a matter, but cannot help thinking if several of your friends were to join in an application, we might obtain something, and I shall make a point of seeing Lady Stafford the minute I go to town, to see what she can and *will* do, for she is a host of herself, if she will but exert her energies in the cause. I must, however, remark that changing your wishes from the south to the north is very disagreeable, particularly as I began to make love to the Duke of Norfolk entirely on your account, and in the hottest day of summer too. Which you must think there is no end to my gossip when you see the beginning of another piece of paper. But being in the neighbourhood of Brighton, I must tell you from report the gay pastimes carried on there just now by Miss Wyckham<sup>2</sup> and her train of

<sup>1</sup> Wife of second Viscount Hampden and daughter of George Brown, Esq. of Elliston, Roxburghshire, sister of Lady Wedderburn. See vol. i. p. 175.

<sup>2</sup> Sophia Elizabeth Wickham, created Baroness Wenman, 1834; died unmarried.

braw wooers—a whole host of delectable Norths, from Frederic the traveller—more delightful than ever—to Brownlow the waltzer, Glenbury, &c. ; Tom, a true blue, Miss Lydia White, with Lady Westmoreland, Orloff's Kalmucks, &c., &c.,—who all seem to combine in amusing one another in different shapes, but principally in private theatricals—Miss Lydia, the fair heroine of the English pieces, and L<sup>y</sup>. Westmoreland of the French. The last had nearly been put a stop to by Col. Harcourt retiring on the death of his mother-in-law, and giving up the part of the Gouverneur in “Les Deux Prisonniers,” which, after the *sweetest dresses* were prepared,—not to mention songs composed by Ferrari, and practised for the occasion,—was a trial of temper for any fine lady, though not a Clara like her in real life. All these difficulties have, however, been surmounted. Trevor<sup>1</sup> writes us to-day, and I shall give you his words ; and tho' I don't allow his opinion is to be depended on where a young and pretty woman is concerned, I daresay she did the part to the life, for it is her own character : “I must mention the gratification we all had last night from the admirable performance of ‘Les Deux Prisonniers.’ F. Douglas took Col. Harcourt's part, and was very good. Montalembert was excellent in Adolphe, both as to acting and singing ; but in Clara, Lady Westmoreland was delightful. There was a peculiar grace and elegance in her voice, acting, singing, dress, and everything, that could never be seen in any professional actress, tho' it is the first time she ever attempted to act.” On a stage, perhaps, I say ; for I believe she is always trying to act the part of a heroine in common life, and with some success. I fear that sounds very ill-natured, so I will change the subject to Miss Wyckham, who had the “Wedding Day” performed at her house last week, herself as Lady Autumn, and L<sup>d</sup>. Cranbourn the Serv<sup>t</sup>. F. Douglas was Sir Adam ; Lydia White, Lady Contest ; Lady C. Lindsey, Mrs Stamford ; and a Mr Hare, who makes a figure in history as flattering himself with being the favoured lover of Miss W.,

<sup>1</sup> Viscount Hampden.

Mr Contest. But her wedding-day, in good earnest, seems as distant as ever, tho' Cranbourn has again entered the lists after a dozen positive refusals in the course of the summer. Whether he builds his hopes on the *disappearance* of the redoubtable *moustaches*, so famed in *verse*, I know not; but it is confidently said these same ornaments are gone from her upper lips—otherwise she is *in statu quo*, I hear; for tho' only twelve miles distant from the scene of action, I only speak from report, never having gone to see with my own eyes. But Lady C. Durham, who spent some weeks with me lately, was excellent, when she returned from her Brighton trips with a budget of intelligence.

You will say this is answering two letters with a witness; and as it is too true, I will soon release you by assuring you how very truly I am ever yours, J. MARIA HAMPDEN.

Pray remember me to your mother and Helen, who, I believe, are the only members of your fireside-circle who ever remember me.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to ——— ———.

[1814.]

MY DEAR MADAM,—I should not trouble you with this if I could not transmit it free of postage by means of your son-in-law, because no letter that ever was written was worth a shilling, and a farthing would be by far too extravagant a remuneration for any epistle that ever proceeded from me. Indeed I verily believe that I am in a fair way of even forgetting how to write at all, which will be no small relief to some of my friends; for I feel, or imagine that I feel, extraordinary decays both in mind and body, so that I very strongly resemble a person who was both the amusement and detestation of my childhood, old Lady Glencairne. I have

been tormented out of all comfort by rheumatism during the winter—a complaint which neither improves the intellects nor sweetens the temper exceedingly; and many family plagues in the way of money disputes served to garnish my wretched sheep's head. Now I am a little better every way, but there is still, according to my old Countess, "a pain here, and a plague there"—so that I begin to believe that there is no real ease anywhere but in that place whither so many of my relations have gone within the short space of a twelvemonth. I wish to the Lord that I had preceded them!

We have had a dreadfully severe winter here, but at the same time a very gay one—constant balls at night after the funerals of the morning. However, I think the coldness of the season nipt all love in the bud, for the only marriage reported is that of M—— S—— and Lady ——, Lord ——'s eldest daughter, which I myself do not believe. The swain is gone upon his travels for two years; the nymph repairs to London to *see life* in a few days. She is very pretty, but, what is better, very sweetly tempered, with no affectation of beauty, nor airs of a woman of rank. I frequently entertained serious apprehensions respecting Mr Burrell when he was here—he sometimes looked so very feeble and far spent; but his recovery seemed almost complete before he left Edinburgh. It was an unspeakable satisfaction to me that I had the honour of enjoying so much of your relation's society, as I have always entertained the greatest regard for Mrs Burrell, for very many reasons. She was looking, I thought, extremely well—as full of sense and wit as ever, and as kind as ever to me. She is a most charming person. We had Mrs Rawdon and her daughter here for a few days, but mademoiselle's beauty did not strike the youth of this place so much as I expected. She is certainly very pretty; but let Mary Wollstonecraft and Miss Hannah More say what they will, a blue stocking is a terrific piece of dress for a lady. I should make my daughters, if they wore them, conceal them as care-

fully as their garters. When a wife can confute her husband in Latin and Greek, there is no saying where her arguments may end. Witness Lady Oxford, of whom, by the way, I wonder what has become.

I rather think that I shall not look upon the gay world in London this year at all, as I intend to repair to Oxford for some time, and would very fain make good a trip to France. It is incredible to consider the great numbers which have already left Edinburgh for Paris: men, women, and children are all flocking off in thousands. At present I do not envy them, as things must be in sad confusion for seeing statues or pictures; but by-and-by such an excursion would be delightful. Wherever I am, in England, Scotland, or France, believe me, dear madam, your ever faithful, humble servant,

CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

WILLISON GLASS<sup>1</sup> to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

April 19, 1814.

RESPECTED SIR,—Your granting permission to dedicate this little volume of ‘Scots Songs,’ second edition, to a gentleman that has been ever kind to the author, will be a mark of real kindness shown to my family, and am certain of success under so high a patron. Price 2s. *Poverty still haunts me like an injured ghost.*—Respected sir, your ob<sup>t</sup>. s<sup>t</sup>.

WILLISON GLASS.

Waiting.

<sup>1</sup> An Edinburgh eccentric and poetaster commemorated in the ‘Noctes Ambrosianæ.’

The Revs. W. CORNE and K. M. R. TARPLEY  
to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

CHRIST CHURCH COMMON ROOM,  
*April 29, 1814.*

DEAR SIR,—An active canvass having been carried on for some weeks past upon the ground that Sir William Scott<sup>1</sup> is likely to be soon advanc'd to the peerage, and in the course of that canvass allusion having been made, as we have recently been inform'd, to an idea that the Speaker of the House of Commons may possibly vacate his seat at the same time, we think it our duty to assure you that we have no reason whatever to believe any event of that kind to be in contemplation. Whenever we have any expectation of it, we shall take the earliest opportunity of communicating it to you; and in the meantime we are confident that the same zeal for the interests of Christ Church which has been so conspicuous upon all occasions, will induce our absent members to co-operate with us in discountenancing any premature canvass. We are, dear sir, your faithful friends and servants,

W. CORNE, }  
K. M. R. TARPLEY, } *Censors.*

The MARCHIONESS OF EXETER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

BURGHLEY, *May 9, 1814.*

Your most agreeable letter afforded me as much satisfaction as I am capable of receiving, and was gratifying, most gratifying, as a proof that your friends at Burghley are not wholly forgotten. I have much to thank you for in it, and amongst the rest for making me laugh—a sensation with which I have of late been but little acquainted. Sincerely do I wish it

<sup>1</sup> Sir William Scott was not advanced to the peerage until 1821, when he was created Baron Stowell.

were in my power to say Sophia's amendment was such as to give me the prospect of reaching London before the time you mention for your *voyage* thither. I should then less regret the strange predilection w<sup>h</sup> my friends have taken for this disagreeable mode of conveyance. I experience greater satisfaction in packing your drawings for Edin<sup>r</sup>, where I hope they will arrive safe, and that you will give me the pleasure of hearing they have not been injured by the journey. The hopes you have raised of seeing two of yours we impatiently look forward to seeing realised; and we earnestly entreat that if yours arrive in perfect *preservation*, you will not await the opportunity of a *chance* traveller. Sophia, who is more particularly interested, I *believe*, in their arrival, desires me to say how much she is flatter'd by your enquiry after her, and that she thinks the sight of your drawing will accelerate her recovery. Altho' most *greedy*, I confess, when your drawings are in question, yet I can assure you I am quite content with the expectation of *feasting* my eyes! and to that I look forward with great eagerness. I trust we may yet meet in London, whither we intend removing as soon as Sophia is well enough to undertake the journey. Burghley is, however, beginning to look so beautiful, that I do not think we shall quit it without regret, altho' it has not proved such an *infallible preserver of health* to Sophia as I wish. I entirely agree in all you say relative to France, and most cordially hope our fears are groundless. I cannot say that either Emperor or Empress has raised their characters to high esteem. She has, I think, fallen nearly as much as her vile and contemptible half, but I fear the arch-fiend has yet some project of mischief. What a *darling* Emperor Alexander! He truly deserves the title who so nobly tries his power. He must be quite an angel. London will be worth going to this spring (notwithstanding the numbers which have forsaken it for Paris), if all these heroes appear there. Alexander and Blucher are the two who go *between me and my wits*, and I

shall be much disappointed if I do not see them. Does not Paris excite your curiosity? I think, were I a free agent and a man, I should certainly be tempted at such an interesting moment to make the expedition; but as I am neither, I remain very contentedly in dear old England, and most sincerely wish I had no greater uneasiness to deplore than disappointments of that nature and description. In the state of *tristesse mortelle* which at present depresses my mind from various causes of anxiety, I should apologise for trespassing so long on your time, which cannot well be worse employ'd at any time than reading my prosing; but I experienced too much satisfaction from yours not to acknowledge it, and perhaps, in so doing, entertain a *sweet hope* that the safe arrival of your drawings may procure me the pleasure of receiving another. Sophia unites in remembrance and every good wish, with, dear sir, your sincerely obliged,

ELIZ. EXETER.

The MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

CLEVED. H., May 24, 1814.

I am sincerely obliged to you, my dear M<sup>r</sup>. Sharpe, for your kind remembrance, and am glad to hear from you. I wish your letter contained any satisfactory intelligence respecting yourself, as, from the little you say, I rather apprehend that the points in question, when I saw you at Edin<sup>r</sup> have not been comfortably settled. If I can at any time be of the least service in forwarding any wish of yours, I trust I need not spare you of the satisfaction it will give me; but except in acting as a *flapper* to the wishes and exertions of others, I fear I can do but little myself. I had some conversation lately about you with L<sup>y</sup>. Hampden, but I think it ended in nothing essential, as vague consultations are apt to do, particularly at balls, and during the sounds of *wind instruments*.

Gower is now at Paris, and I am not sure if he will not come to England and Scotland for a month. I shall let him know that I have heard from you. It so happens that your letter was just in point, as we have been much occupied in the Oxford affair for Mr. Heber. I should, without scruple, avail myself of your kind permission to request your vote for him, if it were merely taking you from Mess<sup>rs</sup>. Corne and Tarpley; and if this is the case, let us beg of you to give it to Mr. Heber.<sup>1</sup> But if it sh<sup>d</sup>. appear to you that any real interest should be sacrificed, or even committed more slightly by voting for him, I beg you will not think anything that past between us is binding, as though I wish success to Mr. Heber, I should be sorry you sh<sup>d</sup>. miss an opportunity of obliging any person who might be practically useful to you. But in the former case you may say I have canvassed you eagerly for Mr. Heber.

London has been extremely busy from the time of the entry of Louis XVIII. to the present moment, and is likely to continue so, as there are expectations of emperors, balls, and *fêtes*, so that those concerned in those matters are likely to have *enough of it*. I shall be glad to hear again from you, and to know when you are likely to come to Oxford.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Sharpe, most truly yours, E. S. S.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to the Viscountess HAMPDEN.

MY DEAR LADY HAMPDEN,—In case I should not be lucky enough to find you at home, I write this to say that I cannot do myself the honour of waiting upon you to-day at dinner, as Sir T. P.,<sup>2</sup> whom I have put off *once*, hath sent for me, and I dare not disobey his orders. As I know your goodness, I

<sup>1</sup> Richard Heber, of Hodnet, Salop, represented the University of Oxford from 1821 to 1826.

<sup>2</sup> Probably Sir Thomas Pasley of Craig, Dumfriesshire.

made the less ceremony. I should like much to know if you are going to Lady Willoughby's to-night. I go on the invitation of Will<sup>m</sup>. Burrell—to my infinite surprise, I can assure you. Can you put me on any method to be invited to Lady Salton's on Wednesday? All the world is to be there, and my time is now so short.

*The lady handed out* in Argyle St. began the ball that night, so Mr Greville will know her name. She was at Vauxhall on Friday with Lady Melbourne. A word to the wise!—I am ever your obliged humble ser<sup>t</sup>,

C. K. S.

[On the back of the above letter to Lady Hampden from a draft in Mr Sharpe's own writing are jotted the following:—]

O heavens! O earth! the vast surprise!  
Can I indeed believe mine eyes?  
    And are thy whiskers fled?  
Fiend could alone the thought inspire  
To sheer what men and gods admire,  
    To spoil that glorious head!

When moved the razor's edge unblest,  
Sure flocks of Cupids left their nest,  
    And perching on thy nose,  
Or cowering in thine eyebrows' gloom,  
Bewailed their antient harbour's doom.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to JAMES HAY, Esq., Dunse Castle.

MY DEAR HAY,—Ten thousand thanks for your invitation. But what have the halt, the lame, and the blind, like me, to do at balls? Alas! kind sir, I am all over decay, and the dry rot is in my upper story, like Lansdowne House. Nevertheless, I have made the long-projected sketch of Madame de Lieven, who will fill my place at the ball, and, I hope, find favour in your eyes.

Seriously, many tiresome things conspire to prevent me from giving myself much pleasure by accepting your and your

brother's kindness, so all I can do is to offer my best thanks and best wishes—that no fire may burn half the company, real, or that of Cupid—that none of your beaus may break the tendon Achilles—and that everybody may be as happy as, I am sure, I should have been, could I have availed myself of your invitation.

My brother is looking out, in no little jeopardy, for companions in a post-chaise, and I am trembling for his success. Every public vehicle is full, except Miss Lundie and the Leith Stage. I wish that I had any news to tell; but except that Peace was proclaimed to-day by sound of cannon and during a torrent of rain, and that all our ladies remaining here hive about Lord Glasgow's house-door like bees, for the sake of Lord Boyle, who will not be nibbled at, I know nothing. Our tea-tables have never recovered the shock of the Duchess of Roxburghe's misfortune. If marriages could be made in heaven, don't you think that the Marquis of Granby, aged ten months, and Lady Margaret (for so she was to be called) Kerr, aged ten minutes, would make a mighty pretty match?

Adieu, my dear Hay. With best remems. to your brother, believe me ever most truly yours.

EDIN., *June* 1814.

ALEXANDER SINCLAIR, Esq., H.E.I.C.S., to C.  
KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

[MADRAS, *June* 1, 1814.]

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I fear you think some apology for my delay in writing to you is necessary. The only one, however, which I shall offer is this confession of a guilty conscience that I deem it requisite, and so commence an epistle.

However long circumstances may oblige me to sojourn here, this country I shall never like, as I must ever consider it in the light of a banishment from my friends and my home.

How far preferable is your variable climate to the dull monotony of a never-failing heat and a vertical sun! We are now, however, suffering all the rigours of winter, with the thermometer *above* 70°! This whole day the monsoon has spent in *sighs and tears*, so that the ground is one continued swamp. The frogs and grasshoppers have now undertaken, in consequence, to greet us with a concert, which is so loud and discordant that we can scarcely hear *ourselves* speak. But this and the former phenomenon can be easily accounted for from the air being so much more rarefied here than it is in England: for philosophy so much.

Lady Hood,<sup>1</sup> whom you are probably acquainted with, was here for some time, but has now followed the courtly circle to Bengal. She was a very agreeable acquaintance in this melancholy place, which has, at this period, less society than a tolerable neighbourhood in the country. While she was here we were kept alive, but at her departure we might have exclaimed, "We ne'er shall see (her) like again!" She talked of going to Delhi to visit the Emperor, who, as some person observed, is a countryman of hers, his name being—Sawny!

Lady Eliz<sup>th</sup>. Murray<sup>2</sup> is also here, and is a person I like very much. Her husband is one of the pleasantest men in the place. There was a strange story told of my lady while the vice-Queen was on her visit here proceeding to Bengal. It was said that L<sup>d</sup>. Loudon<sup>3</sup> sent a message by Cap<sup>t</sup>. Curzon, one of the aid-de-camps, who requested her to stand up while he delivered it, which, when she obeyed, *he sat down and explained!* I believe it to be a fabrication, and you must think it so too. However, I would not have it mentioned, as I have really a great regard for the Murrays.

<sup>1</sup> See vol. i. p. 502.

<sup>2</sup> Youngest daughter of the fourth Duke of Athole, married to Sir Evan John Murray Macgregor, K.C.B. and G.C.H., Major-General in the army.

<sup>3</sup> The wife of Lord Moira, the Governor-General. See vol. i. p. 332.

The Lady Governess is introducing great state and grandeur at the Court of Calcutta. At a drawing-room the other day, the [ 1 ] were all put in requisition; and it was hinted that, though hoops on that occasion would be dispensed with, it would be advisable for the ladies to get their measures taken immediately, so as to be properly attired on the next opportunity. When the presentations were finished, the noble pair headed respectively a *pool at commerce!*—an example which will no doubt be eagerly followed at the Court of St James's.

Many thanks for your letter, which was forwarded from college.<sup>2</sup> I have not been so much amused since my arrival. It is a good receipt *for growing corpulent*, if laughing produces, as it is said, that desirable effect. I hope you will write often, for I assure you that your letters can nowhere be more prized than in my possession. I must shorten this epistle, as it is not worth paying double for it, and my hand is not good enough to cross it. So for a short period (till the next opportunity), adieu. Give my cousinly love to William, and remember me kindly to the rest of your family.—I remain sincerely and everlastingly y<sup>r</sup>. friend and cousin,

A. SINCLAIR.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Lady MUIR MACKENZIE.

93 P. S., *Monday*.

MY DEAR MADAM,—On the chance of not finding you at home this morning, I write *a line* (a line is vulgarish, but to say again *this*, after this morning, would be cacofany, as Laura well knows) to inform your Ladyship that I am “indited for this day to the Lubbar’s Head in Lombard Street to dinner,” so shall not absolutely eat you out of house and home, as I once intended. I am terribly busy with the tooth-

<sup>1</sup> Letter torn here.

<sup>2</sup> Haileybury.

ache, which grows worse hourly, but was not forgetful of Susan and Georgina's affair yesterday, and discovered that the giant was gone out of Edin. for a day, so I shall have nothing to pay my chair-hire this evening. Beseeching your prayers for my afflicted purse and mouth, I rest your Ladyship's obliged and faithful  
CH<sup>s</sup>. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

Earl GOWER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

TRENTHAM, Oct. 23, 1814.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—If you suppose me (as perhaps you may) to be wandering about in Italy, or God knows where, you will be surprised to receive this with my hand and seal from home; but the real fact is, that I have returned home from Switzerland, having renounced the Italian schemes for this winter for the purpose of insinuating myself into the good graces of the Staffordshire noblemen and gentlemen in case of a vacancy in the representation, w<sup>h</sup> is expected shortly, as L<sup>d</sup>. Granville Leveson<sup>1</sup> is, it is said, to be made a peer. In the meantime, another event is occurring in our family, w<sup>h</sup> I have to relate to you. Charlotte is going to be married to Mr H. Howard,<sup>2</sup> son to Mr B. Howard, heir-presumptive to his Grace of Norfolk. He is a young gentleman of a very amiable disposition and agreeable manners, and in every way a very good and agreeable connection, with which we are all extremely pleased. So you will be glad to hear of it. We had a visit from the D. of Norfolk the other day, which was very amusing. You will not object to the young man because he is a Catholic, but I am *afraid* not a bigoted one.

I am now attending quarter-sessions, agricultural meetings, &c., &c.,—all delightful pastimes suitable to country gentle-

<sup>1</sup> Created Viscount Granville of Stone Park, 15th July 1815.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards thirteenth Duke of Norfolk.

men and county representatives. I came home straight from Geneva in a very short time. Pray write and tell me what you are doing and to do.

I have just heard some very shocking scandal from Edinburgh.<sup>1</sup> Pray tell me all about it. It has been going on for a year at least in London. But this last act is almost incredibly foolish and atrocious. Adieu.—Ever yrs., G.

THE MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD TO C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

CLEVD. H., *April 28, 1815.*

I wish, my dear Mr Sharpe, I could give you any satisfactory reply to the first part of your letter: indeed none of your friends could desire more earnestly than myself to assist in such an object, at the same time I regret that none has less the power of doing any good. The sort of thing is difficult to obtain even with considerable interest, which I know from having once (under more favourable auspices than any I now can boast) tried it, at L<sup>r</sup>. Alva's<sup>2</sup> desire, for her nephew-in-law, John Macdowell, L<sup>d</sup>. Dumfries's brother, but without success. I do not even know by what interest that place is likely in the present instance to be obtained.

I was very happy to hear from you. Some of your correspondents have of late complained of you,—among others the Miss Campbells of Monzie, who I saw some time ago at Petersham. I could not contrive to fish out of Walter Scott if you were (as has been suspected) the author of 'Waverley' and of 'Guy M.' But this silence with which you have been reproached led me to suspect something of that kind might have been the case; and many traits in those works, besides the knowledge of the Carte du Pays in the neighbourhood of Krippletringan, encouraged me in the idea. You have, if

<sup>1</sup> The Rosebery divorce.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, vol. i. p. 112.

this is the case, much reason to be satisfied with the success of both, for it is only disputed which is the best, and they are read and studied by people of all kinds, and so much in fashion that many pretend to understand the dialogue in the latter who cannot possibly comprehend a word of it, and who, never having walked through the Grey Friars' Churchyard, cannot appreciate the epitaph on Cap<sup>n</sup>. Bertram's family burial-place, or in any way see the merit of the whole history.

I shall value the portrait of L<sup>y</sup>. Mar highly. It will be, besides its other merits, of particular interest in our family from the relation; and if you will pack it up *very* carefully, and entrust it with the other L<sup>y</sup>. Mar, for which I beg you to accept of my best thanks, and commit it with Granville to Mr Mackenzie, he will take care of the conveyance to me. I have promised to let L<sup>d</sup>. Erskine<sup>1</sup> see his g<sup>t</sup>-grandmother's domestic economy.<sup>2</sup> He often talks of her as if he were Chancellor, and c<sup>d</sup>. make you a Black or White Rod or Mace. I sh<sup>d</sup>. give it to him from you. He is at present occupied in doing all he can to excite the world against Bonaparte by his eloquence, and I wish he may succeed, as, in my opinion, a great effort is our only chance to recover the ground so unhappily lost; but, in the meantime, here we are with our *face at Gramont*, and all our battles must be fought over again.

Do you think of coming to London? and when? You will find all the world, and your Burrell friends among them, twirling round and round; G. Vernon married—in short, London much as it was; the conversation as usual, excepting some new expressions from 'Waverley,' &c., introduced into it. I hope to be in Scotland for a few weeks in summer, having intended to be there the whole of it, but being obliged by some circumstances to change that plan into a similar

<sup>1</sup> The ex-Lord Chancellor.

<sup>2</sup> "Household Book of the Countess of Mar," published by Mr Sharpe in 1815.

journey to that I made last year. I wd., however, rather see you in London than for only one half-hour at Edin<sup>r</sup>.

I do not mention Gower, as he intends to write for himself.  
Adieu.—Believe me, my dear Mr Sharpe, most truly yours,  
E. S. S.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

*Saturday Night* [1815].

MY DEAR SCOTT,—I have been too long of sending the notice which you desired, but I have been very far from well these two days, which must apologise for my rude delay, and the uncouth shape of the enclosed. From it you will see that there were no Kirkpatricks to kill a flea, save those of Closeburne or Torthorwald; so that in spite of doubts we must have the action among us, as they say of a stink, take it how people will.

The Torthorwald branch sank into the family of Carleill. In Winton there is a good deal about the Closeburne worthies, with whom the name of *Roger* hath flourished in a most prodigious sequence. Roger Kirkpatrick's seal is described by Nisbet (appended to a writ of Lord Somerville's, 1445) as having the shield and supporters, but *no crest* at all. I believe our family was the proudest that ever existed, and if I had vivacity enough I could make a good romance from the anecdotes I have heard of its foolery in that way.

There was one picturesque tale attached to Closeburne. A white swan appears on the loch which surrounded the castle before the death of any member of the family. My great-grandfather's father, the first Baronet, married a daughter of Lord Torphichen, by whom he had two sons. After her death he married Miss Hamilton of Raploch. At the wedding-supper the young heir looked very dowie, and on his father's reproving him for it, supposing he did not like the notion of

a stepmother, merely said, "Before lang ye'll look wae too." He had seen the swan that evening, and died that night. The loch is now drained, but were it not, a goose would be the fitter omen to Mr Monteith of Closeburne.

I think, my dear friend, that we have more honour in standing in a verse<sup>1</sup> of a poet like you, than if we had killed even the Prince Regent. It stirs up the spirit of my decaying vanity to think of it, and in the name of all our good-for-nothing knights and forgotten ladies, I return you most hearty thanks.

From my bed—ever most faithfully, my dear Scott, yours,  
C. K. S.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to the EDITOR of the  
'Scots Magazine.'<sup>2</sup>

[1815.]

SIR,—Having lately perused the excellent Life of Dean Swift by Mr Scott, prefixed to the last edition of his works, I transmit to you the following memoranda and remarks, which may perhaps be deemed worthy of a place in your valuable Miscellany.

Swift, in the anecdotes of his own family (Appendix to the Memoirs), says: "The family of the Swifts was ancient in Yorkshire; from them descended a noted person who passed under the name of Cavaliero Swift, a man of wit and humour. He was made an Irish peer by King James or King Charles the First, with the title of Baron Carlingford, but never was in that kingdom. Many traditional pleasant stories are related of him, which the family planted in Ireland has received from

<sup>1</sup> "Vain Kirkpatrick's bloody dirk  
Making sure of murder's work."

—*Lord of the Isles.*

<sup>2</sup> This letter, which is taken from a draft, either never was sent or was not published.

their parents. This Lord died without issue male, and his heiress, whether of the first or second descent, was married to Robert Fielding, Esq<sup>r</sup> commonly called *Handsome Fielding*. She brought him a considerable estate in Yorkshire, which he squandered away, but had no children. The Earl of Eglinton married another coheiress of the same family, as he has often told me."

On this marriage of Lord Eglinton's it is remarked by the ingenious editor that no such thing is recorded in the pedigree of the Montgomeries, which is very certain; so that either Swift's memory must have somewhat failed him in this particular, or Lord Eglinton pretended a nearer relationship than what really existed between them, but that there actually was a distant tie is proved by the pedigree of the Earls of Dumfries, as it stands in the Scottish peerages. William, second Earl of Dumfries (whose sister, Lady Mary, was married to *Edward* (probably Barnham) Swift, Viscount of Carlingford, in Ireland, and had issue), took to wife Penelope, daughter of Sir Robert Swift of the county of York, Knight, by whom, besides his heir and other children, he had Lady Elizabeth Crichton, married to Alexander, 8th Earl of Eglintoune. "1658, Jan., the Lord Mogomry's sonne, being at London about his father's business in reference to his fyne, without consent of his parents privately married the Lord Dumfries his daughter, a gentelwoman bread in England, bot having littell or no portion."—Lamont's Diary. And this must have been the connection recorded by Swift. Lord Eglinton's second wife was Catherine, daughter of Sir William St Quintin of Harpham, in the county of York, Bart., who, by the way, like Congreve's Lady Wishfort, was given to *an iteration of nuptials*,—for she married first, Michael Wentworth of Woolley, in Yorkshire, son of Sir George Wentworth, Knight; secondly, Sir John Kaye of Woodsome, Bart.; thirdly, Henry Sandys of Doune, in Kent; and fourthly (*horresco referens*), Lord Eglintoune! The shocking ceremony

took place in St Bride's Church, London, on the 8th of December 1698 — this sweet Psyche actually conveying the blushes and wrinkles of 90 into the arms of a Cupid probably not much younger, and who did not long survive the joys of his cadaverous union.

“So two sear trees, dry, stunted, and unsound,  
Each other catch when dropping to the ground ;  
Entwine their wither'd arms 'gainst wind and weather,  
And shake their leafless heads, and drop together.”

Lord Eglintoune's son, by Lady Elizabeth Crichton, married three wives, none of them in any shape connected with the family of Swift, and it was this lord probably who was acquainted with the Dean, and claimed relationship to him ; for his father was not likely to have met with Swift, who did not appear much in public life till after the year 1701, when Alexander, 8th E. of Eglintoune, died. The 9th Earl, from his political principles, now well known by the publication of his son-in-law, Mr Lockhart's papers, must have been a warm admirer of the Dean, who, whatever his real sentiments were, was generally regarded not only as a stiff High-Churchman, but also a very strenuous Jacobite.

There also seems to be an error in what Swift states respecting the marriage of Lord Carlingford's heiress with *Handsome Fielding*. That quintessence of all beaux, past, present, and, probably, to come, espoused to his first wife Lady Margaret, only child of Ulick, fifth Earl of Clanrickarde, by Lady Anne Compton, daughter of William, Earl of Northampton.

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

[April 1815.]

DEAR CHARLES,—*Primo*, I hope you have not forgotten that you dine here on Friday at five.

*Secundo*, I send you a curious tract upon fairies.<sup>1</sup>

*Tertio*, I have discovered for you some curious particulars respecting Scottish Quakers, particularly of my mother's great-grandfather, John Swinton, in the article "Barclay" in Kippis's new edition of the 'Biographia Britannica.' If you have not the book I will send it. On consideration, I will send it on chance.

*Lastly*, and to conclude, beloved, I want your assistance in planning a silver cup for the Suters of Selkirk, to be given to the bravest by the Duke. He wishes to have the *birss*<sup>2</sup> (a *bona fide* birss) disposed somehow as an ornament on the top on't. Now, as the arms of the town are picturesque, being a female figure, with a child in her arms, seated on a sarcophagus, I thought the birss might be put into her hand; but on trying, it looks as if she was just going to flog the wean. Then I thought of disposing it at the end of a sort of silver handle or sceptre, but that looked like a broom, and showed as if the poor woman had undertaken to be housemaid and child's maid at once. Pray aid me with your wit, for mine is pumped dry.—Ever yours,

W. SCOTT.

If you are to be at home to-morrow, I will call.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to JOHN STEWART,<sup>3</sup> Esq., Son to  
Sir M. SCHAW STEWART.

VERY DEAR AND REVEREND SIR,—As the Solemn League and Covenant is for the present rolled up, and the stedfast pillars of the Kirk are returned to their rustic bases, after having made the woman of Babylon outblush her own garment, and the beast whereon she rideth hide his diminished

<sup>1</sup> Kirk's Secret Commonwealth.

<sup>2</sup> A bunch of bristles used by shoemakers, and the cognisance of the sutors of Selkirk. See Lockhart's Life of Scott, *sub anno* 1815.

<sup>3</sup> Advocate, and Sheriff of Selkirkshire, married Jane, daughter of Sir William Maxwell of Springkell.

heads, I suppose that you will be about to repair to the desert, amid the pelicans of the wilderness, and to the hills, to bewail thy virginity. In which case, restore unto me "'Tis Pity she's a W——e," for a person of my neighbourhood wisheth to peruse the same; and whatever tendeth to edification is not to be denied. When thou art in the country, follow the injunction and mortify thy members—which is, being interpreted, reduce thy rebellious flesh—or, more plainly to expound, eschew fatness, the daughter of full feeding, the granddaughter of sluggishness, the niece of strong ale, and the first cousin of butter-milk.

Wheresoever thou art, in whatever case, believe me, dear brother in the spirit, ever thine,

BALAAM'S ASS.

EDIN., *May* 1815.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Lord BYRON.

*June* 1815.

MY LORD,—In very many cases it would be absolutely necessary to offer an apology for the freedom of an address such as this; but here, I would fain believe, none is requisite, for no rudeness is intended. I shall never, most probably, have any opportunity of approaching you; and however precious your lordship's time may be, no very great portion of it will be occupied by the perusal of this letter.

Being an humble admirer, like all the rest of the world, of your great poetical powers, stupendous in this age of "Forcible Feebles," I must presume, concealed by many a Scottish mist, to suggest a subject for your muse—a theme which, had your ancestors been poets, they would have embellished with their pens as they vindicated it with their swords—capable, I must think, of numberless poetical beauties, and particularly appropriate to the lyre of a descendant from the brother of the first Lord Byron.

I mean the adventures and miserable fate of King Charles the First, or, rather, a delineation of his feelings, in the last days of his life, as the distressed husband and father, the humbled King, and (worst of all) the remorseful friend, haunted with the remembrance of Strafford. No poet, my lord, has ever described the pangs of the human mind as well as you have done. And surely your noble imagination cannot fail from being struck with the fate of Charles's "grey discrowned head," particularly as detailed by Sir P. Warwick, who mentions having once beheld the King shed tears—"the biggest drops I ever saw"—and records many other touching circumstances of his captivity and death. I do not remember any poet who has attempted to celebrate this genuine saint and real martyr, save the author of a poor tragedy, which had no success; but with such a subject, and such powers as you possess, what may we not expect?

It has, indeed, of late times become very fashionable to rank K. Charles among tyrants and wicked men, and his destroyers with the meritorious and the pure, and modern historians (more particularly a Scotchman,<sup>1</sup> whose virulence against the house of Stewart is so personal and fresh, that one could almost suppose him to be Charles's executioner condemned to the fate of the Wandering Jew) have proceeded all lengths to prove his ambition of arbitrary sway, his faithless system of politicks; and if they cannot contrive to fix actual vice upon his private character, would fain represent him as a man of manners so extremely forbidding, that in this age of urbanity his deportment amounts almost to a crime. It would be ridiculous to desire such authors to appeal to their own hearts, whether in a case like his, when prerogative had extended beyond definition, and had been stretched to all extremes by his predecessors, the Kings and Queens of England, they themselves could have endured curtailments.

<sup>1</sup> Malcolm Laing.

Earl GOWER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

PERTH, *Saturday Night,*  
*August 5, 1815.*

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I must endeavour to relieve my conscience before I go to bed by confessing my extreme misconduct, and I do not know by what word to call it adequate to my sense of my incivility in leaving Edinb<sup>s</sup> after having sent you that note, without sending an explanation of the necessity I was under of proceeding on my journey. But the fact was, that I was so hurried I did not think of writing, but had intended to have seen you on my way, but I was prevented from doing so.

I wrote my note to you *d'avance* at Hawick, and sent it by the servant; then I got out of the carriage on entering the town to go to a bookseller (and, by the by, at Laing's I bought a copy of the 'Herologia' for 15 g<sup>s</sup>.;<sup>1</sup> I wish I knew what is the fair price for a copy). When I got to Dumbreck's I found Lady S., who had been setting off as my carriage drove up, and had stopped for me. I found that if I remained at Edinb<sup>s</sup> this evening I could not proceed till Tuesday, on account of an insufficiency of horses on the road for both, and that I was obliged to take the start of her; and leaving her at Blairadam, where she remains till to-morrow ev<sup>g</sup>. I am pushing on for Dunrobin as fast as I can. I hope you will be at Edinb<sup>s</sup> when we return. L<sup>r</sup>. S. says she was so busy with Mackenzie and others, that she c<sup>d</sup>. not see you. We shall have more leisure, I hope, when we return, w<sup>h</sup>. will be in less than three weeks.

<sup>1</sup> Herologia Anglica hoc est clarissimorum et doctissimorum aliquot Anglorum qui floruerunt ab anno Christi MD., usq. ad præsentem annum MDCXX., vivæ Effigies, Vitæ et Elogia. Authore H. H. Anglo-Britanno (Henry Holland). A copy at the Williams sale fetched £27, 16s. 8d.

I write in a great hurry: pray write to me at Dunrobin.  
Ever y<sup>rs.</sup>, G.

*P. S.*—Will you have the goodness to inquire for a letter for me at the Post Office, Edinb<sup>g</sup>, and forward it to D. ?

The MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD TO C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

CLEVD. H., Oct. 29, 1815.

I have often wished to write to you, my dear M<sup>r</sup>. Sharpe, for the sake of having a little conversation; but I did not think that quite a sufficient pretence till now that I have got a good impression of the D. and Dss. of Lauderdale's *tête-à-tête* for you, and if you are not already possess of it, pray tell me how to send it.

I am now almost the only correspondent you are likely to have in London at this empty season. We depend upon Charlotte for our present stay, as she is still going about, and we shall remain here till she is tolerably recovered. Adieu!  
—Believe me most truly yours, E. S. S.

Gower is at present in Staffordshire.

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

[1816.]

DEAR CHARLES,—As I am flattered by so good an antiquary looking at anything belonging to my forbears, I have looked up a letter from Lord Cranstoun to Sir Gideon Scott of Highchester, the first Raeburn's elder brother. The poor lord seems to have been in sad trouble at the time. I have many, very many letters from people of note, but they are confused

with the mass of my father's professional papers, which fill a whole garret. I send you Elphinstone.—Ever yours,

W. S.

CASTLE STREET, *Wednesday*.

The match proposed did not take place. Christian, Sir William Scott's eldest daughter, married William Kerr of Chatto in 1673. Margaret, the second, who is probably the Lady Avondale, married Sir Patrick Scott of Ancrum, 1680.

[Enclosed with this letter is the following memorandum, which is not, however, the letter referred to above. It is in Sir Walter Scott's handwriting:—]

Walter, 1<sup>st</sup>. Laird of Raeburn, was the 3<sup>d</sup>. son of Sir William Scott, said to be tenth Laird of Harden: see article "Scott of Harden," in Douglas's Baronage. This Walter of Raeburn married Isobell Makdougall, daughter of Sir William Makdougall of Makerstoun, by Margaret, daughter of Auld Wat of Harden: they were therefore cousins-german.

I have heard that this Walter Scott was a man of learning, and skilled particularly in the Oriental languages; and in the old family mansion-house at Lessudden there is a room called the library, where, it is said, his books were kept, until the collection was dispersed by his grandson. I presume he was like the mad fanatic in the song—

" In the holy tongue of Canaan  
I placed my chiefest pleasure,  
Till I pricked my foot  
With a Hebrew root,  
That I bled beyond all measure."

The persons chiefly concerned in taking the children of Walter Scott from under his care were his elder brother, Sir William Scott (called Little Sir William, to distinguish him

from his father and his wife's father or brother (I am uncertain which), the Laird of Makerstoun for the time. It is also said that the mother followed the children from the house of Les-sudden to that of Makerstoun, and being there excluded from entering, sate down on her knees, and in her agony prayed that those who thus forcibly separated the child and parent might have no heir-male to succeed them; and, in truth, the male line of Little Sir William Scott became extinct, and the house is now represented by the representative of his brother, Sir Gideon, and an heir-female succeeded to the estate and honours of the very ancient family of Makerstoun.

Walter of Raeburn had two sons and a daughter. The last died unmarried. William, the eldest son, married Anna, eldest daughter of Sir John Scott of Ancrum, by Elizabeth, daughter of Francis Scott of Mangertoun. He had one son, Walter, who was killed in a duel near Selkirk, in October 1707, by one of the Pringles of Crichton: the place where they fought is still called the Raeburn-meadow-spot—an odd end for the grandson of a Quaker, and a sign the principles of non-resistance were pretty well purified out his veins.

The second son to whom the Order of Council refers was called Walter, after his father, and was my great-grandfather. He married a Miss Campbell of Silvercraigs, by which we are related to Blytheswood, and still call cousins. He was a scholar, and a great companion of Dr Pitcairn. They agreed also in political principles: my ancestor having sworn never to shave till the Stewarts were restored—a vow which only ended in the saving soap and razors. These vows had not been uncommon in the 17th century. In Cowley's play mention is made of a rakehelly cavalier, who, having no money to get his beard trim'd, affected to wear a beard for the King. My father had a good picture of this old gentleman given to him by the last Lord Kellie, to whom it came by his mother, the daughter of Dr Pitcairn. There is another good one at Makerstoun. He bore arms in 1689, and was at Killiecrankie

with Dundee,—also, I believe, in 1715; at any rate, he was imprisoned, and in danger, during that time.

The conversion of John Swinton of Swinton was an event of more political importance, as he had played a great part under old Noll. My mother, who is his great-granddaughter, says that his conversion to Quakerism was merely political, to avoid the fate of Waristoun and Argyle. My grand-aunt, Mrs Keith of Ravelston (*née* Miss Joan Swinton), was his granddaughter, and remembered a little of him. She said it was a common phrase of the time that if Swinton had not *trembled* he would not have *quaked*. Notwithstanding what is said of Lauderdale coveting his estate, I believe they were nearly related or connected. I will ask my mother how this stands; for I remember a curious anecdote of hers upon the subject of conventicles. My grand-aunt aforesaid, but more especially her sister, Mrs Margaret Swinton (who was strangely murdered by her own maid-servant when I was at the High School), were both very rich in ancient tales and traditions. They said that Swinton never announced his conversion to his son, their father, afterwards Sir John Swinton, but that the first intimation he had of it was by finding the laced clothes, peruke, and sword, which he had taken off the night before, removed from his bedside, and a plain suit of Quaker garments laid down in their stead. There are some curious particulars in Fountainhall concerning the proceedings against Swinton. I had in the persons of my forbears a full share, you see, of religious persecution in the end of the 17th century, for all my great-grandfathers were under the ban, for one cause or another, and I think there were hardly two of them out of jail at once. My maternal great-grandfather, John Rutherford, a son of Hunthill, was also persecuted; and my grandmother's family, on the father's side, Haliburton of Mertoun and New Mains, came off still worse, the son being killed before the eyes of the father by two or three of Monk's dragoons. But I am glad I escaped the honours of the stiff-

rumped Quakers, which threatened to descend on me from two different channels. In George Fox's Journal, p. 451, vol. i., he gives an account of his journey to Scotland in 1651. He abuses the Scots as a "dark carnal people;" yet he promises great increase there. "For when I first set my horse's feet upon the Scottish ground I felt the seed of God to sparkle about me like innumerable sparks of fire. Not but there is abundance of thick cloddy earth of hypocrisie, that is a top and a briary brambly nature, which is to be burnt up with God's Word, and plowd up with His spiritual plow," &c., &c.—like Obadiah's process for stubbing the Oxmoor.

Of all these conversions, Sir Gideon Scott's, of Highchester, strikes me most. He was Ræburn's elder brother, and ancestor of the present Mr Scott of Harelaw. From many letters of his I conceived him to be a very sensible, sound-headed man, a good politician and man of business; but these delusions were universal at the time. I have little doubt that he converted Ræburn.

I may add to this notable string of trash that the famous Richard Cameron was once my g.-g.-grandfather Sir W. Scott the elder's chaplain; but they differed in doctrine, and he was expelled. Yet Sir W. was most cruelly fined and imprisoned because his wife haunted conventicles: see Fountainhall.

The MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

TRENTHAM, *Jan.* 4, 1816.

I was really, my dear Mr Sharpe, when I saw your handwriting, ashamed of thinking that I ought long ago to have told you not to expect the D. and Dss. of Lauderdale till I could get a favourable opportunity of sending them, for I thought them in too good a condition to roll up and send by

the mail. They are now in the care of James Loch, Esq<sup>r</sup>·, 106 G<sup>t</sup> Russell St<sup>·</sup>, who is waiting for an opportunity of sending them. First L<sup>d</sup>· Gray is with them. I mention his direction in case you know of anybody coming from London who w<sup>d</sup> bring them to you. As you mentioned having already had the print, I was the less tempted to send it by the mail, thinking the book c<sup>d</sup> go on without it.

I am impatient to send the book, and very glad that it is in a way to produce something, and wish this same thing may be *considerable*.

I am at present engaged with Clarke's James II., which is curious, and looks as if it might contain something interesting to the writers of the history of those times—*à propos* of them, has Sir J. Macintosh returned your papers? if not, can I do anything in applying to him for them? Your account of the Archdukes entertained me much, and I can easily conceive how little the trouble taken with them is repaid by any kind of amusement or satisfaction. We have got rid of a project they had of coming into this country, so I hope to escape them altogether, except, perhaps, in London, where one cannot be much oppress. I pity L<sup>d</sup>· Elgin in whatever view may be taken of this affair: he ought to have done something decided about it at first, when Tweddell's book came out.<sup>1</sup> He is so ignorant on subjects of virtu that it is possible these drawings may be with his own, without his knowing it; and he is giddy enough to have really forgot the whole thing, as the grand word *inconsequent* applies more to him than to anybody I know, though with a great deal of good-humour and no bad intention, let people say what they will. We are here settled for some time, and expect Gower in a few days: he will be happy to hear of you, and I wish, when you have nothing

<sup>1</sup> The reference is here to the ill-natured controversy between the Tweddell family and Lord Elgin concerning the latter's Marbles and researches, for an account of which see the Quarterly Review, xii. 257-273; xiv. 513-547.

else to do, that you w<sup>d</sup> write to me from time to time. The B<sup>p</sup>. of Oxford died<sup>1</sup> without a will, and the *old* Dean is consequently his heir: he *died* of the true English complaint of *living* too well. We Scotch people are of happier constitutions, and do not fatten like the larger breed of animals. I will not delay sending this another post, but now will conclude it, and beg you to believe me ever most sincerely yours, E. S. S.

Earl GOWER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

LONDON, *March* 8, 1816.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—It is a long time since there has been any communication between us, for which idleness is always a reason on my part: what may be yours remains to be shown.

I suppose you have heard of my foolish piece of *etourderie*, and of my having subjected myself, really and literally, to a *præmunire*, and consequently that for a fortnight I have been out of the protection of the law, and that anybody might have robbed and anything but murdered me, without my being able to take the law of them; and that, moreover, I have been subject to penalties amounting to *some* thousands of pounds, all which seems to me sufficient to make anybody interesting.<sup>2</sup> However, I do not lay claim to pretensions of that sort, but am very glad to have got over my second election, for I have been obliged to go down to Staffordshire in order to be re-elected—all well over, and I am once more just as if nothing of the sort had happened. If you happen

<sup>1</sup> Dr William Jackson.

<sup>2</sup> Earl Gower had been elected for Staffordshire on the elevation of Lord Granville to the peerage, 1815. In the following year his seat was declared vacant on account of his having sat and voted without taking the oath. A Bill was passed to relieve him from the penalties, and he was re-elected without opposition.

not to have heard anything of my misfortunes, you will be rather puzzled what to make of all I have just written.

How goes on your book? <sup>1</sup> I hope the secret memoirs will be published in time for me to take and read them at Dunrobin in the summer. You have heard of Villiers having a daughter said to be as like him as possible. Everybody in London has been ill, many dying, and several really dead. They say the most unwholesome season, and to have occasioned more deaths than any since the plague! Pray write, and believe me ever truly y<sup>rs</sup>. G.

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

DEAR SHARPE,—It would be most highly proper to borrow Russell for collation. I expect the transcript to-morrow.

*Item*, The Helvetic League and Helvetic Confession are frequently used by good authors, but always sound in my ear like *Galicisms*. I like Helvetian better.

Moreover, as to bargain with Ballantine,<sup>2</sup> I made none, because you wrote twice to me waiving the view of profits. But I told him that though you did so, yet, in the case of the work being successful, I continued to hold you entitled, in one shape or other, to a corresponding compliment. I will be bail that he will return a fair account of his sales and deal liberally. But I don't think he could afford to accept a bill for the half profits before they arise, though there are cases in which that may be done.

I don't believe there is a word about the pretended correspondence of Dundee with the P. of Orange either in Dalrymple or Macpherson. I have them both, and will look Macpherson this evening. He mentions, I know, that James

<sup>1</sup> Kirkton, 'Secret and True History of the Church of Scotland, from the Restoration to the year 1687.'

<sup>2</sup> About publication of Kirkton, 1817.

was advised by Dundee when at Rochester not to leave the kingdom, but to summon his dispersed soldiers around him and give battle to the Dutch. I will call on you to-morrow.  
—Ever yours,  
W. SCOTT.

CASTLE STREET, *Sunday, Jan. 1817.*

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

MY DEAREST SHARPE,—The D. of B. is much interested in your work,<sup>1</sup> and anxious to give every facility to help you on so far as he is concerned. I will be at Bowhill next week; so, if you will state what picture you want, I have no doubt your wishes will be met with. *Macte animo*, my dear friend, you want nothing but confidence in yourself, if you will permit an old adventurer like myself to say so, to turn the genius and spirit which delights your friends to the instruction and amusement of the public. I carry the two transcripts with me to show to the Duke, who is waxing curious in these matters—a disposition to be cherished with all acceptance.

My address during next week will be Abbotsford, Melrose.  
—Yours ever,  
WALTER SCOTT.

CASTLE STREET, *Saturday.*

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

[*Jan. 1817.*]

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I saw Ballantyne to-day, and gave your note to him before I had yours. He is quite agreeable to do what is reason; and, for my part, I think it would be most scandalous to let the godly carry it off thus. If they

<sup>1</sup> Kirkton's History.

are virtuous, shall there be no cakes and ale? Ay, by our lady! and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

I have one or two ill-arranged ideas to cut the back sinews of their impudent undertaking. But *time* presses, and we must, as they say, run it off. To-morrow is a holiday, and if you could be here at *three*, I would make the men of trade meet you, and—

“We will ordain them such a breakfast  
As never was in the north before.”

All that is done in the matter of Jedidiah, depend on it, you shall see. It is very odd the vol. of Wodrow, containing the memoir of Russell concerning the murder, is positively vanished from the library. Neither book nor receipt is to be found. Surely they have stolen it in the fear of the Lord. And yet it does look extremely queer.—Yours ever,

W. SCOTT.

I had almost forgotten to say that I wish much you would dine here Friday, to meet my Top of kin, the Laird of Harden. Only one or two friends.

Let me know in the morning if you can come at three, that I may secure the Ballantini.

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

MY DEAR SHARPE,—It was not without exertion and trouble that I this day detected Russell's MS., also Kirkton, and two or three others which Mr Macrie had removed from their place in the library, and deposited them in a snug and secret corner. Now I think you should apply either to Sir William Hamilton or some other of the curators, and borrow Kirkton, which, on their receipt, will be given to you. I intend to borrow Russell when I return from Abbotsford on Wed-

nesday. Meanwhile, I have set my amanuensis at work on him, with the view to run him on to the end of Kirkton. If you think fit to defer the application till I come back, you may, but I called to-day to say no time should be lost.

I have given an infernal row on the subject of hiding books in this manner. You must push on as fast as you can; and in your ear, my friend James Ballantyne is more sure than swift. He requires spurring.—Yours ever,

WALTER SCOTT.

*Saturday* [Jan. 1817].

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

*Wednesday* [Feb. 1817].

MY DEAR SCOTT,—By chance I learnt last night that the villanous biographer of John Knox<sup>1</sup> is about to edite Kirkton, after having (I believe) obtained a sight of my copy. Now it was ever my intention to offer Kirkton to Ballantyne after the Queensberry Letters were published, and I am somewhat piqued both as an editor and a Tory in this matter. So I intend to convene Ballantyne on the subject; and if he hath no objections to my plan, should we not advertize the book immediately, and thereby put a stop to the encroachments of the Covenant? I have a good many notes ready, and a Memoir of Kirkton; and at all events, print him who will, my comfort is that I know more about him than that canting rogue M'Crie doth.

Kind sir, when you see Ballantyne give him your sense of this matter, by which opinion doubtless we shall both abide. I am sure that Kirkton will go off very well, and Russell's account of Bothwell, &c., will form a very good continuation. Pray, whatever is written on the subject of Whiggery as to 'Old Mortality,' would it be asking too much to obtain a sight of

<sup>1</sup> Dr M'Crie.

it before it goes to press? My heart is in that matter; and having dabbled so long in the loathsome puddle of Presbyterianism, perhaps I may be able to suggest some useful hints.—Believe me, dear Scott, ever yours most faithfully, in haste.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to ———.

93 PRINCES ST., *Monday* [March 1817].

DEAR SIR,—I ought to make a thousand apologies for troubling you with this; but I think that, generally speaking, apologies only add to such an offence—so, without trespassing on your time, I proceed to use the freedom of making a request, relying on your good-nature to forgive my impertinence.

I am told that there is in the possession of your family a vol. of MS. letters written to Earlston, or some other gentleman of the name of Gordon, by Robert Hamilton, who headed the rebels at Bothwell Bridge. Now I am at present engaged in editing a work (that you may have seen advertised in the newspapers) on passages of which those letters may throw considerable light; and if you would have the great kindness to allow me a perusal of them, I shall deem it the most signal favour possible. I am told that they were lately in Dr Jamieson's possession; and if you (and Sir Alexander<sup>1</sup>) would repose the same trust in me, I can safely promise not to abuse it. I understand that none of the letters is addressed to any member of your honourable family that was ever loyal in rebellious times (at least what I deem such), so I have the less scruple in requesting this loan once more.—Begging your pardon for this intrusion, I am, dear sir, most truly yours,

CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

Perhaps Sir Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

*Thursday [March 1817].*

MY DEAR SCOTT,—I send you an impression of my scrawl of Bothwell Bridge, which is merely meant to show the disposition of the troops.

Pray have the goodness to allow me a peep at the Marchioness of Newcastle's Plays.

I have just finished Manfred, and written a doggrel Prologue for him.

1.

Most gentle readers, 'twill appear  
Our author fills this scene  
With what betided Major Weir  
And his frail sister Jean.

2.

He freely here his fault avows  
In bringing not before us  
The Major's cats, and mares, and cows  
Assembled in a chorus.

3.

But by-and-by he'll mend his play,  
And then the world shall see  
That Incest only paves the way  
For Bestiality.

Adieu.—Ever most truly yours.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to WM. MURE, Esq.

MY DEAR MURE,—I will wait upon you with much pleasure at dinner to-morrow. Meanwhile, I am glad that the guitar gives you satisfaction; pray touch it "softly sweet, in Lydian measure," to the two heiresses, before I make my

appearance at dinner, that their hearts may be mollified towards the antiquated attractions of yours ever most truly,

C. K. S.

*Monday Morning [June 1817].*

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

*July 1817.*

DEAR SHARPE,—I send ‘Sinclair,’<sup>1</sup> which had escaped me. The amanuensis is a difficult chapter. I will see if Campbell can serve for the job; but I am uncertain about his accuracy. I saw the scurrility, which is totally beneath contempt. The instant I return from Abbotsford I will, *sans faute*, try my hand on ‘Kirkton,’ which various accidents, not to mention a little *gum* at Gifford for over-correcting an article of mine, hath in a measure retarded, and the affections of my stomach have involuntarily retarded.—Yours ever,

W. S.

The MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

TRENTHAM, *July 16, 1817,*  
NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYNE, STAFFORDSHIRE.

I have often thought of you, my dear Mr Sharpe, since we last met; but the measure of anything I had to say has never been sufficiently full to justify me in writing, and your letter, which I r<sup>d</sup> last night, is very acceptable, as it exactly gives me the sort of reason I wanted to revive our correspondence, and to renew the assurance of my good wishes. This letter of yours could not have come in a better time on another account, as Gower arrived a few hours after it from London; and though L<sup>d</sup> Stafford had desired me to write to Mr Todd

<sup>1</sup> ‘Satan’s Invisible World Discovered.’

on the subject of Dr Fian,<sup>1</sup> and to desire him to do all he could to find it if it sh<sup>d</sup>. be among the old tracts at Clev<sup>d</sup>. H., yet Gower recollected having left, in his own house in London, the Roxburghe *fac-simile* of the book in question, and he wrote last night to his servant in town, directing him where to find it, and desiring to forward it immediately to you at Edinburgh. As to the 'House of Ivery,' L<sup>d</sup>. S. desires me to express his regret that he does not possess it; but I will write to L<sup>d</sup>. Granville in town, and request him to copy out the passage for you, and to inclose it to you direct from thence. Gower is gone to-day to the q<sup>r</sup>. sessions at Stafford, and from thence, for a few days, to an agricultural meeting at Shrewsbury, and he thinks he may there meet with Mr Heber, who, if he has this book at his house in the country, will also copy out this passage; so you are sure of getting the ghost story somehow or another. You will be glad to hear that Gower is returned from Italy in perfect health and spirits. He remains here till the end of this month, and then proceeds to Scotland, where you will see him (I imagine) about the first days of July. I am impatient to see 'Mr Kirkton,' and shall write for it this evening. I am glad to hear it has in some degree answered *one* object to you, and make no doubt it will do so in all other respects, and I am glad to hear you are going to occupy yourself in the same way with Mr R<sup>t</sup>. Law.

We returned here about 10 days ago, and find from report that the state of things is certainly improving here, and the country very quiet. We owe in general, however, much of this quietness to the spirited measures that have been adopted by Gov<sup>t</sup>., and I do believe that but for such measures the country in general w<sup>d</sup>. have been in a very different condition as to either quiet or security.

I much fear I shall not (from various engagements here) be able to go to Scotland this summer, which to me is a greater instance of self-denial than I can express; so I must

<sup>1</sup> A wizard executed in 1590. See Pitcairn's Criminal Trials.

comfort myself with hopes for the future, and with availing myself of the opportunities of hearing from thence, and I hope in that way you will not forget me.

When I happen to see L<sup>d</sup>. Erskine in London, he always tells me to ask you to send him the Journal of the Lady Mary C<sup>ts</sup>. of Mar, which he might as well buy, and therefore I did not encourage him in the request; but 'as he always renews the attack, I thought I w<sup>d</sup>. mention it, though he does not know that I have done so. I wish your travels to Oxford would some time or another bring you here. We sh<sup>d</sup>. be happy to see you, and you w<sup>d</sup>. find some amusement in the library, &c. Adieu, my dear Mr Sharpe.—Believe me most truly yours,

E. S. STAFFORD.

GEORGE CHALMERS,<sup>1</sup> Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

WHITEHALL, 25th July 1817.

I have had the pleasure of receiving from Edin<sup>r</sup>. though from what hand I know not, a copy of your work on *Kirkton*.

Amid my various labours I have found time to run over it. It is very ably edited. I admire your research; I esteem your learning; I approve your impartiality; and might think the whole very useful at such a period as the present, when fanaticism is again rearing her odious head.

I have at length found a copy of Brodie's Diary which was printed at Edin<sup>r</sup>. 1744, but which was compiled by the author, who was one of Cromwell's judges, and who wrote it at the time. I had hoped to find in it minute facts which might

<sup>1</sup> The author of 'Caledonia,' 'Life of Mary Queen of Scots,' &c., born 1742, died 1825. Mr Chalmers, at the date of this and the following letters, was Clerk to the Board of Trade.

have illustrated Scottish history. But it is all *cant*, with few facts. I have been desired to print it by A. Brodie. Yet I doubt whether I can find leisure; whether I have your skill, and still less your knowledge.

In running over your work, I have made a number of observations, which I have caused to be written on a separate paper, for the convenience of writing answers on the same, if you would be so kind as favour me with such answers.

I very sincerely wish you health and spirits to prosecute your future labours, which are so creditable to yourself and so useful to the world.

Accept, sir, of the tribute of my respect, being with great truth your faith<sup>l</sup> and ob<sup>t</sup> servant,                   GEO. CHALMERS.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

*Sunday Morning [August 1817].*

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I trouble you with this merely to say that Constable yesterday took me into the most remote corner of his shop, and with a very mysterious face informed me that Jeffrey was about to epistolise you to request that you would review Kirkton for the ‘Edin.’ I confess I was greatly surprised, tho’ I don’t profess to understand the bearings of these things very perfectly, and resolved to let you know this as soon as possible. I don’t, I profess, very well know why, if it be not that I have had so many tricks plaid myself lately by those villainous Whigs, that I cannot refrain from warning people much wiser than myself. Constable asked me if I thought you would do it, to which I answered that I really could not tell, tho’ I remember you told me some intentions you had of joining King James and Kirkton in the ‘Quarterly’; but this I kept to myself, and I shall be mighty anxious, for very obvious reasons, to learn your final determination.

Whoever reviews Kirkton may mention some circumstances respecting Mass. David Williamson which I lately gathered, and the date of his death, about which I hazarded a conjecture. His son John, Minister of the Gospel at Inveresk and Musselburgh (1720), published a sermon of his father's termed "Scotland's Sin, Danger and Duty," preached at the West Kirk, August 23, 1696, in the preface to which he informs us that his father died 6th August 1706, and insinuated that old David possessed the gift of prophecy; for being asked on his deathbed what his thoughts were of the designed union with England, the terms of which were not then known, his words were these—"I am afraid of a foul mixture;" "and whether," quoth his son, "it hath not been so, I may leave to any discerning person to judge."

Many, many thanks for your kind loans for Law. I have lately had access to Lord Leven's family papers, which are at present in the Register Office. I have as yet found nothing *historically* valuable, but I discovered a dozen of letters from the Duchess of Monmouth to Earls Leven and Melville, which I have copied carefully. I think these go far to prove the endless errors of tradition about everything, for one has always heard that the Duchess was a most haughty personage, and would ever be treated as a princess of the blood; yet in these letters she subscribes herself "your affectionate and *humble servant*," which is not in the stately strain of royalty. Her letters prove her, I think, to have been a very amiable woman (in one, she makes interest for a poor soldier who had been condemned to death for drinking a health; it is not said what, but I suppose the King over the water, or some such thing, for 'twas in old Glorious's time), and she *spells* much more correctly than even a number of noble *men* of that age. Her signature is A. B. C., alluding most likely to the beginning of the alphabet.

I am told that there is to be a dire attack upon the Knight of Allanton, and his proper seat as to Salt, in the next

magazine published by Blackwood. The Knight himself wrote the preceding article, which renders this affair very amusing. Meanwhile, I hear that Blackwood hath quarrelled with the conductors of his Magazine, these worthies writing him a formal epistle to signify that he meddled with matters which he did not understand, and so they declined the concern, which thus is likely to fall asleep shortly. But of all the letters for amusement that I have lately seen or heard of, one from Dr. M'Crie to Blackwood respecting the Xtian name of John Knox's wife (whether 'twas Joan or Margaret) principally addressed to Surtees, who has printed the Bowes Pedigree, is the most excellent. Surtees showed it to me when he was here. To spite the Dr. I am going to collect all his blunders in Knox's Life, and transmit them privately to Chalmers, who is composing the memoirs of his own idol, Queen Marie.

Pray excuse all this impertinence; and do not think (I know your kind politeness) of answering what in fact requires none. Your valuable time should not be wasted in unnecessary civility.—I rest, my dear Scott, your ever most obliged and faithful

C. K. S.

It is wonderful what noise has been made here about that wearisome Glasgow business, and in my own heart I am vexed that Home Drummond had so great a share in it; but these things blow over, and after all there's no moral turpitude in hiring a man to speak the truth: nay, I believe it is a point of conscience, in most cases, so to do.

Present my humble service to Miss Anne, and tell her that Puss hath once more been rescued from the jaws of Cerberus, by her most invaluable nostrum, so that all the household, including Puss (and excluding Poll), are ever bound to pray, &c., &c., &c.

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

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I have a letter from Jeffrey to the purpose you mention, but as I have already mentioned to Gifford my wish to review Kirkton in the 'Quarterly,' I cannot, without breach of faith, transact with the other publication. Jeffrey seems to be struck with the publication itself, and gives willing praise for the notes, though a little too jacobitical for him, as he expresses it. I hope he will get the article well done, but I should have liked to have done it myself, and left the High Church people to have blundered out their own article. There would have been some pleasure in shelling the Whigs out of their own grand battery, and leaving them only to maintain a dropping and unheard return of heavy artillery out of the 'Christian Instructor' or some such obscure field-work. I cannot say my health is by any means bad, and yet it is not to be trusted to. These damned spasms seem to be now constitutional, and defy everything but diet and exercise. The Merchant Abudah's hag was a henwife to them when they give me a real night of it, and the provoking thing is that I am perfectly well next day after such a prolonged agony.

I was at Drumlanrick for a week, and went half through the great box of papers. It *is* a *box*, as you said—not a hamper, as I insisted. There is much that would interest, though, I think, little of what is strictly and historically valuable. Autographs without end. I made some progress in separating the private letters and memorandums from public proclamations, grants, instructions, &c., &c., and both from the mass of mere private accompts by factors and so forth; but I did not get through one half of the box, for the weather cleared up, and then walking and driving came in fashion. The quizzical picture of the lady and child is in great preservation, with a few other scarecrows. I am interested in what you tell me

of the D. of Monmouth. She saved my g.-grandfather from being hanged, whether before or after his becoming the son of my immediate progenitor I wot not, though the point of obligation may be considerably varied by the circumstances, as I might reverse the verse of Swift—

“ He should have had my hearty vote  
To cut his throat before he married.”

As for the Knight of Allanton,<sup>1</sup> I suspect him to be in a scrape if his antagonist be as shrewd as his old athversary, And<sup>w</sup>. Stuart, who keel-haul the knight in his character of an anonymous author, all along professing a profound respect for him in his own. A masque should observe one rule—never to speak of himself as a third person. It was indeed impossible to doubt that the article was his writing; and the solemn manner in which he referred to his own opinion and sentiments and authority is ridiculous enough. Yet I believe the expression of Goodman was given of old to persons of great consequence who happened to hold their land of subject superiors, as the epithet of *baron* (particularly in the Highland districts) was often given to the most petty proprietors who held of the Crown, though not actually lords of a barony. I remember hearing of a Baron Mackfunn of the Dreip, a Baron Reid, and two or three other petty feudatories, not to mention the Baron of Kinclaven, whose property consisted in a ferry over the Tay, near Stobhall, and a few acres bestowed on his ancestor for fathering (with reverence) a —— of Queen Mary's, who happened to make the little mistake in stepping

<sup>1</sup> The allusion here is to what was known as the Saltfoot Controversy, which arose out of the publication by Sir Walter Scott of the ‘*Memorie of the Somervilles*,’ in which Lord Somerville states that the ancestors of the Steuarts of Allanton had sat beneath the salt at his table. Sir Henry Steuart replied in a ‘*Vindication of the Memorie of the Somervilles* ;’ and the controversy extended to ‘*Blackwood's Magazine*,’ in which Sir Henry's pretensions were severely assailed by Mr Riddell, the well-known genealogical and peerage lawyer.

into the boat, whereupon the boatman stepped forward and craved pardon of the company,—a strain of politeness greatly pleasing to the Queen, who instantly demanded, “Whose knave art thou?” and learning he was a tenant or bondsman of the Earl of Mar, asked his freedom of her cousin Jock, and, moreover, the barony aforesaid, which the Earl conferred on him accordingly. Anne rejoices in the success of her remedy, and we would all rejoice if you pay us a visit here. I can give you a quiet bed, though the masons are busy around us, and my addition rises with more noise, though less splendour, than the temple of Solomon. A coach called the Blucher runs three times a-week, and sets you down at three o’clock at Melrose bridge, and about a mile and a half from us, where the carriage would wait you; and I have room for your servant, if it will make you comfortable to have him. Said coach returns three times a-week, and sets you down at Edinburgh. I am an early riser, but the young misses will make your breakfast when you list, or it shall be manufactured in your own room. Pray think of this, and oblige your truly faithful

WALTER SCOTT.

ABBOTSFORD, 7th August [1817].

GEORGE CHALMERS, Esq.; to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

RAMSGATE, 19th Aug. 1817.

DEAR SIR,—I owe you a great many thanks for your letter of the 1st cur, and for the instruction therein contained. I am also much indebted to you for your obliging answers to my q<sup>r</sup>. and memoranda.

It certainly is not worth the trouble to search for M’Leod’s tracts, which, like others of the same sort, are probably without the names of printer and bookseller, and even year.

A short history of Scotland, printed in 1509, at Edin<sup>r</sup>. would be a great curiosity. But I suspect what was contained in

y<sup>r</sup>. Diary of M. Sharpe, 1737, was merely the *Aberdeen Breviary*, with some historical notes, like those we see sometimes in the old almanacks.

The extract respecting Lady Argyle's death I would give the world for a sight of. It would come very naturally into my Life of Queen Mary. I have some notes about her marriage from the records, and her marriage *tocher*. It was a sort of *subscription purse*, from all her brothers who had been provided for.

Your present work of Mr R. Law's Memoirs is a most desirable publication, much more than the high declaimed works that ever came from the pens of Buchanan or Babington. We want, from such original works in MS., the facts of the history, before we can philosophize or adjust periods. Happy ! if I could be of any use to you : when I can, you may freely command my high services. As to the tracts about the barbarous burning of the supposed witch at Pittenweem, printed 1705, I doubt if I have them : some search has been made for them among my numerous tracts, an additional search shall be continued, and if found shall be sent to you. I have a good many tracts on witchcraft and witches. Some of these might be useful to you, in your notion of an historical view of this curious subject. You have got, no doubt, K. James's 'Demonologie,' 1597, and Sinclair's 'Satan's Invisible World,' 1697.

I have hopes you will print every scrap of Fountainhall. What we have of him is very interesting.

I shall print Brodie's Diary, such as it is, and send you a copy.

Yes, I have long been collecting materials for a Life of the Scotch queen who was so horribly persecuted while she lived, and still more since her murder. I thank you much for what you say of her pictures, on which I am pretty strong. A little leisure and exertion would bring this life to the press. It will be in two such 4<sup>to</sup> vols. as Sir W. Forbes's 'Beattie,' and

much ornamented. The first vol. will contain a very long introductory dissertation on the calumnies of M. Stewart, from her cradle to her grave. This will be followed by four memoirs: 1. of Francis II.; 2. of Darnley; 3. of Bothwell; and last, though not least, a very minute one of the *Bastard Mummy*. This vol. will contain my controversy. The 2<sup>d</sup> vol. will be the Life of Mary herself. Such is my plan. Happy if I had her fairly before the world. I have from the records here and at Edin<sup>r</sup>. obtained very many papers, entirely new, tending to her vindication, and to the illustration of many obscure points in her history.

Any letters or papers to me, you may easily send up to me, at Whitehall, by putting my packet under cover to Lord Visc<sup>t</sup>. Chetwynd, Whitehall, London, whose frank will carry any weight of paper, being clerk of the Council in waiting. This is the safest and easiest mode possible. And in this way you may send any letters of your own, to be sent out by my messengers.

Accept, d<sup>r</sup>. sir, of my best wishes for your health and success, as so many tributes of my perfect esteem, being your faith<sup>l</sup> and ob<sup>t</sup>. servant,  
GEO. CHALMERS.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

93 PRINCES ST., August 21 [1817].

MY DEAR SCOTT,—I trouble you once more to return my best thanks for your late most kind epistle. Now that you represent matters in the just light, I cannot but regret most hugely that you could not undertake for a certain review; at the same time I am very lucky, *Dieu merci!* that I fall under your correction in either.

Putting myself out of the question, I hope that this reviewing will make the book sell for the sake of Ballantyne, who

has lately been cheated out of two hundred pounds at Brussels, and hath sent a printed "hue and cry" hither. The brothers of the trade are very much delighted with this, I can see, tho' they pretend extreme sympathy. They detest Ballantyne because he is a Tory, and moreover sets up for a fine gentleman.

Constable has engaged the conductors of 'Blackwood's Magazine' to rub up his own publication, and I am told that the last was the concluding number of 'Blackwood's'—at least under the present name. You will see from it the dismal affair of the Salt brought to a point, and the poor Knight wellnigh discomfited. The progress of this attack upon him reminds one of the song:—

" It's out o' the sowen kitt,  
And into the maister can,  
And now it's sae frie saut,  
It'll puishen our sillie gudeman."

After all, "gudeman" sounds but ill-favourdly; and oh! thou most mereiless of men to the memory of our fair Queen, where didst thou find that odious anecdote of the "Ferry Boat of Kinelevin"? I will not believe a word of it. It must needs have been King William's Queen Mary (a windy jade, I warrant her), when she was hereabouts with her father the duke. At all events, I am sure that the very echo of such a report would put George Chalmers mad, yet his projected publication respecting Queen Marie will be very incomplete without it.

Stuff apart, I wish you were more assured of your most valuable health; but, my dear sir, if you resolve to be well, you will be well. As to our most flattering invitation to Abbotsford, I am resolved to keep all the friends I have left (particularly such friends as you) with what care I can, so I have made a resolution never again to pester anybody with my sighs and groans, and solemn grimace in his own home—it is the worst species of hamesucken. I am as abominable

an inmate as a breeding woman at a crowded *occasion*, or a bilious infant in a stage-coach, and must infallibly lose the regard of my host and hostess, even tho' descended from Job and the patient Countess. The only thing that could tempt me to risk your esteem would be the hope of Miss Anne's procuring some such infallible nostrum for me as she furnished to our wheezing cat, but still dare not venture. By the way, my sister Kirkpatrick writes to me that she heard much praise of Miss Scott's singing when you were lately at Drumlangrig.

Exercise is better for you than poking through old papers, else I wish you had made the complete rummage of the Queensberry writs. There is one interesting point that may be cleared from them, perhaps—namely, what passed in the private examination of L<sup>d</sup>. Argyle by the D. of Queensberry. Would to heaven that every one were as communicative as Lord Leven, and then we might have them here to pore over at our leisure! Among his papers I have found a good deal more about the Duchess of Monmouth, which I shall secure, being resolved, if I live, to compile memoirs of her husband, for which I have copious materials; and when I have licked my whelp into some shape, I shall beg, as one addition more to your many favours, that you will allow me to prefix your name in the dedication. Perhaps you will startle, not so much in terror of the stuff as that I may say somewhat of the Duke of Monmouth that ought not to be dedicated to you. But I will not touch on his chief *sin*, which was want of duty to an affectionate father; for other matters his Grace comes off with flying colours.

Only think! I have discovered very good portraits of Mass. David Williamson, and of his last wife, Jean Straiton, painted by Sir John Medina,—or rather the discovery was Constable's. The pictures are at Portobello, whither we weltered, in a very hot day, in a hackney-coach; and at the end of our pilgrimage we were ushered into a small house belong-

ing to an old virgin, Miss Williamson, Dainty Davie's great-granddaughter, who produced from a closet, but with the greatest reverence, David and his last Shunamite. There never was a more ridiculous scene, for the thinness of the old maid was contrasted by the fat of Constable; while her reverence for her ancestor's powers in the pulpit made so excellent an equivoque with our respect for the other traits of his character, that John Knox himself, had he been present, could scarcely have refrained from laughter. I have got a promise of a loan, and shall copy both the pictures. Unluckily David is very old, and the "curled pow" is only curled over by a huge white wig; but there are a side look in a cunning eye, and a smile playing amid the numerous wrinkles round his mouth, that sufficiently indicate the hero of Cherrytrees,—

" Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,  
The power of beauty I remember yet."

David must have resembled Medoro in Ariosto. As to his last Angelica (*N.B.*—Miss Williamson would only confess to *six* wives, with a very prudish simper), she's a great, black, vulgar-looking, robust young quean, who reminds one of Swift's "Doll is a strapper," &c.

Adieu.—Pray present my best wishes and respects to your family, and [ <sup>1</sup> ] ever most devotedly yours, C. K. S.

I pray you not to take the trouble to answer this: it requires none, and you shall employ your time better than in responding to my scribbles.

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

MY DEAR SHARPE,—“Doubt truth to be a liar,” but do not doubt my continued and anxious wish to do whatsoever is

<sup>1</sup> Letter torn here.

like to be agreeable to you. My article was begun, but owing to the want of divers volumes ponderous of conveyance—so rare an occurrence—I really had not the means of completing it; for you know we have to do with a perverse generation who would take every advantage of a slip of memory, and therefore we must walk according to the square. But it will, and shall, assuredly grace the next ‘Quarterly.’ The feuds of the booksellers<sup>1</sup> are most diverting, and I have no doubt the rival magazines, like opposition coaches, will run the race until their efforts to outstrip each other shall overthrow one or both. Wilson will be a spirited charioteer, or I mistake him, and take the corner, with four starved authors in hand, in great style. As for the Bart.,<sup>2</sup> I cannot conceive what on earth made him enter into the lists as an unknown knight, thus depriving himself of all the courtesy usually paid to one who wears his beaver up. Having formerly undergone a rude shock in the same career, I should have judged that he would have tired of playing the Stranger Knight. Goodman has certainly a mean sound, yet it has been applied to families who now hold their head pretty high. I have seen a letter from James V. to ye Guidman of Torwoodlee, in which he calls him his right truist friend, or some such epithet, and speaks, I believe, of dining with him. Now these same Pringles of Torwoodlee were crusaders and men of consequence, as appears from one of their reliques—the heart of a valiant champion of the family, sent home from the Holy Land in a porphyry case plated with silver. Even the *carta supellex* may be matched by examining the wills of old families. But, after all, I doubt Allanton’s honours are in a scrape. I thought I had known all the battles of Scottish history, but can remember nothing of this same battle of Morningside. The heraldic Riddell has made a most ferocious attack. What the devil can be the meaning of his

<sup>1</sup> Blackwood and Constable.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Henry Steuart of Allanton.

extreme ardour? In demolishing the champion of Morning-side, he will realise the old maxim, *Cedant arma togæ*.

I renounce with much regret the hope of seeing you here this season. Next year we shall be better prepared for your reception, and I can give you a den where you shall be as sulky as the day is long when you do not incline to be merry with us. I am furnishing a whimsical house here, where the Heart of Midlothian pays contribution. Item, I am attempting to eke out a little cascade in a certain glen belonging to my high German dominions of Bowden Moor. So your prudence has escaped much hammering and knocking (for we want the silence as well as the wisdom of Solomon's Temple), with a *quantum sufficit* of lime to daub your clothes, and stones to break your shins upon, not to mention that in constructing the waterfall, as the potters' old song hath it—

“ All the livelong day  
We dabble among the clay,  
And we do smoke tobacco,  
As I do suppose.”

Which admirable fragment I give you from tradition, as sung at the potteries near Prestonpans when I was in sea-bathing quarters there some forty years ago. From all these inconveniences your prudence has saved you, though my selfish wish to see you here would have exposed you to them. Davie Williamson<sup>1</sup> is a special haul. I am interrupted, and forced to conclude in haste.—Most truly yours,

WALTER SCOTT.

ABBOTSFORD, *Friday* [Sept. 1817].

All the folks here are gratified by your remembrance. If you like black-cocks, we can send you plenty off my own moor. Ha! I will caper on mine own freehold. Dogs and cats all well, and send remembrances.

<sup>1</sup> Mr David Williamson, elsewhere spoken of as “Cherry-trees Davie” and “Dainty Davie,” whose exploits must be familiar to all readers of Covenanting literature.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

93 PRINCES STREET, *Sunday Morning*  
[Oct. 1817].

MY DEAR SCOTT,—Tho' I know very well how much a person in your situation on Parnassus must be a martyr to the "fash of fools," according to a phrase of Burns, yet so selfish am I that I am about to add a mite to your misery—for in truth I am in a doubtful dilemma, from which you alone can relieve me. Good sir, I pester you on the old subject—that wearisome Kirkton. I yesterday saw the 'Quarterly' advertised, but not a word of the Church of Scotland.<sup>1</sup> "Now I vow to God every part about me quivers" with fear, lest my author and myself are not to appear in that work *at all*. I beseech you mitigate, by a single line, my puzzle; and also I presume, going much on the acquaintance which hath now waxed ancient between us, to beg that in some future number, if possible, you would say a word or two about this wicked quarto. When I tell you that it may be of great consequence to me with people of various descriptions, I am sure you will at least excuse my freedom; and, moreover, I faithfully promise never again to annoy you after this fashion, were I to print as many books as Messrs Prynne and Howell, or Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster, K.B.

Kirkton is not to appear in this number of the 'Edin.,' because I believe the Whigs could get nobody but yourself capable of reviewing his period of Scottish History.

You will, perhaps, have seen Constable's new magazine, reared on the dejected ruins of 'Blackwood.' I think the hands of the figure in the thumbikins the most amusing paws possible—being so out of all proportion, that they remind one of the black monkeys at Dalkeith. The article respecting Manners, &c., was furnished by myself, from what I thought

<sup>1</sup> Scott's review appeared in the 'Quarterly' for January 1818.

a very curious memoir written by an old Miss Mure of Caldwell, aunt of the present laird; and I had a little finger in the thumbikin business, which seems to be compiled by some blackguard. *Apropos*, the Tolbooth was sold two days ago for the sum of two hundred and some odd pounds, to my huge regret; for as to beautifying the old town of Edin., the idea is ridiculous. Every invasion of this nature destroys its character; and though the Tolbooth is not a very ancient building, it is interesting from the numerous historical details connected with it, were it only the scene where Queen Marie, with her targetted tail, pronounced a pointed oration which made the people exclaim, "The voice of Diana!" and enraged Knox so bitterly. I would not move one stone of it. My only comfort is, that you are to have the door-case and niche. For my part, I should like to get the stone wherein the pike was fixed, upon which the traitor heads of both parties were placed; but I suppose that it is not now possible to discover it.

I have secured sweet Mess David of Cherrytrees—that is, I am getting his portrait copied; and tho' I refused to lend Dr M'Crie Claverhouse (I suppose the carl wished to save himself the expense of a doze of salts), I shall accommodate him with Williamson whenever he hath finished that worthy's Memoirs. He would make an admirable frontispiece even to Wodrow. His grandson, I am told, has a trunk full of David's papers, on which I have a plot, as there may be some curious enough documents; but I feel that my real sentiments respecting the patriarch of their family will reach the ears of the clan before I effect my insidious purpose.

Adieu, my dear Scott! Pray excuse my childish trepidation, and believe me ever most faithfully yours,

C. K. S.

I have not been able to learn whether the Town Guard was knocked down with the Tolbooth. Had I but fortune, I'd

make Raeburn paint full-lengths of the whole corps, and furnish a gallery with them—were it only to rival our series of kings at Holyrood House.

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

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I hope Ballantyne has not failed to inform you that we held a solemn consultation over *Law*,<sup>1</sup> with the assistance of the mighty Constable, who, though a Whig and a self-seeker, is the prince of booksellers for pushing and liberality, as well as for knowledge of his mystery. The result was an unanimous recommendation that the work should be in quarto, and the size of the impression the same as Kirkton. I think *Law* has even fully more popular attractions than the *ci-devant* minister of Mertoun, though doubtless he is less interesting in a historical point of view. Constable gave me an admirable description of your visit to Daintie Davie:<sup>2</sup> pray never part with that precious relique. The bishoprick so irregularly secured by a devotee of your acquaintance is not more valuable. If the Presbyterian rod of Aaron which made the heart of the widow to sing for joy could now be recovered, there would, I suppose, be a famous scramble for it among the godly.

Might it not be worth while to speak to the Duke of Buccleugh about your Queensberry papers? I am sure you might have access to those in his possession, and I anticipate no difficulty in getting them sent to Dalkeith, where you might consult them at leisure.

Here is cold weather, which makes me less regret your perseverance in staying at home. Next summer, if we both live to see it and I am not gone abroad, I am determined to have you here, if I should carry you off like Christie's Will and Lord Durie. I have persuaded myself that you will find

<sup>1</sup> *Law's Memorials*, published 1818.

<sup>2</sup> See note, p. 159.

yourself quite at home in my new Flibbertigibbet of a house, because it will suit none but an antiquary. One gable-end is surmounted by a cross from the old church at Loudoun, another by the Scottish thistle which frowned over one of the windows of the Tolbooth; so I stand *pro aris et focis* between the emblems of the kirk and the country. Then I have got a cleugh (which I call a glen), and which I am persuaded is the very same where Thomas the Rhymer lay vii times by the queen of fairy, which was a feat equal to those of Dainty Davie himself. Item, the butt-end of a Roman camp covered with broom, the rest untraceable. Item, three Roman roads, two of them in bad order. Item, a cascade, only to be rivalled by that which Lord Stormond threatened (before the peacock and the ladies) to make from his own person, in emulation of a waterfall at Meadowbank. Item, a pair of Roman forceps, by the vulgar called tongs, sorely damaged with rust. Item, Rob Roy's *sporrán* or purse, which no one can find the means of opening. *Cum plurimis aliis*, as will be expressed in the bills of the day.

Adieu, my dear Sharpe. Whenever I come to town, you may rely on my setting to my review in good earnest.—Yours ever,

WALTER SCOTT.

ABBOTSFORD, *October 11, 1817.*

Having with bitter reason (for surely my epistles are less worth postage) waited for an opportunity to send this *sans* postage has occasioned some delay.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

93 PRINCES ST., EDIN.,  
*Tuesday Morning, Oct. 1817.*

MY DEAR SCOTT,—Many, many thanks for your kind note. I have been confined to my bed-chamber for more than a

week with a violent rheumatism in my head and a swelled face, else I should have waited upon you before you left Edin. My disorder is now abating, tho' my face still strongly resembles a statue of Fame without her trumpet, or Boreas in the print to the first book of Dryden's *Virgil*.

You are very civil to my *Cornucopia*, which is vile trash, tho' with old spelling, and a preface and notes, and several etchings, it would have made a ludicrous Xmas box, for which it solely was intended. I cannot express how much I am obliged to you for your kindness about the Q. affair, but then I must just whisper one thing,—these letters of which I meditate the publication are by no means flattering to the descendants of the first Duke of Q., who appeareth therein (setting his *knighthood* aside) a very knave in grain, and eke a peevish self-willed harlotry. Now, sweet sir, I leave it to your better judgment whether to plague in such circumstances the D. of B. for prints to illustrate the roguery of his relative, if you think it may be done without offence (which is far from my wish with respect to his Grace, and ill my part towards the husband of an angel that is gone). I beseech you to petition for the loan of a *print* of Will<sup>m</sup>. first Duke of Queensberry (I have Duke James), and another of the Duchess. These I remember in great quantities at Drumlangrig, but being private plates, they are scarce; and have the goodness to assure the Duke that the greatest care shall be taken of them, and that they shall be returned by a safe hand, after *I myself* (employing no dirty-thumbed person) have taken copies.

I shall say nothing about certain kind expressions in your note. 'Tis the only case in which I ever knew your acute penetration fail; and tho' perhaps I had formerly some memory and a tinge of reading, I am now a decayed, dull, overwhelmed nonentity, but in all situations, my dear Scott, your ever obliged friend and faithful servant,

CHA<sup>s</sup>. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

Earl GOWER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

LONDON, Nov. 13, 1817.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—You will be so good as not to send an answer to this, or rather a letter to me, for answer this will not need till Xmas day, as I intend to return to London at that time, and not sooner. I inclose two notes that fell out of the book you lent me, and which book I do not know what to do with, but shall lock up till you come to town, as I do not think it proper for one's table. I am going to Paris next week. I go in company with Richard Wellesley, but we shall separate at Paris. I mentioned to him the other day the affront you accuse him of having put on you at Lady Fermoy's, and he indignantly denies the possibility of it. I came to town a week ago, intending to enjoy a few days here on my way, but the melancholy death of the poor P<sup>ss.</sup><sup>1</sup> has put a stop to all amusement: everybody appears distressed at it,—a shocking event in itself, independently of the inconvenience it occasions with respect to the succession; for if all the family succeed in their natural order, the succession of royal funerals and coronations will have a bad effect, and the D. of Clarence, &c., do not give one the idea of the *beau ideal* of kingly dignity. Have you read 'Lalla Rookh'? I think some parts of it, particularly the Guebers, very beautiful. M<sup>de</sup>. Flahault will regret not having taken *the hand* of the D. of Clarence: what an extraordinary thing it w<sup>d</sup>. have been to have seen her on the throne, and yet how possible! People talk much of a divorce: if facts can be proved, I think it will be desirable, if only to get rid of a mad woman, and feeling for the daughter was the principal objection one felt to it before. Adieu. I met Impey in the street this morning, looking very young. Poor Mrs Macdonald is given over: she has been suffering for the last five months in the Isle of Wight.

<sup>1</sup> Princess Charlotte.

WILLIAM HAMILTON, Esq.,<sup>1</sup> to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I blush when I think how long I have neglected to send you the enclosed list of monasteries. You will note that the lines drawn under any word or words means that these were repeated in the original, but I used this stenographic artifice to save myself time and trouble in the copying. Riddell expounded all the contractions which I have imitated, but some I have forgotten. If you bring it up to the library on Monday he will explain them, if you cannot read them *proprio motu*. At the end of the vol. from which I took this extract there is a chronicle of the kings of England. It ends in the 39th year of Henry 6. And the writing corresponds to that date. I have been reading with much delectation Aubrey's Lives. L. Falkland's is admirable—the old liquorish antiquary wrinkeling up the smoked vellum of his lantern jaw into a leer, and the twinkling of his “lippitudinous” eyes are strongly associated with the parenthetical conjecture concerning Lady F.—Yours sincerely,

W. HAMILTON.

GEORGE CHALMERS, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.<sup>2</sup>

WHITEHALL, 9 Decr. 1817.

DEAR SIR,—In your letter of the 31st of August last, which I received at Ramsgate, where one generally does not attend very minutely to business or study, you were so good as say that you had ascertained the dates, &c., of a good many of the books of Q. Mary in the jewel-book printed by Mr Thomson, and you had the kindness to offer to communicate them to me.

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Sir William Hamilton, Bart., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh.

<sup>2</sup> In May 1840 I gave the original of this to Mr James Gibson Craig.—C. K. S.

As I am now in the press with Q. Mary's Life, I begin to feel the want of such a communication. I should therefore think myself very obliged to you for the communication offered in your said letter with regard to Mary's books.

I beg that you will believe that I am, with great regard and sincere kindness, d<sup>r</sup> sir, your faith<sup>l</sup> and ob<sup>t</sup> ser<sup>t</sup>.

GEO. CHALMERS.

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

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Many thanks for the poem, which I will return on copying. Accept for your portfolio of autographs the two enclosed epistles, and for your book-shelves the Terence<sup>1</sup> and the 'Civitas Dei.' The last, I regret to see, is an odd volume, which is a great pity, as the illuminations are very good; one, especially, of a youth sitting in a tree hesitating between wealth and honour, while Death, with a handsome two-handed sword, is cutting the tree down. Such as they are, take them as kind tokens of my Christmas wishes for you, to last you round this New Year, with the certainty that they will be relieved by equally warm interest in your health and happiness, to commence (if I live so long) when we see Christmas 1818.—Yours most truly,

WALTER SCOTT.

12th December [1817].

The EDITORS of 'The Edinburgh Magazine' to  
C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

HIGH SCHOOL YARDS,  
Saturday, Dec. 13, 1817.

The Editors of the Edin. Mag<sup>e</sup>. present respectful comp<sup>ts</sup>. to Mr Sharpe with a proof of "Lady Margaret," which Mr Sharpe is requested to revise. It will be called for on Monday.

<sup>1</sup> See Prefatory Memoir, p. 49.

They beg leave also to assure Mr Sharpe of their gratitude for the other article which he was so obliging as to transmit for the present No. of the Edin. Mag<sup>e</sup>, which they fear it will not be in their power to publish till next month, owing to peculiar circumstances w<sup>h</sup>, if Mr Sharpe desires it, they shall be happy to explain to him.

The MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

CLEVELAND H., Dec. 16, 1817.

It would not be fair conduct in me, my dear Mr Sharpe, to intrude upon your time (which I take to be always fully employed in some interesting pursuit or occupation) without some pretext, and therefore I avail myself of having found yesterday, by accident, a print of L<sup>d</sup>. Dundee, which is probably not scarce, and certainly not valuable (as it only cost a shilling), but I thought I would send it you, in case by any accident you sh<sup>d</sup>. not have met with it, as I never happened to do so in my various researches of that kind.

We came to town a few days ago. L<sup>y</sup>. Surrey is here expecting to be confined, and in this solitary time of year I wished to be near her; so we are settled for the winter, thinking a journey after Christmas for a few weeks more of the country an uncomfortable thing. She is busy searching for old *Norfolk* prints; and the beauty of the race, in so far as it appears from those records, is not striking—at least we find none who are not so far advanced in age as to become more picturesque than handsome. London is very empty at present with respect to society. Gower is gone for a few weeks to Paris, and intends to return about Christmas. I shall be glad to hear how you are going on in your present pursuits. I found the notes in the 'Kirkton' very curious and entertaining. I wish I had anything better worth sending you than

either this letter or L<sup>d</sup>. Dundee; but accept the will for the deed, and believe me, my dear Mr Sharpe, most truly yours,

E. S. S.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Lady CHARLOTTE CAMPBELL.<sup>1</sup>

93 — STREET, ATHENS, SIBERIA.

*Drawing towards the close of the year, thank Heaven!* [1817].

It was my duty, dear ——, to answer your obliging letter much sooner, but I was very unwell when I had the honour of receiving it. I will not trouble you with a chorus of sighs and groans, much duller than that in Greek tragedies (which people of taste cry up because they cannot construe it). In a word, I am now better; and, ill or well, always your most humble servant. But why, in the names of Asmodeus and Adamant, is your friend —— going to meddle with the heart? Is she going to make a chronicle of all the hearts she has conquered? In that case she must employ the American child, the wonderful summer-up, that I did *not* go to see some years ago. She should hate that odious word heart. Two of her ancestors lost their heads formerly, and gained nothing in return but glory. Now I am old enough, shame upon me! to think that a living ass is much better than a dead lion. I will go on with my confessions. Here cometh something that I fear is not orthodox; but pray betray me not to ——, and the Christian (anti) Instructor. You must know that I have, ever since I knew the world, been firmly persuaded that our first parents, whether black or white, with tails or without, (Lord Monboddo held the tail system, and several other things which the Rabbis dispute about,) were certainly created without *hearts*. There can be no happiness with a heart. The heart is the seat of love, friendship, and compassion; conse-

<sup>1</sup> From 'The Diary of the Life and Times of George IV.' Lady —— throughout the letter means Lady Charlotte herself.

quently of that hell, jealousy, distrust, and pity, even for devils. My notion is, that our parents acquired hearts from eating that crab of an apple. Perhaps they swallowed the pips, (hence black hearts,) and so the mischief grew. I am vexed whenever I think on it only. For a great many years I have never had the bad luck to meet with anybody that had a heart; which proves the common assertion, that we improve daily; and I wish the elect joy. However, I have questioned some anatomists, and they tell me that in their subjects they always find a sort of heart, frequently ossified, and frequently very small. I scarcely believe them. Burnet says that the Duke of Lauderdale's heart was found at his death to be about the bigness of a walnut—which I firmly credit; but not that Hackston's trembled on the knife after it was cut from his bosom. Anatomists hold such a thing impossible. Of one thing we may all be certain, for Holy Writ hath it so—"The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Fie on Lady — for attempting to write on such an improper subject! Pray advise her to give up the attempt to make anything decent out of such materials.

We have nothing here but bad weather, and worse company; not improved by the late importation, now settled at — house. Those fools and monsters go out with guns and shoot every bird they can. They bagged a peacock the other day, and carried it in triumph to —, with the tail sticking out. Almost every morning they hunt a tame rabbit to death in the — gardens. This sport reminds one of Domitian and his flies.

Whatever her plan may be, tell Lady — to look into Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' which contains many curious hints about hearts. It is a copious mine for almost everything. I have read, or heard somewhere, that in the Hunterian Museum there is preserved a lady's heart, exactly resembling a roll of point lace! Doubtless the owner felt for nothing else. How has it chanced that the passion for point

lace, monkeys, ratafia, and the spleen, has died with our grandmothers? In a work I lately read, I was informed that a stone was found in the heart of young Lord Balcarres. It was lucky the lad died young.

The gossips here are making a great fuss about the Princess Charlotte's heart, and are most curious to know what was found therein. Foolish people! they might be satisfied that of all the worthless hearts, a royal heart is the worst. But of this they are incredulous, and I will not attempt to make them believe that there is nothing worth finding in the poor Princess's heart. There is one person's heart of which I would give a good deal to have the dissecting: it is the Princess of Wales's. That certainly must be a curious receptacle of heterogeneous matter, very full of combustible qualities, I should think, from all accounts that reach us Athenians, though we have a great respect for her Royal Highness. Why has she never disturbed our peaceful city by doing us the honour of coming thither? I think she would find it an agreeable *séjour*. We were threatened, you know, with a visit when she was to be sent to Holyrood Abbey. We are in a sad state of torpor and dulness, and I, for one, should be vastly delighted at her arrival. I am quite ready to be at her Royal Highness's command; for I think she is excellent fun, and should much relish eating "mutton-chops and toast and cheese" in her royal presence.

Dear ——, excuse this useless stuff, and believe me, &c.

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

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I return your sheets, which I like exceedingly. You have made an admirable *sauce piquante* to very dry food. The godly will say it is hot in the mouth, but *tant mieux*.

I have led you into a mistake about the Harden folks. Sir

Gideon Scott of Highchester died in 1672. He must therefore have been father to Gideon the Quaker, whose son (not he himself) succeeded to Harden on extinction of the collateral branch of Kirton. Look at 'Douglas.'

As to Lady Raeburn (*née* Isabel Makdougal, daughter of Sir William Makdougal of Makerston, and by the grace of God my grandfather's grandmother), her curse had a double edge, or was what they call at billiards *a cannon*, for it was directed against her own family as well as her husband's, and took effect on both. Her brother, Sir — Makdougal, joined in the measures for separating the children from the parents, and both Hardens' and Makerstons' lines became extinct for lack of heirs-male. The children were carried to Makerston, the abode not of Sir William Scott, their paternal uncle, but of their maternal uncle, Sir — Makdougal. The male line of Sir William Scott and of the Knight of Makerston are now both extinct.

Sir William Scott was *patron* of Merton Kirk, when patronage was in fashion, and almost the whole parish belonged to him, which might make it an uncomfortable residence for Kirkton, supposing them to have quarrelled. Said Sir William had at one time Rich<sup>d</sup>. Cameron for a chaplain. But he dismissed the holy man, as they differed in sentiments about the Indulgence. Sir William was most severely fined £1500 for his Lady's taste for Conventicles. He declared to the Privy Council he could not prevent her from falling into the same delict again, and requested to be freed from his responsibility. But the Privy Council replied that he had the *potestas mariti*, and could not get free of the consequences of her actions, since he was *presumed* to be her legal governor.

I know nothing else I have got to say, and this is sad trash.—Yours ever,

W. SCOTT.

*Friday Morning [Jan. 1818].*

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

DEAR SHARPE,—Though I have delayed writing from day to day in hopes of a traveller bound to Edinburgh, it has not been want of admiration for yr. witchery that has kept me silent. I never did see so much in so small a compass. There is so very much of Sharpe in it, that I must conclude you have favoured me with a sketch in yr. very best style.<sup>1</sup> Accept my most sincere thanks for this inestimable gem—a pudding, &c., shall be bound up in a splendid Somerville. It has imposed on many of our semi-antiquaries who are not permitted to hear the genuine story. Yr. assistance to Master Constable has obliged me to take in his Magazine, that I may read yr. histories, marvail pleasant of frail countesses and fauns "black but very bonny." Do tell them to give us more good old stories, and to leave out their criticisms and literary disquisitions falsely so called.

Yr. glass is packed, but it would be an Irish present to send it by the mail. I saw last month a chest full wh. a modern owner has stripped from an old bay-window at Walworth, and keeps in a great box, but will part with none. It contains the arms of Elizabeth and all her chivalry in roundels, with garters and devices, roses and portcullises. It's worth yr. looking at if ever you come to Mainsforth, a good post-road. I think I shall pick up some more fragments in Durham.

I wish you would keep a look-out on young Bowes<sup>2</sup> on the sea-coast, and let me know how his fish-diet goes on. He is heir to all our ancient honours of Streatham, and will be some day probably lord of a beautiful tract of country wh.

<sup>1</sup> Drawing from which the engraving for Hogg's 'Queen's Wake' was taken.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards George, Lord Glamis, son of Thomas Lyon Bowes, afterwards eleventh Earl of Strathmore.

I rode through yesterday, from Barnard Castle near by to Brough, twenty miles of hill and dale and wood, Lunedale and Bauldersdale. Lord Strathmore and his brother have no connection; but I shd. like to hear of the lad coming to good, or else farewell the Bowes.

Give my most sincere respects to yr. mother and Miss Sharpe, and fail not to remember me to honoured Walter, if in Edinb., and let me hear that his health is favourable. I hope to see yr. good town before he leaves it for the summer.

—Yrs. very truly,

R. SURTEES.

Jan. 9, 1818.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

93 PRINCES ST., *Monday* [Jan. 1818].

MY DEAR SCOTT,—Being this moment told by Ballantyne that he journeys towards your hermitage to-morrow morning, I seize the opportunity of saying a few words without putting you to the expense of postage, which is always extravagance respecting my letters.

First, kind sir, I return you ten thousand thanks for your last epistle, and for all the kind things it contains. My mind is now at rest about Kirkton. Whenever I think myself fit for rational society I shall wait upon you, but I never shall be in such good training; and for the black game you are so good as to offer, give it, I pray, to those Epicureans who set store by such things. I would not exchange a single couplet of your poetry for all the blackcocks in X<sup>ndom.</sup>, and would rather (in despite of my teeth do I say it) eat a tough kane hen in your company than feast upon a phoenix, which is said to be the best of birds, in the society of any one else.

I wish you were in Edinburgh to give me a little advice, I mean respecting the *form* of Mr R. Law; but I have the impudence to request that you will afford Ballantyne a word

on that subject. The MS. will make a 4to of about half the thickness of Kirkton, as I guess. I should like to have it in 4to, and I intend to make a frontispiece from 'The Newes from Scotland, 1595,' which is very curious, besides vignettes and a *facsimile* of a letter written by that singular witch, my Lady Athole, who laid the pains of Queen Marie when producing James 6th upon the Lady Rivers. I shall compose an ill-written introduction giving a sketch of Scottish witchcraft *ab initio*, with liberal extracts from the criminal records. I annoy you with this detail, because one is ever fond of tattling about one's plans, but my drift is to beg you would be so kind as to give the word of command to Ballantyne as to the shape of my volume.

One of the booksellers of this city who has got a magazine to circulate, made me a present (and a most acceptable one it was) of your Swift, which hath feasted me for a fortnight. I am delighted and surprised; for how a person of your turn could wade through, and so accurately analyze what you have done (namely, all the dull things calculated to illustrate your author), seems almost impossible, and a prodigy in the history of the human mind. The Dean hath been ten thousand ways lucky in a biographer (for, in good truth, you are very favourable to his *foibles*); and if ever ghost returned from the dead for a civil purpose (I dream of Law still), his should appear to you in the scarf purchased by Mrs Vanhomrigh, and a band smoothed by the fair hand of Stella herself, and make you his best bow for all the kindnesses you have done for and said of him.

Adieu, my dear Scott. With best wishes and respects to all your mansion, not forgetting puss, I rest, ever your obliged and faithful slave, in extraordinary haste, C. K. S.

I have sold the Queensberry papers to Constable, who has advertised them.

[About this date (January 1818) Mr Sharpe seems to have written the following memorandum on the reception of "Kirkton" by the 'Edinburgh Christian Instructor.']

THE CHRISTIAN INSTRUCTOR. 1817. Remarks on Kirkton.  
Printed in that wonderful town, the Modern Athens.

"We have heard that the authors of the Scotch Presbyterian eloquence collected more stories than they had the audacity to publish"—p. 338. Where hath this been reported? I don't believe a word of it; and clergymen, in particular, should tell no lies. Burnet's veracity asserted!!! *Ibidem*—no good witness.

339.—"Wodrow is accused (*by whom is he accused?*) of gross injustice, in garbling Sharp's letters to Douglas." Answer—Wodrow is accused by the author of Sharp's Life, as the 'Instructor' seems to remember afterwards, and with truth.

342.—Contempt of Lamont and Spalding. Every one knows that Lamont and Spalding were not *interpolated*, and that it is an evil sign of parents when children go astray—see the Scriptures. Here the 'Instructor' calls Sir William Sharp "the *son* of the Primate of all Scotland." He was his brother. I have not the honour to be related to either.

344.—Arnot's accuracy attacked. Supposing what the 'Instructor' says be correct, the story stands pretty much the same; and Arnot is generally very correct.

347.—"We are not convinced that Swift was half so learned, &c., as Rutherford." I am no judge; nor is the 'Instructor,' after printing the blunder about Homer's lost poem in the critique on 'Old Mortality'—see p. 193.

348.—Much *vivacity* about what the scandal was in Ruther-

ford's marriage. *His wife was with child by him beforehand.* This is to be found in 'The Lives of Scottish Saints,' and in Sir James Balfour's 'Annals.' I was wrong, however, not to quote this, to instruct the 'Instructor.'

348.—About the Lollards I only quote Lord Hailes.

349.—Allusion to my love of masquerades when I was young. Where was the harm? Surely I never was in orders.

350.—Weir was most popular with the Whigs, who flocked to his prayers. I cannot see why he might not have induced some of them to settle near him.

352.—It was not true that Lord Rothes associated with wicked persons more than his neighbours; so the Archbishop was right to justify him. Neither is he accused of drunkenness by his enemies, who write against him. Lady Anne Gordon was the stumbling-block.

Amid all the accusations between Whig and Tory Ministers, the Whigs alone accuse their foes of witchcraft. On that point the Episcopalians are silent. However they themselves might be burnt for warlocks, they had no hope that their opponents would ever be burnt for witches.—See Kay's Portraits.

Who knows the exact time of the change in the Scotch Episcopal Communion service? When not content with Archb<sup>p</sup>. Laud's service, and the prayer that the bread and wine may be *unto us* as the body and blood, &c., they changed it to "that the bread and wine *may become* the body and blood."—Forrester, Mems.

348.—I am spurned at because I say that the distinction of Mr was in a great measure confined to those who had been ordained preachers." I say so still; but the 'Instructor' doth not see that I mean as to *signatures*. No lawyers, &c., who were Masters of Arts, ever signed themselves Mr this or that, during the period in question.

352.—Rutherford's letter (1638) praising Lord Loudon, who

did not do penance till 1651. He praised him long after, nay, dedicated a book to him; but the 'Instructor' declares he never read his works, so he may stand excused.

348.—John Balfour, in the book called 'God's Revenge upon Persecutors,' is conjectured to have been nicknamed Burly, from his strength. He never was "of Burleigh." In his criminal letters, he is styled J. B., called *Captain Burly*.

I have answered all that is material in this criticism. If the 'Instructor' thinks my notes are not pertinent, better judges have thought the contrary. See Sir W. Scott's critique on Kirkton, in the 'Quarterly Review.' As to the wit of the 'Instructor,' I, who am no wit, cannot pretend to answer him. I am so very dull that I scarcely comprehend him. But, with all due deference, I think he should have taken for the motto of his *jeu d'esprit* the clown's speech in "As You Like It"—a play *not lost*—"We that have good wits have much to answer for. We must be flouting, we cannot hold."

*P.S.*—In the criticism on 'Old Mortality' there are cartloads of blunders. One of the most surprising is that respecting my Lord Dundee, who is asserted to have shot Brown, the Christian carrier, with his own hand. Brown's widow told Walker, who mentions it in his *Life of Peden*, that *six* dragoons shot him. It stands to reason that Claverhouse's men would obey his orders. I do not know where the simple person who wrote this most ignorant article found authority for what he affirms so stoutly !!

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

MY DEAR SCOTT,—I write this, in case you should not be at home when I call to-day, to beg that at some spare moment you would be so very good as to cull for me any books of

*Scottish* witchcraft, &c., which your rich library may contain, that will prove helpful unto your humble servant in his notes to Law. Depend upon my honest care. I know not when you intend leaving Edin., but I will regard them as the apple of mine eye, should I not be able to return them before your departure. The Irish dragoon, Walker, who brought over the catalogue of Swift's lib., is anxious to be presented to you; and as you said you'd be glad to see him, do not be surprised if you should behold me enter your study some morning with a man of war in my company. But mine ancient's regiment is under marching orders, so you will not be troubled with him more than once.—I am, dear Scott, ever most truly yours.

*Tuesday morning [Feb. 1818].*

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

ABBOTSFORD, [Feb. 1818].

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I send Blackadder and Law, transcript and original.

Your letter in part explains to me a letter I had from a Mr Walker the other day, who forgot to put a date to his epistle, and rendered me guilty of the incivility of leaving it unanswered. If this be your bold dragoon, or whether it be or no, will you say how much I am obliged for his kind intention in the matter of Swift, and how happy I will be to see him on my return to Edinburgh *in suo*. Let me burthen you with the trouble of making these acknowledgments for me. Adieu. Health and fraternity.

W. S.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to WILLIAM HENRY ORAM, Esq.,  
Scots Greys, Dumfries.

June 1818.

For the third and last time I address you !

There are now no franks to be had. Two for you have already gone to Dumfries, but I send this by Lord Ashburton, or rather his brother-in-law. They pass through Dumfries on their way to France.

I have finished Buonaparte ; but if I do not hear from you immediately, I will give the drawing to Shawe, who is more my friend than you, I believe, in spite of all I have done for you. The sin of ingratitude is worse than any other. I suspect 'tis that against the Holy Ghost, so emphatically mentioned in the Scriptures.

I build nothing on having introduced you to one of the two good houses in Edin., and contributed much to your admission into the other, nor on anything but that anxiety which I have shown for your welfare, and of which you often professed yourself conscious. Do you know, from circumstances, I begin to believe you a very monster—that is, an *old*, young man—totally selfish, very false, and, at the same time (as it often happens), doing harm to nobody but yourself.

Now, in case I should never write to you again—indeed 'tis too probable—I will give you a piece of advice (derived from long experience) which is worth ten thousand drawings of Buonaparte, done even by David himself—in all the transactions of this world, *march straight forward*, never attempt *finesse*. If one is not as wise as Nestor, and as cunning as an old spider, it will not do. At the same time, in your case, I am aware that you were much pressed by particular circumstances, by anxious friends, and unworthy persons ; but still, you did not act right ; and if a young man be once suspected of disingenuity, he suffers greatly. Remember this after you

have burnt my letter and forgotten myself. To you a reputation for upright dealing in all cases is of the utmost consequence. You are a young man, of a very prepossessing appearance at present, of a gentlemanly manner, and in a situation which commands common civility from everybody; but remember, the freshness of youth soon goes off. A manner is only the attraction of a moment, and it is melancholy to have *only* acquaintances. You cannot have a friend if you are not friendly, and Love swoons at the sight of a male flirt. Neither great riches, talents, nor rank, will contribute, in this case, to support selfishness and inconstancy. I have drawn a hideous picture; but it is much more true than flattering—indeed, *apropos* of flattery, I always imagined that my friendship for you would meet with a suitable return, because I could gain nothing in the world by flattering and courting you.

And now adieu! Did I not entertain a kindness for you still, I should not have taken the pains to write what I have done, which is not penned to display my prodigious wisdom, but to give the last vent to my friendship. If you survive several years, you will know how to value what at present you think trifling, and to despise what now you worship. Once more—I fear—an everlasting farewell. With much regret, I say—Good night.

J. VANS AGNEW, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MY DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for Lord Stormont's letters, of which I have kept a copy according to your permission. They are curious, but I have not yet been able to unravel their import. Lord Stormont was certainly heir of entail to James Earl of Annandale, as the decree I showed you plainly evinces, and I do not perceive how he could have

acquired rights on that estate in trust for Sir Robert Murray of Cockpool. I return the printed letters, and am, dear sir, truly yours,  
J. VANS AGNEW.

48 N. HANOVER ST., 15th Aug. 1818.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE and Mrs DOUGLAS to  
Miss ANSTRUTHER.

PORTOBELLO, Aug. 1818.

MY DEAR MADAM,—Mrs Douglas and I have taken pity on a poor country lady immured in Siberia, so we write you a letter.

My dear Jane,<sup>1</sup> I hope you arrived safe under the gallant *escorté* of the noble captain, and I beg you will give my love to Mrs A. and Ralph.

Prepare a handkerchief, for I have horrid news to tell. I heard from Dundalk yesterday that O—m was dead of the typhus. So Mrs D. and I ran out to the shore to weep and write his epitaph on the sand. Here are some of the beginnings:—

Beneath this stone lies Cornet O—m ;  
I wish that I had died before him, &c.

Another—

The typhus fever  
Will friendship sever.

But thinking this might be a guizer after all, we wiped our eyes with sea-weed, and went home to console ourselves with a bottle of porter.

And when I came home, who do you think I found but Mrs Sutton's young friend, Mr Bridgeman Simpson. More

<sup>1</sup> Mrs Douglas, who writes this, was Sarah, wife of John Douglas, afterwards Marquis of Queensberry.

beautiful than the day,—all the Davidsons, Orams, and Lindsays in the world are nothing to him. Such eyes! such a smile to show such teeth! You are a lucky girl to be out of the way of his powerful attractions.

This is all a fib. I had a glimpse of him, and he is Samuel Anderson, W.S., engrafted on Mr Hume, whose sister sings ballads. His legs are worse than my own, and he has a nose like General Dickson's of Kilbucko.

*Portobello scandal.*—Mrs Douglas declares that Captain Holbech is totally good for nothing. He is so bald, that there is no taking time by the forelock. It is proposed to join the long tail of your friend the trumpeter's horse to his head, and then he'll be something like a Christian.

Last night two she sea-gulls were seen talking to a solan gander on the sands. The world will soon hear more of it.

Lately was seen near one of the machines what was supposed to be one of those rare fish, a mermaid. She was *not* in a bathing-dress, and combing her long hair; but when the fishermen ran out to catch her, it turned out to be the Hon<sup>ble</sup>. Miss Mackay, daughter of the Lord Reay.

*Marriages from the Metropolis.*—Miss Grace Baillie to James Macconochie; Mrs Oliphant to Mr Frederick Mead; Miss Henrietta Dallas to Colonel Wallace; Miss Sinclair to Mr Shawe, lately returned from his travels; Miss Bushby to Mr Mark Lloyd; Miss C. Kerr of Chatto to Captain Spooner; Miss Pagan to Cornet William Henry Oram. *N.B.*—All the bridegrooms *Grey Cattle*.

Mrs Gen<sup>l</sup> Anstruther to Captain Wemyss; Mrs Douglas of Mains to Col. Hawkins. "Marriage is honourable"—see the Song of Solomon.

It is reported that Mr C. K. Sharpe has laid himself and his fortune at the feet of Miss Jane Anstruther; but having met with a positive rejection, he is resolved to woo a snow bride, like St Anthony, if he cannot obtain the fair hands of

either of the twin Miss Pringles. Dr Hamilton has been lately seen hovering about Portobello in a hackney-coach, from which a pig or a child was heard to scream extremely. This morning a fresh Inniskilling was discerned on the sands. He stood for half an hour with his face to the sea, straddling like King Henry VIII., with one hand on his head and the other on his heart, black whiskers, bandy legs, narrow shoulders. It is thought by the learned that he must be in love.—Finis as to scandal.

Mrs Douglas and I have ordered a couple of cork jackets from the best stay-maker in Edin., in order to pay a visit to Balcaskie. We shall carry our portmanteaus in our teeth, as St Patrick did his head. Pray prepare warm beds and as many blankets as possible, some bags of heated sand, and ten bottles of boiling water—Henry Vans's red burning nose, and one cheek of the youngest Miss Grant of Rothiemurchus: a bottle of brandy for your humble servant. We desire you to be a good girl, and practise your quadrilles<sup>1</sup> of an evening with the spiders and mice to the sound of a north wind through a rusty keyhole. If you want a good partner, shall we send you Dr Gardner? Don't forget your harp. If you can't get any strings, we can [ <sup>2</sup> ] you some of Miss Mackay's hair, or the entrails of a he-cat who lately drowned himself for love of her. Come back to the sands on horseback, else none of the Inniskillings will look near them.

Mrs Douglas and I desire to have a souvenir from Siberia—were it only a kain hen to feast the dragoons with at supper. For my part, I like a pig; but anything, were it à stag, is acceptable from a friend. We desire you, your mamma, and your brother, to answer this letter immediately. We are impatient, and cannot wait. If the Lindsays be with you, we present our blessing and Mrs Douglas her love. Tell Henry that I don't know how to direct, else I'd write to him.

<sup>1</sup> Quadrilles first danced in Edinburgh in 1817.

<sup>2</sup> Torn out.

Don't say anything of the weather or the harvest in your letter, but whatever else you please. Be a clever girl, and raise a rebellion in the town of Pittenweem, that a party of the Inniskillings may be called for. This is our last advice.—  
We beg leave to subscribe ourselves,

YOUR AFFECTIONATE FRIENDS TILL DEATH.

*P.S.*—You see that I am a person of my word, for I swore to pester you with a letter. If you are a good girl and answer this shortly, *we* shall write in another strain.

My mother has gone to law about her bags, and has retained Jeffrey.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

[Sept. 1818.]

MY DEAR SCOTT,—I return Lockhart with my thanks; to me he was for the most part very amusing, but I can imagine many people thinking this a very dull book.

I was startled, as I said before, at his assertion, near the beginning of the first vol., respecting Chiesley, and the Records should be inspected for the truth of that matter. Cheesly's daughter was married to Lord Grange, Lord Mar's brother, and tho' she and her husband lived like dog and cat, which latterly produced a strange catastrophe, this may have occasioned a strong inveteracy, which is very apparent in Lockhart, towards L<sup>d</sup>. Mar. I never thought (till I read this book) that the said lord was so clever a person: I had a notion that he was tolerably sagacious *for a lord*, and by chance had made some figure, but it would appear that he was more. I wonder if old *With Regard*<sup>1</sup> has his political correspondence.

Lockhart seems unhappy about his own conduct in the year

<sup>1</sup> The Earl of Buchan.

1715: he saved his bacon, and had his brother shot—latterly he seems scarce to have been a Jacobite at all.

His account of Duke H.'s<sup>1</sup> death (in Queen Anne's time) is not warranted by the public depositions afterwards taken. I remember to have read them, and it was evident that the Duke and Lord Mohun fought higgledy-piggledy, cutting where they best could; also that Hamilton, the Duke's second, had advanced many things which he could not stand to.

When Mohun was carried home dead his wife was asleep. As they had been on bad terms, she was not disturbed; but the body was laid upon the best bed, and the blood spoilt the quilt. When she got up and discovered this, she flew into a passion and scolded violently.

As Lockhart married my mother's aunt, my grandmother Lady Susan and Lady Eufemia (*vulgo dict.*, Lady Effy) were half-sisters. My great-grandfather had three wives, whereof his first, Lady Eu.'s mother, was a sister of Lady Dundee (*ergo*, I should think the picture of Claverhouse at Dryden an original). I have heard a good deal of fireside tattle about him and his. He had an ill temper, and there were *melanges* between him and his wife. I also remember hearing that there was something odd about his death, though perhaps that was a confusion with his brother's fate; but I think it was a duel that was talked of. His eldest son my aunt, Lady Murray,<sup>2</sup> remembered well, being often at my grandfather's. He was a vain fool, for ever talking of the Duke of Wharton, to whom he was related by his grandmother (the President's wife), a Wharton, who, after her husband's death, married a fellow who proved to have another wife, and she divorced him in the Commissary Court here. There is a print of her when a child from a picture by Vandyke, the ugliest uncouth kitten that ever was seen. Lockhart's daughter, Lady Wigton, inherited her father's temper. She used to tear the hair from her stepdaughter's head (old Lady Elphinstone) in

<sup>1</sup> Hamilton.

<sup>2</sup> Of Clermont.

handfuls, and thrust her out of doors in showers of snow. Lord Wigton, whose third wife she was (his first was a Balcarras, divorced with Lord Belhaven; his second, a Keith, who did nothing but pray and take physick), said he had married a sinner, a saint, and a devil, and he liked the sinner the best of the three. This his granddaughter Lady Perth told me, and added that she remembered drinking tea with her step-grandmother in a small house near the links—"a dour-looking wife she was," she said,—“wee black een and black hair; she could weel have given my mother a payed skin.” After Lord Wigton’s death she married a Baron MacKilligot (with reverence to him be it said, I forget how to spell his name), and makes some figure in the papers about the Douglas *Cause*. Lockhart’s other daughter, who was first Lady Aboyne and then Lady Murray, was remarkable for one circumstance which I have often heard my relations speak of. When a girl she went to a celebrated spay-wife in a close in Edinburgh to have her fortune told. The woman informed her that she was to marry two earls, but would die shortly after seeing a new coach, of a certain colour, drive up to her door. When Lady Murray, her husband, who knew nothing of the matter, wished to make her a present, and to surprise her agreeably; so a new equipage, one morning that she had ordered her carriage, made its appearance before the windows of the house in the Canongate. She exclaimed immediately that she was a dead woman, and actually died in a few days—through fear, one may suppose nowadays without heresy, tho’ formerly, you know, to hint such a thing would have been downright atheism with the matrons of one’s domestic circle.

Here’s a deal of stuff; but as I had little to say about Lockhart’s writings, I have given a loose to my gossip on other topicks. Pray excuse me!

I forgot to mention, when I wrote respecting the criticism on the ‘Tales of my L,’ that the author gives up the affair of Dalzell’s boots too obligingly. In the Life of Paton in

the 'Worthies,' 'tis expressly stated that at Pentland the bullets hopt off the wizard General's *boots*. Now the author of that martyrology is as full of good credit as Capt<sup>n</sup>. Creighton, whom I know to be guilty of one enormous lie, which I shall keep to myself lest it reach the "predestinating ears" of the Wolfs: to you I may perhaps *whisper* it.—I rest, my dear Scott, ever most truly yours,

C. K. S.

R. P. GILLIES,<sup>1</sup> Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

27<sup>th</sup> Dec<sup>r</sup>. 1818.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I return two of your books with many thanks. I have also to return my kindest acknowledgments for the 'Memorials of Witches.' I am amazed that you could make such an admirable display in so narrow a field as that of the purely Scottish demonology.

Allow me to add that I have wished frequently to beg the honour of your company here of late; but I could not, because I had reason to suspect my invitation wd. only be troublesome.

If your obvious estrangement proceeds from contempt for or weariness of us, I *have nothing to say*; and in truth I believe this must be the case, because I can't, for my life, conjecture any other reason.

There are few correspondents indeed to whom I would have thought it requisite to make any remark of this kind. But something, I think, was due to the memory of our old acquaintance, and the devil himself can't accuse me of any *sinister* interested motive; though I have sometimes supposed it possible the devil might have been employed to raise up some cause of misunderstanding betwixt us.—Y<sup>rs</sup>. ever, and

<sup>1</sup> An Edinburgh *litterateur*, author of 'Memoirs of a Literary Veteran,' and a contributor of German criticisms to the earlier volumes of 'Blackwood.'

with best and kindest comp<sup>ts</sup>. of the season to you and M<sup>rs</sup>.  
Sharpe, and *all* your house,

R. P. G.

Excuse this blotted scrawl, which I have tried in vain to  
copy.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to M. D. C.

93 PRINCES ST., *Monday* [1818-19].

M. D. C.,—I intend to venture into Piershill (I am nervous  
now at sight of red-coats, I live so retired) to-day to leave  
this for you. 'Tis to signify that Miss Grace Baillie gives a  
party to-night; and if you should care to go, and are not  
invited (I think you knew her formerly), I shall be happy to  
take you—not that any party in Edin. now is worth going to,  
especially from the Barracks; but you are a young man, and  
may like exercise. Item, if you have any friend who might  
choose it, I will undertake for him also; but he must be  
good-looking, for the ladies here, like Venus of old, love a  
mixture of Mars and Adonis, and hate everything that is  
ugly but themselves.

I go to Miss Grace's at ten. Don't take the trouble of  
answering this; and believe me, *à vous toujours*,

CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Hon. E. S. PERY.<sup>1</sup>

P. STREET, *Tuesday Night*, 1819.

MY DEAR PERY—(or rather, my dear Edmond, or my dear  
Sextonius—for some separations resemble the grave, which  
levels all distinctions save those of the soul),—I am resolved

<sup>1</sup> Third son of the first Earl of Limerick, afterwards of Cottingham,  
Northamptonshire.

to write a few words to you, for several reasons: 'tis my ghost addressing you, and I may say, from the old ballad—

“ My bones are buried in yon churchyard,  
Far, far beyond the sea,  
And it is but my fleeting sprite  
That now is speaking to thee.”

Yesterday my publisher faithfully promised to let me have a copy of the new “Tales” on Thursday (tho’ they are not to be published to the world for a week); and if I can prevail with Douglas or Hassard to carry them, you shall have them the first of any one in Ireland. My ghost is pleased to think that it will be in my power to afford you any gratification—and these things come to me gratis, remember; so, whenever I have opportunities, you will be overwhelmed with such stuff, and forced to recollect me now and then. I have many a token to remember you by—your little bottle, and your drawing, and the geranium (which flourishes already), and *the book*: but putting these out of the question, whenever I hear some of the sweetest melodies of Ireland, or listen to the voice and flute—and when of a calm, still evening I wander on the deserted beach, and behold the lonely wave break upon the sand, I must think of thee, Sextonius!

My head aches terribly to-night, so I shall go to bed; but before I go I must say one thing. In our two last conversations you seemed to insinuate that my friendship for you was diminished: there you are perfectly wrong; on the contrary, it is increased, and I love to cherish

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

*Sunday, January 16, 1819.*

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I have *bespoke* Spence,<sup>1</sup> but of late I have not been looking after my books, so have not received

<sup>1</sup> Spence’s Anecdotes did not appear till the following year.

him. Never suppose you want such books as I have while I am to the fore. I have always detested literary quarrels, in which, as in common gambling-houses, you stake your time and temper against those of very unworthy antagonists. But Pope was a fine fellow. His fault was, he was quite literary, and had neither the business nor the idleness of life to divide his mind from his Parnassian pursuits. Those who have not his genius may be so far compensated by avoiding his foibles, and least of all ought they to be nourished by your true and sincere friend,

WALTER SCOTT.

I return with best thanks La Belle Chuck.<sup>1</sup>

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

EDINBURGH, 26th January 1819.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have read over the transcript of transactions 1680-1701, which contains very extraordinary and interesting matter; but it appears not to be Ld. Fountainhall's MS., but a *MS.* of old Robert Mylne the writer, and I have my doubts as to the accuracy of the copy. A small impression would, I doubt, not answer very well, with a few illustrative notes such as you could add to it. But as the volume would be a very thin one, not exceeding 200 pages in all, it could not be sold at more than £1, 1s. in boards. 250 copies would be quite enough, and on this small number of books, slow sale, and necessarily limited price, I am sorry to mention that I do not see how the sum you propose for editorship could be afforded, and with you, I cannot venture to say *what* I think *could* be afforded, at least unless you give me an opportunity by conversation to show you the state of the

<sup>1</sup> Sally Salisbury, a little book which I had lent to him.—C. K. S. See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 50, note.

matter in figures *pro* and *con*. Nothing, I assure you, would give me greater pleasure than to be able to meet your ideas. I retain the MS. in the meantime, and I am, with great respect, my dear sir, your obliged servt.,

ARCHD. CONSTABLE.

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

DEAR SHARPE,—I shall be extremely happy to receive your Warlock Book,<sup>1</sup> either by the mail, or by the only other channel I can think of—in Messrs Constable's parcel to George Andrews, Bookseller, Durham, who has some of those magazines and other matters monthly. But if this does not exactly hit the time, do not suspend me another month, but let me have Law by the mail. I do trust you will go on throwing out from time to time successive portions of recon-dite Scots history, and specially *diablerie* of all sorts, in wh., though I have none of yr. faith, my imagination is humbly interested.

I grieve to hear you complain of ill health. You talked of Bath, and shd. you ever execute that purpose, remember there is a halting-place for you here, with a warm room, a sunny garden, and yr. own liberty in all things lawful. I believe I may be in Edinb. for a day or two as late perhaps as mid June. I shall be at Berwick with James Raine of Durham, who takes from my shoulders the portion called North Durham—*i.e.*, Norham and Islandshire—constructing a folio vol. wh. may be either part of my work, or taken by the Borderers as a separate publication. We are going to explore Coldingham and some other places, wh. were connected with our St Cuthbert. The charters at Durham are innumerable on these subjects, and armorial seals will be published in plenty of Scots gentry, benefactors to Coldingham; and, in particular,

<sup>1</sup> Law's Memorials.

a series of seven Earls of March, Waldeve, Gospatricke, and an odd fellow called *Thor longus*. My own work, vol. ii., goes on slow and steady. I hope to present you with another huge folio in about six or eight months. Having the proofs up and down is very tedious. If Scott is in Edinb. do remember me to him. I hope he is well, free from all complaints. I do most heartily love and honour him.

I am going to rake together some Jacobite stories of Ratcliffe, Forster, &c., as I hear Hogg is about to publish annals of those times, and I wish to have some of our English Jacobites bound up in the nosegay, wh. I daresay will be miscellaneous enough. Will Scott shed a ray over it from his flaming torch? I wish he had undertaken it.

My best respects wait on yr. mother and Miss Sharpe. Believe me yrs. truly,

R. SURTEES.

March 24, 1819.

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

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I was never less able to write, for I have been so exhausted by the continued torture of nearly three weeks, that they lift me out and in to the carriage like a child. The pain is however gone, and I trust the disease for the present, though Dr Baillie suspects gall-stones, and says I will be probably free for life if I can get safely delivered of them. For more than a fortnight I lived on about as much boiled rice as the abstemious Miss in the Arabian Tales. But the cramp in the stomach which ached as my nocturnal goule supplied deficiencies at the cost of no other carcase but my own.

Thank you for the kind verses, for no copy-writing of the contents can disguise the kind partiality and the talent of the author. I am only so far worthy of your praise that I know

how to value it as clearly as if I really were all your friendship supposes. In the course of an uncommonly prosperous life, I have to thank God particularly for the friendship which I have formed with men of worth and genius, and I need not tell you how much I value yours. If there are any persons who have been at the trouble to entertain a serious dislike at me, it is a circumstance I have long brought myself to consider very philosophically. I know no offence I can receive from any one, unless as it affects my property or honour, and both can be well enough protected. I own I do not look with much favour on the enemies of my country, or of those old-fashioned maxims of honour, faith, and principle which her happiness must stand or fall by.

I meant but to thank you and say how I feel your kindness, and behold I have delivered a page, and my nurse Sophia holds up her finger: pray let me know what you are to do about Fountainhall's Diary, and how matters fadge in the great city of Edin<sup>r</sup>.—Ever most truly yours,

WALTER SCOTT.

ABBOTSFORD, 1st April [1819].

(No bad day to receive too flattering a compliment: I hope no hunt-the-gowk is to follow.)

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

93 PRINCES STREET, 7th April 1819.

MY DEAR SCOTT,—Your letter gave me great joy, though written under a wrong impression, for I was very happy to find that you were well enough to wield pen again, and have been uneasy from the accounts of the pain you have endured. I trust that you will soon get rid of the gall-stones (which, on the whole, I like better than the first supposed complaint), and be as well as your friends could wish. I have had accounts of your health from various quarters, and still shall be on the

watch of intelligence, grudging your loss of time as well as your uneasy sensations; but I feel a presentiment that you will soon recover your health, tho' I have neither peep'd through a hole in an old Highland plaid, or through the shoulder-bone of a stolen sheep. I am not apt, in general, to see the sunny side of things, but in this case I do—be the omen lucky!

And now, kind sir, I must tell you that I wrote not one word of the verses which occasioned your most acceptable letter; alas! I have not roused my Lyre (or rather Kit) these ten years—a timber-tuned instrument it ever was, God wot, and now lies for ever broken and stringless. 'My neck verse at Hairibee' was a little vol. which I printed in Oxford; but though I cannot vent my sensations regarding you in poetry, I am not the less sensible of the honour and advantage which your valuable friendship reflects upon me. Solomon says that all is vanity and vexation of spirit. Now, here is vanity, but I utterly deny the vexation. I confess that I am prodigiously vain of your favour, "and care not who knows it." Nevertheless, I am not the author of the poem in question, neither do I know anything concerning it but what you write.

I intend shortly—the silly frisks of the season being well-nigh over—to set to work with Fountainhall, for which I am to have 50 pounds from Constable—I trust better paid than what Ballantine promised, for from that varlet I cannot get 35 pounds which he still owes me. I shall put no scrawls in the way of etching, except, I think, a little sketch of your armorial bearings at top of the dedication. The worst of this business is, that some of the most savoury passages of the MS. must perforce be omitted, owing to their extreme indelicacy—that, for instance, respecting the three Whigs who acted *The Essex Quaker* at Melrose. I am loath the party should lose the credit of that action, certes.

I have been much amused with Will. Davenant, who you were so good as to give me. Some of his poetry is very

smooth and charming, with now and then old-fashioned wild flight, very seldom to be met with now. I perceive that Pope stole a good deal from him, as he did from Shakespeare, who, if I remember right, was reported to have been his papa. Sir William's play of "The Wits" is surely capital, and there are excellent scenes in some of his other pieces. I wonder if there be any portrait extant of this worthy before he lost his nose.

Venus brings Mars into one's head naturally enough, and makes me think of a very superb party aboard the *Vengeur* at which I was present last week. We all hurried down to Newhaven at half-past five o'clock (I dozed all the way in my hackney-coach), and took boat at six. The ship was certainly very well done up; and when the curtains that divided the deck were drawn, and the supper-tables displayed, I never saw a prettier spectacle except at Vauxhall during the *fête* there: the whole had the air of a magnificent tent upon the water, and made one think of Cleopatra, &c., &c., &c. In truth, I saw no Cleopatras as far as beauty went; for other attributes, I shall not say—God mend all! Neither did I see the play, the crowd was so great in the place where "The Cure for the Heartache" and "Raising the Wind" were enacted. After enduring suffocation, strangulation, and many other *ations* for the space of half an hour, I made a perilous escape through a rent in the sail which formed a side of the theatre, almost losing my wig and shoes in the adventure. The ball went off much better; and at six o'clock in the morning boats began to move us homewards, when Sir James Home, trying to show his activity to Miss Mary Hope and some other ladies by springing off the ladder into the boat, fell backwards into the sea, his heels sticking on the side of our gondola. He was tugged up, and you may guess the laughter. Bating this, and that two or three ladies were sick, and almost confided their secret sorrow to the bosoms of their flirts, I believe no accident happened.

But enough of stuff: pray have the goodness to present my best respects and wishes to all your family, and believe me, dear Scott, yours ever most faithfully,

CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

I forgot to mention that Dr Hope hath been furious about this ship party. He was not invited, so he predicted tempests, influenzas, fevers of all colours, and ruin to the morals of the ladies. However, the weather was charming, and now he can do nothing but look as grim as the felon sow of Rokeby. He is strangely quizzed by everybody.

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

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I am not able to thank you as I should do for your most valuable present—most valuable in itself, but much more so as a *gage d'amour* from you. I have been miserably ill since I saw you; but I cannot complain, since I have had so many years of uninterrupted health. Perhaps I am foolish to let anything like presentiment get the better of me. But every new shake tells me the tree will fall early—Amen! I have the applause and friendship of the best, the worthiest, and the most distinguished of my contemporaries; and that gain'd—we must die when our day comes. What I fear more than death is the gradual declension of intellect which I have seen in others, particularly in my poor father. I most hope and wish to leave my friends in full recollection of the slight part I have contributed to social pleasure and social happiness.

My dear Sharpe, I am not able to write longer nor later, as I am just going to my bed most reluctantly. I think the pain of finding myself obliged to give way to my malady is worse almost than the evil itself: “There is not only dishonour in it bully monster, but an infinite loss.” Excuse all this non-

sense, *carmina cum melius*. I will make one when I can. I saw B——d to-day. I think you may make yourself quiet on his score.—Once more, your truly faithful and obliged

W. S.

EDINR., *Monday* [1819].

*Postscript.*

HUNTING SONG.

Taken down from Mrs Laidlaw of Glenrath's recitation. The last lines of the chorus seem much corrupted. Perhaps they may mean the cheer of the huntsman to hounds to "lie over," in which case the penult line may be read thus—

"Hey Innocent, Countess, Bonnie Lass, over"—

but Jowler Ann defies amendment.

Joseph said to vex<sup>1</sup> him,  
Will you go hunt the fox ?  
With all my hounds and harriers  
I'll follow him through the rocks.

*Chorus.*

With a hark, hark, hark, and a loo, loo,  
Says the huntsman to his hounds :  
With a quin quin quivie, quin quin quivie,  
All the woods resounds.  
With a hengling and a bengling,  
All my hounds go round ;  
I'll innocent count this bonny lass o'er,  
Jowler Ann.<sup>2</sup>

The first they met was a farmer  
A-tilling of his land ;  
He said he had seen bold Reynard  
Among his ewes and lambs.  
With a hark, hark, hark, &c.

The next they met was an old woman  
A-combing of her locks ;  
She said she had seen bold Reynard  
Amongst her hens and cocks.  
With a hark, hark, hark, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Vixen perhaps.

<sup>2</sup> Or *and*.

The next they met was a lawyer,—  
He was both bold and gay ;  
He was bold Reynard's uncle,  
Most eager for his prey.

With a hark, hark, hark, &c.

Says Reynard to his uncle :  
“ You have a brazen face ;  
The Devil will soon get hold of you,  
As the hunstman does me chase.”

With a hark, hark, hark, &c.

And now my song is over,  
Bold Reynard he must die.  
And now he's dead and buried,  
And under the earth does lie.

With a hark, hark, hark, &c.

The tune is a very good one, and apparently very old.

### THE FARRIER'S GARLAND,

BEING AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD, SHOWING HOW THE DEVIL WAS  
SHOD AND WHO SHOED HIM.

“ Quatit ungula campum.”

#### I.

The devil would be shod,  
For foul was the road,  
But one leg did not match with its brother ;  
So he cased his five-toed foot  
In a Wellington boot,  
And he went to a farrier's with t'other.

#### II.

But knowing what belongs  
To a smith's red-hot tongs,  
As was taught him by Dunstan's adventure,  
He saw the smith to be an elf,  
Swarth and sinful as himself,  
Before he took courage to enter.

III.

The smith stood aloof  
When the devil held up his hoof,  
For he guess'd with whom he had to do ;  
Then to work with his fellows,  
With anvil and with bellows,  
And turned off a handsome shoe.

IV.

He made it with a caulker—  
For the devil was a walker  
That loved to ramble his fill ;  
And he turned up the tip,  
That his foot might not slip,  
As his road lay chiefly down-hill.

V.

But the parson still rails  
On this man of tongs and nails  
For shoeing the devil so well ;  
Had he pricked his hoof as bad  
As he pricked my good grey pad,  
He had sent him dead-foundered to hell !

On seeing a print of a devil with horse-shoes on.

29th May 1819.—Composed by W. Scott, on a print in a book which I sent him.—C. K. S.

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

July 9, 1819,

ABBOTSFORD, MELROSE.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I did not answer your kind letter till I could write myself confirmed, as I hope and trust, as a convalescent. To ask you, an invalid, to come to a sick friend's house would have been less than kind. I now experience such benefit from my present system that I can, with every confidence, expect to profit by your kind visit. You shall

have a “prophet’s chamber” to yourself, where you shall rise and breakfast at your own hour, as mine are unreasonably early, for we make this Liberty Hall. The weather is fine and inviting, and I trust we have enough of rides and drives about us to entertain you for some time. If you will let me know when you set out, I will send forward the carriage to Torsonce Inn to meet you. The horses have literally nothing to do. It is now our dinner-hour—a serious and tantalising time with me, for while my appetite is begun to grow sharp, my mouth, from the operation of the calomel, is so sore, and my jaws so stiff, that I can hardly swallow a morsel. Believe me, my dear Charles, in impatient expectation of the fulfilment of your kind promise, to be always most faithfully yours,

WALTER SCOTT.

Walter goes off to join his reg<sup>t</sup> almost immediately.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to ———.

*Monday Night* [1819].

ST JOHN OF JERUSALEM,—I send you the ‘Cenci,’ written by that wicked wretch Shelley, and well written. I remember him at Oxford, mad—bad—and trying to persuade people that he lived on arsenic and aquafortis. I also send three vols. of Lady Mary—not being able to find the second; but it is of little consequence, as the quintessence of her *esprit* is in her letters to Lady Mar and to Lady Bute, in her old age. Pray study the latter carefully. All her criticisms are just, her good sense and knowledge of the world most instructive, and her style, a few old-fashioned expressions excepted, is inimitable for its vivacity and gracefulness. You see I talk like *papa*, in the same fatherly strain. I must hint my wishes for the restoration of your health, which cannot, I think, be improved by tea-parties, and nymphs in wet drapery, and

French flounces, just at present. Even a mouthful of moonshine, mixed up with a ladleful of whale's blubber, and six tears of a catterwauling cat, must needs be pernicious. I cannot add any more at present, because I am more than drowsy; but take my prescription, or rather warning, with your opium and camphor, and rely upon my "Probatum est." May the spirit of Galen make thy night-cap sit easy, and the salutary hand of Hygeia repress thy sick cow's tail!!! *A vous toujours*, and good night.

THE MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD TO C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

TRENTHAM, *July 25, 1819.*

MY DEAR MR SHARPE,—I beg you may never think any excuse necessary in writing to me, as it always gives me pleasure to hear from you, and it is a long time since I have done so. In the present case, I wish it were worth your while to hear from *me*, but I am so situated at present with regard to L<sup>d</sup>. Melville that I cannot ask from him the thing you mention. I did on a former occasion, after Mr Dempster's death, enquire what chance I was likely to have in obtaining that office for you, but was informed that it had long been fore-stalled; and in consequence of some late applications I have been indispensably obliged to make in favour of some persons connected with my own country, and which are not yet fulfilled, I find myself unable to make any further demand upon him till those are complied with. I regret this much, as it would have given me much satisfaction to be of service to you were it in my power; and I shall not fail, when I see L<sup>d</sup>. Melville, to repeat what I have already said to him respecting you. I think you ought to apply to him yourself: you are well known to many who have influence with him, and if among others of your friends you will refer him to me, I shall

be most happy to say to him how much I am interested in your welfare.

As to L<sup>d</sup>. Erskine, he could do no sort of good in this; and I imagine, from what I hear of him at present, that he is very unable to make any exertion, even if his influence could be of use.

I am prevented going to Dunrobin this season by Elizabeth's approaching marriage to L<sup>d</sup>. Belgrave: the prospect this union affords gives us all much satisfaction. You will probably soon see Gower on his way through Edinburgh, as he proposes to go from home in about 10 days on his way to Sutherland. I regret very much not going there myself, but this delay is unavoidable, and I must hope to be able to take that journey next year. We have lately been much attacked in the newspapers by a few malicious writers who have long assailed us on every occasion. What is stated is most perfectly unjust and unfounded, as I am convinced from the facts I am acquainted with; and I venture to trouble you with the enclosed note as a sort of statement of our proceedings, though with some scruple in plaguing you with what to you must be a bore,—only if you meet with discussions on the subject in society, I shall be glad if you will show this statement to any one who may interest him or her self on the subject.

I shall be glad to hear from you when you have time to bestow on me; and am ever, my dear Mr Sharpe, most truly yours,  
E. S. STAFFORD.

*Postscript by Lord GOWER.*

DEAR SHARPE,—I am going to Dunrobin next month, and shall probably pass thro' Edinb<sup>h</sup> about the 8th or 9th: if I have a moment to stay I will send to you, and beg you will not be in bed at the time.—Ever yours,  
G.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Statement respecting improvements in Sutherland [enclosed in the Marchioness's letter].—In 1817, a year of great distress in the Highlands, Lord Stafford extended his relief to the poorer tenants in the estate of Sutherland, to the amount of £10,000.*

This distress was much increased by the numbers of people who had

The DUCHESS OF HAMILTON to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

*A Blunt Invitation to Mr Sharpe.*

[1819.]

MY GOOD MISTER SHARPE,—Lard, I feel quite confounded—  
By another hand too—to tell you—I'm wounded.  
In the heart? No, thank God, but quite deep—in the  
thumb.  
Now I see you aghast—for the instant struck dumb—

settled on the estate without permission, fifteen hundred of them paying rent to no person, and many more of them holding entirely of the inferior tacksmen. The extreme misery endured by these poor people (a state of things recurring every three years on an average), the great improvement among those who had been settled on the coast, and the rapid extension of the fisheries, pointed out the necessity of delaying no longer the removal of the remainder of the people who still dwelt on the hills to the sea-coast,—a measure as necessary for them as beneficial to the estate, and advantageous to the country.

That these people might have ample time to make this removal, it was intimated to them in the autumn of 1817 that they should be removed to the coast side at Whitsunday 1819; and that they might have the means of doing so, it was at the same time intimated to them that they should hold both their old possessions and their new lots, *rent free*, up to the date of their removal. This has been done accordingly; and no exertion was left untried to induce them to take advantage of the last summer in gradually preparing for their change of residence, but entirely without effect. The lots for the parish of Assynt were, necessarily, on the Western Ocean; and here the people were settled, and are becoming industrious fishermen, as are the people of Strathnaver, who are of course settled on their own coast, from the mouth of the Naver to Armadale. The lots for the people of Kildonan, Clyne, Golspie, and Rogart, are situated on the side of the great north road leading to Caithness, near the sea, and in the vicinity of the two thriving fishing-stations of Brora and Helmsdale, a country generally as early as East Lothian. Many of these people who lived by illicit distillation have gone into the heights of Caithness and Ross-shire, in preference to settling on their new lots. This has been particularly the case with the people of Kildonan, the parish adjoining to Caithness: this population subsisted

But, kind Mister Sharpe, there is no cause for dismay ;  
And I hasten to tell you, by mischance t'other day,  
In mending a crowquill to write you a billet,  
Or in slicing at dinner some brown from the fillet,  
The knife slipp'd, alas ! and I cut my poor thumb,  
Now carefully bound up, tho' first dipp'd in rum ;  
So make yourself easy about my condition,  
As I want neither surgeon, apoth., or physician.

entirely by smuggling, obtaining grain in Caithness, and thus carrying on their illegal traffic with much facility. The people in the heights of Rogart and Clyne carried on a similar trade, but to a less extent, obtaining their grain from the coast side. The Kildonan people have settled on the adjoining parish in Caithness, their new lots in Sutherland affording no opportunity for carrying on illicit distillation, being old in field, or land of the most improvable quality, and ploughed for them by the voluntary and praiseworthy exertions of the coast-side tenants, and by Lord Stafford's own ploughs. To those for whom these lots were too small, farms of from six to twelve acres were offered on Dornock Muir, an improvable district near that place, the landlord binding himself to pay the tenant five pounds for every acre he brought in, and that as soon as the land was in cultivation. To secure a constant demand for their grain, and that they might have no excuse in selling to the illegal distiller, Lord Stafford is erecting a new distillery at Brora, the tenant being bound to consume the grain of the country. The duration of their tacks is for seven or fourteen years, varying according to situation and circumstances ; the rent, in many cases, nominal,—in all, the lowest in Scotland. By the custom of the country, the moss timber of the cottages is the property of the tenant. Upon their removal, as they did not carry it with them, and as every attention to their interests was shown, it was appraised over to the landlord, paid for by him (to whom it was useless), and then burnt.

In 1812, the county of Sutherland was separated from the rest of Scotland by three dangerous ferries, and without roads, fully a century behind the rest of Scotland. Producing nothing, and cut off from all markets, it was left in its natural state of neglect to a numerous tenantry of respectable middle-men, though not improving tenants, who, living without employment, pushed their sons forward in the army by raising men from their farms. The communications are now nearly all that could be wished,—excellent bridges over the ferries, and the country intersected by roads. The tenantry are now among the wealthiest and most active in Scotland ; and a career of improvement

The Duke and myself wish extremely to see you,  
 And from the dull hunt and worse concerts to free you ;  
 For sure you've no pleasure in chasing vile foxes,  
 And your *gusto 'squisito*—I mean orthodox is—  
 That regretless you'll quit whoop and scream Caledonian,  
 To make us all happy at Pal. Hamiltonian.  
 Then, dear Mister Sharpe, bestride the grey mare, }  
 And hither in haste we entreat you repair— }  
 How such a queer sight will make the folks stare ! }  
 To see your slim legs, cas'd in gaiters of thickset,  
 Hanging down to the ground, like those of Don Quixote ;  
 Whilst your vally de sham., with black callimanco,  
 Will canter behind as th' original Sancho.

has begun, and is carrying on, which leaves far behind the most rapid improvements known in Scotland. The arrangements will be completed in 1820. This has required great exertion, both in the landlord and tenantry, which has been so well seconded by the managers and factors that the most evident change has taken place in the increased comforts of the inhabitants, wherever these arrangements have been carried into effect ; while the progress in the cod, ling, and herring fisheries in Assynt, on the north coast, and at Brora and Helmsdale, has been such as to exceed the most sanguine expectations. The number of barrels of herrings already cured at Helmsdale have been—in 1816, 4000 ; 1817, 7300 ; 1818, 19,390.

In 1817 there were employed there—17 coopers, 130 women, 200 men, 50 boats. In 1818—70 coopers, 520 women, 700 men, 140 boats.

The number of boats agreed for this year is above 200, besides many at Brora, where the fishing begins this year for the first time.

The amount of cod and ling caught in Assynt and Strathnaver, 1818, is 93,116. This year the fishing has commenced on the south coast, where one crew frequently brings in from 1500 to 2000 fish in one tide, caught off a fishing-bank about five miles from land, hitherto neglected.

To encourage the fisheries, Lord Stafford has offered premiums to the most successful boats during the last two years, amounting to £200 in each year ; and to induce the people to build neat cottages on their new lots, Lady Stafford has offered various premiums, differing in amount, to the new settlers on the coast. These premiums for the last season are to be awarded in the ensuing month of August.—(*Copied from the Report written by James Loch, Esq., No. 106 Great Russell Street, June 26, 1819.*)

My sec., you'll observe, is a man of much reading,  
And his compts., so well turn'd, shew his taste and his  
breeding.

But 'tis time to conclude these exquisite touches,  
So adieu, Mister Sharpe.—Your good friend,

THE DUCHESS.

Sir A. CHICHESTER<sup>1</sup> to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

RENFREW, *Monday, Dec. 30, 1819.*

DEAR MR SHARPE,—Many thanks for your letter of the 23d inst., and I sincerely wish that I could answer it in your pleasing and amusing style; but, alas! the usual want of knowledge which attends the *gentlemen of my profession in general*, and added to that the dulness of the weather and stupidity of the town of Renfrew, render it quite impossible.

Renfrew is certainly a horrid place. I was at the *Hedge Ale-house*—that is to say, the best inn in the village—for one night; but the day after, a Mr Spiers,<sup>2</sup> whose lodge-gate is in the town, was so kind as to call on me, and insisted on my removing to his house, which I confess I did, altho' I think it was rather impertinent of me to do so—or perhaps I ought to say *too cool and free and easy*, not being acquainted with Mr Spiers, to quarter myself so quietly on his mansion. But if I had staid at the inn I should have died of the *vapeurs noires*. You cannot conceive the *horror* of Renfrew!

Mr Spiers and his family are so kind to me that I suppose no hussar since the time that that description of light troops *was invented* was ever so well quartered. I do not know whether you are acquainted with the family or not. Mrs

<sup>1</sup> Sir Arthur Chichester, Bart. of Raleigh, Devon, born 1790, died 1842.

<sup>2</sup> Archibald Spiers, Esq. of Elderslie, married in 1794 Margaret, daughter of Lord Dundas, afterwards created Earl of Zetland, 1838.

Spiers is a delightful woman, a daughter of Lord Dundas. Lots of Miss Spiers, and really very nice young ladies. My captain, Lord Uxbridge, is expected down soon, and the troop will then be removed from this, otherwise I should feel quite ashamed of remaining here so long; and as to going back to the inn, Mr Spiers, &c., would not hear of it, if the troop was to stay here till next Xmas. I must therefore pocket all my scruples on the subject.

I had heard of Lady ——'s proposed marriage with W. Campbell by *vague report only* till the receipt of yours. I was rather surprised; but I think W. Campbell an *excellent* fellow, and I hope that he is so, *in every sense of word*; as, from my knowledge of Lady E., I do not hesitate to declare that she deserves and is *perfectly worthy of* the BEST HUSBAND that ever was created. I am convinced that she will make Walter Campbell an excellent wife, and am *certain* that she will make him a *very handsome* one.

I assure you I regretted much that I could not go to Gosford at Xmas. I shall, however, have the pleasure of seeing you and all my friends of Gosford, probably in Edinburgh, before I go south, which I hope to do Jany. 24th.

Many, many thanks for the Xmas-box you are kind enough to propose sending me. If it is half so beautiful as the drawing from Mathilde, it will be another *rara avis*, &c., in my collection of precious articles, I assure you.

Sir H. Floyd<sup>1</sup> is reckoned EXCEEDINGLY handsome by the ladies, which is the criterion. We are not judges, altho' I confess I am of the opinion of the ladies.—Ever yours most sincerely, &c.,

A. CHICHESTER.

I know Sir H. Vivian<sup>2</sup> very well indeed. He dined here on Sunday last, and is now in Glasgow.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Henry Floyd succeeded his father as second baronet, 1818.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Hussey Vivian, Master-General of the Ordnance, afterwards Baron Vivian. Born 1775, died 1842.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Lady CHARLOTTE CAMPBELL.<sup>1</sup>

[Dec. 1819.]

DEAR ———,—Though one of my eyes is swelled like a gooseberry after a rainy day, and consequently writing is very uncomfortable, yet I am resolved to obey your commands, though they should convert me into a Cupid or a Belisarius. But I fear you will deem me a bird of ill omen, as to your first commission.

You ask me in what estimation Lord Hervey stands in the world. Alas! I cannot say much for him, but refer you to the memorial Horace Walpole hath left of him. You make me blush when you are so condescending as to make me such flattering eulogiums on my epistolary genius. To speak with sincerity, I never piqued myself on that score; for I consider it so elevated a talent to have the genius of good letter-writing, that I have never attempted to gain the steep height of that fame. The next best style to an artificial quality of excellence in that line, I think, is to write naturally; and Nature has always some merit, if she is suffered to have her free will. Affectation is never more tiresome and ridiculous than in a letter. Madame de Sevigné was the best letter-writer that ever existed. I would rank Swift and Lord Chesterfield next. Voltaire to me is charming; but then I suspect he studied his epistles, as Lord Orford certainly did, and so had little merit. Heloise wrote beautifully in the old time; but we are very poor, both in England and Scotland, as to such matters. Pray make for answer to your fair friend, who seeks autographs, that I will do the little in my

<sup>1</sup> From the 'Diary of the Life and Times of George IV.' This letter is from the supplementary volume edited by Galt, and is even more untrustworthy than the former ones given in vol. i. Lady ——— is Lady Charlotte herself.

power to obey her commands ; but that, I fear, will be very little.

As to my own wretched stuff, I am sure, dear Lady — was laughing at me, which is cruel enough. Tell her not to pour *ink* upon a drowned mouse. “Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,” as that poor old beau, Sir —, so movingly quoted the other night in the House of Commons. Though my memory is greatly impaired by complaints of the stomach, which sometimes for months make me “sleep as sound as a mouse in a cat’s ear,” and have delivered me up to blue devils —fiends which never set claw in my mind when I had much better reasons for discomfort—I am not yet brought to that sad pass to have forgot Lady ——. Pray tell her that I often think, and always with wonder, of nature’s prodigality towards her. Extraordinary beauty, a genius that would have made an ugly woman handsome, and an air and manner that would have captivated any heart ! Indeed I have always thought of her with surprise, and, allow me to add, a little vanity too. Her goodness to me in former times is one of my recollective cordials. That remembrance can never be smothered by my horrid extinguisher, a flannel nightcap. Nay, the restless claws which I mentioned above, can never efface it from my memory.

But now to return to business. (How I hate the ugly word !) I think I once had the honour of sending you from Oxford some notices which I had collected concerning the family of — — principally, if I remember right, from Richard Baxter. One was of a lady (this was not from Richard, however, the good man who thought all poetry profane, save David’s and the Song of Solomon) who wrote verses. Though I have always been an *engrained* Jacobite, I have always entertained a great admiration for ——. After reading many private as well as public documents of his age. I am persuaded that he and Lord Melville were the two only honest political characters in Scotland.

In the Commissary Court Record there is an account of the

death of Queen Mary's relation, Lady ——.<sup>1</sup> She died of the falling sickness, and was buried in the royal vault at Holyrood House. Her will was disputed after her death, which led to the commissary proofs.

N.B.—She did not carry on the family, which I am glad of, though she was, *in one sense*, the King's daughter. Illegitimate children are never to be borne in a pedigree. I may venture to say this now, as I shall never be in London any more, where it made one sick to see so many of King Charles the Second's *imputed* sins (he was not the *real* sinner in one half of them) taking place of their betters, with all the pomp and parade possible. Their real progenitors were players and rope-dancers.

But, dear ——, I daresay you are wishing me a rope for all this dull useless stuff: so I will in discretion conclude. The Modern Athens is much deserted. All the choice spirits who used to congregate here are dispersed or dead, or grown old and crabbed. In short, I have no society save that of a tortoise-shell cat, and a few musty papers. Yet I have not the courage to remove hence, or to find myself in the great Babylon of London, where I should find all changed, and I doubt if, with my old-fashioned ideas, I should approve of the "*improvements*." No. I am content to let my breath slip away in this city. But I sincerely hope that you will, some day ere I die, make out once more a journey to Scotland. Entering fully into all your feelings respecting the modes of travelling, but hating danger, jolts, nay, motion as much as I do, I refine upon your ideas, and would choose to make my pilgrimages drawn by six black snails, with long horns, in a padded boat, the bottom rubbed with butter, and on roads either of glass or of polished marble!

Adieu, my dear ——; my gooseberry warns me to have done; and so, with all the respect I feel for you, permit me to subscribe myself your old and attached, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Jane Stuart Countess of Argyll, natural daughter of James V.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Lady — — —.

[August 1820.]

I can tell you one piece of Edin. news that is perfectly true—it hath rained almost incessantly ever since I came here; yet I have had sundry visitors, among whom was Mr John Stewart, son to my good Lord of Moray,<sup>1</sup> newly arrived from England. He is become fat, but much improved in manner, and is as good a hearted person as lives. I have come to that pass, that I care much more for a good sheep's head than a good human one; but the longer I live, the more do I value a good heart. 'Tis the rarest thing in nature, except the fish I saw at Newhaven, or a hair on Dr Hope's temples. Whenever you marry, madam, be sure to be clear as to your husband's *heart*; for to be bound to a person who hath a bad one—or none—is to be married to a stone with a live toad in it, or the senseless effigy on a grave.

You owe me a dish of tea extra, and one of the songs you sung on Tuesday night, for this good advice. . . .

Earl GOWER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

DUNROBIN, *September 4, 1820.*

DEAR SHARPE,—I have never thanked you yet for your account of the Oxford installation, which, I assure you, amused me very much. I joined in the wish that you could convey yourself on the wings of the winds to the place, to give an account of it with your tongue, which I should like better than the one with your tardy pen, tho' the latter entertained me extremely. If you were on your flight at this moment, you would proceed with considerable velocity, for it

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards eleventh Earl.

blows almost a hurricane. Do you know, I have been very unwell since I wrote to you, confined to my bed for more than a week, bled twice, five blisters, and everything in the same proportion, for a vile inflammatory sore throat, which I got from too much walking and getting wet thro' for a length of time without changing on the moors. I am still thin and weak after it, but getting well as fast as possible. We stay here till the end of this month, and then to fair fields and pastures new. I suppose this will find you still at Darsham Hall. *Appropos* of Suffolk, I have just bought for *my* farm some of the *Suffolk Punch breed*, which are reckoned excellent, and wish you would take the opportunity of riding one of them here—the three others will carry your baggage—or you may hire a carriage and put the four horses to it and come at your leisure, only one is a stallion, and may be troublesome. Ilchester<sup>1</sup> and Mr Selwyn<sup>2</sup> have been for a week here. He is a very good-natured, agreeable sort of person, and so is the other too, and draws very well for that style—very exact, not in a free, bold manner, but certainly very beautifully. Have you done anything that way lately, or in any other? Adieu.—Yours very truly, G.

The MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

CLEVELAND H., Oct. 30, 1820.

I think the time now draws nigh, my dear Mr Sharpe, when the subject on which we had some conversation at Edinburgh of your *law affairs* will come in question, and I beg to remind you how much I feel interested in them, and of my hopes of hearing when anything is decided. The sequel of my journey was as successful as the beginning of

<sup>1</sup> Henry Stephen, third earl.

<sup>2</sup> John Thomas Selwin of Leeds assumed the name of Ibbetson, and succeeded his nephew in the baronetcy, 1861.

it, as I arrived in time for Elizabeth's<sup>1</sup> confinement, which is now happily terminated by her having so far recovered perfectly well. I recollect my expedition with much satisfaction, and amuse myself in thinking over every part of it, and particularly the time I past at Edinburgh, which was a very great pleasure to me, as being there always is interesting to me from the recollections it revives in my visit, as well as from the variety both of old and new objects that I have to see there, which, in your society, I may say without any compliment, are doubly agreeable to me; therefore the only thing I had to regret was the short duration of it. By setting out early the morning after that on which we took our long and most amusing walk, I was able to get in good time to Morpeth; from thence I arrived the next ev<sup>g</sup> at Castle Howard, where I remained a day, and went on from there over a less interesting part of my journey without stopping, so that I arrived early in London on Sunday, and found L<sup>d</sup>. Stafford very well in spite of the attendance on the trial,<sup>2</sup> and L<sup>d</sup>. and L<sup>rs</sup>. Surrey,<sup>3</sup> who were with him, and I trust will remain till the conclusion of it, which, we think, may take place about the end of this week. It does not appear (though I only speak as an ignorant observer) that matters are at all cleared up *favourably* for the Q. Her own witness, Hownam, did more to overset any advantage she might previously have gained than all those witnesses who were produced against her, consequently (it is supposed) Brougham thought it best not to try any more. If the Bill does not pass, it will be from more important and *imperative* reasons than any that could be found arising from a change of public opinion with regard to her; but the tide runs so high that one is led to think that the termination may be influenced by the popular voice in some degree, as making it very desirable to sever this bone of contention before the Radicals

<sup>1</sup> Lady Belgrave.

<sup>2</sup> Of Queen Caroline.

<sup>3</sup> Lady Stafford's son-in-law and daughter.

may be able to avail themselves of the confusion that might in some cases be brought on in the present prevailing spirit of the time. This, however, I only say *between ourselves*, as I have no business to give my opinion on so knotty a point : it is indeed not only so, but a very unsatisfactory subject in every view. One hears, however, of nothing else at present. The only private occurrence I know of is the escape of L<sup>y</sup>. Temple and her child from being burnt last night,—their house in the country, Wooton, an old mansion of the Grenvilles in Buckinghamshire, having been entirely burnt, and they with difficulty were saved. The house was an old one, but I hear the only thing in it of much value or curiosity that has been destroyed was some fine carving of Gibbons. The family, however, will regret it as a sort of *berceau*, and an old house of that sort is a curiosity, and I think in general more agreeable as a habitation than those of a more modern date. The town is very full at the present moment, but will become a desert the moment the trial is over. I saw a number of smart people at the play last night, and in the midst of them L<sup>y</sup>. Park reared her head. The Gwydir is going to Paris, where he, it is said, intends to keep a sort of open house—that is, to have a dinner of ten covers every day at his house whether he dines at home or not, which covers are tolerably secure of people finding their way to them. He is selling all his *paternal* estates at Langley, which are now advertised. I have not forgot the Seton Chapel, and intend to begin drawing when we retire into the country, where I like to occupy myself in that way during the winter. If Mr Lawson, the young painter, who we heard of when we went to see the Seton family pictures, would make a copy on a reduced scale of the L<sup>d</sup>. Seton and his family, I sh<sup>d</sup>. like to have one of it, if L<sup>d</sup>. Hay sh<sup>d</sup>. have no objection to such a copy being made ; and in that case, if you would have the goodness to direct it, and to settle the price from 10 to 20 g<sup>s</sup>. as you might think reasonable, I sh<sup>d</sup>. be much

obliged to you, and sh<sup>d</sup>. like to have it for Dunrobin, where it w<sup>d</sup>. be a sort of family remembrance. It is certainly a very curious picture. I wish I c<sup>d</sup>. show you a little copy done by a Scotch painter named Leslie, which L<sup>d</sup>. S<sup>d</sup>. bought lately, of the picture at Windsor of the poet Earl of Surrey: it has much merit, and is a most correct copy of a fine and curious Holbein. I hope you will see it at some future time at Worksop, as he has given it to them. When I get to town, then I will make a sketch for you of Runciman's picture of the Netherbow Port. It is exactly like the print in the description of the chapel at Holyrood House, which seems to have been taken from it, in the little book we bought there.

Gower came to town a few days after me. He had forgot to leave the *sketch-book*, as he promised. Send me word if you have got it since: if not, I will send it you by the first opportunity; and I beg you to let me know if there is anything else I can send you from here, in the way of either use or amusement. I shall probably remain here till the beginning of the next week in any event. Did you observe the unlucky fate of a motion of Duke Hamilton's, in the H. of L<sup>ds</sup>., lost by 145 against 16—a bad case, I sh<sup>d</sup>. hope, for his politicks in general, which I do not admire.

Adieu. Let us have the pleasure of hearing from you when you have nothing else to do; and believe me, my dear Mr Sharpe, ever most truly yours,  
E. S. STAFFORD.

Sir J. MILLES RIDDELL,<sup>1</sup> Bart., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

EAST RIDDELL, Dec. 3, 1820.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I received a letter from my antient *compagnon de voyage* and fellow-collegian, the Rev<sup>d</sup>. J. T.

<sup>1</sup> Second Baronet of Ardnamurchan and Sunart, D.C.L. of Oxford; a contemporary at Christ Church of C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe.

James, a few days ago, in which the following paragraph occurs: "Enquire from him (C. K. Sharpe, Esq.), if you can, whether he is willing to assist his old, or, more properly, young friend, Charles Hall, with any materials respecting the life of Charles II. He writes me that he is thinking of publishing memories of that right merry monarch. Pray write to Sharpe, or let me know where he may write." I should have been glad to have offered my services for conveying your answer to James, but I am on the eve of departure for the Highlands, and a correspondence which must pass through our mountains is so very tedious, that I feel that I do a great kindness to all parties by acquainting you with the Rev<sup>d</sup>. John James's address (viz., *Flitton*, Silsoe, Bedfordsh.), and by leaving you to find out Charles Hall's, than if I should undertake the office of secretary to the historian.

This is great self-denial on my part, for I might have expected more than one epistle from you on the subject, which would have afforded me the greatest gratification; but I choose to consult rather the convenience of my friends and acquaintance—although, by the way, I never saw Ch. Hall, and, if my recollection is right, it goes the length of taxing him with being rather a gay youth.

When on these subjects, have you heard that more correspondence of Hor. Walpole is coming forth? Murray has purchased the MS. from Lord Waldegrave for £2500. He has also bought the journal of the Discovery ships for £1000.

Adieu, *mon ami*. Are you preparing for a gay and agreeable winter? Pray write me to Strontian, Argyllshire.—I am ever, my dear Sharpe, very sincerely yours,

J. MILLES RIDDELL.

CHARLES H. HALL, Esq.,<sup>1</sup> to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

INDIA BOARD, LONDON,  
Feb'y. 12, 1821.

MY DEAR SIR,—I ventured a short time ago to beg my friend James to ask if you recollected a little boy to whom you was very kind when resident at Oxford, and his answer has given me so much encouragement that I have determined to write to you myself and beg your assistance in a work which has employed and amused me for some time past,

It is perhaps vanity of me to call myself an author; but I have been booby enough to put forth to the world a little work which contains as many faults as it does pages; but as it has been a sort of introduction for me into the literary society of London, and as I have seen my name once in print, I am determined to endeavour and retrieve my character by devoting all my spare time to my favourite study of history, and have already made some progress in a work which I intend to call 'Memoirs of the Life and Reign of Charles the Second.' I have tried in vain to procure a work entitled 'Memorials,' which I believe the world had to thank you for, and in which I had hoped to find much curious matter for my work, as, by the advertisement, it appeared to embrace my dates.

I have been able to find very little account of Charles's residence in Scotland before the battle of Worcester, except the stories connected with Cromwell; and as I am anxious to introduce as much anecdote as possible, anything of that sort would have been valuable to me. The Puritans form, perhaps, the most curious part of that period of history; and as I know that there are few men better read in the history of their own

<sup>1</sup> Of the India Board, son of Dr Hall, Dean of Christ Church. The work does not appear to have been published.

country than yourself (Sir W. Scott perhaps excepted), you would render me an immense service by giving me any interesting particulars concerning them. The murder of the Archbishop of St Andrews I know that you know by heart. I have found a curious tract about it in Ch. Ch. library, which gives the dreadful particulars of his death in a very quaint and curious manner.

My friends have been exceedingly kind to me; and if I was really able to put the materials I already possess properly together, I might make a very interesting work—for there are few periods more interesting than that of the Second Charles.

I am very bold to venture, upon so long and so broken an acquaintance, to solicit your assistance; but I must hope that you will pardon my boldness, and that you will allow me to renew that acquaintance, which I look back to with so much pleasure. I am sure, if we could persuade you to leave Scotland, it would give my father the greatest pleasure to see you at Ch. Ch.; and if you will come to London, all that a young man's lodgings can afford are most completely at your service. May I hope that you will not allow my offer to be made, not merely *par politesse*, but that you will come and prove it to be sincere; and that you will believe me ever very sincerely yours,

CHARLES H. HALL.

*P.S.*—I assure you that a portrait which you were kind enough to make of me, in a Vandyke dress, “when I was a tiny little boy,” still hangs in my mother's room, and constantly recalls your kindness to me.

The MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

WORKSOP MANOR, *Feb.* 18, 1821.

I have, since I r<sup>d</sup>. your letter, about a week ago, my dear Mr Sharpe, felt impatient for a second, to tell me the result

of your law affairs, which, if it has taken place, and you have written to me, will follow me here, where we arrived yesterday, and intend to remain till the 1st of March, after which we shall be London. I shall have very great satisfaction in hearing that the claim is proved, and that all has succeeded. I sh<sup>d</sup>. even be glad to hear that a compromise had been entered into for *half*, but this only in case of any doubt. I have finished my drawing or rather have spoilt your sketch of the Seton Chapel, which I shall send you by the first opportunity, and shall be glad if you will intrust the picture to Mr Mackenzie, to be properly packed and sent to me by sea to London. It has occurred to me that if I were to get for you 4 etchings or lithographic plates of things in this chapel or relating to the Setons, of a small q<sup>to</sup> size, and that you were to publish their memoirs with notes, and with such prints, the book w<sup>d</sup>. sell well, and might be made a curious one as to Scotch domestic history and anecdote relating to remarkable persons. If of use I w<sup>d</sup>. etch any of the architecture plates. As to the 'Mem. de Mademoiselle,' I know the book well: it is very amusing, but sh<sup>d</sup>. doubt if a translation w<sup>d</sup>. sell well, and it would be very voluminous. The oldest edition I have seen is one of 7 v. 12°, London, 1746. There is another since printed in 4 v., but I suspect abridged. There are in the 6th and 7th vols. characters written for her and some by herself of her friends and suite, of which Ségrais was one. It is a very amusing book, and I shall inquire further about the editions when I get to London.

There is another book also full of anecdotes of the time, called the 'Memoires de l'Abbé de Choisie' (who was a foolish Abbé, but much in the world, and knew the Court of Louis XIV. intimately), that w<sup>d</sup>. do well with *notes*, in one vol. 8°. It is rather a scarce book, and if you have not seen it, I have it in London, and will send it you. I think it might be very interesting in the way you propose translated, and with notices respecting those mentioned in it which would lead

to extracts and dissertations, which, in an historical view, might be made not only amusing but valuable. This occurred to me when you mentioned the ‘Mem. de Mdle. de Monpensier.’ This is the same Abbé who was sent with an embassy to Siam by Louis XIV. to convert that Court, and who has written a journal of his voyage there and his return from thence, quite in the style of a French Abbé. He used to dress as a woman in his youth, and has given an account of his adventures in a book called ‘Mem. de la Contesse des Barres,’ not a very *decent* performance. I had it, but it was taken from me by a celebrated lady and never returned, many years ago. So much for the Abbé, whose only merit was this history of the time of Louis XIV. I must now tell you that I have just had letters from Gower, leaving Vienna on his return, meaning to stop a short time to see Brussels, and proposing before he comes over to meet us for a few weeks at Paris, which, as L<sup>d</sup>. Stafford has often thought of revisiting for a short time from curiosity, we are rather tempted to accept, and meet him there, but we shall not quite fix this till we go to town. I am happy to think, from what I see and hear, that all is now likely to go on well in public matters, and that the King is regaining popularity, and the Q. going downhill fast from her own seditious and vindictive conduct, as well as from the opinion all must otherwise entertain of her. It will be a most fortunate ending of this matter, which certainly at one time bore an alarming aspect: but when she has her allowance, and is no longer to be looked after as a victim or ill-used, the country, it is to be hoped, will be satisfied; and the divisions in Parl<sup>t</sup> show the strength of Gov<sup>t</sup>. in a light which will deter the seditious, and give that proof which before was wanting to enable it to act with sufficient energy against the disaffected.

It is a pity the subject of the Liturgy sh<sup>d</sup>. ever have come into question, and particularly that such ignorance was shown as to interfere with our Scotch Church in this matter; but as



LOUIS XIV AND HIS WIG.



it was unfortunately done, it cannot now be helped, and one hopes that it is all got over even better than might have been expected.

The description of the Lothian miniatures is tempting, but I must resist, at least at present. I don't know, however, if I c<sup>d</sup>. have done so had the originals been people who were remarkable in their own country, as I have a particular fancy for such things, tending to keep up our old memorable recollections.

I shall hope to hear from you soon; and if you write while we are here, direct to Worksop Manor, Worksop, Notts.—Believe me, my dear Mr Sharpe, most truly yours, E. S. S.

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

[1821.]

DEAR SHARPE,—I have got a south-country *cut* of low degree, but who has a considerable turn for painting, and has copied some of Lord Buchan's things tolerably. *Ergo*, he will work as cheap as you please. I send him to you that you may converse him—he is very awkward indeed, poor fellow! You can consider if he can be trusted to make copies of the "Wedding."—Yours ever,

W. SCOTT.

CASTLE STREET.

I wrote you about this before, but, however, the footman mislaid my letter. The lad's name is Scott, being of the Rough Clan.

The MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

CLEVELAND H., *March* 19, 1821.

MY DEAR MR SHARPE,—Not having heard from you lately, I begin to have some anxiety relating to the subject of which

we have lately talked—your *law* affairs. I shall be glad to hear they are well settled; and as I am going on the 27th of this month for six weeks or so to Paris, I wish to hear from you here before that time, as I do not know what direction to give you for finding me there as yet, and therefore I hope for a few words from you before I set out. As to the picture, I shall beg you, when it is ready, to send it to Mr Mackenzie, who will take care of it. If you like, in the meantime, you can keep it till my return. We found Gower, when we were to town on the 1st of this month, safely returned from Vienna, and very well. He proposes to accompany us to Paris, as do L<sup>d</sup>. and L<sup>y</sup>. Jersey, and we shall find Francis there, and I expect much amusement from this expedition. Gower proposes afterwards to be in Scotland in the summer, and I trust I shall also be there some time then or in the autumn. All things in the public way are going on most prosperously here—a *total* change to the better. The Q. quite out of date, even with her own supporters. The King goes to Ireland this year, and the next to Scotland. It will be very gratifying to see him at Holyrood H.

I have seen since I wrote (at Worksop) the best edition, I believe, of the ‘*Mem. de Mademoiselle*,’ 9 vols. 8<sup>o</sup>. J. Wetstein & G. Smith, 1746, with a preface, which says: “*La première ed. en Hollande 1728, aussi en même tems réimprimées à Rouen, Avignon, et à Toulouse,*” &c.

Tell me in your answer to this if you w<sup>d</sup>. wish to see the ‘*Memoires de l’Abbé de Choisie*,’ and I will leave it to be conveyed to you by some of my friends who will go to Scotland from hence in May after the Parl<sup>t</sup> is over.

Adieu, my dear Sharpe.—Believe me, most truly yours,

E. S. STAFFORD.

I propose to *rummage* a good deal at Paris, and may find some curious things in the way of books, &c.

Rev. J. T. JAMES<sup>1</sup> to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I was very much obliged by your letter and kind attention to my request. I forwarded the hints you gave to Charles Hall, from whom you have probably heard before this. I, too, have a great regard for Christ Church, and all thereunto belonging, and still more for all that have thereunto belonged: nathless, I cannot regard it so much in the light of an earthly paradise as you do, nor are the angels therein inhabiting quite corresponding with the ideas one has gained from old pictures of the beauty of the *corps séraphique*. I hope, however, that you have entirely got rid of the illness which caused you to express so very strongly your regrets for the past and lamentations for the present. I shall be very glad to hear that you have recovered your health, and also those spirits which have so often enlivened our former days. I shall be delighted to hear from you again on this point, and, above all, must request that if you at any time travel northward, you will stop and refresh your weariness at my manse, which is but a few miles removed from the highroad. I shall be most happy to see you, and flatter myself it is as much (at least) resembling paradise as the common room at Christ Church.—Believe me, dear Sharpe, y<sup>rs</sup>. very truly,

J. T. JAMES.

FLITTON, SILSOE, BEDS,

April 13, 1821.

Hartopp desires to be remembered to you.

DEAR SHARPE,—I cannot let James leave a blank side to his paper without reminding you, if you are really sincere in your regard for old Ch. Ch., you ought to find your way south now and then, for you seem to have cut the Saxons

<sup>1</sup> Rev. John Thomas James, of Christ Church, became Bishop of Calcutta on the death of Bishop Heber in 1826.

altogether. I have put myself into a hideous house on the highroad, close to my father's, and where I now and then deposit myself during the absence of my ancient parents from Warwickshire. And if you ever intend visiting the branch of y<sup>r</sup>. family in our neighbourhood, and can tear yourself from Perkins's<sup>1</sup> orations and refuse to take a peep at me on y<sup>r</sup>. way, you must look forward to y<sup>e</sup> bitter vengeance.—Y<sup>rs</sup>. faithfully,  
G. HARTOPP.<sup>2</sup>

CHARLES H. HALL, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

INDIA BOARD, *April* 19, 1821.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—You must not attribute my silence to neglect. If my official duties had permitted me, I assure you I should not have allowed so much time to elapse without acknowledging and thanking you for your very kind letter. I need not say how much I have been gratified by your kind recollection of the troublesome boy who used to plague you so much at Ch. Ch., or by your offer of assistance in the work which I have had presumption enough to undertake.

You can, I am sure, help me most materially; and if you will allow me, I shall venture to send some of my MSS. to you occasionally, in hopes that you will not only be kind enough to correct some of the gross faults with which you will find it thickly studded, but that you will add a few notes which will be invaluable to me. I grieve that we are at such a distance from each other, because such a transmission will require much time; but I wish you could be prevailed upon to revisit Oxford, where I assure you (at least at the *Deanery*) you would receive a most cordial welcome.

Before, however, I can venture to send any of my scrawl,

<sup>1</sup> Mr Perkins was Mr Sharpe's brother-in-law.

<sup>2</sup> George Henry William Fleetwood Hartopp, eldest son of Sir Edmund Hartopp, first baronet, was M.P. for Dundalk, and died unmarried, 1824.

I must read through what I have already written, for fear it is rather carelessly put together, and hardly fit for inspection. Kirkton I have got, and the particulars of Sharpe's murder in MSS.—though yours will be valuable. From 'M<sup>lle</sup>. de Montpensier' I have ventured to make long extracts, which, as the memories do not appear to be very well known, may do. They are, I think, themselves very amusing. I find very little respecting Charles's residence at Cologne, and indeed very few minute particulars respecting himself or family from 1652 to 1659. After the Restoration I find more matter than I have room for, without I spread the work into a very bulky production; but as I intend to make a rule to avoid general history more than the outline, which will be absolutely necessary to connect the work, I shall adhere to memoir and anecdote, and may be thus able to compress my matter into a smaller form.

I am writing this in haste, as I am going to Brighton for ten days this evening, and have little time for anything. If you can find time to write me a few lines at any time, I need not say what pleasure it will give to me. You may always direct to me, under cover to Thos. P. Courtenay, Esq., M.P., India Board, London.<sup>1</sup> I shall venture to write and report progress to you shortly. At present I must bid you adieu.—Believe me ever yours very sincerely,

CHARLES H. HALL.

ALEXANDER SINCLAIR, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

STANFORD, NEAR WELFORD,  
20th April 1821.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Giving you more than you could get from many people, credit for being a reasonable man, I hasten to redeem my pledge, and rely on your not expecting any of

<sup>1</sup> Son of the Bishop of Exeter, and brother of the eleventh Earl of Devon.

those articles of interest dignified with the name of news from a place so remote as Stanford. To show you how isolated is the situation in which my brother<sup>1</sup> performs at present his clerical functions, I have only to mention that when I approached within 13 miles of it, I congregated all the intelligent people I could collect at Harborough, consisting of the guard, coachman, hostler, and a couple of undefined characters, whom I severally interrogated respecting its situation, distance, &c. Not one of them would admit that I could pronounce the name of the town. The 1st corrected it into Statford, the 2d Stafford, the 3d Stamford, the 4th Stratford, and the 5th Strafford. One said it was 8 miles distant, another 16, another that it was an immense way off; but Jehu boldly declared that to his knowledge there was no such place in the country! So much for English intelligence. It must be allowed, however, in mitigation, that it is a very secluded place. The post-town is 6 miles off, the two parishes belong to a non-resident family, and to his nearest neighbour he has to traverse sundry marshy fields or bad cross-roads to the amount of 5 miles. The computation of distance is, even you must be aware from your travels to Lochend and the adjacent interesting country, very arbitrary, and often incorrect. I recollect an excellent Indian method, which I recommend strongly. A man riding in a great hurry towards a place met a pedestrian, of whom he inquired the distance he had yet to go. Being told 4 *ghunta*, the equestrian slackened his pace, not adverting to the calculation the other had made, that if the querist continued his progress at the same rate as when he encountered him, he would arrive at the expiration of that portion of time.

I was rather surprised, and expect you to be still more astonished to hear, that I have seen no part of England so forward as the banks of the Forth and the vale of the Clyde. The hedges and trees, both forest and fruit, are much less

<sup>1</sup> Rev. John Sinclair, afterwards Archdeacon of Middlesex.

green, and there are other instances which I shall not exhaust your patience by mentioning. There was a great deal of snow in Cumberland and Westmoreland, which made it very cold.

I was amused to hear from the party to whom it had been addressed that a damsel, who came to share the accommodation of the mail at Lockerby and left it at Carlisle, had preferred a heavy charge against me, that I had travelled 60 miles with her and had not spoken six words. My defence was that, as she had made a forcible entry in the middle of the night and quitted me so early that she was almost guilty of having adopted invisibility, I did not think it incumbent upon me to address every one with whom I might chance to rub shoulders in the dark. But at all events, since she was so anxious, she might have made the first advances, which might have been welcomed. I fell in with an odd genius at Manchester,—a purse-proud, respectable-looking man on his way to the great emporium, where he might have been able to fill any character but that of a man of fashion. In penetrating thro' Stockport, he was so condescending as to inform us that it was the steepest town in all England. I ventured to put in a word for Durham's pre-eminence in that capacity, to which he replied, "Ay, but is Durham in England?" Soon after we saw Poynton, L<sup>d</sup>. Bulkeley's wife's<sup>1</sup> seat. It is decorated with a paltry piece of water, which excited the Cit.'s admiration. I suggested that it was artificial. "Oh no, sir," he replied; "I assure you it's *real* water." At Leicester he unexpectedly met a friend, with whom, like other great and able men, he began to discuss the state of the nation. Being of the gloomy order of politicians, everything adverse to its prosperity was raked up, and my fellow-traveller, being superior to the other, assumed a big look and an oracular tone when he appropriately wound up the expression of his

<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth Harriot, daughter and heiress of Sir George Warren, K.B. of Poynton Lodge, Cheshire; married Thomas James, Viscount Bulkeley.

sentiments with declaring his opinion that "this is a dished country, a dished country, sir!"

It was quite absurd that till to-day I did not know the result of the Catholic question, which is probably a piece of stale intelligence in Orkney now. If I had not walked to a place 6 miles off, I should have remained in ignorance on that important point till next Monday. I was much struck and delighted with Lord Ashburton's very characteristic speech. I cd. have fancied him uttering it. You will, I have no doubt, excuse my proceeding no further than to assure you how much I am ever your affectionate friend and coz,

ALEX. SINCLAIR.

*N.B.*—If you answer this, send it to 133 Geo. Street, whence it will be forwarded. I hope Surtees reached you safe.

THOMAS THOMSON, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

CHARLOTTE SQUARE, *May* 9, 1821.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—My indolence and other avocations make me despair of ever doing anything more for Sir G. Mackenzie and his *Historie*; and I am now much inclined forthwith to publish it as it stands, with a short notice about the MS., and the mode I have adopted in printing it. Pray read over what I have written and printed by way of preface, and give me your mind and will *thereanent*.—Yours ever faithfully,

THO. THOMSON.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to WILLIAM RAVENHILL, Esq.,  
3d Dragoons, Piershill.

*May* 1821.

I sent you a virulent reproof to-day by Stamer, and have not yet got out my scold. Where have you been these six

months? I wrote a civil note, *selon* milord Chesterfield, which you never answered. Are you going to the devil? But why do I ask so idle a question of a dragoon? Are you dead? If you were about to be married, I should hear of it in this hymeneal town. Or have you got into a philandering system with some milliner's sickly apprentice, or scabby governess at Portobello, who must have you ride yourself to death, morning, noon, and night, to catch her on the solitary sands, or drooping, like a wet dishclout, out of a garret-window? I will quote Matthew Prior upon you—

“Poor Hal caught his death, standing under a spout,  
Attending till midnight, when Nan should come out.”

But I have already had my revenge. Whenever the fairest creatures of this charming city remark to me, “Where is the dragoon with the long nose? Is he at out quarters, I wonder?” I have replied, “Alas, Miss (such a thing)! don't expect any consolation from that quarter; his nose is a weathercock, I believe, and it never points towards Edinburgh.”

E. B. IMPEY, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

BRIGHTON, *Die Coronationis* [July 19, 1821].

MY DEAR SHARPE,—If I had y<sup>r</sup>. crow-quill, and the wit which flows from it, I should attempt to make some amends for the frightful interval which has taken place in our correspondence. I should at least endeavour to palliate, by some artifice or other, the glaring and obvious motive which has incited me to break silence by begging a favour. Yet I will flatter myself that, as it is neither personal nor even interested, and since, moreover, it will involve a compliment which you have my free permission to take to yourself, I will state the immediate cause of my writing without more ado. And

what should it be but to solicit y<sup>r</sup>. vote and interest at the ensuing election for a representative of Alma Mater in Parliament in behalf of Heber? You have no doubt received printed circulars from him and his opponents; but I am persuaded that you are not to be moved but by MS., and flatter myself that mine above others possesses a double share of persuasion. Put y<sup>r</sup>-self, therefore, as Walter Scott does, into a steamboat, and you will reach London in sixteen hours. Think of the delight of renewing old recollections, both upon the Thames and the Isis, and leave Old Reeky to herself awhile. But I shall hold out no more enticements, being well convinced that where there is a will there is a way; and y<sup>r</sup>. mind, ingenious as it is, and fertile in excuse, apology, and expedients upon most other occasions, will not want sophistry to convince itself of the urgent necessity of obeying this call, else were the cabalistic words, *Creo te Sophistam generalem*, of little avail indeed. But, seriously, do come, and tell me when we shall meet; or tell me (*quod Dii avertant*) that we shall not meet: in short, tell me anything, that at least I may have the satisfaction of once more recognising the said crow-quill. It w<sup>d</sup>. fill a volume with very indifferent trash were I to attempt a narration of all that has befallen me since we last corresponded; but the last page of my eventful history you will peruse with grief. About five months ago it was my misfortune, in riding thro' a gate on an unruly horse, to crush my right foot against the post in such a manner as to have lamed myself, I fear *incurably*. I have ever since been confined to what the learned call a horizontal position on the couch from which I now write, and from which I seldom stir with impunity. A letter from you, and, *a fortiori*, a visit, would cheer me infinitely under this grievance. And I have told you enough of myself to be entitled to a narration of all that relates to you. Do not think that I have been, notwithstanding my silence, indifferent upon this subject, for besides the inquiries with which from time to

time I beset y<sup>r</sup>. friends Gower and Inglis—who, by the by, seldom give any satisfactory answers—I have been for these last five or six years pluming myself upon my sagacity in tracing y<sup>r</sup>. style in many passages of the Scots Novels which are so deservedly popular, particularly in the earlier ones. I don't expect you to set me right if I am in error, and still less to divulge a secret which is so perseveringly withheld from all the rest of the world—tho' I cannot comprehend the motive of it. But I have a right to quarrel with you for not sending me a copy of the books of which you are avowedly the author. My own trifling attempts that way have never been so successful as when they have been anonymous, particularly some rhymes which I recited long ago behind a mask. Now this is very provoking, and argues a perverseness—an obliquity in the public mind—which I do not understand. I expect to be much edified and enlightened by one of y<sup>r</sup>. present experience and established reputation in book-craft. I said I would hold forth no more temptation but what will be suggested by y<sup>r</sup>. own mind to induce you to visit the South; but I must add and expect that it will have its due weight that I have a comfortable house of my own at Newick, only forty miles from London and fourteen from this place, where nobody will be half so welcome as *Carolus de cella Patricii*. It is not far from Glynde, Lord Hampden's, where, as I learn from my friend Col. Hepbourne, you are a prodigious favourite. The Col. married Miss Poole, a neighbour of ours. Come, then, and renew the delights of fried soles, slush, and mutton-chops. Come, if it is only for the pleasure of being regaled with the adventures of Minheer Vansloccha; and at all events write to yours ever faithfully,

E. B. IMPEY.

*P.S.*—Direct to me, Newick, near Uckfield, Sussex.

E. B. IMPEY, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

BRIGHTON, *Aug.* 8, 1821.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—You may be astonished, though I trust not displeased, at a second letter from me—if indeed the first has reached you, which, from y<sup>r</sup>. silence, I rather doubt.

I shall, however, give this a double chance by directing it to Hoddam, from whence, if you are not resident there, I suppose it will be forwarded. I have two or more objects in this second attempt to rouse y<sup>r</sup>. epistolary functions, which, by the by, were not wont to be so drowsy. The first is to repeat my canvass for Heber. The election, as I am informed by Boswell, one of the most active of his committee, will take place on or about the 22d of this month.<sup>1</sup> It will be very hardly contested by S<sup>r</sup>. J. Nichol, who I fear is likely to gain a great accession of votes from an unjust prejudice which has gone abroad concerning Heber's political principles,—and Oxford, as with all our partiality we must confess, by no means enjoys an immunity from those human frailties which dispose men, in general, to lean rather to their passions than to be governed by their reason. You see, then, the necessity, if you w<sup>d</sup>. aid the good old cause, to bestow y<sup>r</sup>. personal attendance in support of it. At any rate, enable me, if only by a line, to satisfy the committee that I have done my duty in soliciting you. But another motive still lurks behind for this epistolary persecution—viz., I have made a version of 'Kenilworth' into a tragedy, which I call "Cumnor Hall." I have a mind to publish it *anonymously*, with a short inscription to the author of that novel, and for aught I know you may be he. Be that as it may, I proposed the publica-

<sup>1</sup> The result was in Heber's favour—612 votes to Sir John Nicholl's 519.

tion to Murray, but he recommends me to have it printed by the publisher of 'Kenilworth,' which, he says, w<sup>d</sup>. secure a wider circulation and better introduction than from his press. Will you undertake to make the proposition to Ballantyne, who, I suppose, is the printer, or whoever he is, taking care to keep my secret—for I have entrusted it to none else? and letting me know on what terms he would comply, and when it w<sup>d</sup>. be expedient to send him the MS. Perhaps, if you came south, it w<sup>d</sup>. be in time to send it back by you, tho' I should be more interested in keeping you among us. Do for charity let me hear from you, and direct to me at Newick, near Uckfield, Sussex, where, I need not repeat, I expect you to make y<sup>r</sup>. headquarters. I only sojourn here till my lameness is cured. I think myself better, tho' not quite out of danger of hobbling for the rest of my days. I really long to hear from you. It is perfect tyranny not to answer me. If I can do anything for you on this side Tweed, you have only to lay y<sup>r</sup>. commands on me, and all other Slaves of the Lamp, as far as my jurisdiction over them extends. *Du reste*, I remain heartily yours,

E. B. IMPEY.

*P.S.*—The only piece of news I have to relate, which will make you smile, is that y<sup>r</sup>. friend Inglis<sup>1</sup> was the person to whose office it devolved to refuse the Queen entrance to the coronation. He must have blush'd deeper than usual. A mercy she did not box his ears.

Miss ELIZA ROBERTSON to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

RICHMOND, *August 16, 1821.*

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I am going to ask a favour of you that not long ago I expected to have done *viva voce*. Doubt-

<sup>1</sup> Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart.

less you have heard from my friends that, instead of returning to Auld Reekie, I am going to spend the winter in the Eternal City. I do not know what you are; but I feel so surprised, that I still fancy it is all a dream. But really, after the perfectly out-of-the-way and very uncommon events I have witnessed since I came to England, I need be surprised at nothing. The death of Bonaparte quietly in bed; the coronation of King George quietly on his throne; then living in England quietly without a king on the island, is all nothing in comparison of seeing a door banged in the face of Queen Caroline perfectly quietly the one day, and a very few days more seeing her by no means quietly carried to her grave! Well, but all these events have nothing to do with my request, which is—that you will examine the enclosed list of ancient personages, and, as far as you can tell, say where portraits of them are to be seen. I have promised to tax your good-nature at the request of a London friend of mine—Lady Essex,<sup>1</sup> a most beautiful drawer—who is engaged in illuminating Lucy Aiken's 'Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth.' Those pictures that cannot come to her she sends an artist to, who takes a free sketch (not so free as the one I sent you of the battle of Bothwell Brig), and she works from them. Now do, like a dear, write down opposite to each person where a portrait (original) is to be found. She pays her artist's expenses, and a guinea for each sketch—a pretty expensive pass-time, but that is not my concern. Or if you could add a list of Lord Leicester's wives, it would be agreeable. As there is every chance I shall be gone ere you can do this, will you put the list in a cover to Lady Perth, 126 Park Street? and I will tell Lady Essex, when I see her, it is to come there. In return, I shall do anything for you—in France, Switzerland, or Italy—you please. What I would like you to do would be to come to Rome for the winter. What fun we should have!

<sup>1</sup> Sarah, daughter of Henry Bazett, Esq. of St Helena, wife of George, fifth Earl of Essex.

You might live with us. Pray think of it, and believe me in all corners of the world ever affe<sup>ly</sup>. yours,

ELIZA ROBERTSON.

Altho' you may not have time to make out the list, you might write a few lines by return of post, addressed to Lady Perth's, and tell me if you can do anything, and if you will come to Rome.

The Hon. PENELOPE HAMILTON<sup>1</sup> to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

GLENFINART, by GREENOCK, Sept. 25th.

I arrived here yesterday morning, made out my *long* journey and voyage most prosperously, and so *easily*, that I really think you may venture to accept the invitation I am desired by my friends here to offer you, and to press your acceptance of. However, I am afraid you will allow all my efforts to prove ineffectual, if you still think I required no common degree of fortitude to undertake it; but when I tell you, you have only to travel to Glasgow, get into a steamboat there, and you will arrive here in five hours, when I am sure you will think your trouble rewarded by the uncommon beauty of this place, and, above all, by the agreeable manner of my lord and his wife, and the pleasure it will give them to have you here. But I shall say no more. I do not wish *to add* to the number of your *sins*, so won't make you *vain*. If you prefer coming all the way in a ship of your own designing, pray do. Lady Dunmore admires the drawing of yours amazingly, but you must explain why the Hamiltons have the ship in their arms,<sup>2</sup> for there have been debates about it. Is it not originally in the quarterings of the family? for I

<sup>1</sup> Daughter of William, seventh Lord Belhaven and Stenton.

<sup>2</sup> The lymphad for Arran.

think it is the Abercorn crest: somebody said it was a fault in heraldry, but we agreed *you* must *know* and decide this question when you write, and I *expect* you will do so *directly*. Admire my impertinence!! Lady Dunmore bids me say as Mr Raffield (the person who superintends the building of the house) was to be in Edin<sup>r</sup>, she took the liberty of desiring him to call for you, and begs you w<sup>d</sup>. take the trouble to talk to him on the subject of the arms, but use no ceremony with him: receive him at any time you find convenient for yourself, and as he does not seem in such a hurry as he was about getting them done, if *your man* won't answer, there may be time for Mr Playfair's to do it. But when you write will you mention w<sup>h</sup>. of the four quarterings you prefer for Lord D. and w<sup>h</sup>. four for her Ladyship: they mean only to glaze two windows, so their own cyphers are all they want, and she has written the Duke to look for an *S.H.* among the old *rubbish* at Hamilton. Raffield says he cannot well allow more than a space of *three feet* for the united arms over the *door*; do you think that sufficient? He says he never saw them *couché*, but you must be the *best* judge w<sup>h</sup>. looks *best*; and they w<sup>d</sup>. rather they were done according to *your taste* than any other person's. *You* must *talk* to Raffield about the arms, for he is a man of few words indeed, and unless you question him, I think he may as well not see you. Do you remember Miss Edgeworth's Mr MacLeod in her story of 'Ennui'? I am convinced Mr Raffield is the *original*. Should the crest be above or below the coronet, and should there be any *curlie-wurlies* between by way of ornamentation. I shall tease you no longer, but believe me when I assure you if you w<sup>d</sup>. venture here, you w<sup>d</sup>. give great pleasure to L<sup>d</sup>. and Lady Dunmore, as well as, dear Mr Sharpe, your old friend,

PENELOPE HAMILTON.

ALEXANDER SINCLAIR, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MY DEAR MACSICKER,—I wondered greatly what point you wanted to secure when I joyously hailed your antient hand shaking in the wind yester morn. After so long an expedition as I learnt with astonishment you had undertaken, I showed my cousinly attention by calling *twice* to enquire how you fared, and was comforted by the *assurance* of your servant that you had gone out.

Anent our late joviality, methinks it would have been better had we wanted the grandiloquence of Tully, or he the previous inspiriting of Bacchus. I sigh after a modicum of sober discussion with you; but while you are guarded by that intrepid man of denial, I despair unless you give me a pass or a sop for him.

My brother desires me to say that there is a picture of the D<sup>ss</sup>. of Lauderdale at Ham, which gives a fair idea of her charms, and which he has. No doubt he c<sup>d</sup> prevail on Lady Dysart to allow it to be copied. Do you know any fit person to be sent with introductory powers to sketch, perhaps to dine.

I have two trees of the Swifts, which shall be engrafted together, and you shall have the first-fruits. I wish much to see the Dumfries letter. You know Lord Eglintoun quarrelled with his son for making the alliance, but what w<sup>d</sup> he have said had he known of the 2<sup>d</sup>. wife? You are aware that a man may marry his great-grandmother, as it has been done once, so that we need not be surprised at an old dotard taking a bride old enough to have been his grandmother only. Indeed there are few things in this foolish world to be surprised at. When I am at Lord Macdonald's I shall be near the antient house which produces this venerable beauty, and

enquiry shall be made for any painted record of her long-preserved attractions.

When shall we (three) meet again?—Yours to the end of  
A. SINCLAIR.

5th Nov. [1821].

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to THOMAS THOMSON, Esq.

PRINCES ST., 2d Jan. 1822.

KIND SIR,—After the best wishes of the season warmly presented, receive the MS., &c., respecting the Marchmonts, which I have retained too long. On a reperusal of Miss Patoun's Memoir, I find that it differs in many material things from Lady Murray's account, and also contains several very interesting things not mentioned by her, as her mother's visit to Jerviswood in jail, &c. It is very amusing, and probably as accurate as the others. Miss P. resided much at Mellerstane, and, according to Miss Lewis, took her anecdotes from papers in the house. I have heard lately that she was at one time *gouvernante* in L<sup>d</sup> Glasgow's family, and died in Edin. some years ago. I also return the L——<sup>1</sup> papers which I borrowed, having marked *one*, which is very curious. You will find in it some odd traits of L<sup>d</sup> Stair, and an anecdote of a sceptre which I never saw anywhere else. Pray make your amanuensis copy it before you return it to Lord L. "Lerges on this gude new-year." I present the copy of my Lady Stanhope, who performed the last pious offices to Lady G. B.; and rest, your ever most faithful slave,

C. K. S.

Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I have seen very little of you this winter, chiefly because I want your law affair over (this *entre*

<sup>1</sup> Leven.

nous). I trust it will not survive the next session. I enclose some curious extracts of yours, too long detained. You will receive a copy of Chronological Notes—*i.e.*, Fountainhall's Diary. I want the date of publication and title of the Shepherd Quixote, if you will send me a note of it to Castle Street, to Anne's care, who waits to take her chance of the dice at the Bachelor's Ball: it will reach me in safety.—Ever truly yours,

WALTER SCOTT.

My anchor is a peak.

EDINBURGH, 9th March [1822].

Sir ANDREW AGNEW,<sup>1</sup> to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.LOCHNAW CASTLE, near STRANRAER,  
16th July 1822.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I have just had the pleasure of receiving your agreeable letter, and much do I regret your success in shooting the member (although such is the most approved method of ascertaining facts), as otherwise my solitude might have been relieved by a lengthened edition of your most agreeable epistle.

You desire me to "let you know *anything immediately*." I obey you literally (availing myself of the privilege of my maternal descent), and write immediately, although I have nothing to tell, save that Craignarget<sup>2</sup> is a rocky promontory in the Bay of Luce. It is a farm of the estate of Mochrum, and in the parish of the same name. It belonged to the old Dunbars of Mochrum (whose castle was about two miles distant inland) until the reign of Queen Anne, when the "giant Sir James" had the bad taste to marry a Stirling-

<sup>1</sup> Seventh baronet of Lochnaw, M.P. for Wigtownshire.

<sup>2</sup> Craignarget is the scene of the ballad of "Fair Margaret," regarding which Mr Sharpe was then anxiously seeking information. See 'A Ballad Book.'

shire heiress,<sup>1</sup> who knew not how to appreciate a landscape composed of naught but loch and muir, and by whom he was prevailed on to sell the land of his fathers, and retire to the remote banks of the Forth. The purchaser was M'Douall of Freugh. Patrick M'Douall, Earl of Dumfries, sold the estate of Freugh, but retained that of Mochrum, which, with the fertile braes of Craignarget, has passed to his heir of line, the Marquis of Bute. A tenant of the farm in question raised an evil report against our county by attempting, by way of improvement, to remove some of the huge blocks of stone, whereby the land, being deprived of its wonted shelter, caught cold. Sir W<sup>m</sup>. Maxwell<sup>2</sup> told me that some years ago, canvassing a muir laird, the goodwife put so much brandy into his tea at breakfast that, hunting on Craignarget that day, he thought it the smoothest country he had ever rode over. As to the names in the stanza which you transcribe, you are doubtless aware that the *Gordons* were once powerful and numerous in this quarter. Their chief was Lochinvar (in the Stewartry). The next in repute was Craighlaw, whose castle was about three miles farther inland than "the old place of Mochrum," in the parish of Kirkecowan, considered so remote, before military roads were invented, that the local proverb says, "out of the world and into Kirkecowan." The *Hays* of Park were the principal of that name. Park-Hay is near the village of Glenluce, about six miles along the coast west of Craignarget. All this may be very little to your purpose, but I shall send your letter to a friend who is wiser than me, and should I get any important information from him, I shall communicate it to you within a week or ten days.—Your assured cousin to command,

ANDREW AGNEW.

<sup>1</sup> Isabella, daughter of Nicholson of Carnock, heiress of Plean.

<sup>2</sup> Of Springkell.

A. ALISON, Esq.,<sup>1</sup> to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I fear I must forego the pleasure of coming to you this evening, for I am to dine with a *W.S.* who is one of my principal employers, and he told me just now that he had asked some people to meet me at supper. We poor advocates are kept in such durance by this class, that it would be *unsafe* to offend them; so I will take you in my own hand, and come in some other evening with the cards you lent me.—Ever yours very faithfully, A. ALISON.

*Sept. 6, 1822.*

Lord STRATHAVON<sup>2</sup> to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

ABOYNE CASTLE, *Sept. 16, 1822.*

MY DEAR SIR,—I return you my most grateful thanks for the song,<sup>3</sup> and am quite ashamed of the trouble you must have had in copying out so long a ditty. The seal with which yr. letter is sealed appears to be a very curious one: was it the unfortunate Mary's?<sup>4</sup> I have often heard of the "good Lord John"<sup>5</sup> you mention, and should be delighted to be acquainted with any particulars concerning him; and I assure you I look forward to our meeting again this autumn at Gosford with the greatest pleasure, which the society of a man of your talents and information must always cause to such an unworthy disciple in the school of Belles Lettres as myself.—Ever yours, most sincerely and obliged, STRATHAVON.

<sup>1</sup> The historian; afterwards Sir Archibald Alison.

<sup>2</sup> Son of the Earl of Aboyne, and afterwards tenth Marquess of Huntly; born 1792, died 1863.

<sup>3</sup> "The Burning of Fren draught."

<sup>4</sup> A seal with the royal arms in a lozenge, and letters M. R. (Mary of Modena), formerly in the possession of C. K. Sharpe.

<sup>5</sup> Sir John Gordon, second son of the Marquess of Huntly, created Earl of Aboyne, who perished in the burning of Fren draught.

Lady GWYDYR to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

LONDON, *October 7* [1822].

DEAR MR SHARPE,—I fear that you will think me very remiss in not having written to you before, but the truth is we sent the royal letters, &c., to be bound when we were in Scotland some years ago, during the administration of Mr Adam, and on my informing L<sup>d</sup>. Gwydyr of your wish, he ransacked the house for them, and I leave you to judge of his feelings when he found they were not forthcoming.

The Chamberlain wrote to Adam at Stornoway, but no answer has been rec<sup>d</sup>., and as he has written to request me to protect him as a *W.S.*, I have taken advantage of this to request that he will restore my letters. A man of the name of Hume or Home arranged them, and I trust Adam will restore them: if not, had I better offer a reward?

Gwydyr found a letter of Charles the 1<sup>st</sup>. to the Earl of Lindsay, one from a P<sup>ss</sup>. of Orange, and some others, which shall all be sent to you should the others *cast up*.

I trust that if we are in Scotland next year that you will bestow a visit upon us.

Nothing would gratify me so much as your finding these letters worthy of your preface you propose writing.

L<sup>d</sup>. Stafford is considerably better since he came to town.

I am going for a week to Ramsgate to see W. Burrell; then I propose returning to town, on my way to join the children at Brighton.

The only creature I have seen is L<sup>y</sup>. Holland, and all the news consists of who receives a part of their rents, reductions, going abroad, ruin, and so on. I trust that I shall have a favourable answer from our late chamberlain.

Gwydyr desires his best remembrance, and joins with me in regretting our having seen so little of you lately; but if you come to town you must make up for it.



LADY GWYDYR.



L<sup>d</sup>. W. Bentinck's marriage is not settled to Miss Poyntz.<sup>1</sup>  
—Yours very faithfully, C. S. D. GWYDYR.

Lady GWYDYR to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

DEAR M<sup>r</sup>. SHARPE,—I may venture to bore you with old family affairs, as you were so kind as to give me a hint of what my namesake was ab<sup>t</sup>. as I doubt his being my relation. The Count wrote to L<sup>d</sup>. Grenville to request that he w<sup>d</sup>. exert all his influence with the King to get his title of Melfort<sup>2</sup> restored, and inclosed a printed petition w<sup>h</sup> he wished to have presented. This I sent with all the other papers to a solicitor, who only laughed at it; and the result is, that Gwydyr will not lay the petition at His Majesty's feet, nor will he listen to my hard-hearted proposal of leaving the C<sup>t</sup> to starve. Obstinate — !

My treasures have not yet been found, which causes me many uncomfortable moments.

This place is by no means gay. L<sup>y</sup>. Cowper<sup>3</sup> and myself solace ourselves with *crown écarté*, and we have had a course of astronomical lectures given by an illiterate carpenter, who certainly succeeded in *hammering* into our heads more information than ever gain'd admittance by scientific means. No loyal nation can regret living upon *oat-cakes*, and drinking nothing stronger than *tea* for six months, to have acquired the character we have. The King can talk on no other subject: he admires and appreciates us as *we deserve*; and on the subject of the Highlanders he is quite enthusiastic. We have

<sup>1</sup> And never was. Lord William John Bentinck, who succeeded his father as fifth Duke of Portland, died unmarried.

<sup>2</sup> Charles Edward Drummond, Count de Lussan and Duke of Melfort in France, chief of the House of Drummond and claimant of its aintained titles.

<sup>3</sup> Daughter of the first Lord Melbourne, afterwards Viscountess Palmerston.

such disputations as the clans' garb, the '45, &c. He intends giving the children a ball, which will be very pretty, in his Fairy Palace: it is a most curious and dazzling interior. I find L<sup>y</sup>. Francis Leveson is going to add to the Clan Chattan, to the g<sup>t</sup>. joy of the family. Old Stafford is wonderfully well, but I fear the D. of Bedford never can recover. I hear that the place of Under Sec<sup>y</sup>. is now offered to W<sup>m</sup>. Hill,<sup>1</sup> minister at Turin. The Aberdeens, Binnings, and Cavendishes go to the Pavilion sometimes, but hitherto the fair E—— has rec<sup>d</sup>. no summons. The Leveson Gowers are here; L<sup>d</sup>. Maberly, M. de Roos, M<sup>r</sup>. Locke (who both draw beautifully), L<sup>d</sup>. Bingham, and L<sup>d</sup>. F. Conyngham make our *soirées* very brilliant, but in ladies we are not very well off. I suppose that you know L<sup>y</sup>. Londonderry has made a conquest of the Emperor of all the Russias, to the inexpressible delight of her husband.

When you have a moment to spare, pray write to me.

If you see Sir Walter Scott, pray tell him that his hint about arms was not thrown away—the old billiard-room is now to be kept for the family pictures and arms. I hear L<sup>d</sup>. G. found 18 halberts in the gaol at Crieff which belong'd to the D. of Perth's Baron Baillie's guard, which consisted of 30. The office of Baron is revived, and the time may come when the good old privilege of pit and gallows may be restored. This is the *first* favour I intend to ask of the K.

L<sup>d</sup>. G. desires to be remembered to you; and I remain, dear M<sup>r</sup>. Sharpe, yours very faithfully, C. S. D. GWYDYR.

BRIGHTON, Dec. 4, 1822.

THE MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD TO C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

RICHMOND, Dec. 29, 1822.

I regretted much, my dear M<sup>r</sup>. Sharpe, not seeing you again at Edinburgh at the time I hoped to have been there on my

<sup>1</sup> Assumed the name of Noel Hill, afterwards ambassador to Naples; succeeded his brother as third Lord Berwick.

return from Dunrobin, but you know the circumstances which occasioned our voyage, and which have brought us to this place, which we find a very comfortable and agreeable residence for the winter months, and well suited to what L<sup>d</sup> Stafford required. He is now much better. I hope to hear that your affair is at last settled; there has certainly been full time to accomplish that object, and I beg you to tell me about it. Besides this, I have another request to make. I have received a picture from Lawson, with which you are acquainted, called "The Antiquary." It has great merit, and we think it is really very well done and highly finished. It was accompanied by a letter leaving the price to me, which is always puzzling, and as you may be able to settle this matter, I have to request of you to find out what value he puts upon it. If it sh<sup>d</sup> appear out of all bounds and unreasonable, I will return the picture according to a direction given, but I am very willing to purchase it at what you think a proper price, and do not wish to make a strict bargain, but to give an indulgent price to encourage the artist. Therefore, will you settle it, and M<sup>r</sup> Mackenzie will pay the money when I know what it is to be. The only fault I see in the picture is, perhaps, that the countenance of the Antiquary is not a very marked one, but he probably had some model, and altogether it is a highly finished and remarkable picture. Gower is almost constantly with us, which is a very great happiness to us. He is in good health and spirits. L<sup>y</sup> Surrey has just added a daughter to her family. I find a numerous society here, with some of whom I am well acquainted, many of our own country. L<sup>y</sup> Jane Montgomery<sup>1</sup> (who I have not yet seen) is settled at Petersham; Miss Elphinstone also.<sup>2</sup> The society we have is altogether very good: being so much within

<sup>1</sup> Daughter of Hugh, twelfth Earl of Eglinton; married in 1828 to Mr Hamilton of Rozelle.

<sup>2</sup> Younger daughter of Lord Keith, now Lady William Godolphin Osborne Elphinstone.

reach of London also makes it a more easy matter to see those one wishes than frequently is the case at a greater distance in the country. My head is at present filled by the family affairs of a very vulgar and disagreeable set of people, though well described, from reading 'The Entail,'<sup>1</sup> which is much superior to 'Sir A. Wyllie.'<sup>1</sup> Have you read Miss Benger's 'Q. Mary'? I have as yet only got half through it. She appears to have spared no pains in the authorities for what she states, but there cannot be much novelty in the subject. We went lately to visit L<sup>r</sup>. Dysart, who lives at Ham House and preserves it well. It is well bestowed upon her, and when seen in detail with the various fine and curious things it contains, is highly interesting. It w<sup>d</sup> be an excellent subject for a detailed description, with engravings of the portraits, which are numerous and valuable. It is a pity such a thing sh<sup>d</sup> not be done; and if with biographical notes of the history of the people, it w<sup>d</sup> be valuable as a work, and with lithographic engraving need not be expensive in the execution, but I daresay this will not occur to her. If it were wise, I sh<sup>d</sup>. beg you to come and direct it to be done, and you sh<sup>d</sup>. be locked up in the old library and write the notes. Pray have they done anything of repairs at Holyrood H., which we heard were to be? Have you got a print of Charles Erskine, Esq<sup>r</sup>. in a fur cap,—eldest son, I believe, of the Justice-Clerk? If not, I bought one at Paris, meaning it for you, and forgot to bring it with me to Edin<sup>r</sup>. but will send it.—Ever most truly yours,

E. S. STAFFORD.

Lady GWYDYR to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

*April 9, 1823.*

DEAR MR SHARPE,—The hope of receiving a letter from you now and then induces me to write to you, tho' I confess

<sup>1</sup> Both by John Galt.

I have but little worth committing to paper. I have every reason to believe that there is no chance of anything being done ab<sup>t</sup> the forfeited peerages, from the difficulties wh. w<sup>d</sup>. arise in consequence of sales of property, &c. Melfort is trying to recover the value of his estate in France, and if there is a surplus after y<sup>e</sup> claims of y<sup>e</sup> English are adjusted by our Com<sup>rs</sup>, he has a good chance of getting above £500 a-year. You had better not quote me ab<sup>t</sup> the forfeited peerages.

I was wonderfully busy in assisting Ebers<sup>1</sup> to bring out 'La Donna del Lago.' All y<sup>r</sup>. hints I had treasured up since Sir Walter was so kind as to confer with me on the subject, were brought forth; but ignorance and conceit united are too much to contend with. M<sup>me</sup>. Vestris, as Malcolm, positively refused to wear hose because they cut up her figure, so she came forth with long legs, looking like a forlorn young Norval; but her bonnet, made under my orders, and adorn'd by eagles' feathers, wh. I gave her, had a beautiful effect, with a bit of laurel. Porto refused to sing in a brown mantle and white satin hose, so he was indulged with a full suit of my tartan. The kilt he tied almost round his neck, wh. had an odd effect; but upon the whole the opera had a great run—targets, badges, brooches, horns, were all attended to.

I went last week for the first time to the Deepdean, Mr Hope's place, near Dorking. It is quite beautiful. The place which P. Hope bought and *presented* to Mrs Hope joins it, and is, if possible, still more beautiful. He is now building a gallery for some of his statues, which suffer from town air. From there I proceeded to the Pavilion, where we had a grand feast in the great dining-room, follow'd by a ball in the evening, at wh. the young ladies and gentlemen did not dance with the life and spirit they did in Scotland. The King cannot leave off admiring the reels.

<sup>1</sup> Ebers was lessee of the Italian Opera House, Haymarket. Lady Gwydyr was a *connoisseur* in opera music.

Nothing ever met with more complete success than the theatricals last night at Chiswick. The Duke spoke the prologue extremely well. The play was "Town and Country," the farce, "A Roland for an Oliver." I was offered a very *good engagement*, as my talents are supposed to be considerable; but as I know the sad defect of memory under wh. I labour, I wisely declined it. I was not well enough even to play audience, so I can give you only a second-hand acc<sup>t</sup>. L<sup>d</sup>. Normanby play'd Reuben Milroy, and Jones's part in the farce. L<sup>y</sup>. N., Mrs Butler Danvers, her sister Miss Freeman, and L<sup>y</sup>. Tankerville were the ladies; L<sup>d</sup>. A. Hill, Seymour Bathurst, L<sup>d</sup>. Clare, Mr Phipps, George Lamb, George Howard, &c., the gentlemen; and Mrs Parnter play'd the harp. One thing the Duke did in the most perfect taste: he submitted the list of those he proposed to invite to the performance. From all I hear, they might have acted before the whole town. L<sup>y</sup>. Jersey is determin'd to put down private theatricals and *écarté* before the end of the year, or die in despair.

To give you an idea of the quiet of London, I need only tell you that I have *not one* evening invitation, and only two for dinner.

L<sup>d</sup>. Rancliffe<sup>1</sup> has Mrs Fitzherbert on his hands for life, as she is separated from her husband on his acc<sup>t</sup>, and he cannot get a divorce as they are Catholics, so he allows her £600 a-year. Ran. is in Paris with her. Miss Seymour, I begin to hope, will not marry Prince Jules de Polignac, tho' it looked like it at one time. Mrs Fitz. was in g<sup>t</sup> danger—gout in the stomach. Miss Seymour has not recover'd her trinkets, including y<sup>e</sup> king's picture, notwithstanding the reward she offer'd. Had L<sup>d</sup>. F. such a voice to be heard from Spain, it w<sup>d</sup> have been even more dismal than that from the High<sup>ds</sup>. He was thoroughly bored with his expedition.

<sup>1</sup> George Perkyns, second and last Baron Rancliffe in the peerage of Ireland.

G. desires to be remembered to you. I believe L<sup>y</sup>. Stafford is going to set a Caledonian ball agoing for the Scottish Hospital. She has informed me of her intention.—Y<sup>rs</sup>. very sin<sup>y</sup>.

C. S. D. GWYDYR.

Lady KEITH<sup>1</sup> to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MEIKLOUR HOUSE, *June 7* [1823].

DEAR SIR,—I have such reliance upon your good taste that I cannot hesitate about the frames, and will therefore beg you to order two from Donaldson of the pattern you prefer, at five guineas. The dimensions of Earl Marischal are 4 feet  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch by 3 feet 3 inches, and of Marshal Keith, 3 feet 10 inches by 3 feet; but I think, as there is so little difference in the size, it might answer for the outside edges of both frames to measure the same, and one to be contracted for the smallest picture by a flat moulding in the inside, by which *trick* they might serve as pendants for each other: pray consult Mr Donaldson about this, and determine upon what you think will be best. Perhaps, as the pictures are not of the same period, it might be better that there should be a little variation in the ornaments of the frames, w<sup>h</sup> if they are good imitations of ancient ones might give them a still greater air of being the original ones belonging to the pictures. I am glad you approve of the one I chose for Q. Mary. Pray desire Mr Elder to put it in hand immediately, and settle the price, as I said nothing ab<sup>t</sup> it. The size of the picture, 2 feet 5 inches by 2 feet. If you

<sup>1</sup> Margaret Mercer Elphinstone, elder daughter of Admiral Lord Keith; became at his decease Baroness Keith; she married the Count de Flahault de la Billardrie, French Ambassador in England. Her ladyship subsequently claimed the Nairne peerage, but her petition was not admitted. Through her father she represented the Earl Marischal family, Lord Keith having been adopted by the last Earl Marischal as his heir.

think her crown over it would have a good effect, pray order it so. I would wish to do her all honor. Many thanks for your inquiries after my infirmities. My sore throat was as miraculously cured as if your pebble had worked the wonder. A hailstorm in the Ochils carried it off! The poor cow was *carried off* in another way, and died before I came home, leaving a calf to tell the tale.

What do you say to the munificence of Lord Stafford, who has given Lord Gower an estate of £25,000 per annum as a marriage present;<sup>1</sup> and what do you say to Lord Francis Leveson,<sup>2</sup> who has turned author, and is publishing a drama? Is it "The Devil and Dr Faustus"? Next to being *spitted*, the best cure for the rheumatism is to be *pinched*. Mr Belches of Invermay has been in Edin<sup>r</sup>. *pinching* for the last week, so there must be a *pincher* to whom I w<sup>d</sup>. advise you to apply forthwith. Miss Murray left us yesterday, but I will not fail to give her your message.—With many thanks for all the trouble you so kindly take for me, believe me, dear sir, most sincerely y<sup>rs.</sup> M. M. DE FLAHAULT KEITH.

Lady KEITH to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MEIKLOUR HOUSE, June 19 [1823].

DEAR MR SHARPE,—I am going to Tullyallan again on Monday for a few days, and while I am there I should wish some person to come from Edinr. to regild some old frames. Mr Elder proposed sending a man, but we agreed that his charge of six shillings a-day, besides his lodging and board, was enormous; therefore if your *protégé* Donaldson would come on more reasonable terms, I should thank you to send

<sup>1</sup> Lord Gower married, 27th May 1823, Harriet Elizabeth, third daughter of the Earl of Carlisle.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Francis assumed, 1833, the name and arms of Egerton, and was created, 1846, Earl of Ellesmere.

him there on Wednesday. He must bring gold with him, and everything that is necessary for cleaning the frame of a large mirror and replacing the glass in it. We have good carpenters there, quite capable of doing any *carving work* that might be necessary. I am quite ashamed of giving you this trouble, but your obligingness in executing my first commission has encouraged me to trespass still further on your kindness by making this request. Excuse the haste with wh. I have written these few lines, and believe me yours most sincerely,

M. M. DE F. KEITH.

When are the two frames likely to be ready?

Earl GOWER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

RICHMOND, *June 23, 1823.*

DEAR SHARPE,—I shall not send this till I can get a frank, but, *en attendant*, I will proceed to answer y<sup>r</sup> letter without further loss of time, and to thank you for y<sup>r</sup> congratulations on my marriage, which is a most happy event for me. We shall bend our steps towards Dunrobin towards the end of July, and I hope to visit Edin<sup>h</sup> either in going or returning, or perhaps both, and I trust that you will be there when we are. We shall probably stay 2 or 3 days, that I may show all that is worth seeing in the town and neighbourhood. I fear you will be disappointed in the book I have for you: it is merely a commonplace edition of the 'Mem. de la Reine Marguerite,' but I thought you might like to have a book from Bonaparte's St Helena Library, of which this is one. Our Gov<sup>t</sup> had sent him a quantity which he had desired to have, and after his death disposed of them to a bookseller in London after the king had taken a choice of them, so I bought two or three, and this with his mark in it for you.

Francis's 'Faust' is out: I have not read it. I hear that D<sup>r</sup> Spence and some others like it. It is rather long, and

the subject, I think, too original and out-of-the-way. His wife has been brought to bed of twins. Sir Joseph Copley,<sup>1</sup> who is one of the principal wits of the day, proposes that they sh<sup>d</sup> be called First and Faust. I have been staying at Richmond ever since my marriage, which I think much more agreeable for a honeymoon than London. Somebody came into the room when I had written so far, and see the consequence in the blotting that ensued in my folding up my letter.

We went yesterday to Fulham church, and heard Wood<sup>2</sup> deliver a sermon with great emphasis. I thought myself again at Ch. Ch. for a while. Our weather is extraordinary—like winter rather than midsummer.

Watson Taylor's pictures went very high. I bought a view of Westminster bridge, &c., by Scott, for 30 g<sup>s.</sup>, neither dear nor cheap. They sold for considerably more than they had cost him, as did his books also, I believe, which seems surprising, as he was a *nouveau riche*, who did not grudge paying for things he bought. I sh<sup>d</sup> have liked the Mrs Siddons by Sir Joshua. L<sup>d</sup> Grosvenor gave 1700 and odd pounds—a great price.—Adieu, my dear Sharpe. Y<sup>rs.</sup> very truly, G.

Lady KEITH to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

TULYALLAN, June 26 [1823].

DEAR MR SHARPE,—I rely entirely on your taste, therefore if you think the frames too narrow, pray order them to be made an inch or two wider. Without deranging the patterns much, it may be done by an additional moulding or beading in the inside. The price will of course be a little augmented, but that is of no consequence. In short, do what you think the best for the pictures and I shall be satisfied, only beg Mr

<sup>1</sup> Sir Joseph Copley, born 1769, third Baronet.

<sup>2</sup> Rev. William Wood, B.D., formerly student of Ch. Ch.

Donaldson to be *very* expeditious in finishing them, as we shall be here about the fifteenth of July, and I am very anxious to have the house arranged by that time, as we expect a large party soon after. As Mr Donaldson's man is out of the way, I have written to desire another to come on Monday. The pictures were measured very exactly in the way Mr Donaldson recommends.

So much for business; and now I must express all the regret I feel at your suffering. Surely if it is rheumatism something could be found to relieve you. Much good has been done by *champoning* (I don't know how to spell it), and the needle certainly has done such wonders in *some cases* that I should be much tempted to try it. The old woman at Alnwick said that it was no pain, but it should be done skilfully by some person who has tried it before, and knows exactly the place where the puncture will have the most effect. By writing to Mr Wilson, surgeon at Alnwick, you might get many particulars of the success that has attended his practice in this way. I have heard nothing positive about the Scotch peerages,<sup>1</sup> but I understand that persons much interested in it are at present *very sanguine* of success. What do you know upon the subject? The King, they say, is very much inclined to favour the claim, but is opposed by the Chancellor and Ld. Liverpool.—Believe me yours most sincerely,  
M. M. DE F. KEITH.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to THOMAS THOMSON, Esq.

PRINCES STREET, *Thursday Evening* [1823].

MY DEAR THOMSON,—There is a crack-brained person of the name of Webster,<sup>2</sup> who publishes *rare tracts*, and applies to the

<sup>1</sup> The restoration of the peerages forfeited in 1715 and 1745.

<sup>2</sup> The printer of 'A Ballad Book,' by C. K. S.

charitably disposed for what they possess in that way—one or two of the accompanying follies were given to him by your humble servant—so I have taken some copies—of which, pray, accept one. I think that he has found some really curious things in the Kirk-Session Records; but if he had been bred a cook, he never could have made good turtle-soup, for his arrangements, &c., are *naught*. Such as the collection is,<sup>1</sup> receive it as a slight testimony of how much I am yours ever,

C. K. S.

Sir WALTER SCOTT to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

CASTLE STREET,  
Tuesday [July 1823].

MY DEAR CHARLES,—The melancholy death of Sir Henry Raeburn<sup>2</sup> leaves the office of King's painter open. It was held before Sir Henry by Bishop Abercromby; *ergo*, it is not necessary that the official should be an artist, and it is fit for a gentleman to hold. *You* are both a gentleman and artist, and why should you not be King's painter? I do not know the amount, but imagine it. I have a notion it is worth about £150 or £200; and supposing the General shall withdraw his allowance, it will in that case still be, "O rare guerdon, better than remuneration."

Shall I set to work on this with the speed of light. I will write to Sir William Knighton by to-morrow's post.—Yours ever,

WALTER SCOTT.

Answer this evening if possible; I have to see a friend to-morrow by noon who may be useful.

<sup>1</sup> 'A Ballad Book.'<sup>2</sup> On July 8th.

Sir WALTER SCOTT to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—The enclosed<sup>1</sup> informs me that our cake is like to be dough. There is no help for it. As in many cases, we are thwarted by a chance we did not reckon upon.

I send “Frendraught,” which, so far as I have read, is a trashy exclamation upon the place, without any light on the curious subject.

There are some other curious tracts in the volume.—Yours truly,

THE DISAPPOINTED W. S.

July 15.

Lady KEITH to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MEIKLOUR, *July 17, 1823.*

DEAR MR SHARPE,—Pray accept my thanks for your zeal in my service. I quite agree with you in thinking that the black moulding within the frame will not look well, and I should infinitely prefer the frame being made a little wider, which will never be observed upon the wall if the outside

“ADMIRALTY, *12th July 1823.*”

<sup>1</sup> “DEAR WALTER,—The account of poor Raeburn’s decease arrived here yesterday, and I thought it right thereupon to suggest to Mr Peel that if Wilkie would accept the Limnership as a compliment, it could not be more properly bestowed. He told me in the afternoon that he had taken my hint. I have received to-day your letter as to Mr Kirkpatrick Sharpe; and though I should be very ungrateful if I were not to acknowledge the amusement which his works have occasionally afforded me, I really think that Wilkie ought to be the man. I am sure the King will approve of my recommendation very cordially.

“I expect to be in Scotland for a few weeks in September, when I hope to see you. Lady Melville is established in the Isle of Wight, and will not be in Scotland this year.—Ever yours sincerely,

“MELVILLE.”

dimensions are the same. I hope you will endeavour to keep Donaldson to his time, as I am anxious to get the house put in order as soon as I can, as we expect a large party there early in August.

If in the course of your walks you should pass Mr Elder's shop, I wish you w<sup>d</sup>. inquire when the frame for Newry will be finished, as I shall want it at the same time.

Your news about the peerages is very surprising, especially when the choice is considered, and the manner in which they are going to be given back. I heard yesterday, on the authority of Mr Drummond, that the titles are only to be given back to the lineal descendants of the forfeited peers and their *male heirs*; so of course *my interest*<sup>1</sup> in the business falls to the ground. However, it appears to me to be so unjust a proceeding that I have written to Lord Lauderdale upon the subject, and shall endeavour to have some representation made about it. The attainder should either be freely reversed, or nothing done; for altering the patent, besides being illegal, reduces the compliment to a mere creation of peerages for these five favoured gentlemen.

Georgina Mackenzie<sup>2</sup> was here when I was writing *my protest*, and she amused me, by the *encouragement* she gave to my hopes, by saying that she trusted that it would have the good effect of *stopping* the whole proceeding, as she was a *great friend to all attainders*. I am sure you will acknowledge her as a *worthy cousin*.

What horrid weather! I have been suffering, like you, from pains in my head and face, and meditate a *tooth-drawing* excursion to Edin<sup>r</sup>. What a pleasing prospect! Adieu.—  
Believe me y<sup>rs</sup>. sincerely, M. M. DE F. KEITH.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Keith was the heir-general of the attainted Barony of Nairne.

<sup>2</sup> Daughter of Sir Alexander Muir Mackenzie, Bart. of Delvine.

Sir WALTER SCOTT to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

July 1823.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I think it will be of advantage to make what interest we can on these. I write by this post to Lord Melville, Duke of Montrose, and Sir William Knighton. I should like to send the last a copy of "Davie M'Nairnen," to show you are not idle. I know it will give pleasure in a certain elevated quarter. I think you should write to Lord Wemyss and Lady Gwydyr. Lady Stafford might also, mayhap, be of use. I believe Gen<sup>l</sup> Campbell's health does not suffer him to do much just now. You may state yourself as put on the roll by your friends, and therefore unwilling to be beat. Should you not like to do this, I can write at least to Ladies Stafford and Gwidir. I perceive the other people will make play, but I trust we have the odds on our side. I will call as I leave the Parl<sup>t</sup> House.—Yours truly, W. S.

Lady GWYDYR to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

LONDON, July 22, 1823.

DEAR MR SHARPE,—I have made another attack.<sup>1</sup> My friend said, "It is a mere matter of form; it will be done. Desire the D. of Montrose to send up his warrant."

In case Sir Walter may have quitted Edin., I write this to you in order that you may inform him of this. Pray tell him that *I* have no interest with the Duke. Tho' I was one of *eight* who had the honour of supping at the K.<sup>'s</sup> table, I had no opportunity of sliding in a word the night of the ball.

We were to have been off last week, but we are kept to go to the Lodge on Thur<sup>s</sup>. In passing thro' I will try to call upon you, as I wish much to see you.—In g<sup>t</sup>. haste, y<sup>r</sup>. very sincere  
W. D. G.

<sup>1</sup> Regarding the Limnership.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Sir WALTER SCOTT.

EDIN., *Friday* [1823].

DEAR SIR WALTER,—Being this moment informed by D. Laing that he is about to despatch a packet to you, I hurry to thank you ten thousand times for your great and extraordinary kindness in a late affair—the ill success of which gives me not half so much pain as the consideration of your strong friendship pleasure; and the fact is, that if my mother live a twelvemonth longer, and I can then continue to scrape what I have together, I shall be what I myself deem rich, and then a fig for Court favour. In the meantime, I lay at your feet my little ballad-book, ill printed and badly bound, and return, with many thanks, the vol. you were so good as to send. The poem about “Frendraught”<sup>1</sup> is a dull *flyte*, principally directed against the unfortunate tower, which came but badly off in the fray after all. At the end there is a touch at the Laird, but, what is remarkable enough, Madame is never mentioned. I should think that some extracts from the record, this poem, the ballads, and Latin poetry on the subject, with a frontispiece of the lady, taken from Mr Morrison<sup>2</sup> of Bognie’s picture, would make a very curious little vol. Lord Strathavon<sup>3</sup> told me that the persuasion of the people about Aberdeen to this day is that Lady Frendraught had dealings with the devil; and they say that

<sup>1</sup> The burning of Frendraught Castle, in which Sir John Gordon, Viscount Melgum and Lord Aboyne, second son of the first Marquess of Huntly, and the Laird of Rothiemay perished. Lady Frendraught was popularly blamed for having set fire to the castle for the sake of destroying the Gordons, and the matter is still a debated problem in Scotch baronial history. It is the subject of an old ballad, which is not, however, the poem alluded to here.

<sup>2</sup> The representative of the Viscounts of Frendraught. James Morrison, the “Hygieist,” belonged to this family.

<sup>3</sup> Afterwards tenth Marquess of Huntly.

all the time of the fire she stood upon the *green*, laughing, shouting, and clapping her hands like a mad woman, and that by the glare of the flames she appeared much taller than usual. Adieu, dear Sir Walter.—With my very best wishes and respects to your family, I rest your ever most devoted slave,

C. K. S.

Lady KEITH to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MEIKLOUR, *July 23* [1823].

DEAR MR SHARPE,—Pray read the enclosed letters, w<sup>h</sup>. I have just got from Lord Lauderdale. If you think the patent of the Nairne family made out sufficiently distinctly in favour of females to make it worth my while to *stir myself* in the business, I will write to Mr J. Drummond on the subject, and join my protest to his against the measure at present proposed, but unless my claim is *quite clear*, I should not like to do anything about it. Pray send me back the letters, with your advice upon the subject, and believe me yours most sincerely,

M. M. DE F. KEITH.

Sir WALTER SCOTT to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Even your most acceptable present did not for some time put the sulks out of my head. I reckoned as surely on the thing<sup>1</sup> as Falstaff on his two-and-twenty yards of satin. But *transcat*, quoth Jehu, *cum cæteris erroribus*. I greatly approve your plan of Friendraught, and wish you would inquire into the truth of an anecdote which I heard from a lady in Aberdeenshire—viz., a new house being erected on the site of the old castle, or near it, a puzzle

<sup>1</sup> Mr Sharpe's appointment to the Limmership.

arose how to get water—the old ballad and the mention of the “deep draw-well” was recollected—the well was sought for and discovered, and in clearing out the same, the fatal keys were found. I wonder what is the history of the modern ballad. It is very pretty as you propose (and I am heartily glad on’t) to continue your Minstrelsy. I send you a bone to pick—to wit, the collection of an old lady’s complete set of ballads, written in her own beautiful orthography and calligraphy. I have no doubt that among many common things there are some rare, or perhaps unique, but before they reached my hand the rage of ballad-hunting had cooled, and I now turn them over to your superior industry. From analysis which I have made you will find there are ten songs which have not been published. I got the manuscript from Skene,<sup>1</sup> who can give you complete information concerning the old lady by whom it was written. It is quite possible to put them to rights, as I have ascertained by repeated experience. Skene had made a transcript of some of these ditties, of which I enclose a part. If you carry on your collection, as I trust you will, I can give sundry unpublished ditties—for example, “The Tod’s Foray,” beginning—

“Eh ! quo’ the tod, ’tis a braw light night,” &c.<sup>2</sup>

Here is base rainy weather, one day always following worse than its predecessor, and within are four idle boys and twice four busy carpenters, the idleness of the former decidedly the more noisy than the industry of the others. I hope we will get all our matters so quiet in a week or two that we may claim with a good conscience your kind promise to spend some time with us.

<sup>1</sup> This MS. is, through the kindness of Mr Bedford, now in possession of the Editor.

<sup>2</sup> “An excellent song of old Soph Johnston,” remarks Sir Walter in a note on the ballad. See ‘A Ballad Book,’ p. 157.

A thousand thanks for your kind dedication, which I prize as I ought to do.—Always, dear Cha<sup>s</sup>, most truly yours,

W. SCOTT.

27th July, ABBOTSF.D.

*Sunday.*

I have just received yours, and at the same time the enclosed from Lady Gwydyr, which shows that there is no balm in Gilead—

“Now a’ is done that man can do,  
And a’ is done in vain.”

I like Lady G.’s alertness, however, and will not fail to hint that, if unsuccessful on this occasion, she may on a future occasion extend her pretty arm,

“Put in her thumb  
And pull out a plumb.”

Of course you have nothing to do with my hints.

[ENCLOSURE IN SIR WALTER SCOTT’S LETTER.]

“MY DEAR SIR WALTER,—After my letter to Charles Sharpe of yest. you may judge of my disappointment when, on my return home last night, I found a letter from a friend of ours asking me to go to see Wilkie’s picture, from wh. I send you an extract: ‘He is appointed Limner to the King for Scotland, without solicitation, in room of Sir Henry Raeburn.’”

“As our friend has not succeeded, I rejoice at so judicious an appointment, tho’ I confess I depended upon the success of *your* application.

“L<sup>d</sup>. G. and myself sincerely hope that if you are in our part of Scot<sup>d</sup>. that we shall prevail upon you and Lady Scott to honour our wretched dwelling, where all we can offer is a Highland welcome.—Yours very sincerely,

“C. S. D. GWYDYR.

“PICCADILLY, *Wednesday.*”

## C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to SIR WALTER SCOTT.

PRINCES STREET, *Thursday Morning* [1823].

DEAR SIR WALTER,—A very valuable person paid me a visit yesterday by desire of Mr Skene, having in his hand a book of Scottish airs intended for you; so I was glad to seize the opportunity, and put into his vol. a sketch I had just finished for the poems of certain fair ladies, whose verses, I fear, my vignette suits but too well in one sense.<sup>1</sup> However, it is the best my blind eyes could do; only, kind sir, I beseech you not to suppose that the ugly [ <sup>2</sup> ] I have scribbled is meant for Lady Anne. No such thing. Far less is the shaggy beast on one side intended for auld Robin Gray, as the ingenious may suppose. Saving Mr Polito's presence, it is actually done for a lion. But I have a sad suspicion that most people who see my drawing will dub my dear Jenny, her shield a broken spinning-wheel, the laurels a wreath of kail for her dinner, and insist on the lion's being Robin, in spite of all one can say.

I have to thank you a thousand times for the books you were so kind as to leave for me, none of which I had, so they are great acquisitions. I had not read the life of Lord Guildford for twenty years, and was more amused with it than I

<sup>1</sup> The etching of the Lady with a Shield was executed by Lizars from a drawing done (by Sir Walter Scott's desire) for a volume of poems, written by Lady Anne Barnard and her relations, which he printed as his contribution to the Bannatyne Club. The shield bears the arms of Lindsay, and the lion and canopy allude to the supporters and crest of Balcarras. After the volume was printed, Lady Anne and her friends changed their minds, and would let nothing appear but Auld Robin Gray and the Continuation, so Sir Walter was forced to destroy the whole impression, save the two ballads I mention. Of course nobody could imagine what the frontispiece had to do with them. Some people thought the female figure was Jenny, the shield her wheel, and the lion "Auld Robin." When Lady Anne died she left Sir Walter fifty pounds.—C. K. S.

<sup>2</sup> Blank in MS.

have been with anything of the kind since I first laughed through it. It is delicious, as is Pass's print of K. James, at the beginning of his works, seated like an old wife, as if he was one of his own witches, with his wise air and pinked shoes.

The book about Wallace is very scarce, and I have long wished to possess it. In fine, many, many thanks for your bounty.

I was delighted to meet with the man (I have lost his name) whom Mr Skene sent, as he can decypher the old guitar music; and there is a book of very curious old Scotch airs in the Ad. Lib.,<sup>1</sup> which I was about to puzzle my own head with, probably to mighty little purpose. The book was pointed out to me by Mr Skene, and ought to be printed as a national rarity. I think Purdie would do it, if one could get the airs properly set.

My mother has been holding her nose here for a week, and at last has resolved to save all our lives by going to Portobello, where I suppose we shall be eaten up alive again by bugs; such is our miserable fate. But in all situations, as long as I have a mouthful of breath or a drop of blood, I shall ever be your most faithfully devoted slave,

C. K. S.

Sir WALTER SCOTT to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I thank you ten thousand times for your beautiful drawing, in which nothing but your own wicked wit could see anything ludicrous. I will get it engraved by Lizars for Auld Robin, who should come forth in proper stile.

<sup>1</sup> Skene of Hallyard's MS. collection of old Scottish airs in the Advocates' Library.

Your gracious acceptance of Roger North, which ought, by the way, to have the lives of his two other brothers, the High Sheriff of London and the Doctor, who, after living a grave and ascetic life during his youth, read bawdy books in his old age to get the better of a paralytic affection—(the sentence grows long-tailed). I say your kind acceptance of the 'Life of the Lord Keeper' emboldens me to send you two or three trifles of no value in themselves, but useless to me as duplicates.

There is a 'Life of M'Bane' without the plates. I have a copy with them, which I will bring to town should you wish to copy out the first, which presents the author in his—

“Fighting gear,  
Broadsword and target.”

Another is rather a curious tract upon Lycanthropie; and a third, some of Patrick Walker's lives, which you probably have. I trust you will find Portobello more pleasant than you anticipate, and heartily wish your hearthrug had the properties of Prince Hoseen's tapestry, that you might, according as your humour dictated—

“Be here with a hoop,  
And be gone with a hallo.”

This will perhaps be for some time in Princes Street, but all that belongs to it will keep cold.—Yours truly and affectionately,  
WALTER SCOTT.

ABBOTSFORD, 1st August [1823.]

Walter is come from sketching in Kent—black as the devil, except a large pair of light-grey eyes.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Sir WALTER SCOTT.

EDIN., PRINCES ST., *Friday* [1823].

DEAR SIR WALTER,—I received some time ago your kind present and kind letter, for both of which I am beyond measure obliged. The life of that rascal M'Bane is one of the most curious things of the kind I ever read; and I shall be greatly indebted to your kindness, if, when you come to Edin., you will allow me to copy the portrait. The books on Magic and Lycanthropie were unto me feasts, and your bounty as to Mr Patrick Walker hath added ten pages more to an imperfect copy I have, which is great gain, in a work that is now become so very scarce.

I am happy that my drawing pleases you, tho' it did not satisfy myself. I think one may make the print better as to shading, which my wearisome eyes will not now allow me to execute sufficiently with a crow-quill; but still, I wish it had been better with respect to outline, and that venerable Midsummer Dream Lion!—but enough said.

And now, kind sir, I must tell you that I would never have permitted my gratitude to make you pay postage for nothing, had I not got a most lamentable case to state, which I think will interest you, and in which your powerful intercession may be of great avail. The magistrates of Edin., whose good taste has long been the admiration of the world, not contented with making the old town of Edin. a new Athens, have extended their magic wand (*alias* Major Weir's rung) to Leith, and the front of the old jail built by Mary the Queen-Regent, and the most beautiful morsel, is on the point of sinking down before it. I know you have seen it and admired it. The foundation-stone is laid of the new barbarity, designed by Mr Gillespie, and the destruction of the old building commences next week; but the Provost Henderson,

tho' an unshorn old ram in many things, has a turn for preserving antiques, which makes him a very jewel of a provost. And I do think that a letter from your strong pen, with a little oil for his fleece (to understand the extreme beauty of my allusions, I trust you know that my lord was originally a herd boy from Peebles) might go far to save the outside wall of this building, which is the last thing of its kind left in this part of the world. Indeed the projecting window and outside stair are more picturesque than any like objects which I remember hereabouts. To this I need scarcely add, that if you should resolve to stretch forth your saving hand, there is no time to be lost, and that the stately chief magistrate of New Athens hath his proud mansion-house in St John's St.

I have been lately reading two vols. of the three published by Mr Ellis. The letters in the first are neither new nor amusing, but those in the second improve. However, as far as I have got, I find neither historical fact of any importance nor trait of manner which was not known before, and the editor decyphers words, more especially the Scottish, very ill. But by far the most interesting literary topic at present here proceeds from Sir Alex<sup>r</sup>. Muir Mackenzie, who has come hither in a most mysterious fashion to print a book. He won't tell what it is about, so some people say it is on the state of the nation, others on the Musical Festival, and others, a historical description of and eulogium on the seven wise mistresses, his own daughters, who were persuaded lately by Count Flahault, I suspect for his own amusement, that they possessed voices like angels, so the whole nest of owls came into Abercromby Place for instruction, and frightened every bird out of the garden. No jackdaw dare come within a mile, and the rats emigrated. The only things with ears that stood them were the cats, and they have looked very melancholy and modest ever since. Whatever be the subject of Sir Alexander's work, it will be well worth reading, if one

may judge from his former productions, in which the curious infelicity of the style could only be equalled by the extreme folly of his arguments.

Pray, dear Sir Walter, excuse this scrawl, and have the goodness to present my best wishes and respects to your family, and tell the ladies that I have just heard of a marriage which I think will amuse them—Mr James Macconochie to Miss Scott of Sinton. I will add no more, but that I am your devoted slave till death. C. K. S.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Sir WALTER SCOTT.

PRINCES STREET, *Thursday* [1823].

DEAR SIR WALTER,—On the whole of this late business, as on many other occasions, I can only address you in the phrase of Massinger—

“Oh that thou hadst like others been all words  
And no performance, or that thou hadst made  
Some little stop in thy career of kindness !”

and then I might hope to return something like meet thanks. As matters stand, my discreetest plan will be to make no attempts, so I proceed to your curious bundle of ballads, which have given me more delight than anything I have puzzled out for a long while; and have restored my poetic stomach to its wonted tone after the nausea I endured on perusing the filthy, blackguard last cantos of ‘Don Juan.’ How it refreshed me to find so many ballads preserved, the details of which I imperfectly remembered—the solace of my early youth, amid dull society, and in a melancholy old castle! but as to myself pointing out any of them, you must know that the preface to my poor vol., which you treat so graciously, was thrown off five months ago, and I have given up all thoughts of making another collection. Now, kind sir, as you will soon have to compile somewhat for a certain

society, I would humbly hint that nothing would be better than this collection, with the “Flyte about Fren draught,” and other things which you may chuse to add. If you say the word, I will joyfully set myself to work, and transcribe the whole in a legible hand, adding what little I know respecting the several songs. Moreover, I can furnish a good many notes as to Fren draught, the keys of which dolorous tower are well known to have been found as you mention. Then, if you will allow me, I will sketch small vignettes for the ballads, which Lizars can engrave very prettily. Lady Fren draught’s face, which may be procured, will make a very curious one, and nothing can be better for a design than that song about Earl Richard and Lord Hertford’s daughter. Her running and swimming after him to Court is excellent ; but I suppose, from the names, ’tis of English growth, and B. Percy has given a bald edition of it. It is full of humour, and I remember it well in Annandale, with more circumstances. Then I was delighted with the “Queen’s Maries,” which is surely the original of all the rest. How *naïve* from the beginning !

“The Duke of York was my father,  
My mother a lady free,  
Myself a dainty damosell,  
Queen Marie sent for me.

The Queen’s meat it was sae sweet,  
Her cleiding was sae rare ;  
It gart me grien for sweet Willie,  
And I’ll rue it ever mair.”

It appears to my ignorance that the other setts of these songs should be reprinted with them, were it only to show the strange varieties of recitation. But I am resolved to say not one word to Mr Skene on the subject, as owing to a late institution, people here are on the look-out for everything to print, and folk should keep their ain fish-guts, &c. He may claim his bundle again, and after all make as sad a hand of it as he has done of the poor North Loch !

I must trouble you with a little alarm I had, and have. I have felt oddly about the head for some time; and the other day my voice, which is as strong you know as melodious, suddenly failed me. I could not speak louder than a whisper, and it continues at the bottom of my stomach as it were that of a husky ventriloquist, and all this without symptom of cold. The doctors think it a nervous case, and I think the change of air would do me good, but my mother has ingeniously contrived to nail me where I am by pretending daily that she is going to the country; and as I am the only pair of breeches she hath, I must needs protect her there. I don't think she will stir after all, but it is time for me to have done. Pray do me the kindness to let me know if my proposal as to the songs pleases you. If you approve, I will begin the task forthwith.—At all events, believe me, dear Sir Walter, your ever most truly devoted  
C. K. S.

It is reported to-day here that Lord Caithness is dead,<sup>1</sup> and that poor Sir Alex<sup>r</sup>. Keith has been in great danger from inflammation; but as this is the lyingest town in Xndom, perhaps both reports are untrue. I shall walk out to Ravelston to-morrow to inquire for Sir Alex<sup>r</sup>.; but if I find him well, I wonder how I am to make him hear me. It will be a curious scene to the bystanders.

Lady KEITH to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MEIKLOUR HOUSE, *August 28, 1823.*

DEAR MR SHARPE,—I saw your letter to Lady Gwydyr this morn<sup>g</sup> before I left Drummond Castle, and I hasten to tell you that I am quite as impatient to have the frames as Mr Donaldson can be to get rid of them, and that I hope they

<sup>1</sup> The Earl of Caithness died July 26th.

may be sent by the Alloa carrier. He leaves Edin<sup>r</sup>. on Wednesdays. By what you say I fear one of your letters to me must have been lost, for certainly I have received none from you since the one you wrote to me about the peerages, w<sup>h</sup>. I did not answer, as I had nothing new to tell you upon that subject, tho' I daily expected some information as to the present state of the business. Yesterday I heard from good authority that the measure would certainly be proposed next session, and probably without the obnoxious limitation.

I have found a curious old chest in the garret here, containing *the whole of the Nairne Papers*, brought from Nairne before the house was pulled down. They seem antient and rare. I wish you were here to rummage them. It is singular enough that I never knew I possessed them till a few days ago, when I was making arrangements for quitting the house, and by mere chance put my hand into this huge chest, w<sup>h</sup>. had been for years unopened. About an hour before I had sent a letter to London describing my relationship to the family, and protesting against the exclusion of female heirs if the titles were restored. At the moment it appeared to me an odd coincidence.

I am happy to tell you that all the *worthies*<sup>1</sup> you inquire for at Drummond Castle are in good preservation, enjoying their honours and dignities. L<sup>d</sup>. H[untly] is delightful, and the Roxburgh lady very respectable. Both are hung up in the dining-room. I expect the Gwydyrs and Youngs here to-morrow for a day on their way to Taymouth. On Monday I return to Tullyallan for good. We have let this place to a Mr Scrope. I am too sleepy to add another word, so good night.—Y<sup>rs</sup>. sincerely,

M. M. DE F. KEITH.

<sup>1</sup> Portraits.

Sir WALTER SCOTT to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Upon a rummage at this place, I have discovered a few more duplicates, of which I beg your acceptance so far as you are unprovided. They are none of them of any value, but I judge that sometimes a shabby book happens to accommodate an antiquary as an useless piece of wood will stop a leak. John Stevenson will also shew you, and submit to your inspection, all the rest of my *ballant-books*, eight or ten of which, all (or chiefly) modern trash, I am so superfluous as to wish done up like those of Bell,—pray let John have a volume for a specimen. You are to keep all the duplicates of those scroll copies that you care for. I know that there are a good many. When you are *quite* done with the ballads—not a minute sooner—you may return them by the Melrose carrier, as I approach the place of the library in which they are to be arranged and catalogued. My laborious scribe has got about half-way through his task.

I am much diverted with your account of a certain learned baronet. Lord send him a good deliverance. Excuse brevity; my eyes are complaining of ill-usage, having ridden through Yarrow and Moffat dales to Drumlanrig (as I told you of late) in a blue bonnet with never a brim to it.—I am always, my dear Sharpe, truly yours while

W. SCOTT.

ABBOTSFORD, *September 6*, [1823.]

Lady GWYDYR to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

CRIEFF, *October 12*, 1823.

DEAR MR SHARPE,—I am too much shocked at having for so long delayed answering y<sup>r</sup>. letter, to attempt making any excuse, but I sincerely regret it for my sake, as a letter from you is always a treat.

My poor little girl's eye is now really better, wh. is a great relief to all of us.

I only wish we could prevail upon you to pay your *old friends* a visit, as I am sure it would *gratify us*. They are all in pretty good health; but I much want your advice. G. talks of sending the D[uke] of P[erth], the E[arl] of H[untly], James y<sup>e</sup> V<sup>th</sup>., a head of Mary, the Chan<sup>r</sup>. &c., to have their faces wash'd in London. Now this I think an expensive way of doing it; and if the gentleman L<sup>y</sup>. Keith recommended to me is capable of doing it, I can have no objection to employ him. Stavely is his name. Flahault, who is with me, says he thinks the person who repair'd Q. Mary for Margaret<sup>1</sup> is excellent; but to you I leave it, as in y<sup>r</sup>. keeping the honour of my relations is secure.

Seriously, I am asham'd of boring you with my distresses, but you have in a degree brought it upon yourself. The Ctss. of Roxburgh is hanging up frameless, but blooming as when you last saw her (not in the Abbey), in the long passage. If you are kind enough to give me your opinion, we shall both be very grateful.

I am now reading the Chancellor's letters, and as far as I can see there is nothing that can be of the least consequence, and they really are so entertaining that we much wish you to think ab<sup>t</sup>. them if they continue to bear the same character to the end.

L<sup>y</sup>. A. Gordon<sup>2</sup> and husband are up. I forgot to mention that the Chancellor's arms are placed in the old billiard-room with some of the old pictures, and G. intends to throw the [ <sup>3</sup> ] into it, which will make a good room for the pictures. I miss the Pss. of Orange, but she shall be look'd for.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Keith.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Anne Gordon, daughter of George, first Marquess of Huntly; married James, third Earl of Perth.

<sup>3</sup> Letter torn under the seal.



Autotype

THE COUNTESS OF ROXBURGH



The first D. of Gordon I never heard of; but Peter<sup>1</sup> came home last night, and he shall look for me.

I have found a letter much tatter'd, signed Kenneth de Bourbon, dated Palais Royal (I cannot now go to look for the date), directed to the Chan<sup>r</sup>, and some commissions, &c.

G. joins me in every good wish, and I remain, dear Mr Sharpe, yours sincerely,  
C. S. D. G.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to THOMAS THOMSON, Esq.,

93 PRINCES ST., *Thursday* [Nov. 1823].

KIND SIR,—With many thanks I return the books you were so good as to lend, from both of which I have received much amusement. The restored passages in Burnet<sup>2</sup> were very curious, tho' really not so much so as Lord Dartmouth's notes; but I cannot imagine why many of them were suppressed, as the same thing often stands in the text. I now give greater credit to his veracity than I did, because he abuses his own friends very freely; yet his existing friends will be shocked by this publication, seeing that his credulity and ignorance respecting poor Queen Marie's bastard, and his double character of Cha<sup>s</sup>. I. (to which he was not tempted by the fashion of dedications, as in the affair of D. Lauderdale and the conferences) are very abominable. The Lord be praised, however, that he wrote so amusing a book. It appears to me that the editor is very blameworthy in not giving those original fragments mentioned in the preface, which contain Gibbie's own handwriting; they must be more valuable than many of the notes, tho' this stupid person seems never to have thought it worth

<sup>1</sup> Honourable Peter Burrell.

<sup>2</sup> Burnet's 'History of his Own Times,' with the Suppressed Passages and Notes by Speaker Onslow. Oxford, 1823.

his own while to look at them. You will confer a great charity upon me if you will let me have another vol. or two by the bearer.

The Carlisle book<sup>1</sup> almost killed me with laughter; for, situated as I was in my youth, I have seen many of that great clan he magnifies, and whose names he has printed off in hot press—beggars and wandering basket-wives. The best of it is, I verily believe he was related to none of them, as the English Carlisles seem to have had nothing to do with their Scottish namesakes; he makes dreadful slips in other matters, such as the Marquess of Queensberry, and every farm a Carlisle had (much of peat-moss, God wot) he turns into a magnificent estate. I suppose there is no creature on earth who can have such a relish for this volume as the author and myself (for very different reasons); so I wish for your advice, whether I shall have any chance, should I send him some notes I possess about their prodigious heroes and philosophers, of obtaining a copy—I see the book is not printed for sale. I can tell him that at Bridekirk, where were the remains of a small Border tower (a very mean one) in my time, I also saw the remains of a building which must have been of some antiquity, and which is of much rarer occurrence than the tower at Brechin, or even Arthur's Oven in Scotland; it was built of well-squared stones, and, in truth, a stately fabric—about the age, I should think, of Cha<sup>s</sup>. II. at least. A drawing of this, well skirted with nettles, I could furnish for a second edition of the book—tho', I must confess, from memory. He has got a good deal of what I gleaned from Dr Clapperton, but does not mention Lord Carlisle's affairs in the Com<sup>r</sup>. Court Books. What makes the whole more delightful is that he hath set up the tails of his peacocks in Anthony à Wood's study, in an emblazoned book of Scottish heraldry, where

<sup>1</sup> Collections for a History of the Ancient Family of Carlisle, by Nicholas Carlisle. Privately printed. Lond., 1822.

these birds have their tails down; but that is too humble a bearing for Mr Nich. Carlisle—

“ Quo’ the skate to the eel,  
Cock na I my tail weel !”

From a letter I received from Forman to-day, I find that your unmerited kindness makes me every day more and more aware how much I am your ever most obliged,

C. K. S.

Lady GWYDYR to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

LONDON, Nov. [18th, 1823].

DEAR MR SHARPE,—I was so hurried the eve’g we met in Edin<sup>r</sup> with the number of things I had to say and my conference with Mr Dundas, that I totally forgot to mention to you that if you think the Chancellor’s letters w<sup>d</sup>. succeed in the world, that they are much at y<sup>r</sup>. service; but there is no hurry ab<sup>t</sup>. them. I found the history of the family. On the subject of the Grimsthorpe letters we have much to fear, as several particular friends have routed thro’ the treasure; and indeed a letter of Q. Eliz<sup>h</sup>. has been traced to ——; but L<sup>y</sup>. Willoughby does not take much interest in it, which is a misfortune. I must tell you that L<sup>d</sup>. Clifton<sup>1</sup> is going to be married to the D. of Leeds’ daughter, so L<sup>y</sup>. E. Vernon<sup>2</sup> and L<sup>y</sup>. Fitz. Somerset immediately made out that L<sup>d</sup>. Clifden<sup>3</sup> was the man; and when assured by my friend that it was L<sup>d</sup>. Clifton, they said,—“ Oh dear no! In consequence of Mrs Ellis having no children, L<sup>d</sup>. Clifden has determined to marry

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards fifth Earl of Darnley; married a daughter of Sir Henry Parnell, afterwards Lord Congleton.

<sup>2</sup> The Lady Elizabeth Bingham formerly mentioned. See vol. i. p. 465.

<sup>3</sup> Henry Welbore, second Viscount.

this girl." This is *good gossip*. L<sup>y</sup>. E. Vernon and L<sup>y</sup>. Cowper went to see Thurtell & Co.,<sup>1</sup> and took little Lavinia<sup>2</sup> and Emily.<sup>3</sup>

Can you find out if Erskine of Marr w<sup>d</sup>. part with his picture of the D. of Buckingham, as I know a person who is inclined to appreciate the favour and give a good price?

Simpson only charged 4 g<sup>s</sup>. for cleaning, nourishing, and varnishing Q. Mary's good picture. Do you think that it w<sup>d</sup>. be better to let him have my lot of relations?—In violent haste, y<sup>rs</sup>.

W. D. GWYDYR.

L<sup>d</sup>. Granville goes to Brussels.

Earl GOWER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

RICHMOND, Dec. 1823.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I am ashamed of not having written to you as I had promised. I can give you a very good account of our condition, as we made out our journey very well, and L<sup>y</sup>. Gower continues as well as possible. We staid three weeks at Castle Howard, and have been here about that time. I have made inquiries about Queen Mary of Guise, and can hear of no other picture of her than the one you mentioned at Hardwicke, which I can get copied, but the place is out of the way, and not likely to be visited during the winter, unless by an artist sent on purpose. When will it be necessary for you to have the copy? I told my mother of yr. intention of printing the Huntly Poem,<sup>4</sup> and she has

<sup>1</sup> The murder of Weare by Thurtell and his associates took place on 24th October.

<sup>2</sup> Married in 1835 to the Earl of Abingdon.

<sup>3</sup> Lady Emily Cowper; married in 1830 to the Earl of Shaftesbury.

<sup>4</sup> 'Surgundo, or the Valiant Christian,' privately printed by Mr Sharpe (fifty copies), 1837.

been in hopes of hearing from you. The Ellises are at Roehampton, within three miles of this, and we see a great deal of them. He has been unwell since his return, but is always in high spirits, and a most agreeable member of society.

Have you seen the new edition of Granger, with 300 and more engravings done for it?—a very pretty and agreeable book I think.

My brother in Italy has, it seems, left a vol. of original poetry with J. Murray to publish, but has left them in rather an unfinished state—as Murray complained to Ellis the other day—asking him at the same time if he wd. have the goodness to alter and correct some of them, tho' of course Ellis declined, much amused at the idea of such an office being so offered to him. By the bye, in case you have not a Granger at hand, I may tell you that he mentions these likenesses of Q. Mary of Guise—viz.:

“Mary, Q. of Scotland, a small oval belonging to a set of Scottish kings.

“Marie de Lorraine. Vander Werff. Js. a Gunst sc. in Larrey's History.

“Mary, &c., in Pinkerton's Scotch History, Harding sc.

“*Note.*—There is a head of her at Newbattle, the Marquis of Lothian's, near Edinburgh.”

Is there, and have you seen it? I have thought it worth while to send you this extract, as it may be of use. I suppose you would have no difficulty in getting a copy made at Newbattle. I could ask Ancrum,<sup>1</sup> whom I know very well, if you wish me to do so. Adieu, dear Sharpe.—Yrs. very truly,  
G.

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards seventh Marquess of Lothian.

The Hon. HENRY ALFRED NAPIER<sup>1</sup> to C. KIRKPATRICK  
SHARPE.

42 UPPER GROSVENOR STREET,  
24th Jany. 1824.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—What has become of you for such a length of time? Not a word have I heard from you since we parted nearly a year and a half ago, and the remembrances of past days make me to lament I am forgotten by you. I return to Ch. Ch. to-morrow for I hope the last time before I go up for my examination: will you write to me soon only a few lines to refresh my drooping spirits? By the bye, I must not forget to mention that Mrs Hall and the Dean, hearing I had the happiness of knowing you, begged me to give the kindest messages possible whenever I might write. Imagine everything that was tender and proper, for they are too long for me to give in full.

News I have none, except that I hear Miss Seymour, Mrs Fitzherbert's *élève*, is to marry a handsome Dawson, a son of L<sup>d</sup>. Portarlington's, you may remember as an aide-de-camp in Edinburgh.<sup>2</sup> As for myself, I was a short time abroad last long vacation with Sir John and my aunt L<sup>dy</sup>. Warren.<sup>3</sup> We went to meet the Duke and Duchess of Clarence on their return to England, with whom we came over. I trust to take my degree next Easter, and am to stand for All Souls in November. Can you give me any recommendations in that quarter?

Adieu, my dear Sharpe.—Ever believe me your faithful and  
sincere cousin,

HENRY ALFRED NAPIER.

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 53.

<sup>2</sup> George Lionel Dawson, colonel in the army, married Mary, daughter of Lord Hugh Seymour, 1825.

<sup>3</sup> Sir John Borlase Warren, G.C.B., married Caroline, daughter of Sir James Clavering, sister of Lady Napier.

The MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

RICHMOND, *Feb.* 11, 1824.

I was happy to receive yesterday a letter from you, my dear Mr Sharpe, though I regret to learn from it that you have been unwell, and suffering from so troublesome and painful a complaint as gout; otherwise, what you tell me of yourself gives me *great satisfaction* in hearing, not only that your affairs are all quite settled, but so as also to ensure your future comfort. You flatter me much by the intention of inscribing to me the poem you mention,<sup>1</sup> which will be highly valuable from its own *nature*, and also from the additions you are likely to bestow upon it, and to which I wish I could contribute more effectually than by the sketch of Strathbogie Castle as it now exists, which I enclose in a separate cover. I luckily found the small outline I made there some years ago, but I had then only a few minutes to draw it, as the post-horses were waiting, and the woman who kept the place abusing us for letting a cow out of the gate. I have finished it on one side as much as I could, on the other is a miserable outline more in detail. It is now an ugly ruin, having, I believe, been partly dilapidated to build a new and very ugly lodge, by an old D<sup>ss.</sup> of Gordon. There is some curious and rather fine carving over a porch, and a very irregular apartment quite at the top, very fine Gothic carving as it appeared to me, and those little odd bow-windows are carved on fascettes. This looks as if that had been a later addition, as the foundation is a rough harled building with very thick walls. I think it is in Balentyne's book where there is an account of the Marquis of Huntly's death, and ghost appearing in an inner *chaumer* of the wark there, and that he died crying out, "Waste, waste," which probably gave the idea of

<sup>1</sup> 'Surgundo.'

a similar circumstance to the author of the novel of Marriage. The D. of Gordon has several miniatures of the Marquises of Huntly. There is a fine print lately published of one of them, which I shall get for you the first day I go to town. Let me now thank you for a very curious print by Pass, which Gower did not deliver to me till after I had written my last letter to you. It is very curious and valuable. I am sure he will feel grateful for your kind recollection of him, of which he shall hear to-day when he returns here. He went yesterday to town. We are happy in having them both still with us, and *she* is quite invaluable as well as *he* to us. I was sure you w<sup>d</sup> delight in Mr Ellis, and hope you may have many future opportunities of seeing him. His conversation is uncommonly agreeable. I was sorry to find his health (which is unluckily never very good) was such when at Edin<sup>r</sup> as to prevent him from seeing half of what he wished, but I trust before that town is entirely renewed he may visit it again. I lament as you do the innovations and repairs, if they are carried farther than to prop up and support the memorials of former times. When lost, nothing can replace them; and it is an active stupidity to think that by making a Glasgow of Edinburgh the latter will gain; on the contrary, its interest will diminish to a very hurtful degree to its own prosperity. Mr Ellis is now in town, and talked of writing to you when I last saw him.

On looking again at my drawing, it strikes me that the carved pointed window-frames on the top of the house are merely the stonework remaining of an old French roof of the sort called *mansard*, of which there are many examples in the old Scotch houses, such as Castle Fraser, the Dean near the Water of Leith, &c.

I now conclude my letter with a message from Gower of many thanks for your kind recollection. He hopes it will be long before he may profit of the intention you express of bequeathing those relics to him. I should much like to look

forward to seeing you this year in London. We shall probably pass the months of May and June there. L<sup>r</sup>. Gower expects to be confined in May, and after that we propose to be all at Trentham, where I sh<sup>d</sup>. be equally happy to see you were you to make an expedition to this part of the world. If you w<sup>d</sup>. come to Richmond, you w<sup>d</sup>. have the additional inducement of L<sup>r</sup>. Willoughby, who has taken a house here, though she has not yet come to inhabit it. I have not heard of any *royal* intention of again visiting Edin<sup>r</sup>. It is said Brighton is to be given up, and Windsor (certainly the most appropriate and the most agreeable) to be the future residence. The story of L<sup>r</sup>. K. is very amusing. I remember a succession of mad L<sup>d</sup>. K.'s, and conclude this to be quite equal to his predecessors. It is melancholy to see that it is in the nature of things that one's grandchildren may (for aught one knows) be great idiots.

Did you ever look into Carte's Hist. of the D. of Ormond? One cannot read it through, but parts of it are very interesting, particularly the personal details. I was led to it by an amusing book, 'Sketches in the South of Ireland,'<sup>1</sup> lately written by a Mr Croker (not the Admiralty Croker, who, by the by, is also an antiquarian). This book is amusing, and has some lithographic views, particularly of an old ruinous town of Kilmallock, full of the remains of palaces of the old Earls of Desmond. Adieu, my dear Mr Sharpe.—Believe me ever most truly yours,

E. S. STAFFORD.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Sir WALTER SCOTT.

*Sunday Evening.*

DEAR SIR WALTER,—I leave at your door the ill-done sketch<sup>2</sup> you were so good as to accept of, and have marked

<sup>1</sup> Researches in the South of Ireland. By T. Crofton Croker. With illustrations, 4to. 1824.

<sup>2</sup> "The Best Foot Foremost," now at Abbotsford.

the hayfield with an emblem of the lover's family; but, after all, the accident of the shoes was as likely to happen within doors as without. I myself remember some now very fine Scotch ladies who used to scud about without stockings when they were past fifteen; and I think that in some of Sir D. Lindsay's poems young gentlemen are described as going without shoes.

The answers to my claim are now given in, and my advisers do not think a reply necessary, so you will be suddenly plagued with a couple of vol<sup>s</sup>. of which my brother's is much the largest. There are several things in it which have nothing to do with the law part (so it is not improper to mention them here), and only show spite. The lawyers are so ignorant of Oxford that they seem to think we could live richly there on two hundred a-year; but you will perhaps think that I am insinuating the plot into the boxes, so I will have done.—Wishing you good-night, I rest, dear Sir Walter, your ever most obliged and faithful,

C. K. S.

I have a plan of a sketch of True Thomas and the Queen of the Fairies, making Thomas, as no doubt he was, an ugly, grim old warlock; but I went very unwell to Lady Morton's ball, and have been much worse since, both in my stomach and head, so that I can do little but drink magnesia and *girn* at everything.

MR PETER MILLER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

PERTH, *February 20, 1824.*

DEAR SIR,—Agreeable to my promase, I have sent you over the elbo chaire from *Scone Palace*. As I mentioned to you, there was many applications made to me to sell the chaire. I have therefor made shift to find out the cause of so many applications. *As report gos*, this is the very chaire King

Robert Bruce sat in when he held his parlements in Perth. As you know, he held most of his parlements in Perth, and coined the most part of his money in Perth. This is described by having the Scottish Crown and Thistle on the tope of the said chaire, with a large captial R reversed on each side of the Crown and Thistle, meaning to be Robert Rex, and loveing the Crown and Thistle. You know he was always called the Saviour or the Delivrar of Scotland. This I think proof enough of this being Robert Bruces thron or chair of state, and had been carried to Scone perhaps after the parlmt. was no longer held in Perth. I consider this is an antiquity of reality scarcely to be equalled in Edinburgh. You have also, agreable to my promase, the pece of Queen Mary's real bed stead of the head post of the sam from Scone Palace. And the front of a small shutle from the study room in Gowries Castle, Perth. This I warrnt reale, as I perchessed the flatt where in the study was.

I hope the preceding chaire, &c., will come safely to hand, of which be pleasd to grant me recpt. of by the careir. And as you said you would seek a percle of coins and othur small articles, and some peces Roman antiquitys, I will be extreemly proud and happy to recve. them by the careir in course, along with recpt. of the fore mentiond articles. I have perchessed several peces of antient carving, when in Dundee latly, which I will send to Edn<sup>r</sup>. soon, when you shall see them.—In the mean time, I am, with due respect, dear Sir, your obd<sup>t</sup>. oblige<sup>d</sup>. humble and ob<sup>t</sup>. ser<sup>t</sup>.

PETER MILLER,

*Writer and Shipowner, Perth.*

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Mr PETER MILLER.

93 PRINCES STREET, *Monday.*

DEAR MR MILLER,—I have been till now prevented from writing, or indeed doing anything else, by an inflammation in

my right eye, which at one time bore a very threatening appearance. I am much obliged to you for the chair and the other things which you sent. The chair is not nearly so old as you imagine, being about the time of Charles 2<sup>nd</sup>; and the ornaments are merely flourishes, such as many of my chairs have, and not letters. But it suits my set extremely well—at least it will, after it is done up a little. The other two articles were much broken in the bag, but I am not the less obliged to you for them. Anything from Gowrie House is interesting to me, for a great many reasons with which I shall not at present trouble you.

I have selected a few coins, and one or two more things for you, which I shall keep till we meet, perhaps in St. John's St., where I think of purchasing a house, to hold my *rubbish*; but, for heaven's sake, beware of counterfeits in our trade, and be cautious what you believe, for the article which you gave me as a fragment of King Robert's shroud is not a whit like the original. Mr Henry Jardine, the King's Remembrancer, has lately given me a little bit of the real shroud, which he himself took from the body, and it is of quite a different texture.—I add no more at present, but commending you to God's keeping, I rest your assured friend,

CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Sir WALTER SCOTT.

*Friday Night.*

DEAR SIR WALTER,—If I had not the happiness of knowing you so well I should fear that you would deem me the most troublesome person in the world; but, as matters stand, I write again, tho' I pestered you once before this morning. Scarcely had my letter gone to the post till I was told that the Queen Regent was to be defaced to-morrow; so plucking

up a stout heart, I called for a hackney-coach (for the more grace), and waited on my Lord Provost in St<sup>t</sup> John's St<sup>t</sup>. I found him very stately, but condescending, and he told me that the masons were not to pull down before next week. He seemed struck a little with his own stupidity; and when I mentioned the great name, "at which Hell trembles," I saw plainly that a word from you will settle the matter. He said a great deal about things being done when he was in London—in short, I am sure that a letter from you will secure the front wall, with its projecting window and staircase. Delay not, then, I beseech you on my knees, your powerful mandate. Written with one eye (the other being tied up in a clout), and the gouty hand of your ever devoted slave,

C. K. S.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to ROBERT CHAMBERS,<sup>1</sup> Esq.

*Sunday Night [March 1824].*

DEAR MR CHAMBERS,—I inclose some notes that may be of use to you. Pray insert the remarks on our improvements, amplified as much as you please, as they may be of much use both to our love of antiquity and to our purses. You need not care about affronting the Town Council. You will do me a favour if you insert these hastily written notices in the first work you publish. In reward, I promise you Madame Macfarlane shortly, which will be one of the most curious notices in your book, as the story has all the requisites of high tragedy.—Truly yours,

C. K. S.

<sup>1</sup> For this and the other letters to Mr Chambers the Editor is indebted to a small volume, privately printed by Mr Charles Chambers, and pre-faced by a notice of Mr Sharpe and his works.

ROBERT CHAMBERS, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

[March 1824.]

MY DEAR AND MUCH ADMIRER SIR,—By the last visit I had from your “little foot-page o’ wit sae wondrous slie,” came a paper which yielded me inexpressible delight. I read it over and over again with perfect rapture, and considered it one of the happiest specimens I had ever seen of your singularly witty and fanciful style. Yet for all that, grieved am I to relate that, upon showing it to the publishers of these ‘Walks,’ it was their decided opinion that, however admirable it was as a *jeu d’esprit*, nothing could be more improper than to insert it in a book, of which it was the professed object to point out the beauties and not the defects of this *bizarre* and misguggled town. And in point of good sense, I daresay they were right. So you will not find your remarks in the volume which I now send to you. But, if I live, and if you will permit, I shall certainly insert it in some of my future works.

You will observe that I have done full justice to your notices respecting Holyrood House, which, I am quite aware, make that chapter the best in the book.

The too short and scarcely expressive enough notice which I have given of yourself—— I don’t know what to say of it. I had a much better and quite different paragraph written upon a separate piece of paper, which I sent to the printer enclosed within the large sheets of the general manuscript, and laid over the paragraph first written thereon. Now, as ill-luck would have it, the second-thought article had slipt aside, and the printer set up in types the first and inferior article; and it being impossible to alter so large a passage in the middle of a sheet, I was constrained to let the thing go through the press in despair—making only one or two verbal

alterations. I hope, however, you will be disposed to rest contented.

Shall I get your notice of Mrs Macfarlane after all my offences?—Believe me, sir, yours most respectfully,

R. CHAMBERS.

Earl GOWER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

LONDON, *March 24, 1824.*

DEAR SHARPE,—I suppose you owe me a grudge for my too long silence after my return from Scotland, and intend to allow as much or more time to pass before you will acknowledge the receipt of a letter which I wrote long ago—perhaps about two months or more—and which was franked by Agar Ellis. It can hardly be possible that owing to ill-direction you did not receive it; tho', as some part of it was of a nature to interest you, I begin to fear, from your silence, that it somehow never reached you. It mentioned that I had seen in Granger an account of a portrait of Q. Mary of Lorraine at Newbattle, which I sh<sup>d</sup>. suppose you can have no difficulty in seeing and copying. I have since heard of one at the Mariner's House, or at a public building of some such designation at Leith, which it may be worth your while to see about, if you are not already acquainted with it. I think it a great pity that, when you busy y<sup>r</sup>.self about Q. Mary's house,<sup>1</sup> you do not extend y<sup>r</sup>. researches, or rather extend y<sup>r</sup>. limits of the work, and give an account of divers others of the most remarkable remains in the Old Town, as Lizars can execute his part so well, at no extravagant expense; and you have so much acquaintance with the subject, which you will forget, but can now amuse y<sup>r</sup>.self with putting together. I think you might make a very interesting work; and as tho' you are in comfortable circum-

<sup>1</sup> Mary of Guise's house was even then threatened in the rage for city improvements, but was not demolished until 1846.

stances, yet you have not a superfluity to run risks with, or to give any large sum at once, I should be very glad to contribute my share to the work in the shape of a sum of money, to any amount you may wish, and let us publish something for the honor of Edinburgh. Pray think of it, and don't be idle about it.

We are very well here, excepting those who have colds, of whom I am one. My father stays at Richmond till May. We live much on the road between it and London, but chiefly henceforward in London. L<sup>d</sup>. G. continues prosperously to advance, as time does, towards the important end of May.

The equestrian statue of the King, there is good reason to fear, will be placed upon the battlement of the Castle where he stood. What an awful situation for a man on horseback! Adieu, my dear Sharpe.—Ever y<sup>rs</sup>., G.

If my mother knew I were writing to you, she would be sending kind messages.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to ROBERT CHAMBERS, Esq.

*Monday Evening, April 1824.*

DEAR SIR,—I have not, for many reasons, been able to see you, but on no sinister account. I could give you no light as to the ring, though I believe there is no rule respecting marriage, &c. But the jeweller may know better.

I think you had better leave out the anecdote of the eagle in the MS. you formerly sent, as it may displease the Abercairney family, and can do nobody good.

I know nothing of the Quakeress but what you know. But pray don't put in *all* you have *heard*, as it will not only hurt the feelings of her relations, but spoil the keeping of a very interesting portrait.

Dolls—ladies who were not mad used to dress dolls. From

Mrs Thomson's Jewel Book it appears that Queen Marie had dresses for dolls, and a bed for them; I suppose they were French fashions. And not many years ago, ladies made likenesses of their friends in the shape of dolls, and put them in glass cases, with a landscape painted behind. I have seen such things very prettily done. You will find some things written as I went through your book—which much amused me. Remind me to send you an account of what our Nurse Jenny calls the Paddo Song.<sup>1</sup>—Yours truly in much haste,

C. K. S.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to ROBERT CHAMBERS, Esq.

PRINCES STREET,  
*Wednesday Night, April 1824.*

SIR,—I have laid my hands upon two notices that may be of use to you, one from the Somerville MS.—a portion never printed—the other from Hay's MSS. in the Advocates' Library. You know that Sir Robert Gordon, in his 'History of the Sutherlands,' laughs immoderately at the Sinclair puffs.

*Apropos*, there is a poem on the sad deaths of Lord and Lady Sutherland in Evans's Ballads. I think I have seen other poems on the same subject.

I have to furnish you with notes on Lady Stair's Close, on Queensberry House, on Lord Royston's house, and Mrs Smollett's. If I forget any of these, remind me. I am not well, and very blind. Don't forget Mary King's Close, which makes such a figure in 'Satan's Invisible World.'<sup>2</sup> I think you have not mentioned the horrible murder committed by a tutor upon his two pupils near where this part of the town now stands. On second thoughts, surely there will be no

<sup>1</sup> See 'Popular Rhymes of Scotland,' 1870.

<sup>2</sup> The original edition of 'Satan's Invisible World' (now very scarce) was published in 1685, and dedicated to George, Earl of Winton. The work was reprinted in 1871.—*Note by Mr Charles Chambers.*

harm in printing the poisoning story in Lady Lovat's case. Whereabouts was it in the Old Town that Mrs Macfarlane shot her lover? She is the heroine in 'Peveril.' I have a curious letter with the whole story; Pope alludes to it in a letter to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.—Yours very truly,  
C. K. S.

THE MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD TO C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

CLEVELAND H., *May* 9, 1824.

Mr Wm. Mackenzie's return to Edinr., pr. steamer, gives me the opportunity of sending Ld. Huntly immediately, my dear Mr Sharpe. Colnaghi tells me, as it is engraved for Buchanan's new work, there is some difficulty of obtaining it in a finished state; but this print is, I think, rather more interesting in the *white shirt* than in a more finished garb, so I venture to send it. Q<sup>y</sup>, Is it the Marq<sup>s</sup>. of Huntly whose escape from Morpeth Castle is so curiously described by Sir Rt. Gordon in his Sutherland History? If so, the anecdote might form an entertaining note in the account of the Gordons. This portrait is engraved as a specimen of the time of Charles the 1st, and as such was shown to me by Colnaghi. There is a fine portrait of the same person at Warwick Castle, and I have seen others besides. There is at Gordon C. a portrait (not a fine one) of the learned Dss. of Gordon.<sup>1</sup> I beg you will not think of returning me the sketch of Strathbogie C[astle]. I meant it for you, and beg you will accept of it with this print,—I wish they were both more worthy of your acceptance. I do not despair of making some better drawings in the north, as L<sup>d</sup>. Stafford now finds himself so much better, that he is not without hope of being able to go again to Dunrobin, which idea *revives* me much, though I fear it cannot be this summer; indeed, I e<sup>d</sup>. not well leave this part of

<sup>1</sup> Lady Elizabeth Howard, wife of the first Duke.

the world when we expect an event so interesting to us as L<sup>y</sup>. Gower's confinement. I thank you sincerely for the interest you take in it; and it was a satisfaction, in some degree, to hear that there was an ostensible cause, arising from accident, for the misfortune of poor L<sup>y</sup>. C. Macdonald.<sup>1</sup> L<sup>y</sup>. G. is remarkably well, much strengthened in appearance during the last year, and we trust there may be every possible hope fairly entertained that she will do well. She expects to be confined about the end of this month. She is really a treasure to all of us, from her numerous good qualities, disposition, and understanding, and G. has been the most fortunate man possible in having made such a marriage. I am sorry to hear you have been suffering so much during the winter; but I do not wonder at it, the severe and blighting winds having been so severely felt, and so much illness (at least here) occasioned by them. I have suffered also very much by pains in the head and face, besides an influenza which was very general. We came to town about a week ago, and found London so full that Bond St. is literally stopt up by carriages all day long. The only remarkable novelty I have seen is Northumberland House, at which I was at a party last week. Its magnificence is very striking, and the D.<sup>2</sup> and Dss. have repaired fully the blank in its annals during the last fifty years. The D. of Athole<sup>3</sup> was the only connecting link present, having been in his youth there during the time of the old Duke and Dss.,<sup>4</sup> since which it has not been opened to company. I saw L<sup>y</sup>. Gwydyr there, looking well. L<sup>d</sup>. and L<sup>y</sup>. Wemyss are in town, but I have not yet seen them, and as I

<sup>1</sup> The Right Hon. Lady Caroline Macdonald of Clanranald died at Duddingston House, near Edinburgh, on 11th April 1824, of a cold caught after her confinement.

<sup>2</sup> Algernon Percy, formerly Lord Lovaine, married a sister of the first Lord Gwydyr.

<sup>3</sup> John, fourth Duke.

<sup>4</sup> Algernon, fourth Duke, married Eleanor, eldest daughter of second Marquess of Westminster.

go hardly to any of the *routs*, I have as yet seen little of the gayer part of the world; but there is occupation enough to fill the day here, and make one glad to go to rest before they begin, which is generally my case.

I have great curiosity with regard to your present work, and wish much that I c<sup>d</sup>. assist in obtaining any materials or anything to be found here that c<sup>d</sup>. be of use in it; so I beg you will tell me if anything sh<sup>d</sup>. occur to you, and that you will believe me, my dear Mr Sharpe, ever most truly yours,

E. S. STAFFORD.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to THOMAS THOMSON, Esq.

*Wednesday Evening, May 12, 1824.*

KIND SIR,—I cannot express how much pleasure your note gave me, on several accounts—that the letter is found, makes me easier for life—for I was wretched to think that any loss had chanced where I was concerned; and this accident hath cured me of borrowing loose papers for ever and a day. I have been so tormented with inflamed eyes for some time, that I have been unable to do anything but *girn*, else I should have tried to find you at home long ago. Mine eyes affect my spirits (which is a new case with me), because I cannot divert myself—so I have true ultramarine devils; but I long to see your brother's sketch of Caerlaverock, which, I am sure, must be delightful. In fact, I long to possess just such a picture as I saw in the exhibition, for I am sure it was perfect in every way—even the shape pleased me, tho' you said it was a fancy of Dr R.'s. I shall take my chance of finding you at home to-morrow, between two and three; meanwhile, I may mention that I have a vol. of letters, transcribed by myself from various sources, which is entirely at your service, should you think of printing the Scottish epistles of Cha<sup>s</sup>. the Second, his reign; *item*, all William 1st D. of Queensberrie's letters

are as much yours as mine own. They were advertised to be printed, after I recovered them from Sir J. Mackintosh, but I don't think I shall ever do it—anyhow, they are at your service. I am much amused, when I can read, with Mr Chalmers's account of Dumfriesshire<sup>1</sup>—for there is an error in almost every page. The book appears to me to be little else than a compilation from the Statistical Account, with various absurdities added by the author; he gives nothing new but his own nonsense. He demolishes half-a-dozen castles that are still inhabited, murders men forty years before they died, and digs stones out of my father's estate that were found ten leagues from any land he ever possessed—so I doubt of all the rest, from what comes within my own knowledge. But enough of this *flyte*; so I conclude, ever your most obliged and faithful slave.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to ROBERT CHAMBERS, Esq.

*Monday Night* [1824].

DEAR MR C.,—I send some trifling notices which you may make use of as you please. Your fear of offending me as to my age made me laugh extremely, as I never pretended to be an Adonis even in my youth. I think you may contrive to make the next number very curious.—Yours truly,

C. K. S.

An old lady of seventy-five tells me that in her youth black velvet masks, covering the whole face, were worn, when women travelled in open carriages, or walked abroad in very cold weather. They were kept on by a bead, fixed by a string across the mouth of the mask—said bead being held in the wearer's mouth. She says that this did not interrupt tittle-tattle in the smallest degree.

<sup>1</sup> In the 'Caledonia.'

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to ROBERT CHAMBERS, Esq.

*Wednesday Night* [1824].

DEAR MR CHAMBERS,—I send you a cart-load of remembrances, of which make what use you please. I wrote so hastily that I daresay both my grammar and spelling are wretched. Pray, when you have made what you can of the inclosed, send it back, all but the *Elegy*, which I have written so that it may be torn off, to save you trouble; and you will do me a particular favour by printing it. I find my memory so decayed that these notes may help it shortly; and that is the reason for my wish to have them again. Alter anything you please, *but matter of fact*. You may depend upon the truth of all I have sent, and so I wish you good-night.

C. K. S.

I wish you could contrive to get me a sight at least of the songs you mentioned. Tell the person who has them that I don't print for pay; and that I may be able to help him in other matters, if he oblige me in this.

Earl GOWER to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

*June 1, 1824.*

MY DEAR SHARPE,—Tho' you owe me letters without end, I must on this occasion waive punctilio, as you will be glad to hear that Lady Gower has been safely brought to bed of a girl,<sup>1</sup> said to be a very fine one. The event took place the day before yest<sup>r</sup>: both have continued to do well since. She intends to nurse her child, and we shall not be able to visit Scotland this summer. It is a great happiness to have this

<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth, afterwards Duchess of Argyll.

so well over. Have you been very busy lately, or making excuses to yourself for idleness under pretence of indisposition?

Colonel Lygon,<sup>1</sup> next to the present Lord (our friend John, you know), is going to marry Lady Susan Elliot, daughter of L<sup>d</sup>. S<sup>t</sup>. Germain. Lord Clonmell<sup>2</sup> (brother of the present Lady Beauchamp) wished young Elliot joy, assuring him that the Colonel or his children were sure of coming to the title, as his bro.-in-law had no children, and is now in very bad health.

London is much entertained with the visit of the K. and Q. of the Sandwich Islands (for an account of which *vide* the 'Edinburgh Gazetteer'). They are very well disposed, good sort of people. The Q., like a man in woman's clothes—very fond of strong colours—when Canning was handing her about at an assembly he gave for her, she made her way with him to the military band, to touch the red coats of the men.<sup>3</sup>

Poodle Byng has been desired by Canning to attend on them, and is much delighted with the office. Have you read Capt. Hall?<sup>4</sup> a most delightful book.—Ever y<sup>rs.</sup>, G.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Lord GOWER.

93 PRINCES ST., EDIN.,  
14th June 1824.

DEAR LORD GOWER,—I believe that all the people who have written and spoken maxims about mankind in general, hold it as a principal rule, that the more anybody is obliged

<sup>1</sup> Henry Beauchamp Lygon, Colonel of the 2d Life Guards, afterwards fourth Earl Beauchamp.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas, second Earl.

<sup>3</sup> Both King and Queen died within a few days of each other in July of the same year.

<sup>4</sup> Extracts from a Journal written on the coasts of Chili, Peru, and Mexico, by Captain Basil Hall.

by another, the more ingratitude he will infallibly display. Now in that case it would not be at all miraculous, or out of the common road, were the beginning of your last letter but one founded on a just conclusion; for you have been so very long so very kind to me, that I am in moral duty, and out of respect to philosophers, bound to take ill everything you say and do (among the rest, that your daughter is not a son, because I would rather have had it so); but I fear I am silly enough to be sensible of your goodness, having been bred very unfashionably. Therefore, pray be so good as to accept of my best thanks for your two letters—more particularly the last, which contained excellent news indeed, albeit my mind was set upon sons. However, I live in hopes—not, however, to see a son of yours—for all this last spring and summer I have had such a weakness in my eyes, my old enemy settling there, that every doctor in Edin., I verily think, has had his finger in them. I have been able to write little, and not to read at all by candle-light, which makes me very crusty—particularly as I go to bed early for want of something to do, and then, of course, I cannot sleep. The medical men tell me that my blindness proceeds from my stomach—which is very possible, perhaps, tho' I feel nothing the matter with it; but that this stomach of mine may improve, and consequently, that I may see well again, I cannot so quickly credit. One's stomach improve at forty-three! a likely story, truly.

If it had not been for this—and that I am certain it is generally a charity in me to spare people a dull letter—I should long ago have thanked you for your offers respecting the Queen Regent, whose house I have pretty well stripped of its woodwork—all indeed but the door, which I have good hope of—only one must not carry all the world to look at the house, far less make drawings of it, till this point be secured; and I think one does a meritorious action in thus preserving such remains, which are the property of so many

landlords, that it is only from their tenants one finds it possible to procure them. In a mean house in Leith I lately discovered a curious wooden carving that had come from the Citadel there, from the room called Oliver Cromwell's; but it was the property of so many people that I could not procure it, for some would sell it and some not,—meanwhile, the handle of the jack fell down, and broke off the foot of one of the figures. As there are so many pictures of the Queen Regent, and a very good print from the Duke of Devonshire, I will not trouble you to get me a sketch; I shall make the print serve my turn. But of the pictures you mention, that in the Trinity House at Leith is a bad copy of the Regentess's daughter's portrait at St James's; and the Newbattle picture may be anybody's—for when the house was burnt the catalogue was lost, and the two late lords baptised their paintings according to their fancy, which is a very convenient way of making a curious collection.

I have to thank Lady Stafford for her goodness in sending me a print of Lord Huntly, tho' I verily believe the engraver hath mistaken some one else for that good nobleman; but I will state my wise reasons to her when I return my best acknowledgments. I have ruined my manners by reading Lady Suffolk's correspondence, a book which I hope the Queen of the Sandwich Islands will never see. It is delightful to think of Poodle Byng (who was such a spectacle ten years ago, and must be much better now) doing the honours: to see such things is one of the chief happinesses in this life, and that is the great advantage of London—where I begin to fear now I shall never be any more; or with a poodle and a string, like their Majesties of Sandwich, which will ruin much of my diversion. I have not read Captain Hall's book, but as I know the author, I can imagine it very curious. The only newish thing I have perused is the 3<sup>d</sup>. vol. of the 'Caledonia,' which is as full of blunders as possible (I know the ground of this vol. well), and extremely pert. Talking of the

cross erected where Lord Maxwell was murdered, after the battle of Burnswark, he doubts of the tradition; for, quoth he, there are flower de luces carved upon it, which were never borne in the Maxwell arms. Now there are no such flowers on the cross, and the Maxwells at one time bore them. *Ex uno.* Nay, he demolishes all the castles in Dumfriesshire that are standing, and builds up one that is pulled down. But it is time for me to have done. And so I rest, dear Lord Gower, your faithful slave.

I have behaved very ill to Mr Ellis, in not answering a question which, in the material sense, I could not; when I can see, I have got a ballad, and a poem by Lady M. W. Montague, to transcribe for him.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to ROBERT CHAMBERS, Esq.

June 1824.

DEAR MR C.,—Lady Wallace's<sup>1</sup> grandmother was a daughter of Lord Eglintoune, not her mother; but I think you had better put it, "For Miss Betty read Miss Eglintoune," and add no more. I am glad that my informa-

<sup>1</sup> My father, who knew these young gentlewomen well, told me that the first time he ever saw the Duchess of Gordon, she was riding astride upon a sow in the High Street, and Lady Wallace thumping it on with a stick. You may print this if you like, but don't quote *my father*. The Duchess's grandmother, a daughter of Lord Eglintoune, was my mother's aunt—an excellent woman. Her daughter, Miss Kitty Maxwell, wrote her own memoir, 'The Amours and Adventures of Miss Kitty M——.'—*Note by Mr Sharpe*.

[Mr George Seton informs me that Lady Jane Maxwell, granddaughter of the Duchess of Gordon, was half-aunt to Mr Sharpe's mother, and that her third daughter Catherine (Mrs Booth) was evidently the person alluded to in the above memorandum.—*Note by Mr Charles Chambers*.]

tion was right as to Mrs Elphinstone after all.—Yours  
truly,  
C. K. S.

Pray let me have the additional pages for my two copies  
of your third number when they are finished.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to ROBERT CHAMBERS, Esq.

*Thursday Night, June 1824.*

DEAR MR CHAMBERS,—I am so kilt all over with rheumatism, as Irishmen speak, that I can scarcely hold a pen; but here are my criticisms, which I send in a hurry, lest your credit should be spilt about Lady Stair. You say that she went on a gossiping visit to Holyrood House. Now it is twenty times repeated in the *proofs* that she desired an audience, having heard of her accusation. As most people who are likely to read your book have the Douglas Cause at their fingers' ends, and these anecdotes may make other persons peep at them, I beg you to beware; for the chief merit of a book like this is accuracy, and if you are blown up in that quarter, "Good-night to Marmion."

*Item*, I wish you would alter "more like a trooper." It is a colloquial phrase that sounds very vulgar in print. But this is of little import, as Edinburgh people don't know the difference.

The arrangement of Lord Kames's epitaph I don't like. The thing is ill written at best. But I think it should, in justice to the author, be printed as he composed it, and as I transmitted it to you. However, take your own way—it will be tiresome to alter the types.

Once more I thank you for your undeserved compliment to me. But I don't understand the inverted commas at "ingenious and indefatigable," as I am not aware of the source from whence the quotation is taken.

I had a curious little book sent to me lately by Sir W. Scott, in which is a very minute account of the riding of the Parliament, which may be of use to you. Of course it is at your service.

I forgot in the hurry of my last to tell you that I believe Lord Lovat always wore a wig. Hogarth painted him in one, and another portrait I have seen has the same. He was too old latterly to have much hair of his own—and I am too old to be able to write more, so good night! C. K. S.

ROBERT CHAMBERS, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

[June 1824.]

DEAR, GOOD MR SHARPE,—I sympathise so deeply in your rheumatism, that I could almost take a cold or so, just to keep you company. But I sincerely hope your illness will not make you so severe a critic in future. My excuse for the faults you find is the following. The erroneous colouring given to Lady Stair's blow-up at Holyrood House, took its origin merely in my quoting from memory, instead of an immediate inspection of the papers, which I ought to have done. I wrote it down fearlessly, for I knew that if it was not correct you would tell me so and put me right. My materials are in general extremely meagre, and I have to round them off and polish them up in such a way that an error in fact sometimes creeps in; but then, do I not put the whole through an ordeal of eight critical, antiquarian, and well-informed gentlemen (whom, by-the-bye, I call Octavians), who will not by any means let an inaccuracy pass? So I am quite sure of the sheets being perfectly correct *before throwing off*—and that is the main object. The qualifications of "ingenious and indefatigable," which I so appropriately apply to you, are quoted from a note of Sir Walter's respecting you in Fountainhall's

Diary. Pray will you let them pass? I will follow your advice about the Epitaph. Will you let me know, as soon as convenient, if the alterations I have made upon Lady Stair's story will do?—I remain yours most gratefully and respectfully,

R. CHAMBERS.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to ROBERT CHAMBERS, Esq.

*Sunday Night, June 1824.*

DEAR MR CHAMBERS,—You will see one thing to be altered, which everybody would have detected. I inclose the Paddo Song, written very slovenly—for I am at present tormented with a bad eye. As to the corrections, I would advise you, *now*, not to say a word about Mally, for it will do you much harm; and as nobody sees the book now lent to me, and I can keep that secret, and the new verses *may* be from a different copy, the thing will probably pass. At all events, run the risk; but don't get into peril any more—'tis "going to the deil wi' a dishclout," &c. There is a great error in one of your early numbers, which you can easily correct. The President Lockhart was murdered in a close, which afterwards took its name from him, and was pulled down when those odious new buildings were erected near the jail. This, I think, appears from Arnot's 'Criminal Trials,' and I have always been aggrieved of it. If you behave well, I promise you for your next volume a chapter on Scotch costumes, with original tailors' bills, and another on Scotch portraits and painters. *Item*, I cannot find the note about the Pudding Somervilles, but am sure that I have it somewhere, and that I shall discover it shortly. Good night.

C. K. S.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Sir WALTER SCOTT.

*Thursday, July [1824].*

DEAR SIR WALTER,—I was unlucky enough to-day to find you from home when I called, and to be from home myself when you were so kind as to call upon me. I wished to tell you, 1st, that the cabinet for coins which you liked is still at Forrest's, and that I think he would take three guineas for it. I went to him yesterday and offered two. It is certainly very pretty, and I don't think dear at three. 2dly, I have extracted all I want from the ballads, &c., you were so good as to lend me, saving from five volumes. As I cannot permit them out of my sight, and write slow because I am blind, I have kept them too long; but I wished to know if you would like to have all that I have done with, in their original box and packing, or that I should send them in a body, which I shall now be able to do in a very short time. I was much obliged for your notices and the MS. songs, which last I will transcribe, and you shall have the originals before long. 3dly, I questioned John Stevenson to-day about some notes I took a while ago from a kirk-session record, and he seemed so confused when he talked of them, that I suspect he told a lie (which he is not very slow at doing) when he said he had lent them to you, for he knows well enough that anything I have is as much yours as mine. However, if I have wronged him I beg his pardon; and if these notes be in your possession, never mind any application he may make to have them. After a trick that was plaid me by a certain gentleman with regard to a book of mine which was sent to and used by that villain, Dr M'Crie,<sup>1</sup> I am exceeding peevish in such matters.

<sup>1</sup> The historian of John Knox, Andrew Melville, &c.

Forgive this long scrawl; and believe me, dear Sir Walter,  
your ever faithful slave,

C. K. S.

I bought lately Yonge's translation of Diana of George of Montmajor, and am quite surprised with the very pretty stories in this book, which I daresay you know well; but if you have only looked upon it as a dull pastoral romance, unworthy of perusal, pray read it. . . .

SIR WALTER SCOTT to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—Jock<sup>1</sup> has been veracious on the present occasion, for I had the session records (your extracts) for a day, and called to tell you so. It was wrong in me to take them, not on your account, for I knew you would not mind the freedom, but because it might make him think lightly of such an irregularity where the parties are in a different relation to each other. I do not indeed know any other person w<sup>t</sup> whom I would have taken the same liberty. I was much entertained with your extracts. Certainly, if it were possible to stop old women's tongues, the Kirk-Session of Humbie made a fair effort. By the way, I have got a *joug*, which I intend to put up at the gate, with the mottoe *Serva jugum*. It will serve to hang a bridle upon.

I have seen very little of you this session, having been so frequently absent on my day of leisure. Now I want you to quit your painters (by the bye, their contiguity is bad for the eyes) and spare me a week or two at Abbotsford this fine weather. You shall have your own room and breakfast at your own hour. I will neither walk you nor talk you when you are disposed to sit still or be silent, and you have a large book room and plenty of queer reading. Item, a coach,

<sup>1</sup> John Stevenson, the bookseller.

benempt the Blucher, sets out from your vicinity in Princes Street thrice a week at 8 A.M., and sets you down within a mile of Abbotsford, where the carriage shall meet you. Bring a *gossoon* with you or not just as you like—there is plenty of room. My wife heartily joins in this request.

I am in no earthly hurry about the ballads. The 5th volume of my own Collectanea is now at John Stevenson's for you. It came with some books to be bound.

I will call at Forrest's and try to get the cabinet, for I have got a present of some imitation medals besides what I have of Berry's.

I will probably call to-day, if not, then parting is well made, as we go to-morrow. I have the 'Diana,' but I have never yet had courage to read it—I shall on your recommendation. Pray say *yes* to my invite, and let me know when the *voiture* shall attend you at Melrose toll-bar.

I enclose the music of the Star of Northumberland.—Yours truly,  
W. SCOTT.

9 July [1824].

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[July 1824.]

DEAR SIR WALTER,—As I am obliged to go down to Portobello at one to-day to seek lodgings for my undutiful mother, I write this, in case you should have the kindness to call when I am gone, briefly to thank you for your flattering note to my vanity in your invitation to Abbotsford. I suspect that if I were to visit as my friends ask me, I soon should not have one left—nay, I am quite certain of it, from some experience. Nobody excuses one for looking miserable when one should be quite the reverse. You may laugh, and think me mad, but I am quite serious. I should lose much of your

regard (and I can't afford it) if I were to visit you in the country. I am glad the Cutty-Stool Record was really with you, for I had vehement suspicions of Mr Constable, &c. I will keep the whole cargo of pamphlets a little while longer, and they shall be all sent home, properly packed, in ten days. As to 'Diana,' I am flattered that you read her on my recommendation. Skip all the conversations, but read the tales as the shepherds and shepherdesses tell them. That of the sage Felicia, near the beginning, about the enamoured Moor and the Lady Xarifa, is surely very pretty. Many thanks for the air.—Your bound slave to serve you, C. K. S.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Sir WALTER SCOTT.

*Saturday Night.*

MY DEAR SIR WALTER,—My eyes have done nothing but weep all day, so I must wisely stay at home to-morrow, and deprive myself of the comfort of your society. I send the songs I had from Nithisdale, and a cargo which Webster<sup>1</sup> got from the man who furnished the last; and if, at your leisure, you could give me any notices about them, I shall be much obliged. I shall print my second volume of stuff very soon, and you must not be offended if I make some acknowledgment of your kindness in the preface. I promise to keep within bounds. And, talking of prefaces, I was astonished to-day to hear that the man who wrote the "Battle of Otterburn," which was, I think, not so very ill done, tho' I have been laughed at for saying so, is sent to Botany Bay for seven years.

I still stick to my prophecy that, if he is not hanged, he will write well by-and-bye. I foresee his future glories through a halter; but enough of my second sight, and so I rest your ever obliged slave, C. K. S.

<sup>1</sup> David Webster, printer of 'A Ballad Book.'

ROBERT CHAMBERS, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

INDIA PLACE, August 26, 1824.

SIR,—The circumstance of your being the greatest man and the greatest antiquary I know, decrees that I shall continue to trouble you with further solicitations, even though you declare yourself “very ill and very blind.” I am afraid you will find my admiration no very satisfactory or easy matter. The more I admire you, the more I feel disposed to trouble you; and what is worst, the admiration of so humble an antiquary as me is too insignificant to give the usual gratifications of flattery which, otherwise, might make the trouble I impose worth the while.

Please, sir, to accept the enclosed humble present,<sup>1</sup> which will complete your set of *my works*. It is a very absurd and very inaccurate concern; but, to have been written at twenty, is perhaps well enough. At all events, I intend to make amends for first faults by correcting them in a second edition, which will be much enlarged and improved. I observe from a note in ‘The Lord of the Isles,’ that you are completely acquainted with the family of Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, which I suspect to be the *original* of that of the Redgauntlets in the late novel. Now, could you throw together a note or two tending to bring out the resemblance, and confirm my conjecture? Or could you throw any light upon the story of ‘Guy Mannering,’ which is a native of the same county? or could you tell me who was the original of Bradwardine in ‘Waverley’? All these favours will ensure you from me a world of thanks, *et eris mihi semper deus*.

I have made up a capital article from your admirable notes upon Lady Lovat. Ah, *si sic omnia!* What a book would mine have been, if every sheet had been so enriched! Oh for

<sup>1</sup> Part of ‘The Traditions of Edinburgh.’

your notices of Queensberry House, Lord Roystoun's, and Mrs Smollett's!

I do not recollect what you allude to in your query about Mrs Macfarlane,<sup>1</sup> the heroine in 'Peveril.' You will explain, and I may probably discover the house.

I intend to notice Mary King's Close<sup>2</sup> at full length in the department of "Superstitions." By the bye, after your excellent introduction to Law, so "full of brownis and of bogilis," you cannot fail to assist me in this particular department. I intend to gather all I can about the Plague, and the superstitious notions which the vulgar entertained about it during the last century. They say it was buried in Leith Wynd, by a minister named Gusthart (probably the same who baptised Thomson, the author of 'The Seasons') by candle-light, at three o'clock in the morning.

I am making collections about Miss Nicky Murray,<sup>3</sup> about whom you must know a great deal, acquainted as you are with the whole class and body of last century old maids and dowagers of quality, many of whose characters I should like to preserve.

Do you know anything of the White Horse stables, or of the house at the head of that close, which is said to have been the residence of the last Bishop of Edinburgh? Have you anything about the Chancellor's Close nearly opposite, in which there is a good old house, probably that of Perth, the Chancellor at the Revolution.

Have you the least idea whereabouts Lady Sinclair of Roslin's house in the Blackfriars Wynd would be? or are all the stories about that family fabulous? I have always sus-

<sup>1</sup> Mrs Macfarlane shot Captain Cayley in 1716, on account of his having made insulting proposals to her. She is mentioned in one of Pope's letters to Lady Mary Montagu in comparison with Lucretia or Portia. Her connection with 'Peveril' is not apparent.

<sup>2</sup> Off the High Street, Edinburgh.

<sup>3</sup> Long the Directress of the Edinburgh Assemblies.

pected them to be so, for I never see the Sinclairs mentioned as making the figure they speak of in Scottish history. Indeed they do not seem to be admitted at all into canonical histories.

Humbly hoping that you will kindly excuse the freedom I take with you, I have the honour to be, sir, your obliged and most obedt. servt.,

R. CHAMBERS.

*P.S.*—I now understand that my friends have Archbishop Sharpe's nutmeg-box, as well as the other, which I will try to procure you a sight of. I have also learned that the little snuff-box had a small ladle or spoon attached to it, which the proprietor of it gave to a collector lately. The collector made many attempts to gain the box, and pursued the delightful object with might and main for some weeks; in the end they were glad to give him the spoon to save the dish, as sailors throw a barrel overboard to a whale.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Sir WALTER SCOTT.

EDINBURGH, *Friday Morning* [1824].

MY DEAR SIR WALTER,—On Tuesday morning last I despatched, under the sage directions of Mr John Stevenson, the valuable books you were so good as to lend me, and which I have kept too long. Nevertheless I have still the audacity to retain two vols. for the sake of collation, as I have got modern editions of several traits contained in them. The one is marked 'A collection of popular ballads and tales,' vol. 1; the other is 'Salmagundy,' vol. 2. These I will venture to keep yet a little while, at the same time being in no small anxiety as to the safe arrival of the others; for if that box should be lost, I am utterly undone. I sent our *oldest* man with it to the carrier's quarters, and along with him many

charges as to care. By the way, I must mention that some rogue had torn out a good many pages of one of the vols. sent; I have put in a mark at the place; and also that among these ballads are several sequels, &c., to "Auld Robin Gray"; but as they are all very poor, I thought they could not be of any service to you, and so I did not mark them.

You have lately made me so rich in books that I am almost ashamed of my cormorant appetite, to use Lord Fountain-hall's phrase concerning the Dss. of Lauderdale; but of all the vols. you were so kind as to send, I had not one before save the 'Cloud,'<sup>1</sup> and this second 'Cloud' is much cleaner than mine. As to the duplicates of the ballads, &c., you can scarcely imagine how much I prize them, principally on account of the wooden cuts, which were the delight of my youth, for it is a truth which you must have remarked, that none of our best ballads ever found its way into the gingerbread baskets, or upon the stalls. These ditties are for the most part naught. Item, I discover that all the amusing wooden cuts are English, and from Newcastle. I have examined all that you sent in unbound, and have added a few which I think you have not. On the whole, I think those vols. which you collected yourself (of which I retain one) are by much the most curious and valuable.

I am very sorry now that I had any hand in inciting you to make a request or signify a wish to an Edin. Provost, which has not been complied with. . . .

I should like extremely to see Drumlanrig once more, but never shall. It was but a bald place when I first remember it, as the Duke had felled the greater part of the timber; and it had another insupportable want (to my mind)—water. But the house cast a shade upon all around. I fancy that the front is not improved since then, and I know that one of its constituent parts, the leaden statues, which formed a good deal of the plan, have been melted down. Yet it must still

<sup>1</sup> 'The Cloud of Witnesses.'

be a very fine thing. It is lucky that the papers are looked after; and they must be very curious. But then there are probably no letters written by Duke William himself; so I console myself with the notion (as I shall never see them) that my own *girns* and *flytes* of his are perhaps more amusing.

I had a packet lately from that Orpheus of Paisley, Mr Blaikie, containing some translations from his old Viol de Gambo book; tho' it appears to me that most of these tunes I have seen elsewhere, as in the Gentlemen's Dancing Master, and other books of K. Chas. the 2d time. Yet such a collection made in Scotland is very interesting; and if he were to translate also another and a more curious MS. music-book<sup>1</sup> which Mr Skene pointed out to me in the Ad. Lib., he might make a volume well worth printing. I shall write to him on the subject; but in the meantime it is seemly no longer to pester you. So with my best respects and wishes to all at Abbotsford, I rest, my dear Sir Walter, your ever faithful obliged slave,

C. K. S.

Mr John saw the bound ballads before they were packed, and is to act accordingly. He is now in London.

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

INDIA PLACE, *October 4, 1824.*

DEAR AND RESPECTED SIR,—I return with many thanks the Ballad Book, which has given me more amusement than anything I have perused this long time. I have now no books of yours, but would take it as a great favour, could you let me have a brief loan of Lady Suffolk.<sup>2</sup> Three days—or, to speak at once wittily and professionally, *nights*—is all I would

<sup>1</sup> Skene of Hallyards's MS.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Suffolk's Letters, edited by Croker.

require of her; and, at the end of that period, I engage to return her safe and sound to *your own keeping*. Do not think from this language that I sue her ladyship for anything but cake and pudding. It is anecdotes of the Queensberry family that I want at her fair hands, and nothing else. Not to say, however, but that if her ladyship were alive and buxom, I might take the same measures to get the information wanted out of her which Oliver Cromwell used with his sergeants in cases somewhat similar. But truce with this nonsense.— I am, sir, yours gratefully and respectfully,

R. CHAMBERS.

*P.S.*—I have prospects of a copyist for you.

Sir WALTER SCOTT to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

*Oct.* 1824.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—The books came all safe, and your kindness in accepting the trifles I sent will impose upon you the trouble of inspecting a small box herewith sent, which contains a number of duplicates, from which I entreat you to select all such as you are not provided with. Some, I think, are rather curious, and may not be undeserving a place on your shelves. Any which you are provided with you can send down to John Stevenson, or give them room till I come to town.

The box, moreover, contains at the bottom a drawing and small painting of an old gamekeeper of mine by Leslie, to whom I have been sitting, like Theseus himself,<sup>1</sup> and have partly indemnified myself by condiddling the enclosed. Will you let your servant give the two sketches into Fraser's with the enclosed note; and perhaps you will at the same time, or when you pass, direct what sort of frame the painting should

<sup>1</sup> This was the picture of Sir Walter, painted for Mr Ticknor of Boston.

have. There are, besides, four or five modern volumes, which I return for the reasons stated in a note to Stevenson. It is positively using you like Mrs Duguid, but would you let your servant deliver them also with the note.

I have had a great disappointment, expecting Canning & Co. being flung by the King of France's death. I never thought to have cared a bean-cod about old Louis L'Inevitable, but I heartily wish he had died hereafter.

I am sorry Mr Miller<sup>1</sup> does not make himself happy with Miss C——. The union would be admirable, yet I have heard said biblioplist is apt to be sluggish where ladies expect promptitude, and requires the aid of a little flagellation. So at least his brother booksellers report. I suspect this would suit the capital C very ill.—Yours in jest and earnest,

WALTER SCOTT.

ABBOTSFORD, *Sunday*.

ROBERT CHAMBERS, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

INDIA PLACE, *October 23, 1824.*

THOU MOST WORSHIPFUL AND WONDERFUL PERSONAGE!

Blest as great Scott himself is he,  
The author that gets notes from thee,  
Written in thy witty style ;  
Paying nothing all the while !

Thy last cart-load of favours has almost *broken me down!* It has overwhelmed me, crushed me, annihilated me! It has convinced me that I am nothing—absolutely nothing—beside thee; and that is a most mortifying reflection for poor vain humanity. Oh, Mr Sharpe, why did not you write the 'Traditions of Edinburgh' yourself? Why did you leave that task to a plodding, compiling, industrious pack-horse like me?

<sup>1</sup> The publisher.

To speak, however, *à la* 1824, your last notes are truly excellent, and will make some capital articles. I am just beating about for some pins whereon to hang Mrs Kirkpatrick, Lady Sutherland, Lord Sutherland, and Lady Glenorchy. If I cannot get distinct and separate pins for them, I must hang them from each others' feet, all in a string. Pray complete your work, if you can, by suggesting pins. Will DALRY or HOLYROODHOUSE do?<sup>1</sup> As for Lord Ross, his pin is ready for him. The anecdote of Tenducci<sup>2</sup> goes into this sheet, at the end of the Smollett article, and concludes it at once learnedly and laughably with the quot<sup>n</sup> from Juvenal. Lord Hailes shall by all means have a place. The notes upon the Queensberry family are the most valuable. Such things, told about Q. House, will animate that dull Canongation mass, as if a dozen candles were put into every window to illuminate it. It will be no longer a dead barrack, but lightened up, as it were, with lively and agreeable recollections. Even though they make it a poor's house, and fill it with munching old toothless crones and louse-coloured veterans, its original splendour will not be forgotten, but will be embalmed in all our memories. One thing, however, I must apologise for. I am taking some liberty in expanding and rounding off your short, little, angular, *naïve* periods. This is done by no means with the intention of improving them—far from that—but all for the pure sake of spinning! You pay me in thick substantial coin. I pay the public in gold leaf—viz., that same gold coin of yours *beat out* in order to cover a great deal of ground and make a great show. It would be perfect prodigality to spend so much material in a few lines, when, by a little hammer-work, it might *look as well* in so many pages.

Insatiable monster that I am, I am going to make another request. "Another—yet another!" you may exclaim with

<sup>1</sup> Papers in the 'Traditions of Edinburgh.'

<sup>2</sup> See 'Traditions of Edinburgh,' *sub* St John Street.

Macbeth, with something of his feelings. Yet you must just pardon and comply with this one, as you have pardoned and complied with all the rest. It is—but I see the request like a Cameronian sermon, divides itself into *three heads*, or rather, to be plain with you, is just three separate requests—1mo, Some anecdotes of the Douglas family and the Douglas Cause; 2do, A short notice of Gay’s connection with the Queensberry family, and of their quarrel with the Court on his account; also, the date of the “Beggars Opera” and the date of the above circumstances, which may lead to some conclusion about the play being written in the Canongate. [Note to this request. I would not trouble you with it, if I could find Lady Suffolk anywhere; but she is out of print here, and I know not what Pandarus to employ in procuring her for me!] 3tio, *Anything else you like!*

And now, most worshipful sir, be graciously pleased to listen to my humble petitions; and be assured that, so long as you continue to be the electric spirit of the cloud, I am content to be the humble operator, holding the kite, and showing off your wonders at the end of the string. And so, God bless the King and the ‘Traditions of Edinburgh’! And long life to the charming Mr Sharpe!—I remain, sir, with all due respect, your most obedient servant,

R. CHAMBERS.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Sir WALTER SCOTT.

93 PRINCES ST., *Wednesday*.

DEAR SIR WALTER,—I have at length found the notice concerning the Lauders [ <sup>1</sup> ] is of little importance, but every scrap of this kind tells.

I am quite rejoiced that you have recovered [ <sup>1</sup> ], and would fain advise you to print it. You will know that our

<sup>1</sup> Letter torn.

Scottish hist<sup>y</sup>. during the usurpation is a sort of blank; besides, the book contains much that is very interesting to the inhabitants of Auld Reekie, putting the rest of Scotland out of the question. Pray, dear Sir Walter, send it to the press. I will pledge myself to do all the dirty work, as to revising of sheets, with the greatest pleasure.—Believe me ever your faithful slave,

C. K. S.

“1611.—In the pursuit, Lindsay *contra* Carruthers, some-tyme servand to my Lord of Sanquhar, he takes him to a remission granted in Nov<sup>r</sup>. 1606 to Alex<sup>r</sup>. Earl of Home, Lord Jedburgh, and Dunglas, Sir John Hume of Huttonhall, Knight, Mr Samuel Hume, his brother, Thomas Tyrie, tutor of Drumkelbo, &c., wherein the King pardons them all for the treasonable burning of the Tolbuith of Lauder, and killing William Lauder in an. 1508, called William at the West Port (this was my good sare’s eldest brother: he was bailzie at the time, doing justice at the time in the Tolbuith), because the said Earl had satisfied the said burgh of Lauder for the said slaughter and burning. My goodsare was immediately made bailzie upon his brother’s slaughter. William left a daughter behind him that was married to Thomas Calderwood’s father, a daughter of hers again is married to William Scott in Dalkeith.”—Fountainhall’s MSS.

Lady KEITH to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

TULLYALLAN, *Friday* [Oct. 30, 1824].

DEAR MR SHARPE,—Your letter has disclosed to me a secret that I never knew before, that I had a great-uncle who was an artist, and who was very ill used by his family. The Master of Elphinstone, whom you inquire about, was the eldest brother of my grandfather, Charles, Lord Elphinstone;<sup>1</sup> but because he was crooked, clever, and eccentric was dis-

<sup>1</sup> John, Master of Elphinstone, predeceased his father.

liked by his father, and turned out of doors with a very scanty pittance. He had great talents for drawing and was an able engineer, and I believe a portfolio of his works still remains at Cumbernauld, w<sup>h</sup>. I have written to inquire about. If it turns up, I have desired it to be sent here that we may rummage it. This ill-used uncle married a Miss Fleming of Burnton,<sup>1</sup> who survived him; and afterwards she lived with the old Lady Lovat, who was very kind to her till she died, some years after her husband. My aunt remembers the lady well, who came to Cumbernauld after the Master's death, by my grandmother's invitation; but it was the first time any notice had been taken of her by the family.

I give you this account nearly in my aunt's own words, who is sitting by me dictating this *histoire de famille*; and if you would come here, she would supply you with materials for chronicles which would make a thicker volume than Froissart. I will not worry you about coming here, but if you should change y<sup>r</sup>. mind, we should be very glad to see you; and I think you would have fewer infirmities if you did not stay so much at home and thought less about them. I have had a catalogue sent me by the agency office of some pictures of prints, &c., that are to be sold soon. There is also an old cabinet, w<sup>h</sup>. may be handsome by the description.

If you have seen these things, pray let me know if you think them worthy of attention, as I might be tempted to buy some of them if they were going on reasonable terms. If you should find any old chairs w<sup>h</sup>. would be suitable for a Gothic hall or corridor, pray be so kind as to buy them for me. There is a kind of chair with a *lower back* and *broader bottom* than the meagre one I gave you, which I should prefer if they could be got, but I believe they are very scarce. The dressing-bell rings, so my letter must terminate.—Believe me always y<sup>rs</sup>. sincerely,

M. M. DE F. KEITH.

<sup>1</sup> Daughter of Sir Gilbert Fleming, who lived in great poverty in Edinburgh, and was accidentally poisoned.

G. A. F. CUNYNGHAME<sup>1</sup> to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

LEAMINGTON, by WARWICK,  
6th Nov. 1824.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I saw this morn<sup>g</sup> a frank on the table for your sister, Mrs Orde, and wishing to trouble you with a commission, I take the opportunity of inclosing you a line. My paper is but short, and my commission is long, so I must at once to the point. Your cozin, Sir William Aug<sup>s</sup>. Cunyng-hame,<sup>2</sup> being only in his 76th year, and intending to make a campaign against the Turks and other infidels, is intending to furbish up his shield and coat-of-arms, and intrusted it to me, and much I fear that he doth intend, moreover, to take me, his youngest son, from the arms of my ladye mother to attend him in the bloody field. My grandfather, Sir David<sup>3</sup> (a pear of another tree, *I suspect*), managed matters differently. He went *first* to the wars, and when he had brought home his load of laurels,—alas! they never flourished after his death; there isn't a sprig of them left—not so much as a leaf to perfume a custard,—he amused his fancy with divers alterations in his paternal coat. He was fond of the three luces—he thought them a good coat; and them he added on, with divers other things, which now sorely perplex his successor. In short, my dear cousin, according to the way of this world, when all the little real consequence that ever we had is gone, and for ever passed away, my father is beginning to be wonderfully tenacious of the shadow. When he succeeded, he knew that Sir David had altered the arms of the family, and dispatched immediately his W.S. to have them registered

<sup>1</sup> Younger son of Sir William Augustus Cunyng-hame, Bart. of Milncraig, Ayrshire, born 1790, died 1853.

<sup>2</sup> Of Milncraig, father of the above.

<sup>3</sup> Lieutenant-General, and Colonel of the 57th Regiment.

afresh in his name, *as they had been*; but the heraldic knowledge of the baronet and his writer going no farther than knowing that "Over, fork over," was the old device of the family, they contented themselves with reinstating that, taking everything else verbatim from Sir David's seal, wherein he had altered *the whole*—arms, crest, motto, supporters—*everything*; and this they did in the face of seals, plate, books, &c., &c., on which were the arms borne by the first baronets, which he now wishes to have registered, and which I am going to beg you to have the goodness to take the trouble of getting done.<sup>1</sup> I tell him it will cost him £25 at least; but that is his affair. If you will have the goodness to let me know the amount I will remit you the *pewter*, with a thousand thanks for your trouble. He does not want a fine illuminated copy on vellum, but merely, I suppose, to make sure that, when his new coach comes out this winter, Lord Kinnoul should not take possession of it for the little Rowley. It is so long since we have met that I could write for a month; but dare not add another half-sheet to your sister's frank for fear of making it too heavy. I believe I shall be still here for a fortnight. After that you may direct to me, Saville Row, London. My next shall be longer, and more entertaining. When shall we meet again?

Excuse this trouble, and believe me ever, my dear Sharpe,  
your affect<sup>d</sup> cousin,

G. A. F. CUNYNGHAME.

<sup>1</sup> To be registered for Cunynghame of Milncraig, Bart. :—

*Arms*—Arg<sup>t</sup>., a shake-fork sable.

*Crest*—A unicorn's head arg<sup>t</sup>., couped, maned and horned or.

*Motto*—Over, fork over.

*Supprs.*—The same as the Es. of Glencairn—viz., 2 coney sejeant proper—being descended from the 2d son of the 1st Earl.

These are the arms as they were borne by the first baronet of the family of Milncraig and Livingstone.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Sir WALTER SCOTT.

PRINCES STREET, *Wednesday* [1824].

DEAR SIR WALTER,—I should have tried to find you at home to-day, to thank you for your kind call of yesterday, had I not been under the hands of Mr Naesmith the dentist, touching a diabolical tooth, which cannot be stuffed, and I am *sweer* to pull; however I am resolved that it shall not prevent me from the honour of waiting upon you on Sunday at dinner. . Meanwhile, pray receive my best acknowledgments for the notices respecting the ballads, which are very curious. There are three or four stanzas of "The Broom Blumes Bonnie" in Johnson's Musical Museum, but I never met with any more of the song, whose air is extremely beautiful.

May I beg your acceptance (if you have not already got the book<sup>1</sup>) of this strange history of beasts, &c.? I have another copy; and I think both the style of the author and of the wooden cuts will amuse you. I have put a mark in at the blood-hound of Scotland—a coarse beast as men can see; and at the Hippelaphus, because it cuts a curious figure, smiling with a long beard.—I am, dear Sir Walter, ever your obliged faithful slave,

C. K. S.

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

INDIA PLACE, *Nov. 25, 1824.*

SIR,—It is customary in the country when people kill a pig, to send a portion to every person who has contributed anything horrible to the sustenance of the said pig during its lifetime. Now, I am at present doing something of the same sort—sending round a copy of the enclosed little book to

<sup>1</sup> Topsell's 'Historie of Four-footed Beasts.' London, 1607.

every individual who gave me a note or two for its composition. The hurry I have been in with it (for I was only allowed three days), and your being unfortunately not at home the last time I called, have concurred to prevent me getting any assistance from you. But as you are not the less worthy, for all that, of any mark of respect and gratitude I can render you, you must also come in for a *share of the pig*. So be pleased to accept the *petit tome*, and, insignificant as it is, despise it not. One thing in it you will perhaps be pleased with, is the bringing to light a favourable circumstance in the life of Colonel Charteris, whose memory, you must allow, has been treated much too harshly by the world.—I hope to see you soon, and remain, sir, yours with great respect,

R. CHAMBERS.

Sir WALTER SCOTT to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

DEAR CHARLES,—I desired Mr Scott, who copied the Drummond Castle picture, to call to show you a portrait which he has been copying.

By the bye, I intended to call to let you know, as I know your kindness will make the intelligence interesting, that a very good girl about town here, having quarrelled with or tired of her maiden name of Jobson,<sup>1</sup> has resolved to confer her pretty little self and her pretty large fortune upon a lieutenant of Hussars in exchange for his name of Scott. Wot ye who this good Mr Lieutenant may be? The flirtation has been of some standing, but came to a conclusive affair among our Christmas gambols at Abbotsford.—Yours ever,

WALTER SCOTT.

CASTLE STREET,  
Monday [January 1825].

This is not mentioned yet but to very particular friends.

<sup>1</sup> Miss Jobson of Lochore, married to Lieutenant Walter Scott, Feb. 3d, 1825.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Sir WALTER SCOTT.

PRINCES STREET, *Tuesday* [1825].

MY DEAR SIR WALTER,—I am much flattered with your confidential news, which I shall keep to myself very closely, mourning the sad case of two fair nymphs, who, I think, will be much disconcerted at the event. At the same time, I am happy the youth you wot of hath the good sense to forego all the pleasures of celibacy, and sacrifice his moustaches with all their concomitant cupids nested there, and all the tenderesses of the ball-room and the rout, at the sober altar of Hymen. It is a prodigious giving-up in a handsome young Hussar. And now I have to ask a favour, but first I must tell a story. The silly villanous writer who summed up what my brother owed us for the buildings on the farms of his estate, made such a blunder that we gave Matthew a general discharge for less than half of what he owed us, without knowing it at the time, and nothing can move him to do us justice, so I have lost about £150, which makes me sad, and I have resolved to turn a penny through the ballads you and some others were so kind as to give me. I think of printing them for sale, and expect to get £100 from the High Constable, but the favour which I have to ask is to allow me to dedicate the vol. to you. I have about 60 songs, and intend to write a very short preface, and a brief notice to every ballad. I was in bed when the young painter called, but he left his picture, which I think very well done. I wish I could be of any service to him, but the people here never think of having pictures copied, and all flock to be daubed by Mr Watson.—I will add no more at present, but that I am, dear Sir Walter, your ever devoted slave,

C. K. S.

At the head of the Old Assembly Close is a fragment of a

curiously carved frieze, which must have belonged to some church,—item, a head. They are built into the wall on your right hand going down, and would do exceeding well for Abbotsford.

W. MOTHERWELL, Esq.,<sup>1</sup> to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

PAISLEY, 19th January 1825.

DEAR SIR,—The other night in looking over Ritson's historical essay prefixed to his 'Scottish Song,' p. lxxxix, I observed that he gives the name of "Jack the little Scot" to a ballad which he states to be in an unedited collection of ballads which was shewn to him thro' the politeness of Alexander Fraser Tytler. I have a shrewd suspicion that this ballad may be something like the one I sent you under the title of "Johnie Scot." Could you obtain access to the collection alluded to? and would you have the goodness—if compatible with the state of your health, which, from your last note to Mr Wylie, I am sorry to find is anything but what I could wish it to be—to communicate the result of your inspection and collation?

I mentioned in my last letter another ballad on the same subject as "Johnie Scot" called "M'Naughtoun." This I have since recovered, and between the two there is little or no difference except in the proper names—they are evidently sprouts of the same parent stock; nevertheless, I think I will get both printed, and leave the question as to which is the elder scion to be gravely settled by the antiquary as he best may.

"The Haggis o' Dunbar" in your 'Ballad Book,' I observe, is far from being complete. I have a very full copy, which

<sup>1</sup> The Scottish poet and journalist, then collecting for his 'Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern,' which was published in 1827; born 1798, died 1835.

I intended for publication in a small collection of unedited songs and scraps of ballads gathered in this neighbourhood—things which it might be foolish to publish for the world at large, but which are not the less interesting to the curious, and which, at all events, ought to be preserved in some shape or another as memorials of what has once been.

I am anxious to recover what I consider are the original words of Gilderoy. I have a few stanzas, but I believe there are a good many more. Mr Chambers, I think, in the introduction to the 3d vol. of his ‘Caledonia,’ alludes to a set of the same ballad as being the original one; but not having seen it, I cannot say whether it is the same as mine. The copy I have is from recitation. It begins:—

“Gilderoy was as bonnie a boy  
As ever Scotland bred,  
Descended of a Highland clan,  
But a cateran to his trade.”

Another verse which I quote, from the circumstances of its noticing a hero of whom I never heard before, is:—

“Altho’ he was as Wallace stout,  
And tall as *Gilmahoy*,  
None in the land durst stand a clout  
Frae my love Gilderoy.”

Can *Gilmahoy* be a corrupted form of the name of any of the Fingalian heroes? or is it the name of some notable limmer coeval with the subject of the ballad, whose fame partial history has left to perish?

There is another ballad of which I would like very much to obtain a copy from recitation, that of “*Gil Morrice*,” or as I have heard it called “*Lord Barnard*.” I have heard a set at an early period of my life much different from any copy of “*Gil Morrice*” now printed; but the old man who chanted it happens, unfortunately for traditionary song, to be dead. Mr Jamieson, who went upon a similar quest, proved unsuc-

cessful in his attempts to obtain a copy; perhaps you may have been more fortunate. I do not altogether despair myself of some time or other lighting upon it. Even at this moment I have some faint hopes; but I shall not be over sanguine in my expectations, for in nine cases out of ten, disappointment is the lot of the ballad-hunter, let his craft and perseverance in the chase be never so exemplary.

Have you heard any song of which this forms a verse?—

"*Dree-an-alin* had nae breeks to wear;  
He coft a sheep's skin for to mak' him a pair;  
The rough side out and the smooth side in,  
I'm gallantly mounted, quo' *Dreeanalin*."

It seems to be somewhat like the song of "Tamalin."<sup>1</sup> By the bye, "Dysmal" is known here under the title of "Isbel."

But I am afraid I may be troubling you with too many foolish impertinencies at one time, and shall therefore for the present leave off in the hope of hearing from you so soon as your health will permit.—I am, dear sir, your very obliged serv<sup>t</sup>.

W. MOTHERWELL.

JOHN RIDDELL, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

DEAR SIR,—In looking over my notes I find a reference to the will of Robert Logane of Restalrig, Edin<sup>r</sup>, penult January 1607. It is so noticed in the index to the record of testaments in the Commissary Court of Ed<sup>r</sup>, and by examining the original record you in all probability may find something of importance upon the point to which you alluded.

I rather think Logan of Burncastle was a descendant of the Logans of Restalrig, the head of which family is mentioned in the appendix to Arnot's 'Criminal Trials,' p. 392.

So our poor friend Vans Agnew is unexpectedly dead! Is there to be no public eulogium of him? I think it would

<sup>1</sup> See 'A Ballad Book,' page 137.

not be difficult to hit one off after his peculiar style, and in the manner he may be supposed to have approved. Alas! his intended plan of proving the English Vauxes the premier Barons of England, and himself of them, must now fall to the ground, and his numerous heartburnings and complaints agt. his enemies descend along with him to the grave.—Yours sincerely,

JOHN RIDDELL.

111 GEO. STREET.

Sir WALTER SCOTT to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

[*Jany.* 1825.]

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I have had the singular anxiety for four or five days, first of superintending poor Lady Alvanley's<sup>1</sup> funeral—Colonel Arden being incapable from distress to do anything—and making preparations for an event which will take place next week of a nature very different.<sup>2</sup> I have had double share of the Court business, so that, though I have every day proposed a call to you, I have never made it out.

You will not, I hope, doubt that I will be delighted with the dedication, and happy, these matters being off my hands, to co-operate about the ballant-book. I really think you should use both pen and pencil to remove the *res angusta*. Why should you not profit by your literary talents, which are so peculiar and so distinguished?

Why are these things hid in you or shown as a high prize margarite only to your private friends? Everybody now makes the best of their literary profits.

<sup>1</sup> Widow of Lord Alvanley (Sir Pepper Arden), Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas; died at Edinburgh, 17th January 1825, and was buried in the chapel at Holyrood.

<sup>2</sup> His son's marriage.

“ Oh, if it were a dirty thing,  
The gentry would deny it,  
Or if it were ungodly  
The clergy would defy it.  
Then sure it is a fine thing,” &c.

If you can look in to-day, *à l'ordinaire*, there will be only the Lockharts and the poor wounded Hussar.—Yours ever,  
W. SCOTT.

ROBERT CHAMBERS, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

INDIA PLACE, *February 12, 1825.*

MY DEAR SIR,—You have long and frequently accused me of disregarding the plain truth when the freaks of fancy came in my way. But I have now “caught thee on the hip.” An old lady called Miss Edmonstone<sup>1</sup> came down to me last week and took off my beard in fine style for the disrespect which I have shown in the ‘Traditions’ to the memory of her grand-aunt, Lady Lovat. This lady, whom I have at your instance called everything almost that is bad, was, according to Miss E., a perfect paragon of amiability and politeness; and nothing would satisfy Miss E. but that I must go up to George’s Street and hear from her and her sisters a detailed account of Lady Lovat’s real character and life,—which, accordingly, I did, and the enclosed has been the result. It is but a rough sketch, for I wrote it in three hours; but I will submit it to some people who know what’s what, and a second writing will make it a good article. I intend to put it into the fourth number—accounting for its inconsistency with what I have already printed by mentioning that the latter anecdotes were from a stranger who viewed her character externally, while these are communicated by her own relations, who had experienced her kindest offices, and saw her in the best light. I will not bate a word of what you gave me for all the Miss

<sup>1</sup> Of Duntreath.

Edmonstones in spinsterdom—I like it too well! But I will give all the enclosed article as a sort of palliate, and so leave her ladyship's character a little ambiguous. This is quite allowable; for, as Sir Walter Scott said to me one day, in allusion to this very circumstance, these old Scotch ladies had a very bitter *rind*, which repelled strangers, whereas their *kernels* were tolerable enough, and that was what their friends tasted of them. I have a grandmother myself who was always giving me presents when I was a boy, but who was so sour and ill-natured in speech and to appearance (though practically kind) that all I got was accompanied with a scolding or a box in the ear.

I am in no hurry for this back, so you may just keep it as long as you please, or till you can get leisure to add and amend—two offices of which it stands in much need at your hands.

When—when shall I get you shown my popular rhymes?  
—Believe me, sir, yours most gratefully and respectfully,

R. CHAMBERS.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, Esq.,<sup>1</sup> TO C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

27 LOWER BELGRAVE PLACE, 10 *March* 1825.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter was a very pleasant and very welcome one, and ought to have been long ago acknowledged. But the leisure which daily business allows me is so little that I can only spare an evening hour or two to the pen, and those hours have of late been the property of seven evil spirits of the press, whose nightly call is "Copy, copy!" and who rival in tyranny and clamour the drudging devils of old Michael Scott. I feel much flattered by your allusions to my little Scottish stories; and I may say in return, that I am

<sup>1</sup> Allan Cunningham, the Scottish poet and novelist; born 1784, died 1842.

glad that the pen of the Kirkpatrick has added of late to the fame which they acquired of old by the sword. I am an enthusiast about our district heroes, and many a pang has been mine on beholding the descendants of those who once held rule in Nithsdale figuring as fools and horse-racers—you wot who. I am a fellow-parishioner with the Kirkpatrick. I am a Keir man; and I was once, too, their fellow-soldier. It is now some eighteen years ago since I looked into the faces of Thomas and Roger, and was pleased to think I could trace some of the heroism and mildness of the tutelar heroes of Nithsdale.

I have still a few curious fragments of old free song, which I shall not use, though I had intended to trim and prune and starch them to correspond with the standard delicacy of the year of grace 1825. I shall select half-a-dozen of the most modest of these and send you, when my present collection is completed. I have ever endeavoured to preserve whatever gave me a lively and original picture of Scottish life, and bore the peculiar stamp of our northern spirit upon it. In this graphic power and life-like animation, our old songs are surpassingly excellent, every line is an image and every verse a story. Our late lyrics have fallen sadly away from this peculiar beauty—little original genius has come into song since the death of Burns. I still think many valuable fragments might be found of ancient song—the names of our airs, for instance, often supply us with lines from our lost lyrics; and if we were to note down every proverbial phrase and every line of song as they rose on our memory, we would soon make a small volume. Know you ought of a song the name of which still lingers with us—“The bonniest lass in a’ the warl”? I shall give you one verse, with the hope that you may find another:—

“The bonniest lass in a’ the warl,  
Came to see me unsent for;  
She broke her shins on my bed stock,  
But she gat the thing she cam’ for.”

Or know you ought of an old sweet and modest song which began thus?—

“ My love she's like the morning star,  
And 's up afore the sun.”

I could ask you an hundred questions, and for every question give you an old verse. Where did you find that truly admirable song,

“ Stand about, ye fisher jauds,  
And gie my gown room ”?

With the hope of hearing from you soon, I remain, dear sir,  
yours very respectfully, ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Lady SUSAN HAMILTON<sup>1</sup> to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

A thousand, thousand thanks, my dear sir, for your beautiful drawing and for your kind note; I will keep both, and value them as long as I live; and when the story of Lady S. Renton's *apparition* is told, I shall beg to add the expression of her gratitude for your kindness. Papa and mamma desire me to say that they hope to see you at Paris. The sun shines there brilliantly, so you *must* come.—Believe me ever,  
my dear sir, yours with sincere regard, S. HAMILTON.

*Sunday Evening, March 20, 1825.*

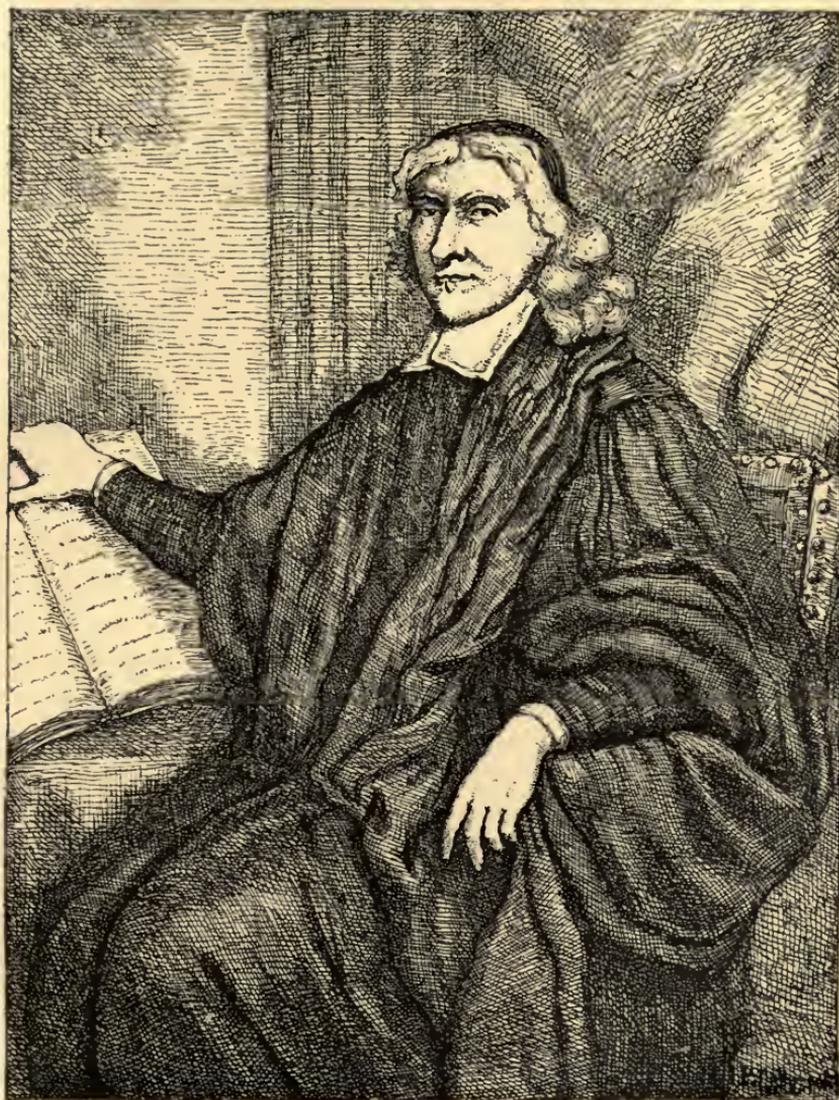
ROBERT CHAMBERS, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

[1825.]

SIR,—I return your MS. of the Queensberry article, along with a sheet containing the commencement of the Eglintoune one in all its original hideousness, which you once said you wished to have. I could give you the whole of it if you wish.

<sup>1</sup> Daughter of the tenth Duke of Hamilton, married 1832 to the Earl of Lincoln, afterwards Duke of Newcastle.

The note about the Queensberry garden which you added to the proof is capital, and goes in just as you gave it. Your style is the best I ever knew for notes, and never needs the least alteration. But, unfortunately, it does not do so well for text, or the Queensberry article would have been a thousand times better in your words than in the way I have transcribed it. Indeed this is a great matter of regret to me, and, on reading over again for the twentieth time your MS. now returned, I almost wish that I had not taken such liberties with it, but just printed it directly off in all its irregularity, and piquant angularity, and startling singularity. The worst thing in doing that would have been, that people would have discovered the difference of style, and taken occasion from that to say that the work was just a picnic business of other writers altogether, and that I was no better than a tablecloth in the feast. A Colonel Dunsmore, the other day, was speaking to me about you and your 'Kirkton,' and told me that he has at his house, No. 48 Northumberland Street, an original painting of Archbishop Sharpe, that has been in his family for more than a century, which you would be extremely welcome to see if you would call. I believe the gentleman, who dabbles a little in *virtù* and books, and (what is a very good trait in his character) is a great admirer of my 'Traditions,' would be exceedingly proud of a call from you, and I think you should do so; but if you would like a little more ceremony in the business, I will engage to make matters smooth. I have a great number of old houses still *in petto*, of which I intend to make another volume, so you have still opportunity for saying your say about Holyrood House and Drumsheugh. By the by, Sir Walter Scott comes to town now, and as I believe he could be of great service to the 'Traditions,' both in the way of his corrections of the first two numbers and contributions to the rest, I wish most anxiously that he could be interested in the undertaking. An article or so from him would make my fortune. Or were it



ARCHBISHOP SHARPE.



merely understood that he assisted me at all, it would be as good. I am persuaded he knows more of Edinburgh (as he does of every other thing) than any man alive. The marginal notes he will have made upon an interleaved copy which I happen to know he got, would be of vast service in the new editions which I am about to put to press. I know Sir Walter, and he knows me; but it is so long now since I saw him, that I do not like to break the ice by calling; and moreover, I feel particularly delicate in making any request of such a nature, as I do not know what literary designs he may have towards the same objects. Now you know him so well, and he has been on *one* occasion so obliged to you, that you might perhaps use the freedom with him of proposing that he should assist me, or you might at least know whether the freedom ought to be used with him at all or not. I leave this to yourself, with certification that my gratitude for the favour of Sir Walter's countenance would know no bounds. As to May Drummond, I am completely posed, for my informant seemed so sure of the story that I could not doubt him; and I could not advise you to doubt him without good grounds. Perhaps Sir Walter—the omniscient Sir Walter—may make you clearer on the point.—I remain, as ever, your profound admirer and humble servant,

R. CHAMBERS.

*P.S.*—I wish you would always sign your name at your letters, for I find that I could make good excambios of your autographs for those of other persons of note in behalf of a collection of such curiosities which I am now busy making. Out of all the letters I have got from you, I find only two with signatures. One of these is posted; the other I exchanged lately for Dr Thomson the chemist, Combe the phrenologist, and Hector Macniell. So you may see from this the estimation in which you are held. I could have got Dr Jamieson for the other, but I would not part with it, not having another copy. I hope you will not let it remain long *unique*.

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

INDIA PLACE, *May 4, 1825.*

MY DEAR SIR,—Mr Constable has advised me to dedicate the first volume of the 'Traditions' to you, and the second to Sir Walter Scott; and as his advice is quite in unison with my own feelings of respect and gratitude for you and Sir Walter, I intend, with the permission of you both, to do so. I enclose a sketch of an inscription for the first volume, which, if it meets your approbation, I shall forthwith print along with a title-page now in types. I think you should be more complimented, and if you would allow me to make any allusion to your literary character, I would gladly do so. For instance, instead of the word "kindness" I would introduce some more flattering phrase. If you feel cynically averse to compliment, I will obey your high behest in any directions you may please to give me. Of course I can get no answer till Friday morning for these worrying preachings.—Believe me, your most humble ser<sup>t</sup>,

R. CHAMBERS.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to ROBERT CHAMBERS, ESQ.

*Friday Evening, May 6, 1825.*

DEAR MR CHAMBERS,—I am much obliged to you for the dedication, in which I have made one slight alteration—kindness and kind coming too close—and I think, anyhow, the castration is an improvement.

I inclose some notices, and will send more when I have leisure. In the meantime, let me have again the paper which the Miss Campbells of Newfield gave me. I like to retain such documents. *N.B.*—I wish you would put at the end of the volume the date of the sale of their estate, as they seemed anxious to have that particular inserted.

*Item*, you printed *an* English mutch, in place of *the*, in your extract from Lady D.'s<sup>1</sup> song, which hurts the thing; the English mutch must have been some peculiar mutch of that day. I have now a genuine copy of "Sally Lee," and am sorry you put such a deal of your own to it. Indeed, whispers are now rife as to authenticity, and an author who is once convicted—nay, suspected—is never believed in anything. This has not been owing to my advice, as you well know. Miss Sally was a country beauty, and probably never in Edinburgh in her life; moreover, May Drummond never wore a black velvet tippet; and no mortal ever saw Princess Dashkoff with a black star on her back, except your friend the old gentleman, who may be the black old gentleman for anything I know.

I think the scrap you inclosed is very well, but not old; yet people have harped so long on love and cruelty, that nothing very new can be said on such subjects. After twenty, I became weary of such effusions.—Yours very truly,

C. K. S.

W. MOTHERWELL, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

PAISLEY, 29th June 1825.

MY DEAR SIR,—Since I wrote you last, I have succeeded in recovering the ancient set of "Gil Morice," wh<sup>h</sup> will in due time appear in John Wylie's book. It is called "Child Noryce," and is, when the rhyme demands it, occasionally changed into "Child Nory."

If you had the Annandale set of the ballad where the ghost of the slaughtered youth is introduced, I would have liked much to have been favoured with a copy; but this, I imagine, you have not. Mr Blaikie tells me that you are aware of the most villainous misprint in "Child Wyet"; but the blame is not attributable to me, for the proof came not

<sup>1</sup> Lady Dick. See 'A Ballad Book,' p. 122.

thro' my hands; if it had, such liberties would never have been taken. So far as a list of errata can go (which, I am sorry to observe, will require to be pretty extensive) the evil will be amended.

Can you inform me what is the meaning of this line in Jamieson's fragment of "Gil Morris"—

"And cast it o' the brim"?

To me it has no sense. I suspect there is either a misprint or an error in the person who took it from recitation.

I forget whether I inquired if you had any copy of the ballad of "Jamie Douglas" which Finlay has published. In all the patches of copies I have been enabled to procure, I find either more or less of the song of "Waly, waly" incorporated with it, which leads me to suspect that besides being sung to the same melody, they at one time were one and the same ballad. I would like to be favoured with your opinion on this subject.

May I ask if another No. of "A Collection of Curious Old Ballads," &c., has yet appeared?—I am, dear sir, yours very faithfully,

W. MOTHERWELL.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Sir WALTER SCOTT.

PRINCES ST., *Tuesday Night.*

MY DEAR SIR WALTER,—Allow me to have the honour of introducing to thee (and begging your kind acceptance of) Lady Jean Scott, daughter to the first Earl of Buccleugh, and wife of the first Marquis of Tweeddale. Four or five years ago Hatton, the print-seller, bought a cart-load of portraits from Lord Traquair's gardener, and sold them to me (not knowing who they were, but anxious to keep four fine ladies from the pollution of the Cowgate) for a crown a-head. The other day Mr Hay of Spott, Lady Tweeddale's

great-grandson, sent hither some family pictures to be cleaned under my inspection, and the first I laid my hands on gave me light as to this, which is a better picture than his; so, as I have not the honour to be *sib* to her, I hope you will not scorn me as to my gift. Kind sir, I hold her head to be very diverting, and I think she may look very well over a bedroom mantelpiece at Abbotsford. Written with half an eye, but a whole heart devoted to your service, by your ever obliged slave,

C. K. S.

ROBERT PITCAIRN, Esq., Advocate,<sup>1</sup> to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

Mr Pitcairn presents comp<sup>ts</sup>. to Mr Sharpe. Having accidentally learnt from his friend Mr Maidment that Mr S. had lately been looking into various kirk-session records, Mr P. recollected of some notes he had many years ago taken from the records of the kirk-session of Perth. He has looked among his papers and has luckily found a bundle, but he rather thinks there are similar notes still in his possession, which he shall search for, and, if successful, transmit to Mr. S.

The most *curious* record Mr P. is aware of, is that of the Parish of Canongate, which Mr S. will easily get access to by applying to the Town Clerk. The notes which Mr P. takes the liberty of sending for Mr S.'s use were very hastily noted, but so far as they go they are correct. The Revd. Mr Scott, to whom the public are indebted for extensive MS. collections, was unfortunately rather a "*painfulle*" *translator* than a transcriber of old MSS., and much of the quaintness of the originals is of course allowed to evaporate in the process of *rendering* them into English.

<sup>1</sup> An excellent Edinburgh antiquary, author of 'Ancient Criminal Trials in Scotland,' and the editor of many club books.

When Mr Sharpe has made such use of these notes as he thinks proper, he will be so kind as return them, owing to some jottings being contained in them of which Mr P. has no memorandum; and Mr P. trusts Mr S. will excuse the liberty he has taken in volunteering them, which he could not refrain from, owing to the very polite manner in which Mr S. presented him with a copy of his Ballads thro' Mr David Laing.

50 CASTLE STREET,  
25th July 1825.

GEORGE DEMPSTER, Esq. of Skibo, to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

SKIBO, near DORNOCH,  
12th Augt. 1825.

MY DEAR SIR,—I hope I do not err in hoping that a few lines from me may meet with a better fate than being returned by you to the Dead Letter Office—that would be a bad fate indeed.

A day or two before I left Edin<sup>r</sup>. I met old Sir James D. Stewart at Dreghorn, who gave me an account of all the real personages in the *Bride of Lammermuir*, by which I see that you have the honor to be in the relationship of great-great-grand-nephew to the heroine. I laughed excessively at a letter he showed me from Mr Horn Elphinstone,<sup>1</sup> which displayed vast bile at Sir Walter Scott's having depicted in such unfavourable characters Viscount Stair, the respectable prototype of Sir William Ashton.

Adieu.—Yrs. ever, not as Walpole says from St Peter's to St Paul's, but from Sutherlandshire to Mid-Lothian.

GEORGE DEMPSTER.

<sup>1</sup> See introduction to '*Bride of Lammermoor*' for this letter.

Sir WALTER SCOTT to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

[Aug. 1825.]

DEAR CHARLES,—I return the papers (excepting those respecting the Master of Sinclair,<sup>1</sup> which I keep with grateful thanks). I think I told you that Sir Gideon Scott of High Chesters was second son of Sir William Scott of Harden, and father to the unfortunate Earl of Tarras. He is the ancestor of our friend Hugh Scott, whose grandfather succeeded to the estate on extinction of the heirs-male of the elder son. Raeburn, my worthy progenitor, was the third son of Sir William of Harden, so I knows all about it. Scott of Harwood married a daughter of said Sir W., as I think. Sir Gideon of High Chesters long managed the Buccleuch estate; but his son, Lord Tarras, could never get out of it the jointure or annuity of £4000 a-year fixed on him by the marriage-contract with the Countess Mary.

I send you some little tracts, from which you may pick out what my old Graysteil, Davat Herd, used to call Dot-necks; and I return the 'Malise des Femmes' and the 'Trueleman.' I wish you one quiet morning to come and have a thorough rummage among my pamphlets here.—Ever yours,

W. S.

CASTLE STREET, *Thursday*.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to ROBERT CHAMBERS, Esq.

*September 20, 1825.*

DEAR MR C,—I return the sheet with some corrections which you may adopt as you please; only be sure to insert *nobleman*, as that is matter of fact. I should not have

<sup>1</sup> John, Master of Sinclair, attainted for his share in the rising of 1745. See his narrative published in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' vol. lxxxvi., August 1859.

scrawled over your proofs so very unmercifully, had I not lately heard some animadversions on the style of the last numbers of the 'Traditions,' and of the 'Walks.' But then I am the worst judge in the world of such matters. If you have any English friend at hand, you should get him to revise your MSS. You have not mentioned the Female Intellectual Club, which, I think, Campbell in his quarto book about Scottish poetry and music (I forget its proper title) talks of.—Yours very truly,  
C. K. S.

*P.S.*—In one of the early numbers of 'Constable's Magazine' is a notice about the tipping of Scotch ladies in an account of old Scotch manners—very curious. I have an idea that the account of oyster-parties is wrong. I never was at one myself, but remember hearing of them when a child: then the guests danced, &c., in the upper part of the house. This, however, is of little consequence.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Sir PATRICK WALKER.<sup>1</sup>

[1825.]

DEAR SIR,—I have found the notice respecting King James's visit to Edin. which I mentioned, and which I enclose.<sup>2</sup> Be

<sup>1</sup> Of Dalry.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Fountainhall's MS. Extracts from the 'Criminal Record.'—"The following memorandum is on one of the leafes before the beginning (of the Record): On the 16 of May 1617 the K. Mai: entred at the West Port of Edinb: wheir the Provost, the four bailzies, the hail counsell of the toune, with a 100 honest men besyde, were all assembled in black gownes, lined with black velvet, and their hail apparel ware of black velvet: at whilk tyme, first the proveist, William Nisbet, made a harangue welcoming his Mai: to his owne city; then a harangue was made by Mr John Hay, toune clerk, in name of the hail citizens: then a purse containing 500 double angells laid in a silver basin double over gilt was proponed to his Mai: who with a mild and gracious countenance received them, with their propine: their after came throw the city to the

so good as to return it to me, after transcription; but I fear that we cannot receive his present Majesty at all in the old guise—for tho' we may muster 500 double angels, how are we nowadays to collect 100 *honest men*!—I am, dear sir, yours very truly,

CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

93 PRINCES STREET, *Saturday*.

Lady GWYDYR to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

ROMAN CAMP, *Mich<sup>ss</sup>. Day*.  
[CALENDAR, *Sept. 30, 1825.*]

MY DEAR MR SHARPE,—I can never sufficiently thank you for all your kindness to my ancestors, who now make a most respectable appearance: I only wish the *new kirk* c<sup>d</sup> have waited for two or three years, as we had a grand project of restoring the old castle for their accommodation had we not been called upon for £4000 for the kirk.

I do not venture to *invite* you, because I hope you w<sup>d</sup> come to us whenever it suited you; but we s<sup>d</sup> be very much delighted if you could be prevailed upon to join L<sup>r</sup> Glengall and her pretty daughters<sup>1</sup> on Sunday next. Now, pray, do not consider yourself bound even to answer this note. She is quite as entertaining as ever, which is saying a g<sup>t</sup>. deal.

Miss Campbell called at D. C.<sup>2</sup> the other day. She does not kirk, wher ane sermon was made by the Archbp. of St Androis, Spotswood: their after came directly down the streit towards his palace of Halirudhous, being convoyed by the hail honest men of the toun to the croce called St Jone's croce, wher drawing forth his sword, the King knighted the Provost, &c., &c. The last of Junii 1617 he departed from Halirudhous to Stirling."

<sup>1</sup> Margaret Lauretta, daughter of William Mellish, Woodford, Essex, and wife of the second and last Earl of Glengall. The second daughter married Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Richard Charteris, second son of the late Earl of Wemyss.

<sup>2</sup> Drummond Castle.

appear comfortable ab<sup>t</sup>. the Gen.'s health. I trust he will get into good health and exert himself for her sake and his children's, as it would be too sad s<sup>d</sup>. anything happen to break up dear old Monzie so soon after his return. All his friends think him in a declining state. I thought him in wonderful prosperity when I saw him just after his return.

We have had an immense number of people with us this summer, but no incident worth recording. Some complain'd of too much cultivation, some of too many hills being cover'd with larch, some of too much heat, some of the muirs being boggy, some of the expense of posting, and some of the shelties tumbling, and *all* of the expense of the tolls; but upon the whole, I never saw people much more enchanted than they were with the country.

I have this moment rec<sup>d</sup>. the following account from Doncaster, wh. strikes me as so good that I must send it to you. After entering upon the turf news, it proceeds to describe a pitched battle between the two coaches-and-six of L<sup>ds</sup>. Fitzwilliam and Londonderry, the object of the contest being wh. s<sup>d</sup>. enter into the gate at the stand first. L<sup>d</sup>. F.'s coach is everything that is solid and respectable, the other being everything that is ginger-bread and tawdry. The F. made the attack, and five outriders full of beef and beer belaboured the L. postillions and horses. Two L. outriders, presumed to be primed with tokay and champagne, were their whole force, but they succeeded in completely repulsing the beer-barrels and getting thro' the gate.

To-day on our way to Loch Katrine we met L<sup>d</sup>. Moray<sup>1</sup> and suite, three carriages on their way to join him at Glenfinglass. He was on a progress thro' his dominions, and at a distance we took him and his friends for a wedding; but his tenantry in the van, all in the garb of Stuart tartan, soon lead us to guess who the procession was composed of. This winding up the glen—Highlanders, the Earl's party and retainers, with the

<sup>1</sup> Francis, ninth Earl of Moray, K.T.

carriages following—really produced a pretty effect from the Bridge of Turk. The night before they were at Stewart's farm, where his boatmen and ours besides a few neighbours danced to the pipes by torch-light; and next day the Glenfinglass tenantry came down and he gave a grand ball, wh. we were unfortunately an hour too late for. I must add that I had a tail. Had we only met the Earl it w<sup>d</sup>. have inspired his envy—in a britska myself and two daughters, Gwydyr riding very hard on the dicky, Millar the gardener mounted on a raw-boned grey colt, two urchins on ragged white shelties, the wild idiot, and a wee bairn selling nuts to those who chose to buy them.

I am so sleepy that I must conclude, fortunately *for you*. G. desires his kindest remembrances, and I remain y<sup>rs</sup>. sincerely,  
W. D. G.

It is at D. C. *we* hope to see you, and not here.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Sir WALTER SCOTT.

*Monday Night* [1825].

MY DEAR SIR WALTER,—How am I to thank you for your invaluable communications, or your kindness in calling twice? I have been always at home, but under the sickening influence of drugs, administered by my doctor for my head, which useful poison makes me so sick, &c., that I keep to my bedroom till late in the day. However, I am now quite well; and after to-morrow I shall endeavour to find you to thank you in person for your delicious notices.

In the MS. I sent there are more things transcribed than I intend to print. I wrote out "Kinor" and the "Walls of Derry" from a col. which Laing lent to me, because I know from my father that they were great favourites of Burns. He

altered the last into more shapes than one. Like you, I see no merit in "Kinor"; but I suppose that it reminded Burns of some of his own adventures. He also furnished "The Broom" to Johnstone; and it is surely a great point gained that you can remember more of a song the air of which is one of the most beautiful in our enchanting national music.

I should like much to have copies of the "Whippers of Coomslie,"<sup>1</sup> "Captain Ward," and "The Tod." I have a stall copy of "Captain Glen." The lady tempted by the deil I remember in spinning days in Annandale, and have a sort of *sketch*, from memory; but in this sett he gains his ends by a

"Little box  
With six golden openings, and seven silver locks."

The "Waes me"<sup>2</sup> would make a good drawing, and I intend to try it for your kind acceptance very shortly. The stanza at the beginning used to be sung in Annandale thus, which hath more bitterness in it:—

"Waes me that e'er I made your bed,  
Waes me that e'er I saw ye,  
For now ye've gotten my maidenhead,  
An' the *deil kens* what they ca' ye."

It would have made a good motto to Maturin's "Melmoth." "Peter Fleming" is surely very good. I remember it also among the country wenches, and am overjoyed to get it back again. The ballad about Lady Livingstone appears to be founded on a truth. Her fate is mentioned by Sir R. Gordon, only her mother, Lady Huntley, is made a queen, which it was natural enough in a Highland poet to do, for the Duenna Rodriguez says, "My husband thought himself as good a gentleman as the king, because he came from the mountains."

<sup>1</sup> For this and other ballads mentioned, see 'A Ballad Book,' by C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe—Appendix.

<sup>2</sup> See *ibid.*—Appendix.

I have lately got a part of a curious song—"Four drucken maidens down in the Nether Bow"—and hope soon to have the rest. But enough at present in the way of scribble. Excuse this scrap of paper, which is all I could find within my reach, and believe me, dear Sir Walter, in all gratitude, your ever devoted

C. K. S.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE TO A LADY.<sup>1</sup>

PRINCES ST., *Friday, Oct. 1825.*

MY DEAR MADAM,—The lowest hem of your garment being humbly saluted for your civility, I must tell you that I have been exceedingly ill since I last had the honour of addressing you by letter. I believe I endeavoured to agitate your feelings and render myself interesting in my last to you, by hinting something about gout. Well, madam, last Sunday night my head, not my foot, began to swell: after two days of much pain and disorder, imagine my cheeks almost concealing my nose, my mouth projecting half a mile, nay, my very ears swelling up like a donkey's—the whole mass a compound of black and purple—and then guess at my tribulation. A person arrived at my time of life may be allowed to know something of pain; alas! I understood nothing of the matter till last Sunday night. Well, to make a long, disgusting story short, I was boiled in scalding water till all my skin came off, and I am now better—but a good deal shaken, as they say of half-worried kittens. I shan't be myself again for a great while; and, what adds to my annoyance, I lost, during my illness, an old stone mantelpiece which was pulled down in

<sup>1</sup> A lady of rank, with whose family Mr Sharpe was intimately acquainted for many years, has most kindly allowed a selection to be made from over a hundred private letters of his in her possession, on condition that her name should not be published.

the Cowgate, with the date 1412 upon it. I got notice of it when I was ill, but I could then think of nothing but my own headpiece: it was broken into small fragments, and built into the new wall. This cuts far deeper than twenty old men's marriages.

I am much obliged to you for the offer of one of Sylvia's puppies; but in a town one can only indulge one's *penchant* that way by peeping into Princes St<sup>r</sup> and cultivating acquaintances at Piershill. This last pleasure I have of late denied myself, from the idea that I was too old to dine at messes with Cornets; but I intend to alter my plan, as I find my eyes make my very mornings dull—so I must have Orams and Huley Puleys to divert me. I was introduced to Col. Wildman the other day, whom I think a very pleasant person—*item*, I have seen a good deal of Col. Fitzclarence, whom all the world here deems an Adonis. He is perfectly well-bred, and very fond of Scottish antiquities; nevertheless, I cannot see his beauty. He strongly resembles his mother, who was certainly anything but handsome.

What a dull, swelled-cheek letter! Pray, dear madam, excuse my misfortune; besides, after all our heat, we are perishing with cold.

Resting, dear madam, your afflicted (with unhealthy head and Cowgate miseries), most obsequious slave, C. K. S.

Lady E. DALZELL<sup>1</sup> to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

ALBANY PLACE [DUMFRIES], October 18, 1825.

Permit me, my dr. sir, to return my sincere thanks for the trouble you have kindly taken with my beautiful seal, with which I am quite delighted, and think the workmanship

<sup>1</sup> Daughter of Alexander, Earl of Carnwath (under attainder). His sister Margaret was married to Sir Robert Grierson of Lag, who died 1839.

does very great honor to the artist, whoever he may be. I should be most ungratefull indeed were I to do anything to make a "hole in the peace of mind" of so kind a friend, and therefore accept of your offer with pleasure, and shall set an additional *value* on the bagatelle you have taken such a charge of.

A respectable old lady, has a portrait of Sir Wm. Wallace. She is far from being in affluence, and some person had told her the Antiquarian Society would perhaps give something handsome for it, as I believe they are scarcely to be met with now. I have been told it is like the original pictures, is about twelve inches by six, and done upon wood with China ink, I think, very nicely shaded and varnished. It has suffer'd (like the mortal remains of the original) from the *worms*, but only where there is no paint. There is a Latin inscription with his name, and "Miles Custos Regni Scotiae et Ductor Exercituum ejusdem sub Principe sere[<sup>1</sup>]s Johanne Baliolo." Do excuse me for troubling you with nonsense, but the subject of it caught my eye while it lay upon the sideboard, and I could not resist making mention of it. I have not a word of news from this barren spot. I wish I could be of any use to you; it would give me great pleasure. I sent your box to Lady D., by a safe opportunity last week. Miss K. is wonderfully stout again, and her house most comfortable.—Allow me the honor of subscribing myself, d<sup>r</sup>. sir, your sincerely obliged

ELIZ. DALZELL.

Lady E. DALZELL to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

ALBANY PLACE, November 18, 1825.

I have delayed acknowledging your kind letter, my d<sup>r</sup>. sir, till I heard what sort of reception the celebrated Miss F.

<sup>1</sup> Letter torn here.

met with,—not a hiss, not a groan, nor, as far as I can understand, a vestige of disapprobation annoyed the fair lady; all was peace and quietness. Who will not allow the Dumfriessians to be a most lenient set of people? I never was more amused than with your two anecdotes; the first was admirable, and literally *Diamond cut Diamond*. If I durst quote an old Scotch saying, it wd. be still more *appropriate if report says true*; but I am afraid you would accuse me of attempting *low wit*, so I shall allow the *culinary utensils* to rest in peace.

And now, dr. sir, with regard to the old Gen.,<sup>1</sup> be asured you should have been most wellcome to him, in behalf of your friend, without *fee* or *reward*; but having no convenient place in my small mansion to deposite the old gentleman in, I requested Wm. Grierson to give him house-room, and as he has a little spice of the antiquarian, I gave him the picture some time ago. Had the case been otherwise, believe me, you should have been most wellcome to dispose of him as you thought proper. It is a pity old Lagg could not be got to keep him company. I have always understood there was a flaw in his pedigree, but cannot rightly say what. I hope we shall see your sister soon. I believe this note will go with Mr Short, or perhaps Sir Ro. Grierson, who is called to Edinburgh, I believe, about the Carnwath business. Will you excuse this hurried scrawl? Miss K., I do assure you, gave me no trouble ab<sup>t</sup> the box, but my servant's father is here every week, and the opportunity was a safe one. She is quite well. I beg my best regards to Mrs S., &c. I am told by Miss Peggy Maxwell, Terraughty, that she looks very well. Adieu, my dr. sir.—Believe me, your much obliged E. D.

<sup>1</sup> Portrait of Sir Thomas Dalzell of Binns.

Lady E. DALZELL to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

ALBANY PLACE, 22d Decr. 1825.

MY DR. SIR,—Nothing but a pretty severe attack of indisposition has prevented me inclosing W<sup>m</sup>. Grierson's answer to my queries respecting the old General, and which I think the shortest way of explaining the business.<sup>1</sup> I cannot help sincerely regretting I had not known *your* wish sooner, though he *has* fallen into very good hands. I think it possible you may fall in with him—W. G.—somewhere, as he went with his wife to Ed<sup>r</sup>. the beginning of this week with an intention of awaiting the decision of Mrs Crichton's *disagreeable* business, which, I hear, does not go on in consequence

<sup>1</sup> ST MICHAEL STREET, 17th Decr. 1825.

MY DEAR AUNT,—I have such an affection for the old “Whig-killer” \*—General Dalzell—that no bribe would induce me to part with his picture, which (to say nothing of its own merits) was such a favourite of many of our dear friends who are now no more.

Altho' Mrs D. seems to have little taste for antiquity, and tho' family portraits are in general only valuable to those with whom their originals were connected, yet I could not bear to see any of these old daubs in the hands of strangers, after having been acquainted with them since I was a boy in my grandfather's house at Kirkmichael. Mr Charles Sharpe has too much love for the same sort of *fancy* himself to blame this feeling in me; and I hope you will say to him when you write, that if I could have made up my mind to have parted with the old General, there is no person's hands I should have wished to have seen him in in preference to his, as I know he would have been better taken care of, and placed among a more befitting rank of portraits w<sup>t</sup> him than I have it in my power to do. I regret that I have not a picture of my great-grandfather—Lag—who was of a similar *kidney*.

Jane and I go to Ed<sup>r</sup>. to-morrow, and we will be happy if we can execute any commission for you while we are there.—Believe me ever yours most affectionately,

WM. GRIERSON.

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\* “General Dalzell died with a glass of wine at his mouth. Had modern Whigs recorded this, they would have added, *perhaps*, while drinking the King's health.”  
—C. K. S.

of Lord Balgray's illness. I trust you will do me the justice to believe that nothing in my power has been left undone; but the gentleman is like yourself—an enthusiast in antiques, and I live in dread that he may shut *me* up in a glass case or some such vehicle one day or other. Miss K. has, I am sorry to say, been rather an invalid, but much better. I am not much up to scribbling to-day, so you must excuse this blunder'd scrawl.—Yours ever, with sincerity, E. D.

*P.S.*—Now, my dr. sir, I have taken a most *unwarrantable* liberty, which I trust you will excuse. The inclosed stone has been toss'd up and down in all corners, and perhaps might have choak'd some little meddling urchin one day or other. You said you knew a person whom you had, of course, obliged; and sh<sup>d</sup>. it be of any use for a seal or anything else, the size will admit of its being cut; if not, it is of little consequence. It is *litteraly* a Scotch comp<sup>t</sup>, as I have no earthly use for it; but I had not courage to send it untill I had consulted your sister, who becomes bound for my being pardoned. I am afraid of losing my oppor<sup>y</sup>, so once more *Vale*.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE<sup>1</sup> to the Hon. Miss AGNES  
ELPHINSTONE.

HONOURED MADAM,—When this my humble epistle cometh to your hands, I hope your Ladyship will not be seated on the chair of the scornful.

Madam, I make bold to acquaint you that I am a Presbyterian pastor and also a labourer in the vineyard of antiquity,

<sup>1</sup> “In the name of the Reverend Dr Jamieson.”—C. K. S. Dr Jamieson was an Antiburgher minister in Edinburgh, and was of considerable contemporary repute as a philologist. He is now chiefly remembered by his ‘Dictionary of the Scottish Language,’ and by editions of Blind Harry’s ‘Wallace,’ and Barbour’s ‘Bruce.’

and that I have given birth to 4 large 4to vols.,<sup>1</sup> which I would beg your honour to peruse when you find competent leisure; but in the mean season, I request leave humbly to state that I meditate the republication of Kelly's 'Scottish Proverbs,' and as you possess an antient copy of that rare book, I would in all Xtian humility presume to beg a loan thereof. What notes and observations your Ladyship may please to add will be thankfully received and gratefully acknowledged in a dedication addressed to yourself.

I was incited to this request by information from a certain gentleman already for many years known unto your honour—to wit, Mr C. K. S., who, I must needs say, is well worthy of your countenance and favour, for he is a grave, discreet, judicious brother, a respecer of the Presbyterian Kirk, and of all due constituted dignities, not given to chambering and wantonness, a hater of ale and beer, continent of tongue—yea, an eschewer of idle talking and jesting, which is not convenient.

Hem—hum—hash—hush—hoh—the cold I caught at a late christening (the caudle being strong) is somewhat oppressive.

Most honoured Miss, as a pastor, I would now presume to give unto you some ghostly advice as to your future studies, the affair of Master Kelly being, as it were, dispatched. I will not say that such books are improper for modest gentlewomen to peruse, as I confess that I read them myself; but I would fain very gently hint, insinuate, and enforce that the following works may prove a wholesome course of medicine after the onions and garlic of Egypt which this book of Scottish Proverbs containeth:—

'The Pilgrim's Progress,' Parts 1, 2, 3, 4; 'The Laird of Cool's Ghost,' with judicious notes and illustrations by Miss Betty Stewart of Coltness; Boston's 'Fourfold State;' 'A Cup of Cold Water for Suffering Saints;' 'My Lady Culross,

<sup>1</sup> Dictionary of the Scottish Language.

her Dream;’ ‘An Handful of Goat’s Hair to Strengthen the Mortar of the Temple;’ Peden’s ‘Prophecies;’ ‘The Life of Mas. Donald Cargill;’ and, finally, ‘The Devil’s Dealings with a dear Christian in Lanark, named Bessie Clarkson.’  
*Probatum est.*

Honoured Madam,—I fear you will incline to suppose that this humble petition cometh from some stickit dominie or mountebank preacher. Flesh is grass, and the wisest may wander—for lo! it is no such matter; and to convince your good honour of the verity of this mine assertion, I will subjoin a fragment of my oratory, which was of late pronounced to some true-blue brethren and sighing sisters in a friend’s conventicle in the Cowgate. The following passage came under my 78th head regarding the word Whig: *nota bene*, my text was, “The old men have eaten the grapes, and that hath set their children’s teeth on edge”—“Some preach up King and Church, I preach up great Mas. John Knox and the Solemn League and Covenant, for the whilk” (observe, madam, I speak Scotch in the Cowgate), “for the whilk I am called Whig; and some will say, Whence comes that word Whig, ane uncouth word? Whig, my friends, meaneth sour milk. And whence cometh sour milk? Ye that are wat nurses here will be saying, Sour milk comes from a broust of ill-brewed beer, or a fa’ in the fire when drunk, or a begunk, whan we have waited ane hour at een at the close mouth for some Captain frae the Castle to gie us a comfortable cuddle, the bairn being asleep wi’ a drap laudanum, and the mistress drinking tea at the provost’s. Na, na, na, beloved! nae sick thing ava! Sour milk comes frae the evil powers o’ the air. And wha is the Prince of the powers of the air? E’en the mickle deevil of hell—a crowned king, beloved! and, och-och-on, far ower sib to all the *crowned* kings in Christendom.”

Honoured Miss, I give you this as a *sey* of my pulpit

eloquence; and now, to conclude, I would warn your Ladyship of one thing—commune not in this case at all with a certain damsel who presently sojourns with you—a word unto the wise—yea, her Xtian name is Susanna—a bonny Gospel name, in truth, and derived from a lady who but little resembled the scabby countesses of her time—but I have no goo of that Susanna, and no elders of mine shall ever spier her price, were she even to wash herself in the gutter at our kirk-gavel; for she will relate unto you chronicles of one Dr Kemp and my Lady C., which are a sore stumbling-block in our path—yea, I must needs confess that mine own rib is somewhat addicted to jealousy. Like another Dalilah, she will fly at my Sunday's wig, and pass it through the fire to Moloch; and then, the showers of the river Jordan who can abide? But, alack-a-day! here she comes with a besom; so, fearing accidents, I conclude in haste, your Ladyship's ever most humble and devoted vassal, slave, petitioner, and bondsman,

The Rev. JEREMIAH JAMIESON,  
*Preacher of the Gospel according to John Knox.*

ASS WIND, EDIN.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Sir PATRICK WALKER of Dalry.

*Jan'y.* 1826.

DEAR SIR,—On my return the other day from the winter amusements at Duddingston Loch, after having my eyes shocked and my spirit moved by the sad spectacle of Salisbury Crags laid in ruins by ill taste and avarice, what was my additional horror and surprise, when, on approaching Holyroodhouse by St Anne's Yards, I perceived that the persons entrusted with the reparation of the Palace are swerving from the old plan of the building, as well as from the express

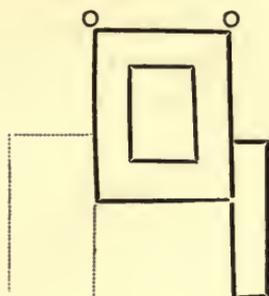
desires of his Majesty, and doing as much as possible to furnish the unfortunate inhabitants of this city—I say unfortunate, from a new infliction of a new taste which bears heavy on their prejudices and their purses—with another dire memento of Sir John Cutler and his old darned stockings!!<sup>1</sup>

Woe be to the hour when the Greeks first invaded Edinburgh, or rather the Goths in a strange disguise—the wolves in sheep's clothing! Along the top of the wall, on the back part of the Palace, these G.'s (take which word you please) have erected a sort of cornice (they probably may have some sonorous Greek term for this, but cornice will make me and my ignorance understood) which projects beyond and over the slates of the roof; and thus serves three very signal purposes. To deprive the building of its resemblance to the old French palaces, one of its most valuable attributes; of its resemblance to itself; and to defeat his Majesty's most laudable intention of restoring, not altering, the said venerable pile. The back part now already looks as if it had been transferred thither from the Mound or Murray Park, or like my Lady Vanburgh's architectural hoop petticoat, with too broad a top-band. On all the old palaces, where there are not balustrades, the roofs invariably project over the wall. Then why alter this? It may make it purer Greek, as we are told that Greek houses had no roofs at all—nay, perhaps (tho' I do not think so) a handsomer thing to look at; but then it is a *darn*, a botch, an alteration. The eyes of our kings and of our ancestors never saw that lumbering, unhappy cornice.

There has been another alteration, which, tho' of less importance, is remarkable enough. The plan of the architect who contrived Holyrood evidently was, that a building should

<sup>1</sup> "A pair of transmigrated stockings like those of Sir John Cutler, all green, without one thread of the original black silk left!"—Diary of Sir Walter Scott, Jan. 1, 1826.

project from the south side, and run parallel with the Chapel, thus:—



But the modern eik removes the possibility of ever completing Sir W. Bruce's intention.

I have now said my say, dear sir, according to your desire; and I will only add that I am ever yours most truly,

C. K. S.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Sir PATRICK WALKER of Dalry.

[1826.]

DEAR SIR,—I fear that you will think me very troublesome by this intrusion, but I rely on your good nature for an excuse. After a conversation with Mr H. D.<sup>1</sup> yesterday, respecting the garden in the North Loch, I am tempted so to trespass upon your time and patience. Some time since I spoke both to Mr Jardine and Mr Drummond respecting the old carved stone at Deanhaugh. Alas! the bust of Oliver was lost, at least to us; but I understand that a cart-load of other things has been procured. However, by far the most interesting stones are built into the walls of the town, and covered with ivy: these, consisting of medallions (if one may so speak of stone-work), were taken from the cross of Edin., and are really curious. It is probable that the tower will speedily be pulled down; but at all events, I daresay

<sup>1</sup> Henry Dundas.

Mr Raeburn, who is a very liberal-minded person, would allow these stones to be picked out of the building. There are also some niches and a holy-water cistern which would be most valuable acquisitions to the Well-house Tower. But the principal reason which made me trouble you with this is to invoke your speedy interposition as to the increase of that odious and never-enough-to-be-reviled "*midden*," which I do think will make the memory of its inventors "stink to all posterity." I am told that the Committee have the power of stopping the discharge of any more rubbish at this end; and I would fain interest you, dear sir, in a measure so salutary to one's eyes. Perhaps you have not looked down upon it from the windows of this part of Princes Street to be aware of its very unpicturesque shape, nor lately walked below, where the refuse is already too near the path. Were a stoppage to be put to the carting of rubbish now, and the sweep planted with evergreens—say Scottish firs—it would still have a very good effect; at all events, an *inch* gained from such a barbarous mass, the wonder and ludibry of every stranger, is a great point, I am told that the Town Council have a right to the upper part, and entertain no doubt that they will add to the nuisance as much as possible, for a hog hath still a warm heart to a dunghill; and besides, these people seem to lie under a sort of curse as to the point good taste with regard to Edin., which in sundry ways reminds one of those unfortunate Romans who, to please a vitiated gusto, had their skulls tapered in flower-pots, their backs bent, and loaded with humps, and their legs twisted and weakened, to totter under a mass of deformity.

As your good taste is so well known, I venture to make these remarks, for which I once more beg your indulgence, and rest, dear sir, yours very truly,

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

Lady GWYDYR to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MY DEAR MR SHARPE,—I have at last accomplished your object by representing to H. M. the barbarous attack now making upon Salisbury Craigs, and I assure you that WE could not have desired a more favourable result. The proper authorities are to be written to upon the subject, and since I left the R. Lodge I have received a letter from our enthusiastic countryman Strathavon, stating that Sir W. Knighton is the person appointed to inquire into the affair. In consequence, I have dispatched a letter to Sir William, imploring of him to lose no time in crying “St George to the rescue!” I only trust that the Craigs form part of the King’s Park, as I have advanced so far. Now to the picture. L<sup>y</sup>. Percy affronted me by calling it a copy, so I very quietly told the King ab<sup>t</sup> it, and L<sup>d</sup>. Gower. Ecarté makes a little society, but the Opera is so bad that I have some thoughts of withdrawing. Not a word of news of any kind, therefore I will release you.

Gwydyr desires his kind regards, and I remain very sin<sup>ly</sup>.  
y<sup>rs.</sup>,

W. D. G.

Jan. 31 [1826].

Sir WALTER SCOTT to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—You promised when I *displemished* this house that you would accept of the prints of Roman Antiquities, which I now send. I believe they were once in some esteem, though now so detestably smoked that they will only suit your suburban villa in the Cowgate when you remove to that classical residence. I also send a print which is an old favourite of mine, from the humourous correspondence between Mr Mountebank’s face and the monkey’s.

I leave town to-day, or to-morrow at farthest. When I return in May I shall be—

“Bachelor bluff, bachelor bluff,  
Hey for a heart that’s rugged and tough.”

I shall have a beefsteak and a bottle of wine of a Sunday, which I hope you will often take share of.—Being, with warm regard, my dear Charles, always yours,

WALTER SCOTT.

CASTLE STREET, *Sunday* [March 1826].

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Lady GWYDYR, London.

DEAR MADAM,—I should much sooner have troubled you with my best thanks for the honour of your last letter, and the excellent venison which you were so kind as to send me from Drummond Castle, had I not been watching the progress of an abomination at Holyroodhouse, which I intended to petition you about, had it proceeded as at first commenced. This was a huge heavy stone cornice, raised on the top of the old wall which forms the back part of the palace, in order to destroy the look of a French building, and the whole character of the court of K. Charles 2d, which the abbey possesses. At sight of this, I began to skirl up the first outcry, and was joined by Sir Patrick Walker and one or two more. So, after a world of writing and scolding, the Barons of Exchequer and the King’s wise architect have given way, and the cornice hath melted like snow off a dike. Had these stout worthies held out, I meant to have requested you to let his Majesty know what a hand they were making of his own mansion, expressly against his own oft-signified pleasure.

The news you are so good as to communicate about Salisbury Crags are most delightful, and I can assure you that these rocks are in the very centre of his Majesty’s park, and

its principal beauty. King James the 6th made the Haddington family hereditary rangers of said park, but he certainly never intended that they should make it a quarry, under the very windows of his own palace. I hear that Lord Binning is very violent, and valiant, as to the rights of his papa, and perhaps may influence Lord Melville; but if the King takes an interest in the matter, the thing is as good as done. And I think, dear madam, that by thus interposing to save these rough rocks, you have erected to yourself a much richer and nobler monument than could have even been fashioned by Phidias out of the purest Parian marble.

I have been very blind of late, but I have got a few horrors for your trash-book, which I don't know how to send.

This is called a very gay winter here. My Lady Provost is the first person singular, Lady Mary Murray the second. The beauty is a Miss Boothby, daughter to Sir William, with a very pretty face, but no figure. The ladies tell me that there is no Adonis, which is very affronting—only old men (*alias* old women), and boys like Thomas Thumb, with the legs of a starved spider. However, the spiders have contrived to climb pretty high, and weave some very wicked webs, so that two or three poor flies are ready to break their hearts at the orders for marching which have reached the Barracks. We have had one Fancy Ball, at which there was no Fancy, save a boxing-match after supper, when all the world was drunk; and are to have another, given by Lady Carmichael,<sup>1</sup> Lord Napier's sister, who also admits masks. I am going with a mother, as a young accomplished boarding-school miss, with a reticule full of talents in the way of cabbage-roses, caricatures of Lord Byron, sonnets to the moon and to recruiting officers, and songs which nobody should have the face to sing. I keep this a great secret, and I daresay some people will be angry, for I have got a packet of presents from my swains,

<sup>1</sup> Second wife of Sir Thomas Gibson-Carmichael, daughter of Francis, seventh Lord Napier; died 1862.

that I intend to distribute according to the taste of several ladies who will be there. Lady Frances Erskine<sup>1</sup> (who, by the way, thinks masquerading a deadly sin) is better off as to money matters than was expected, so I suppose she will be in no haste to dispose of her Vandyke, which, however, is no copy. Let those who say so go snuff their eyes!

The Exhibition here of modern portraits is most wonderful. It reminds me of the description of a witch in an old song—

“ Her hair it curled all like snakes,  
Her mouth stood all awry ;  
And where you thought to find a nose,  
Alas ! there stared an eye ! ”

But I have taken the liberty of pestering you with too much of my stuff; and so, begging my very best respects to Lord Gwydyr, I shall conclude, being ever, dear madam, your most obliged faithful servant.

I think you will be glad to know certainly that in about two years Sir Walter Scott's affairs will be well again. The blow was most cruel, but he and his family have borne it wonderfully.

93 PRINCES ST., EDIN., 5 March 1826.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to General CAMPBELL, Monzie.

. . . Dear General, what a quandary we are all in here about one-pound notes!<sup>2</sup> I am no politician, I confess, and *was* a Tory; but now your unworthy cousin hath become a decided Radical, which, on the whole, I hope will not make you renounce me, as I approach nearer in my notions to a

<sup>1</sup> Daughter of John Francis, thirteenth Earl of Mar, married W. J. Goodeve, Esq. of Clifton, and mother of Mr Goodeve Erskine, restored to the earldom of Mar, under special Act of Parliament, 1885.

<sup>2</sup> The proposal of Lord Liverpool's Ministry to withdraw from banks the power of issuing their own notes, which led to Scott's "Malachi Malagrowth" Letters.

distinguished personage in your pedigree, the Marquis of Argyll. The insult and abuse of this attempt are intolerable. One careth little about Boards and Jury Courts; but when people (I ever in my heart scorned them) touch upon our actual comforts, and now, as I think, national boasts, Job himself, though on his midden, must lose all patience. Oh for the Marquis! his bagpipes and broadswords would have scared them into their holes like foxes. My consolation is that the outcry is so universal that the point seems impossible to be carried, yet the affront can never be wiped off; and since the affair of Darien, which, to my wonder, Malachi hath not touched on, I do not remember anything acted by John to his sister Peg so barefaced, so impolitick, so base, and so very unnatural.

You will suspect from this that I am about to harangue the Cowgate roup wives, the only respectable body of Caledonians over whom I have any influence—and you may not be far wrong. Let those who vote for the measure come hither if they dare. Let them show their vile snouts within our ports at their peril. The slogan shall be “Captain Porteous.” And though we have lost our Unicorn’s gold chain, and have been wellnigh robbed of our double tressure, folks shall find to their cost that we have still plenty of good stout ropes in the Grassmarket. . . .

EDIN., 15 *March* 1826.

Lady E. DALZELL to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

ALBANY PLACE [DUMFRIES],  
30th *March* 1826.

Had I brains such as other people—viz., wise enough to be overturned—I verily believe, my dear sir, your kindness would do it effectually. I am not mistress of many professions by

words, but be assured, I feel most truly grateful for all your goodness, and every day more and more regret the old General<sup>1</sup> was disposed off before I knew your wishes. By the by, I see in an old magazine, 1791, a Miss Ann Dalzell Thomson married at St Christopher's to a Charles Thomson—could she have been anything to the old Gen.? I know there was one Dalzell, I think a son of Sir John's, went to that island, and, I believe, married some rich Thomson, whose children took that name. I never can find out particulars about the old General, farther than you explained. The family I mention are rich, and live in Cavendish Square, and had been making inquiries about our family; and, I believe, the son and daughter called on Mrs Henry Dalzell, but she was dangerously ill at that time, ab<sup>t</sup> four years ago, and I have heard nothing of them since. I have had a visit from Cap<sup>t</sup> Leslie, 60th, who has brought me a table-napkin from his mother, 122 years of age—one of a set she got from her grandfather, Sir John Dalzell of Glenæ. She was a Terregles Dalzell, and very fond of old stories, &c., &c. Her daughter, Mrs Fraser of Strichen, knew and esteemed your family much when in Ed<sup>r</sup> for the education of her son Lovat,<sup>2</sup> who is married to L<sup>d</sup>. Stafford's daughter, Miss Jerningham. I am quite in distress at parting with y<sup>r</sup> sister; but when a marriage's in the case, all other trifles must give place. I really love her, and I am no hypocrite when I say so. I dare not take the liberty of sending Sir William Wallace Wight, as the guisarts call him, to you; but as the old woman will not take him back, and prefers a warm linsy-woolsy dress I have given her, I have requested your sister to permit him to be her escort to Ed<sup>r</sup>. I hope the worms will not wander amongst her cloaths should she put him in her trunk.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Thomas Dalzell's portrait.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Lovat, K.T., born 1802, married Charlotte, daughter of the Earl of Stafford; died 1875.

Your account of the evening parties is admirable. If you knew how much pleasure and amusement I derive from your letters, my d<sup>r</sup>. sir, I hope you w<sup>d</sup>. not regret indulging me now and then—the oftener the more agreeable. I have just had a long visit from Lady Douglas, Mrs Johnstone, &c., &c. The two old ladies look wonderful, though L<sup>y</sup>. D. complains much of rheumatism, and Mrs J.'s memory is a good deal impaired. Your sister made me laugh heartily at the arrival of the wheelbarrow and the stone from the old chapel, where all the suicides repose. I have heard many frightful stories about appearances, &c., &c. It is a beautiful situation, and you who have such taste might make much improvement. I therefore wish you would come and examine the premises after the fancy ball is over. It is long since you have been in this country, and I am sure have many friends w<sup>d</sup>. be happy to see you—so do, my d<sup>r</sup>. sir, think seriously of it. I can assure you it w<sup>d</sup>. give *me* much pleasure. But I am running on at a most unmerciful rate, and your patience must be exhausted. I wish I had anything amusing to write you in the gossiping way. Gilbert Young is now an old benedict, so that subject is stale. They are taking up some of the causeway in Dumfries, and have made some discoveries—but I don't know what. I believe it was quite true that a quantity of gold was found in the Friars' Vennel some years ago, amidst the apparent ruins of a nunnery, as the appearance of cells or dormitorys denoted—the finder made rich, however, and left a rich widow. As your sister is not, or at least will not, by the time you get this, be here, will you let me know if I can be of the smallest use to you at any time. Altho' I am but a useless member of society with regard to moving about, I have some excellent A.-de-C.s, amongst whom your opponent anent the Old Man of War, W<sup>m</sup>. Grierson, I rank the most active. His time in Ed<sup>r</sup>. was taken up by the Parliament House business, and he had called almost nowhere. This is a real old woman's gossip, and I am ashamed to send it:

and were it not that writing is apt to give me a pain in my side, I w<sup>d</sup>. throw it in the fire and try another, and you must just do the *first*.—Believe me, with sincerity and true regard, d<sup>r</sup>. sir, your obliged friend,

E. D.

*P.S.*—W<sup>m</sup>. Grierson has been calling on Miss S.: he is going to try and get 'Amadis de Gaul.' Excuse very shabby paper.

Sir WALTER SCOTT to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I return you, with many thanks, your very curious manuscripts. That of Lady Waristoun shows the same spiritual quacks have wrought on all condemned criminals from generation to generation. What puzzles me is the escape of the murtherer. I think Birrell mentions his being broken on a wheel with the coulter of a plough. It might be at a later period.

The letters about Lovat are also very interesting. I wish you would write a life of Lovat. It would be very amusing, and have, I think, great success. He is a man everybody likes to hear about. You have seen, of course, his curious letter written when Johnie Cope was marching northward. It is *so* good that I suspected the authenticity; but on a *comparatio literarum* it was found authentic.

I send you a curious manuscript of Lady Margaret Cunningham. Pray copy it if you have a mind, and keep it as long as you like.—Yours truly,

W. SCOTT.

5 N. ST DAVID STREET, *Wednesday*.  
[About July 1826.]

Lord GREY OF GROBY<sup>1</sup> to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

DUNHAM MASSEY, KNUTSFORD,  
*July 21, 1826.*

DEAR MR SHARPE,—I do not know whether I should attempt to apologise for my silence, as it has saved you the trouble of perusing what I now offer to you, namely, a journal as dull as the late editions of 'John Bull' have been; for where except in a metropolis does one know any scandal, or what is passing among the leaders of fashion? Where to address you I am also ignorant; but as I consider there is a chance of your resurrection, I shall trust it may find you in your study in Princes St.

The West End of London was esteemed deficient of the attractions which demoiselles and their mammas (who are wishing to get rid of them) fancy essential to their happiness, forsooth!—routs and balls; but for our part, we found sufficient to entertain and amuse us, and such a satiety of warm air as deterred us from wishing for more invitations than we received. I saw few flirtations, and heard of as few probable alliances. The only thing that in that way caused any conversation was the flight of Lady Charlotte Osborne with Mr Sackville Fox, on which the Duchess (her mamma) of Leeds betook herself to bed, to pine and moan.

I believe the recollection of the one in Princes St. induced my *sposa* to add to her live-stock by bringing from town a grey parrot, who amused us the whole way down into Staffordshire with his various exclamations and sounds, and I may say his accomplishments are extensive. The young Margaret is extremely grown, and in excellent health, and, we hope,

<sup>1</sup> George Harry, Lord Grey of Groby, son of sixth Earl of Stamford, born 1802; married, in 1824, his cousin Catherine, daughter of the sixth Earl of Wemyss; called to the House of Lords in (1832) his father's lifetime as Lord Grey of Groby; died 1835.

will be able to converse tolerably fluently on your next meeting, when probably you may see another addition to our family. My wife desires me to tell you that the inestimable ring is always within her grasp. She ought to fulfil her promise of sending it to Salton; but as the two events will happen so nearly at the same period, she cannot trust it from her hands, but whenever you require it she will send it. Kitching, the jeweller, admired it, and sets a great value on it, calling it a toadstone, of which he never saw but one before, extracted from the head of that animal.

We made a *sejour* of about a fortnight at Enville, and this day week came here in order to prepare for a party of twenty-two who were invited to partake of the gaieties of races, balls, &c.; but we have, in consequence of the death of my father's eldest sister,<sup>1</sup> been compelled to give up having these visitors. We shall most probably remain stationary here, at least as to headquarters, till the middle of October, and then return to Enville for the winter.

Early next month I propose going, in my way to the moors, to Lancaster Assizes, to hear the trial of Mr Wakefield (for the abduction of Miss Turner), who will most likely get off, as it is conjectured they cannot bring anything criminal against him. The Stratford Place family, with the exception of poor Jane, who is but slowly recovering from a serious illness, have all been at Stanway, but are returned to London, and will remove into Scotland when she can travel.

A thousand *remerciements* for all your news, and amusement afforded by your letter. Excuse a scrawl I am ashamed of; and adding the regards of L<sup>d</sup>. Grey, believe me sincerely yours,

GREY.

I entreat you not to drop your correspondence.

<sup>1</sup> Henrietta, wife of Sir John Chetwode, Bart.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Sir WALTER SCOTT.

*Thursday Night.*

MY DEAR SIR WALTER,—I am happy to think that my key can be of any use to you. We have two in this house, so pray be in no haste to return it, as I have always one at hand.

The intelligence you are so good as to give me overjoys me. I never could believe anything else possible. As long as your valuable health is good, a fig for any other consideration.

I will wait upon you shortly, when I think I cannot be troublesome; in the meantime, I return the book you so kindly sent, with all due gratitude, the Committee having paid me the flattering compliment of sending me a copy some time ago. We have all had a cruel shock to-day by the unexpected intelligence of the death of my nephew, James Kirkpatrick, who was a very promising and amiable boy, the darling of his poor father. He was a midshipman, and died of a fever, very far from comfort and from his family. My nieces had come into Edin. with Sir Thomas to taste a little gaiety, to which they have not been much accustomed, so they have had a double blow, poor things, in this irrecoverable mischance.

With very best respects to Lady Scott and Miss Anne, I am, dear Sir Walter, your ever most obliged faithful slave,

C. K. S.

Sir WALTER SCOTT to C. KIRKPATRICK SHAPRE.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I have not neglected your hint, but have written to the Provost. *Valeat* (as they say) *quantum valere potest*. But I fear the rabid disposition to demolish whatever looks ancient is a passion too strongly planted in

the breast of all corporate bodies to be combated by any arguments of mine. I have been here for these two days—a little down-hearted when I think of the friends I have been happy with in this fine castle, but glad to have a quiet ride round the princely demesnes, where about 1200 acres of plantations are speedily repairing the devastations of old Q. If Drumlanrig has not quite recovered her gown of green, she has at least got a sleeve of it, and makes a very different show from this time eleven years, when I first knew her. The Duke is shooting up into a fine youth, and keeps his natural benignity and good humour. His tutor is a grandson of old Blakeney,<sup>1</sup> a layman, which I think a grand advantage, and has seen much of the world. There is a chest here of first Duke's<sup>2</sup> letters, catalogued and in order: those of the Duke of York<sup>3</sup> should be curious. How you would luxuriate among them! The old flower-gardens are restored in good stile, with all their alleys and copartments, but much remains to be done. It will take £50,000 to do all that should be done in restoring the place to its pristine splendour, but the Duke (first of his race that it could be said of) will have that and more to bestow without imprudence.

So much for a Lord of Land. I should be in the way of thriving, for I also paid my respects of late to a Lady of Ingots, Mrs Coutts,<sup>4</sup> whom I knew of old, and who has always been kind and civil to me. I suppose she is now blazing on the Edinburgh horizon, with a train of seven domestics, besides a companion and a doctor. If she comes to Abbotsford as she proposes, I must tip her Goneril, and abate her train. She is herself a good-humoured laughter-loving dame, and seems to have no reason to regret the time

<sup>1</sup> General Blakeney, Governor of Stirling Castle in 1745.

<sup>2</sup> Of Queensberry.

<sup>3</sup> Afterwards James II.

<sup>4</sup> Widow of Mr Coutts the banker, formerly Miss Mellon the actress; married in 1827 to the ninth Duke of St Albans.

when *Cantavit vacua*, her spirits being very good, though she can make thread-papers of bank-notes.

I hope I shall hear the Melodies of the M——’s, which, according to your description, must be rather formidable. The hot weather has produced a general plague of wasps.

“We ne’er breakfast, dine, nor sup,  
Waspies come and eat all up,  
Tink a tink, a ting, &c.”

By the way, I have some bundles of ballads unbound, and one or two bound volumes, which you have not seen. Shall I send them on for you? I fear there are many duplicates in the unbound collection. The catalogue of my books gets on, and I find much convenience in having the assistance of an amanuensis, *Scopulis surdior Icaris*, so that he minds his own business, and is disturbed by no other person’s proceedings. Adieu—health and fraternity. WALTER SCOTT.

DRUMLANRIG, August 29 [1826].

I shall be at home to-morrow, *via* Gray-mare’s-tail.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to the EDITOR of the ‘Edinburgh Observer.’

*Projected Improvements.*

“Delenda est Carthago.”

[1826.]

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

the plans are calculated to meet the difficulties of the most fastidious" (p. 9), yet I can assure them and the public that very many of their fellow-citizens are of a different way of thinking, and that I have had the honour of knowing several persons of distinguished genius, not connected with Edinburgh, who deem all such encroachments little short of downright Vandalism. I need only mention the name of Mr Westmacott, whose judgment in such matters few will venture to dispute. In the new plan as to the Castle, there is, should it be carried through, one thing particularly lamentable,—that by much the most picturesque side of the fortress must suffer in the common calamity. The projected cut will make it appear considerably lower, and destroy the whole grandeur of the southern part. To be sure, we shall have coal-carts and dung-carts to enliven it, and the continual smoke from the houses one storey above the road, which may conceal much of the mischief. Yet still, Mr Editor, it is a circumstance to be deplored. "In life's last scene what prodigies surprise!" Though I have lived to see, in the course of forty years, the old town lose much of its primitive features, from unavoidable decay, from the rage for *improvement*, and the little less destructive element of fire; tho' I have beheld Salisbury Craigs irretrievably injured, and the Calton Hill utterly destroyed, yet never did I expect to witness such a bold attack as this upon the rock and Castle of Edinburgh. Surely our city projectors have forgot the adage of Drummond of Hawthornden, which should be remembered for more reasons than one: "Les murailles et les fortresses sont au Roy personne, ne peut abuser de son bien au prejudice de son souveraine." "The Castle," say the committee, "is *thrown open to view* in many points, and is improved in every point. In particular, it is thrown open to view throughout the whole line of the High Street, from which for *ages it has been concealed*; and if no other *good arose than this* from the scheme, it would be entitled to the regard of the city."

Now, Mr Editor, the committee seem to have forgot that our castles were originally erected for defence; so they became, as one may say, the nest-eggs of towns, and houses were built as near to them as possible, forming by degrees streets and closes. Consequently the buildings on the Castle Hill were the commencement of the city; and as it is not evident that they ever stood much farther apart than they do at present, the High Street never saw the Castle at all, which might have been a pity formerly, but is of no great import now; for, cut as the committee advises, the High Street will only see a big-bellied bulwark, and other buildings devoid both of interest and beauty. The committee profess that no house of any celebrity is to be demolished for these alterations, forgetting, it would appear, that memorable mansion on the north side of the Castle Hill, which belonged to Queen Marie of Lorraine, mother to our unfortunate Marie, and in her minority Regent of Scotland,—a building probably one of the most ancient, certainly one of the most interesting, in Edinburgh. In truth, it would be very eligible to purchase this curious house by means of a public subscription, in which, I believe, there would be little difficulty, and carefully preserve it as a relic of times gone by. Mr Westmacott was decidedly of this opinion, and made an admirable sketch of it when here. I must add, that the committee seem strangely mistaken also as to the *pecuniary* value of the buildings on the north side of the hill; for I positively know that two storeys of that old property were some time since sold for almost as much as they affirm would purchase the whole. At p. 24 of their report the committee tell us, "An assessment, therefore, for such purposes is *just one* of the penalties which the inhabitants pay for their rugged and picturesque locality." Their rugged and picturesque locality! Certainly, Mr Editor, the committee are pleased to be facetious. After the havoc displayed on the Calton, and the proposal as to the Castle Hill, to talk of preserving rugged and picturesque localities! At

present I will only trouble you with one remark more, and that is respecting the lowering of the High Street. If this expensive measure be rendered necessary, owing to the awkward position of the County Rooms, why should not the Rooms themselves be pulled down, and thus Mahomet go to the mountain? It is not very probable that the warmest admirers of modern architecture will much regret the destruction of a fabric which the Commissioners seem to have thrust down into a sort of *potato-hole*, purposely for the sake of concealment; and so odd a figure does it cut there, that it must ever remind one of Dean Swift's witty poem on the Parthenon near Castlenock:

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

—I am, sir, your most humble servant,

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

An admirable piece of caustic irony, found among Mr Sharpe's papers on this subject, may be appended to this letter:—

"Eiks for a new Act for improving and embellishing the town of Edinburgh—the inhabitants to be cessed therefor according to the will and pleasure of the Magistrates. For painting pure white the whole of the Castle rock, which will not only beautify the same, but from the reflection of the sunbeams be of great advantage to the oculists of the town, as it will occasion a decay of sight in the inhabitants; *item*, it will be of infinite advantage to the perfumers (this becomes of beautifying also), as it will give a salutary hint to the older

ladies of the city as to the use of Pearl powder and other applications well known to be of advantage to a weather-beaten complexion.

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

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

“That, as it is a great point to direct the admiration of

strangers to our modern improvements, the said strangers being too apt to inquire after objects of curiosity in the Old Town, and thus totally neglect the extraordinary beauties of the new, the following places are to be destroyed, and Grecian houses erected on their sites: The oldest part of Holyrood House, containing Queen Marie's apartments; the Regent Murray's house in the Canongate, John Knox's House at the Netherbow, the Mint and French Ambassador's house in the Cowgate, Queensberrie House, Tweedale House, &c. &c.; these to be demolished and rebuilt according to the prevalent taste, the Act providentially including other houses which are principally sought after, as the Queen Regent's house of the Castle Hill, the West Bow, &c., &c.

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

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

writes Robert Henryson—MS., p. 23."

Lord STRATHAVON to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MY DEAR SIR,—Altho' I had not answered your letter, believe me I had not been unmindful of, or inattentive to, the preservation of "*Auld Reekie*," no one of her sons being a more enthusiastic admirer of her charms than your h<sup>ble</sup>. ser<sup>t</sup>. Previous to your note, received this morning, enclosing the letter which appeared in the 'Observer,' I had applied to the same great authority who put a stop to the sacrilegious attack on the Salisbury Craigs last year, and received assurances that the affair should be examined; I have, moreover, forwarded y<sup>r</sup>. note and extract from 'Observer' this day to the same person, and hope it will have the desired effect. Congratulating myself that this national question has renewed our suspended intercourse, and hoping next summer to do so in person, I am always y<sup>rs</sup>. most sincerely, STRATHAVON.

ROYAL LODGE, WINDSOR, *Nov.* 19 [1826].

The MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

WESTHILL, *Nov.* 24, 1826.

I have much to thank you for in your letter, my dear Mr Sharpe, and particularly for an opportunity of making my etchings of some satisfaction to myself in being of any use to you in the way you mention, which I hope they will be in effecting the exchange and putting you in possession of Malusina. I went to town yest<sup>y</sup>. m<sup>s</sup>. and took out one of the copies, and directed that it sh<sup>d</sup>. be put in a box with the two lithographs of Chenonceaux (built for Diane de Poitiers, and drawn on the spot by L<sup>r</sup>. E. Belgrave<sup>1</sup>), and of the view of St Germain, which fronts the street in the town as you go

<sup>1</sup> The Marchioness's daughter, afterwards Marchioness of Westminster.

up to the chateau, and is exactly as it was when James II. resided there. As the Scotch M.P.'s do not now travel in post-chaises, and I shall probably have no opportunity of sending this box in that way, I have directed that it sh<sup>d</sup>. go by the waggon, a dear but safe conveyance; and when the governess at Clev<sup>d</sup>. House, who has the charge of it, lets me know when and where it will arrive at Edin<sup>r</sup>. I shall write to inform you, that you may inquire after it.

I beg you to accept of my thanks for Lord Dundee,<sup>1</sup> who I shall expect with impatience. I recollect with much pleasure the two days I passed at Edin<sup>r</sup>. and I have also to thank you for the four Scotch views, which are now on the table before me. We made out our journey very successfully, and after passing a month at Trentham settled ourselves here for the winter about a fortnight ago, before those easterly winds came on which have given you your swelled cheek—one of the most unsatisfactory of complaints, as there is no remedy but time and patience, with perhaps the assistance of a few *loch leeches* and a blister behind one's lug—for I like to attack these maladies with spirit, and even am accused of having my teeth taken out very wantonly when I suspect them to be in fault; and I well remember the influence of those easterly winds and *haars*,<sup>2</sup> which we have at this moment here. What you observe of the marriage in question when I saw you, and since completed, is strictly true, and I agree in all you say, and that it is *well* and *fortunate* it is so. She has a remarkable tact and knowledge of the world, and I think will be of service to him in those respects, and I trust it will do well. I have not heard of them since it took place. It came in the very nick of time to relieve her from a situation which for some time had not been a very comfortable one, and was really a happiness to all concerned in her welfare.

<sup>1</sup> Letters of John Grahame of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, published by the Bannatyne Club.

<sup>2</sup> Thick damp fogs from the German Ocean.

The Winton manuscript<sup>1</sup> appears very tempting to publish, and I sh<sup>d</sup>. think w<sup>d</sup>. admit of many historical notes. I wish you w<sup>d</sup>. see what the expense of printing it w<sup>d</sup>. be, and let me know if it w<sup>d</sup>. not be ruinous; and I sh<sup>d</sup>. particularly wish that you c<sup>d</sup>. arrange matters so in it, if it is done, as to have the profit as much as possible for the *editor*, instead of making a present of it to the bookseller. If it is an entertaining book—which I sh<sup>d</sup>. think it must be, or at least c<sup>d</sup>. be made by notes and anecdotes—it need not be printed in a very fine or expensive manner, and being cheaper w<sup>d</sup>. of course have a greater sale. We were so lucky as to have Sir W<sup>r</sup>. Scott here for a day, and were glad to see him look well, and though perfectly unaltered by his successes yet enjoying the satisfaction they must have given him. I talked to him of the Rosslyn MSS., and he said he could assist you with parts of it he had copied out; but he seemed to think there w<sup>d</sup>. not be much sale for it, and the objections you mention are besides conclusive. The Winton History also would convey more general subjects of interest probably in Scottish history. I will not fail to mention the subject of the projected Castle-hill alterations when I think it may be of use.

Pray let me hear from you soon again, and I shall like to hear that you are already possessed of *Melusina* from the faith of the arrival of the waggon.—Believe me ever most truly yours,  
E. S. STAFFORD.

‘The Last of the Lairds’<sup>2</sup> and his society are very disagreeable people but exceedingly well described.

Lord STRATHAVON to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

ROYAL LODGE, Decr. 28, 1826.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am sure every lover of his country ought to be obliged to you for your care of the good “Old Town,”

<sup>1</sup> Published by Mr Sharpe, 1830.

<sup>2</sup> A novel by John Galt.

and as far as my humble efforts can avail, they will always be exerted in the good cause. You mention one person in your last letter, who, perhaps I need not tell you (but should you not know it pray do not mention my *name*), is all-powerful in everything regarding Scotland, and I think I may say very little is done with<sup>t</sup> his knowledge or concurrence. I mean Sir Walter Scott. Surely was he made acquainted with the circumstances he would interest himself in the event. I look forward to the arrival of the volume of L<sup>d</sup>. Dundee's letters which you mention with the greatest impatience, and return you my most sincere thanks for it.— Believe me always yours most sincerely,

STRATHAVON.

Lady GWYDYR to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

DEAR MR SHARPE,—I flatter myself that my long silence has surprised you, as you must have supposed that old friendship, as well as old attachments, now called prejudices, in favor of rocks, battlements, and times bygone, were all forgotten; but to prove the reverse, I am going to be very old-fashioned, and wish you a good New Year, and many happy returns, wh. I do most sincerely. I am truly sorry to find that you suffer so horridly. Have you a vapour-bath in Edin<sup>r</sup>? Mahomed has performed wonderful cures here. Do inquire ab<sup>t</sup> his plan, as it may be of use to you. I have now to thank you a thousand times for your kindness ab<sup>t</sup> Dundee. He is quite a cavalier after my own heart.

Now to business. Y<sup>r</sup> letters agonized me. I dared not send the part that was of consequence to Sir W<sup>m</sup>.<sup>1</sup> as, unfortunately, L<sup>d</sup>. S.<sup>2</sup> was mixed up in it; and had I been suspected of carrying on anything ab<sup>t</sup> the Castle except thro' him, we were lost. After compiling and writing various let-

<sup>1</sup> Sir William Knighton.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Strathavon.

ters, by the advice of G.,<sup>1</sup> Flahault, and L<sup>y</sup>. K.,<sup>2</sup> I sent y<sup>r</sup>. scrawl of the Castle (wh. I c<sup>d</sup>. not bear to part with), with part of y<sup>r</sup>. letter ab<sup>t</sup>. “the vile thoroughfare thro’ H.M.’s *own* property,” as if my own writing; and I most sincerely hope we shall rescue the Maiden from the violence she apprehends from the attack of the Burgesses. I likewise must tell you that I was advised to wait for an interview of the K., as we have been in daily expectation of his arrival. The state of the excellent Duke of York became so hopeless that I then made up my mind to write to Sir W. Pray tell Sir Walter from me that he is all-powerful, and if he makes a vigorous attack he may save the Castle. I attacked the Bathursts. I met with sympathy, but no aid. Gwydyr will do all he can in Parl<sup>t</sup>. My temper is not proof against the *march of intellect*—*alias* the “Rogue’s March”—now so much in vogue.

It is out of my power to give you any news. I declined *all* dinners here, and, except once going to the Bathursts and once to the Levens in the eve<sup>s</sup>. we pass every night at Flahault’s, where *écarté*, whist, and music divide our time. There is an immense party at Chatsworth—Belfast,<sup>3</sup> if *she* is well enough to go, F. Levesons, Dawsons, and Cliffords. L<sup>y</sup>. Cowper is going to have a gathering at Panshanger, where we may go for a day or two—Middleton and Hatfield I have declined.

L<sup>d</sup>. Downshire is in a fuss at a Mr Hutchinson<sup>4</sup> calling himself Earl of Stirling, wh. he claims thro’ a female. If a female title, she is *the Earl*, or rather C<sup>ss</sup>. I s<sup>d</sup>. think it is hardly worth her while to take notice of it.

The beautiful D<sup>ss</sup>. de Guich has reached Genoa in a

<sup>1</sup> Lord Gwydyr.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Keith.

<sup>3</sup> Lady Harriet Chichester, daughter of the Earl of Glengall, afterwards Marchioness of Donegal.

<sup>4</sup> Not Hutchinson, but Humphreys. This was the first appearance of Mr Humphreys, the claimant of the Stirling peerage, who was afterwards tried before the High Court of Justiciary for forging documents in support of his claim, but acquitted on a verdict of “not proven.”

wretched state of health ; and L<sup>d</sup>. Fred. Bentinck is so ill he is obliged to be carried up and down stairs. I forgot to mention Sir W<sup>r</sup>. has sent me no answer. *You* were wise in writing to Strathavon ; his wife is to be confined in April.

Do let me hear all ab<sup>t</sup> the Castle.

The lovely L<sup>y</sup>. A. Murray <sup>1</sup> is displayed every day at her bay-window ; and as the band of y<sup>r</sup>. 8 Hussars plays very often for her, you may believe there is a pretty number of gazers. Her health is in such a state that it is wonderful she exists—20 spasms in a day, the use of her limbs gone, and still she is beautiful, and delighted to see people. I do not go, never having known her ; but everybody is admitted. L<sup>y</sup>. Keith has again had a return of pain, but now I think she appears better.

Flahault went for a few days to Woburn with his most entertaining friend, Montroud. On Sat. they follow us to town, and on Sunday they—that is, L. and L<sup>y</sup>. Keith—start for Woburn, with Montroud.

Gwydyr begs his kind regards to you ; and I remain, dear Mr Sharpe, yours sincerely,

W. D. G.

[BRIGHTON], Jan. 1, 1827.

#### Lady GWYDYR to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

Huzza ! A rescue ! The Castle is saved. My answer arrived yesterday ; but I am desired to keep *it private*, from what motive I cannot divine. But, dear Mr Sharpe, let us not blab ; probably *he* does not wish to appear in those matters. I met Sir Geo. Clerk,<sup>2</sup> who told me that L<sup>d</sup>. Melville had arrived here yesterday, and that the improvements had received checkmate, as the Duke of Wellington w<sup>d</sup>. not hear of

<sup>1</sup> Daughter of the Earl of Dunmore ; married to H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex ; died 1830.

<sup>2</sup> Of Pennycuik.

them. But the King, in fact, had expressed himself so decidedly on the subject that it could not be done; his admiration for Edin<sup>r</sup>. is so great that H. M. is determin'd to make the city his peculiar care. I am delighted. I c<sup>d</sup>. not get a frank yesterday, wh. prevented my writing to you. Mrs Canning is come. Y<sup>r</sup>. old friend, W. Burrell, has been very ill for weeks, in consequence of a blow on the head given him by a favourite horse; but now he is well enough to go out. L<sup>y</sup>. Mary B—— is here; she certainly is very pretty. Her marriage is settled to W. Ashley, L<sup>d</sup>. Shaftesbury's son; but it cannot take place till she comes of age and can touch her £50,000, as she will not ask her brother's consent, without wh. she must not marry under age. He is in disgrace for having made a honest woman of Mrs Johnson. I trust y<sup>r</sup>. health improves; pray take care of yourself. I rejoice to say my friend return'd me y<sup>r</sup>. scrawl of Edin<sup>r</sup>. Castle.—Y<sup>rs</sup>. very sincerely,

W. D. G.

[BRIGHTON], *Wed.* [Jan. 3, 1827.]

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

DEAR SHARPE,—I this day saw by accident in a newspaper an adv<sup>t</sup>. of a sale of coins (Patr. Meiklejohn's) on Tuesday, 9 Fe., at sale-rooms, Hanover Sq. Now of the nature of the collection I am ignorant, being sans catalogue, sans knowledge of the umquhile collector, and sans everything save brief adv<sup>t</sup>. I wd. not inflict on you the penalties and durance of a sale-room, but if the collection include such articles, I wd. wish, thro' some agent<sup>1</sup> of yr. choice, to get two or three Scottish pieces. I have odd coins, tracts, and poetry

<sup>1</sup> I recollect Mr Laing had a younger son, a fine lad with somewhat a metallic turn. I promised him some Roman coins, which were never sent; is he still a collector?—R. S.

relative to that corner of his Majy<sup>s</sup> dominions, in wh. I have always felt a peculiar interest.

As there is nothing so relieving to a person acting by deputy as being specific, I wd. give for fair gold St<sup>t</sup>. Andrew of Robert or James, £2, 2s. each or either, or £2, 11s. 6d. if very fine. For Mary with the head, or silver testoon, or else, 30s., or if fine, £2, 2s. Her gold with the head is extra rare and may fetch much; if fine, I wd. extend to £4, 4s. Other matters I will not press. With bonnet-pieces I am provided; but have no obj<sup>n</sup>. to throw a pound or so forth on odd Scotch silver of any sort—all this in perfect ignorance of Mr Meiklejohn's acquisitions.

I trust to send you a 4th vol., final,<sup>1</sup> if we live twelve months longer; and whether there be Roberts and Marys, Lyons and Royals, or no, shall be glad to hear of you—to see you at Mainsforth I despair.

I write in haste on a bookseller's desk, and can only add, if Sr W. Scott is in Edinb., make my remembrances.—Believe me yrs. most truly,

R. SURTEES.

DURHAM, *Jany.* 8, 1827.

If money shd. happily be wanted for the purposes described, draw on me at Mess<sup>rs</sup> Backhouse, bankers, Durham, and it will be paid forthwith.

I just read in the lives of the Norths that the folks were fond of parading and being seen so doing in York Minster and Durham Abbey (just as we know they did in Paul's). Is there any trace of such usage as to religious places in Scotland?—but indeed they must have haunted ruined abbies since Knox's time.

Though you released my vow, Nevill's Cross is coming on, and I wd. willingly connect you with the Kirkpatrick if it may be.

<sup>1</sup> Of the History of Durham.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

27 LOWER BELGRAVE PLACE,  
29th Janr. 1827.

DEAR SIR,—Your kind letter gave me great pleasure ; it was so old, and yet so new ; so serious, and yet so mirthful ; so full of anecdote and criticism and poetic antiquarianism, that I read it, and read it, and must read it I find again. *Your* friend, old Sir Robert,<sup>1</sup> must now be *mine* : he was indeed a capital knight. The anecdote which you relate of him gives me a new light to look at his character by, and I think the memory of such a man should rather be steeped in balm than dipped in vinegar ; he was worth a whole hillside of Cameronians.

I am very glad that you are pleased with some of my old Scottish characters in 'Paul Jones.'<sup>2</sup> My chief wish was to stamp something like a poetical image of the world at the time of my story, and I endeavoured to be just to human nature. An accurate cast or fac-simile was not what I aimed at ; and while there are many who, like yourself, think me successful, I cannot disguise it from myself that others think I have failed. On the whole, the romance has done well here, and I hear of no one who thinks it has diminished the little fame which I had obtained by my verses.

I have seen the Paul Jones which you describe, with a print of the pirate blowing the brains out of his lieut. I lament that all our rustic stories are out of circulation—that Jack the Giant-killer—Lothian Tam—the Laird of Cool's Ghost—John Cheap the Chapman—Paddy from Cork—the Wise Men of Gotham, &c., &c., together with many curious ballads and rhymed legends, have given place to newspapers which stir up man against man and diffuse his personal, politi-

<sup>1</sup> Grierson of Lag.

<sup>2</sup> A novel by Allan Cunningham.

cal, and literary spite over the wide world. Jack the Giant-killer was a great favourite of mine: I can repeat much of it yet. I thought when a boy how conclusive and heroic the answer of the Giant-cousin of Jack, "Am not I a giant with three heads, who can fight five hundred men in armour, and make them fly like chaff before the wind?"

I have got you the Apollo seal, and will send it by my friend Mr Boyd or some sure hand. It is beautifully executed, and if you add your initials—or crest rather—you will have a perfect seal.

You have flattered me much by offering me a frontispiece to my next work. Alas! you were not aware that my next work is a romance of Sir Michael Scott the renowned, and that your generosity has probably involved you in the difficulty of conjuring up the wizard to sit for his portrait. I am willing, however, to release you from your promise, as I have another work in contemplation, for which I shall gladly avail myself of your services.

What say you to the following letter, copied from a memorandum-book belonging to the Cameronians of the South of Scotland? The MS., a very curious morsel, is in my hands, and is chiefly filled with the Resolutions of the Meetings of the Nithsdale and Clydesdale Cameronians from 1693 till 1756, in all, upwards of two hundred pages.

"The coppie of a letter from y<sup>e</sup> G. M.<sup>1</sup> to John Kirkpatrick, Barbrugh-head, in Closeburn."

"Mr Kirkpatrick, we having rec<sup>d</sup>. information from our friends in Nithsdale, how you retaining your old malignancy and enmity ag<sup>t</sup>. y<sup>e</sup> people of God, having in pursuance y<sup>r</sup>. of, [thereof], adventured to run the risk of meddling with the monument of y<sup>e</sup> dead, demolishing and breaking y<sup>e</sup> gravestone of a sufferer for the cause of Christ, which is highly criminal in y<sup>e</sup> eye of y<sup>e</sup> law, and is more than your neck is worth, and deserves

<sup>1</sup> General Meeting.

just severity, as bringing to remembrance your old hatred and the hand you had in his sufferings ; and now you seem to be longing for a visit for your old murdering actions, which, if you would evite, we straitly charge and command you upon your peril to repair y<sup>t</sup> stone by laying one upon the grave fully as good as the former, with the same precise motto, as well engraven, and y<sup>t</sup> you perform the work with all expedition ; and if it be not done ag<sup>t</sup> May-day first, which is a sufficient time, we promise to pay you a visit, perhaps to your cost, and if you oblige us thereto, assure yourself that your old deeds will be remembered to purpose, which to assure you off, we have ordered this to be written in presence of our Corr. at Crawford John, March 1, 1714, and subscribed in our name by Ihon Clark, cls.”

I know not what effect this characteristic epistle had on the gudeman of the Barbrugh-head ; there’s no allusion afterwards respecting it. I have another MS. vol. of the same Cameronians for the same period of time, containing sessional matters, admonitions, and rebukes, &c.,—a very singular document.

It will give me particular pleasure to hear from you whenever you like to write.—I remain, dear sir, your very faithful obliged serv<sup>t</sup>.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Sir WALTER SCOTT to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I am truly sorry for your family disaster,<sup>1</sup> but as we live on, we survive those we have most reluctance to part with. I am very sorry for Mrs Sharpe ; but age has its melancholy privileges, and sometimes feels such blows less severely than could have been anticipated. I have been very unwell myself, contrary to my use and wont. A

<sup>1</sup> Death of James Kirkpatrick.

bad rheumatism has fixed on the knee of my bettermost leg, and threatens to make a *chairman* of me altogether. I crawl about in spite of pain, which is sometimes great; but if I can beat to windward till the mild weather comes, I hope I shall regain all my wonted activity. Meantime, patience, cousin, and shuffle the cards. Pray oblige me by keeping the manuscript which you think well written. I will ask you an equivalent favour one of these days. I have picked up a curious book, Petrie on good breeding, which I think of *Bannatyning*. It is *sans pris*. I will send it you one of these days.

—Yours truly, W. SCOTT.

WALKER STREET, }  
16 February [1827]. }

I have much to say about the subject of your correspondence, and how I have shot my fool's bolt. We get Sir W. Arbuthnot, who, it may be hoped, will have some sense.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[1827.]

MY DEAR SIR WALTER,—With many thanks I return your curious vol., which has delighted me extremely. I never saw or heard of it before.

I hope that you will reprint it, and am overjoyed at my own good fortune in being, by a rare chance, able to be of some use to you in this affair; for lo! here are the two very books which the accomplished Mr Petrie quotes in his preface, which will save you the trouble of rummaging for trash, which, after all, one sometimes never finds. The French treatise on civility you will think very entertaining, so whether you print Mr P. or not, be in no hurry to return it, until you have taken the pains to read it: for M. the Abbé, I remember twenty years ago I thought him very dull. I also send a *Glasgow* 'Academy of Compliments,' in case you

should say anything about such matters in your preface. It is not the same with an English one which I have.

In Mr P.'s book I observe an erasure at p. 81. I think the words rubbed out are "and their ladies." I have begun a frontispiece which you shall have next week. If you don't like it, throw it into the fire.

I send the impressions of Pass's counters, which you were so kind as to say you would accept of. They are much worn, so I have had only six impressions thrown off, and will suffer no more. Ergo, if you know any collector of rare nonsense, these may be an acceptable present for him, should you not care for them yourself.

I am, with eternal gratitude and every good wish, your  
slave,  
C. K. S.

What you were pleased to call in one of your notes "a fool's bolt," was anything but the javelin of Priam. I think that other people may now repent that they have shot their genuine fool bolts at the Castle of Edin.

Lord GREY of GROBY to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MY DEAR MR SHARPE,—A temporary relaxation from the daily use of my goose-quill enables me to lay the tribute of my gratitude at your feet for your good wishes touching the birth of my son.<sup>1</sup> I am willing to give your ring due credit for its efficacious qualities; and I hope if ever again its services should be required, it may do itself equal justice. Still I would wish to add one more virtue to those it already possesses—a minor one in point of ease of acquirement to its other ones—viz., the power of restoring ladies to robust

<sup>1</sup> Harry George Grey; succeeded his grandfather as Earl of Stamford and Warrington 1845; died 1883.

strength. This necessary restoration is now all my *sposa cara* requires ; and while this rheumatic wind rules the days, alas ! she dare not put even the hem of her garment from the door. The addition to our family is like all other healthy children, he feeds grossly, and, when dissatisfied, exerts most powerfully his lungs. His sister is convalescent, most mischievous, and still more engaging.

Even without the aid of your ring—tho', forsooth, there may be more than one of these sort of midwives in your possession—the heir of Saltoun has appeared, and is, from all we are told, "*pulcherrimus puer.*"

We are in sad despair about the probable hasty increase of your numerous progeny. I fear your cheek has been very likely to be more than once again with child, for the wind has never varied since you wrote.

Our usual trio has become a quartetto by the arrival of Miss Young, whose presence has much contributed to enliven us. She offers many tender speeches to you, as well as inquiries after your health.

What are the *beau monde* about in your city ? Are there no balls or routs or flirtations ? Have you seen the lovely bride we sent from Cheshire ? Do you know any news of the Frank Grants ?<sup>1</sup> Are they one or twain ?

We hear wretched accounts of poor Lady Uxbridge.<sup>2</sup> No one expects her recovery, nor is it probable, from the cause of her malady.

We shall be quiet here till the middle of next month, when we are to have the Xtening of the young one, and a series of festivities, such as ox and sheep roasted, illuminations, feasting, dancing, and other amusements. I should mention an offering which was made to commemorate his birth by the Potteries—viz., a most enormous brown jug, richly ornamented, standing 3½ feet high, and in width 6 feet. You

<sup>1</sup> Francis Grant, afterwards Sir Francis, P.R.A.

<sup>2</sup> Eleanora, daughter of Campbell of Shawfield ; died 1828.

might be covetous of even this modern wonder, as it holds 10 gallons.

We shall join the family party in the metropolis about our usual period, early in May, and resume our old quarters at Thomas's Hotel in Berkeley Square.

Do you know, I fancy there is a chance of our seeing you there, for I hear you have stripped every shop in the old town and Leith; and as your propensity for antiquities is not diminished, we shall have you in London to a certainty.

Every one talks of the Corn Laws. I care not for them, as I know nought about them; and as long as we can get bread to eat, I am satisfied.

Pray do write now and then, and you will greatly oblige yours most particularly,

GREY.

ENVILLE, STOURBRIDGE, *February 22, 1827.*

My wife sends sundry sweet words and messages.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Sir WALTER SCOTT.

*Friday.*

MY DEAR SIR WALTER,—I have been slain again with swelled faces for ten days, and only to-day could venture forth, though my cheek be still of the bagpipe contour. I was fearful lest you should leave Edin. to-morrow, and think I had not done what you desired, so I carried my drawing<sup>1</sup> (which, but for my face, would have been finished long since) to your house to prove my fealty. It represents a man of inferior station bowing to a woman of quality, which in [ <sup>2</sup> ] I have marked by her brooch, &c. I have sent for it a large book and the bearer, and will finish it whether or not it may

<sup>1</sup> Frontispiece to Petrie's 'Rules of Good Deportment.' The original drawing is at Abbotsford. See print in 'Etchings,' &c.

<sup>2</sup> Letter torn.

do for the book, incontinent. I have used Hogarth's dresses, being the costume of Mr Petrie's day. I left a long message about much of this with your footman, but saw he did not understand me.—Your devoted slave, C. K. S.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Sir WALTER SCOTT.

*Tuesday Night* [1827].

MY DEAR SIR WALTER,—I fear you will think me a worse plague than any bore that ever sprang in Egypt. But then consider how long I have presumed on your kindness without reproof; also, how ingrained an antiquary and Scotchman I am. In a word, the danger of our Castle spoils my sleep. "I repose as quietly as a mouse in a cat's ear;" and so I must disturb your comforts because I am uncomfortable myself—a friendly reason. But to the point. I am sure that a word from you to a certain hero<sup>1</sup> would fix the affair as it should be; there hath been penned a letter from the Provost to the Board, which is not yet answered. Now, if your undisputed verdict as to taste—and that is all that need be touched upon—should reach the conqueror before the response is framed, we need be in no fear about the result; so no time is to be lost. Pray, pray, kind sir, if you write at all, write directly. It seems Lord F. Somerset was the Goth who settled the affair originally with the late Provost, when the South (Sea) scheme was in agitation two years ago, which plan, you know, was overthrown. It is like the Somerset family to favour such things, and the heads of all of them I ever knew would make admirable bulwarks; only, I dare swear, Lord F. never thought twice of the matter—for how can Londoners care for poor Edin. cits. and their pitiful, remote Castle?

In this matter Mr Skene has been an *egger on*, I suppose to keep the north side of the hill in countenance; but then,

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Wellington.

tho' he hath made a dismal spectacle here, his snip-snap walks and fiddlestick parterres entice the vulgar to pay for keys—so that, well,—How, in the name of Midas himself, that person could ever, even here, get the reputation of taste, I cannot guess; for his vignettes for Dr Jamieson's publications make the very children laugh, and any other drawings I ever saw of his were abominable. But you will say, Go flyte in Haddo's hole, where all the collie dogs in Edinr. dang doon the kirk yesterday! And so I have done, casting the Castle and myself on your mercy, and being ever your obliged, faithful slave,

C. K. S.

Lady GWYDYR to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

[LONDON, *May* 31, 1827.]

MY DEAR MR SHARPE,—I am in agony ab<sup>t</sup> the Castle. I have bored every Scot I have met, and they are all horrified; but one of them will not move in its defence. L<sup>d</sup>. Gower was so cold that I was shocked. This morn<sup>g</sup> I have *written* to Kinnoull and Rosebery. Gwydyr is willing to do anything, but he is not a man to put himself forward upon the business when so many ought. L<sup>y</sup>. Keith is nothing better than an item of the reviewers, all for the march of intellect, *alias* "The Rogues March." Pray tell me *exactly* what I am to do.—In g<sup>t</sup> haste, y<sup>rs</sup>.,

C. S. D. GWYDYR.

ROBERT PITCAIRN, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

DEAR SIR,—I am afraid you have long ere now marked me down as very remiss, even in "poyntis of wichecraft"; but these few lines I send to say I have, like a most paynefull clerk, transcribed the whole of Miss Sampsonne's <sup>1</sup>*very* curious

<sup>1</sup> Agnes Sampsonne, the witch of East Lothian. See Pitcairn's 'Criminal Trials.'

trial, which w<sup>d</sup>. have been with you this evening if I c<sup>d</sup>. have got a careful hand to collate it with the original. Certain depositions relative to the West Fentoun or Dirlton witches accompany it, and the moment I can get the collation undertaken (2 or 3 hours' work perhaps) the tractate shall be sent you.

The more I think of your excellent proposal<sup>1</sup> I am the more convinced of its utility and curiosity; but I w<sup>d</sup>. go a step farther and make a regular digest of the whole Books of Adjournal. This, however, is a very serious consideration, and w<sup>d</sup>. require public aid. In the meantime, *fasciculi* might be sent forth from time to time of the selections; but I shall be glad of your advice when at leisure.—Believe me always yours faithfully,

ROB. PITCAIRN.

50 CASTLE STREET, 21 *June* 1827.

ROBERT PITCAIRN, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

DEAR SIR,—I now send you the trial of Bessie Dunlop for withcraft in Nov. 1576, which almost surpasses that of Annie Sampsonne in interest and curiosity, and will feel obliged by any light you can throw on the subject. The few scratchings on the opposite pages were jotted down *currente calamo*, without ref<sup>ce</sup>. to any books, and you will allow I c<sup>d</sup>. have but little time for that when I inform you I have this morn<sup>g</sup>. sent *five* similar bantlings to the binder since I sent you the last packet!

I feel quite convinced of the extreme interest such a collection as that you were so kind as project for me w<sup>d</sup>. excite; and I have almost made arrangements for a regular and connected series, from the commencement of the record. It is a very arduous undertaking in every respect, and I w<sup>d</sup>. not

<sup>1</sup> For a collection of criminal trials.

rashly go into it without being assured not only of being relieved from all risk, but get a good return for my labour to boot. I mean to consult Sir Walter Scott as to the best plan.

In the meantime, I think it w<sup>d</sup>. not be amiss to print a few copies, say fifty, of one or two of the trials, by way of feeling the pulse. John Stevenson will gladly take charge of them. Perhaps Annie and Bessie w<sup>d</sup>. figure well side by side; and it might be done tastefully, not as an ordinary law report, say in small quarto, with some little embellishment. I will be glad of your advice and assistance in this.

Will you be so obliging as send me this afternoon the parcel of jottings from the Reg<sup>r</sup>. as I am this ev<sup>g</sup>. promised another loan of the rich vol. the contents of which have afforded us so much amusement, and I shall be most happy if you are as highly gratified by the extraordinary trial of Bessie Dunlop as I have been.—Believe me ever y<sup>rs</sup>. most faithfully,

ROB. PITCAIRN.

50 CASTLE STREET, *Wed<sup>h</sup>. Morn<sup>g</sup>.*  
4 July 1827.

The trials I have got ready for the binder (I had almost forgot to say) are—

- I. Johnne Feane, 1590. Witchcraft, &c.
- II. Violat Mar in Kildeis. 1577. Do.
- III. Alesoune Peirsoune. 1588. Do.
- IV. *Arthoure* Ham<sup>n</sup>. of Bothwelhauche, murthouris of Regents Murray and Lennox, and Wal. Lawder for murthour of L. of the Bass. 1580.
- V. Johnne Sempill of Beltreis, conspiring murth. of Regent Mortoun. 1577.

I hope to be able to send you a perusal of them all tomorrow ev<sup>g</sup>. and beg you will return them to be collated w<sup>t</sup> the orig<sup>l</sup> as soon as convenient. Bessie D.'s is not yet collated, but there are few errors, I hope. Return it w<sup>t</sup> Sampson's for that purpose on Friday or Saturday.

Lady BREADALBANE to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

EASTBOURNE, *August 1st, 1827.*

MY DEAR SIR,—I am happy to inform you the Duke of Buckingham has promised to get the letter of Lord Dundee's respecting the skirmish at Drumclog transcribed *and forwarded to you*. I ventured to say you would let the Duke have a copy of your work, as I think he will know how to appreciate it better than most people.

I was much amused by your account of the movements by the interior of your good town of Edinburgh. Mrs Coutts,<sup>1</sup> I hear, has some thoughts of becoming a duchess.

We have been here for the purpose of sea-bathing, and of being with Mary and her children, who are also here. Lord B. is almost tired of it, so I fancy we will be turning our faces north in a few days. We propose being at Taymouth about the 20th of this month, and as I think you must be going to Monzie to congratulate the General on his return to Parliamt., we shall expect you to pay us a visit at Taymouth. I assure you the young lady at Monzie is *very charming*. As I never had the pleasure of seeing the mainma, I cannot tell if she resembles her or not. Monzie himself is a wonder.—I remain, my dear sir, very sincerely yours,

M. G. BREADALBANE.

Lady GWYDYR to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

DEAR MR SHARPE,—I am quite enchanted with your *cadeau*. The history of all the families is so clearly given that it is quite invaluable.

The speeches on the trial about Salisbury Craigs were so

<sup>1</sup> Mrs Coutts had been already married two months to the Duke of St Albans.

complimentary and complicated that I was considerably puzzled, but I am perfectly satisfied with the result. L<sup>d</sup>. Strathavon was an able *coadjutor*. Both Gwydyr and myself were grieved at passing thro' Edin. without seeing you, which to us is always a gt. pleasure. We have very *soft* weather, which is much against sport; but it keeps the gentlemen at home, which makes society for the ladies. L<sup>y</sup>. Keith is much occupied in forwarding the Adonis to the Greek Isles. I trust he will arrive in fine preservation. Gwydyr desires to be most kindly remembered to you. I know not a word of news. L<sup>y</sup>. Clarendon wd. have been too thankful to have added the picture of the D. of Buck. to the splendid collection of Vandykes at The Grove, but she c<sup>d</sup>. not find the blunt.—Believe me very sincy. yours, C. S. D. G.

DRUMMOND,

[CRIEFF], Aug. 27, [1827].

Lady GWYDYR to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MY DEAR MR SHARPE,—I cannot bear the idea of your learning anything interesting to us except from myself, consequently, I have to inform you of Clementina's marriage to your friend, Gilbert Heathcote.<sup>1</sup> I felt, after Sir W.'s letter to me on the subject of the Castle, so secure, that from the moment you wrote to me that the burgesses had *again* begun the noise, I knew all hope had fled of effecting its rescue. You give me credit for good feeling towards all old buildings, therefore I leave you to judge to my respect for enlightened statesmen, dead or alive. As *men* I do not hate them.

Gen. Upton left this to-day to consult some g<sup>t</sup>. surgeon ab<sup>t</sup>. a sprain, and to visit his friends, but he returns. Major

<sup>1</sup> Gilbert Heathcote, created Lord Aveland 1856, married Clementina Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Lord Gwydyr, 8th October 1827. Lady Aveland became Baroness Willoughby d'Eresby on her brother's death.

Webster is gone. Sir And. Bernard returns from Marr Lodge to-morrow, and probably L<sup>d</sup>. Albert. Col<sup>l</sup> Arden, Heathcote, and W. Elphinstone remain with us. The Wiltons, Mr Grose, and Mrs Hope's son come on Sat., and we expect one of L<sup>d</sup>. Melville's sons with L<sup>d</sup>. J. Fitzroy's son. This is the history of our month. I am rejoicing in the promise of L<sup>y</sup>. Margaret's sister's history.<sup>1</sup>

Gwydyr desires his kind remembrance to you, and I remain, my dear Mr Sharpe, y<sup>rs</sup>. very siny.,

C. S. D. GWYDYR.

D. C., Aug. 29th [1827].

Sir WALTER SCOTT to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

DEAR CHARLES,—I find the Nos. of Lodge's book did not belong to the set which I consider yours,<sup>2</sup> but were left by some drummer of the trade upon speculation, so I must give you the trouble to return it. This is—

“Gie a thing and take a thing,  
The ill man's gowd ring.”

*Quære*—Who is the ill man?

Can you lend me the ‘Cloud of Witnesses,’ or any work containing the epitaph on the prisoners who died at Dunnottar Castle? If so, please oblige me per bearer.—Always yours truly,

W. SCOTT.

Tuesday, SHANDWICK PLACE, [Nov. 1827].

I hope your cold gets better, though the weather is jimp summer yet.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Margaret Kennedy's sister, the first Countess of Dundonald.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Walter had given Mr Sharpe a set of “Lodge,” for which he had subscribed.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Sir WALTER SCOTT.

[1827.]

MY DEAR SIR WALTER,—I send Lodge—vexed that it is not cut up—and I will make a rummage to-night for the ‘Cloud’ and other things, which you shall have early to-morrow morning. My trash is in such a state that I might detain your servant an hour, and then not gain the point; but I don’t remember any epitaph on the Dunotter saints—nay, I am almost sure there is none. But you will well know Mistress Birnie’s account of her sufferings, with a p—x to her! How the lewd pipers derided her and her friends with their springs! This is in Wodrow. My mouth is as bad as possible, but my heart is hale still, and that ever yours.—Your slave,

C. K. S.

Sir WALTER SCOTT to CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—The Lodge was right, and is yours after all. The thing left by the scoundrelly drummer was different. I cannot find the inscription, which is odd enough, as my recollection is pointed on the subject. Perhaps I remember it from the tombstone. I return both books.—I am always yours most truly,

WALTER SCOTT.

EDINR., 26th May.

Sir WALTER SCOTT to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

DEAR CHARLES,—Can your investigations indicate to me which Lord Rutherford was the uncle of Dunbar of Baldune? I think it must have been the third who bore the title, and

who died abroad about 1684. But you know these subjects better than any one.—Yours truly,  
W. SCOTT.

6 SHANDWICK PLACE,  
11th December [1827].

THE MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD TO C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

WESTHILL, Dec. 12th, 1827.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am anxious for two things; first, to thank you very much for thinking of getting for me the etchings you mention, which I am sure I shall value highly. I know how much genius that family possess in drawing, as well as in other things, and I have not any *stern principle* to make me think your superchoice in my favour any drawback to the pleasure I shall have in receiving them from you. I shall take care to forward the impressions of the medals as you direct. The next object of my impatience is the arrival of the parcel, which I make no doubt Mr Mackenzie will forward to me by a safe opportunity, and I shall inform you when I receive them.

I am sure Gower will not fail to attend to the Edin<sup>r</sup>. improvements, if the plan sh<sup>d</sup>. be brought forward. He has already exprest great indignation at the idea of the encroachment proposed, and I will shew him the part of your letter which relates to it to-morrow m<sup>g</sup>. It is a good thing that the chief mover, Henderson, has taken himself out of the way. I have just now been talking on the subject with Francis,<sup>1</sup> who is very zealous also in all Scotch matters. He said he wished to hear your opinion, as he c<sup>d</sup>. rely on it; and he says if the subject sh<sup>d</sup>. come in question he will not only use every exertion himself, but will interest others in the cause, so you must let us know in time if danger sh<sup>d</sup>. approach.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Francis Leveson Gower.

F. is a great admirer of the beauty and singular traits belonging to Edin<sup>r</sup>. and its antiquities.

I am glad to hear you think of going on with the Seton work. I have the drawing which L<sup>y</sup>. Wemyss gave me (by Mr Alison) ready to send you if it can be of any use, and I will with great satisfaction contribute, whenever it is called for, £20 or £25 towards the printing of it, provided always (excuse my impertinence in suggesting this) that the editor can contrive with the bookseller so that he (the editor) has the profit of the work, or at least some profit from it, and this you must settle as you think the most likely to succeed, of which I beg you to make a particular point in the arrangement. I sh<sup>d</sup>. think it might do well by subscription, but *that* you might not like to be troubled with it, and you can best judge how it ought to be. We have the most *iron* weather possible. I have got rid of my blight, and walk out without minding it. L<sup>d</sup>. S<sup>d</sup>. is quite confined by it, and wishes you were in London instead of at Edin<sup>r</sup>. in these cold north-east winds, and if you have so much plague with your teeth I do think some of the dentists here might be of use. Cartwright has put my toothaches to rest by *decimating* my teeth, and I now am happy (for a time at least) in having got rid of the *frail* ones among them. I sh<sup>d</sup>. not like to do what you say is recommended in *truncating* one's front teeth without good advice. I was told lately by a lady who had lost all her teeth that she never was so happy as since she had got a complete machine, made by somebody whose direction I forget, but e<sup>d</sup>. get it for you (an English dentist) in London.

I drive to town frequently in the mornings. The Gowers are now settled there, and a good many people come for the meeting of Parl<sup>t</sup>. Some have died martyrs to the D. of Y.'s funeral. Mr Canning has escaped narrowly, and is still confined by the illness the cold then occasioned, from the over-zeal which

“Pour honorer les morts, fait mourir les vivants,”

and which is martyrising in a very useless cause.

L<sup>d</sup>. Dundee's Letters are very curious and interesting. I lent them a few days ago to Mr Lockhart (who is now our neighbour here), and who thought them so. Mr Laing Meason <sup>1</sup> has sent me another curious book <sup>2</sup> of the B<sup>e</sup>. Club on the gold mines of Scotland. Did you ever hear of the Stuart miniatures, by Isaac Oliver, from James the 6th to James the 2d, said to have been given by the latter to Louis XIV., and purchased in France formerly by Edwards the bookseller, sold by his heirs for some hundred pounds, and repurchased the other day by his widow (who is the wife of Mr Butt our clergyman at Trentham) for £147 at a sale? They are curious and reckoned fine, and if their history is really authentick, it is a pity the King did not purchase them. They were on sale last year in Leicester Fields, but escaped the notice they deserved. Adieu, my dear Mr Sharpe.—Believe me most truly yours,

E. S. STAFFORD.

Rev. CHA. J. LYON,<sup>3</sup> M.A., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

ST ANDREWS, *Dec. 13, 1827.*

DEAR SIR,—I have been favored with your letter by Mr Laing, and am much obliged to you for your kind offer of assistance in the prosecution of my work, sh<sup>d</sup>. any query occur which you are likely to be able to answer. With respect to Cardinal Beaton's archiepiscopal seal, it is almost the only one of the St A.'s prelates I have not got. Dr Dibdin, when here more than a year ago, told me had a copy of it, and promised to send it me, but never did it. I am the more

<sup>1</sup> Of Linderties.

<sup>2</sup> 'The Discoverie and Historie of the Gold Mynes in Scotland,' by Stephen Atkinson: 1619.

<sup>3</sup> Of the Episcopal Church of Scotland, incumbent of St Andrews, and formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge. Rev. Mr Lyon was author of a 'History of St Andrews, Episcopal, Monastic, Academic, and Civil.' Edinburgh: 2 vols. 1843.

anxious to see it, as I wish to ascertain how he introduces his designation of *Cardinal*; for I cannot help suspecting, from the inscription on Archbp. A. Stewart's seal (a cast of which you must have seen in Laing's possession), that *he* was a cardinal, though we have no record of his having been made one. If Beaton calls himself *Cardinalis tot. reg.*, I should consider this point as settled, tho' the expression has an air of improbability about it. Yet, Wolsey, I am told, has "Cardinalis Angliæ" upon his seal. I have looked in vain for a seal of Beaton's in St Mary's charter-chest, where, I think, it ought to have been.

With respect to Archbp. Sharp's descendants, I am not *at present* able to answer your inquiries, but I hope to have it in my power to do soon. I believe I know a clue through which I can procure the information you want. I may mention here that a friend of mine very lately got a MS. account-book of Sharp's travelling expenses on his various journeys, written by his secretary, Mr G. Martine, the well-known author of the 'Reliquiæ.'<sup>1</sup> I am to get a reading of this by-and-by; some curious facts may be gleaned from it.

I have strongly recommended to Laing to take a cast of a singularly carved rhunic stone which is here, and which was dug up near the cathedral a few years ago.—In hope of having again to correspond on subjects connected with our common pursuits, I am, dear sir, yours very faithfully,

CHA. J. LYON.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Sir WALTER SCOTT.

[Dec. 1827.]

MY DEAR SIR WALTER,—From what I send you will see that Archibald, 3<sup>rd</sup>. Lord Rutherford, must have been the un-

<sup>1</sup> 'Reliquiæ divi Andreae,' by George Martine. The work was written in 1683, but not published until 1797.

fortunate lover in question—that is, if we are to trust to dates in books, which are ever uncertain. I have added some notices that I hope may be of use.—In vast haste, fearing that I am always too slow, your slave eternally, C. K. SHARPE.

Among the poems at the end of Symson's 'Tripatriachicon,' printed 1705.

On the unexpected death of the virtuous Lady, Mrs Janet Dalrymple, Lady Baldone, Younger—Nupta, Aug. 12; Domum Ducta, Aug. 24; Obiit, Sept. 12; Sepult, Sept. 30, 1669.

42 lines—very dull, and containing no particulars as to her story.

A Funeral Elegie occasioned by the sad and much lamented death of that worthy, respected, and very much accomplished gentleman, David Dunbar, Younger of Baldone, only son and apparent heir to the Right Worshipful Sir David Dunbar of Baldone, Knight, Baronet. He departed this life on March 21, 1682, having received a bruise by a fall, for he was riding the day preceding betwixt Leith and Holyrood House, and was honourably interred in the Abbey Church of Holyrood House on April 4, 1682—long and very dull.

“His body, though not very large or tall,  
Was sprightly, active, yea, and strong withal,  
His constitution was, if right I've guess'd,  
Blood mixt with choler, said to be the best.

“He us'd, and that most commonly to go  
On foot, I wish that he had still done so.”

Symson particularly mentions his Episcopal faith as very strong. *N.B.*—Sir Wm. Hamilton of Whytelaw, Lord Justice-Clerk, was buried in Holyrood House Chapel, 1705; no inscription. Monteith's 'Theatre of Mortality,' vol. ii. p. 15.

In a 4to pamphlet, entitled, “The late Proceedings and Votes of the Parliament of Scotland, contained in an Address deliv-

ered to the King, signed by a Plurality of the Members thereof, stated and vindicated. Glasgow: printed by Andrew Hepburn, 1689" (this address was by the club party against the Dalrymples), is a most abusive character of the president, who is accused of having assumed his office owing to the illegal choice of K. Chas. 2 as a betrayer of the laws of his country, an oppressor, and his verdicts between subject and subject are said to be more ambiguous than *the Delphick Oracles*, giving rise to innumerable suits, in place of determining any, that he was the principal minister during Lauderdale's arbitrary sway and K. Charles's *usurpation*; "but there being some hopes that this world will be speedily furnished with the history of his life, I shall say no more of him, but shall leave him unto the expectation and dread of what the famous Mr Robert Douglas foretold would befall him in his person and family, and of which, having tasted the first-fruits in many instances, he may the more assuredly reckon upon the full harvest of it, and the method he hath begun to steer in the most likely way imaginable to hasten upon him and his what that holy, and, I may say, prophetick man denounced against them."—P. 35.

For the feuds between Sir W. Hamilton and the Dalrymples, see 'Carstairs's Letters,' article, "Duke of Athole."

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to J. T. GIBSON-CRAIG, Esq.<sup>1</sup>

*Thursday Night, [17th Jan. 1828].*

KIND SIR,—Many thanks for the autograph, which, you may be sure, I value extremely. Had the lady (my great-grandfather's grandmother) been Miss Mary Stewart, Mrs Erskine, I sd. have cared very little about it, for her good qualities were not proportioned (as is generally the case) to

<sup>1</sup> James Thomas Gibson-Craig, second son of Sir James Gibson-Craig of Riccarton, Mid-Lothian, born in 1799, died 1885, Writer to the Signet. An antiquarian, virtuoso, and book-collector.

her rank. She basked all her life in the beams of royalty, with a pension from the Crown; and yet cultivated the Kirk, and hounded out her whelps, to bark and bite, in favour of the Solemn League and Covenant!

A ———so much for my Lady Marie. Now I have the confidence to send you some scrawls which I did, the originals of the etchings in her book. They are mere trash; yet, as illustrations, they may perhaps be of some use to you. I remember a curious adventure, many years ago, in times of public peril, when I was sketching Mar's work. A drunken soldier—pot blind—thought I was drawing the castle, and laid hold of me and my utensils, and had not some sober women come to my rescue, I might have been in a worse case than Hogarth at the gate of Calais. You may imagine the ridiculous scene. I shall be glad to see the paper you mention when I am lucky enough to find you at home. In the meantime, I wish James Erskine's *pose* could be brought to light; for tho' Lord Buchan, as my aunt Lady Alva assured me, stole two pocketfulls of letters, yet I know that there is much, and that very curious, still left.

There are letters from the Queen of Bohemia, Lady Gabriella Stewart the Nun, and from many of the prime Covenanters. Among the rest, from Sir Thomas Hope, whose d<sup>r</sup>. Sir Charles married—"bad fruit of a bad stem." I suppose she held him up in his rebellious courses. I also remember some curious love-letters, without signatures; but all that Lord Hailes borrowed he kept, and of these papers many were never printed.

And now to business. If you were serious in what you said as to a certain picture now in England, let me know, and I am almost certain of finding a purchaser. In London said picture will never sell, as Lady Stafford and others have assured me that it is there deemed a copy of Lady Antrim's, who, tho' descended from the Dss. of B.,<sup>1</sup> is desirous of sell-

<sup>1</sup> Buckingham.

ing hers—and the original is said to be much finer than the copy—but I do not think this done by any other hand than Vandyke's; and I know of a nobleman who will take my word in that matter—and who, anyhow, can afford to pay the price which you mentioned for a copy—but then, to preserve my credit with him, the picture must come down as entire as it went up. *N.B.*—Said nobleman hath houses at a convenient distance from Edin., so that the affair need never be heard of.

Item,—if the two chairs go with the cradle for 100 pounds, I am nearly confident that they might be disposed of in the same quarter.

But in this business let not me be seen, for I know very well that I am not thought a *friend*, when I really am. I have no ties thereabouts save *two*—Lady Marie, slight enough, God wot, and my brother-in-law, Captain James, which is very strong, for he was the best-hearted, *humble*, unaffected man on earth, patient in very dismal circumstances, and ever my true friend, so I am bound to serve his; and I have now been so long conversant with every sort of fool, that tho' I must laugh at their folly, I can, with a much more Xtian spirit than some who profess a great deal, forgive all their caprices. Enough said; and so, kind sir and cousin (for we are *sib* through the Gibsons), with many thanks, and half dead by a cold and traffic night and day with Lady Margaret Kennedy. Begging pardon for bad grammer and spelling, I bid you heartily farewel, CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

J. T. GIBSON-CRAIG, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

12 PICARDY PLACE, *January 21, 1828.*

MY DEAR SIR,—Your drawings for Lady Mary's "Household Books" were most acceptable. You could not have conferred a greater favor on me.

The *Vandyke* is at present under offer to a noble lady. I shall, however, learn, without loss of time, if it is to be taken, and let you know.

I am afraid even to hint the idea of parting with the cradle and chairs to the owner. Should such a thing ever come to pass, you shall be the first to hear of it. In the meantime, pray do not whisper this about.

It is said that you are to bid for Ramsay's 'Gentle Shepherd,' with Allan's original drawings, in which I shall not interfere. Are you aware that David Allan was coal *grieve* at Alloa for the Mar family, and that it was under their patronage and that of the Abercromby family that he went to Italy to study the fine arts?—I am always your most obliged and very faithful

J. T. GIBSON-CRAIG.

Sir WALTER SCOTT to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—You cannot doubt the pleasure which it will afford me to give you the least gratification; and I am happy that Nell Squeal and all can interest you in the smallest degree. I intended to send her to the country—which I think she would hardly have relished—about the 10 or 12 of March; but she is at your service as long as you like to keep her.

This shall be warrant to John Stevenson to transfer her to your custody, which will relieve his premisses of an incumbrance. I really like the picture, and have broke, on Nell's account, through a rule of not buying anything of the kind at present.

Do you remember the Scottish greeting of two lairds in the North?

“Your maist obedient humble servaant, Tannachy Tullock.”

*Ansur*—"Your nain man, Kilspindie."

—I am your nain man,

WALTER SCOTT.

SHANDWICK PLACE, *Tuesday* [1828].

JAMES MAIDMENT, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MY DEAR SIR,—After the innumerable favours you have already conferred, I have hardly the courage to be again your suitor, but the second part of my 'Pasquils' being very nearly finished, I fear I must trespass upon your goodness for advice and assistance. I wish to vary the figure in the title of each successive part, and to substitute a new figure of the precise same size, and done in the same style; but what sort of figure is the puzzle? It occurred that perhaps a "Whig" portrayed with long hypocritical countenance, lank hair, &c., &c., in the costume of a Puritan, would not be unappropriate; but of this you are the best judge, and it would be peculiarly satisfactory to me to have your opinions and assistance in the matter. It would be a crying sin to degrade our respected friend, Mess David,<sup>1</sup> and his spouse, by putting them into the title. They will form a *most delicious* frontispiece to the two first books, which can be formed into a first volume; and I hope in the course of the year to amass a sufficiency of materials for two other parts, forming a second volume, which will close the 'Scotish Pasquils.' Sir Walter has promised me some contributions, and *Mylne's* 4to volume is to be further ransacked by Mr Kinloch. Woddrow Collections have also some very curious poems—particularly against Arch. Sharp.

I have arranged the suppressed pieces, and propose to print only sixteen copies on small 4to. I wish to make them a separate work entirely, not necessarily to go with the 'Pasquils.'

<sup>1</sup> Williamson.

Could you invent a title for me? In printing the poem on Squire Kello, if you have no objections, I should like to add the letter explanatory of the facts which you allowed me to transcribe, suppressing, of course, the names, and calling it, "Letter from a gentleman in town to a friend in the country." What w<sup>d</sup>. you think of putting them in black letter with a fictitious imprint?

Laing mentioned to me a few days ago that he had ascertained 'Argyle's Levee' not to be written by Lord Binning, and had furnished you with some information on the subject. Are his views correct? Trusting to your forgiveness for all this trouble.—Believe me to be, my dear sir, yours very truly,

JAMES MAIDMENT.

24 HOWE STREET, 13th March 1828.

JAMES MAIDMENT, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MY DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for the fascinating Signior and the brave Captain. What w<sup>d</sup>. you say to some such quaint title as this: "A Banquet of Dainties for Strong Stomachs"? or as "Captain Cuzzo's Garland"? or "The New Paradise of Dainty Devices"?

I fear I cannot assist you in the way of binding. I bind now very little, not only on account of the expence, which is terrific, but of the horrid manner in which your books are dealt with. Stevenson's people bound a few things for me tolerably well; but they are very dear, and do not always attend to your orders, and I hate squabbling. Abraham Thomson at one time bound very well; but latterly he mangled my book so much, I ceased to give him anything of moment. He can still, if he chooses, do pretty well; and I dare say, if you could get the letters done by the men under his superintendence who do the records, that you would be pleased

with their job; but he will charge you pretty distinctly. Did you ever hear the *immortal* Abraham's exploit touching the Marquis of Montrose's autograph? It is quite delicious. Robert Grahame had an old worthless Italian grammar possessing the autograph of the Marquis, which, altho' a Whig, he prized highly, and which he proposed to cloak with a morocco sur-tout. Abraham agreed to bind the book in the finest style—and certainly acquitted himself according to his promise. Grahame got home the book, gazed at the fine cover in an ecstasy of delight, and having glutted himself with the outside, proceeded to peep into the inside at his beloved autograph. Judge of his horror, his astonishment, his grief, when no autograph was to be found! The pious Abraham, in purifying the book, had very neatly but effectually erased the poor Marquis's name. I suppose Abraham thought Grahame's Whiggish feelings would be very much soothed by the erasure of the handwriting of so vile a malignant as the Marquis. Notwithstanding of this untoward event, I don't think (if you sh<sup>d</sup>. trust him) that your letters w<sup>d</sup>. be in any danger.—I am, my dear sir, yours very truly,

JAMES MAIDMENT.

24 HOWE STREET, 7th May 1828.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Lord THOMAS CECIL.<sup>1</sup>

[June 1828.]

DEAR LORD THOMAS,—Having yesterday heard that you had arrived at Piershill, I resolve to do myself the honour of waiting upon you to-day, but I cannot refrain from writing this in case I should not find you at home, to let you know whose card is left in your chamber; alas! it is forty years since we met, and your memory may scarcely serve you to recollect my name.

<sup>1</sup> Second son of the first Marquess of Exeter.

Do you remember a person whom you met with at Grims-  
thorpe, amid players, proverbs, and standing upon heads?—  
do you recollect one whom you locked up in a bedroom at  
Burghley?—can you recall any souvenir of a Scotchman for  
whom you murdered a water-wagtail? I have the feathers yet  
to show; but I have been so long in Scotland that I must be  
looked upon as dead by all my English acquaintances.

'Tis with fear and trembling that I venture to-day among  
a quantity of moustaches that are strangers to me, like Daniel  
going into the den of lions; but I can never forget the kind-  
ness with which I was honoured at Burghley, so I pluck up  
courage. Should I not be lucky enough to find you, I hope,  
when you come into Edinburgh for the pleasure of a visit,  
you will encounter no tiresome mothers, or tedious sisters, or  
ridiculous wives. I have not heard from William Burrell for  
some time; but this note is growing fast into a letter.—Believe  
me, dear Lord Thomas, yours very faithfully,

CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

Sir ROBERT GRIERSON, Bart., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

DEAR SIR,—I received yours. Having business of some  
moment on hand, I have been precluded the power of doing  
myself the honour of answering it sooner.

I had once a great many letters and papers from William,  
Duke of Queensberrie, to my grandfather, on subjects which  
may have been of much moment to them, though never to  
me; they are writ in such characters I cannot make out.

My family grown up and dispersed ('tis the fate of all  
such), I have been little at home. I keep my health better  
here in this pure mountain air than I have experienced any-  
where else; and as this, to me, is of more consideration than  
looking over old papers, wrote in unknown characters, on  
subjects, most likely, I shou'd find myself disqualified to pass

an opinion—for these reasons I am denuded the power, at present, of giving you a more satisfactory account in what state of preservation they are in. I had once a large cask of them. I put them there as viewing it a safe place of keeping them from the mice; what use they cou'd make of them, more than me, I cannot comprehend. As you express a desire to see them, I hope they will be found in tolerable preservation. Your having them copied in this county wou'd be giving you too much trouble. I shall direct my son, Charles, who is now at Rock Hall, to send by a safe carrier the whole cask to you, to pick and choose whatever you may think fit.—With much esteem, I remain yours most sincerely,

RO. GRIERSON.

MOFFAT, 31st July 1828.

THOMAS THOMSON, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

CHARLOTTE SQUARE, July 31, 1828.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—Mr Laing, some days ago, showed me a proof-sheet of the title-page of Lady Margaret's letters, and I remarked to him that I thought there were at least three good reasons for changing *Burnet* to *Kennedy*. 1. The letters were *all* written in her maiden state. 2. She was well known in the history of her own time under the name of *Kennedy*, but not at all under that of *Burnet*. The point was already decided by the *bastard* and *running* titles of the volume. On these grounds I ventured to advise the change you deplore, and I cannot help still differing from you in your preference of the less appropriate, less known, and in some respects inconsistent application to her ladyship of her married surname. If you really stand in awe of criticism or ridicule, I should think your best chance would be to adhere to your own first choice of *Kennedy*.

The case of Lady Mary does not strike me as in point.

Her first letters were published as well as written under her married name. By that name she is known to all the world ; and though the few letters of an earlier date, since published, might properly enough have been distinguished by her maiden name, it was a nicety scarcely worth while to observe.

After all, my dear Sharpe, I care much too little about the matter to wish you to do violence to your own taste and judgment. I am only vexed that any idle interference of mine should have occasioned to you a moment's disturbance.  
—Ever yours sincerely,  
THO. THOMSON.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Sir WALTER SCOTT.

[1828.]

MY DEAR SIR WALTER,—We have had such a sultry morning and rattles of thunder that always split my head : not to mention the remembrance of the late accident at Bayonne, which makes me think (thanks to the powder-magazine in the Castle) that I may reach Abbotsford perhaps (I wish I may never make a worse journey) before my letter reaches you. These things, I say, render me almost incapable of thanking you in the manner I ought for your late most generous present of Lodge's Portraits. You have given me so many things that I must always now repeat the same story ; but this I value beyond measure, being so very much in mine own way that I now begin to wonder how I could live so long without it.

In a word, ten thousand *heartfelt* thanks. I have had a promise lately from Sir Ro<sup>t</sup>. Grierson of Lag, Redgauntlet's grandson, of a cask in which he says he put all his old family letters to keep them from the mice. If said cask ever arrive I think we shall find a treasure ; for the first D. of Queensberrie, Lag's brother-in-law, entrusted him, I know, with all his secrets ; but Sir Robert resides constantly at Moffat, and

his son, in whose house the depot is, may be *sweer*. The old man, however, like his grandfather, is very imperious, and now I find him as formerly. He was long angry with me for not praising his poetry, which he sent me in cartloads. I hope that he will teach his son his duty, and that we shall have the rummage of his desirable cask.

I have had two terrible literary flytes here lately, in which I often wished for you to back me, being almost certain of your invincible aid. The first was about Peter Buchan's ballads, which Mr Secretary Laing hath got to edite. Peter desired the favour of me to look over the proofs; but when they came I found that Mr David set up for a poet, forsooth, and altered word and verse. The beauty of the alterations you may guess at, knowing the person.

I entered my protest, declaring I would have nothing to do with the matter if such abominations went on, so after a world of debate that matter was carried on the side of common-sense and propriety. The other contest was of a more serious nature. Mr George Sinclair, as you know, has printed Lady M. Burnet's letters to the D. of Lauderdale, in which I have had a hand decyphering the old jade's dull stuff, writing notes which were always contrasted by my colleague, and getting decorations settled, which are very ill done. The Club subscribed for 100 copies, but, to the vast surprise of Mr Sinclair and your humble servant, we found that Mr Thomson and David had settled to have a new title-page printed for the Club set of books. Ours ran thus—Letters from Lady M. Burnet to the D. of Lauderdale: theirs—Letters from *the* Lady M. Kennedy to John, Earl, afterwards Duke of Lauderdale. "The witches ran hirdie-girdie, and were angry about Mr Robert, the comptroller, and this ex-priming of his name;" for first of all, tho' clubs may take copies, a book like this, I do think, is still private property, and when clubs come to cancel what stuff may not be introduced, it is an evil precedent, even were improvement in the

case. I hold that no man hath a right to come, without my permission, tho' a lodger in my house, and paint my front door ultramarine, if I like Prussian-blue better, and make 100 people believe that ultramarine is my taste; but here the Prussian-blue was theirs, for if the *afterwards* should stick to the Earl, it should do so too to the Lady, who was *afterwards* Burnet. Then *the* in her title is a post-office word, very proper for the back of a letter, but not for the front of a book. It is slang of modern times.

I remember well that the old people most in the world (Will<sup>m</sup>. Duke of Q., for instance) never used it in directions, as meaning Right Hon<sup>ble</sup>., which was the sense Thomson and David aimed at. For Mr Secretary, I cannot be surprised at anything he doth, but as to the other I thought it very unlike him. However, after the sheets were printed off, we spoke plainly on the subject; and now matters stand as at first, tho' with some expence to the Club, which I am sure you will deem money much thrown away.

The next vol. will be Lord Argyle's letters, which I rejoice in, as they prove him as silly and sycophantish a dead Whig as I have known most alive. You once had a little portrait of him on tin, given you, if I remember right, by Professor Wilson. If you can lay your hands on it, pray, dear Sir Walter, lend it for the title-page—a month hence will do; and it will save trouble in borrowing of prints, as I have no representation by me of that unworthy Worthy.

Forgive all this gibberish; and with best wishes and respects to Miss Scott, believe me ever your most obliged faithful slave.

Sir WALTER SCOTT to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I was obliged by your letter, and lose no time in sending you the picture supposed to be the

Marquis of Argyle. As my old civil law professor, Dick, used to say, "It is dooted." I did not think the ribband of the Thistle had been green in those days, but *blue*, until at the Union, when, as the old jest went, some one p—d on it and it became green. At least there is at Hamilton either one or two dukes bearing the Order of the Thistle, and with a blue ribband. But you will judge if it has the features of the gleed Argyle—in fact, it does look like a loon. I do not know, looking at the ribband attentively, whether it has not a white stripe or edging on the verge.

I am happy you have kept the Kennedy letters in your own plan, and see no right any one had to interfere. I am sure you have been of so much service to the Club that your voice should be potential in any undertaking of their own, still more so in one which they have only subscribed for.

There is a certain well-gifted Swamie<sup>1</sup> in my dressing-room which is yours by old promise. He only waits a safe opportunity to visit Princes Street.

We should be delighted to see you here if you could come by some safer convenience than a gunpowder curricule, which sounds much like the old wish—

"The muckle devil blaw you *south*."

I have got Morrith here with his nieces too, very pretty and very nice; and with a very handsome wild Irish girl, who is residing with Mrs Hamilton in the neighbourhood, there is a very pretty flirting party, if you could think of joining it.

Adieu, my dear Sharpe, and believe me always your nain man,

WALTER SCOTT.

6th August [1828].

Sir WALTER SCOTT to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

DEAR CHARLES,—This accompanies four or five miniatures, not on tin but on card. I will be happy if you recognise

<sup>1</sup> Hindoo idol.

among them that fause loon, Glead Argyle. I do not think I have any others. The South Sea being rather too like the God of Gardens to travel on his prudish natulibus, as Win. Jenkins saith, hath cased himself in a pair of timber breeks, and waits on, *via* carrier. I have also to return several books of yours on the subject of good breeding, which I will send also per carrier, duly packed.

I have lost a memorandum which you gave me of the persecutions of my grandfather's grandfather, the first Laird of Raeburn, which you quote in the Introduction to Kirkton, page vii. note. If you can give me copies of the Acts of Council you will oblige me much, or it will be the same thing if you refer to the dates in the record. I have a letter from William M'Dougal, a brother of Raeburn's wife (not the Laird of Makerstun, but a younger brother), reprobating the "despyteful usage" of his relations, and expressing his wish to recommend Raeburn's case to Lauderdale and to his own colonel.—In great haste to save coach, your nain man,

WALTER SCOTT.

ABBOTSFORD, *October 5* [1828].

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Sir WALTER SCOTT.

[1828.]

MY DEAR SIR WALTER,—John S.<sup>1</sup> tells me that he can send this in a packet to Abbotsford, and gives me but a few minutes to write in; so poste-haste is the word.

Many thanks for what you say about Lady M. B. I thought ever you would think as I did, else I should not have been so bold.

Mr Sinclair<sup>2</sup> is anxious to have the liberty of dedicating 'Lord Argyll's Letters' to you, and has left this point to me, so pray don't affront me by refusing the request. I state it

<sup>1</sup> Stevenson the bookseller.

<sup>2</sup> Alexander Sinclair.

in my own name, and of all things let me have a single word about it, and let that word be *Yes*.

The picture I wished for was done on tin—a small oval—but don't take any trouble to fish it out, as there is a print of Lord A. in Ad. Lib<sup>y</sup>. What you sent is, I think, the Marquis, his father. It shall be taken good care of till meeting.

The god you mention will be a treasure to me. All you give me are in a true sense my Lares, but I have never yet got the god I wished for—a likeness of yourself that I could bear to look upon. Written in the dark by your slave,

C. K. S.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Sir WALTER SCOTT.

*Thursday Night* [1828].

MY DEAR SIR WALTER,—I am beyond all measure obliged to you for an idol, which I cannot bear for one moment out of my sight. No young lady now in Edin. holds the Duke of Buccleuch in deeper veneration, and that is saying everything. As to what may be termed indecent in the figure, we know that the symbol of production was formerly carved by all nations without any lascivious idea, so to my eyes there is nothing improper in a part of my god which, however, to indulge my mother in her squeamishness, I have veiled with a little Indian purse that is infinitely becoming. You never conferred anything upon me in your life, saving your original friendship, that have given me greater pleasure. I also have to thank you for the loan of the portraits—one of them the very thing I wanted. My memory is so bad that I dreamt they were on tin, and lo, it is card; however, I think you have lost some of them. They are very well painted; and, besides Lord Argyll, I recognise K. James II., of most unhappy memory.

I inclose the notices you desire, which, pray, keep. They

were written for the preface to 'Kirkton,' who had a flyte with the Quakers, and are now of no use to me.

I have got 'Redgauntlet' (God forgive you for a Whig, for what you have written about him!) his papers,<sup>1</sup> and such a treasure! The box is very large, and a swelled face hath allowed me to go through only a small part of its contents as yet; but I have found a very characteristic letter from Clavers to Lag, and several of a high flavour from the D. of Queensberrie and his brother, Gen<sup>l</sup>. Douglas. I hope for many more, tho' I know the Duke's were pillaged long ago; but the accounts of dress, &c., of themselves would make a curious vol. Lag seems to have taken so much physick that I cannot understand how he came to have such strong nerves, and to have lived so very long.

One of my plans now is to print what letters I have of the first Duke of Queensberrie, with all the illustrative papers I possess; but I think I shall not live to finish one-half of my projects. Lord Argyll is in the press, then come the Duke of Rothes, Lords Tweeddale and Kincardine, and Sir Robert Murray, 3 vols., the Duke of Queensberrie; and to-day Lady Gwydyr sends me Chancellor Perth's Letters to Lady Errol, which will make the most interesting work of the whole, they are so minute and really well written. It was a painful pleasure to read them, and cost my *tinder* a tear or two, for I have not seen them these thirty years. Then they were at Drummond Castle, and I was young and very happy. I am much obliged to you about the dedication of 'Lord Argyll's Epistles,' and I hope you will make your club encourage John Stevenson, tho' he can go on without it. I need not tell *you* that such clubs are principally useful by forwarding the publication of MSS. Reprints are nothing in comparison; but John and I have enemies in the Vice-President and Mr Secretary,<sup>2</sup> who in the case of my Lady M.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Robert Grierson of Lag's papers.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Cockburn and David Laing, both Whigs.

Burnet acted like anything but gentlemen. From the last alone such conduct was to be expected. Peter Buchan hath put forth his ballads. Mr Secretary corrupted the first seventeen pages, but the rest is faithfully printed; and, since the 'Minstrelsy,' I think I have seen nothing so curious. If I knew the Duke of Buccleugh (which I shall never do *well*, for some of my mortal enemies are his greatest friends), I would beg of him to make the poor man a small present for his silly dedication; but I am powerless there. I will bore you with no more of my stuff; but I meditate writing Miss Anne a short gazette of our great race week, which I desire you, on the duty of a papa, to tear off and give her without reading it yourself.—Your ever obliged slave,

C. K. S.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to a Lady.

EDIN., *Friday*, 1828.

DEAR MADAM,—According to my promise I send you a pair of blue stockings of my own knitting. I blush like a blue dog about the workmanship, for I fear they are too short; but then I must beseech you, when you do me the honour of wearing them, not to run rashly up-stairs before people, and to refrain from the Highland fling when you dance. There is an excellent old Scotch song which comprises all my advice in a few words. It is a dialogue between a young lady and an old man very fond of his money. I heard M<sup>rs</sup>. Coutts and M<sup>r</sup>. Gilbert Innes sing it of late times. The stanza which applies most particularly to my blue stockings is this—an answer of the old man to the lady, who complains of her clouted shoes:—

“Dance laigh, and late at e'en,  
My jo, Janet!  
Then a' your faults will no' be seen,  
My jo, Janet!”

Madam, it is a great happiness to me that I am alive to scrawl at this present writing; catch me going to a house where there is to be a wedding again! Tho' I ordered my hack-chaise in time for overturns, it was one o'clock on Tuesday morning before I reached the bosom of my family. My post-boy was drunk, and I intend to write a tour of the coast, as I made it on Monday night: he drove me up every lane on the road. I was at M<sup>r</sup>. Cuthbertson's, Seton, Tranent, &c., and when this drunken rascal found himself in a mistake, he hastened into the road again at a hand-gallop; so I danced a sort of threesome reel with my portmanteau and the hare that Lady Wemyss was so good as to give me. Such injurious jolting to old bones! but in some waltzes I had with the cold hare, its arms round my neck, I thought of my antient crime in killing a hare and laying the fault on your Ladyship—you may remember the event, and that I persuaded the little Prince he had got it to eat. Providence be praised, I reached home with my wig and temper a little disordered, but no bones broken.

I was at a fine party on Tuesday, given by Lady Sinclair for the Duke of Brunswick—rather a good-looking man, with fine eyes but a bad air—as the son and grandson of two men who died on the field of battle (you know, madam, that cowards are very fond of the brave). I looked upon him with great respect; moreover, I thought much of a near relation of his who used to be very kind to me when Lady C. Campbell belonged to her establishment, but she is not to be named now. There was a great deal of bad music made by a Marquis Saldo<sup>1</sup> (or some such name), who has written as bad a life of Lord Byron.

<sup>1</sup> The Marquis de Salvo, author of 'Lord Byron en Italie et en Grèce.'

The DUKE OF HAMILTON to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

HAMILTON PALACE, *August 17th*, 1828.

DEAR SIR,—Will you allow, after an intervening period of many years, an old friend to appeal to your kindness and ask your council and advice? The last time I received any direct accounts of yourself it was from the Duchess, who flattered me with the possibility of seeing you here. Realise that expectation; the Duchess is to be here next month, and I can answer for your being a welcome visitor.

I will now revert to the subject-matter upon which I have to ask your opinion. I have a large picture that I wish to increase several inches. The lining, as well as the proposed addition of canvas and painting, require great ability, attention, and science. Where am I to find these requisites in Edinbro'? Are they to be found? If they are, I know no one who is more likely to be aware of it and better able to judge of it than yourself. Will you then be kind enough to let me know if you think there is a person in Edinbro' to whom I could entrust such a job, or whether I shall be under the necessity of applying to some one in London? Two or three *picture-doctor-artists* have been mentioned to me, but I should like to have the certificate of a man of taste and knowledge; I have therefore troubled you with this letter.

Former *recollections* will, I make no doubt, induce you to excuse the liberty I am taking. In *them* I look for, and upon them I rest my confidence in your indulgence. I am happy to avail myself of this opportunity of assuring you of those sentiments of regard and esteem with which I have the honor to be, dear sir, your obliged and aff. servt.,

H. and B.

Sir WALTER SCOTT to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

Many thanks, my dear Charles, for your kind letter, which reached per favour of a hirsute poet of Peterhead, called Peter Buchan<sup>1</sup> or Beechan as he rather terms it. His collection is very curious, and, two or three pieces excepted, in general genuine. Indeed the man does not seem capable of supplying their want of authenticity by any tolerable degree of genius. I scarce know anything so easily discovered as the piecing and patching of an old ballad, the darns in a silk stocking are not more manifest. Mr Buchan has been extremely active and successful in his researches. Some of the songs are, I suspect, originally Danish. I advised Mr Buchan to leave out most, if not all, of these ballads of which he has given barely various readings; it would be a great thing to say of them all *Never before printed*, which could not be said if he takes in worn editions of "Johnie Armstrong," "Young Musgrave," "Robin Hood," and the like, merely because they are different sets from those in common currency. He may easily attend to this, for if he would really make a little money, he must not let his collection get beyond two volumes or three at the very utmost.

I had a very polite invitation to join the commissioners for the improvements as they call them, but did not chuse to sail in that boat. It is in vain to say to you—

Come hither, come hither, come hither.

I will perhaps see you for a few minutes next week, as I must be for a day in Edinburgh.—Yours most affectionately,

WALTER SCOTT.

ABBOTSFORD, 23d Aug. [1828].

<sup>1</sup> An indefatigable collector of northern ballads and songs; published in 1828, "Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland," also an account of the "Keiths, Earls Marischal."

J. CLERK RATTRAY, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

92 PRINCES STREET, *Sunday* [1828].

DEAR SIR,—On my coming to town last night I received your letter on a subject, as to which my sentiments do not much differ from your own.

“The detestable midden” as you have denominated the Mound, has always been an object of serious alarm to those who have any regard for preserving the best features of our ancient town.

I fought a good battle along with a few others to save the view of the Castle in all its natural magnificence to the public as well as to our own houses.

Some of the ornamental improvements may be of dubious merit, but the Committee are of one mind as to restraining as far as possible the increase of the bulk of that deformity, the Mound.

To a certain limited extent it must be allowed, but the Committee are watchful, and if perchance they should slumber or neglect that matter, it is desirable to have a proper monitor or flapper like you.—Believe me to be ever faithfully yours,

J. CLERK RATTRAY.

ALEXANDER SINCLAIR, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

THURSO CASTLE, *12th Sept.* 1828.

MY DEAR ALDUS MANUTIUS, HADRIAN TURNEBUS, MARK ANTONY MURETUS, SLASHING BENTLEY, or whatever be the name, among those of ancient commentators (*quos honoris causâ nomino*) which you may mean to assume,—May I, the mere jackall, or lion’s provider (of manuscript), venture to say that “I hope I don’t intrude”?

How is Lord Argyle getting on? Is Lady Margaret fairly launched, not *out of*, but *into*, the world? Is her ladyship exciting any sensation? Do the charms of her style make the same impression upon the cold hearts of the *litterati* which her attractions produced upon the iron heart even of Lauderdale? Have you hunted out the copy I wished you to inspect, by my deaf and dumb friend Kier, of a superb Guercino? (I *miscalled* it in my former letter, and his sister's name (I mean the *artist's*) underwent the same fate; it is Mrs *Boyce*.) Do you know of any friend who w<sup>d</sup>. wish to purchase some undoubted originals by eminent masters, belonging to an old converted R<sup>n</sup>. Catholic lady at Thurso, and bequeathed to her by a rich brother, who bought them in Spain?

Correct and criticise the subjoined sketch of a dedication to Sir W. It is all true, but not sufficiently terse.

Do you continue to approve of "Art and Nature"? I have hardly heard of it from any one except yourself; but you are *instar omnium*.—Ever yours,  
SECOND FIDDLE.

Lady GWYDYR to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

DEAR MR SHARPE,—I have again read the Chancellor's letters with g<sup>t</sup>. pleasure, and Gwydyr agrees with me in thinking that they do his memory credit. Under these circumstances, I wish to have them published; but this I cannot think of doing without offering them to you for that purpose, as their *guardian angel*. If you consent to appear in that character, I will send them to you, with several letters from James II. relative to Monmouth's rebellion, &c., and from several others to the Chan<sup>r</sup>. with some of the Chan<sup>r</sup>. to "*Mon<sup>s</sup>. Drummond*," which you have never seen. From all these an interesting vol. might be produced if done by a man of *wit* and *research*. I hope this proposal may be agreeable to your taste; but if it bores you, say me *nay*. If you patronize the letters, we can

talk the affair over when I have the pleasure of seeing you on my way to London. I shall be charm'd if I see the work come forth under y<sup>r</sup>. guidance, as that alone must insure it a brilliant success.

L<sup>d</sup>. Gwydyr begs his best remembrance to you; and I remain, dear Mr Sharpe, yours very sincerely,

C. S. D. GWYDYR.

DRUMMOND CASTLE [CRIEFF], *Sep<sup>r</sup>. 28, 1828.*

The MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

TRENTHAM, *September 29, 1828.*

I ought much sooner to have acknowledged the receipt of two very curious copies of a tract<sup>1</sup> which I have read with amusement to myself, and a considerable degree of indignation at the sort of doctrine it describes, calculated to encourage the most abominable crimes with a view to reward instead of punishment from the intention of a momentary recantation. I fear the same theory is too often practised even in the present day. Mr Ellis is abroad, and does not return till Dec<sup>r</sup>. but I shall not fail to deliver the copy to him on his return. I heard with much concern of those misfortunes at Edin<sup>r</sup>. to which you allude. The state of the company to which Stewart belonged, for the purchase of estates, had been for some time thought to be a bad concern; and I am grieved to hear that you should have suffered by his misconduct. I saw lately here the Chief Commissioner,<sup>2</sup> from whom I heard much Scotch intelligence which interested me. He showed great firmness of character in the cheerfulness of his mind while he thought the operation of couching was impending. He has, since he went to London, been relieved from the

<sup>1</sup> The Conversion of Lady Warriston.

<sup>2</sup> William Adam of Blair Adam.

immediate prospect of it, as Alexander thinks his eyes are not sufficiently affected to justify performing it. It is true that I presented the lady you mention, in as far as giving my card to introduce her, which, according to the late regulation, is all I can do, going in myself at a different entrance from L<sup>d</sup> S., having what is called the *entrée*; but she was presented, and, as I heard, looked very well. We were not acquainted with them till this year, when they had a house near West-hill during the winter. He is a sensible and agreeable man. I observed the *turn of conversation* you mention in her, which is to be regretted, as otherwise she is very well in all the respects that do for society. They are now travelling abroad for some time. We are just leaving this place, to our regret; but L<sup>d</sup> S. has business with his new house in London which takes us there for a short time, and then it will be too late in the year to return here. We go by Worksop, where we propose to stay a week. I heard from the Gowers last from near Berlin, after which they will be on their return from their expedition, from which we expect them in the next month. I have been reading what has entertained me, though not in a new subject—the life of Q. Mary by Mr Bell.<sup>1</sup> My dislike to John Knox makes the history of that time rather *distressing* to me, not seeing him rewarded as I w<sup>d</sup>. have had him. I wish he had fallen under the hands of Q. Eliz<sup>h</sup>. There are some amusing French memoirs come out, and to be continued, of Napoleon and his family, called ‘Memoires Contemporaines.’ Those of Josephine and the King of Holland are published. The subject is now almost exhausted, but these appear to be written by people concerned in the affairs they relate, and have some new anecdotes. We have an antiquarian lawyer now arranging and exploring the old charters and papers at Dunrobin. Perhaps he may find something curious; at least we shall know what there is there. The curiosities, if any,

<sup>1</sup> ‘Life of Mary Queen of Scots,’ by Henry Glassford Bell, in ‘Constable’s Miscellany.’

are probably too antient to be of much interest, as I had already looked over all that were legible.—Believe me, my dear Mr Sharpe, ever most truly yours, E. S. S.

Lady GWYDYR to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

DEAR MR SHARPE,—I sent by the mail of last night the *Chan.*'s letters, and I propose bringing the royal letters with me. I cannot express how much enchanted I am that you patronize my relation's epistles.

I believe all my friends have forgotten me, as I seldom hear from them, and when they write to me they never tell me what is going on in the world. Wm. Burrell's cough continues as bad as it was eight months ago, but he gains strength.

I s<sup>d</sup>. like to see the *soupple Tailor*<sup>1</sup> run for the ducal prize. The fun w<sup>d</sup>. be to start him and let them give chace. Gwydyr went this morn<sup>g</sup>. early to Stobhall.—Believe me, dear Mr Sharpe, yours very sincerely, C. S. D. GWYDYR.

[CRIEFF,] Oct. 16 [1828].

JOHN RIDDELL, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

ED<sup>R</sup>. 17th Nov. 1828.

MY DEAR SIR,—The following authorities throw light upon Janet Stewart's connections, the lady in whom you are interested:—

“Anent the precept raisit at the instance of Janet Kennedy, ane of the twa airis portionaris of umquhile Patrik Kennedy of Bargammy,<sup>2</sup> laughful and natural dochter of umquhile

<sup>1</sup> The flying Tailor of Ettrick. See ‘Noctes Ambrosianæ.’

<sup>2</sup> A mistake for Bargalton, I should think.—J. R.

Dame Janet Stewart, lady of Culzeane, and George Kennedy, ye said Janettis spouse, for his interes, aganis Agnes Mure, allegit eldest dochter, and ane of the twa airis of provision gottin betuix ye said umquhile Dame Janet Stewart and umquhile John Mure of Caldwell, and Patrik Montgomery of —, hir spous, for his enteres, to heir, and see hir be decernit be decret of ye saidis Commissaries, unlawful gottine, and borne in bastardie.”—(Act and Decreet Book of the Commissary Court of Edinburgh, 19 Dec<sup>r</sup>. 1564).

Special Retour, 14 Nov<sup>r</sup>. 1553, of Egidia Kennedy, as heir portioner of Patrik Kennedy of Bargarton, her brother, in lands of Bargarton, &c., Kircudbright.

Litigation in the Decrees of Council and Session in 1562, where there is mention of Giles Kennedy, relict of umquhile Johne Grierson of Lag, and Jannet Kennedy, sisters, and heirs of umquhile John Kennedy of Culzean,—the latter also being styled wife of George Kennedy of Barmaclanachan.

From this evidence, therefore, it is clear that Janet Stewart first contracted a *dubious* marriage with John Mure of Caldwell, by whom she had a daughter, Agnes, whose legitimacy was questioned, married to Patrick Montgomery, said, in the Caldwell pedigree in Robertson’s ‘Renfrew,’<sup>1</sup> to have been of Giffen,—and subsequently a lawful one, as is well known, with John Kennedy of Culzean, by whom she had two sons, John Kennedy of Culzean and Patrick of Bargalton, upon whose decease without issue their two sisters, Egidia or Giles, wife of John Grierson of Lag, and Jannet, wife of George Kennedy of Barmaclanachan, became their heirs. It may be observed that this stock of Culzean was quite distinct from the other and later one from whom the present Earl of Cassilis is descended. In the Caldwell pedigree at the place *ut supra* referred to, Jonet Stewart, the mother, is supposed to be daughter of an Earl of Lennox; but there is no authority for the conclusion, nor could she be the Janet

<sup>1</sup> P. 306.—J. R.

Stewart, Countess of Athol, &c., who figures at the same period. Her parentage is yet unaccounted for.

Grier, or Grierson, seems to be one of the indigenous Gallowidian families. Pray are any of the older writs, that is to say, from 1400 or thereabouts down to 1440 or 1450, extant?<sup>1</sup> There are a few points in the later pedigree I would rather feel interested, if possible and easily practicable, in solving. Sir Robert Grierson of Lag, knight, had issue, at least three sons, Sir John, his heir, William of Barquhar, and James of Larglanley. Of these, Sir John's only son Robert was a minor on his father's death, when his uncles, William and James, successively, in 1658 and 1659, were served his tutors-at-law. This Robert died unmarried, and was succeeded by his cousin Robert Grierson, the first Baronet, as appears from the Special Retours, 29 April 1669.

Query, Was the last Robert son of his cousin's uncle William, or James? What family had James of Larglanley, or William of Barquhar?

Had not Sir Robert, the first Baronet, a brother, also Robert?—perhaps a mistake for Roger. Was there not also another brother, Andrew, a surgeon-apothecary at Dumfries? I wonder if there be proof of the descent of the elder branch of Dalgonar and Barjarg. One feels some curiosity about a race who certainly, for some centuries, were baronial, although they of late years tarnish their pedigree by affecting to be of the broken clan of Macgregor in the north, and, what is still worse, degrading themselves in their tartan.—Yours very sincerely,

JOHN RIDDELL.

111 GEORGE STREET.

<sup>1</sup> No reliance can be placed in such a wretched book as Playfair's Baronetcy almost invariably is.—J. R.

MR ROBERT SETON to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

EDINBURGH, 14th Jan. 1829,  
423 LAWNMARKET.

RESPECTED SIR,—I respectfully beg leave to mention that I will be happy to give you a share of one window, on the morning of the execution of Burke.

MR STEVENSON, bookseller, wished one window for Sir Walter Scott and yourself, but on account of the number that has applied, that will be out of my power. But I shall be happy to accomodate Sir Walter and yourself with a share of one.—I am, respected sir, your most obed. and humble servant,

ROBERT SETON.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Captain —.

[Feb. 1829.]

MY DEAR CAPTAIN,—Your will has ever been my pleasure, for a long time—so, tho' I have a very bad cold, with some little hints of the gout in my right foot, I lose no time in answering your very welcome letter.

What am I to say about Edin. with a safe conscience? I wish of all things to see you here, but yet it is a burning shame in an old man to tell lies. Murder<sup>1</sup> and the plague have come upon this devoted city: to be sure the murders only made us talk nonsense the more, and quarrel on a new score: but the fever is a most serious matter, and rages with unabated fury. I heard this morning of the death of poor Lady Anne Duff,<sup>2</sup> Lord Fife's sister, a very good-natured per-

<sup>1</sup> The Burke scare.

<sup>2</sup> Anne, daughter of Alexander, third Earl of Fife, wife of Richard Wharton Duff of Orton.

son, who came here to be merry, and give parties for her daughters, one of whom is so ill that there is no hope of her. And several families have given up the houses they had taken, and wisely prefer dulness in the country to death here—in a word, we are all in the dumps. The parties I have been at are few, and worse than common. The only thing worth mentioning was a ball at Lady Carmichael's (Lord Napier's sister), where, tho' all the people were very cheerless, the supper only wanted good company to be excellent.

The Duke of B. was invited, but did not appear. And this leads me to advise you to pay him a visit at Dalkeith, from whence you may make safe experiments as to what is going on in Edin., and sup with me once or twice. I faithfully promise you better fare than porter and biscuits. A lobster shall be one dish, as you used particularly to insist upon it; and whatever else you please—only you must give me decent warning, else all the fat will be in the fire.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Sir WALTER SCOTT.

MY DEAR SIR WALTER,—It was like your long experienced and most flattering kindness to think of me, and call upon me the other day. I am living at present more than usually retired, for I find that morning visits from me not only cost my friends loss of time, but give myself additional rheumatism, owing to the hot rooms and then cold air; and I now sit of a morning in my bedroom, as my little *den* smokes eternally, and I have no right to make hams of those who have the humanity to visit me. Moreover, I am at present overwhelmed with family *fashes*, with which I shall not, as in duty bound, annoy you. One's duty of silence in such cases is one's only comfort.

Here, kind sir, is your little portfolio of portraits, with my most humble thanks. To save money I adventured to scratch Lord Argyll myself for Mr Sinclair's book, and no middenhen with her nails pared could have done it worse. But four guineas saved is a consideration; and this is my last boldness on copper. I beseech you keep the original, which is very pretty, close for a while, that nobody may see how I have swelled out and slashed my lord's face, like a haggiss that had fought at Waterloo.

Being an inveterate Tory, I take a malicious pleasure in having produced these letters (for I egged on Mr S.) as they show plainly what a rogue Lord Argyll was. I do not think that the Presbyterians, with all their talent for harping on an old string, can make a saint of him any more.

When Lady Willoughby<sup>1</sup> was last here, she told me an anecdote about Rob Roy, which we both thought would amuse you. An old man, when she was at D<sup>d</sup>. Castle, informed her that Rob at one time became Catholick in some measure, to please the Perth family, owing to some little tiff, or perhaps through the tenderness of a Highland friendship. He went to an old priest of the name of Drummond, and made his confession. Afterwards he said to his cronie—"I think I gart the carl sweat!"

I'll warrant you the poor man's ears rang for a week, but Rob was a wag, and perhaps confessed more than was true. Adieu, dear Sir Walter.—Pray present my very best respects to Miss Anne, and believe me ever your faithful slave,

C. K. S.

*Friday Night* [1829].

<sup>1</sup> Formerly Lady Gwydyr.

HON. G. AGAR ELLIS<sup>1</sup> to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, *July 21, 1829.*

MY DEAR SIR,—Many, many thanks for your curious volume of letters of Margaret Kennedy to the D. of Lauderdale, which I have read with much interest, also for Lord Rochester's poem. Why does Lady Margaret sign herself "Ina Blackie"? I am sorry Mr Sinclair induced you to shorten your notes. What remain are so instructive and entertaining, that I should wish for many more like them.

"I own the soft impeachment" of a weakness for Burnet, whom I think honest though credulous and prejudiced, and very curious and entertaining. Then he does treat the cruel and corrupt Court of Charles so very properly. But upon these points I fear we shall never agree, so I will not dwell upon them. Let me entreat you, if in your reading you ever condescend to so late a period, to read the 'Memoirs of Madame du Barri,' just published. They are particularly entertaining, and, according to the testimony of the King of France and the Duke of Orleans (the latter delivered to myself the other day in London), authentic. To be sure, the picture they give of the Court of Louis XV. does convince one of the necessity of the Revolution. Mind, when I speak in favour of their authenticity, I do not mean to affirm that they are published exactly as she wrote them. On the contrary, I believe they have been put into French by an editor, but the facts are her own.

We are just come here from town—a large party—for, would you believe it, I have now *four* children.—Pray respect me accordingly; and in any case believe me ever y<sup>rs</sup>. very sincerely,

G. AGAR ELLIS.

<sup>1</sup> George James Welbore Agar Ellis, eldest son of second Viscount Clifden; created Baron Dover 1831; died 1833.

Sir W. SCOTT to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

[1829.]

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I have lost my spectacles, and the cat who lost the fiddlestick was not so much embarrassed. I send you the 'Mysterious Macfarlane,'<sup>1</sup> however; but Lord! it is quite a peaceful, quiet tale to what our doctors can quote! I am told no prudent maiden walks out a-nights without buttering her mouth, that the black plaister may not adhere.—  
Yours truly,  
W. SCOTT.

Count H. ZAMOYSKY to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

*Friday in the night, about 6 in the morning.*

DEAR SHARPE,—Your dreary L<sup>d</sup>. Ashburton, with his long stories, made me completely forget the purpose of my visit. I have a request to beg of you, which you must grant me, tho' it will not be perhaps very amusing for you. However, as I hope you won't refuse me, I shall explain to you the facts. Of course you must have heard of my countryman, the General Kosciuszko, of whom Campbell says in his 'Pleasures of Hopes,' "And Freedom shrieked when K—— fell"? He died several years ago, and a monument is now erecting in Poland for his memory. A great man has friends in every country, chiefly a man who fought for the liberties and independence of his country. A subscription has been opened to allow all his friends to contribute to this work of a real public advantage. L<sup>d</sup>. Grey has been appointed by the committee as receiver in England. Having known Kosciuszko, and a great admirer of his beautiful qualities, I want to promote this sub-

<sup>1</sup> See 'Traditions of Edinburgh' for the story of Mrs Macfarlane.

scription, and for that purpose wrote to L<sup>d</sup>. Grey to let me do it here under his auspices. He very politely answered; and I have written a short account of his life in English, which I want you to look at, and tell me what you think of it—chiefly to improve a little the style and some expressions which I could not well bring on, &c., &c.

What is shortly said requires very long writing sometimes. I hope you understand, don't ye? The rest I shall tell you.

Will you be at home at 3 o'clock? Be sure, as then I shall call, and read it to you.

Do make me this little pleasure, tho' it is very hard asking from anybody to hear a tiresome and tedious scribbling. Do it for me.

I want to have it printed, if I can; and if I miss my object in forwarding the subscription, which I am afraid I shall, at all events I shall have done one good, which is to have made him more known than he was, if—the people reads, and can go on till the end, which is a little doubtful. Of course this is modesty, because I think it is not very bad.

You understand. Let me know your mind about it as soon as you can.

Good-bye, and good morning. I see the day is coming on, and like a ghost I shall retire—to my bed for an hour or two.—Yours ever,

H. ZAMOYSKY.

Lady WILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY<sup>1</sup> to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

[Sep. 24, 1829.]

DEAR MR SHARPE,—I am charm'd to hear that you think well of the book. By my going to more expense, c<sup>d</sup>. we im-

<sup>1</sup> Lord Gwydyr succeeded his mother in the barony of Willoughby de Eresby 29th December 1828.

prove it by introducing some vignettes? I hope you will have the kindness to act exactly as you think best for the honor of the Chancellor. One copy must be ruled with red lines for the King, who, by the way, is in perfect health and high feather.

I need not assure you of my gratitude for all the treasures you have added to my little store. I know but little news. L<sup>y</sup>. Emily<sup>1</sup> has really refused L<sup>d</sup>. Ashley,<sup>2</sup> tho' he has been at Panshanger since. L<sup>y</sup>. Cowper says he is too old for Emily, wh. appears an odd reason, as he is ab<sup>t</sup>. 25. It is rumoured that L<sup>d</sup>. Grey is to be the next L<sup>d</sup>. Lieut., and that the Irish wish it. I enclose you Mr Luttrell's last conundrum, but, like those of Bill Black, "I give it up."

Mrs Fitzherbert has bought Mr Rigby's house in Upper Grov<sup>r</sup>. St. for £13,000, as a *cadeau* for Mrs Dawson. For the honour of Scot<sup>d</sup>. I am sorry to hear that the Bold Buccleuch is of a thrifty turn, as in his case I s<sup>d</sup>. think it is unnecessary. I am very much pleased with the regalia wh. Mr Bell was so munificent as to send me. Really I am so disgusted with the execrable taste of modern improvers, generally speaking, that I give up the thing in despair. St Giles's might have escaped their barbarism, I s<sup>d</sup>. have hoped. Young Melfort<sup>3</sup> is likely to make a g<sup>t</sup>. marriage, the widow of a marishal, very rich and not very ugly. I wish he may succeed.

I hope we shall meet, as we go to Grimsthorp. L<sup>d</sup>. W. desires his best remembrance to you.—Yrs. very sincerely,

C. S. D. W.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Emily Cowper.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury. The marriage took place next year.

<sup>3</sup> The present Earl of Perth, married in 1831 to Baroness de Rotberg, widow of Comte Rapp, Napoleon I.'s aide-de-camp.

Mr D. BRIDGES,<sup>1</sup> Jr., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

BANK STREET, *November 16, 1829.*

MY DEAR SIR,—Since I had the satisfaction of exhibiting to you the recently discovered portrait of your old acquaintance Burns, I have had the pleasure of receiving from many persons very strong testimonials of its resemblance to the poet at the period it was painted—among the rest, from *Clarinda*, Peter Hill and his wife, Mrs Burns, Mr Syme, Miss Lewars, Sir Walter Scott, &c.; and it would delight me, and highly gratify the publishers, were your approval to be found in the number. Your acknowledged taste for the fine arts, and your intimate knowledge of Burns, fully qualify you for such a task. I beg your excuse in thus troubling you.—Being with esteem, yours faithfully,

D. BRIDGES, Jr.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to D. BRIDGES, Jr.

93 PRINCES STREET, *Monday Night.*

DEAR SIR,—You desire me to give my opinion of the portrait of Burns you some time ago sent to me. I think it extremely like him, and that there can be no doubt about its authenticity.

But, like all his other portraits which I have seen, it does not give one the idea of so good-looking a person as he was. There is ever, I think, a fault about the eyes; not that we can expect the *fire* of the original, but the shape and position appear to me to be faulty.

The print of him in the first edition of his poems I always thought like, but thinner faced than I remember him, till death had begun his conquest. On this head, I may mention

<sup>1</sup> An Edinburgh shopkeeper and connoisseur, nicknamed in the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ' "Director-General of the Fine Arts in Scotland."

that Dr Currie, in his memoir, states his hair to have curled over his forehead. Whenever I saw him, his hair hung lank, much as you see it in the print I allude to.

I am tempted to think that the picture in question was done by a person of the name of Reid, a portrait-painter in Dumfries. I remember well to have seen, in the house of a carver and gilder there, one Stott, who was frequently employed by my father, portraits of Burns and his wife, which Stott told me were done by Reid. I am almost persuaded that I saw this very picture; certain I am that Jean's was a miniature, in a white gown and a cap with a large border. I remember it particularly, because I saw it before I had seen the original. Reid painted both in oil and water-colours; and after he had been some time in Dumfries, went, as I think, to Galloway, where he died.

I mention these particulars, as they may perhaps be of use in making inquiries. Some time ago, a friend of mine questioned Stott as to Mrs Burns's picture, of which I was anxious to procure a copy. He said that all the things I remembered must now be in her possession. In his, I recollect the drawing of the Cottar's Saturday Night, which David Allan gave to Burns. The portrait of the poet had some resemblance.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Lady CHARLOTTE BURY.

*Tuesday Night* [1829].

DEAR MADAM,—I was very unlucky to-day in not finding you at home, when I did myself the honour of waiting upon you. Here, where I always, alas! remain, whenever you have any commands, be sure that I will always obey them with the greatest pride and pleasure, as becomes your much indebted and long faithful slave.

After waiting upon you, I went to-day, like an old fool, to

Duddingston, where the ice was so bad and the falls so few that I could not laugh myself warm, and have caught cold in a thousand bones that I thought I never possessed, so I must needs express myself very rheumatically; but I beg leave, amid my aches, to remind you of the story of Lord Arran and Lady Barbara Fitzroy, which I mentioned formerly, as I am sure you could make something very pretty from it, were it only for the 'Keepsake.' Could I write English, I'd pluck up courage, and do it myself. As matters rest, if you command an outline, I will send it. The story, with a little embellishment, must strike everybody of feeling, because it has all the charms of romance, and yet is true.

I wish Mr Bury would print what he has of the Stuart papers. Tell him, with my best respects, that I can furnish him with some curious particulars as to Miss Walkinshaw and her family, from very authentic sources.

I have taken it into my head lately to collect the autographs of ladies celebrated for their beauty, and am already very rich in that way. Could you, dear madam, give me the handwriting of your mother, the Duchess of Argyle? or of Lady Coventry, your aunt? who—I may venture to say it to her niece, handsomer, I am confident, than either mother or aunt—could never have been, judging from her pictures, a very perfect beauty, for her eyes, as Hamilton represents her, are placed upon her temples. And in all the pictures I have seen of the Dss. of Argyle, charming as they are, the mouth is a *little* too near the nose. There hath been no picture of you which I have ever seen that did you common justice; and perhaps the Dss. and Lady Coventry were as unfortunate. Anyhow, I fear you will think me an impudent *Athenian*, to prose in this uncourtly way. So the sooner I hold my peace the better.—Dear madam, forgive me, and believe me ever your most faithful obliged servant,

CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> From the original in the possession of C. Davis, Esq.

Lady CHARLOTTE MARIA BURY to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

ROYAL HOTEL [EDINBURGH],  
*Wednesday, 30th December 1829.*

MY DEAR MR SHARPE,—I think myself particularly unfortunate in having seen so little of a person I esteem so much and who has always been so obliging to me. I was yesterday at Miss Wilson's, where I met a hundred women and one man. I was in hopes Miss Wilson would have had the good sense to have invited you, but no such thing; and there it is, and this is the way that one sees everybody one don't want to see, and nobody one does. I could moralise on this, but I have not time, and if I had you have not patience, I suspect. To the point, then, at once of this note. We are just going to Pencaitland, thence to Saltoun in a few days, and thence to Gosford. Now, if you put yourself in cotton, and that cotton is got ready to receive you, why not come to some of these places, where you know you are wished for. I will write from some of these, to tell you all about this and some other matters which at present can only be comprised in the assurance of my being, as ever, yours with sincere regard,

CHARLOTTE MARIA BURY.

I will do what you want about autographs.

Sir WALTER SCOTT to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I got your kind and valued note by Peter Buchan, who is an indefatigable collector. I have done what little I could to assure him, for I am a very bad hand at flapping the ears of other people. If he would limit his publication to what is really curious in his collection, and there is a good deal, I am pretty sure a small edition might

be sold. But he has unfortunately adopted the notion that every alteration is an improvement, and, under that idea, proposes to publish all our old friends with new faces, and this won't do.

A thousand thanks for the illustrations of Kenilworth. I have only to fear they have come too late, for we stereotype far in advance of publication to secure punctuality. But whether I can avail myself of them or not at this impression, I will certainly do so on the next occasion that offers. My present illustrations are taken from Ashmole's Berkshire, where I see that Tony Foster, whom I have made a sullen puritan clown, is described, on tombstone at least, as a scholar, musician, and gay man. But to lie like a tombstone is as good a proverb as to lie like a bulletin, and good folks will think I have done him a favour, who have left him his grim and solid vice of murder, without charging him with any of those peccadillos which are the small change of vice, dicing, drinking, and playing at cards. So *transeat cum cæteris erroribus*.

I am thinking of quitting the Court of Session if the economy of the Ministers will leave me enough to live upon. I was yesterday sixty, no great age, but I have been pretty hard worked. One of the greatest losses I shall have is not seeing you. But I think you will be tempted to make this up. You shall have a prophet's chamber, with a candlestick, &c., a large book-room to rummage, and as much of your own way as man or woman could desire; and I, who have a world to do, would be no great torment to you. At present I would be sorry you should attempt this, for we have, as Collins says:—

“ All the ills so much improved  
Of this dead quarter of the year,  
That even you so much beloved  
We would not now wish with us here.”

Abbotsford—time, seven o'clock.—Without, six drowned

dogs, ponies, and pages,—voices of Charles and Walter going to the muirs. I hope they take an engine of the Humane Society with them. My bailiff, with a chin of uncommon length, come to say the corn is all laid, my gardener knitting a noose to hang himself, the bark on which I reckon for £50 drowned, and will be presently reputed not worth ten. And all this I am exchanging for the quiet of Auld Reekie, where you could shut out a rainy day, and only guessed it by the umbrellas that passed the window. I don't know how it will answer. But we stick ourselves into queer situations. Amid this weather for ducks and drakes, the Dukerel lies encamped on Rankellburn with five or six compeers.

“ Well, who cares a jot ? I envy them not,  
Though they have their dog and their gun.”

This is a scribble of nonsense, but I write by a private hand. The notes on Cunnor Hall, or any other communication, will reach me safely if left at Caddell's, in Saint Andrew's Square.

I am sick of France: if they stop at anything that is reasonable, it will be what has never occurred in their history before.

One word of sense is, that I am always yours truly,  
WALTER SCOTT.

ABBOTSFORD, 17th August 1830.

H. HOME DRUMMOND, Esq. of Blair Drummond, to  
Miss SHARPE.

BLAIR-DRUMMOND, Jan<sup>y</sup>. 16, 1831.

DEAR MISS SHARPE,—I shall be obliged to your brother to put me down for a large copy of the Chancellor Perth's Letters. I am not exactly aware of the nature of the publication. There are a good many papers here in which he is mentioned or connected with him. If your brother think it

worth while to let me know what sort of thing w<sup>d</sup>. be useful, I shall endeavour to look through them before I leave the country, with any view he may suggest, though this week I shall be rather busy. Your brother is probably aware of two letters from the Chancellor to my predecessor that were printed some years ago in the Edin<sup>r</sup>. 'Annual Register,' explained his reasons for taking what w<sup>d</sup>. now be called bribes. My predecessor was a very honest, sensible man, and if his advice had been listened to, there w<sup>d</sup>. have been no forfeiture. I remember reading in some letters here about the Chancellor's imprisonment at Stirling Castle, where, I think, he was eighteen months, and the attempts made by his clan offering large bail-bonds for his release. My predecessor had the G<sup>t</sup>. Seal in his custody at Edin<sup>r</sup>. at the Revolution, as the Chancellor's deputy, and was included in the warrant to apprehend the late Ministry, but was told if he gave up the Seal, and went quietly to Blair-Dr<sup>d</sup>. and abstained from politics, no one would molest him; which he immediately agreed to do, and strictly adhered to for the remainder of his life.

I inclose what w<sup>d</sup>. be a curiosity if it could be identified to be the Chancellor's composition. It goes to show, what I have no doubt of, his religious sincerity—*i.e.*, if it be really his. Pray show it to your brother, who can return it at his convenience.—Yours in haste, most truly,

H. H. DRUMMOND.

H. HOME DRUMMOND, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

BLAIR-DR<sup>D</sup>., Jan<sup>y</sup>. 31, 1831.

MY DEAR SIR,—Being more occupied at this than any other time with my own and other business on the eve of leaving home for so long a period, I have delayed searching out the old papers connected with the subject of your publication. I

have, however, to-day selected as many as, *with* the one sent already and the two inclosed, make forty-eight, which I shall take to Edin<sup>r</sup> for your use on Friday next. I cannot say that others you might have liked to see may not be among those left behind, or have escaped me; but I fear you will think some of those sent great trash. The two inclosures (I know not the writer) mention the story of the warrants, and there is no reason to doubt their truth. Perhaps you would have the goodness to show me the note you propose to print about my predecessor. The papers to be sent will show you a little more of his character. I firmly believe him to have been a person of the strictest integrity, and the ablest of his name at that time. Fountainhall does not speak well of him, but politics pervert the best judgments. Pat. Johnston of Gormok was deputy under him, and the minute-book of the writs rec<sup>d</sup>. from Windsor up to the period of the Revol<sup>n</sup>. to be sealed is here, ending with a pension to Grierson of Lagg, w<sup>ch</sup>. I presume he never got. I wish you w<sup>d</sup>. look at Fountainhall's chronological notes.

If I sh<sup>d</sup>. give up politics, I might have time to make a memoir about some of these matters, without much more regard to Persius's question, *Quis leget hanc?* than to the answer, *Vel duo vel nemo*. I sh<sup>d</sup>. like much to see the letter you mention from Lady Melfort about Blair. There is a very good head of Sec<sup>y</sup>. Melfort here, and a portrait of the Chancellor, both by Kneller.—Yours most truly,

H. H. DRUMMOND.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to a LADY.

93 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH, Feb. 1831.

DEAR MADAM,—I am much honoured by your letter, which my dulness did not deserve. I went to Queen Street before dinner, on the assembly evening, to enquire about arrivals,

tho' I scarcely hoped for an impossible thing. There was Mrs Thomson and an excellent fire, but no chance of you. However, it was as well that you did not come here to catch cold in place of catching it at home—for there is nobody to make an assembly, and the rooms are death. Lady Hopetoun was not there, and I believe the company consisted of about forty Athenians.

I grieve for poor Dr Trail, because he seemed a good man, who really enjoyed life. Another Doctor of the Church hath died here very lately, of whom one cannot in common justice say so much. He has cast half the town (I mean the female part) into hystericks; and I have had a sample, of which I will say more when I have the honour of seeing you. Pray, madam, do me a favour—make it a rule never to take a hysterick fit. All medical men declare that ladies can prevent it if they please; and this convulsion is confined to your sex. Then the cure is so vulgar and so certain—a good souse of cold water. But I myself, a most sage Sangrado, have another, and a more convenient to the patient: hold a looking-glass to her face; when she sees her staring eyes, her contracted brow, her swollen, drunken cheeks, and her mouth like a sow's blowing a trumpet, I'll engage for it she will compose herself forthwith. The strangest thing in the Doctor's case is that he chose to be buried in the Bishop's burial-ground—he that tried all his life to persuade people that the Episcopal persuasion was heathenish, and that we were monsters who perverted the most vital parts of Scripture. His congregation say that he was afraid of dissection, so chose this burial-ground, which is supposed to set the body-snatchers at defiance.

We have had a curious adventure in this way lately. My mother's nephew, Mr Smollet, who died some weeks ago, was removed from his grave in Lady Yester's burial-ground, discovered in a dissecting-room, and reinterred. I thought nothing of this kind could have shocked me, but I find I

don't exactly know myself. It vexed me, I suppose, because I had known him all my life; yet all *his* life was useless. And why should not we be of a little service to science at last? and why should our friends fret about it? After all, I believe there are too many doctors now, therefore too many subjects for dissection required. But then, as there are many more doctors, many more patients must be murdered by them—*ergo*, we can afford more subjects: as we sow, so should we reap. But enough of my fine reasoning, which, I fear, would neither please Dr Munro nor Adolphus Ross.

Dear madam, pray let me not lead you into any error about the Duke of Something's name. I'll swear George Sinclair, Sir John's son, who introduced him to me, called him Duke of Black Ass. I have no great *goût* for such people now, and truly this person is not calculated to change one's persuasion. I felt confident from his manner that he was *new*, and enquiries have confirmed the impression.<sup>1</sup> He may know much of coins, of which I know very little; but I am sure he is very ignorant as to pictures, for he looked at a French daub I have that belonged to Lord Fife, and said with a very decided air that it was either by Le Brun or a pupil of his. Now this was not intended as a compliment, for all the morning—and long he lingered—I thought him anything but civil. However, he was polite enough to steal nothing, and so I wish his dignity good night.

The picture I mentioned is a very pretty one, but of course Forrest will dispose of it to anybody. Oh, madam, how pert you all make me! I am begging another frank, and perhaps Lord — will be amused to know the subject of my letter addressed to the great M<sup>r</sup>. Murray, the bookseller in Albemarle St., a potentate I never saw. From Moore's last vol. of Lord Byron's Life, it appears that Lord B. found some French love-letters from Lady Mary W. Montagu to Count Algarotti, when said Lord was at Venice. These he

<sup>1</sup> Blacas was a dukedom of the Restoration.

sent to Murray, and I write to know what has become of them.

I am told that the D<sup>ss.</sup> of Berry is foolish enough to make people stand up in her presence, which is a great blunder in madame. I saw her one day in the street, attended by three blackguard-looking men, and very meanly dressed. Mad. de Gontaut I knew long ago, and a very curious person she was. I hear she hath become quite an old woman. She was clever, but such a dirty thing in her person that I often wondered she was so much the vogue in London.

I did not forget what I said about antiques, and have one in my eye. Meanwhile, pray, dear madam, excuse this prate, and believe me ever your most faithful slave,

C. K. S.

Sir WALTER SCOTT to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I beg your acceptance of a Bannantyne tract,<sup>1</sup> the evidence of a ghost on his own murder, the only one, I suppose, ever given. Old Robert M'Intosh, who had been in the case, pointed it out to me when I was a boy, and I have had my eye upon it ever since, and there is something very affecting in the evidence of the murdered man's wife concerning the affectionate manner in which they parted never to meet again. I have been laying anchors to leeward to persuade Lord Stafford to print 'Sir Gawain and the Green Knight,' supposed to be written by Clerk of Tranent, lamented in the poem of the "Makers," by Dunbar. I have been woefully unwell—no, not woefully, for I have had neither ache nor pain, but threatened with some uncanny kind of diversion of blood to the head, which threatened me with a reunion with the auld makaris. Though unworthy, I have got off for the present for aperiënt

<sup>1</sup> The trial of Duncan Terig and Alexander Bane Macdonald for the murder of Serjeant Davis in 1754.

pills and regiment, as the young lady said when she proposed to join the 42d, having several cousins in that gallant corps. I am picking up, however, and ride every day—that is to say, I am carried about on a pony, to which I do not *climb* like Spenser's champions, but am lifted and travelled for about two or three miles about.

I have all my life enjoyed luck. In the meanwhile, by way of passtime, by way of amusement—

“Sedet, æternumque sedebit,  
Infelix Theseus.”

I have been sitting to Francis Grant, who has won my applause by making a cabinet picture for our friend Lady Ruthven, with two fine likenesses of my gallant hounds, who are all that is worth painting in the subject.

I do not ask you to come here, for I see it is in vain, though you have infirmities enough to condole with at home, and a little open carriage to drive about with, and all appliances and means to make you happy at home. Nevertheless, a wilful man maun have his way, as a woman once said on a peremptory request.

I have, by the generosity of our friend David Laing, become proprietor of a copy of the first edition of 'Satan's Invisible World,' which I see once had the honour to call you master, and is therefore doubly valuable to me. You can probably tell me if there are any omissions in the subsequent editions, of which there are so many.

So Jock Stevenson has gone to supply the Elysian shades with first editions. I suspect he latterly used himself ill. I hate a drunken knave.—I am always yours with true regard,

WALTER SCOTT.

ABBOTSFORD, April 5, [1831].

I have good hopes in the increasing mildness of the weather.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Sir WALTER SCOTT.

EDIN., 9th April [1831.]

MY DEAR SIR WALTER,—Thanks from me to you are stale. You have undone my rhetoric with your unwearied kindness, so that I will only say that I received, with the proper sense of the gift, the last number of 'Lodge,' and to-day the very interesting ghost trial, which has occupied my mind till this late hour of twelve at night. What strikes me most in it is the evidence of the woman who saw the naked figure. Here are two witnesses—an uncommon circumstance in such cases. I remember few things like it, saving the affair of a boy who was killed in a squeeze at Sadler's Wells many years ago. His mother and sister, if I recollect the details correctly, declared before the coroner that they saw his apparition in the kitchen that evening, in consequence of which his mother went out to search for him. I was in Scotland at the time, but wrote to Henry Drummond to make inquiries. Unluckily he was not in London, so I heard no more of it; but I preserved the newspaper in which the story is narrated. If you should care for a transcript, it would give me great pleasure to have it done as a proper illustration of 'Satan's Invisible.'

I am happy that you have got that little jewel. John Stevenson told me that you rejected it. So I bought and gave it to David Laing for some drawings by Le Brun, which cost him 15s. In the latter impressions there is no preface with the rigmarole about the Winton family, and the order of legend is different, besides many misprints, which makes the text greater nonsense than the author was guilty of; but nothing very material has been left out. Sinclair published the "Devil of Glenluce," originally in his *Hydrostaticks* or in the last editions of the 'Invisible World.' Some narratives

about the witches of Pitenweim and Calder have been added, those nymphs of the devil's seraglio having flourished after the author's death. *Apropos* in Moore's last vol. of 'Lord B,' mention is made of some love-letters, written by Lady M. W. Montague to Algarotti, which Lord B. picked up in Venice and transmitted to Murray the bookseller. Lord B. admired them extremely, though composed in bad French. These must be great curiosities, considering the lady's genius and her age when she indited them. I wrote to Murray, whom I never saw, to ask questions, but he never has answered a very civil letter; but if you could *expiscate* copies from him it would be a great point, as to productions of a most singular woman, who, I do think, never had her like.

To more serious business. The account of your health which you give me vexes me, though I am in no fear. Are you sure, kind, respected, and most beloved friend of my soul, that you keep your feet warm enough. I remember long ago in Oxford I used to walk through the snow and mud to Christ Church to dinner in the Hall, in thin shoes and silk stockings, and the consequence was that my head felt always too full, and I became seriously ill. A little prudence recovered all. Again, I guess that you stoop too much, eternally writing; but what folly it is in *me* to write thus to *you*. Pray excuse it. This I am sure of, that a portion of care and the improving lapse of the seasons will shortly make you quite well again. I have had the second sight all my life, though nobody ever knew it.

For my own health, it was wonderful till of late. I had dreams of visiting Abbotsford, without being a bore; but a strange event has taken place lately which frets me to the heart, and spoils my stomach and my sleep—an impending law-plea. My tiresome brother has discovered a flaw in the entail of our estate—a whole line left out by a stupid clerk—so he is going to break it; and though I never expected to succeed him, as there are only seven years of difference

between his age and mine, and he to boot is much healthier than I am, yet I must stand forward to resist what would be injustice to my next brother, who has no money to battle with. Thanks to you and one or two more, I am now no beggar, and have a *pose* to spend, without materially hurting my income; but then I grudge sixpence in such an affair, tho' I hear my father's voice from the remote grave calling to me to defend his children. Thomas Thomson, who would advise me to nothing hurtful, exhorts me to resist—in a word, I must be uncomfortable for a long while from what no mortal prudence could avoid, and this at the ripe age of fifty is no trifling infliction.

You must have read enough in the newspapers of a shameful scene on the success of the Reform Bill, so I will say little about it, only the folly, or roguery, of the provost was at the bottom of all. The mob consisted of imps remote from manhood and young jades from the back of the middens and the Cowgate. Their shrill screams denoted their age. For two hours the whole town was at the mercy of these monsters. There is not a single dragoon at Piershill (a thing I never remember in my life), and the forces in the Castle are of no great consequence—anyhow, our provost would not have called them out. In this house we saw nothing of illumination till six o'clock. Then my mother, from talking of . . . descended by degrees to candlesticks. For my own part, had the fortress been mine, every pane of glass should have perished.

Sir John Hay had all his pictures spoilt. Had a portrait of you been among them I should not have cared, for I never saw anything of that kind that gave me any satisfaction. What pleased me the most was one you gave away, and which used to hang—in happy times to me—over the drawing-room mantelpiece in Castle Street. I never could endure Raeburn's; and if Frank Grant has succeeded in the attempt you mention, he has more merit than his usual work makes

one attribute to him, tho' his good heart and bad circumstances should inspire proper reserve as to that particular.

I fear poor John Stevenson had a little too much respect for mountain-dew; but the hole in which he spent the day, damp as it was, might have killed anything but a toad—besides he was worried with nine children, and a son who married lately to get more.

I have now said my say—too tedious I fear.—So with very best respects to Miss Anne, I am, dear Sir Walter, ever your faithful slave,

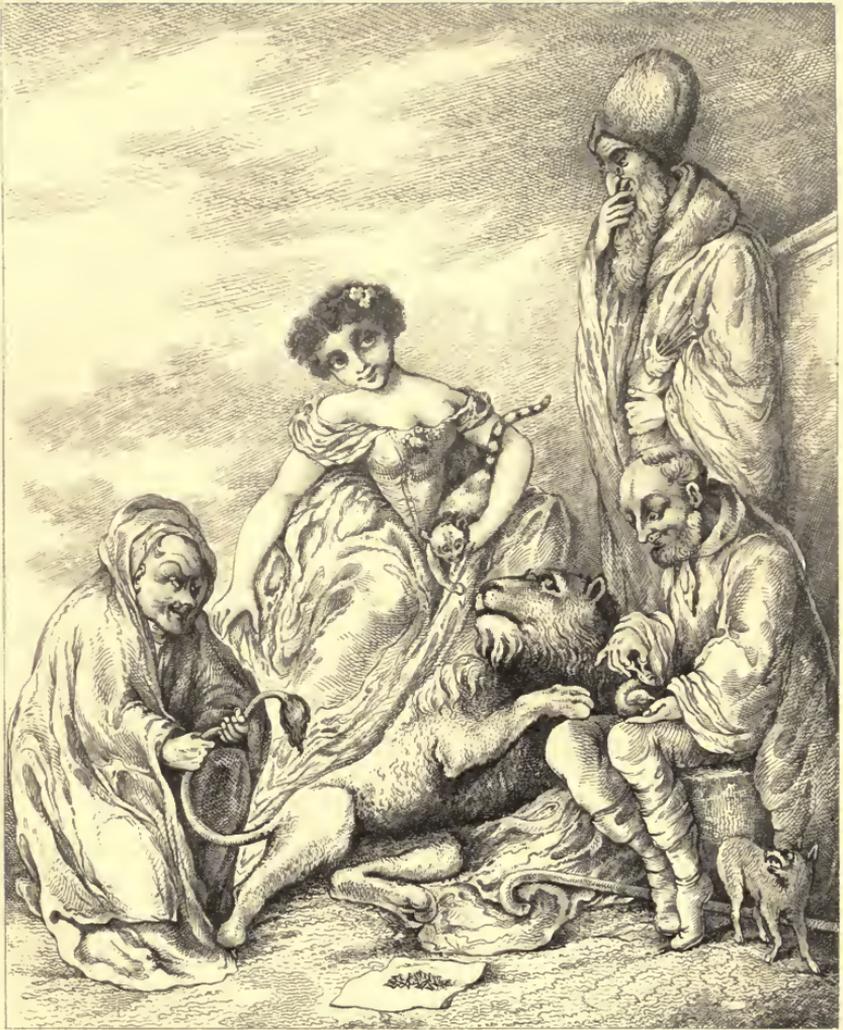
C. K. S.

CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Mrs BEDFORD.

EDIN., *Monday* [*Aug. or Sept.* 1831].

MY DEAR GRACE,—My mother tells me that a friend of yours wishes to know why Sir W. S. terms the elephant tongueless. I have not been able to consult Sir W. on the subject, as he is not now in Edin., to which he has said a long farewell; but I know that vulgar tradition deprived elephants of their tongues (they are, in fact, very small) and clapt their tusks upon their heads, under the usual name of horns. If the gentleman whom you mention to my mother is curious in such matters of natural hist<sup>y</sup>, advise him to procure a folio book (not scarce) entitled 'The Historie of four-footed beastes, &c., by Edward Topsell.' It is replete with amusing stuff, and was given by me, some years ago, to Sir W., who did not then know of it. The wooden cuts are very good, and if the gentleman wishes to have it, he should procure the 1st ed<sup>n</sup>, 1607, as in that, of course, the impressions are the best. I send for your acceptance a little book on dogs,<sup>1</sup> which I think will amuse and interest you, once so devoted to dear Mosco. You will find some anecdotes of my grandfather's, and Sir Thomas's favourites with four legs, that I got from my aunt

<sup>1</sup> 'Sketches and Anecdotes of Dogs,' etc.



*The Lion in Love with the Lass*



K., and gave, almost in her own words. The author of this book also got Topsell from me, and makes a parade of his learning, without confessing the source. I make it a rule now to have nothing to do with *living* dogs, for they are too amiable to be trifled with by a person nearly half a century old, who is still weak enough to feel rheumatism in his heart-strings when he remembers Mosco and his youth.

In return for what I send, do, my dear, send me a small bladderful of your sweet English south wind; for seventeen years and more I have inhaled nothing but the poisonous east, and I think it is now killing me as fast as possible. I hope you understand your happiness in residing where you can distinguish the seasons—descriptions of spring and summer, in poetry, now almost seem to me poetical fictions, and my own memory of such delights appears to be a tantalising madness.  
—Ever your affec. brother,  
C. K. S.

Pray, when you see Miss Perkins, present my very best wishes and respects to her. I shall never forget her kindness about some trinkets, sent to me through Isabella.

Sir WALTER SCOTT to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.<sup>1</sup>

Sept. 1831.

DEAR CHARLES,—I pray you to honour with your acceptance the last number of Mr Harding's 'Illustrious Persons.'<sup>2</sup> My best thanks to you for the genealogy, which completes a curious subject. I am just setting off for the Mediterranean, a singular instance of a change of luck; for I have no sooner put

<sup>1</sup> Printed from the original. The letter in Lockhart's 'Life of Scott,' vol. x. p. 99, taken evidently from a transcript, has a few variations. This was the last letter Sir Walter wrote to Mr Sharpe.

<sup>2</sup> Harding & Co. were the publishers of the large edition of 'Lodge's Portraits,' to which previous reference has been made in the Scott-Sharpe correspondence.

my damaged fortune into as good a condition as I could desire, than my health, which till now has been excellent, has failed so utterly in point of strength, that while it will not allow me to amuse myself by travelling, neither will it permit me to stay at home. I should like to have shaken hands with you, as there are few I regret so much to part with. But it will not be. I will keep my eyes dry if possible, and therefore content myself with bidding you a long, perhaps an eternal, farewell. But I may find my way home again improved, as a Dutch skipper from a whale fishery. I am only happy that I am like to see Malta.—Always yours, well or ill,

WALTER SCOTT.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to a LADY.

NEW ATHENS, *Thursday, Dec. 1831.*

DEAR MADAM,—I take the liberty of inclosing a letter, for which I humbly beg a frank—and of tiring you with somewhat of my gossip, tho' I am, and have been, far enough from well. I am pestered with my stomach, like all the world here, bad eyes, and hands that now almost refuse their proper office. But sick people may now console themselves, for 'tis plain enough that the Whigs or the cholera will very soon cure all. As to the last, everybody is in a consternation, and so am I—for people past fifty must, it seems, go off in spite of drams and mustard-poultices; and I am well aware of my drunken habits, putting opium and brandy, the allowable cordials here, out of the question. What a strange disease this new pest seems to be!—so unlike anything one has ever heard or read of, and so superior in destruction to the plague, which did in days what this contrives in hours. However, if the cholera be as aristocratic as the plague was in these countries, you need be in little fear; for I have long studied every document about our old enemy, and I remember

but of *two* people of rank, in recent times, who died of that frightful disorder—Lady Mary Maxwell, Lord Nithsdale's daughter, in Dumfries, in Charles I.'s reign, and Lady Chesterfield, in Charles II.'s; but as to the last case, there was ever so much doubt—for tho' her husband, in his manuscript memoirs, which I have possessed, asserts the fact, public scandal and the Ormond family affirmed that Lord Chesterfield was the plague that poisoned a suspected wife, and in the sacramental wine,—a thing almost too horrid for belief.

Tho', after the burning of Bristol, one may believe anything—even one's feverish dreams about the devil with fire-brands, hell broke loose, boding seers, overflowing ditches, and all the frogs and newts rising to the top with their lowest side uppermost!—a sweet sample of what will happen shortly—I think all the world mad but the House of Lords; and how long that will keep its senses after a fresh *to-fall* of fools, bastards, and rascals, who smell of the Old Bailey, God alone knows. In a cursed hour King Log (see 'Æsop's Fables') was soused among the frogs, or rather toads; for now Great Britain, owing to the wicked rants of villains, devoid of common-sense, learning, decent manners, or any propriety of life, has changed its long-respected character, and should change its name (a woeful thought!) to St Luke's or Great Bedlam.

We have had a curious fiddler here, who can draw very strange tones from a trifling instrument. I was much surprised with his performance, tho', to my bad taste, it seems anything but pleasing. I am sure Handel would have said that it was music dancing on a rope. An anecdote about this Orpheus may make you smile, tho' one cannot believe it. It is said that he has had three wives, and that he killed one of them privately by tying her hand and foot, and then shaking a double trill with his fingers on the soles of her feet—in a word, that he tickled her to death. It is certain that people can be thrown into convulsions by such a method; and I

remember being tormented by my brothers and sisters in this way in my childhood. The finale of the story is, that he was thrown into jail on suspicion, and there a fiddle with only one string allowed him, which now gives him such a command of the fourth string. I'll warrant this to be all a folly; but he certainly has a diabolical face—the very visage of Macklin, the player, in “Shylock,” as I remember it in prints and pictures.

The weather here is so warm that I cannot lull my dear babe (my tortoise) to sleep, tho' he should have gone to bed, according to custom, in October. This is one of my family vexations. Another is, that my law-plea comes on again directly, if the King and Administration, with their allies and superiors, the chimney-sweepers and Gilmerton carters, don't burn the Parliament House in the meantime—a charming position! But in all cases, of life or death, of riot or composure, believe me, dear madam, ever your devoted slave,

CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to a LADY.

NEW ATHENS, *Friday* [May 1832].

DEAR MADAM,—Nothing in this world gives me greater pleasure than to obey your commands, so I send a *rude* sketch of my dream, far inferior to the reality: for the procession, as it seemed to me, reached to Heriot Row; and I think I had a glimpse of Dr Hamilton, but am not very sure, so I have not put him in, lest I should get the character of a caricaturist in my old age.

We had a real and a delicious procession in this town last Tuesday. After some of our sourest Whigs had ranted their souls out to all the rubbish which loads the earth in the King's Park, a Sir Something, in the first place, was hauled along the street in a rusty open carriage, standing bolt-

upright and bareheaded, bowing to the mob and to the mail-coaches as they passed. His white hair and rotten appearance reminded one of Dante's Triumph of Death much more than of Le Brun's Alexander entering Babylon. In the coach with him were three fat vulgar-looking women, dressed like the Cowgate roupwives at a christening: and ever and anon he fell prone as the coach jolted on these quagmires, which I dare swear was wholesome, and saved the poor soul's life; for the east wind was bitter, and they were as hot as whiggery, and pride, and fat, and perhaps a dram of brandy could make them; so he always seemed to rise refreshed, as you know the giant Entellus did whenever Hercules cast him into the kennel. After this came a long procession of the trades, as they are called, of Athens, with every sort of banner and wild beast imaginable—beavers on the end of poles, reform, Adam and Eve, and a huge pair of horns high above the rest, which have affronted some Lords of the Session and other sober citizens, Whig as well as Tory. The music was suitable to the company, borrowed from the caravan of wild beasts. Of course our new lawgivers got all as drunk as they could afford, and three cholera cases took place that night for the good of the nation. This is all that I have got to tell in the way of news, and, God wot, far from being worthy of your perusal.

I bought lately, at a great price, a little vol. that Sir J. Stewart printed of Lady M. W. Montagu's letters to her father. I wonder if Lord W. (who has a copy) knows who wrote the memoir of Sir James's father and mother at the end of the book? I am anxious to ascertain this, as it is a very curious document. When Sir James and I had a conversation about the vol. long ago, he told me so much about Lady Mary that I forgot the rest.—With every respectful good wish to you and yours, I rest, dear madam, your faithful serv<sup>t</sup>.

C. K. S.

The MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

WESTHILL, *June 10th*, 1832.

I am delighted, my dear Mr Sharpe, to think that you are pleased with the idea of the pictures, which, I hope, will go by the steam-vessel which sails for Leith next Wednesday, and which, I conclude, will arrive certainly on Friday, if not before. We came out of town here for two days this mg., and I left the two packages in the care of the servant, who will have them booked for Wednesday's steamer, to-morrow. If that should be full, then they will go by the Saturday's steamer. The largest contains the D<sup>ss</sup>. of Lauderdale, which is rather an ugly picture, but from the fullness of the cheeks—probably like her when young. Cresswell<sup>1</sup> is a good portrait, and quite descriptive of the sort of character you give of her in the letter I received from you yesterday, which contains much curious information. The next is a small box, containing the three heads framed. You can easily revive the frames either by a wash of gilding or by gilt paper, which I see used in London for common frames (pasted on), and which looks very well. *Sarah*<sup>2</sup> appears to have been pretty as you describe, and Gustavus Ad<sup>s</sup>. is a tolerable head. They are directed to you, 93 Princes St., Edin. We propose on the 30th of this month to pack ourselves and family in a steam-vessel which L<sup>d</sup>. Stafford hires for the purpose, and to convey ourselves straitway to Dunrobin, to stay till Sep<sup>r</sup>.; it is the only way in which L<sup>d</sup>. S. can undertake that journey. So I am glad to go on any terms—though I regret the loss of the land journey and of being a few days at Edin<sup>r</sup>., which I sh<sup>d</sup>. have liked, but willingly submit to the privation in order to get to Dunrobin. The Gowers with their children, I am happy to

<sup>1</sup> Moll Cresswell, the procuress of the Restoration epoch.

<sup>2</sup> Duchess of Marlborough.

say, intend to follow us by land; so you will see them at Edin<sup>r</sup>. L<sup>d</sup> and L<sup>y</sup>. Grosvenor will also come, I believe, by sea a short time after; so that I am much pleased with the thoughts of my summer. All this we have settled very lately, and it is a great delight to me. In the meantime I am busy with a Caledonian ball which we propose to have on the 25th, in the same way as the former ones at Almacks, for the benefit of the Scottish Hospital and Caledonian Asylum; and I have no doubt the ball will be productive, though some of our former patronesses have declined this year. I only regret L<sup>y</sup>. Willoughby, who was the most important one; but she is to be out of town. However, we still have 16 ladies, who will be sufficient, I think, to carry it through with its usual success.

I see the companion to De Foe, which I mentioned as a handsome head, has a name on the back of *Goring*. I do not know if it is likely to be of the family of the Lord Goring; it is more modern than he, and with a flowing wig, and will do to hang over a door.

I hope to hear again from you to tell me of the arrival, and what you think of the pictures.

What an *esclandre* there has been at Paris! Some say the D<sup>ss</sup>. de Berri is now at Holyrood House. In as far as we have learnt, it is supposed this commotion will enable the present Gov<sup>t</sup> to render itself more secure than it was before.

The cholera has altogether been much less fatal than was expected in this country, and we have been mercifully dealt with in comparison of most parts of the Continent. I do not find, however, that the medical part of the world have come to any conclusion as to a cure for it, though they may have in many instances contrived to mitigate it. One sh<sup>d</sup> be almost tempted to believe in the *Fly* opinion. It is a great relief to feel no longer in the dread that was entertained of it; and one hopes and trusts that the beginning of the next

year will be a time of less uneasiness and disquiet in all respects than this 1832 has been.

I shall much regret being in Scotland without seeing you; but I hope sometimes to hear from you, and beg you to believe me always most truly yours,  
E. S. S.

I cannot conceive how I can have written so much without thanking you for that very valuable book of the History of the Drummonds, which I have just r<sup>d</sup>. It is written so distinctly, and is to our family so interesting in some of its details, that I shall not fail to carry it to Dunrobin, with the History of the Setons which you gave me some time ago, and which are both so much connected with our race, as to make it particularly appropriate there.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to a LADY.

NEW ATHENS, *August* 1832.

DEAR MADAM,—I am resolved to weary you with a few words, though I am very dull. I am well in health, but then there is nothing but bad weather, and bad news about some of my best friends: with the last I shall not trouble you, as I think one has no right to worry others with one's own griefs, and the east wind you must feel almost as keenly as myself. Lord have mercy upon us, such a climate! we have not had two hours of sunshine together this summer—more properly winter, which hath killed my poor tortoise, my patience, Lady Hopetoun's twins, and some of our most hardy plants in the Princes Street gardens! I cannot think of visiting anywhere, from the fear of being snowed up, so I send a lithograph of a curious paper I picked up lately concerning that laird of M'Gregor who was so cunningly caught by Lord Argyle in King James VI.'s reign. My Lord promised him, should he surrender, that he would set him safely on

English ground: he carried him to Berwick, set him down, caught him up again—brought him back to Athens, and hanged him. Birrel in his Diary tells the story, but it was much doubted and often denied; yet this paper proves the truth of it, for it is a warrant from the Privy Council (with the King's stamp at the top) as to the price of a brown nag killed in the exploit. I suppose the laird kicked lustily on his return. Surely times are improved from what they were; and yet the fool deserved to be hanged for trusting to what Birrel terms "an Heelandman's promise."

I don't know if Lady Charlotte Bury would care to have this paper for her history.

The Gowers were here for two days, with two pretty little girls and a plain-looking boy. Lady Stafford had an alarming adventure on her landing: immediately after her leaving the steam-vessel, two people in it died of cholera; but though she had a great train of servants, nothing fatal has taken place at Dunrobin—a great miracle and mercy, doubtless, though I still have my own fears, which I did not choose to express to her friends when here.

My cousin and college friend, Sir James Macdonald, certainly died of cholera in London; but then, being in feeble health, he had the madness to go into a house where some people had recently expired of this most horrible and inexplicable infliction.

The learned in London say that a new blue moth hath been seen before the appearance of the disease in foreign countries. I always killed moths because they spoilt my rags, but I slay everything of the kind now with a double gusto.

It is reported that the King of France is going to marry Madame de Gontaut, who rules the roast already. Here is a new Madame de Maintenon, full as clever, but not *quite* so pretty. Dear madam, good night, with every respectful good wish to you and yours.—I am ever your most faithful servt.,

CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

WILLIAM ALLAN, Esq.,<sup>1</sup> to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

Mr Allan's comp<sup>ts</sup>. to Mr Sharpe, and having finished his picture of the Murder of David Rizzio, should Mr Sharpe wish to see it, to-day and to-morrow are the days Mr A. intends showing it to a few friends.

8 SCOTLAND STREET, *Tuesday, 26th March.*

The DUKE OF SUTHERLAND to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

DUNROBIN, *August 7, 1833.*

MY DEAR SHARPE,—My mother has desired me to thank you for a letter which she received from you soon after her arrival here.

My sister and I, on our arrival, persuaded her to continue here during the summer, instead of leaving it with the intention of returning in the autumn. She is as well as I could expect, but the shock<sup>2</sup> has affected her very much. The kind feeling and excellent conduct of the people here could not fail to have a great effect in soothing her affliction,—it has been very remarkable.

I was very sorry to hear that you had been suffering from the influenza, which has raged everywhere. I hope you have quite recovered.

I passed thro' Edinburgh in the worst day I have seen or heard of during this summer. We have had fine sunshiny

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Sir William Allan, the historical painter, born 1782; President of the Royal Scottish Academy; died 1850.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Stafford, who had been created Duke of Sutherland 28th January 1833, died at Dunrobin July 19 of the same year, and was succeeded by his son, George Granville, the Earl Gower of the previous correspondence.

days since, and the harvest promises well, and the herring-fishing is going on admirably, so that the country people are likely to do well. I am going to circumambulate this part of the country before I return, and take a look at the world from Cape Wrath. I shall endeavour to see you on my way south, but I shall probably not be able to stay above an hour or so at Edinb.—Believe me, my dear Sharpe, yours very truly,  
SUTHERLAND.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to ———.

PRINCES STREET, *Wednesday night*, [1833].

MY DEAR H.,—I lose not a moment to send you the name of our visual Esculapius, which I have procured from my friends since dinner. Dr Wishart, Nicholson Square (opposite the Riding-house), is deemed the most expert oculist in Edin. He has confined his studies very much to that branch, tho' (I am told) well skilled in the whole art; so that I hope he will be of use to the poor man, unless "too thick a drop hath quenched the orb, or dim suffusion veiled," &c. I remember some time ago he performed a very remarkable cure on an old female servant of ours nearly quite blind; but after she could see tolerably, she was set to read Mrs Hannah More's tracts and the 'Practice of Piety,' quite contrary to my advice, and her eyes are almost gone again; but if she had been allowed to amuse herself with Lady Morgan's romances, and 'Moll Flanders,' I dare say she might have been ogling a dragoon in Princes Street to this very day.—Believe me, *seriously*, dear sir, yours very truly.

*P.S.*—Dr Wishart sets apart one day every week to give medical advice to the poorer people gratis, which savours of quackery; but don't let the report affright you, for he is not a mountebank.

The DUKE OF SUTHERLAND to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

TRENTHAM, *Dec.* 18, 1833.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I fear that you must think that I have been extremely dilatory in my acknowledgements, as it is some time since I received your letter with the notification of “The Book”; but I have been obliged to travel lately on a very melancholy occasion to Yorkshire, from whence I returned only yesterday, when I found the Trial, and I am amused at your having commissioned Mr W. M.<sup>1</sup> to have it conveyed to me. It is certainly a very cheap and splendid work. One cannot understand how “the pursuer” can wish it to be circulated, but if it be a satisfaction to her, I wish her joy of it. Count Pahlen, whom you saw with me at Edin<sup>gh</sup>, alarmed us very much here about a month ago when he was here, by falling plump, and as it were stone-dead, from his chair one day after dinner. It was, however, merely something wrong in the stomach, and he was able to come to breakfast next morn<sup>g</sup>.

I am sorry that you are likely to have more plagues with law proceedings. My mother passed two or three weeks with us last month. She is now in London, where we shall go at the end of January.

I had a letter not long since from Sir J. Sinclair, suggesting to me to volunteer to Government to share with the public the expense of finishing the Thames Tunnel, as a proof of love of country on the part of the aristocracy! The idea shows a degree of public spirit which I fear he may be hurt at not being met by a similar spirit on my part.—  
Ever, my dear Sharpe, yours very truly, S.

<sup>1</sup> Mr William Mackenzie.

From C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Miss E. STEELE PERKINS.<sup>1</sup>

PRINCES ST., EDIN., 7th March [1834].

MY DEAR MADAM,—When I consider my shocking delay as to your poem, I should blush redder than a peony, or the berries of the mountain-ash; but alas! my excuses are, that writing or drawing, nay, reading, are become, from my decayed eyes, a sort of task to me. Then I am old—consequently lazy—a Scotchman too, naturally ill-bred. If these apologies be good for nothing, I will trust to your known good-nature, and fairly cast myself upon your mercy.

I may be partial (I am strongly bound to be partial to you), so err in my estimation of your poem—which, to *me*, is extremely pretty and ingenious. I was happy once in the friendship of a person here, who could have set me right, if I am wrong; but I have lost that excellent adviser. However, as for the space of 32 years he and I never differed in our thoughts about any literary composition, I am vain enough to think that I possess that portion of his taste which enables me to pronounce a sound sentence in such a case; but as to printing the poem here, that is out of the question—for no *pamphlet* ever sells in the Modern Athens! why, neither Sir Walter nor the booksellers could ever tell me.

I now presume to make a few remarks on your ingenious poem, very immaterial as to its real value.

“And the codlin *laid* up,” &c. I would have it *lay*,—*laid* is conversational, tho’ often used by Lord Byron. Yet I don’t like *lay* neither. You can easily alter this.

“Was the ethereal car of Zephyrus,” &c. The *y* in Zephyrus is *short*. You were never at college, dear madam, so this

<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth, daughter of Mr S. F. S. Perkins, by his first wife, published in 1834 a poem in the style of the “Butterfly’s Ball,” entitled “Flora and Pomona’s Fête,” which went through several editions.

is no great slip. But this line *must* be altered. Will "Was Zephyr's ethereal chariot directed" do? No—try, and you will make something better; my *chariot* jumbles dreadfully.

"The pretty Verbena" does not chime with "seen her." An *r* is wanting; but into this error you have been led by the way of pronouncing many words that end with *a*, which is prevalent in England. I remember often remarking this fault in a clever work, the Rejected Addresses.

"Circe beginning to yawn." You have made the rhyme *morn*, a slip, I guess, for *dawn*. Yet I see again, in the lines you sent afterwards, *morn* coupled with *dawn*, which does not sound well, and should be changed.

"And there was Zephyrus and Mercury sent." "And there was soft Zephyr and Mercury sent." This makes the proper quantity.

These are mere trifles. And so, I have done. Your contrivance of the poem is admirable; and I heartily wish it the success I am sure it merits. I am much obliged to you for the honour of your kind letter. Pray, dear madam, present my very best wishes and respects to your father. And tho'

A medlar stale—a musty apricot—  
A rude Scotch thistle—still—forget-me-not—

as your faithful humble ser<sup>t</sup>., MOLIÈRE'S OLD WOMAN.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to a LADY.

NEW ATHENS, *Friday night* [March 1834].

DEAR MADAM,—I hope very soon to have the honour of confessing my sins in person (this new nunnery at Whitehouse<sup>1</sup> makes one write like a Papist—the notion tickles my spleen so much that I am going to publish the old rules of the nunnery at the Sheens, which I have in Latin, for the

<sup>1</sup> Edinburgh.

benefit of the new), as I intend waiting upon Lord and Lady W—— on Wednesday if the day be tolerable. I shall come in great state, with four horses; six beasts, to eat my lord's hay and drink his beer. But then I don't trespass often in that fashion; and if I travel not in this guise I shall be half the day in motion, without much pleasure.

Well, well, I am very old and very poor, and my wig is none of the newest; but yet some very fine ladies write to me still, in spite of all my antiquities. I won't mention *one*, because I think it needless; but I lately had a letter from Lady C. Bury, which I will transcribe verbatim, because I think it will amuse you. We have had no correspondence since the affair of the Pole.

*Copy of Lady C. Bury's Letter.*

“128 MOUNT STREET, March 4, 1834.

“DEAR MR KIRKPATRICK SHARPE,—I implore you to send me one of your delightful drawings. Do not tell me of want of eyes or want of power, but be generous, and accede to my earnest request for the sake of auld lang syne.

“Is there any bribe I could offer you? A bit of your composition, too, in writing would be accounted great gain. Direct to me under cover to L<sup>d</sup>. Tullamore,<sup>1</sup> St George's Place, Hyde Park Corner, London.

“I am always, with much esteem and admiration, yours truly,  
C. M. B.”

If I did not know Lady Charlotte well, I'd imagine this an ill-judged joke on an old blind man; but as matters go, I can scarcely guess her meaning. I never troubled her with a letter about the Pole, and she has several of my ugly drawings, and *might* have plenty of my dull letters. I have an-

<sup>1</sup> Lord Tullamore, eldest son of second Earl of Charleville, married Beaujolois-Harriet, daughter of Col. John Campbell of Shawfield and Lady Charlotte.

swered with truth that I cannot see to draw anything worthy of her acceptance, and I have transmitted a copy of the dull stuff I left in Queen St. this morning.—Believe me, dear madam, ever your most faithful slave,

CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

J. MAIDMENT, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MY DEAR MR SHARPE,—Might I trouble you to look over the *last sheets* of the text of the Argyle papers, for really the Hon<sup>bl</sup>. Mr Campbell is too much for me. I send the copy from which the transcript was taken, as I believe you wished to preserve it, as also *two* original letters. If there is anything wrong, just cut and carve as you please.

I have to return you my thanks for Hamilton, and will you allow me to remind you that there is a certain Flora Macdonald—but I presume you would not let them travel together that the lady's reputation might not be compromised, as so amorous a swain as Hamilton was not to be trusted in company with so fair a damsel.—Very truly yours,

J. MAIDMENT.

10 FORRES STREET, 2d May 1834.

[Enclosed in the above are the following memoranda, and in Mr Sharpe's handwriting:—]

ARGYLL.

Marquis. This Marquis, for his horrid villainies against K. Cha<sup>s</sup>, the royall martyr, was forfeited in Parl<sup>t</sup>. 24th May 1661, and beheadit at Edin. Cross, 27th ditto.

Earl of Argyll, his son, got a pension of 500 lib. ster. 1674. His lady infett in 7000 merks of his estate per annum, during life, 9th May 1682.

Archibald, 1st Duke. "Archibald, his son, was restored by 4 Act, session 1, par. 1, K. W<sup>m</sup>. and Q<sup>n</sup>. Mary, daited 1st of August 1689, in qch. haill Parliament it's observable y<sup>r</sup>. past but 4 Acts—viz., declairing ye meiting of the Estates to be a Parliament; 2d, recognizeing y<sup>r</sup>. Maj<sup>ties</sup>. autoritie; the 3d, abolishing prelatie; and the 4th restoreing this Earle. The deid of forfaiture before the justiciarie, dated 23d Dec<sup>r</sup>. 1681, with the Act of Par<sup>t</sup>. in May 1685, ratifyeing ye same, were reduced. He was made one of King William's Councillors, 1st May 1689. Duke Hamilton, he, and Earle of Sutherland were made keepers of ye great seale, 7th Dec<sup>r</sup>. 1689. Item, ane of three appointed to audit the excheq<sup>r</sup>. accounts, 27th Dec<sup>r</sup>. 1690. Item, ane of ye Lords of Thesaurie, 30th Jan<sup>y</sup>. (observe ye day), wherein he continewed till his death. Item, Captain of the lyfe guard of horse qch. he kepted also till his death. His regiment y<sup>t</sup>. he had befor committed ye Massacre of Glencoe by his and o<sup>rs</sup>. y<sup>r</sup>. contryvance. 13th Feb<sup>y</sup>. 1692, he was made Duke of Argyle, &c., for his predecessor's firme adherence to the crown, and for his own to K. W<sup>m</sup>. 23d June 1701, he wes made ane of the com<sup>rs</sup>. for the union of the 2 Kingdoms, and he and the familie of Stairs were ye principal promoters y<sup>r</sup>.of, albeit he wes cut of befor, and the head of Stairs familie immediately after the clois y<sup>r</sup>.of. He was also ane of the prin<sup>ll</sup>. contryvers of a plott against ye Dukes of Hamilton and Athole, &c., and thought to have proven their correspondence with the King of France, and sent one Captain Frazer of Beufort for manadging ye same; but he wes discovered, and so it had no effect; and, after all his intreaguing, he died in ye armes of his whore, ane Alison, in ye north of England, 28th Sept<sup>r</sup>. 1703. He exceidit most of his fellow-creatures in his amoures, but was affable and of easie access; but barely principled both as to ye church, his King, and country, which made his exit the more acceptable to all honest men. His Lady (with q<sup>m</sup>. he had not cohabit for many years) got his escheat in Dec<sup>r</sup>. 1703."

John, Duke of Argyle, his son. "He wes made commr. to the Parl<sup>t</sup>. 6th March 1705. He brought along with him a certaine instrument called a Quondam, q<sup>ch</sup>. occasioned ye debauching of a great number of Ladies of qualitie, and oyr. young gentlewomen."

John de Auchinleck gelded a Monk of Paisley before 1385.—Mylne's MSS.

Archibald, 1st Duke of Argyle. "This Duke died in the north of England, 28th Sept<sup>r</sup>. 1703, not having for several years befor cohabiten with his lady, but kepted a miss, ane Mistres Alison, for his diversion."—Another MS. of Mylne.

John, Lord Carlyle, Stewart of Kirkcudbright, and keeper of Thrieve Castle before the murder of K. Ja<sup>s</sup>. 3d. John, Lord C., for his service with the K. of France in his Maj<sup>t</sup>ies. affaeres, gets Drumcoll, in Dumfries, befor forfeiture of Alex<sup>r</sup>. Boyd of Drumcoll, annex to the barronie of Carlisle. He gets ward and marriage of his oye, and Robert, any<sup>r</sup>. son of ye 2d John, Lord, made Stewart of Kirkcudbright with keeping of Thrieve Castle for 10 years, Oct<sup>r</sup>. 1477. Catherine Carlyle, spous to Simon Carruthers of Mousewald, 1516.

#### BRUCE OF EARLSHALL.

William, son and app<sup>d</sup>. heir of Sir Alex<sup>r</sup>. Bruce of Earls-hall, and Janet Stewart, his spous, 1504. Sir Alex<sup>r</sup>. of Birghame, 1495. Sir W<sup>m</sup>. gives Peter, his son and app<sup>t</sup>. heir, a great many lands, q<sup>r</sup>.of Leuchars Monypenny, now Leuchars Bruce, and Birgeam, &c., are a part, 1572. W<sup>m</sup>. Bruce of Earlshall and Margaret Meldrum, his spous, 1559. Agnes, Hellen, Janet, and Margaret, d<sup>rs</sup>. and executors of Alex<sup>r</sup>. Bruce of Earlshall, 1496. W<sup>m</sup>. his eldest son, 1588. Andrew, eldest son of William, 1622.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE, Esq., to JAMES BROOM, Esq.

93 PRINCES ST., EDIN., 12th May [1834].

DEAR SIR,—I would have obeyed Sir Robert's commands much sooner had I been able to find some of my notes, from which I transmit the inclosed extract, containing *all* that is to be found in the papers Sir Robert was so good as to entrust to me respecting the Carmichael family.<sup>1</sup>

I am somewhat surprised that your correspondent knew not more of the Bonnington family; the heiress of Lamington and Bonnington married the late Sir Chas. Ross's father

<sup>1</sup> DUMFRIES, 17th April 1834.

CHARLES K. SHARPE, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—By desire of your old friend Sir Robert Grierson, I have to submit to your consideration the letter of which a copy is annexed. Sir Robert is very anxious to assist Colonel Carmichael, and will feel obliged if you can communicate any information upon the subject, derived either from the examination of his old papers or any other source.

I have no doubt you will be gratified to know that Sir Robert continues to enjoy uninterrupted good health, which is wonderful at his advanced age.—I am, dear sir, your very obedient servant,

JAMES BROOM, *Town-Clerk.*

COLLEGE OF ARMS, LONDON, April 11, 1834.

SIR,—I have to intreat the favour of your indulgence for the liberty which I take in addressing you without any other introduction to your notice than such as my official capacity may be presumed to afford me.

Having been some time engaged in collecting evidence for the purpose of deducing the genealogy of my friend Colonel John Carmichael (only son of the late distinguished General Hugh Lyle Carmichael), I find by the printed abstracts of retours that James Carmichael, described as eldest son of Sir James Carmichael, of Bonitoune, in Lanark, was, on 27th July 1665, served heir to his mother Margaret Grierson, and on the same day to his maternal aunt Jean Grierson. These ladies were the daughters of Sir John Grierson of Lag, by Isabella, one of the daughters of Robert Lord Boyd, and sisters to Sir Robert Grierson, who I presume to have been, sir, your lineal ancestor.

As the service was *general*, and not *special*, the records in the Chancery

(I was well acquainted with her, and an ill-natured shrew she was), so the Bonnington papers must be now in the hands of Sir Charles's son. But for Sir Robert's, I hope he will not put himself to further trouble.

Pray, dear sir, be so kind as to present to him my most respectful and grateful good wishes. I rejoice to hear he is in such good excellent health. I had once a mind to address himself on the subject of your letter; but I know his good breeding so well (I wish he would come and teach a little of it to our modern Athenians), that I was afraid he would give himself the trouble of an answer. Be so obliging also as to add that I had great vexation in being compelled to give up the publication to which he most kindly contributed, after

Office at Edinburgh, to which I have caused reference to be had, do not afford me any clue, by the indication of any landed property to which the said James Carmichael may have been heir under any marriage settlement or otherwise, to the ascertainment of my present object—namely, what became of the said James when he died, and whether he left any issue?

As the papers, sir, of your family would no doubt elucidate these points, and perhaps contain letters or other memorials of James Carmichael, so connected with your ancient and highly honourable stock, I am induced to request, as a particular favour, that you will not only give me any information on the subject which your memory may furnish, but also direct an examination to be made amongst your papers, and the communication to me of any mention which they may make of this Carmichael connexion. I am aware that it would be most unreasonable, if not presumptuous, in me to give you any trouble on a subject in which you cannot have the least interest; but if you would kindly allow your agent to treat this as an inquiry of business, I should be most happy and thankful to remunerate him in a professional way for any attention he might pay to the investigation.

I have only, in conclusion, to apologise, sir, which I do very sincerely, for the freedom of this application; and to assure you that nothing would give me greater pleasure than to prove, by any reciprocal service in my humble power, my sense of the obligation.—I have the honour to be, with much respect, sir, your most obedient and faithful servant,

G. J. BELTZ,  
*Lancaster Herald.*

the first sheet was actually printed off. The death of my publisher, John Stevenson, put a stop to that undertaking.

C. K. S.

Lady KEITH to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

TULLYALLAN, *Aug<sup>t</sup>. 26th*, 1834.

DEAR MR SHARPE,—I profit by the opportunity of Mr Playfair's return to Edinburgh to tell you that I have just received your invaluable letter and documents relating to the Constable, w<sup>h</sup>. I shall forthwith forward to the King. They had a narrow escape of being lost, for L<sup>d</sup>. Willoughby returned to Grillion's Hotel after I left London, and from thence they were directed on to *Aldie*; and it was only this morning that an obliging tenant sent them by a messenger on foot from the Crook of Devon! I have written the most polite epistle I could pen to Sir David Erskine, which I hope will make him excuse the very impertinent action of writing to ask a favour from a person I never saw! I long for the answer, which I shall communicate to you immediately, and I have begged him to send you the picture if he consents to let it be copied; so pray receive the warrior hospitably when he knocks at your door. The cold is beyond endurance, and the weather has been bad almost all the time we have been here, which is provoking.—Adieu, dear Mr Sharpe, in all haste, believe me sincerely, y<sup>rs</sup>. ever,

M. M. DE F. KEITH.

Lady WILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

DEAR MR SHARPE,—If you have bestow'd a thought upon me since you were so kind as to write to me, I trust you

voted me a monster for not having before thank'd you for y<sup>r</sup>. kind letter; but, strange to say, I have really been very ill, as far as suffering goes, wh. you will admit when I tell you a swelled face and rheumatic pains in my leg were my tormentors. I was twice confin'd to bed. Having now told my woes, I must thank you for y<sup>r</sup>. flattering proposal; and, strange to say, for the first time my picture has travelled with me, therefore Mr Kennedy will take it to you when he returns to Scot<sup>d</sup>. wh. will be this week. Y<sup>r</sup>. appendix to the 'Winds'<sup>1</sup> w<sup>d</sup>. make it a complete work. It is funny, and I really believe it to be *R. R.* L<sup>y</sup>. Morley assur'd me she had nothing to do with it.

The Heathcotes are gone to-day to Mr Dawkins Pennant, whose castle,<sup>2</sup> built of black Anglesea marble, must be the finest modern castle in the world. His g<sup>t</sup>. hall is of the black marble, cut like scale armour. It will do for 1800 guests, I am told. L<sup>d</sup>. W. desires his kind remembrance to you, and he had much pleasure in forwarding y<sup>r</sup>. dispatches to L<sup>y</sup>. Keith. Have you seen her? You cannot imagine the delight it is to me having the Duchess-Countess<sup>3</sup> as my neighbour in London. The Duke's friend, C<sup>t</sup>. Pahlen, came to us yest. really very ill. He had an attack of fever at Hereford, wh. has left him so weak he can scarcely walk.

I am by no means in force, so I must say adieu; and beg of you to believe me yours very sincerely,

C. S. D. WILLOUGHBY.

GWYDYR, Aug. 26 [1834].

I seal with the seal L<sup>d</sup>. W. had engraved *after* one of a L<sup>d</sup>. W., now in the British Museum, wh. was affix'd to a deed, to wh. he was a witness, of the Earl of Warwick.

<sup>1</sup> A *jeu d'esprit* by Mr Sharpe, 'Æolus, or the God of the Winds.' Never published.

<sup>2</sup> Penrhyn Castle.

<sup>3</sup> Of Sutherland.

Lady WILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

GWYDYR, *Sept.* 5, 1834.

DEAR MR SHARPE,—I trust you rec<sup>d</sup>. my picture from Mr Kennedy, who promised to deliver it to you on his way to Drummond Castle.

Should Mrs Robertson forward this note to you, perhaps you will have the goodness to inform any of my friends that she is to pass some time in our Athens. Her *pencil* is an introduction far beyond any praise I can bestow; but, as one of my oldest friends, if you will call upon her, I really should consider it a very great kindness, and being known to you must be gratifying to any one of taste.

L<sup>d</sup>. Willoughby begs to be kindly remember'd to you. Our weather continues dreadful.—Y<sup>rs</sup>. very sincerely,

C. S. D. WILLOUGHBY.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Lady WILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY.

[1834.]

DEAR MADAM,—Ten thousand thanks for your kindness in sending your picture, which came safely by the hands of Mr Kennedy,—indeed, I cannot express how much I am flattered by this new mark of your goodness.

But for the picture. I got a strange surprise! The execution, to be sure, is very pretty, and much laboured, but I never found out long ago that the head is much too large for the figure, and that one of the hands is only an empty white kid glove. However, I have got my young oil-painter to make a copy, nearly as large as life, which I flatter myself is greatly more like than the miniature, and very well done. Some judges, the Duchess of Sutherland among the rest, admire it extremely. And now, Madam, when you find leisure,

pray have the goodness to let me know how I can return the original to you. I shall be glad when I am sure that it is safely with you again, for I have lately lost one of my trifling curiosities which I lent, and one's house may be burnt like the two houses of Parliament—a dismal omen, God wot. I am breaking my heart about the old tapestry, and vexed, too, that since the buildings were to be burnt, a great many members of both houses were not in their places.

Mrs Robertson is here for a few days, after painting some miniatures in the country. Her pictures strike me as being vastly well done; though she had only two that were nearly finished, and no very good subject, so I saw her talent to a disadvantage. I am sorry to say that there is no encouragement to an art like hers in our New Athens, even when the town is full, and now it is quite empty—emptier than I ever saw it at this season, which may proceed from the surfeit poor Auld Reekie, silly woman, had lately of *çavans* and dinner-givers. After getting such a load off her stomach, she sits drooping like an empty bagpipe, wi' mickle sconner and an unco sair head.

I had the good fortune to see Lady Keith when here; for a very short time—as everybody was busy about things and people far too important and great for my insignificance. It grieved me to see her looking ill, though she did not complain of anything; if in good health, she is more changed in appearance than anybody I ever saw—though Time, even in his tenderest touches, is a cruel defacer. She left her picture, by Lawrence, in my custody, to be cleaned from a cloud of smoke it had got at Tulliallan, which I have got done, and it looks very well. It is graceful and pretty, and has not the fault of your miniature—an unfavourable resemblance.

I will offer once more my best thanks for your goodness, and my sincere respects to Lord Willoughby, and am, dear madam, your ever obliged, most faithful serv<sup>t</sup>.

CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

J. G. LOCKHART, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

DEAR MR SHARPE,—I hope you will not consider me as unpardonably intrusive when I take the opportunity of saying that among Sir W. Scott's MSS. now in my hands I have found many memorials of the friendship that was maintained for so long a period between yourself and him, and that these have naturally led me to desire earnestly from you some little account of the origin of your acquaintance, and of the impression which he made on you when you first met, which must, I think, have been before he had attained much celebrity in the world. Should you possess any letters of his of which, in your opinion, use might advantageously be made in a Memoir of his Life, and be pleased to allow me copies or extracts of these, you would be conferring a valuable favour on your friend's surviving family; but this is a point on which I feel that I have no right to insist. He had preserved so many letters of yours, however, that I must suppose the correspondence was considered by himself as one not of the common sort.—I have the honour to remain very sincerely your faithful humble servant,

J. G. LOCKHART.

16 INVERLEITH PLACE, *Sept.* 13, 1834.

J. G. LOCKHART, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

EDINBURGH, *Sept.* 15, 1834.

DEAR SIR,—Both my wife and myself are very sincerely grateful to you for the courtesy and kindness with which you have complied with what I had almost feared you might consider an intrusive request; and any MS. which you may forward to me, under cover to Mr Cadell, bookseller in St

Andrew's Square, will be sure to reach me in safety, and to be very thankfully received.

Mrs Lockhart regrets that, having been but for two or three busy days in Edin<sup>r</sup> on this occasion, she has not had an opportunity of calling on Miss Sharpe, to whom, with yourself, she offers her best regards; and I remain, dear Mr Sharpe, truly your obliged and faithful humble servant,

J. G. LOCKHART.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

BELGRAVE PLACE, LONDON, 27th Sep<sup>r</sup>. 1834.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have been much too long a letter in your debt; but toil in marble and bronze by day, and in notes and annotations by night, must bear off the blame of my silence. My friends are charitable, and feel with the poet,

"That strong necessity supreme is  
'Mang sons o' men."

I thank you for your original and touching ballad,<sup>1</sup> which not only speaks of a land dear to my heart, but records a striking superstition in language breathing of the oldern minstrelsy. Some of the verses have the hue and sound of other days, while the breaks in the narrative, like the *racks* in the Nith and Annan, serve to make the current run quicker and look clearer. Now since Sir W. is gone, who is there who knows so much of old Scottish lore as yourself? I wish you would think of this, and, with an interleaved volume of ballad and song on your table, note down something illustrative of each which probably no one else knows, and which, I am sure, no one else could express in fewer or happier words. Much that

<sup>1</sup> "The Wizard Peter."

is worthy of being preserved is dying out in the land. With every man, aye, and woman too, of eighty, some valuable intelligence perishes never to be recovered. Think of this, and allow me to find for you a song in honour of that good dirk which wrought at Dumfries the deliverance of Scotland.

My son<sup>1</sup> tells me that you were very kind to him, and showed him many curious matters, as well as charmed him with conversation. I thank you for this. He was prepared to like you for other reasons than your writings. He talks of nothing so much of the northern wonders as your drawing of Queen Elizabeth dancing, which hangs at Abbotsford, and surpasses, he declares, all that he has ever seen of the satiric kind. I am sorry that the letter of Burns to your father, as well as the note which accompanies it, was through the press and could not be recalled before my son's return. I shall restore the signature to it in the octavo edition, which my bookseller has just intimated will be wanted. My boy tells me, too, that you have several unpublished productions of Burns, and that you said you would copy them and send them. I beg you will do this, and augment the obligation by saying something of the poet yourself. To edit Burns I have found no easy matter; he has written so much that is pure, witty, and wicked, that I know not well where to stop. I am no timid editor, yet I must respect the squeamishness of Madam Public. . . .

My edition has succeeded well. Some five thousand of each volume are regularly sold.

I have some notion of writing the Lives of the Poets, north and south, not included in the admirable Biographies of Johnson. There are many who would do this better, but no one comes forward. If Southey would do so, it would give me great pleasure to give way to him. I shall, however, do my best, and I hope, by writing them in the same calm clear way of the Lives of the Painters, to obtain readers. The

<sup>1</sup> The late Peter Cunningham.

work will extend to twelve volumes, and much research and reading, as well as consideration, will be required. I intend to bestow upon it my whole leisure. I have ceased to write verses, though some of my songs are my best performances, and will likely live, and I shall let no small matter interrupt the stream of study. I see my way to a well-wanted history of English and Scottish poetry. I hope you will be tempted to help with some letters, anecdotes, and snatches of character for some of the lives; at any rate, I beg of you to write me a few words of caution or encouragement. I am likely to need both. My friend Southey says of my prose, my biographical prose, that it is a purer English style than any one of my countrymen, with the exception perhaps of Hume, has hitherto attained. This is some honour for the poor journeyman mason of Nithside, whose sole instructress was that singularly pious woman, Jean Robson, umquhile of Guardwood.

When you see my dear friend, David Laing, greet him kindly from me. He is kind, honest, straightforward, and forgiving. I hope you will be tempted into a correspondence with me. I *shall* be *punctual* and thankful. My son begs me to send his respects; to his I add my own with true-heartedness.—I remain, my dear friend, yours in truth,

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

The DUCHESS-DOWAGER OF SUTHERLAND to  
C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

HAMILTON PLACE, *May* 7, 1835.

I feel puzzled to account to myself, my dear Mr Sharpe, for having so long delayed telling you how much I have been entertained and delighted with the book<sup>1</sup> you were so good as to bestow upon me, and to send me by Mr Wm. Mackenzie.

<sup>1</sup> Petrie's 'Rules of Good Department.'

It has been not only highly amusing to myself, but to many others who have seen it, and who envy me for possessing it. The { engraving } is invaluable, it so thoroughly describes the extreme earnestness with which the gentleman fulfils his sense of duty and propriety, so well exprest in his countenance. It reminds me, as well as some of the rules of behaviour in the work, of a person for whom all who knew him had a great esteem and regard, the late Mr Byers of Tonley,<sup>1</sup> who resided so long at Rome. In short, nothing can be more entertaining; and though manners are changed since Mr Petrie's time, yet many of the things he recommends are luckily still practised in society.

I wish I had any equally agreeable subject to write of with this. The present prospects around one are very gloomy, as they appear to me, and I hear of nothing as yet cheering, though one thinks that this present state of public affairs is one not likely to last.

What a strange turn L<sup>d</sup>. Brougham has taken of late! I hope I shall see you before long; I intend to be in Scotland as early in June as I can. Hitherto the weather has been very cold, and everything backward. My family are now all here, but I hope to be able to leave London by that time.

I hope Mrs Sharpe is well, and beg to send my compliments to her, and that you will believe me, my dear Mr Sharpe, very truly yours,

E. SUTHERLAND.

The DUCHESS-DOWAGER OF SUTHERLAND to  
C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

HAMILTON PLACE, *Jan'y.* 19, 1836.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have many thanks to return to you for the letters, and for the mem. of the St Clairs of Rosslyn, which

<sup>1</sup> In Aberdeenshire. A virtuoso and collector of considerable taste.

I received last week. The letters are to me of great interest and curiosity. I have a picture of the writer at Dunrobin, called Earl *John Glasse*, who I imagine to have been a refined sort of gentleman for the time in which he lived. I had it engraved as a frontispiece of Sir Rob<sup>t</sup> Gordon's *Histry.*, who was his uncle. These 1<sup>rs</sup>. are a valuable acquisition for Dunrobin, where I have not found any of his, and imagine he led a quiet retired life after losing his first wife, the daughter of the E<sup>l</sup> of Perth. I sh<sup>d</sup>. like to know if there is any picture of him at Drummond C., and will ask L<sup>y</sup>. Willoughby, who I saw for a moment about a month ago on her way through London. The *Rosslyn Memoirs* must be full of curious Scotch history.

I am really sorry to hear of the additional annoyance given you by your brother. Is it to a considerable amount? As for the picture, which I am glad to find you think of any value, I will get Morant, who is a clever and obliging person, and who got it for me, to make a farther investigation, and to see what became of that by Sir Joshua. There will soon be some sales, and if I meet with anything *deserving*, I will not forget your collection. These sort of pursuits amuse me, and I have got a Mr Seagar, who is repairing an old Dunrobin picture for me of the Duke of Alva and his cruelties in the Netherlands. That title has been well balanced by the reverse in the remembrance of your old friend L<sup>y</sup>. Alva. *À propos* of that subject, pray tell me in what condition the heirs of that family are, and who the present representative is? I hear very good accounts constantly from the Duke at Paris. He will probably come over about Easter, after having had an entertaining winter there.

I sh<sup>d</sup>. have written sooner had I a frank, but Mr Loch, who is the only M.P. in London, is gone to my son Francis, who has (I regret to say) a fit of the gout at Oatlands, and I will not let you pay for a letter of so little consequence, as any one from hence must be at present, where there is so little going

on, but I find London the best place in this very changeable and cold weather, which I hear has been much less so in the North. I hear from L<sup>d</sup>. Grosvenor, at Stutgardt, of intensely cold weather there for the last two months. The thermometer often at zero. Adieu, my dear sir.—Believe me your obliged and faithful,

E. SUTHERLAND.

I hope Mrs Sharpe is well, and beg to send my compliments to her.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to a Lady.

NEW ATHENS, *Friday* [1836].

MY DEAR MADAM,—I restore with gratitude Sir N. Wraxall's Memoirs, which were very amusing to me, tho' to people who are younger I think they must prove mighty dull. He makes a curious blunder about the Duke of Monmouth teaching the P<sup>ss</sup>. of Orange to dance. Her husband merely made her learn skating in the Duke's presence. It is curious to observe how dull now appear all those oratorical passages which he cites as once having made such an impression on the House of Commons; and to me, who remember very well the fuss that took place about Mr Hastings and his trial, the thing seems now next to a miracle. I recollect believing him a sort of monster, from the party outcries and lampoons. I afterwards was personally acquainted with him, and I think his very face confuted all the calumnies of Burke and his other ranting enemies.

Since the honour of seeing you last, I have had a visit from two great curiosities, Sir Joseph Copley<sup>1</sup> and Sir George Talbot.<sup>2</sup> I expected Sir Joseph, but not his friend, whom my maid-servant termed a *young gentleman*. It was a dark day,

<sup>1</sup> Sir Joseph Copley, third baronet, born 1769.

<sup>2</sup> Sir George Talbot, third baronet, born 1761.

and I keep down my blinds to hide the holes in my red furniture; so when I went into the drawing-room I mistook Sir George for Sir Joseph's son or nephew. I am sure you would have been amused to see three such strange curmudgeons sit down and bite and scratch all the books and people we talked of. I thought of the three witches in "Macbeth" (you know all old men turn old women), and felt a huge inclination to strike up the song—

"When shall we three meet again,  
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?"

Among the subjects we fastened on was poor Lord Huntly, whose case, I fear, is a very sad one. I wish Lord H. may do what Gow the fiddler did. To recover five hundred pounds, which his broken vows cost him, he married his scorned Ariadne after all.

I had an invitation to dinner from the witches, one of whom has a French cook, but I boiled my own caldron at home.

Dear madam, adieu. I offer my very best respects to you and yours, and am ever your most obliged faithful serv<sup>t</sup>.

C. K. SHARPE.

I am hunting out some of the poor etchings you desired, but cannot yet find what I principally want.

Lady CHARLOTTE BURY<sup>1</sup> to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MY DEAR MR KIRKPATRICK SHARPE,—Prefaces and introductions are no longer in fashion, nevertheless I must preface this my note by saying that you once used to correspond with me, and that those who ever had the entertainment of reading your letters can surely never forget them. This is my

<sup>1</sup> Lady Charlotte Campbell married in 1819 a second husband, the Rev. Edward Bury, who died 1832.



C. A. Patrick Sharpe del.

W. H. Livars sculp.

THE LADY AND THE KNIGHT.



preface towards extracting one from you now, after a lapse of twenty-seven years' silence.

Now for my introduction to your remembrance. If in the archives of your overstock'd memory a little bit of a label be found bearing the inscription Lady Charlotte Campbell, that same being now makes you a curtesy, and says in all, save age (what an all!!), she is much the same under the designation of Lady Charlotte Bury.

Preface and introduction having been duly gone through, here is the sum and substance of the matter I have to present to your consideration—namely, to lay a request at your door, which I pray you to take into your most indulgent keeping, and lay it by in cotton if you cannot or will not grant it, or rather put it into the fire or candle, as may be most convenient.

Will you give me anecdotes of society—political or moral, or critical or immoral—of the years 1810 and 1811 down to 1820—any letters or opinions upon the times and the curious state of publick affairs?—you will for ever oblige me. I have no better argument or more weighty to use, else would I employ them. Oh, Mr Kirkpatrick Sharpe, what would I give for the free rummaging of your literary treasures!

Pardon my impertinence—but you must think of me as of a *revenant*—and you cannot be angry with an old lady of by-gone years—so making you as many curtseys at the end of my note as I did at the beginning, I trust to your kindness and gallantry, knowing that they are both incommensurable as your wit, and am, in despite of time and absence, yours, with sincere goodwill and great admiration of your many talents,

CHARLOTTE MARIA BURY.

3 CONNAUGHT PLACE, WEST,  
Friday, 11th Nov. 1836.

Lady WILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

GRIMSTHORPE, Nov. 24, [1836].

DEAR MR SHARPE,—I need hardly tell you how much regret I felt that *late* arrivals and *early* departures from my capital prevented our attempting to see you, wh. always gives L<sup>d</sup>. Willoughby and myself so much pleasure. I merely write to you in order that we may occasionally hear that you have not forgotten us. In Scotland we had a very charming summer—I ought, in the language of the ‘Morn<sup>g</sup>. Post,’ to say *season*, as fine weather we had not to boast of; but a great many people came to see us. The Villiers were with us nearly the whole time. The Flahaults came to see us for a few days. She is dreadfully alter’d; but I was spared her views of destruction, for wh. I feel grateful to her. Emilie<sup>1</sup> is *very wee*, but certainly pretty, very sharp, and improves upon acquaintance every hour, and what is a great charm, she is perfectly devoid of affectation. We proposed remaining a day in Edin<sup>r</sup>. on our return; but we were hurried off from Drummond Castle by the Flahaults offering to come here. We had Col<sup>l</sup>. Elphinston,<sup>2</sup> the Heathcotes,<sup>3</sup> and pretty L<sup>v</sup>. Valletort<sup>4</sup> to meet them. They got up some beautiful tableaux, the first thing of the sort I had seen. The effect is lovely. Flahault went out hunting once with the D. of Rutland’s hounds, and once with L<sup>d</sup>. Lonsdale’s. He rode very well. We only return’d from London on Tue<sup>s</sup>. where we past a few days. We did not go to the play; it was voted a bore by my fastidious family. Julius

<sup>1</sup> Married in 1843 to Henry, fourth Marquess of Lansdowne.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards fourteenth Lord Elphinstone.

<sup>3</sup> Sir Gilbert John Heathcote, afterwards created Lord Aveland, had married a daughter of Lady Willoughby de Eresby.

<sup>4</sup> Caroline, daughter of Rear-Admiral Fielding, married Viscount Valletort, afterwards Earl of Mount-Edgecombe, in 1831.

Cæsar even met with no admirers, and some thought for once Brutus quite right in putting him out of the way. The only gay thing I did was dining with Prince Esterhazy, where I heard the Austrian singers. We were so pleased with them that we sent for them to sing the night Alberic<sup>1</sup> came to see us from Eton. L<sup>y</sup>. Jersey has fairly got rid of ten years in her appearance from her journey to the Bubbles and Prague, where she assisted at the Coronation, decked in *a few* of P<sup>ss</sup>. Esterhazy's diamonds. When the D. of Gordon went to Vienna last year, Esterhazy desired he w<sup>d</sup>. allow him to give orders for his apartments, carriages, dinners, &c. When he arriv'd with the D<sup>ss</sup>. they descended at a palace, with all Esterhazy's people in attendance. This Sir R<sup>t</sup>. Gordon told me. L<sup>d</sup>. de R. occupies all the attention of London. He reached London on Wed<sup>y</sup>. last, and till Monday he had declined seeing any of his friends under the plea of indisposition. A friend of mine called upon L<sup>y</sup>. Geo<sup>r</sup>. de R. on Sunday. The family say he is come home to meet the accusation, wh. cannot be brought forward. Both his brothers are prepar'd to call out any man who ventures in their presence to utter a word derogatory to L<sup>d</sup>. de R.'s honor, and so the affair rested when I came away.<sup>2</sup> W<sup>m</sup>. Burrell left town for Torquay ab<sup>t</sup>. ten days before we'd arriv'd. I am sorry to say he is weaker, and by no means in spirits. I found L<sup>y</sup>. Tarleton less changed after a lapse of eleven years than I c<sup>d</sup>. have expected. She was only in London one day after I arriv'd; she is going to Cholmondeley. I heard L<sup>y</sup>. Clare<sup>3</sup> is *doing heroine* by braving plague and pestilence. She started in a steamboat from Marseilles to Leghorn, I presume to avoid the quarantine. I have just heard of a marriage—Mr Cor-

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Lord Willoughby de Eresby.

<sup>2</sup> Lord de — de Ros. The scandal terminated in an action in 1837, and was the subject of epigrams by Theodore Hook and others.

<sup>3</sup> Diana, eldest daughter of Charles Woodcock, Esq., wife of the last Earl of Clare.

bett, M.P.,<sup>1</sup> of the N. division of the county, to L<sup>y</sup>. M. Beauclerk. She is beautiful. The Melton gentlemen ordered a play at Leicester, when they all went with their retainers. L<sup>d</sup>. Rokeby's valet said to a man—"Stand out of my way, you little, shabby, ugly, unwashed mechanic!" and this he addrest to L<sup>d</sup>. Kinnaird. L<sup>d</sup>. Willoughby desires his best regards to you; and I remain, dear Mr Sharpe, yours sincerely,

C. S. D. WILLOUGHBY.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to a Lady.

EDINBURGH, *Friday night*, 1836.

DEAR MADAM,—I return Captain Hall's 'Schloss'<sup>2</sup> with many thanks: it amused me extremely, because I knew the heroine, and I now know the author better than I did before. The lady was very plain and vulgar looking, and never thought a very great genius by her friends who were friends of mine. Her marriage, I remember, was much laughed at, and a wonder made that a young lad could think of such an ugly old maid. What's very remarkable after reading this book is, that I was most intimately acquainted with Sir Walter Scott for thirty-two years; and yet I never once heard him mention the name of Countess Purgstall. I think the soul of old James Boswell hath transmigrated into the body of Captain Basil!

Lately in a painful examination of what were my father's books, I found a romance of Miss Lee's, which brought an old anecdote to my mind. In one of my first conversations with Lord Byron, when we talked of female genius, he mentioned his delight when he first read Miss Lee's German's tale.<sup>3</sup> This

<sup>1</sup> Thomas George Corbett of Elsham Hall, Lincolnshire, married Lady Mary Noel Beauclerk, youngest daughter of the eighth Duke of St Albans, Dec. 15, 1836.

<sup>2</sup> 'Schloss Hainfeldt.'

<sup>3</sup> 'Kruitznier.'

led me to reperuse it the other night, and being much pleased with it, I send it to you, hoping that it will amuse you. It is plain that Conrad gave Lord B. the idea of all his fierce and odious heroes, tho' his wicked impious mind added much darker shades to the last monsters whom his degraded muse gave birth to.

If I did not know that you give yourself no airs of a fine lady, I should blush to send so soiled and broken-winged a volume.

I will add no more, save that your approval of my poor attempts at design adds much to the vanity of, dear madam, your ever most obliged and faithful servant,

CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Lady CHARLOTTE BURY.<sup>1</sup>

*Friday, 19th February 1836.*

DEAR —,—I should have thanked you for the honour of your most obliging letter long ago, had I been able to write with any pleasure to myself, (to others, alas! I can give none;) but I have had the strangest juvenile simple sort of disease imaginable, which hath crippled my hands in such a woful manner, that still to bend my fingers for any length of time gives me the utmost uneasiness. Do not imagine that I am talking of what King James called too great a luxury for us subjects—our national cremona. In truth, there was neither pride nor pleasure to qualify the pain of my distemper, which was that nursery sort of evil, chilblains. But no

<sup>1</sup> In John Galt's edition of 'Diary of George IV.,' Lady Charlotte appends the following note: "The modern Walpole; indeed he may be said to surpass that distinguished person in the art of epistolary composition. To me Mr S——'s style is far more agreeable; and the knowledge that his clever and amusing letters are written without any study or correction, enhance their merit in a great degree."

boxer's gloves, or bear's paws, can give you any notion of my hands, which are still in such a condition, that to describe it would excite full as much disgust as compassion. I will therefore spare your *sal volatile*, and proceed to the contents of your very kind letter. As to curious MSS., there is no such thing here; no varieties, but dull charters of religious houses, and canting lives of Presbyterian ministers. Whatever the Bannatyne Club has printed, might as well have been left to the rats and mice, which have done more good in their generation than they have any credit for; and this club has had the overhauling of everything here. There are no poems but some Latin verses written by young lawyers; and as to letters, I do think the wise people of Scotland never wrote any, saving about money, and the secure hiring of servants. Letters bring Lady M. W. M. into my head, which I now do not confess in public ever to have read, for they are deemed so naughty by all the world, that one must keep up one's reputation for modesty, and try to blush whenever they are mentioned. Seriously, dear —, I never was more surprised with any publication in my life. It was, perhaps, no wonder that the editor, my Lord of W——, cheated by the charms of his subject, might lose his head, and in the last volume kick up his heels at Horace Walpole and Dr Cole, and print the letters about Reevemonde, &c. But how the discreet Lady Louisa S——t could sanction this, I cannot guess. These pious grandchildren have proved all to be true that was before doubtful, and certainly my Lady Mary comes out a most accomplished person. Yet, from my relationship to the M—— family, I could add one or two more touches to the picture—but it is needless; however, this may amuse you, that I have been assured, from the best authority, she never was handsome:—a little woman, marked with the small-pox, and so prodigiously daubed over with white and red, that she used to go into the warm bath and scrape off the paint like

lime from a wall. It is admirable how one may obtain a reputation for wit, beauty, worth, or any other good thing, by the magic of a name! And in truth never was there a more striking instance of the truth of this assertion than in my Lady Mary W. Montague. All the fame she really merited to have accorded her was that of being a shrewd woman of the world, with a quick eye, and a cross tongue, that was perpetually wagging against her neighbour. It would appear to me that she was but a sorry wife to her gudeman, and a very indifferent friend: and as to her talents, to judge by the style of her writings, any well-bred lady of the present day could produce a much better collection, if she were to gather the notes and letters that have passed between herself and her contemporaries. Lady M——, fortunately for her, lived in strange places, saw strange people, and had every means afforded her that could enable a mind of any discernment to keep an interesting diary, and render her amusing to her country people, who had not the same advantages.

There are three means by which everything can be acquired in this world.

The first is opportunity;

The second is opportunity;

The third is likewise opportunity.

Lady Mary had these, and turned them to the fullest account. Of her genius I will not say how little I esteem it, lest you should be partial to her ladyship: and, O heavens! if you are, I shall already have offended you beyond measure by my impertinent criticisms. I crave pardon, and think I am most likely to obtain it by ending this *babillage*, and assuring you, dear ——, how sincerely I am your faithful servant, &c.

Lady WILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

Dec. 31, 1836.

MY DEAR MR SHARPE,—Your letter, which I received two days ago, gave me, I assure you, g<sup>t</sup>. pleasure, tho' alloy'd very much by the conclusion, as anything which causes you pain must be very distressing to those who have known you and liked you as much as we have. In future, pray let us hear of each other more frequently, as no new acquaintance to me ever has the charm of an early friend. Upon examination of the Lodge, said to contain papers, there was nothing found except some letters of Vanburgh, a rec<sup>t</sup>. of Sir Joshua's, and a rec<sup>t</sup>. from a Cap<sup>t</sup>. Hamilton to one of the Berties for a negro boy, aged 12 y<sup>rs</sup>., ab<sup>t</sup>. a hundred years ago. This is easily accounted for by old Bertie Greathead in Duke Brownlow's time having ransacked the papers, when we know he carried off the letter of Cha<sup>s</sup>. 1<sup>st</sup>. to L<sup>d</sup>. Lindsay, and we believe one from Eliz<sup>th</sup>. to La. Willoughby. Cha<sup>s</sup>. Percy, who married his g<sup>d</sup>-.daughter, very unfairly retains them, and an action cannot be brought against him, as there is no legal proof. We are all very good friends, but I cannot understand his retaining them, unless by Greathead's will he has no power over the papers. Your letter was so witty we were nearly convulsed. La D<sup>ss</sup>. Cunnizzaro, *alias* Grotto, has a friend with an enormous moustache, living in her house, called *di Nuovo*, who drives about in a dashing cab—a complete specimen of a tiger. When asked who he is, she answers, “He sings so well! he has such a fine voice! besides, you know I always liked *qual che cosa di Nuovo*.” *The Sposo vagabondo*, as she calls il Duca, fled from her years ago, and devoted himself to a beautiful D<sup>ss</sup>. di Visconti, who died last winter; whether this will bring him back, I know not. I believe Paul Pry was right when he exclaimed, “I'll be —

if ever I do another good-natur'd thing." I undertook to have my picture copied, which induced me to torment you, and I now find Egley has been decided upon to copy it. This I only heard three or four days ago; under these circumstances, I am sure you will give me hospitality till Mr Kennedy returns to pick me up, which I will request him to do on his return from Drummond Castle. I only wish we may prevail upon you some time to visit it again. Last night some tableaux were got up with great success. Henry Heathcote in K. James's original dress, was as good as our picture of *Cousin Jimmie*; and Clementina as Anne of Denmark was scarcely to be known from the picture in white which is here. Elizabeth and Augustus Villiers were charming as Francis 1st and a lady. Augusta was a Dutch girl with a brass kettle, cabbages, &c., and several others; but a copy of a Holbein was incomparable, with seven people behind a long table, and one kneeling. We found it in a garret without a frame, and sent it to Segur; he clean'd it, and really it is a most curious composition. It is too kind what you propose doing; but dear Mr Sharpe, the first tableau I ever read of La Marg<sup>e</sup> de Bareuth mentions in her Mémoires. It was exhibited in the King's boudoir at Dresden for the amusement of the King of Prussia and his son Frederick the Great whilst on a visit. The subject was more beautiful than Panurge's Sibyl, but rather worse—The Venus of Titian. L<sup>r</sup> Jersey is my friend who occasion'd you all the trouble ab<sup>t</sup>. my picture. Y<sup>r</sup> story of O'Connell is quite invaluable. W<sup>m</sup>. Burrell has had the influenza, and has survived it. Mrs Villiers, in galloping to cover the other day on *Wish*, a beautiful racer wh. L<sup>d</sup>. Chesterfield gave her, was pitched off, and frighten'd even the hard-hearted Melton *Slashers*, but mercifully escaped with life and limb. If all the gossip I can collect amuses you, you have only to encourage me, but PRAY be sincere. I know you will not quote me if you tell me so, otherwise I am afraid to let loose my pen. I am under g<sup>t</sup>. obligations

to L<sup>d</sup>. W.<sup>1</sup> for bringing L<sup>y</sup>. Mary's letters out in large print, as I do not see well since the Inf. You are right; L<sup>y</sup>. Louisa<sup>2</sup> is said to have written the *Intro*<sup>n</sup>. Willoughby desires his best wishes to you.—Y<sup>rs</sup>., dear Mr Sharpe, very sincerely,

C. S. D. WILLOUGHBY.

Clare desires his kind regards, and much wishes to see you again. He feels it must be at least forty-five years since you met.

L<sup>d</sup>. Willoughby joins me in kindest wishes to you, and I remain y<sup>rs</sup>. very sincerely,

C. S. D. WILLOUGHBY.

Lady CHARLOTTE BURY to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

3 CONNAUGHT PLACE, WEST,  
13th January 1837.

DEAR MR KIRKPATRICK SHARPE,—Your most original letters are always the greatest treat possible. If I was not absolutely sick of pen and ink, I should oftener endeavour to procure myself the pleasure of receiving one.

I sympathise with your torments one and all. I have drunk a full cup of similar ones, with misery of heart at the bottom—worst of all. On that score I cannot write. Well, so you have recovered all your precious gatherings; and you will once more sit enthroned upon them like a monarch, as you are, ruling over a *mind* of wealth, which might be a *mine* to you too, if you would listen to me, and join with me in some work.

I hope your cats and your tortoise have recovered from the earthquake, and that your sister is none the worse, nor yourself.

By some miracle or other I am at present in a good house,

<sup>1</sup> Wharnccliffe.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Louisa Stuart.

half furnished and half lived in. I have saved something from a wreck; and I have still given to me a stout heart till a stae brae (I hope that is rightly spell'd, for it is not the fashion now, as it was in good old days, for ladies to spell their own way). I have four dogs, four birds, and a beautiful girl of seventeen—*literally beautiful*. And I see all my children often, who are all flourishing, and we are in perfect harmony; so all that is a great sunshine; and I tell you so much of myself that you may know whereabt. I am in life, and not feel that I am a stranger to you. Other people I daresay think me old; but I think myself young, and am determined to do so so long as I live. It would be all well enough if one lived to write for fame and fancy, and to try to do good; but writing to coin money is slavery to body and mind. I am that slave. You see you have not said too much of your *own* affairs. The best proof I can give you is that I have said more of mine.

Your monster wife would be a Phoenix in your hands. In mine she would be a monster still. Write her and draw her for me, and I will sell her to the best bidder for something worth while; but I cannot mould her into being. Get for me some ancient MS. out of the Advocates' Lybrary, which never has been published or rifled. Get it copied; send it to me, and tell me how to *dress it up*. If there was any book that you would take in conjunction with me—especially if you would illustrate it with your most *inimitable* drawings—I could (I know I could) sell it for a good price, and you would be benefitting me and yourself. Your drawings, if you have any by you cut and dry, would, I am sure, with a very little letterpress from myself, fetch you a good price.

Colburn is in the field again. *C'est tout dire*.

Memoirs—*real* memoirs, and *old letters*, original ones—are the rage, according to their bulk and magnitude. They would *fetch* large sums. Who so capable as yourself to dig these out of their hiding-places?

I write to you confidentially. Answer me quickly.

With great consideration and kind goodwill, yours sincerely,  
CHARLOTTE MARIA BURY.

Lady WILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

GRIMSTHORPE, *January 14, 1837.*

DEAR MR SHARPE,—I find Mr Kennedy had quitted Scotland before my letter reached him, consequently, may I request of you to send my picture to Messrs Romanes & Patterson, and they will put it into a box with some trumpery I have ordered? I have a thousand apologies to make for being so troublesome, but I am sure your kindness will accept them without my saying more. Clare, Mr Sneyd, L<sup>y</sup>. William Powlett, Cap<sup>t</sup>. Percy, and L<sup>d</sup>. Rokeby have been with us for some days, quite exhilarating in this hunting country, where the nearest way from point to point, and the merits and demerits of horses, are the only topics ever canvassed. L<sup>d</sup>. Exeter is gone to town to be with ye Dow<sup>r</sup> who is sinking very fast.<sup>1</sup> There is no truth in L<sup>d</sup>. Prudhoe's marriage to the pretty little French girl, wh. was believed for some days. I heard a trait of O'Mulgrave<sup>2</sup> the other day wh. was very characteristic. L<sup>d</sup>. Glengall called upon him at the Castle, and was standing before the fire when the *Vice Roi* entered. He continued standing to warm himself; and at last L<sup>d</sup>. Mulgrave waved his hand with g<sup>t</sup>. dignity, and pointed to a chair and desired him to sit down. Glengall said, "Oh, my good fellow, that won't do with me! I shall always sit down in y<sup>r</sup>. presence whenever I like." Report names Miss Bagot as the Lady of the B. C.<sup>3</sup> who is to replace L<sup>y</sup>. Home as soon as she is married.

<sup>1</sup> The Marchioness died three days after this letter was written.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards first Marquess of Normanby. Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland 1835 to 1839.

<sup>3</sup> Bed-chamber.

M<sup>lle</sup>. d'Esté<sup>1</sup> refused the King's offer of giving her rank with the daughters of marquesses. I applaud her for it. Did I tell you that L<sup>y</sup>. Keith's sledge has been much admired in Paris. She bought it out of Le Garde Meuble. It is a *golden Dragon*, and belonged to Louis 14. L<sup>y</sup>. Mary's letters arrived yes<sup>t</sup>. L<sup>y</sup>. W<sup>m</sup>. had the 1st vol., Clare 2d, and Alberic's tutor I saw reading the 3d.

L<sup>d</sup>. Waterford must be mad. Whilst driving ab<sup>t</sup>. in y<sup>e</sup> hackney-coach with the man he was going to fight and the two seconds, he address him: "Ah! you'll be a *stiff one* by tomorrow; you must button up yourself in your wooden great-coat with brass buttons." Mr Sneyd said last night of Mr Rogers, "he is as jealous of a pretty girl as of an old wit;" and of L<sup>y</sup>. Shelley, "that her voice is like a *rattling* old hack-chaise with both windows up, and when you get away it is with a headache and a bad cold." You know she always *sniffles* and snorts.

Willoughby desires his kind remembrance to you.—Yours,  
my dear Mr Sharpe, very sincerely,

C. S. D. WILLOUGHBY.

J. G. LOCKHART, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

LONDON, 21st *Jan*y. 1837.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am very much obliged and gratified by the little note which you sent me the other day, and by its enclosures, which, tho' few, are precious. I am in hopes that the letter of 1808 (which refers, I presume, to your famous Queen Bess dancing high and disposedly) may yet be in time to get into the right place; but if not, it shall, at all events, be in the appendix, and from thence lifted into the text hereafter—that is, in case of a 2d edition, which it is not pre-

<sup>1</sup> Daughter of H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex; married Sir Thomas Wilde, afterwards Lord Truro.

sumptuous to anticipate for a book made up very much of our late friend's letters and diaries. The other affectionate farewell of Sept. 1831 is, of course, in good time, and I am really glad to have so pretty a proof of his regard for you to offer so near the close of his history.

Sh<sup>d</sup>. any more of these relics turn up, you will certainly be doing me a most acceptable favour by transmitting them. Meanwhile I thank you once more for what you have sent, and am happy that, in enumerating the friends of Scott who have assisted me, I shall not be forced to omit the name of one for whom he always expressed so much regard and affection.—My wife begs her best regards, and I remain, dear Mr Sharpe, very faithfully your obliged servant,

J. G. LOCKHART.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to a Lady.

*June 12, 1837.*

My portrait is now nearly finished: it is a mixture of Dr Hamilton and Lady Rae, with a mump about the mouth which I think must belong peculiarly to myself. The wig is perfect, according to Pope—

“That livelong wig, which Gorgon's self might own,  
Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.”

Dear madam, I have a favour to request before I have done. I see in your newspapers that Moscelles performs on the harpsichord a piece called the “Cat's Fugue,” composed by Scarlatti after his cat had paced the instrument. I am very fond of Scarlatti's compositions, and have many—save fugues—but with no particular names. If this piece, which seems fashionable, has been reprinted, may I beg that you will have the goodness to procure it for me: it will only cost a few

shillings (to be gladly repaid), as his compositions are always very short. I have desired the musicsellers here to write for it, but they never do anything of the kind, tho' very ready to promise. I have no amusement now late in the night but tormenting my pianoforte. Pray forgive all this nonsense and projects of trouble. Have the goodness to present my best respects to Lord and Lady —, and believe me ever, dear madam, your obliged humble servant,  
C. K. S.

I had a message lately from your cousin, Sir Rob<sup>t</sup> Grierson of Lag, whose grandmother, Lady Henrietta Douglas, was sister to the first Duke of Queensberry. He is now in his hundred and first year, and, as I am assured, putting a little deafness out of the question, as lively as when I knew him thirty years ago. What is very remarkable is this, that he was always bilious, and so fretful that, when anything displeased him, he lost his appetite, and would sit by the fire for a week with his hat upon his head. When I used to visit him formerly (which I gladly did), Lady Margaret would give me the hint, "You'll find Sir Robert in the dining-room with his hat on." He was always most kind to me.

Lady CHARLOTTE BURY to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

3 CONNAUGHT PLACE, WEST,  
4th December 1837.

DEAR MR KIRKPATRICK SHARPE,—I hope you are well, and all your household gods restored to their places, and you enabled to enjoy them all. What a pity that agreeable people live so far asunder! They might as well not live at all, inasmuch as concerns their amusing one another—which, perhaps, will not signify at all hereafter, but which signifies very much just now. Presently, when a railroad will be completed, and that I shall think it safe, I do intend to visit my friends in Scotland—but never can by water; and want of

money hinders my doing so in a coach-and-four at easy stages—the only lady-like conveyance, after all is said and done. But my ideas are wholly obsolete, and you may suppose them dug out of some old castle or worm-eaten parchment, instead of being written on *couleur de rose* paper. But all this is only to introduce a request. First, however, I must tell you a story.

I have got Lord Buchan's diary and correspondence, consisting of about a thousand letters—many of the letters from curious and distinguished persons; *all interesting* more or less, and with notes would be exceedingly more so, which I propose to put to them. Now, do you think there is any publisher in Edin<sup>r</sup> who would undertake such a publication? and what would they give for this work?

I tell you that I have bought this at a large price, and therefore expect a high price for it. Besides that, the notes on the one-half of the persons named in the diary, and respecting the letters, would take much research, and require to be written with spirit—of which I conceive myself to be capable.

My reason for wishing to publish this work in Edin<sup>r</sup> is because I have so much going on here, that I cannot get all I want managed. Now, will you ask this question for me of Blackwood's successor, or any *great man* (if such there be in the publishing world), without naming me? Forgive me, and believe me I am never affronted, so say No as easily as Yes. But only answer quickly; I am a dreadfully impatient person.

I have a work on the stocks which I really think will be very amusing: it is an essay upon letter-writing from the earliest known periods, illustrated by original letters. Now, dear Mr Sharpe, how you could make my fortune by giving me some of your collection! But by no possible mode could you so secure my work success as by writing to me yourself, or giving me some of your own; for, without any exception, I

never knew such entertaining letters, or anything half so original or spirited, as your epistolary lucubrations. Now, be gracious. Do not put me off with a compliment; and believe me quite sincere in my admiration of your pen, not to talk of your pencil—though that also, I believe, was a pen. Oh, what an Annual you might have got up!—with your own peculiar drawings and your own peculiar writing; and how many friends would have contributed! and I would have been the editor, and we all should have got rich!

A speedy answer will prevent hopes making me sick; and I remain yours, with sincere regard and high estimation of your very singular talents, wishing you all mince-pie wishes, and better wishes still, which are mixed up with the season, and which, I hope, will be seasonable to you.—I remain yours truly,

CHARLOTTE MARIA BURY.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to a Lady.

EDIN., *Friday night* [Jan. 1838].

DEAR MADAM,—I send you the poor etching I mentioned, packed in a sorry way, as all my trash now is: pray excuse my old boards and second-hand paper. The subject of this etching<sup>1</sup> I will explain: Sir Bevis (the boy, and very ill done) had a monster of a mother, who cajoled his foolish father. She is making asses' ears over his head, while he is kissing her hand. She afterwards had him murdered by her lover when she married, and then Sir Bevis slew him. I have drawn a snake among some roses, as an emblem of the lady; but I fear my snake looks very much like a white-pudding without its wooden pin. The romance, which is printed for the Club, is dull, but very curious; and as I get a copy in return for my poor performance, I deem myself very well paid.

<sup>1</sup> See "Etchings" &c., Plate XXIII.

Antient marriages never surprise me, knowing a prodigy of that kind in my mother's family. Her great-grandfather, Lord Eglintoune, at 70, married a widow, aged 96—I suppose the oldest bride that ever went to church: they were publicly married in London, where the mob should have given them a good ducking. She was an Englishwoman, and had married two husbands before she made Lord Eglintoune happy with her fair hand, and a good heavy purse in it. Long ago I employed some friends in Yorkshire, where the lady was born, and contrived her first pair of matches, to enquire about her picture, which would be a great curiosity; but there is no portrait of her known—which is a sad pity, considering her remarkable conquests.

Winter rages here still with unmitigated fury: it hath turned all our coaches into unicorns, and our cabs into tandems, besides hatching several sledges, one of which, carved with hydra-heads, is really very pretty: whenever I hear its bells ring, I can never avoid running to the window to look at it; and I think of happier times, when the Polish Counts went out to Gosford in their strange machine, and *tasted* the cold, as they said, so much all the way.

I am ever, dear madam, your most obliged faithful serv<sup>t</sup>,

CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

The poor old Exchange!<sup>1</sup> I wonder if you ever saw it—such odd figures of ill-carved kings and queens! I long for a nose or a little finger. What vexes me most is, the building is lost where, after the Revolution, the beautiful Duchess of Tyrconnel, the Duchess of Marlborough's sister, appeared as a milliner at one of the little shops. She wore a white mask and a white dress, and went by the title of the pretty white [ <sup>2</sup> ] semstress (I wrote this shepherdess).

<sup>1</sup> Royal Exchange burned 10th January 1838.

<sup>2</sup> Word here obliterated.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to JAMES T. GIBSON-CRAIG, Esq.

SIGNOR MIO,—Ten thousand thanks for the perusal of what I return to you. It is severe enough in a certain quarter, but I doubt much if the lady will feel (supposing she ever reads it) very much hurt by it. Her vulnerable heel is not hit, if I at all know her; and there is a strange error in this review, as well as in the 'Quarterly.' *There* I redd, to my utter amazement, that she had confessed a *wheedle* as to Mrs Clark and her 'Memoirs of the Royal Family.' Knowing that Mrs C. was always a common prostitute, I was for a while convinced that, mad and wicked as Lady Charlotte is, she never would have confessed such an intimacy—and, of course, that the book must have been compiled by somebody else; but when I perused the diary (odious drug!) I found that this wheedling story is in a letter addressed to *her* by the person (a Highlander, I guess, from several traits of the hills) who gives her an account of the Queen's trial. The very same error is to be found in the review you sent. Is not this odd enough? It allows my lady a sort of triumph; and had she the spirit of Mrs Cellier, the Popish midwife, or of Mesdames Manley and Heywood, her *prototypes* (I see nothing of that curious blunder in the reviews), she would trump on the card of her adversaries, and turn a great deal of what they say into smoke; but she hath not wit for that, so she will spend her thousand pounds very comfortably, and never trouble her head, being, as she says, a duke's daughter, who may do anything, and would be rather spoken ill of than not talked of at all. By-and-by, when her money is gone, she will publish her other trash letters—tho' I suspect she hath nearly exhausted her precious store in this "Haggiss of Dunbar" with which she hath regaled the public.

I don't know if you are acquainted with the old song of the haggiss, which would make an admirable motto for her work:<sup>1</sup>—

“ Hey, the haggiss o' Dunbar,  
Fatharalinkum feedle ;  
Mony better, few waur,  
Fatharalinkum feedle.

For to mack this haggiss nice,  
Fatharalinkum feedle,  
They pat in a peck o' lice,  
Fatharalinkum feedle.

For to mack this haggiss fat,  
Fatharalinkum feedle,  
They pat in a scabbit cat,  
Fatharalinkum feedle.”

So much for the old song, from your humble servant, the scabbit cat.

I am—what shall I say?—about Lady Raleigh—the face is out of drawing, and other things vex me; but I am unwilling to hurt a poor, civil man, who does his best. The great comfort of employing Lizars is, that he and Banks draw very well, and directly understand a hint, which, indeed, they seldom require. I have been touching on the proof you sent; and if you can be at home at two o'clock on Saturday, and have Mr Bell with you, I will wait upon you, and give the last oracle of the brazen head. Don't take the trouble to send any answer as to this, as I must pass your door on Saturday, on my way to Leith.

Pray do me the honour to accept an etching by Sir William

<sup>1</sup> “ There was a Haggis in Dunbar,  
Mony better, few waur ! ”

These lines, I was informed by one who saw the volume, were used as an appropriate motto (none better) for the collection of *chap-books* made by Sir Walter Scott in his very young days. Conf. ‘Life’ by Lockhart.—Note by Colonel A. Fergusson. See also ‘A Ballad Book,’ by C. K. S.

Gell, which he gave to his friends, and to me among the rest. He drew beautifully, but had no command of copper. It will serve, however, to illustrate your copy of the Diary.

I have made a strange discovery since I saw you last about one of my pictures—the unfinished portrait of a lady, sold at Sir Joshua's sale, and given to me by Coneybeare more than thirty years ago. It was sold as the first Mrs Sheridan,<sup>1</sup> with Tom over her shoulder. But I got a print lately, published two years ago, which proves it to be—I blush—Mrs Charles James Fox!! What would my poor mother, who was always admiring it, have said had she known that such a person was hanging next (cupboard) door to her own grandmother, in her drawing-room? "Take down the odious thing directly. She shan't hang there, I promise *her*," meaning *me*, in case of any dispute. Indeed, sir, I have serious qualms of conscience even now about this matter, and must have a consultation with you on the subject. Is it proper and comely that a common street-walker should be suspended so near a virtuous lady, and a countess to boot, whose daughter married a relation of yours, and my mother's father? I guess, as the Americans say, *not*. However, at present, keep my secret, else all the young gallant Whigs will be crowding hither to kiss this lady of Loretto—perhaps the old ones too. Out of a singular favour I bear to *some* young Whigs, I will allow them to salute the frame of the picture; but Sir Thomas Lauder alone shall be suffered to kiss the canvass. A brush of his beard may brighten the varnish of my rarity.

I have written this after drinking a bottle of porter; and I suspect that I am drunk. Pray, don't suspect it also, and be sure that I am ever, in *sober* sadness, your most obliged, faithful servant,

CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

PRINCES STREET, *Thursday Night*.

<sup>1</sup> Compare Fitzgerald's 'Lives of the Sheridans,' vol. i., lately published, and the portrait there engraved of Mrs Sheridan with her boy on her shoulder.—A. F.

## C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to a Lady.

NEW ATHENS [*Dec.* 1838].

DEAR MADAM,—I have been very unwell since I had last the honour of writing to you—all out of joint somehow : old people, like old clocks, are always going wrong.

Much for want of proper winding-up, however—that is to say, proper diversion ; and yet—I shall not go to the Celtic ball, where I hope you are to be, that I may have the honour of seeing you before or after what I am told is to turn out very brilliant as well as lucrative. The first Fancy was a bad omen, and, what I don't remember anything like before, I sat all the night wondering that I heard no driving of carriages, and guessing that everybody had gone to the ball in chairs, owing to bad weather. I believe there were not a hundred tickets called for. I trust the odious blasts that have wrought so much mischief in other places have not spoilt anything at G——. Had I fine trees or beautiful shrubs, such winds would make me a great sinner—a peevish repiner as to Providence—so, in many cases want is wealth. There was a report here that the wind had blown down Matthew's castle, which I doubted, because the walls are thirteen feet thick : but it has taken off a slice from the roof of his newer house, which I believe is only a gimcrack, and overturned a tree that I cannot think of without a sigh—the reason may make you laugh. When I was a boy, after reading 'Astrea,' and Sir Philip Sidney's 'Arcadia,' I was convinced that it was a mighty pretty thing to carve initials of names on trees. The puzzle was I was not in love ; but a Miss Sally Douglas was then on a visit to my mother, and fully as old as herself ; so I made myself in love with Sally, and carved, with a sigh, S. D. on this lovely tree. It is strange to think

that the nymph and swain still survive, and the stout flourishing tree is now no more.

I went to-day to the concert, though harp music is always no great pleasure; but such want of time—and tune! I wished to hear the horn, but I shall never wish again. There was a sonata by Correlli, which human ingenuity can scarcely spoil, that was pretty. But I came away grudging my six shillings, and thinking myself a sillier beast than many a horned animal that never troubles his head about horns. The room was very empty, which proves that the generality of the Athenians are wiser than your humble servant. Three Athenian fools, however, have been lately drowned at Duddingston: they were all drunk, as was the fellow who should have saved them. This I was told by an eyewitness. It is odd to consider that nobody was drowned at Duddingston when I was young. Can the ice be weaker, or the brain of those who venture upon it? I guess the last. Whisky may have some share in the matter. However, all is very well, for such accidents decrease population; and it is a comfort to think that, in spite of the Reform Bill, there is some honesty still left among the lower orders—for the old proverb tells us that he who is born to be hanged shall never be drowned.

Talking of such tragedies, I have been so very much amused with the outcry about L. E. L.'s death<sup>1</sup> in the newspaper, that I fear I am a very bad Christian. There is as great a fuss made about <sup>the</sup> this fiddling woman's album verses as if she had been a Miss Homer or a Miss Milton. Lord, dear madam, what an age we live in! Pray tell my lord that there was a great sale here lately of Dr Jamieson's<sup>2</sup> books and curiosities, with some blunders that would have amused

<sup>1</sup> Letitia Elizabeth Landon, wife of Governor Maclean of Cape Coast Castle, died October 15, 1838.

<sup>2</sup> John Jamieson, D.D., author of 'Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language,' died July 12, 1838.

him. There was the boss of a Highland target, that was nothing but the top of an old sconce: this target had belonged to Robert the Bruce, and an undoubted portrait of Thomas the Rhymer, which was a daub of old Sandy Henderson, the Whig preacher who had the impudence to debate with King Charles the First on Church affairs, and came off unvictorious with a flea in his ear.

My memory is so much gone that I forget whether I have not already wished you and yours all the good wishes of the season. If I have not, pray now accept of them from, dear madam, your ever most obliged servant,

CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE TO MRS BEDFORD.

EDINBURGH, 4th March [1839].

MY DEAR,—I send a song, the air of which I got from my aunt some time ago. People think the history of it is a lie; but I don't imagine my aunt ever told a fib in her life. Burney mentions two boys, in Charles the Second's reign, who composed two full anthems for the choir, one 12 the other 13 years old. So this is no such wonder. Lady G. B.'s<sup>1</sup> Memoirs, published by Mr Thomson, perhaps you have read. She was a very interesting person. These verses were found inclosed in a letter directed to her brother in Holland, but I think they were meant for her lover, Mr Baillie—in the same regiment with Lord Polwarth—whom she afterwards married. I write this in a hurry, as I have just received a note from Miss G. M. saying that she is on the wing for England. If you ever wish me to do anything for you, never mind writing to Ellen, but write directly to myself, and it will always give me sincere pleasure to please you. I am as well as a person

<sup>1</sup> Grizzel Baillie.

not very strong, and with no teeth, can be at 58. My almost only pleasure is that of hoarding up money and thinking of my youth. I live entirely alone, as death hath snatched away all the friends here I ever cared to converse with. I speak so little that, the other day, hearing my own voice, which you know is strange enough, it surprised me. This will make you laugh. My best respects to Mr B.—Believe me ever your affec. brother,

C. K. S.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to a Lady.

[1839 ?]

And now, madam, I will change my strain. You don't in the least know who is addressing you. You think, I warrant, Mr C. Sharpe a very insignificant person—a sort of frozen snail in the Princes St. Gardens! Alas! how the wisest may err! But then, to be sure, you cannot know who called on me two days ago: make your lowest court curtsy and I will tell you—no less a dignitary than the King of Scotland!<sup>1</sup> accompanied by his Majesty's Prime Minister, the Laird of Clanranald. As ill-luck would have it, I was not at home, but they are to be here again on Monday. Their business is a *State secret*, which I am too profound a diplomatist to trust to paper. Don't expect even a hint. Your housekeeper in Queen St. and the carrier may be against our party, for anything I know; nay, at Gosford, tho' I might have hopes of *Bonhomme*, as a Frenchman, I dread Alexander and Mrs Bates. However, this I will say, that you may soon meet with mighty surprises, and among greater, a change in my condition! Malvolio, the valet in Shakespeare, saith, "Some are born great, some gain greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them;" hint the first. I

<sup>1</sup> Allusion to the *pseudo*-Sobieski-Stuarts.

have been pondering on the title and the rank of my peerage. Modesty is becoming. I shall commence by being created a Baron. If his Majesty insists, I'll consent to Viscount, but then Clanranald shall pay the fees. There is a small hill, with a tower at top, near Hoddam Castle, called Repentance; from that I have resolved, for many good reasons, to take my title. My Lord Repentance,—it hath a very pretty suitable air; and I hope to see my wife, Lady Repentance, some evening shortly, standing on certain steps, in a certain Assembly room, with as disdainful an air as *certain ladies* I know.

Now as to *hint* the second: tho' it be the fashion constantly to forget all former kindnesses when one is exalted—nay, to kick down the very ladder that raised us, in imitation I have often thought, of people who are, or ought to be, hanged—yet in some instances I don't intend to behave exactly like other great men; so, madam, I promise you my interest in the new *régime*. You will blush at my generosity when I desire you to name your rank and title. *Hint* the third—I would not advise you to be a Duchess, for the Stewart family had a strange way of conferring that honour on ladies whose merits could not well be set forth in their patents, even in Latin—a language unknown to the vulgar. Item, I have an objection to Marchionesses—not well founded, perhaps. There is an Emily Mss. of L——, and she hath infected my imagination. I think the Scripture saith, “One rotten flie spoileth a gallipot of sweet ointment.” I have the greatest objection of all to a Countess,—for this reason, that I have had the honour of being known to a Countess who, for every sort of merit—beauty included—puts all other Countesses so much out of the question, I cannot think of helping any new creation that way. I leave you to guess who this lady is, and if you guess right, you will not be affronted. I fear you will think I have restricted you wonderfully as to rank, but I leave you your own notions as to title—

*hinting* once more that Lady Musselborough or Lady Fisherrow have not a very sweet sound. Prestonpans is much better.

If I be not hanged, drawn, and quartered, I hope to have the honour of seeing you when you revisit Athens; and I am, dear madam, ever your obliged faithful servant,

REPENTANCE.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, Esq.

[1839.]

MY DEAR SIR,—I have been so tormented lately with night headaches, which made me more than usually stupid during the day, that I have been, apparently, very neglectful as to your books. The perusal of 'Jack S.'<sup>1</sup> gave me infinite pleasure. The whole appears to me admirable; but I think the author undervalues his own genius, by making use of well-known names, of which he hath no need. Were I possessed of his talents, I should scorn the Jacks and Gills of real life, and beget my own children. Clarissa and Tom Jones were the actual daughter and son of Richardson and Fielding; and in this, I humbly think, much of the pride of an author should consist. From early youth, I remember disliking the mixture of truth and fiction in romances and novels. I fled from charming Cassandra and the banks of the Euphrates, to repose with the less enchanting Astrea by the streams of Lignon; and tho' I could relish the satire of Fielding's 'Jonathan Wild,' still 'Moll Flanders' gave me much more satisfaction. I suspect that tho' I am often very wrong, I was right in this taste. I think the gentleman in question is capable of the highest flights, and I wish you would put this into his head, as from yourself. My authority is good for nothing; but if he persist in using crutches, in place of exerting his full powers, there is a Scott and Byron hero yet uncele-

<sup>1</sup> 'Jack Sheppard.'

brated (as far as I know, but *you* know how little I am conversant with modern publications), whom I think he could make very much of—I mean the cannibal Sawny Bean, whose legend is to be found in the ‘Lives of the Highwaymen.’ The story, though mean in appearance, is capable of much horror and sublimity. I think Sawny (every Scotchman must needs have a pedigree) should be derived from that cannibal mentioned by Wynton, who ate human flesh during a famine—and his daughter, the ogress, is an excellent subject for genius to embellish. You will remember better than I can in which of our chronicles there is an historical notice respecting Sawny. The old women of Annandale used to say, if I remember right, that his cave was somewhere near Culzean. Then why should not Sawny have been a friend of Johnnie Faa—a favourer of the eloping lovers, and, having intercepted the jealous and pursuing husband, have been half choked with his horns, when he was captured and led forth to justice?

This last notion is nonsense, but Sawny is certainly an excellent subject.

I have read some parts of Mr D.’s book, which does not interest me. With many thanks I return it; and send a list of the modern names of some of the airs. I am sure an ingenious person would discover a great many more.

As to S., I cannot now be surprised at anything he does. After making such a rout about a trifle like my drawing for Rabelais, I am tempted to take Homer’s ‘Iliad’ for gospel, and to believe that the Greeks and Trojans waged a ten years’ war for a paultry w——e.

“In life’s last scene, what prodigies surprise!” says Dr Johnson; but nothing hath surprised me these twenty years. Adieu, dear sir.—Believe me yours always,

CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

Many thanks for Robin Hood; but how, according to Rit-

son, Fitzooth could be corrupted to Hood, I cannot guess. I had forgotten my Robin Hood entirely. He is the only hero of romance I know who was beaten in almost all his adventures.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Lady H—— S——.

[1839.]

DEAR MADAM,—After I had the honour of your visit yesterday I began a rummage among a wilderness of old patterns, and found several for ruffles, of which pray accept one. It will show your gentlewomen how to shape such a thing. There were always two ruffles for each arm, the upper shorter than the under—sometimes three. These were not plaited broad, but run on a thread, and sewed to a piece of tape. *N.B.*—The ruffle was always worn above the elbow, so that when a lady with a fine arm leant her head upon her hand, the ruffle had a very pretty effect. Sir Josh. Reynolds knew this, as many of his portraits prove. My mother told me that when ladies carved at dinner, they often had their ruffles pinned back, to prevent them dabbling in the gravy; but this was thought vulgar, so it was more refined to be dirty. As to lace, pray, dear madam, tell Lady —— what I have done, and that Holland is the place. I never saw any point here for sale. That kind of stuff used for toilets, now very rare, nobody ever wore, though the contrary is now pretended. In former days it was the mode to have point look dinky, for which purpose it was steeped in coffee-grounds. I remember old Lady Winifred Constable long ago in her point-lace looked like a large spider in its cobwebs.

I have received a very pretty present from Lady ——, for which I am properly grateful. As you are going to the Calendar shortly, will you have the goodness to present my

best thanks? It is an old powder-horn of a very picturesque shape.

It rivals your pie, the fate of which I did not dare yesterday to tell you, lest you should have been sick at the thoughts of the dish, and taken a fit like Miss Killberry. Madam, I intend what you gave me for my coffin. After I am dead, Jenny shall boil me down to the proper proportion, and deposit me in my sarcophagus! I have not exactly composed my epitaph as yet, but it shall run in this sort of strain:—

Here placed I lie  
In a Prestongrange pie.

I present my respects and six thumps apiece to your sons; and am, dear madam, in a sneezing sad condition, your ever obliged slave,

C. K. S.

NEW ATHENS, *Tuesday*.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Mrs BEDFORD.

MY DEAR,—I have had for more than a month so bad a cold, influenza in fact, that I have been very listless and lazy, and too long of doing what you desired. I am better now, this week—so here is Kenmure from the ‘Musical Museum,’ of which more anon; *item*, the Widow Sanderson, which you may remember both our parents used to sing long ago. I found it in an old music-book, and have reprinted it to give to my friend. *Item*, ‘The Drunken Maidens,’ which I got from the late Gilbert Innes, in manuscript; the words will divert you, the music is pretty when played slow. There is a reprint going of Johnston’s ‘Musical Museum,’ which you remember I had in six octavo vols. Many notes are added, several by me; and as I shall have three copies to dispose of, in reward for my stuff, it will give me great pleasure to send

you one. All the best Scotch songs are in this compilation, with the pure airs—no fal-de-rals, which in our melodies spoil everything. When the work is finished, which will be very soon, I shall let you know, and then you must tell me how to send it; it will make a large packet; many of the notes will, I am sure, interest you. I am glad, my dear, that you have the comfort of a son with a sound literary taste—I judge from his admiration of Spenser. Tell him, with my love, to stick principally to Homer (the 'Iliad,' I mean) and Virgil's 'Æneid,' for the truest beauties of poetry. There are inspirations in the 'Iliad' beyond all conception, save to those who can feel them; and the two poems I mention are miracles another way (at least by comparison), and most proper for youth, as there is not one word in them but what a woman might read. I think Milton's 'Paradise Lost' a heap of blasphemy and obscenity, with, certainly, numberless poetical beauties. Milton was a Whig, and in my mind an Atheist. I am persuaded his poem was composed to apologise for the devil, who certainly was the first Whig on record. Desire your son to read Fairfax's 'Tasso'; I think it prettier than the original. Cowley, too, is charming; his elegy on the death of Mr Hervey is inimitable. But for wit, and reason, and wonderful strength of expression, let him study Dryden day and night; not the 'Hind and Panther,' however, in these Popish times, as far as the reasoning goes. Dryden has made the best of it, but a miserable best. I have lost my relish for Pope in my old age: his poetry runs all in couplets, and is now to me like a weak cup of tea, with too much sugar in it.

I go on like the oracle of the Brazen head. As to novels, all young people of good sense will be much benefited by reading the best of the old school, because they will teach them experience beforehand, and the true state of human life. As to Sir Walter's harmless *romances*—not harmless, however, as to bad English—they contain *nothing*: pictures of manners

that never were, are, or will be, besides ten thousand blunders as to chronology, costume, &c. &c., which must mislead the million who admire such captivating comfits. The works of Fielding prepare young people for the sad scenes they must bear a part in—the dreary masquerade of knaves and fools. And Richardson's 'Clarissa' is a perfect compendium of worldly wisdom, though its greatest beauties can never be relished by a very young person. Considering the education and position of the author, I look upon that book as the most wonderful thing that was ever composed. I was lucky enough lately to pick up a presentation copy, which I value beyond measure. Smollett is a caricaturist, with only vulgar, dirty humour to recommend him, which can benefit nobody; yet 'Humphrey Clinker' is not like his other works, being very superior, and surprising, as the production of a dying man. I have been reading Miss Burney's novels lately with fresh admiration, as they contain very useful maxims, though the manners are now out of date. Nothing of late times (my dear, you will think I am mighty proud, and laying down the law like our great-grandfather Lord Alva, before whose portrait I am now scrawling) hath been published (in the novel way) worth a pin, save 'Castle Rackrent' and the 'Heroine.' I think I have given you quite enough of my self-sufficiency, so I shall have done. . . . I have written out my eyes, and almost the candles. So good night, and adieu.—Your affectionate brother,

C. K. S.

EDIN., *Wednesday Night.*

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to a Lady.

DEAR MADAM,—With many thanks I return the book<sup>1</sup> you so kindly lent me. I have read no *new* thing of the kind in

<sup>1</sup> 'Nicholas Nickleby.'

my whole life that has amused me half so much, saving, perhaps, the 'Heroine' and 'Castle Rackrent'; and to prove my passion in spite of my purse, I am resolved to buy it. Yet, 'tis but a caricature of human nature after all,—a woeful falling off from Richardson and Fielding, with no probability, and what must die in a few years. The novelists I mentioned before are like Hogarth as to nature and contrivance; the present writers in that way like Cruickshank, and the illustrator of this diverting book. However, the best comedy I ever saw never made me laugh half so much as the worst pantomime or Punch at a country fair. I confess my faults of taste in my old age, so I wish the author may write more: he is worth an hundred Sir W. Scotts, because he paints (extravagantly) *real* manners; Sir Walter what never was—is—or will be. . . .

A late announcement in the newspaper very much disturbed my repose, as, according to the vulgar proverb, "sing'd cats dread fire." This was the 'Memoirs and Correspondence of M. Lewis,' with whom I corresponded even in a freer way (much silly poetry) than with a certain lady who has put an everlasting disgrace upon me. For some days I ate little and slept less, on this fearful apprehension; but now I have seen the book, and find that he has left all his papers to his brother-in-law, Lushington, a sensible, honourable man, whom I knew very well, so I am safe. I can never be sufficiently thankful to Providence for this escape. It appears to me from cant as to religion, and other things, that Lady C. B. has written part of the memoir, which is published by her printer. I detect many lies—but very innocent ones—all favourable to very unworthy people, the most of whom are dead. . . .

Good night to my egotism, and your patience, with every good wish to you and yours.—Believe me, dear madam, your ever faithful servant,

CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

## C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to another Lady.

DEAR MADAM,—Allow me to offer you a pennyworth of real gratitude,—a thing as uncommon always as tea, and a true Tory will soon be. Ten thousand thanks for the bird so unlike you, and the beasts which now so much resemble me. I have had an attack of influenza, which has made me as nervous as a whole host of hares, starting at every sound, and thinking every dandy I meet in a pea-coat in Princes Street a hound (or puppy if you please) in full cry. This accursed disorder prevented me till now from acknowledging your kindness. It fell foul on my eyes, one of which still much resembles a toadstool on the stem of an old rotten tree, and troubles me extremely. When you look into your orchard—which, I daresay, is very antient—you will see something much resembling your humble servant.

I hope that my books have amused you, and I trust that you believe my entire library at your service.

Give me leave, dear Madam, to congratulate you on Miss Drummond's marriage.<sup>1</sup> That young lady hath made very noble conquests; but (if you deem me rude, I cannot help it; the proverb says, What can you expect from an old pig but a grunt?) she is not so handsome as I remember a very near relative of hers; but I perceive the grace which those who envied her acknowledge, which she derived from that relative, and which must be a gift of nature. No art can teach it. Art only produces affectation—a portrait by Mignard in place of Vandyke or Sir Peter Lely. And this grace is much to be preferred to beauty; it never fades or fails; it pervades to the last every look and motion.

“ Each look, each motion, walked a new-born grace,  
That o'er her form its transient glory cast.”

I perceived this not very long ago in a lady, as she lay re-

<sup>1</sup> To the Duke of Athole.

clined in an easy-chair, and not exactly in the good health her friends so much wish for. When she moved to adjust the cover of her footstool, the action might have made a picture. I fear, Madam, you will think me a prosing old fool.

Talking of grace, there is a lady here at present who hath grace in one sense, but I am told is a great curiosity as a Duchess. I have not yet seen her; but I hope I shall shortly have my anxiety gratified, for I am invited to Sir G. Warrender's on Wednesday, where I believe she is to be. If I am well enough, I shall go; for I have heard much of the Duchess of Douglas, but never saw a vulgar Duchess except the Duchess of Gordon.

Lord Lorne is here,—a boy with such red hair that he reminds me of the Highland fiery cross sent forth to rouse the clans; Lord Paget, fiery, ditto; Lord Altamont, the image of his fat, good-natured father, whom you may remember in London; and a Count Potocki, a Pole, who gives me a pain in all my teapots whenever I see him, as two Polish Counts, his cousins, who were here formerly, stole every article of mine they could lay their hands on. I am told this winter is very gay, being full of such novelties. Pray have the goodness to forgive all this stuff, and believe me ever your most obliged and faithful servt.,

CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

HENRY DRUMMOND, Esq.,<sup>1</sup> to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

NAPLES, 6th January 1840.

MY DEAR COUSIN, though at an hundred and fifty miles off. In this letter will go as a votive offering from me to you out of Italy its three most common products—a moschito for Florence, a bug for Rome, and a louse for Naples. How

<sup>1</sup> Of Albury Park, Surrey, the banker, born 1786, died 1860.

can this land be other than full of life when we are here sitting on this day with oranges in full flower in the open air, allspice likewise, and driving about in open carriages ?

I wrote to my mother to beg her to do whatever you desire ; and this she will do, if you will be so good as to instruct her, for I do not understand from your letter where the difficulty is. As to anything relating to the Drummond family, I am most anxious to possess it, for I am having a genealogical tree made out, which I intend to illustrate by copies of as many documents or relics as I can lay hold of ; and also of the individuals with whom alliances have been made who are of any note. I wish much that I could find a copy of the documents drawn up by the Council and sent out to Madeira. I wrote to the descendant of that Drummond who is now at Lisbon as ambassador from the Emperor of Brazil to the King of Portugal. You underrate the Hungarian affair ; and I will now confide to you, to be kept in your inmost soul and not divulged to any being, what I am about. There is an annual sale at Vienna of lands, &c., in Hungary, which none but an Hungarian noble is allowed to purchase. The Hungarian nobility have extraordinary rights in Austria, such as employment in the Emperor's service in various ways before all other subjects of the Emperor. I have in London one cousin with seven children, another with eight, two with nine, and another with ten, to say nothing of scores more elsewhere. You know how people are obliged to send their children nowadays to New South Wales, North America, &c., &c., to get their livelihood ; and if I could get our claim to Hungarian rights established, I should procure for all my hungry and penniless cousins another and fresh field for their services, as of course what I do in my own person is equally valid for them. I have already procured the recognition of the General of the Order of Malta that I am *ex stirpe regum Hungariæ*, as you will see on the seal of this letter, which is one step gained ; but I do not wish anything

to be said about the matter until I have succeeded at Vienna, at which I am still working. I am not likely to survive you, seeing that my outer man has ever been but cranky, and takes much care and botching to keep it together at all, so that I am not likely to proffer by your codicil; but if by begging, borrowing, stealing, or purchasing you can procure for me anything relating to my (*own*) ancestor, I will be most thankful. Now for your headaches. I have been a martyr to them all my life, and have very few, almost none, abroad; and when I am threatened, can almost always drive it away by any effervescing wine. Champagne is the only one you can get in England, and it is horribly dear; but aerated water (any is better than soda) with brandy will do nearly as well. And now, *idolo mio*, adieu. I wish you were here that we might go to Pompeii together—the place most worth seeing in all Europe. Gell's book is the best upon it. I am astonished at the knowledge of painting which they possessed. The drawings of the arabesques without the colouring give no idea whatever of the beauty of the walls. There is a mosaic representing Darius yielding to Alexander, the most wonderful thing for drawing and spirit that I ever saw.—  
Yours affectionately, H. D.

Upon second thoughts I will direct my writer, Nathan Macdonald, to apply to you for orders what he is to copy.

Lady WILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

LONDON, *June 4*, 1840.

DEAR MR SHARPE,—You will receive Alberic's print in the course of a day or two. The man has been above a month making a frame for it, which, considering the *size*, is no time. It appears to me a model of bad taste, but go it must, as I have not patience to wait till he makes another. The ill-

ness of Landseer is a sad calamity ; he will recover if he is kept perfectly quiet, but his serv<sup>t</sup> waking him from a profound sleep to tell him of the murder of L<sup>d</sup>. William,<sup>1</sup> took such possession of his mind, which was already in a nervous state from the death of his mother, to whom he was very much attached, that he had a brain fever, and certainly was consider'd to be in danger. The death of old Mrs Elphinstone was announc'd to me when we *were going* to the D<sup>ss</sup>. of Montrose's ball on Thur<sup>s</sup>. last, and since I have never been out. My maid observed Miss Willoughby had been unfortunate, as she considered it very thoughtless in the letter having been sent the very night of so pretty a ball. One thing I regretted having lost—L<sup>y</sup>. Normanby's concert, where L<sup>y</sup>. Williamson,<sup>2</sup> L<sup>y</sup>. Barrington,<sup>3</sup> and L<sup>y</sup>. Hardwicke<sup>4</sup> all sang divinely, supported by Lablache and Rubini. The Q. was charm'd, and Cousin Albert looked beautiful, and slept as quietly as usual sitting by L<sup>y</sup>. Normanby.

L<sup>d</sup>. Willoughby went for 3 weeks to Holland, and came home convinced that he saw no flowers worth looking at, and the hawking had not commenc'd, so his tour was a failure. L<sup>y</sup>. Emiline Wortley<sup>5</sup> has prepared a costume for the sport of which she is the great supporter, and when mounted on a pie or spotted palfrey with a falcon on her wrist, she will make a fine study for a painter. I find she was present at the examination of Courvoisier. Sydney Smith's remark upon *Mrs Grote*, whose conversation is as extraordinary as her appearance, is reckoned funny : he said, "I never before saw the *Grotesque*."

Dr Seymour goes to-night to Dover with Chambers to see

<sup>1</sup> Lord William Russell, murdered by his valet, Courvoisier, 6th May 1840.

<sup>2</sup> Anne Elizabeth, daughter of the first Lord Ravensworth, married to Sir Hedworth Williamson, for whom see *ante*, vol. ii. p. 53.

<sup>3</sup> Sister of Lady Williamson, wife of sixth Viscount Barrington.

<sup>4</sup> Sister of the above, wife of the late Lord Hardwicke.

<sup>5</sup> Lady Emiline Wortley, second daughter of the fifth Duke of Rutland, wife of the Honourable Charles Stuart Wortley ; died March 1856.

L<sup>d</sup>. Durham, who is said to be very ill. His temper is very much against his recovery. Wilkie's picture of the Queen is so atrocious that she cannot send it as a present abroad, and he claims a right, as her painter, to make her all these daubs for exportation. Macdonald has failed in his bust of L<sup>d</sup>. Canning, which is unfortunate, as the model in clay was perfect. The Flahaults are to be in Paris abt<sup>e</sup> the 20th, all well. L<sup>d</sup>. Montagu told me yest. that his eldest daughter is going to marry Co<sup>l</sup>. Clinton.<sup>1</sup> Willoughby desires his best regards.  
—Yours very truly, C. S. D. WILLOUGHBY.

JOHN HILL BURTON, Esq.,<sup>2</sup> to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

BRUNSTON COTTAGE, PORTOBELLO,  
15th June 1840.

MY DEAR SIR,—As I am very desirous to be of any service I can to you in your projected journey to Brunston House, I shall take the liberty of calling at Princes Street when I can be in town—perhaps to-morrow—that we may have an opportunity of taking a prospective view of the leading features of the preliminaries which it may be necessary to contemplate the arrangement of, before matters may be placed on such a footing as to admit of the consideration of the best means of absolutely executing the expedition.

As I know you go out at 1 o'clock, I shall call between 12 and that hour; and if I am not fortunate enough to find you on the first attempt, I shall make another.—I have the honour to be, my dear sir, yours very truly,

J. H. BURTON.

<sup>1</sup> Lieut.-Colonel Frederick Clinton, married Mary Margaret, daughter of the last Lord Montagu.

<sup>2</sup> The author of the 'Book-Hunter,' 'History of Scotland,' &c., and Historiographer-Royal for Scotland. Born Aug. 22, 1809; died Aug. 10, 1881.

JAMES MAIDMENT, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MY DEAR MR SHARPE,—You shall have the rest of Miss Jacky's inimitable correspondence to-morrow, and any additional memoranda shall be thankfully received. Your drawing was most acceptable, and I have to return you many thanks for it,—a better frontispiece to the MS. could not be wished for.

Meanwhile, I send you as much of the volume of the Sciennes as I have got from the printer, with the proof of the first three sheets of the preface—not the *last* revise; but they were the only ones I could find. I suppose the entire preface will be about forty or fifty pages.

In duty bound I have been charitable to the Sciennes ladies of the Scotch nunneries; but I have not spared St Catharine or the blessed Dominic,—perhaps some of their miracles might form a vignette. Neither have I been very lenient to Catholicism generally—as, God knows, I am no favourer of the Scarlet Lady and her abominations. Foreign nunneries, I believe, were—nay, are—little better than brothels, and perhaps the English ladies were not immaculate; but the Scotch ones—especially those at Sciennes and Haddington—were really respectable.

My excellent friend the Secretary of the Bannatyne<sup>1</sup> having ventured to impugn the constitutions and affect that they belonged not to the Sciennes, I have given him battle, and, *I think*, entirely demolished him. My *pleading*, however, is yet in the printer's hands.

You will also receive the translation, which, however, is very wretched.

Wishing you many happy New Years, believe me, my dear Mr Sharpe, yours very faithfully, JAMES MAIDMENT.

19 DEAN TERRACE, 8th Jan. 1841.

<sup>1</sup> David Laing.

Lady Charlotte, I am told, expresses very great astonishment to Mr Stevenson—Thomas, I mean—who went to sell her the Argyll papers, that “her friend Mr Sharpe had not called on her, and that she took it very unkind.”

Stevenson, it is said, pretended to be very modest about the Argyll paper, and hinted that it was indelicate. Both my Lady and Miss Berry said *that* was no objection. Turnbull told me this, for I never see Stevenson.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to a Lady.

DEAR MADAM,— . . . I return you, with many thanks, ‘Mr Rudge,’<sup>1</sup>—a novel I have pursued from beginning to end,—a wonder to myself, as not having done anything like it these twenty years; and I was much amused, often not in the way the author intends, and greatly interested here and there. But after all, dear madam, what a taste prevails now! The novelists of the present day are never easy out of Newgate or the stocks. One great merit they certainly have—they never by any chance come near possibility. Their characters are all overdone and caricatures; their scenes, decorated with long descriptions of old broomsticks, two-legged stools, and broken dishes, are written to fill up the volume; and for *love*, which one generally looks for in such books—Sir W. Scott taught them how to make Cupid a *drone bee*. But in this book there is one feature, which may do a great deal of harm to silly young heads—I mean the ridicule cast on good breeding and common-sense in the character of Mr Chester, who is the only gentleman and sane person in the whole history. He is contrasted by Mr Haredale (Harebrain more properly)—a rude, absurd bear, whom we are to take as a model of honest excellence, though he did not give his niece a hiding (I write *à la* Rudge) when he caught her hugging

<sup>1</sup> ‘Barnaby Rudge.’

her swain in his own proper parlour. Fie, old Hare! thou shouldst have been burnt in thy own warren. As to Barnaby and his mother, they are much cribbed from a poem called the "Idiot Boy," which I remember long ago, but Grip I have found nowhere. How that bird came to survive so many adventures I am quite puzzled to guess, and on this head the author gives us little or no satisfaction.

Jack Sheppard sent me lately the first number of his new magazine, which I transmit to you, hoping it will amuse you a very little. It is in the old strain, only with a poem on some trees by Miss Kate Sinclair, which appears to me highly diverting. There is an "I trow" in it which is enough to kill one with laughing; but I dared not say that to Jack when I thanked him for his present, lest he might have an eye on Miss, who made eight hundred pounds by her last—something. . . .

I beg leave to present my best respects to all at G——, and am, dear madam, ever your most obliged ser<sup>vt</sup>,

C. K. SHARPE.

NICOLSON ST., *Friday night* [1841].

HARRISON AINSWORTH, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

KENSAL MANOR-HOUSE, HARROW ROAD,  
LONDON, *February* 16, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,—I must send you one hasty word of thanks for your delightful communication, which I will answer more fully at the end of the month, when I send you N<sup>o</sup>. 2 of the Magazine. Monk Lewis's translation from Simonides is charming; but alas! it appeared in his Memoirs, published a few years ago by Colburn. Your own ballad<sup>1</sup> I will use, and am greatly indebted to you for it—though perhaps I shall have to omit a stanza or so to suit the taste of this ultra-squeamish age. Do you know that Strawberry Hill is to be

<sup>1</sup> "The Pirate Knight."

sold by George Robins in April? I shall have a paper upon it next month, with cuts, which I hope will interest you. All London is expected to flock thither.

Yes, I have abandoned Beau Fielding *as* Beau Fielding; but I retain the idea in Beau Villiers.

My printer, by a cursed blunder, has pitched the date of my story in 1774 instead of 1744, the year before the Rebellion, which it ought to be. However, I shall set that right next N<sup>o</sup>. I will positively make a pilgrimage to visit you in the course of the summer.

As you understand good etching, I send you Tony Johannot's two first illustrations to Windsor Castle. They are absolutely unseen as yet by any one here, so pray keep them to yourself. But are they not delicious? Have you no odd unpublished sketches which Cruickshank could work up in the Mag<sup>e</sup>.?

Adieu, my dear Mr Sharpe. See you I must and will.—  
Yours ever faithfully, W. HARRISON AINSWORTH.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to a Lady.

W. NICOLSON ST., *Friday night,*  
*June 1842.*

DEAR MADAM,—I send my friend Jack's second number, in which is an article about Strawberry Hill, which I flatter myself will interest you. There are two most rare gems soon to be sold, which make me sigh—a little, for much would be a sin—over a small purse. I mean the two pictures by Hogarth, certainly originals, as Lord Orford bought them from the painter: they never were engraved, and are most interesting. People may buy what they like of foreign pictures, but they never have anything as good as what is abroad—that is, of the greater masters; but Hogarth was a giant in his own unrival'd way, and the only real pride

of our English school. No painter ever came up to him in *expression*, let blind fools preach as they like about Italy and Holland: this I am quite sure of, from pictures and prints, though I never was abroad. It is true that these two pictures do not exhibit his wonderful powers as to countenance, but then they contain a quantity of most interesting portraits, particularly the Beggars' Opera. I should not wonder if they sold cheap. This I am sure of, that if I could afford a thousand pounds apiece for them, I would certainly give it. The picture I have by him I would not sell for that sum, and yet it contains neither humour nor portraits—at least, as far as I know.

K. Henry VIII.'s clock is also a most curious article, and some of the portraits are valuable: as to the other paintings, as Lord O. was no judge, though he esteemed himself a very great one, they are of little consequence. I found out that Lord O. knew nothing of the art, by his admiration of Mr Bentley, and of two portraits in our Chapter House at Christ Church, which are downright daubs.

So here is an income-tax of 3 per cent, to set us all a fretting and telling *fibbs*—a most popular measure for the present rulers to begin with. Amphibious somethings, neither Tory nor Whig; rats long ago, so never to be trusted.

I should like to drown them in their dear holy water; but I fear I write in an unchristian temper, so will have done for the present, and no longer tax your patience.—I am, dear madam, your ever obliged serv<sup>t</sup>.

CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to a Lady.

1842.

DEAR MADAM,—You obligingly enquire after my health. In truth, I had imagined myself wonderfully better till lately,

when the pain in my side began again, owing to having entered, in a shower of rain, that most infernal of all machines—a cab. When I bolted up my head to stop the murderer who drove me, the top of the torment doused my hat down over my nose; and on tearing that up, I pulled off my wig, which fell among the straw below, and, stooping for it, I fell too, and thought it best to remain where I was, crumpled up like a hedgehog. When arrived at home, though in pain, I could scarce refrain from laughter at myself crawling across the yard—for I had struggled among the straw till it stuck all round my ancles, and I looked like a crippled rough-footed pigeon. Jenny had to pick me when I got into the lobby.

I must remain where I am till May. In spring, not now, I shall have the choice of two houses, which are large enough to hold my littleness, and not very dear. Meanwhile I am in a curious dilemma. I hear that my eldest brother is become feeble, and would fain ensure his life as to £200 which I have yearly from him, and is more than half my income; but this cannot be done, it seems, without the inspection of a doctor. I might as well hope to inspect Mahomet or Prester John.

Dear madam, keep Jack as long as you like. I send you another number, and, alas! the last; for Jack and I are now *two*. Can my feelings support me through what follows? Jack, in one of his late numbers, made a sad slip. In two places he named the witty Duke of Buckingham Sheffield, when it should have been Villiers; Sheffield was the name of his successor as to title. Well, as the Miser's Miss<sup>1</sup> was to be reprinted, I, after a conflict between conscience and a long experience of the silly self-conceit of authors, sat down to write, and in a tender strain bewailed the necessity I lay under of setting my dear Solomon right. Now, madam, behold the reward of virtue in this wicked world. In due time

<sup>1</sup> 'The Miser's Daughter,' by Harrison Ainsworth.

I received an epistle from Jack, as cold as if it had been written by the hanged hand of his hero, with a pen dipped in the executioner's tears! and never another number of his intolerably dull stuff. So here is a pure friendship, founded on the broad basis of the Old Bailey, overthrown in a moment. You can guess my grief, therefore I shall say no more about it.

Your good papa's newspapers form my principal pleasure, and an article in one of them last night made me laugh till my side quashed my mirth. It concerned old Rogers—the "Pleasures of Memory" poet—who is so annoyed by a number of old women—doubtless his quondam wives and daughters—whenever he goes out, that he is obliged to poke them off with a stick. Here are the Pleasures of Memory with a vengeance. Then he was ever such a ghost of an old crab. The authoress of 'Glenarvon' said that he was twice buried by mistake, and then dug up again. I am longing to have the honour of seeing you, to ask questions about the Queen's visit, &c. &c. Perceiving by a catalogue that some old lace was to be sold on Monday, I went to-day to examine it, thinking it might suit you; but it is ugly trash. I will now have done; so adieu, dear madam.—Your most obliged serv<sup>t</sup>,

CHAS. K. SHARPE.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to a Lady.

*May 29, 1843.*

I am certain, dear madam, that you must believe me when I say that nothing can give me greater pleasure than being of any use to you.

And now I will answer your questions to the best of my ability. Powder is not required. From 1742 to '45 ladies in general did not wear it. This I know from pictures and prints which I need not quote. I have made a sketch of

heads with a cap and lappets (which I strongly recommend) from a dancing-master's book of the period—no handkerchief, but a frill or tucker narrower at the back and sides than in front, a large nosegay on one side if you please: black mits were of a much more recent period, and very ugly to my mind. Buckles certainly, and as it is far better to borrow than to buy in such cases as this, I send a pair per post which my mother wore at the dancing-school. I shall value them more after being honoured by your wearing of them. The heels of the shoes should be very thick, for which see Hogarth's "Marriage à la Mode," &c.

But if ladies are to appear without hoops, I think they need not care what they wear. Dresses made *for* them are, without them, no costumes at all. Mercy on us, what an Irish ball, or rather bull! Like the Eglintoune tournament without a single knight, or the play of Hamlet, the part of Hamlet being omitted by desire of the Queen.

As you wished for two pairs of buckles, I went a-hunting to-day, but found none. The Duchess of Baden's grandfather would be, could he revive, of great use in this ball affair, seeing that he was a celebrated hair-dresser in Paris. That I learnt from her Serene Highness, the Margravine of Anspach, no bad authority in such matters. I have drawn a face with patches in the right places—under the corner of the eye one large, and a small one below; if another, under the corner of the mouth—it should be on the other side.

I wish I could bring my trumpery to London, as I am sure I have many things that might be of use to you. My most humble respects present to all with you.—I am ever, dear madam, your obliged faithful serv<sup>t</sup>. C. K. SHARPE.

The east wind blinds and confounds me, and I am far too much grieved for the loss of my favourite cat.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to another Lady.

DEAR MADAM,—I had the honour of receiving your letter this morning, and hasten to answer it, though the east wind has pinched my old eyes to such a degree, that even my spectacles make me little better than a mole as to writing: *ergo*, pray have the goodness to excuse brevity, and periods worse turned than usual, which, however, can scarcely happen.

Miss Flora was never at Holyrood House during the Prince's abode there, for my mother was told by her aunt Lady Margaret Macdonald, that Miss never saw the Prince till introduced to him by Mrs Macdonald of Clanronald in the Highlands. Miss Flora dined with Lady Margaret in Skye, but the Prince was sent to the factor's house to dinner, for two reasons—that Lady Margaret could not trust some of her servants, and that she might be able to *swear* she never saw him. But if you should like to dress as Miss Flora, this can be no obstacle; for there were no *court* dresses in the times of rich silks and embroidery. Ladies went to common parties as fine to St James'; hoops every woman wore. I have a print of Miss from a picture painted about the time, three-quarters: the dress might be made pretty; and I have also some old jewels, much I need not say, at your service. If the Prince danced with any of Lord Wemyss' family, it must have been the Countess Janet, Col. Charteris' daughter, but I never could be clear about that; the jig is nothing but the old set of the Bob of Dumblane. Lady Mackintosh, who routed Lord Loudon's forces near Moy, with a blacksmith and her own servants, was with the Prince at Holyrood House. I have a head of her from a picture by Ramsay. She raised the clan for the Prince in spite of her husband, whom, it was said, she took prisoner in a skirmish. Any drawings I have from anything, pray command; my trumpery jewels and lace,

&c., look upon as your own. I think the Queen hath a mind to titter at her loyal subjects forming this ball, for the costume of ladies at the period chosen was not very becoming; the gentlemen were downright monsters. Hogarth's prints are perfect authority for everything. I have a dress of my grandfather's, all but stockings and shoes, which is monstrous; the waistcoat, however, is gold brocade, still very pretty as to material, and I shall be happy if it can be of any use to Lord John, or any part of my point-lace. I wonder, Madam, if you could come in to Edin. for an hour or so, that there might be a consultation held. I am a poor old cripple, and cannot wait upon you; besides, it would be difficult to travel with all my trumpery. In a word, anything I can be of the slightest use of in to you or to Lord John will give infinite pleasure to, dear madam, yours most faithfully,

CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

I heard some very good news lately about the papers at Drumlangrig.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to a Lady.

NEW ATHENS, *Dec.* 16, 1843.

DEAR MADAM,— . . . I was long in a sad quandary about a certain Princess, haunted not only with the story of my sister-in-law, but another which happened when I was a boy, and hath made me laugh, on recollection, ever since. Long ago Annandale was infested with wandering mad men and women, whom, tho' great nuisances, nobody ever dreamed of shutting up. Among these a person called "daft Watt" was an eminent Orlando Furioso—very tall, with a long black beard, and no sleeves either to his coat or chemise. One fair day, I shall never forget it, my father, mother, and self set

out in our old chaise to wait on Lady Shaw's mother at Springkell—our butler, Sandy, mounted as footman for more grace (my father was poor then) on a cart-horse. Passing near a farm of ours, we came too near a battle between daft Watt and the farmer's collies, faithful guards, and keeping him from approaching the premises. Watt's artillery consisted of large stones, one of which broke the glass of our chaise and lighted on my mother's lap. A sudden halt: Sandy, a very strong man, off his horse, and after the delinquent with his whip. The madman made an injudicious retreat, for in place of flying to a wooded hill very near, he rushed into the camp of the enemy, *alias* the farmer's cow-house—dark enough, to be sure, as all byres then were. Thinking of a ruse, he whipt behind the door, to which Sandy gave a push, and drove Watt backwards upon a brood-goose sitting in her nest. (*N.B.*—The geese in former days had always rank in the cowhouse, and sat in stately rows among the cattle.) Down fell Watt, the goose escaped, but all the eggs were squashed. Madam, if you had seen Sandy drag Watt out of the cowhouse by the collar, and all over goose-egg, you would never have forgot it. He roared so loud, Sandy labouring him with his whip, that out came the farmer's wife with a dishclout in her hand. "The presence be about us, sirs! what's a' the steer?" But the moment she perceived the madman, she uttered a sound full as melodious as the prelude of a Highland bagpipe,—“Is that daft deil come here again to fash folk? Gin I dinna fell him mysel' this very day, I'se ken for what: fy, Lizzie lass [her maid], fetch out the beetle!” Quick as thought enter Lizzy and the weapon, which her mistress seized, and laid on so “fast and furious” that not only Watt, but even Sandy, her damsel, and the dogs got sufficient tokens of her tenderness. At last my father, after we had laughed our fill, remembered that he was a Justice of the Peace, and proclaimed order. Watt was released and took to the hill like a hare, and the farmer's wife

came forward to the chaise, her hands before her, and curtsy-ing—Lizzy bearing the beetle behind, and doing always what her mistress did. “Mem, I hope your leddyship’s no’ muckle the waur for that daft gomeril. I wunner folks that has power dinna pit sic vaguing gipsies in the stocks, or dook them” (a hint to my father, who was deemed far too tender in his dignities). “For my part, I’m a’ trimlin’ wi’ fricht [a fib]; but as I was sayin’, I hope your leddyship and Mr Charles is no’ the waur.” “Oh no, Katy,” said my mother, “we are quite well; and the next time a set of constables are made, I think your name should stand the first.” Katy, with a low curtsy, imitated by the bearer of the beetle,—“It’s mair your leddyship’s goodness than my desert.”

I hope the “Sutherland as it (never) was, is,” or will be, will amuse you. Three days ago the Duke sent me his correspondence with the Glasgow Doctor, printed in London, to be distributed to his friends. This was kind to me, but still it vexes me. In early youth one wrote fibs with the natural excuse of self-preservation, but, alas! I have not that sweet subterfuge now. His civility to a pack of stingless wasps has done a great deal of harm. What am I to say in answer to his letter?—mum, I think, for my number is not properly printed in the Directory. . . .

THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND TO C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

LONDON, *Jan'y.* 8, 1844.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I am very glad that I thought of adding a page to your Kirkton’s ‘Hist<sup>y</sup> of the K. of Scotland,’ as appropriate from him to whom, all unworthy, you dedicated y<sup>r</sup> edition of it. I am now reading P. F. Tytler’s 9th and last vol., which will provoke the Kirk to excommunicate him: it certainly does not dispose one favorably.

What an intolerant, overbearing, tyrannical, despotick set they have been! I never expected to have written and printed any letters about it, or that I sh<sup>d</sup>. have been honored by the marked distinction of being, like the D. of Monmouth and ye M<sup>s</sup>. of Huntley of old (not the present old one), and some other worthies, denounced and excommunicated by the new Cameronian Free Ch. people. But I am glad of it, as it has occasioned my discovering, thro' W<sup>m</sup>. Mackenzie, your real and true direction and place of abode, about which he unfortunately erred and led me astray when last in Edinb., and occasioned my losing the opport<sup>y</sup>. of seeing you, which I trust will not so happen again, as I have repeated to myself 10 times 28 Drumm<sup>d</sup>. Place, and think of L<sup>y</sup>. Willoughby.

I am very sorry to hear of your ailments. I am become a victim to infirmities, becoming every now and then extremely deaf, with loud storms of noises in the head, of bands of music, falls of water, roaring of winds, and knocking, hammering, thumping, which prevent all other proper hearing—all dyspeptic. I have to consult, to take medicines, to observe diet, and to hope for intervals.

The D<sup>ss</sup>. has been for the last year and a half subject to pain in the side, and was very unwell this last autumn, which made me very anxious about her confinement. However, she was happily brought to bed safely of a fine boy.<sup>1</sup> He has since been suffering, and the life of a little child depends on such uncertain conditions, that one cannot feel secure, and this is still our case about him. I am very sorry to hear of the death of L<sup>y</sup>. Grey of Groby, who was much liked and esteemed. It must be a great affliction for the Wemyss family. I wish I could be of any service to you in any way.—Y<sup>rs</sup>. very faithfully, SUTHERLAND.

I have got a charming collection of French portraits, by Janet and others, which will please you much.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Albert Leveson-Gower.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to WILLIAM M. FOOTE, Esq.

DEAR WILLIAM,—I was very glad to learn from you that you had got safe to London, in spite of icebergs, whales, sea-serpents, and mermaids; the chief miracle is that you were not sick!

A wretched woman, one Gilmour, was tried here lately for the murder of her husband. You may remember much of her former story in the newspapers, as her flight to America made her crime more remarkable. The proof was quite clear, yet she got off. There never was a more hardened jade. She sat at the bar with as much composure as if she had been at her own fireside, and looked at her husband's liver, which was put upon the table, as calmly as she would have peeped at her pin-cushion. The lover, on the contrary, wept now and then. She has a tolerable figure, I am told, but a dishelout of a face. The swain, a stout comely clown of 30, older than her husband, of whom she wearied and got rid by arsenic in five weeks. This reminds me of the old Scotch saw, "I never likit boot gates, as the wife said when she harled her gudeman through the ingle."

28 DRUMMOND PLACE, EDIN., 27 *Jan.* 1844.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to JAMES T. GIBSON-CRAIG, Esq.

DEAR DOCTOR,—Some young rash gallants imagine that when they have tasted the merits of gentlewomen they may wipe their mouths, and "whistle them down the wind"; whereas they find that said nymphs will perpetually stick to their skirts, with a dozen of bastards at their backs, and as many—somewhere else. Now, you fondly thought that after a small slice of Miss Clarissa Harlowé, you were rid of her

for life; and lo! here are two vol<sup>s</sup>. more, in which the places marked I do insist upon it that you carefully peruse. In the first you will see how the wonderful Proteus who wrote the book could transform his mind into that of two scolding misses; in the last, a deathbed scene, which no other novelist was or is capable of writing—unique, and perfect.

To reward you for this trouble, I send a vol. of the *Causes Célèbres*, with a case marked. The whipping would make a capital picture—the negro John the Baptist—the lady's high-heeled shoes—the coaches-and-six, &c., &c.—charming. I shall try to make somebody attempt it.

The Duke of Sutherland says that my portrait of Charles the 9th is by Janet; he has one exactly similar. As you seem to have forgot it, pray come hither on Wednesday next between one and two, and you shall see it in the back drawing-room—item, the painted roof from the Queen-Regent's house, which I have got in some sort put together, and which, I think, will interest you.

As to French books, many thanks; but at present I have more to read than I can easily master.—In much haste, *à vous toujours*,

CHA<sup>s</sup>. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

NEW ATHENS, *Sunday night* [1844].

#### C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE TO DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.

I am exceedingly obliged to you for the honour of your last letter, but as till of late I had nothing but thanks to return, I thought it best to spare you the infliction of that dull tribute, so often already paid by me where it was so justly due.

The other day, however, I paid a visit to a neighbour of mine in this *Place*, as it is called, an account of which, I imagine, may a little amuse you. The person is Mr Gordon, son of the Mr Gordon who had the picture of Lady Suther-

land, the first wife of Lord Bothwell. In his dining-room here, and in no good condition, he hath the pictures of Sir Robert the historian, his wife, her father and mother, and several more of a newer class. Sir Robert seems to have been done by Jameson, but hath been retouched; his wife, in a widow's hood and peak, is not ill painted; her father, the Dean,<sup>1</sup> very well done, with an inscription, w<sup>h</sup>. I could not read, being *failed* in my sight—nor could good Mr Gordon help me. The portrait is on board, and hangs high; the dean's wife, charming!—a true old French face, with a jewel fixed upon her flat ruff. I fell in love with her directly, and when summer comes, and if I can see, I shall beseech Mr Gordon to allow me to make a sketch of her.

But the curious picture is that of a Duke of Lenox (Mr G. could give me no certainty as to the particular duke, but the dress is of James the Sixth's time) and his duchess, in the same piece. He is in his robes, she with the ducal coronet on her head, her hair hanging loose about her shoulders, and with such a lamentable want of *tucker*, that I blushed to look at her bosom before Mr Gordon's mother, a very worthy plain sort of woman. Here follows a dialogue, *verbatim*, arising from these portraits:—

*Mr Gordon.*—"Mr S., I have to tell you a very odd thing about my mother, which I am sure will not please you.

*Mrs G. (rather alarmed).*—"What have you to tell about me, John?"

*Mr G.* "We had two silver dishes given by that duke at the christening of one of the children, and my mother melted them down to make a tea-urn."

*The Lady (evidently relieved by the exaggeration of her crime).*—"A tea-urn indeed! there was not silver enough to make the teapot; and, indeed, Mr S., they were two ugly, plain things—just two barber's basins, only not so large."

The notion of two barber's basins being given to a beardless

<sup>1</sup> Of Salisbury.

child amused me much ; so I said, “ Well, I never heard of anything like this before in the way of a gift ; pray, madame, had the basins any nicks for the chin ? ”

*Lady.* “ Oh no, sir, they had not nicks ; but they were just the shape of barbers’ basins—ugly, plain, thin things.”

I had reasons of my own for not asking what had become of the teapot, which, from its history, I think a greater curiosity than the dishes.

It appeared, during our conversation, that the late Mr Gordon had several other portraits, which he had given away.

It is a pity that the picture of Lady Sutherland, formerly Bothwell, at Dunrobin, hath never been engraved.

I lately received a letter from Peter Tytler, the historian, as to portraits of Lord Bothwell. It seems the Queen bought the curious Scotch jewel at Strawberry Hill, and gave it to Prince Albert ; but they not being able to make out the legend, Peter was summoned to decypher it, a thing already done in the catalogues. After that he baptised many nameless miniatures, knowing just as much about the matter as good Mrs Gordon knew about her silver dishes ; but being desired by the Queen to tell her if there were any portraits of Bothwell, he sent circulars hither on that head. In fact, there is none ; nor, which is curious enough, a picture of any male or female of the antient family of Hepburn.

I shall never see your Grace’s Janets, but I dare swear they are charming.

I am grieved with the account you give of your deafness, but as it is periodical, it *can* be cured. However, cures are sometimes the worst half of a disease ; for my own part, if I could hear only what is useful (and how very little that is !) I’d be content to make a bargain with nature, and give up my ears and nose, to save my eyes in perfection.

I sincerely wish that you may be now rid of all anxiety about your child ; it is a sad thing to see a creature suffer who knows not how to complain.

I hope before long to send you some sketches of the Free Kirks, rising like toadstools here and hereabouts; they are quite of a new order of architecture, like the notions of their rearers, and some have two weathercocks—(Qy.) one for the minister, the other for his wife.

I have been lately reading a book which much amused me—the Sidney Diary and Letters. The diary of the beau is dull enough, but the epistles of the Ladies Sunderland are very curious. Waller's flame still talking of beauty, and the other exceeding free for so pious a person,—she mentions "that d—d jade, the Duchess of Portsmouth," by whom there is one letter in French, the spelling of which is inimitable.

We have a Mrs Crowe here who hath written two novels, 'Susan Hopley' and 'Man and Woman,' which are admired—the former made into a play. She visits me: so the other day, when she was looking at Aphra Behn's picture, she asked me to lend her her works, as she had never read any of them. I said, "Indeed, Mrs Crowe, you must excuse me; they are not ladies' reading." "O, I don't mind that; genius is of no sex, you know."

I believe she hath Madame de Staël's authority for this, but am not quite sure.

I saw lately in the newspapers that you had done the lady to whom this house belonged the honour of giving her away in marriage, which (you will be amused with this) much puzzles me. I never had heard of her or her mother till I began to bargain about their abode. Their agent and great favourite, a person of the name of Malcolm, cheated me at the outset; for, after promising that Mrs Thomson's rubbish, *alias* furniture, was to be sold out of the house, and inducing me to buy some things, far too dear, that the walls might not be injured, he, as I had not his promise in writing, made the sale in the house after all, to the huge detriment of my *lime work*. I trusted him the more that he is an elder of the Kirk, and hath such a godly gift of prayer that his mistress

was never weary of it, and turned off one of her maids because she refused to listen to his pious exhortations. He is still pestering me about a sum of money I do not owe, of course with his patroness's approbation, who, if she ever felt a coolness in her piety, or anything else in this house, 'twas not the good woman's own fault, for everything here, when I entered, was covered with dirty green baize; nay, the very handles of the keys had worsted rags wrapped round them. The most curious part of the *ménage* was that a certain small oratory, generally used for only one purpose, was fitted up all round with shelves, for, as I at first supposed, gallipots and drug-bottles: no such thing—'twas the sweetmeat closet; there she kept her honey and confections.

The German Princess<sup>1</sup> hath lost her first-born, which is naturally a great vexation to all concerned; however, she is going on very well in spite of the malaria of Holyroodhouse. Lord Douglas is become a great collector of old furniture, which some Jews here find very profitable; he and Lord Breadalbae buy old (new) chairs and tapestry at any price. At a sale the other day the biddings were enormous.

As I fear you will deem my gossip, so 'tis time to have done. Begging leave to present my best respects and wishes to the duchess, I am ever your Grace's most obliged serv<sup>t</sup>,

CHA<sup>s</sup>. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

28 DRUMMOND PLACE, EDIN.,  
17th Feb. [1844].

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to a Lady.

NEW ATHENS, 1844.

DEAR MADAM,—I at last return my trash, with three trumpery additions; and now I have only one more to add,

<sup>1</sup> Princess Maria of Baden, Marchioness of Douglas, afterwards Duchess of Hamilton.

which I shall fish out from my confusion shortly. The damp of the old town spoilt the copperplate of the Witch of Fife, so that impressions of it look dirty here and there. We had a "waur loss at the Shirramoore," as old Annandale people used to say long ago on very trifling annoyance.

Ten thousand thanks for my gratis admission to a very curious collection of sign-posts. What makes me a little ungrateful is, that one can see as good, perhaps better, for nothing at all, in the hospitable regions of the Grassmarket and the Cowgate.

Mr Swinton, who thinks Sir Godfrey Kneller a bad painter, could paint the ghost of Hamlet's father to the life (a bull), or a barber's block before it is coloured.

However, I think he could have done my murderous ancestor as well as David Scott, who has painted only a coat of mail and tartan mantle. There is something in the helmet intended for a nose, but to me it appears like the handle of a horn spoon sticking out of a porridge-pot—a beautiful piece of Scottish still life, which I have often admired in my childhood. Scott, however, has anatomical genius, and is very amusing in conversation, from a solemnity that is not affected. When I lately went to see his pictures, he showed me a female figure sitting on a chair, which he baptised May,—the May of Chaucer who cheated her husband, old blind January, in a very wicked fashion. This luckless May had been exhibited in England, and returned unbought, as was natural, and she is now in the Exhibition under the same doom. As Scott is poor, and I like him, I said, "Mr Scott, I am certain I can help you off with that picture if you will make one addition to it." "What is that, sir?" "Paint me looking over May's shoulders as old January. I can shut my eyes and make a jealous face, and I know a friend of mine who, I think, will buy it," which was true. The painter looked horror-struck, and refused the proposal, like a fool as he is. I hope this

will amuse you; but I still think he'll remind me of my offer after Madam May returns home a second time.

Adieu, dear madam, with every good wish presented to you and yours. I rest your most obliged serv<sup>t</sup>.

CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

The DUKE OF SUTHERLAND to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

CASTLE HOWARD, *Feby.* 21, 1844.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—Your letter has amused and interested me so much that I must immediately tell you so. All the subjects happen to have occupied me lately. First, the Gordon family. I wonder that he did not tell you of his kindness to me last year. Some communications passed between us in consequence of my hearing that he had still many remains of the Gordonstown Library, which made me to wish to inquire about them, that in case he shd. ever think of disposing of them, I might at least have an opportunity of knowing about them. I, however, found that the account I had heard of some interesting parts of the library not having been sold was an exaggeration; but he had some MSS. of Sir Rob<sup>t</sup> Gordon, which he most obligingly sent to me at Trentham, being two copies of the family history, and a letter of advice from Sir Rob<sup>t</sup>, the "Tutor" of Suth<sup>d</sup>, to his nephew the minor, the same John who signed the Covenant in 1638 (for which they call him now the venerable Earl (he was not 30), and contrast him with his Erastian descendant), and some other papers—one being a letter from his mother Jane, C<sup>ss</sup>. of Sutherland, who had been C<sup>ss</sup>. of Bothwell, and whose picture, as well as that of Alex<sup>r</sup>. E. of Suth<sup>d</sup>, her husband, was given to my mother by the late Mr Gordon; and she also had a copy made of the portrait of Sir Rob<sup>t</sup>. It is odd that you should just now suggest to me, as you indirectly do by express-

ing surprise that it has not been done, to have that portrait of her engraved, as it is what I had lately determined to do; and I shall also have other family portraits at Dunrobin engraved, and you shall have them all. But to return to Mr Gordon. I felt scruples about taking these MSS. from him—that is, the two MSS. of the history—but I was advised that they were as well with me as at Edinb<sup>gh</sup>, and I have had them well bound to preserve them. I sent him a copy of my mother's Orkney voyage—I hope he has it; if you see him again, perhaps you can mention it. I don't know if he cares about such things. If he has seen the facsimile of her drawings of the West Coast, and w<sup>d</sup> like to have them—if you c<sup>d</sup> offer to shew him these, and ascertain if he w<sup>d</sup> be glad to have them, I sh<sup>d</sup> be much obliged. L<sup>d</sup> Huntley must have been of lax principles to have been such a friend of Bothwell, whom I take to have been a consummate villain. I cannot remember where I have read that the marriage of Bothwell and L<sup>y</sup> Jane was celebrated with great fuss and pomp and rejoicing at Court. He says, in 'Les Affaires du C<sup>pt</sup>. Bodwell,' the Banatynne book, that he was in his bed with his *première Princesse* at the time of the murder of Darnley.

I should like to see the picture of the Dean of Salisbury (I have a book at Trentham, the title of which I forget, of most virulent abuse of him by some R. Catholick), and also that of his wife, and of his daughter, Sir Rob.'s wife; and also the Lennoxes,—but I would not say this to Mr Gordon for fear of appearing to wish to grasp them; but I might have copies taken perhaps. Your dialogue scene is delightful. I believe it was this Mr G.'s father who was a natural son, so that argues nothing against his mother. Mr Gordon himself, I believe, wishes to have a management of some estate; he would not suit any that I could have a disposal of, but I sh<sup>d</sup> like to be of service to him if I knew how. I wish I could go to see him with you.

Your surprise at my appearing at and "giving away in"

marriage Miss Thomson of Bogie has been shared by several. Next day the Miss Berrys came on purpose to inquire how it happened in the name of wonder! and said that Bogie, of which Miss T. is heiress, is mixed up with land of Raith, and that there had been an old joke going on that a Ferguson ought to marry her to arrange and unite the estates, when, behold! they found that she disposed of herself otherwise, and that I had *given her away!* The expression is itself such an odd one. I must explain that it was the bridegroom, Mr Davidson, with whom I had acquaintance as surgeon of the Scotch Hospital, of which I am President, who asked me to attend, which I readily did. I had never before seen a Scotch marriage. He had been long, 7 or 8 years, attached; her family and mother were against it, but the lady continuing determined, they had consented. So then I was asked to lead her to the minister, and the marriage took place, and we breakfasted at the hotel in Jermyn St., and the happy couple drove off in a new chariot-and-four. And Mrs Thomson was to return next day to Brighton. *Voilà mon histoire.* The old nurse and housekeeper, and many maids, had come from Scotland for the occasion, and were much affected. The lady I thought well-looking, seeming sensible. The mother and I very civil to each other, and complimentary. I wish I had known of your household connection with them. As to the Lennoxes, Sir Rob<sup>t</sup>. Gordon was always fond of talking of his alliance with them; and this picture, no doubt, belonged to him. I suppose it is of K. James' favourite; was he nephew of the Regent—or rather, I believe, great-nephew—and 1st coz., once removed, to Darnley, and 2d coz. to K. J.? and whose son, was it not, that never smiled after the death of C. 1st? Of what size is it? I thought of having the pictures brought from Dunrobin to London to be engraved; but if that of Sir Rob<sup>t</sup>s. could be as well done at Edinb<sup>gh</sup>, as no doubt it might, Mr G. w<sup>d</sup>. probably have no objections to letting me have it done there under your advice. I hope to go

north and to see you next summer, unless prevented. Think of my now appearing in the newspapers as writer of another letter on another subject, of which I know but little, God knows, the Corn Laws. I have been obliged to give an opinion, and out it comes as the "D. of Suth<sup>d</sup>. on the Corn Laws." Now, the more I consider the subject, the less do I consider myself an authority, wishing only to keep quiet, and having no great apprehension of the evils which both parties threaten, and no esteem for the Anti-Corn-Law Leaguers.

We have come here on an occasion of anxiety. The accounts of illness of L<sup>d</sup>. Carlisle made the D<sup>ss</sup>. wish to come, and we have been 10 days here, during which he has not become worse, but has not gained strength so as to remove the uneasiness of his family, who have all come. He has lately suffered much from gout, and for many years been subject to it; and at 70, after a severe attack and continued weakness, one must feel the uncertainty. We had satisfaction in leaving our young boy Albert doing extremely well. They are all at Brighton. What a long letter I have scribbled! it will, at least, show that y<sup>r</sup>. letter interested and excited me. If I can ever be of any use in procuring any books for you, which you may have any sort of difficulty in getting in Edinb<sup>gh</sup>, pray let me know without scruple, as I may be able to do it. I am very sorry for the disappointment and distress of the Douglass; a sad place Holyrood must be for such a purpose, and with no precedent, I think, in royal records!

I wish you w<sup>d</sup>. come to London when we are there some time. Adieu, my dear Sharpe.—Ever truly y<sup>rs</sup>., S.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.

28 DRUMMOND PLACE, EDIN.,  
14th March 1844.

It gave me the greatest pleasure to know that any letter of mine could amuse or interest you; and this I should have stated sooner, but that some things in yours required time before I could answer them. Bad weather and a worse cold have added to the delay. Mr G. is seemingly a very good-natured person, and was much pleased when I told him how sensible you were of his civility in giving you the MSS. you mentioned; but I said nothing of the views in the north, because I think they would be thrown away, and I am certain that any picture you may care to borrow he will lend. He is not the sort of man to value works like Orkney and the other for their real merit; but only, perhaps, as he might give himself airs about them, which, in his circle, he can scarcely do. Now, as to the engraving of the portrait you mention here, I have sent, per Mr Mackenzie, two specimens of mezzotinto, done in New Athens by a lad who, in my humble opinion, has great merit: the one, Lady Mar, from a head I have, copied from the full-length at Alloa; the other, Queen Mary, from an old print of mine which Constable borrowed in a hurry when he had a mind to present to the Queen, while here, a new edition—and such an edition!—of Bishop Burnet's eulogium on that excellent sister, daughter, and Queen, by way of Mary the Second. Some people do not like mezzotint, which is not my case. But putting this scraper out of the question, all the engravers here are beasts, and as extravagant in their demands as in London; so insolent, besides, that now I am known to be poor, and that all my influential acquaintances are dead or have left this place, they care not a pinch of snuff for what I suggest; so, even

were they worth the trouble, I could never cope with them; and my advice is, that if you do not wish to employ Hay, you would get all the portraits you have selected engraved in London.

The Duke Mr G. has is certainly Ludovic, 1st of Richmond, 2d of Lenox. I fished out Lodge, and compared the picture with the print. His D<sup>ss</sup>, Mr G. says, was named Frances; so she is the last of his wives, of whom Wilson gives so amusing an account. The picture is on board, and about five feet by four, finished, as far as I can see *now*, with care. This is the sort of thing as to attitude. However, this Duke could not have given the barber's basins to his namesake if the Sutherland pedigree and the peerage be correct, as he died some years before that child was born, if the dates they give may be trusted to. I confess dates put me past my patience many a time, when I pestered myself about them: among the rest, Lord Alva had a picture of the first Duke of Lenox, which belonged to his daughter, Lady Marie, from whom Lord Alva directly descended; so it must have been genuine, yet the inscription was, "Esme, Dux Lenox, 1590." Now this Duke is stated to have died in 1585 by all peerage compilers.

Ten thousand thanks for your promise as to the portraits when engraved. May I venture to say a small word in favour of Countess Jane's first husband, Lord Bothwell?—a bad man he was, certainly; but I greatly fear, not *very* much worse than all his neighbours, and *more* tempted. Then there is one thing laid to his charge by the Queen's friends which I feel certain he was as innocent of as your humble servant—that of ravishing her Majesty. Ravishing, indeed! *La belle Cunegonde*, in 'Candide,' sets that matter at rest with me for ever.

I had a very curious hunt last year after Lord Darnley's skull, but in vain. From sources with which I shall not trouble you, I learnt that when the roof of the Abbey Church

fell in, one Cumming, secretary to the Society of Antiquaries, stole this skull and kept it by him for many years (my grandfather stole a piece of Lord D.'s skin, but the confounded mice at Hoddam Castle ate it before I was born). He put a silver plate on it, with the name of the original owner. Mr Smellie, yet alive, has seen and handled it. The odd thing is, that it was covered with punctures similar to those occasioned by the venereal distemper—the forehead high, as in his pictures, and a contradiction to phrenologists. At Cumming's death it was sold, and I discovered the probable purchaser, and had traces of it, till about five years ago; "total eclipse—no sun, no moon, no stars"—after that.

I wonder if I wrote this before, for I have lost my memory so much that I repeat for ever. *Apropos*, people have not yet forgot Miss T.'s marriage. There is still a wonder; and as I am now mixed up with her and hers, and hear much about them with which I shall not tire you. Pray don't give the Doctor's first-born a pair of barber's basins; they will certainly be thrown away. As to what you tell me of the Misses Berry, it is delightful. I had dreamed they were dead; but some time ago, when Lord Orford's latest letters were printed, I visited a club of George's Sq<sup>re</sup>. old maids, who subscribe and get such books, and who refreshed my memory (the ladies being all angry that the misses might have been Countesses) with a piece of family history. It seems that the grandfather of these heroines was nothing more than a tailor at Kircaldy, one of whose sons changed his name to Ferguson for the estate of Raith, purchased and left to him by a nabob, his mother's brother. Now the amusing thing is to think of Lord Orford's horror had he married either of the ladies, and then discovered the goose in the Countess's pedigree! He might have written a companion to 'The Mysterious Mother,' 'The Mysterious Grandfather,' and far more feelingly. Imagine the new Countess, like the old, announcing his crime to her husband, as the other did to

her son—"Hear, hell, and tremble! Horace, thou didst clasp a tailor's gosling!" The Count swoons in the Countess's arms, and an earthquake shakes all the baubles at Strawberry Hill!

And now you are so kind as to encourage me to ask a great favour. At the Strawberry sale, the portrait of Mrs Barry, the actress, was sold for five pounds, and, I suspect, bought by a Mr Munro; but I cannot exactly find out who got it, as Colnaghi, who purchased it for somebody, either gave dubious answers, or was never questioned by the person whom I desired to inquire. My humble request is, that you would send him a message in your own name (dukes always get direct responses), desiring to know the purchaser. My reason for all this fuss is, that I hear Mr Munro is a person likely to exchange any picture he has for another he may like better, and I have several which I should be glad to part with for the gem I desire. Presuming that you will grant this boon, I have written on a slip of paper the name, number, &c., to give your Grace as little trouble as possible.

Your plagues about kirks and corn one can easily understand; but then, what is this world, after all, but a series of petty (if not great) annoyances? Rank and riches are not exempt: here is a stale reflection. However, poverty is the worst of evils, as money alleviates the sting of everything; and oh! the tedious mind-wearing task of contriving to save half-a-crown!—grudging one's self many rational indulgences, and in old age anticipating, should an annuity cease, the horrors of a cureless rupture in a garret five storeys from the ground!

The mad ministers, I am happy to think, are ruining themselves as fast as possible. Among other sage devices, they are reprinting 'Rutherford's Letters,' the 'Scottish Worthies,' and suchlike rude trash, which in these times the stoutest Presbyterian stomach cannot stand—full of open blasphemy and murder. How such a storm arose against your Grace

and some of your family I never could comprehend—perhaps because I did not chuse to converse with any one here on the subject (I am now very peevish), nor read the insolent pamphlets I heard of. Certainly the Duke of Buccleuch was as black an anti-Covenanter, yet not nearly so much barked at. The spite was so strong, that there was a great demand for a book which a rascal wrote a good many years back about Lady Glenorchy—full of lies, to my certain knowledge. The rev<sup>d</sup> author was once horsewhipped at Portobello for going too near some women while bathing: it was a pity he did not get a second dose for his saucy, nonsensical lampoon.

You are most kind in what you say about London books. I never now wish to read poetry, as it is called, nor history; but memoirs and letters sometimes make my mouth water, and I sometimes, after a long space, contrive to borrow them, and oftener to forget them, which is just as well.

I am glad to learn from the newspapers that Lord Carlisle is better, and from you that Lord Albert is well. I can easily comprehend the deep concern which parents must feel about children whom they know even for a brief space; but I confess I cannot understand the despair in a certain royal mansion respecting a still-born infant, if it spring not from family pride, which nobody at sixty-three can sympathise with.

I hope you may come down hither in summer, and inspect Mr Gordon's gallery, and purchase the pictures if you like them. A sum of money for such things puts all expectations and petitions and reflections perhaps out of the question.—Pray have the goodness to present my best respects to the Duchess, to accept my sincere thanks for your late letter, and to believe me your Grace's ever obliged serv<sup>t</sup>.

CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

On reading this, I think it a miracle of blunders; but my

head is more than usually confused. If you'd like me to offer Mr G. the views, after all, pray let me know. He got the Orkney vol.

The DUKE OF SUTHERLAND to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

TRENTHAM, *April 9, 1844.*

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I have the satisfaction of being able to give you an account of the portrait of Mrs Barry, about which I do not know why you were so curious. I have seen it, and think you will like it—and it is yours. I have this m<sup>s</sup>. a most civil letter from Mr E. Cheney (a Shropshire gentlemen, a man of great taste, who, I am told, draws exceedingly well, with whom I am personally by sight unacquainted; but the D<sup>ss</sup>. knows him, and he has been at a ball at Staff<sup>d</sup>. House, and we met a brother of his, a Capt<sup>n</sup>. Cheney, at Florence), saying that, hearing from Mr Colnaghi of my inquiring about it—Colnaghi having bought it at Straw<sup>y</sup>. Hill for him, and he had no particular object in the acquisition—he was desirous of placing it at my service, and w<sup>d</sup>. beg me to accept it, or, if I preferred giving the price which it cost him, a mere trifle, Colnaghi would acquaint me with it.

Colnaghi thought Mr Cheney bought it for L<sup>d</sup>. Holland, who, living at Florence, does not care to have it. I had better send it to you, but how? I suppose by sea. I shall be in London again on the 22d, and will keep it till I hear from you.

Thank you for the prints, which have arrived in London.

There is now to be sold a fine portrait of the D. of Lenox by Vandyke (Lord Methuen's), price 1800 g<sup>s</sup>. I believe it may be had for 1400. It is a fine portrait; but he has a sallow rather dirty complexion, holds himself badly, and has stockings very badly drawn up, all in wrinkles, so I think it

unsatisfactory. I wonder how the Lady Henrietta, March<sup>ss.</sup> of Huntly, looked. It had not occurred to me till lately how the E. of Suth<sup>d.</sup> was 1<sup>st</sup> cousin to Darnley, consequently only once removed coz. to J. VI.

I c<sup>d.</sup> write on for some time if tiresome business did not interfere. They expect a strike among colliers in Shropshire next week.—Very truly y<sup>rs.</sup> S.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.

I shall not for a moment attempt to express the surprise, joy, and gratitude with which this morning I read your Grace's letter.

I can scarce believe the miracle yet, not so much as to your goodness, of which I have had so very many proofs, but as to my own luck, in actually possessing what I prize so much, and which it seemed quite out of the power of fortune to bestow.

Accept my heartfelt thanks. The picture is far too precious to be trusted to that fickle element water. Steam-vessels are constantly running foul of one another, like drunken men here on a New Year's Day, so have the kindness to send me my treasure by the railway, then I shall have no reason to propitiate by my prayers Orion's dolphin or Jonah's whale.

You wonder why I care so much about Madam Barry. My reason will perhaps give you some entertainment. I scarcely now ever read any new books; but every winter I go through my old favourite tragic authors, and these are Racine, Dryden, Otway, and Lee—the last, I do think, always too much neglected by the world. In all the principal female parts of the English authors, Mrs Barry was the *first* performer, and her wonderful powers are celebrated by Dryden in his pro-

logue to "Cleomenes." She taught the Princesses Mary and Anne their parts in Lee's "Mithridates"; and the former, when Queen, actually lent her her robes to play Cleopatra. Cibber extols her to the skies; and Kneller painted *my* picture (how proud I am of *my*), in order to represent her as Britannia in the large equestrian portrait of K. William at Hampton Court. Then she attended poor Dryden's funeral in a hackney-coach, the only thing of the kind the good woman could command; but this set all the poet's foes and hers to flee at her. "The great Cleopatra in a hackney-coach!" &c., &c.,—which is too provoking, to me at least.

There are specks in the sun; and it is certain that she bore one "little indiscretion," as Nan Catley termed her children, to Lord Rochester; but I fear I think that a circumstance that enhances the value of her picture, which is a wicked thing in a person of my age. However, her fault might flow from an excess of gratitude, for she was his pupil as to the stage, being a wretched actress till he took much pains to instruct her.

I daresay you know the greater part of this as well as I do. But her daughter brings an anecdote into my head, which my mother used to tell, diverting enough. When Miss Catley was in Edin., my mother, then very young, and an old Lady Hyndford, a great prude, paid a morning visit to Lady Auchinleck, the James Boswell's mother. Crossing James's Court, they met Miss Nan with three small children. When Lady Auchinleck received them, she said, "I have just had a visit from that charming creature Nan Catley." A flirt of her fan, and a frown from Lady Hyndford. "Oh, she's a charming creature! and quite a penitent, madam, quite a penitent. When she introduced her children to me she said, 'My lady, allow me to present three of my little indiscretions.'"

I have done myself the honour, in my will, to leave two articles to you, which I hope you will accept, and I shall add this picture, which is certainly a curiosity, to the number.

I fall upon my knees and beg that you will, if possible, rescue the D. of Lennox from plebeian hands for the future. I humbly state my reasons. First, this is to you a family picture, an interesting point. Then, if the attitude be ungraceful, which is plain from the print, still it probably adds to the likeness. Item, if the stockings be bad, the *shoes* are charming. Perhaps Vandyke was an enemy to garters. Perhaps people long ago were slovens as to their legs; but this is certain, that in the beautiful groupes of the D. of Buckingham and Lord Francis, and of King Charles's children, the stockings are very ill drawn up. As to the face, I fancy the D. of L. was a precious jewel in an ugly case, tho' his grandfather was an Adonis, and so was the last of that honourable race, of whom Lord Blantyre has a very good picture. There is a portrait of Lady Huntly at Gordon Castle, by Jameson, fair, and very pretty. It is a pity that it has not been engraved, to end my rigmarole. Perhaps if anybody buys the Duke's picture, of which the colouring is probably very fine—that you are a judge of—you may afterwards, on 2d thoughts, regret you were not the purchaser: this often happens. In truth, I shall be delighted to hear that it is in your collection, tho', alas! I can never hope to behold it there.

All this stuff is a bad return for your goodness; but "the more nonsense, the more fun."—I beg leave to present my best respects to the Duchess, and am, ten thousand times more than I can ever speak or write, your Grace's most obliged faithful ser<sup>vt.</sup> CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

28 DRUMMOND PLACE, EDIN.,  
11th April 1844.

The DUKE OF SUTHERLAND to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

LONDON, April 25, 1844.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—On coming to town I have found Mrs Barry in a very good state and in a good frame. She looks Britannia-like—a profile, it might be of a young man, but enough of the bust and shape appears to show that it may be also Cleopatra; but if you are serious in y<sup>r</sup>. apprehensions of the sea, and will not allow her to embark on a galley, I am uncertain how she can well make her way, as the railroad is not yet made to Edinb<sup>gh</sup>. She wd. make rather a large case for a mail-coach. I will consult W<sup>m</sup>. Mackenzie, who, I hear, is coming on tiresome business—of which there is no want. Kirks and railways, &c., &c., &c. The very day I received your letter I received one from Paris from a Russian, Prince Labanoff, an enthusiast about Q. Mary. He has made a large collection of her letters, many original, and is now preparing a 4th vol. of them to be published. He collects all the likenesses of her he can find—chiefly prints. He was in London last year, and thro' L<sup>d</sup>. Mahon I became acquainted with him, showed him my Orkney portrait of Mary and this house, and in return I have now received from him a present of a cast in bronze of the face of Q. Mary from her monument at West<sup>r</sup>. Abbey. He has had the cast here taken and worked in bronze at Paris, only two as yet, and has been so good as to give me one for my *bon accueil* and civility to him here.

I suppose it probable that some of those who were at her Court and had recollection of her were consulted about the likeness, and that probably there is some degree of it—tho' her son, who had it executed, c<sup>d</sup>. not know except from pictures and report; at all events it is a curiosity, and I shall put it under the portrait. There is not much resemblance between them. . . . Very truly, my dear Sharp, y<sup>rs</sup>. S.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to a Lady.

NEW ATHENS [1844].

DEAR MADAM,—I am much obliged to you for your last letter, and now endeavour to thank you for it, with no great comfort to myself, in one sense, as my Xmas roses on my fingers have bloomed very early this year, and make me feel as if I were writing with a mailed glove, red-hot, on my hideous right hand.

You flatter me very much by what you say of La Voisin. I wonder if you have all my scrawls that have been engraved. If you would take the trouble, when you come to Edinburgh, to bring in the miserable collection, I could supply what might be wanting. Lately two collectors have applied to me to have their set completed. The compliment was a little abated in sweetness by the beginning of one of the letters—“Dear sir, I think it is now high time for me to collect,” &c. *High time!*—then *my* time is on the decline. I wonder what the saucy fellow means.

. . . I have known several dogs, particularly Highland devils, that would bite without any provocation. While talking one day with Sir Walter Scott, his wife's cabbage-worm—for it was exactly of that shape—came behind me and bit my ankle till it bled. Sir W., with a kick, made it almost fly up to the ceiling, which I regretted, as with me dogs can never be in the wrong except in hiding things which they forget to dig up again, and loving that ungrateful monster, man. I had a more serious accident in this way, when I was thirteen, at Hoddam Castle. A cat, without rhyme or reason, bit both the butler and myself. I think it was mad, but we had very thick stockings. Sandy, our butler, was in a sad quandary. I forget whether he had the bit cut out, but we both took what was called the Orms-

kirk medicine, then the great panacea, and never felt a *particular* dislike to liquids, though no great love for water. I was kept in the dark as to the matter, and never suspected the truth till long after. I lay in bed and read novels, and was rather fond of my wound and my blister, because they saved me from Cæsar's Commentaries and our detested dominie in the schoolroom. I believe that if the bite be through any sort of stuff, there can be little danger. It is odd enough that though I have in my youth conversed with very many old people on the subject of canine madness, I never met with any one who personally knew an instance of it,—plenty of tradition, however. My nurse Jenny "kent a wife whose grandmither told her that a mad collie ran into a schule and bit the master an' a' the bairns; syne they began to wowf an' bark, and ran into the kirkyard and bit the minister's coo; an' up gets the coo on her hind-legs, an' begins to flyte. Hech, my bonnie man, but a mad dog's a fearfu' beast!"

I am a little startled—resembling the late Dr H. more ways than one—at the visit of a Princess to Holyrood. It appears to me only half an hour since she was married. Archie Alison's kiss on her hand is not quite dry yet. But you will think me scandalous, and so I have done. If the Princess's mother-in-law comes with her to the Abbey, I think I shall venture to go to Court, as I feel a curiosity to see the group. But the rooms used to be kept so dark, and I am now so blind and stupid, that I dread the thought of acting like my sister-in-law, Erskine, and sitting down, if one be allowed to sit, on somebody's knee. This would be high treason with a vengeance!

I take the liberty of sending you two silly publications, a little of which may perhaps amuse you—one an attack on the poor D. of Sutherland, who hath not only to answer for his own sins but those of his mother and her grandmother. Mercy on us, madam, what crabbed *carles* those Kirkmen

are! They have the old bark and brutish tongue still, and seem to have cowed the Duke, though now the cutty-stool be out of fashion. His mother would have stood her ground better. However, the Sutherland family was ever Whiggish, and mortal enemies to *our* royal race, so it hath met its due reward. The other work is the sad exposure of poor Clarinda, a great friend of mine, by her worthless, beggarly grandson. The romance and vulgarity of the vol. will, I hope, make you laugh. It is much sought after on account of Burns, who did not, I believe, care one pinch of snuff for the lady, nor she for him. They had a mind to be in love, and so took fire. Clarinda was one of the most amusing old women I ever knew, though her memory was almost gone before her son introduced me to her. She gave me her picture, the only one ever done of her, which I think I had the honour of showing you in the Old Town.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.

29th April 1844.

Ten thousand thanks for the honour of your last, which brings very good news as to your health; the deafness I could not deem very formidable, as it was periodical. But I fear town air is a bad thing for an invalid; and there is no driving out of London as to its foul smoke. Here people can get into the country and to the sea in a moment.

O Lord! the sea! As I had no notion my jewel was so bulky, and learn that there is perhaps more danger by land than sea (for rails can do something, but coaches are requisite too, and transfers sometimes not secure), I beg that you will take the trouble to send Cleopatra by water. I tremble while I write this, however, with the fate of the Scottish Records, the wreck of the Duke of York, and the

deplorable tragedy of the Pegasus floating in my troubled imagination. The last disaster I shall never forget; for I happened to go down to Leith the night many of the drowned bodies arrived, and saw them exposed in the Monastic Church to be claimed, by lamplight. The scene was most striking, and would have made a beautiful picture.

There is a print of *my* Mrs Barry, but very ill done, by the Hardings, who, I think, spoilt everything. She cuts, too, but a poor figure in the large picture at Hampton Court, huddled into a corner. Sir Godfrey did not shine in composing groups; but I confess, what many now call bad taste, my admiration of his single portraits. His female faces are sometimes beautiful, and he always made people look like ladies and gentlemen, which Lely did not, far less Sir Joshua. I heard lately that Kneller's beauty-room at Hampton Court had got a large bed stowed into it! and that there is not a trace of Lely's room at Windsor left. I'm glad I saw it before its fall!

I had a loan of the compilation made by Queen Marie's romantic champion, and was surprised to find *a child* there, whom I had not heard of before. I wonder if he will reprint her extraordinary letter to Queen E., to be found in the Burghley papers. After writing such an epistle, it is a miracle that the outraged fury allowed her to survive a fortnight. Some pretend that it is a forgery, with no good reason. I confess I believe it to be genuine, as also all the contents of Bothwell's fatal casket. What convinced me as to the last is the poetry. I imagine that no one would take the pains to hammer out what, after all, was a work of supererogation, the prose being quite sufficient to do the turn. Then, tho' Brantome says that the sonnets were unworthy of her genius, yet the other poems we have of hers are quite as poor. As to her portraits, I have ever been in a puzzle. It would seem that she had *two* noses—one high, the other lowish. I have specimens of all her coinage

with the bust—one supposed unique, which I bought in the Cowgate for 2 shillings, thinking it the common testoon, till better judges set me right, and they all exhibit the lowish nose. Some are ill done; but the rial and the coin I picked up are as well drawn as if Holbein had sketched them. The French medal, too, struck on her marriage is well done, and the profile still the same; yet many of her prints (odd enough), have a nose like that on her tomb. My belief is that the picture at Holyrood, of which there is a good copy at Dunrobin, is genuine. Item, the D. of Devonshire's, engraved by Vertue—they are the coins exactly. As to her nose, she might have got a fall, and so have it altered; for I well remember my brother-in-law, James Erskine, told me that when a boy he tumbled down-stairs at Alloa, and a bump rose on his nose which changed it entirely. Your picture, which is beautiful, has, if I remember right, the leading feature much less than the bust, of which I possess a common cast. The mouth has an ugly projection.

. . . . .

The DUKE OF SUTHERLAND to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

*Friday, May 10, 1844.*

MY DEAR SHARPE,—Mrs Barry, or Britannia (no such word in Johnson, and Lord Maryboro' did not know how to have it spelt on sovereigns at the Mint, neither do I at this present writing, which, however indifferent, is certainly an improvement on Sir Adam Gordon and his wife Elizabeth, C<sup>ss</sup>. of Sutherland, who signed their names with their hand at the pen) is to sail or steam, according to the inclosed document, on Sunday. The address is to C. K. Sharpe, Esq., 28 Drummond Place, Edinb<sup>g</sup>; so I hope it will arrive safely.

The Q. wrote to the D<sup>ss</sup>. last week to ask if I had portraits of the wife of J. 4<sup>th</sup>. and of Louis XII. I had a drawing,

said to be by Janet, of Q. Margaret, which I sent, and the Q. is having a copy taken; and I said I had an oil portrait of Mary, the French Queen, and D<sup>ss.</sup> of Suffolk, at Trentham, which H.M. wished me to send for; and now I have sent it. It is a charming picture, I think. The D. of Bedford bought that of her and of the Duke of Suffolk, which Vertue engraved.

The Q. is occupied with these things, which I think a good turn for her to have taken. They have, I believe, the D. of Richmond's picture of the Lennoxes at the tomb of Darnley, which came from Aubigné to compare with that at Windsor.

I believe that Fraser Tytler is much consulted in all this.

May 12.

I intended to have sent this yesterday, but I was obliged to go to a meeting of trustees of the B. Museum, which detained me till after post-time; so that Mrs B. will have the start of the letter by a day—sea *versus* land. I shall wish to hear which mode of travelling proves most expeditious and sure. I have met with an old song of a Miss B.,<sup>1</sup> and I do not know by whom it was illustrated; but I think it altogether of too loose a character for such a sober Christian as I boast to be, so I enclose it for you, at your disposal, and am ever very truly y<sup>rs.</sup> S.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.

27th May 1844.

I have been putting off my thanks for your exceeding kindness a long fortnight, in hopes that I might have it to say "my jewel is arrived," but no tidings still, and so I shall wait no longer.

By a woful error the picture, in place of being put into a

<sup>1</sup> The unfortunate Miss Bailley.

steam-vessel, was stowed into one of those wretched jawholes, which never sail on the day they announce, if they have not as much cargo as they desire; so I do not know when I shall see your most kind gift, nor in what condition, as accidents frequently happen in such disorderly vessels, which are crammed with the poorest people who cannot afford to travel by steam.

This adventure is of a piece with the rest of my fortunes. For more than thirty years I have had nothing but ill-luck and the strangest blows of fate—my affair with Lady Scarlet Fury,<sup>1</sup> for instance—and where any good turned up it was sure to be dashed with something that half soured the sweet. I told all who congratulated me about Mrs Barry that I feared my ill-luck would still show itself, and so it hath proved, for I (I need not tell your Grace I am an old fool; but who can help fretting?) have tormented myself about this business in such a manner as I am ashamed to think of, and so had better say no more about it at this time.

Ten thousand thanks for Miss Bailly. It was a popular song in its day, and set all the moralists a-scolding and writing, which I fancy rather increased its fashion; but what bishops, old women, and Mr Wilberforce could not do, another ballad effected. Billy Tailor put poor Miss Bailly's nose entirely out of joint.

I do not know why her Majesty should want more Queen Margarets than one. At Kensington was the celebrated picture of Henry the Seventh's children by Mabuse, a duplicate or copy of which was lately sold at Strawberry Hill, and which was engraved by Vertue. Perhaps Peter Tytler doth not know this; pray let it be understood. Peter is of the race of the ignorants. His father wrote a book about the identity of Petrarch's Laura, which only proved that the author was a fool; and his grandfather a dissertation on Scottish music, which all our common fiddlers fleered at.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Charlotte Bury.

There is a portrait of Q. Margaret at Newbottle, engraved in Lodge; Lord Bute has another, and your humble servant one, bought long ago at Dumfries, and probably the plunder of a Jacobite house. The mansions of Lords Nithsdale and Carnwath and of several gentlemen were ransacked by the mob during the first rebellion; and what these worthies could not carry away they burnt. Many curious things used to be found in Dumfries. My father picked up this picture, and another, large, of a shepherd and shepherdess, very well done, in an inn. I guess they came from Terregles. I enclose a sketch; and if your Grace should like to have the portrait, either for yourself or to give to the Queen, nothing would make me happier. I have no value for it: it is well done, but hurt a little; about a foot and a quarter high, and on board. The likeness to Mabuse's young monster is very apparent. Pray refresh me by accepting it.

I am like my cousin in spelling, Mrs Winifred Jenkins, "a vixen and a griffin," about my picture, so I plague you with no more of my nonsense at present, but rest your Grace's most obliged servt.,

CHAS. K. SHARPE.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE TO DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.

28 DRUMMOND PLACE, EDIN.,  
1st July [1844].

At last this morning my treasure has arrived safe, after three weeks' travel. I need not tire you with a repetition of my thanks. I think the picture charming—not a sketch, as the foolish catalogue stated it to be, but a finished portrait, an excellent stage face, particularly for haughty characters, which Cibber says she excelled in. The features remind me a little of the late Lady Charles Bentinck, only the eyebrows are not so strongly marked. I like the frame nearly as well as the picture. I am so fond of it that I can't resolve where to hang it.

I heard yesterday with a grieved heart of the ruin of Naworth Castle. It is a national loss, for I believe there is nothing so perfect in its way left. I never could hope that my aged eyes should again behold it, yet it is natural to desire the preservation of what once gave me so much delight. I suppose nothing was preserved that can be of any consequence, as all the most curious things were fixtures. I hope that Lord Carlisle cares less in proportion for it than I do.

This is the age of fire, principally owing to the flue rage; but I imagine that Naworth fell by some other means. Careless servants are a most antient curse—older than the creation—which I could prove; but people might think me profane. I will not at present trouble you further.—Your Grace's most obliged serv<sup>t</sup>.

CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.

[1844.]

I am as sensible as I ought to be of the favour of your last letter. The more I look at Cleopatra the more I am charmed with her. Would your Grace believe it, not a poor soul in the Modern Athens, with whom I am acquainted, ever heard of such a person. This is the truth, however; but several pretend it, after some hints; but then the blunders are exquisite, as there was another Mrs Barry, an actress who died after I was born, and whom some remember in the prints of Bell's 'British Theatre.' "Oh, to be sure, Mrs Barry. She was a very fine actress. She performed with Garrick. Pray, have you any portrait of him?"

The match you kindly announce gives me great pleasure, as it gratifies you. Lord L.<sup>1</sup> is entitled to good-nature by two

<sup>1</sup> Lord Lorne, afterwards Duke of Argyll, married Lady Elizabeth Georgiana, the Duke of Sutherland's second daughter.

generations at least, as I can in some sense answer for, and his mother, with whom I was well acquainted, had not only an excellent temper, but an understanding far beyond the common rate. Her *esprit*, however, was thrown away in this part of the world, where nothing of the kind is understood, consequently cannot be valued.

What pleases me in your letter more than all the rest, is that you talk of going to Windsor, as if you were in good health. Some stale newspapers (Lord Wemyss is so good as to send me his) made me fear that illness had driven you from London to Brighton.

Lord Wemyss's family tell me that Lady Blantyre charms everybody with her looks and manners. From other quarters I do not hear the same of a certain Princess—of no great dignity, in my humble notion. The German Diet don't suit some stomachs.

She said to her husband lately, when he fell from a young mare, and had like to have broken his neck—"I *am* surprised that any one will ride such a pup of a horse." She calls every young animal "pup," but nobody dares to set her right, she is so very great a lady.

The Free Kirk has given eight thousand pounds for a *stance* for their Assembly Hall at the head of the Mound, near the regular building, and the boast is, that the spire will be higher than the other. There is a text in Scripture, "Set not up thy horn," but now I can quote neither chapter nor verse.—Excuse this trash, and believe me your Grace's most obliged serv<sup>t</sup>.

CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

The DUKE OF SUTHERLAND to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

TRENTHAM, *New Year's Day*, 1845.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—All possible good wishes to you. I am glad to receive your letter to-day, as it gives me occasion

to write upon it. Poor Mr J. Erskine. (How odd that Mrs Alison knew very little about her family, and thought she was granddaughter of Lady Alva!) Who, besides G. Chalmers in his Life of Q. Mary, has mentioned that Helen—the sister of the Regent Lenox and Countess of Errol and of Sutherland—had a son, Robert, jun<sup>r</sup>, of James 5th? Is it true? What became of Rob<sup>t</sup>, jun<sup>r</sup>? Why sh<sup>d</sup>. James have had two sons called Robert? I had been pleased with her for being the cause of Alex<sup>r</sup>, E. of Sutherland, being cousin once removed of K. James VI., as he was 1st cousin of Darnley; but since I read this, which I am ashamed to say was but lately, I am ashamed of her. I had before been struck by finding so little mention of her by Sir Rob<sup>t</sup> Gordon, who was fond of the L<sup>x</sup> family and was her grandson, and now this makes me apprehend that he must have had some reason for it. To be sure she died before his birth some time, as her son and his father, Alex<sup>r</sup>, E. of S<sup>d</sup>, was not above 12 when she died. Her husband married again, and you know was with his third wife, a Seton, poisoned. She was with child at the time, but had no children. You must excuse this digression; every now and then a zealous rage for old Scotch history takes possession of me, and forgetting too soon what I learn, I have to renew my search and revive old recollections. Pray tell me what you know about this scandalism. I think Blackhall's narrative<sup>1</sup> as interesting as a good novel, especially his account of his converse with Anne d'Autriche and the M<sup>ss</sup>. of Huntly. The D. of Richmond has offered to have her picture sent for me to London, if I like to have it copied there. I wonder if it would be worth while. Neither she nor her sister, L<sup>y</sup>. Mar, appear amiable in this account, tho' I think you blamed Somerville for giving her an unfavourable character. By the way, is my correspondent the same James Erskine, Esq. of Cambus, to whom you dedicated her Household Book? You there (the date I do not know) say that he had many pictures

<sup>1</sup> Father Blackhall's narrative was published by the Spalding Club.

and things which belonged to her, and a cabinet. The only way that occurs to me that I could be of service to him might be by purchasing them; but I do not see how this can be done, as W<sup>m</sup>. Mackenzie thinks that they are now Col. Tytler's for some money account.

I am sorry to have a bad account to give of the D<sup>ss</sup>. health since we arrived here. She suffered lately much from spasmodic pain in the side, and we mean to go to London next week to consult farther advice. She was very ill in 1843 in the same manner for some time; but I hope that she has escaped it this time, having for two days been very much better. Adieu, my dear Sharpe.—Faithfully y<sup>rs</sup>., S.

I have a portrait, a drawing, of Marie Touchet, sister-in-law of the mother of L<sup>y</sup>. Henrietta and L<sup>y</sup>. Marie Stewart. I suppose when children they knew her.

The DUKE OF SUTHERLAND to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

TRENTHAM, *Jany.* 2, 1845.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—Since I wrote to you, I have (to-day) a letter from Mr W. Mackenzie, who has ascertained that all the old pictures are at Aberdona, and that Col. Tytler *does* wish to sell them (it seems to me a strange coincidence), and that he had an idea that L<sup>d</sup>. Rosslyn would be inclined to give a high price for some of them.

I have told Mr W. M. that it had occurred to me as the only way that I c<sup>d</sup>. be of service to Mr Erskine and his daughter that I should give for his pictures more than the intrinsic value, but that I would not give a very *high price*; that they were not to me family pictures; and that it is very proper that L<sup>d</sup>. Rosslyn sh<sup>d</sup>. have the offer. If he declines, perhaps it might be then proposed to me.

I sh<sup>d</sup>. like to have Esme, and I sh<sup>d</sup>. like the cabinet of

L<sup>y</sup>. Mar, if that exist. It is you who have put that into my head. By the bye, at Erskine House, Blantyre showed me a tree—a sycamore, I think—under which L<sup>y</sup>. Mar is said to have shed tears on leaving the place. You know that the Blantyses did not buy it of the Mars, but it for some time belonged to some other family—I believe of Orbistone—Hamiltons?—who sold it to L<sup>d</sup>. Blantyre in 1702 or '3.

The D<sup>ss</sup>. is pretty well now, and I hope free from the suffering she has lately had; but we go to London to consult next week, and I hope return directly.—Y<sup>rs</sup>. very truly, S.

The DUKE OF SUTHERLAND to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

*Jany.* 12, 1845.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I think you ought to know anything that happens with regard to Aberdona, &c.; and it will be some relief to you to hear that the &c. is not likely to be at once, to be paid for like a pig in a poke (is that the saying?) by me, and to be afterwards found of no worth, so I send you a letter from Col. Tytler and also a page from W<sup>m</sup>. Mackenzie. I think you will be amused with the little mistakes which W. M. confesses for his own part and also imputes to the Col.; but I think the Col. is very obliging and good-natured not to be angry at the suggestion, and to propose to mention me in his will. I hope he will still have the enjoyment of the pictures some time, if he takes care of them as well as of himself.

I am shocked at the lady who admitted me into your hotel having forgotten herself on New Year's Day. I fear she may set fire to the house, and no insurance w<sup>d</sup>. console for the loss of your collections. Get a little fire-engine, such as I have here and at Trentham, in passages ready to be brought into a room and directed to any part of it. We have been brought to town, unhappily, by the desire to consult d<sup>rs</sup>. about spasms

which the D<sup>ss.</sup> has suffered from. She is better now, and we shall return next week to Trentham.

My builder has just been with ideas that I sent him about to various old castles to collect, among others that of Huntly, Strathbogie—where, Blackhall says, the M<sup>qs.</sup> (who was beheaded) used to overlook his workmen from 6 A.M., I think, till 8 P.M.—and C. Fraser, &c.; and I really think I shall build as good a castle as that of Strathbogie. It is melancholy to think how short a time that flourished, as I suppose it has been a ruin for many years—a dismal situation enough.

I shall like to show you my designs when they are riper.—  
Very truly y<sup>rs.</sup>, S.

W<sup>m.</sup> Mackenzie's other page is a lucubration caused by something I had said to him. I do not wish for the Chinese silk. They say the Chinese will all become Roman Catholic.

I have in a portfolio of my mother's a very pretty drawing of Seyton Chapel which you gave. I wonder in how many of the Bannatyne books you have had a hand?

J. H. BURTON, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

20 SCOTLAND STREET, 15th June 1845.

MY DEAR MR SHARPE,—I have undertaken to negotiate, on the part of my Lord Murray, for permission to take Mrs Jameson, who writes books on arts and America, to visit your collection. I am thus distinct in setting forth my purely representative character at the outset, because I have already personally had so many favours of this kind that I would not willingly partake in the burden of any that belong of right to other shoulders. You will be pleased, then, in this matter to elevate me to the dignity of my lord's footman. The form in which I agreed to convey the message was, so far as I can

be precise, whether on Monday or any day following you could conveniently receive them at your usual hour for being at home, which I told Lord M. is 2 o'clock.

If you would wish me to call and have a personal consultation on the important question, I shall be happy to have such an opportunity of enjoying a short visit to you. I am not myself personally acquainted with Mrs Jameson, but from her works I should take her to be nearly as much worth knowing as our friend the pure Susannah.—I have the honour to be, my dear sir, very sincerely yours,

J. H. BURTON.

The DUKE OF SUTHERLAND to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

ROSENEATH, HELENSBURGH, *Nov.* 17, 1845.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I did not sufficiently thank you for the kind letter which you sent with the star (or mullet) and book, and the comforting opinions you gave about not minding doctors, but if I do not mind them, I still need must mind my admonitions which accompany my deafness. But I must be patient, and taking all reasonable means for improvement, just go on as may be. The d<sup>rs</sup>. think that if I get over my g<sup>d</sup> climacterick, I may recover constitution, and what is called take a new lease. Neither that nor the possi- or proba-bility of a railway coming just under me, will prevent me going on with the building at Dunrobin, of which Stafford is equally desirous; and next year we shall, I expect, get the roof on. I am uncertain about the best way of covering the walls of principal rooms. I shall not have pictures enough for the purpose. Paper I do not like, but fine silks are extravagant. What I should like best w<sup>d</sup> be tapestry, but where is it to be had? It seems to have been for some time quite discontinued—I do not know when; but there is no modern arras

and that sort of useful tapestry to be had now. The Gobelins are worked only for the King of the French, and extremely expensive, and in panels or frames, like pictures, but no hangings. If you ever hear of any in good order, pray let me know. I should not wish to put up old worn stuff such as one sometimes meets with. The tea-kettle on the breakfast-table here was bequeathed to the present duke (when L<sup>d</sup> John) by Monk Lewis. Since I heard this I always have him in my mind's eye when tea-sipping. Your annealing and glazing book has extremely pretty designs.—Very truly y<sup>rs</sup>., S.

Your museum under the basement floor is not so out of the way as three rooms which I have made at Dunrobin, also under my basement and cellar floor. They are rather in imitation of certain rooms under the old Castle of Baden, which were used by the German Secret Council. The access to them is not very obvious, and they have no window, and consequently no daylight, but air is let in, and one has a fireplace. They w<sup>d</sup>. be of use for depositing valuables in case of war with America, and privateers attacking Dunrobin. They would amuse you to see.

The DUKE OF SUTHERLAND to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

ERSKINE, *January 11, 1846.*

DEAR SHARPE,—I expect to leave this about the 20th, and shall pass two nights at Edg<sup>h</sup>, which I hope will give me an opportunity of seeing you, and returning to you your books.

My sister, D<sup>ss</sup>. of Norfolk, pleased at my imitating ceiling, &c., of Q. Mary's room, wishes me to think also of a ceiling at the Castle of Stirling, which she saw when with the Queen (our present Queen) there, as also a chair in which King J. (the 3d I suppose) sat and died I believe; but she was struck

with the ceiling. Do you know about it? Is it connected with Mar's work? I suspect it w<sup>d</sup>. not suit Dunrobin.

I think that if I copy Q. M.'s ceiling I may take an idea for the cornice of the bookcase in library from the running pattern of wainscotting which you showed me; but I hope to look at it again, to see and consider. Is there any portrait of Sir D<sup>d</sup>. Dalrymple of Hailes? I have respect for his memory, as an historian, and for the Sutherland case; and he was one of my mother's guardians. Is the family still existing, and what is called "going on"?

L<sup>d</sup>. Blantyre has a portrait, of large size, of G. Buchanan. He does not know the history of it; but as the 1st L<sup>d</sup>. B., the Commendator of Blantyre, was Privy Seal immediately next to Buchanan, I think it fair to suppose it belonged to him, and therefore is an original. I suppose no genuine coins with heads of Q. M<sup>y</sup>. or of any older are to be found now at Edinb<sup>gh</sup>.? Of course not. I think of inclosing one I have of the Crookston yew-tree in glass (as I have had a gold coin of Ferd<sup>d</sup>. and Isabella, found on the N.W. coast of Sutherland), and of having it made a br<sup>o</sup>ach for one's plaid. It will be as safe so, and better seen than locked up in a cabinet. If one wore velvet bonnets with a plume, as sometime was done, one w<sup>d</sup>. stick it there; but that w<sup>d</sup>. be thought excentric.

I shall send my Orkney portrait of Q. Mary, and also the bronze cast of her head from the monument at West<sup>r</sup>. Abbey, which Prince Labanoff gave me, to Dunrobin. I have had a star well copied at Glasgow by the "D. of Hamilton's carver and gilder," he being a Sutherland man—price under 2s. 6d. Do you think that dear? I believe very fair. You need not answer all my questions now; they do for notes for our meeting. Adieu, my dear Sharpe.—Y<sup>rs</sup>. very truly, S.

The DUKE OF SUTHERLAND to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

LONDON, *Feby.* 27, 1846.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—We came to town on Monday. Since I saw you I have been varying in health; but the new Dr I have here seen, a Dr Watson, of whom the D<sup>ss.</sup> had heard great praise, and has a high opinion, has given her much comfort by his opinion of my case—that I have not positive disease, but functional derangements, proceeding from stomach and bile. This sounds better than decided disease certainly, but if it continues I think it much the same; but we must go on, trying what may do good.

Meantime I do not neglect my care of building at Dunrobin, and should be very glad to receive the drawings of Q. Mary's ceiling, and also the wood-carving which you were so good as to propose to send to me, as I am much pleased at the idea of copying them for my library, instead of a plan imitating old English rooms. I have been obliged to give myself a 3d copy of P. Labanoff's *récueil* of Mary's letters, having left one at Dun. and another at Trentham, as I find it is a book one cannot be without.

I see that the E. of Mar has had a stroke of apoplexy. Can his successor be a blind clergyman, who has been obliged to write letters for pecuniary assistance? Sad falling! Tell me if I can do anything for you here.—Y<sup>rs.</sup> ever truly,

SUTHERLAND.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.

The carving and the copies of the drawings which your Grace desired, I got packed up and sent to-day to Mr W. Mackenzie, who I thought would know best how to transmit them safely to London, and this I would have sooner done,

could I have laid hands on the person who drew the Queen's roof at first. The copies are very good, so I hope you will be pleased with them. And as to the carving, pray keep it as long as it can be useful, and if I die in the meantime, I hope it will be honoured with a place at Dunrobin.

I am very glad to receive the account you give of what the doctors think as to your health, and hope accordingly. I wonder if a tour abroad would be of service; anyhow, I am sure the London air is not good for the stomach—nor that of any other town. I wish Brandenburg House were standing, and to be let as formerly, for that would have been an excellent abode for convenience and clear air; but doubtless there are many villas thereabouts to be had, tho' not so magnificent and suitable. One thing I am certain of, as to the stomach: to keep it well, one never can be too *cold*. This I know from a long experience; no fires in bedrooms, but plenty of blankets on the bed.

Lord Mar's illness was a newspaper lie. He is, poor soul, in his usual way; but our newspapers are very fond of murder, and sometimes in an unexpected strain. I remember the first year that, in an evil hour, I came to this detestable place. The 'Edin. Advertiser' took it into his head to kill the late Duke of Beaufort! How he came into the heads of the newspapers here I never could guess. As to Lord Mar's succession, when he dies the title of Mar goes to his sister, who made a poor marriage, and the title of Kelly to his uncle David, a blind man, of no profession, who married a governess. He has another uncle, who is a clergyman; and if he hath lost his eyes, he had them when I last saw him, which, however, is many years ago. The old lord had three children born blind: David, Lady Jane—still alive—and Lady Marianne, who died about three years ago.

I never have read the whole of Prince Labanoff's book—only what Mr Turnbull translated. But there I met with one very startling passage!

David Hume's letters have come out within these few days, and the editor<sup>1</sup> has presented me with a copy. I have only got through the first vol. yet, which interests me, on account of Hume's intercourse with Lord Alva, Mr Sharp, &c.; but I think most people will deem it very tedious.

As your Grace so kindly encourages me, I am going to ask a favour. In my early youth there was a thin quarto vol. of prints, not more than 9 or 10, at Hoddam Castle, engraved from the pictures at Vauxhall Gardens, which were my study and delight. Poor things they were, I now think, but I copied them all in Indian ink, and was thought by no judges a very wonderful genius. Now if your Grace would make some one inquire if this silly book can be had in London, it would be doing me the greatest of favours, nor tempt me to ruin myself; for if to be got at all, it can only cost a few shillings. But it is very difficult sometimes to procure a thing of this kind; never, I suppose, esteemed, and now forgotten.

Were I to apply to other people they would take no trouble about the matter; and it is this which makes me a supplicant to your Grace.

Such a charming no winter! Everybody I meet pleased, save Lady Saltoun, who cannot contrive to fill her ice-house.

I beg leave to present my best wishes and respects to the Duchess, and am ever your Grace's most obliged faithful serv<sup>t</sup>.

CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

28 DRUMMOND PLACE, EDIN., *6th March* [1846].

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to a Lady.

1846.

DEAR MADAM,—I received your obliging note with the hospital list, and I am certain it will be well-bestowed

<sup>1</sup> John Hill Burton.

charity in you to help the poor boy, whose name is Mowbray Forrest. I believe children are elected at any time, according to the pleasure of the directors; but I fear that it is a difficult matter to succeed in such applications, as there must be so many candidates, and in this case squalling and scratching nearer home.

Talking of charity, I remember a very curious dialogue I once heard between Lady Frances Erskine and my mother concerning the poor of Edinburgh. Lady Frances spent her whole time in acts of benevolence, and my mother always gave when she required it, besides bestowing much on her own drunken beggars. They amicably settled it that the poor here were all alike, jades and rascals, that nothing ever contented them, and that the worst lived the longest. I remember Lady Frances said she thought blind people never died at all. Then the comparing of notes as to their adventures was charming. Lady Frances had a poor female pet who, because she would not buy her a new bonnet to jaunt to Dalkeith, got a man, for she could not do it herself, to write a most impertinent letter, calling Lady Frances a miser and a papist; and my mother trumped on this card with a tailor's widow, whom she supported more than a twelvemonth after her snip's decease. Very sickly at length she grew, and took to her bed; but the last time my mother sent her some money, the maid met the *sage-femme* coming down-stairs!! A sigh from both ladies cut short the story.

My own romance with an old Highland woman in Blythe's Close, I think I had the honour of telling you long ago. Though starving here, she would not travel by *water* to her relations in the north, who could support her, because she never had done such a thing in her life. *A propos* to such worthies, pray, madam, accept a likeness of the amiable La Voisin, who set Paris in an uproar with her poisons. For forty years I have been fishing for this print, of which I now lay a copy at your feet. It is most rare; the only other

impression I ever saw was in the Duchess of Sutherland's illustrated 'Madame de Sévigné.' I think it is a genuine likeness, as she is not made hideous; and the features seem to have been taken from life. As you may not be aware of this sweet creature's perfections, nor have madame's letters at hand, I send the volume which contains the account of her. I have marked the last scene, but there is much before that certainly will amuse you if you have never read their inimitable epistles.

The visitor you mention is an interesting person,<sup>1</sup> whom every just-thinking mind must pity, and some may hope for a change when Talleyrand the 2d dies; but I do not, for I am a great believer in *unlucky stars*, an old-fashioned phrase nowadays. Much of such a fate I have observed through my long life; and this poor prince, besides a world of woe, general to his family, has had personal afflictions cruel enough to prove the fatal planet. There is one thing I never could forgive Madame de Gontaut and his other attendants for, and that is the neglect of one of his ancles, which had gone quite wrong when I saw him as a boy. Madam, I'll warrant you, had other fish to fry than to mind such trifles. Of all the people I ever knew (and much I saw of her at Lady Hampden's), I had the worst;— but I am wandering out of my way to be scandalous.

Dear madam, you did me a very great favour by giving me the concert ticket, as I found ample space for my lameness, and heard one very beautiful duet of Marcello, an old composer, out of fashion in my time, when only Handel and Correlli, with now and then Purcell, kept their places, in spite of Haydn, Pleyel, and a long list of flimsier musicians. I never heard anything of Marcello before, and was enchanted. Then Miss Birch sang "Let the bright Seraphim" very well, only her voice is too weak for that delightful composition. She has a very good close shake, which all the singers I hear now,

<sup>1</sup> Henri de Bourbon, Comte de Chambord.

Grisi among the rest, want; and to my antiquated ears, most songs without a good shake are like beef without mustard. I once heard Mara sing "The bright Seraphim," and what a voice!—but then the trumpet was naught, and spoilt all, so this performance was more pleasing. Talking of Mara, who was the best singer I ever heard, I remember an anecdote about her when I went first to Oxford, amusing enough. She used to come from London to sing in the music-room, but always sulky (when I heard her), sitting down whenever she could, and tossing up her nose, a very ugly one, in great disdain. The reason of this was, that one evening, at a former time, she had to sing the famous "Horse and his Rider," by Handel, the recitative of which begins, "And Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand." Now madam, who was supposed to use cordials *to keep up her spirits*, in place of "took a timbrel" sang "took a tumbler," which set the whole room a-laughing. Down she sat; then there was a hiss—then she wept: but she was forced to finish the song, and revenged herself afterwards by the saucy airs I mentioned, and composing an epigram, of which the last line proves that whatever ear she had for music, she had none for poetry:—

"Oxford no more,—let Cowford be your name,  
For breeding up such calves, to your eternal shame."

The music-room here is surely ill constructed as to the orchestra, which is a box to confine sound: it should be expanded. But nothing confined the creaking harmony of the shoes belonging to the *musicians* with wands, which made me shake to retain laughter, like an old ass as I am—it was so truly Athenian. Then there was the eternal Sir Thomas flying about in his bristles, like an ill-painted picture of Moses coming down from the Mount; Sir Adam Hay nodding time to the music; and a fat woman nodding another way, with a start every now and then at a loud note. In a word, madam,

ten thousand thanks for your ticket, which, however, I much fear has made me tedious, so I conclude.—Your most obliged servant,

CHAS. K. SHARPE.

DRUMMOND PLACE, *Friday*.

The DUKE OF SUTHERLAND to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

*June 4, 1846.*

MY DEAR SHARPE,—Why I have copied all that Latin I hardly know, but it struck me at the time, which was soon after I heard from you, since which it has been *perdu* in my blotting-book, and since then we have given up German waters, as the advice I have received has not been sufficiently favourable; so I have turned my thoughts northwards, and mean to leave town on Tuesday, and go with my boys to Sutherland, crossing in packet from Liverpool to Greenock, and staying 3 days at Erskine. I am sorry not to go thro' Edg<sup>h</sup>, but I cannot manage it now; I hope on my return. Meantime I shall send, with many thanks, your carved border of Q. Mary of Guise, having had a copy taken. I am sorry not to have been able to add Vauxhall to it, but they have not yet been able to find a copy. I hope they will yet. I wish you wanted something easier met with.

I saw L<sup>d</sup>. and L<sup>y</sup>. Wemyss yesterday. He is surprizingly well after all his ailing. It is always, I believe, a great thing to get over the grand climacteric.

Who knows the *exact time* of the change in the Scotch Communion Service, Episcopal? When not content with Archb<sup>p</sup>. Laud's service and the prayer that the Bread and Wine may *be unto us* the Body and Blood, &c., they changed it to, that the Bread and Wine *may become* the Body and Blood. This is the present form, and I believe the principal cause of secession of some congregations. Do you know? I sleep at

Liverpool on Wednesday, and embark on Thursday at 2 P.M.  
—Very faithfully y<sup>rs</sup>, S.

EXTRACT from a dedication of a work ‘De Bello et Pace,’ by Pietro Bizarro to Mary Q. of Scots, 1565:—

“Haud sum tam beneficiorum immemor ut sim oblitus Regiam tuam in me beneficentiam, nec etiam naturæ tam ingratae ut eam ullo unquam tempore queam aut velim dissimulare. Quinetiam non possum non perpetuo recordari quam humaniter isthic me tua Regia majestas exceperit, quam mitibus verbis allocuta sit, quam benigne denique ac persuaviter dimiserit. Est adhuc apud me torquis aureus quo me donavit tua Regalis munificentia eritque semper inter res mihi cariores instar pretiosissimi thesauri quem quidem ut semper mecum circumfero, &c.”

Then follows an eulogium in a most eloquent strain. Bizarro was for some years about F. Russell, E. of Bedford, and his ‘Varia Opuscula’ were published in one volume by Aldus at Venice in 1565. There are also verses full of good wishes for her second marriage, not then settled, for Q. Mary. Also a dedication of another work to Q. Eliz<sup>th</sup>, and verses to many English and other nobles; and Languet, in a letter to Sir Philip Sidney, gives a high character of his eloquence. No doubt Mr Laing knows the book, but I do not suppose that what in it concerns Q. Mary would be of any service for his Knox’s History. There is a poem to Moray celebrating the defeat of Huntly at Corrichie.

The DUKE OF SUTHERLAND to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

I had expected a month ago to have been in Scotland before this time. I have for you a proof-engraving of Jane Gordon,

the Bothwell C<sup>ss.</sup> of Sutherland; and from the Gordonstone stores I have a letter of hers to her son Sir Rob<sup>t.</sup>, telling of her grief and trouble at the bad, scandalous conduct of her son-in-law, or g<sup>d.</sup> son-in-law—Mackay, I believe 1st L<sup>d.</sup> Reay—who has carried off or seduced the E. of Crauford's sister. I wonder if L<sup>d.</sup> Lindsay mentions it in his history of his family?

Adieu, my dear Sharpe, for the present.—Y<sup>rs.</sup> most truly,  
S.

What a state the world is in! And how striking to see the revolutions of the times!

The DUKE OF SUTHERLAND to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

DUNROBIN, June 28, 1846.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I should not *naturally* have written to you to-day, as I am packing up for a month's absence from hence round the coast; but I have received the inclosed, which I know not how to answer, except through you, to whom it w<sup>d.</sup> seem that I am indebted for it. If (my cousin) Mr Baillie be correct, I am still further obliged to you; and I have lately on looking over things here, had to reflect how much we have already been so. I had never read 'Surgundo' till now; I think it very Homerick. I suppose the portraits of the Marquis and M<sup>ss.</sup> are not in one picture,<sup>1</sup> but so placed for the engraving. I sent, before I left London, several of your drawings—of Lady Marr, of the 2 M<sup>s.</sup> of Huntly, and others—to be framed; and if there are spare prints of this M<sup>qs.</sup> and M<sup>ss.</sup>, I should like to frame them too.

I find my building rising finely; but I am prevented from writing at usual length by variety of interruption. I only wish to say that if it really be the fact that you intend the

<sup>1</sup> See 'Etchings,' &c., plate xxi.

MS. for me, I would not have you on *my* account refuse the writer the favour he solicits of you.

I shall write again on general matters ere long.—Ever very truly yours,  
SUTHERLAND.

I think I am in better health than when we last met.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.

*July 1846.*

Everybody is puzzling at present about the policy of Sir R. Peel; but I, who pretend to understand all things, see no difficulty in the matter. Sir Robert's aim is to prove that the nation cannot possibly do without him. When this great truth is established beyond doubt, he will next dethrone the Queen, and make himself King R. Peel the 1st. Then I should not wonder if he divorced my Lady Peel, and married the Duke of Wellington, which would be against no law, as all the world knows he is now an old woman. Dixi, Nostradamus the 2d.

The DUKE OF SUTHERLAND to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

*INVERARAY, May 24, 1847.*

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I am sorry not to be able to take Edinburgh on my way to Sutherland. I had thought I sh<sup>d</sup>. do so, but L<sup>y</sup>. Blantyre wished to join me at Trentham in preference to meeting at C. Howard; and when they left me, I immediately came here by Carlisle and *Hoddam* and Glasgow, and from hence I proceed on Wednesday, and should be at Dunrobin on Sat<sup>y</sup>. next. But smallpox has broken out there and in the neighbourhood; so that tho' I, after *etat*. 60, would,

I believe, be quite safe, others might not, and I could not go about as I should wish; and therefore I shall go at once to the extreme North, and to what was L<sup>d</sup>. Reay's place of Tongue. I have much to do in all parts of the country, so that I shall be well occupied. Much has been doing all winter and spring to prevent the ill effects of the scarcity—and I am *much* of a croaker, and expect *much* more to be necessary for some time to come. Meantime the building is in progress. I have been obliged to pull down a wing of offices and to build a new one; and, after all, I shall have a *keep* to build, for which I take an idea from a sketch I found in a portfolio of my mother's. It will be square, with irregular square turrets—rather in the Rochester Castle style. I wish you would come to advise.

Stafford is on the French coast, enjoying extremely the command of a yacht which I have actually bought—an excellent vessel of 124 tons. He will come to me in Suth<sup>d</sup>, and we sail to Orkney probably. I am happy that Gov<sup>t</sup> have agreed to 1000 g<sup>s</sup>. for the repair of the cathedral there, which I must own that I urged their doing to the best of my power. I think it would have been sad to have allowed it to go to ruin, which was imminent.

What beautiful woods and hills and fields, &c., are here! Unlucky circumstances of debt of former times must prevent the full enjoyment of all the apparent means for some time, and it will be very difficult to meet the wants of the very poor population of the islands of the estate. But if any can do it, the present proprietors will; and it is a great happiness to know how disposed they are to meet all difficulties with the best grace.

Last winter a Dane—an archeologist—who had been some time with me at Dunrobin, when we excavated and searched for remains, came afterwards to Trentham; and showing me a collection of curiosities—chiefly from Ireland—among his valuables he produced “Q. Eliz. dancing,” with which I claimed

acquaintance, and he said you had kindly shown him your interesting collections. His name is Waasae<sup>1</sup>—a very good sort of man. But I grow long, and must stop; but am ever  
y<sup>rs.</sup> truly, SUTHERLAND.

I hope your neighbors and my friends and allies, the Gordon family, are doing well. Who was the bridegroom on the occasion of the marriage of which you made mention? And how is the brother prospering in India? I was much pleased with him when I saw him in London on his way out. I sh<sup>d.</sup> fear that Sir H. Hardinge had been too much engaged to do what he might otherwise have done for him.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to Mrs BEDFORD.

28 DRUM- PLACE, 21st *Sept.* 1847.

MY DEAR,—I have made all possible search, and find that the breed of beetles is extinct here, and all memory of them lost; but I remember well that the man who made them, one Frazer, gave up his trade some years ago.

I am much obliged to you for thinking of my house, but I have made up my mind to roost where I am for the present. After all, I suspect I am more comfortable here than I could be anywhere else now.

No news, save that I have seen and heard Misses Rachel Felix and J. Lind. The Jewess has a good voice—far inferior, however, to that of Mrs Siddons—but an ungraceful and often vulgar action. As to Miss Jenny, she sings very prettily, but her highest note is a downright squall, and the buzz like a bee she can make (I have heard boys in Annandale do

<sup>1</sup> A Danish scholar and antiquary, whose researches were the means of throwing much fresh light upon Bothwell's imprisonment and death.

something like it) is a trick—not music. Her shake is excellent; and that is a great charm with me.

But the words and music one now hears are equally nonsense. I was half dead before the concert was over.

My dear, give my best wishes to all your family, and believe me ever your affec. brother,

CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

The DUKE OF SUTHERLAND to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

LONDON, *January 2, 1848.*

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I have been thinking of writing to express all good wishes for 1848, and have let the proper day pass; however, I hope this may answer equally well. I passed most of Nov<sup>r</sup>. at Harrogate, where, in the season, I believe, many Scotch go. There was nobody, English or Scotch, in Nov<sup>r</sup>., which I did not mind. I thought the waters did me good—at least, for the time. Now I am again much as usual, but very glad to have brought the D<sup>ss</sup>. safe to London, for she suffered much from the influenza at Trentham, and expecting to be brought to bed at beginning of Feb<sup>y</sup>. The thought of the journey was serious. We made two days of it, as in former times, and posted to Birmingham, which broke,<sup>1</sup> . . .

An unknown clergyman, a rector, wrote to me lately wishing to obtain information for a parishioner, an old Miss Sutherland, about her father, who died a soldier some time ago. I could learn nothing about him, and told him so, for which he was most grateful; and then asked me if I could tell him about his own family, for that he was descended from the *Red Comyn*, and believed that a castle in the Highlands belonged properly to him, but no money with it; so I told him about Ruthven C. in Badenoch, and that the Comyns were

<sup>1</sup> Letter torn.

forfeited 540 years ago, and that it had since belonged to Gordons, for which he again thanks me by the accompanying letter. I think his being proud of his forefathers for having kept it as *long as they could*, is amusing. You need not trouble y<sup>r</sup>self to return it. I wish I could send you anything more amusing or desirable. I hope you escape this influenza. I should be glad to hear from you at y<sup>r</sup>. leisure,—and am ever very truly y<sup>rs.</sup>.

S.

BRUNSTEAD RECTORY, *December 28, 1847.*

YOUR GRACE,—Allow me to offer you my most sincere and hearty thanks for your great kindness, condescension, and trouble you have taken about me.

I am delighted with the account you have given me of my ancestors. I think it speaks well for them, and the old castle, that they stood up for their rights as long as they could. I shall always respect them for it, and the very first opportunity will find me by the river Spey; in the meantime, will get the volume you recommend. Travelling now is fast, but money is short, so we must set one against the other.

If I am not taking too great a liberty, I wish your Grace the comp<sup>ts.</sup> of the season, and many happy returns of them. Once more, thank you; and believe me, your Grace, your humble and obliged serv<sup>t.</sup>,

H. N. D. COMYN.

THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.

28 DRUMD. PLACE, *7th Feby. [1848].*

Ten thousand thanks for Mr Comyn's letter, which is a great curiosity, and interests me the more that I have the shame to be descended (from father to son) from that bloody-minded person who finished off the work which King Robert had bungled. I begin to suspect that, like a true Borderer, he picked the Regent's pocket also, for lately a hoard of silver

coins of K. Edward 1st were dug up quite close to Closburne Castle; they were seized for the Queen, but I procured one—of no value but for the silver.

And now I am going to beg a favour of your Grace, to which your goodness emboldens me. I wish extremely to know for certain what the fees of a baronetcy amount to, and can learn nothing here, neither is there any one in London I can apply to but you. Should you make somebody inquire, and then inform me, it would be a great obligation; and I hope you will not think me quite crazy for dreaming, at my time of life, of such a flimsy honour, which my father refused when the old Duke of Queensberry advised him to claim it. The truth is, this is a rude place, and people have been much ruder to me since I lost my estate; but were I *a Sir*, I should be more respectfully used, and this tag to my name would be an advantage in other matters. If the fees be only as I hear, £300, I can contrive that, for I have two hundred at the Bank, and can sell things I do not value to make out the rest. I am sure this will make your Grace laugh, and so much the better. I am the representative of the person to whom Q. Anne granted warrant for the patent, but who died before it passed the Great Seal.

The moment I get my baronetcy, I shall fly to Bavaria, and lay my hand at the feet of my fair countrywoman, Lolla Montez, Countess of I forget what, whose pranks, as related in the newspapers, perfectly enchant me. Lolla, whatever she may pretend, is a Miss Wright, born and bred near Montrose. She was educated to be a governess—and governed a Captain Smith near Newhaven to very good purpose for herself. She then went to London. I know some persons here who have been acquainted with her after a very interesting fashion.

I have lately got a portrait, which appears to me a great curiosity, that of Lord Darnley on wood, as old, I do think, as his time. It belonged to the Hyndford family; and I

remember seeing it among the other pictures sent here to be sold, when Sir Wyndham Anstruther was ruined. It is extremely well done, but spoilt a little—not materially—a little under the life-size, and down to below the girdle. On one of the fingers of the right hand is a small ring on the second joint, probably the gift of some fair lady. The inscription on the background is, “Lord Darly, King of Scotland.” The wonted baby face. I wonder what the Queen fell in love with him for? Some weeks ago, paying a visit to Mr Turnbull in Great King St., I saw the picture hanging over the door of a half-dark antechamber, and on exclaiming “There’s Lord D.,” he confirmed my recollection, and very generously made me a present of it. I hope your Grace will not take it ill, that I have marked in my will that after my death this portrait is to be sent to Dunrobin. Pray do not order me to scratch out this codicil, as he can easily go to the north with the other things I have had the honour of bequeathing to you and your family.—I beg pardon for this tedious, impertinent scrawl, and am ever your Grace’s most obliged faithful ser<sup>vt.</sup>,

CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

DANIEL WILSON, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF SCOTLAND,  
NEW HALL, 24 GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH,  
8th February 1848.

DEAR SIR,—I went into town to-day with the express object of superintending the removal of your *Dean* pictures from the Society’s rooms, but by the time I got to George Street it was so very wet that I found it would not be safe to risk their exposure.

If to-morrow is a dry day I have arranged to have them removed to Drummond Place at three o’clock, and I shall attend to see that they are handled with care. You are aware

that the Museum is only open on Tuesday and Friday, which interfered with my getting them away on the only dry day we have since had. Allow me to express to you my grateful thanks for the additional favour you have conferred on me by your kind compliance with my repeated applications on behalf of the Society. I leave to the Society officially to express their thanks for the same.—Believe me, dear sir, your obliged and obedient servant,

DAN<sup>L</sup>. WILSON.

<sup>1</sup> C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to — — —.

MY DEAR SIR,—The inclosed may perhaps relieve your pain. The Hogarth hood of black silk is the most common, and worn still at English funerals; it would be easy to procure one. M. du Deffand's sort used to be made of velvet or quilted sattin. Lady E.'s was of muslin, starched. Lady T.'s (a hoodling to the rest) of black lace.

Sarah Malcolm hath a white hood. If any lady you know wishes to go to the ball as that amiable creature, I shall be happy to sketch the whole dress. Whenever you can find time, pray call upon yours always,

C. K. S.

*Tuesday morning [February 28, 1848].*

The DUKE OF ARGYLL to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

2 HAMILTON PLACE, PICCADILLY, LONDON,  
*July 27, 1848.*

MY DEAR SIR,—Knowing you to be very learned in all the topographical antiquities of Edinburgh, will you kindly allow me to ask you a question on this subject?

<sup>1</sup> From a draft among Mr Sharpe's papers.

Having occasion to refer, just now, to the position of the old *Council Chambers* of the Scottish Privy Council, I am uncertain whether they were in the old *Parliament House Buildings* or in *Holyrood Palace*. From some accounts of the proceedings in 1638, it w<sup>d</sup>. seem that the King's Commiss<sup>r</sup>., who lived, of course, in Holyrood, proceeded thence thro' the streets to the Council Chambers, which, I conclude, must have been in the Old Parliament House. But I sh<sup>d</sup>. be glad to know certainly.

The reinterment of Mary of Gueldres must have been a curious scene. Was she found in a coffin? or were her bones lying loose? and is it certain that they were her remains?

Pray excuse the liberty I take in troubling you with the above query.—I am, my dear sir, yours vy. faithfully,

ARGYLL.

Why does Tytler always spell the old royal name *Stewart*?—"Stuart" being the usual form. I presume he must be right.

A.

THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND TO C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

TRENTHAM, *Feby.* 10, 1849.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I feel scruples about sending you the accompanying Vaudeville; but I think it must amuse you, and I hope that you are not to be corrupted by any *légèreté*, "et même un peu profane," not a little, indeed, of the French theatre; but it is really odd that such should be. It is very clever no doubt, and has great success as a political squib in defence of order and rights of property. The serpent is M. Proudhon, the Member of Assembly, and on the stage they say represents him perfectly, having a mask as like as possible to his face—spectacles and all; and one can fancy it amusing the audience, who have applauded and laughed

night after night they say. Do not send it to me again, as I do not think it a book proper to leave about in *good* society, and I do not keep books of the sort now in my bookcases. If it did not introduce sacred subjects, it would be very allowable. One should imagine the gay Vaudeville accompaniments for the songs.

I hope you have been as well since as when I saw you. I can say that in general I have, and better than last year; so I really have hope of the grand climacterick proving passable and profitable. And what a blue sky and fresh pleasant air this 10th of Feby. gives! A Mr St John,<sup>1</sup> I suppose a relative of our former friend at Ch. Ch., has been writing about Suth<sup>d</sup>, chiefly about fish and game I suppose, as he wrote a rather popular little book about them in Morayshire, and he tells me that Murray is just about to publish it, with a bit of dedication to me. If I find it entertaining, tho' that may be no reason that you should, I will send you a copy.—Yours most truly,  
S.

The DUKE OF SUTHERLAND TO C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

CLIVEDEN, *July 8, 1849.*

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I expect to be at Ed<sup>gh</sup>. at Douglas on Thursday ev<sup>g</sup>. next. On Friday I shall probably go to Erskine, but of course shall endeavour to see you on my way. I have had happy and sad events lately. My boy's marriage<sup>2</sup>—a very satisfactory one, tho' at present clouded by the ill state of health of Mr Hay Mackenzie, who is here, in very precarious condition, and they will remain near him. And

<sup>1</sup> The well-known naturalist and sportsman, author of 'Wild Sports in the Highlands and Islands,' &c.

<sup>2</sup> The present Duke of Sutherland, then Marquess of Stafford; married Anne, daughter of John Hay Mackenzie, Esq. of Newhall and Cromartie; created Countess of Cromartie in her own right.

we have had affliction in the death of as charming, healthy, happy a child as ever breathed.<sup>1</sup> I own that I cannot be grieved for the flight of the spirit of an innocent child; but it is a loss and affliction for a mother. But the D<sup>ss.</sup> bears it admirably. She will follow me in Aug<sup>t.</sup> I am impatient to be among the people in Sutherland, where there is much to do. I some time ago desired a proof-engraving of the Bothwell C<sup>ss.</sup> to be sent to you.

Mr Blackburn's copy of L<sup>d.</sup> Hailes, and another picture by him of a young L<sup>d.</sup> Sutherland which Alex<sup>r.</sup> Sinclair persuaded me to have done by him, have no frames. Could you have a pattern or two of your choice ready for me to see—a plain sort of suitable frame for both of them?

I shall be very glad to see you, and hope well. I continue much the same as before, never certain of next day, but always very truly y<sup>rs.</sup> S.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to a Lady.

28 DRUMMOND PLACE, *Sept.* 10, 1849.

DEAR MADAM,— . . . The common people in Annandale had a notion that the bites of foxes, polecats, and all such vermin, were particularly dangerous—and one should respect such notions, as founded on experience. I have had three tame foxes in my time, but I never could domesticate them. As cubs they were charming, but after a certain age would wander away to the woods, and be worried for their pains. In one case the catastrophe cost me a flood of tears, which I grudge to this very day.

You may be sure, madam, I have been much interested in the case of Mrs M.<sup>2</sup> and Co., and am convinced she has

<sup>1</sup> Lady Alexandrina Leveson-Gower, died in infancy.

<sup>2</sup> Maria Manning, who murdered a man named O'Connor, and was arrested in Edinburgh.

had a classical education, which made her roast a goose, the emblem of her lover (and indeed of the junto) over his corpse, to appease his offended shade. I think the Dss. of S. and Lady B. may be thankful that she did not "do their goose for them," to use a vulgar phrase, as well as O'Connor. In this murder, as well as in the Stanfield affair,<sup>1</sup> the most remarkable point is the folly of the perpetrators. It seems incredible that an ill-shaped monster like Rush could imagine it possible to conceal himself from those who knew him so well; and that this silly slut, who breakfasts on broiled ham, should have brought her scrip here to sell: she should have singed her goose with it. My delicacy condemns her to death for the broiled ham, without any other crime as Madam Lafarge ought to have been beheaded for stirring her husband's drugs with her fingers, which was fully proved against her. What a charming person this inimitable Miss Lola is!—quite a modern German Princess! I don't mean Lady D., but one who flourished in the reign of K. Charles I.<sup>2</sup> Her story is too long to trouble you with, supposing I have not told it already.—I am ever, dear madam, your most obliged faithful servant,

C. K. S.

The DUKE OF SUTHERLAND to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

DUNROBIN, Oct. 4, 1849.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I do not see why you cannot next year come here, travelling is so easy now. Two of the D<sup>ss.'s</sup> sisters, who never expected to see Dunrobin in all their lives, have been for a month here. You could come as leisurely as you may please, and when here can lodge on ground floor, or drawing-room floor, or bed-room floor, or attick, from which the views are finest; and dine alone or in company, and

<sup>1</sup> Murders of the Messrs Jermy (father and son), by J. B. Rush.

<sup>2</sup> See 'Etchings,' &c., photo vi.

give tea or have it in public—and all as you might like. I really think it would amuse and please you, if you would make up your mind.

I am sorry that Oct<sup>r</sup> has come, when leaves fall, days shorten, and all that is mellow falls as the leaves do—and wish 'twere June or July at latest again! Again! who knows what may have happened before June or July again? Perils past, crosses to come—and here is Cosmo Innes, who has brought me many old letters from Gordon, the which Sir W. Gordon Cuming has very kindly allowed him to bring, and tells me to keep what I may like, and hopes to send more—just what you thought would be well for him to do! I wish you were there to select some. I had been looking over them till, having to sign a lease, I found I had written South for Suth, which we use nowadays.

I should like to show you my contrivances here—my own cedar-wood study, which some are charmed with, others think overpowering. The library and dining-room are not yet fit for use. Most of the rest is used, tho' not completed; but next year it will be. But—I am obliged to stop, and not build keep or chapel or make the approach, as my money fails, expenses have been so great. Destitution on our West Coast has required outlay, and I spend 92,000 in one year in Sutherland—more than three times the income; and in England railway shares have fallen, and I have been obliged repeatedly to sell out of the Stocks, and am now *in formâ pauperis*.

But to change subjects, my two Scotch daughters—D<sup>ss</sup>. of Arg<sup>l</sup> and L<sup>r</sup>. Blantyre—"vont faire leur couches à Lislebourg," or, as we call it at Edinburgh, this month; consequently the D<sup>ss</sup>. wishes to pass some two or three weeks there, and perhaps the house of Niddr (y? or ie?) may be taken for her sojourning, or some other, so I may have hope and oppority. of seeing you more than merely once *en passant* ere long.—  
Ever truly y<sup>rs</sup>.

SUTHERLAND.

Who was *Henriette Stuart* who recommends her son in 1636 to Sir Rob. Gordon to bring to the attention of the D. of Lenox and of the D<sup>ss.</sup> of Richmond? He goes to London with £22,000, which she knows will not pay his French debts, and she hopes the King will pay him what is due to him from his M<sup>tie.</sup> She, after an English letter in another hand, signs, "Votre affectionnée cousin, *Henriette Stuart.*"

I cannot make her out.

The DUKE OF SUTHERLAND to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—Do you think that the Marchs<sup>s.</sup> of Huntley would, in 1636, sign herself Stuart!! I inclose the letter I mentioned; please to keep it for me till I see you. She writes from the Cannogate. You can compare it with yours.—Y<sup>rs.</sup> ever truly,  
S.

I wish you were here and in the charter-room.

DUNROBIN, *Thursday, Oct. 11, 1849.*

The DUKE OF SUTHERLAND to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

NIDDRY, *Friday night.*

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I am sorry to have missed you to-day, tho' really so deaf, and with throat relaxed so, that I am unfit for social intercourse. However, *Deo volente*, we are to settle in Moray Place, No. 27, to-morrow, and then we cannot well avoid coming together. Pray tell me where have I very lately seen an engraving in a book from y<sup>r.</sup> drawing of the unhappy bridegroom saved from the gallows, of which it tells as much of the story as can be told in one representa-

tion? I think it excellent. There are, I am sure, many good books here at Niddry, but not only locked up but *sealed* up also by an *appliqué* of *cachets* over every keyhole. You would be amused at my having, notwithstanding all precautions, opened one case. The chief entertainment I obtained by my sacrilege has been a copy of Scot's *Chronica* and J. Melvil's *Memoirs*, which latter I had, of course, often looked into, but never read regularly, and I am delighted with him. There is here also a room in the older part of the house in which I am told old books are; but I leave them and the place also to-morrow. The Ds<sup>s</sup>. of Argyll and her daughter are doing as well as possible, and now we are anxiously expecting L<sup>y</sup>. Blantyre. What a world it is! I have I think become ten years older in it than last year, and there is nothing for it but just to go on with it, "and see the revolutions of the times, the perils past," and expect "the crosses to ensue."

Thanks for the L<sup>y</sup>. Henriette Stuart, Ms<sup>s</sup>. of Huntly's, letter. I shall paste it to the back of your drawing from her portrait when (if) I return to Dunrobin.

Whose portrait is that of a handsome young man in your little sitting-room on the window side, opposite to the fireplace?—a very pleasing countenance I think.—Ever truly  
y<sup>rs</sup>. S.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to a Lady.

DRUMMOND PLACE, *Jan.* 10, 1850.

DEAR MADAM,— . . . I can, alas! write nothing to amuse you. The great story of late was, that a W.S.'s wife, either in G<sup>t</sup>. King St<sup>t</sup>. or Heriot Row, bit off her husband's left ear on New Year's Day: of course she was drunk. I did not care about the matter, but yesterday I met my own writer in the

street (he resides in H. Row), and took a peep at *his* ears, which seemed a pair. However, I did not mention the affair, as he might have had it sewn on, and besides, charged me for a "communing."

On Sunday I saw our new painted window in the chapel, which cost £450. All modern stained glass looks much better from the outside than the in; and our two rows of holy men (I know not their names) are so richly clad and so poorly drawn that they make one think of the kings and knaves in a pack of cards dipped in oil to make them transparent. Under these gorgeously attired personages sat the Bishop in his plain white surplice, looking, from the dark, and from the contrast, like a person *en chemise*! I got no good by prayer or preaching from that wicked thought: my mind wandered to Othello murdering Desdemona, Don Quixotte walking in his sleep, Burns's Cutty Sark, &c., &c., &c. Had I been a lady, I should have either fainted or vanished—though the Miss Robertsons, who were much nearer the chemise than I was, kept their seats with the utmost composure.

I have had a family loss lately in my old cat, aged at least 19,—my mother's last living property, and so I regret her, else she had become such a nuisance that she is just as well away.

Some of Simmons's drawings were lately sold at Tait's, but nothing worth your notice. Etty died so rich that there is little chance of anything of his coming to the market at present. I shall ever be on the look-out for the benefit of your portfolio. What a devil of a frost! my writing hand is clutched up like a Chinese lady's foot, so adieu, dear madam.—Pray forgive my nonsense, and believe me ever your most obliged and faithful serv<sup>t</sup>.

CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE to a Lady.

DRUMMOND PLACE, *Friday, Jan. 1850.*

DEAR MADAM,—I am vexed that I wrote so light a letter to you the last time, when you were in such a state of affliction; but it was a sin of ignorance, for I scarcely ever hear what is going on. The relapse of my ever most kind benefactress was unknown to me. I shall not try to express my concern about that—what signify words? Yet this I have observed in several such cases, that the very worst has been feared, and yet not happened. Sir Wm. Hamilton, my neighbour here, is a remarkable instance.

Pray take care of yourself: under fatigue of body and mind, whenever you can, walk out into the park, and even in this dismal weather; there is no cure like that to the troubled soul—I speak from much experience; and do not go to the shrubbery, which is never healthful in autumn and winter, but to the front of the house, and near the sea.

In all distresses it is a great comfort to be in the country—to walk out unmet with, and to avoid a thousand impertinent inquiries, and condolences from people who, out of curiosity, or idleness, or pretence to sentiment, talk and write and call, tho' they care not one jot about the matter, and, whatever ill news they may get, will not eat one mouthful the less at any of their subsequent meals. The only thing I have heard worth mentioning since my last is, that our harlequin and columbine painted window was broken by a stone flung some nights ago: there is a reward of five pounds placarded. I wonder if I walk in my sleep; but if the window be not wired, I think it will never be safe. The vestry employed a man at Newcastle to daub it; so all the glass spoilers here—a numerous herd—must needs bear it a spite.

As you are a glove-fancier, pray, madam, accept a pair of American ones, which my cousin Gen<sup>l</sup> Campbell gave me long ago. I found them lately, and so much smoked that I think the D<sup>s</sup>. of Sutherland will not care to have them copied. She went to a Free Kirk meeting with your copies, and charmed the kirk precentor, as I learned from a particular friend of his own.

There is no chance of me forgetting your portfolio; and so, dear madam, I bid you farewell, with every good wish to you and yours. Many thanks for the honour of your last note.—I am ever your obliged and faithful ser<sup>t</sup>.

C. K. SHARPE.

THOMAS FAED, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

16 DUNCAN STREET, DRUMMOND PL.,  
*Tuesday, 29th Oct. [1850].*

SIR,—I am painting a picture of Sir Walter Scott and his literary friends at Abbotsford, and it has been suggested to me by several gentlemen that you should be among them. It was for the purpose of consulting you on that subject that I called to-day. I thought by seeing you I could explain my wants more minutely than by writing. The picture is in an advanced state, and if you could call on me any time to-morrow between half-past two and five it would much oblige your ob<sup>t</sup>. ser<sup>vt</sup>.

THOMAS FAED.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE, Esq., Drummond Place.

Lady KEITH to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

19 GROSVENOR SQ., *Oct. 29th [1850].*

MY DEAR MR SHARPE,—I had not a moment before I left Edin<sup>r</sup>. to thank you for your kind note, and express my dis-

appointment at not having seen you as I passed thro' Edin<sup>r</sup>. I should have called upon you myself, had I not been too lame to go up and down stairs, owing to my tiresome accident two months ago. You are too generous in offering to lend me the precious letters to Lady Nairne, and I feel great scruples in accepting the proposal, tho', of course, I feel interested in all that concerns *the story* of my family. I was apprised of the sale last year in Edin<sup>r</sup>, where some letters of *hers*, or *to her*, were to be sold, but the letter having been misdirected, arrived too late for me to give an order for their purchase. Probably yours are the same letters.

Did you ever hear of a curious clock with music that was sold at L<sup>y</sup>. Strathmore's sale, who died at Holyrood House last winter? It belonged to the last L<sup>d</sup>. Marischal, and was for fifty years in possession of the old lady. I inquired about it after the sale, and was told that L<sup>y</sup>. *Keith of Ravelston* had bought it, but I do not think she could have known its history!

Some years ago you gave me an etching of the old sundial at Holyrood, which print I took to Paris and left there when I went to Vienna. As our house is now let, I cannot get at it, and should be very much obliged to you if you could send me another when I go to Scotland next year, as I still have a great fancy to erect a similar one in the gardens at Tullyallan.

Do you know of any pretty design for a *stone seat*, or an arch, or ornament *quelconque*, to put at the termination of a broad gravel walk in front of the house? I am at a loss for such a thing, and am literally driven by advice from post to pillar! Some want an obelisk, others a fountain, but I rather incline to a seat, or a flight of ornamental steps. I send you a scratch of my garden, and the X will show you the spot where I want you to exercise y<sup>r</sup>. good taste in my behalf. The ground falls at the extremity. Having now given you as *much trouble as I can*, in the *true spirit* of gratitude of all your kindness, I will only add my sincere regard at hearing

of your long confinement. With the hope that I shall soon hear a better account of you, believe me ever, dear Mr. Sharpe, your sincere old friend,  
M. M. DE FLAHAULT KEITH.

I have been at Meiklour this summer, and very busy washing the faces of all the Mercers and Nairnes I found there. They now look very clean and respectable, and are coming to Tullyallan to join their relatives there, as Meikleour is to be let again.

If you call at Mr Hay's, in Princes Street, you will see a picture there of Lady Mary Drummond, C<sup>ss.</sup> of Marischal, which I have just sent to be cleaned.

The DUKE OF SUTHERLAND to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

INVERARY, Nov. 14, 1850.

MY DEAR SHARPE,—Late enough, you will perhaps think, for any one to stay in the Highlands. However, so it is, that we are now here, and it took me five days to come from Dunrobin; but the inns are really most comfortable, and I own that I think an ev<sup>g</sup> at a comfortable inn very agreeable—more so than a visit *en passant* at any house, and much more suitable for my unsociable habits and disposition. We have been here about ten days, a family party. Besides the D. and D<sup>ss.</sup> and their four children, we have the Blantynes and their four, and the Kildares and their child, and a daughter and two boys of our own, so that we have *au sein de la famille* a pretty numerous party,—but they are breaking up. We shall, however, stay here till the usual occasion for Dr Simpson's aid take the D<sup>ss.</sup> of A. to Ed<sup>gh.</sup>, and my D<sup>ss.</sup> will be with her till the event has taken place. I shall stay here as long as they stay, and accompany to Ed<sup>gh.</sup> to see you, and then I shall probably leave them and go to the Staffords in England; but I fully intend to pass a day or

two at Ed<sup>gh</sup>, and look forward with much pleasure to seeing you again, and it is useless to expect to do so elsewhere, such is the frequent turn of things in common life. Many offer to come when one does not particularly desire, and such a one as you considers it out of question to visit in the far north, which has now become a very easy matter. Pray make a note for me of any new old easily accessible thing worth seeing at Ed<sup>gh</sup>, though I have become careless and indifferent about most things.

I was much entreated by Mr Blackburne to let him copy for me portraits of George, E. of Suth<sup>d</sup>, and of his g<sup>d</sup>-daughter, L<sup>y</sup> Maitland, from pictures at Kilkerran. I have already a copy of the port<sup>t</sup> of the E. of Suth<sup>d</sup>, but gave commission for that of L<sup>y</sup> Maitland, and then found it the same as one I have, but I did not know of whom it was a port<sup>t</sup>, so that I acquired that information by it. I told him that if he could find a portrait of L<sup>y</sup> Jean Wemyss, Dow<sup>g</sup> of Angus, C<sup>ss</sup> of Suth<sup>d</sup>, he might make a copy; but that, I believe, cannot be found.—Ever y<sup>rs</sup>. faithfully,

SUTHERLAND.



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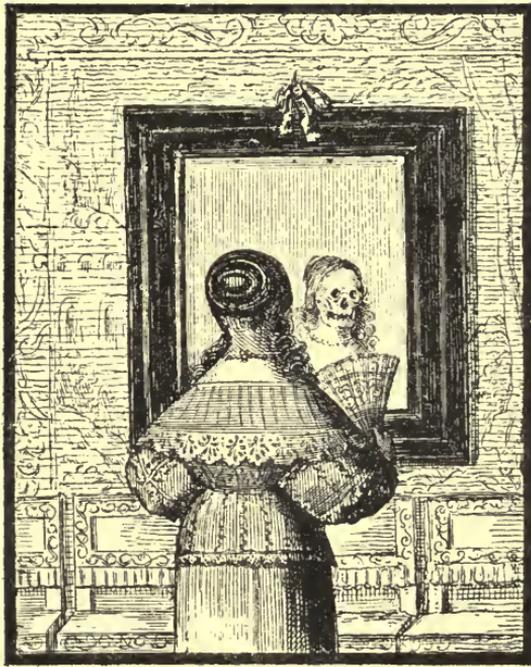
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