

Memoirs and anecdotes of Philip Thicknesse : late Lieutenant Governor of Land Guard Fort, and unfortunately father to George Touchet, Baron Audley.

Contributors

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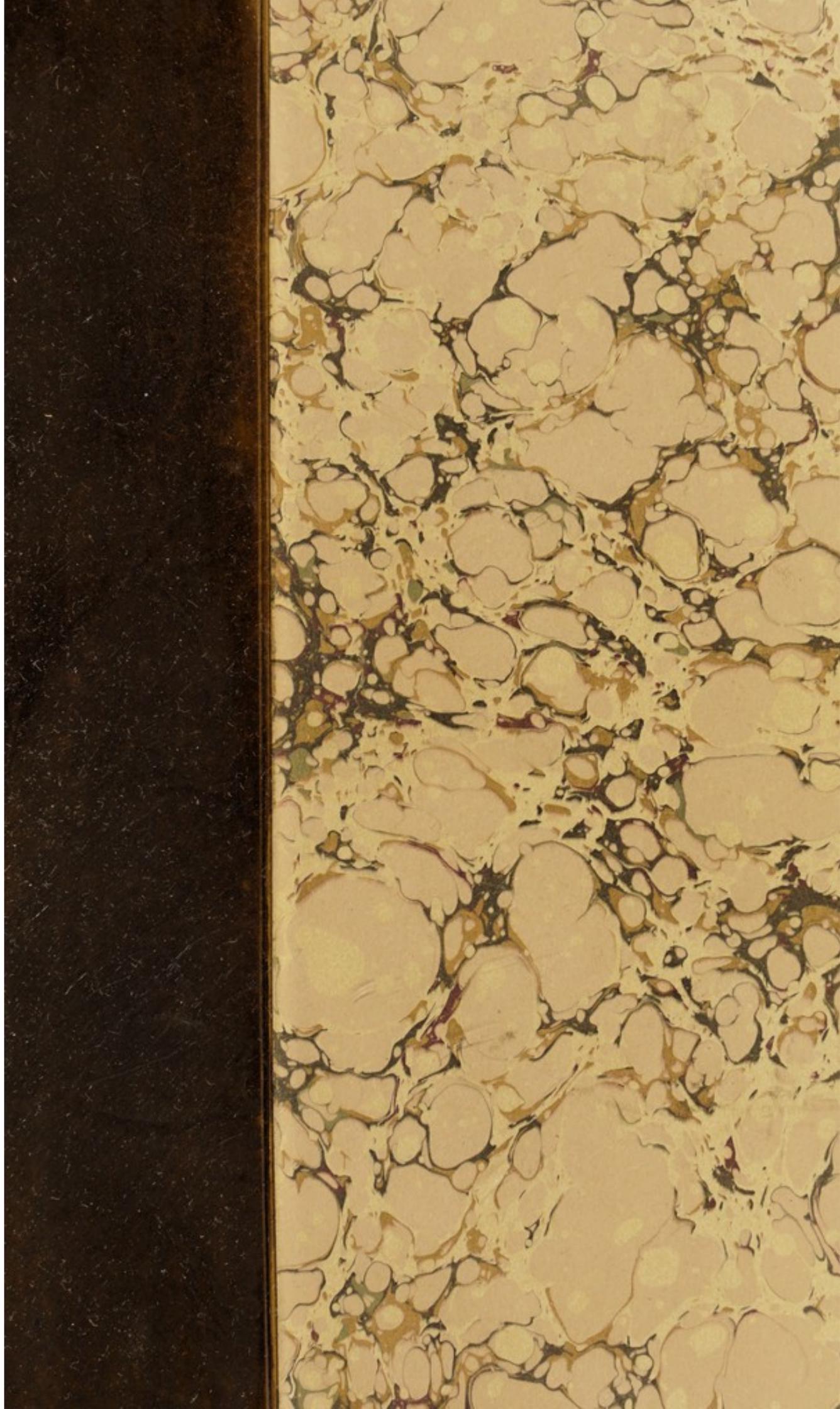
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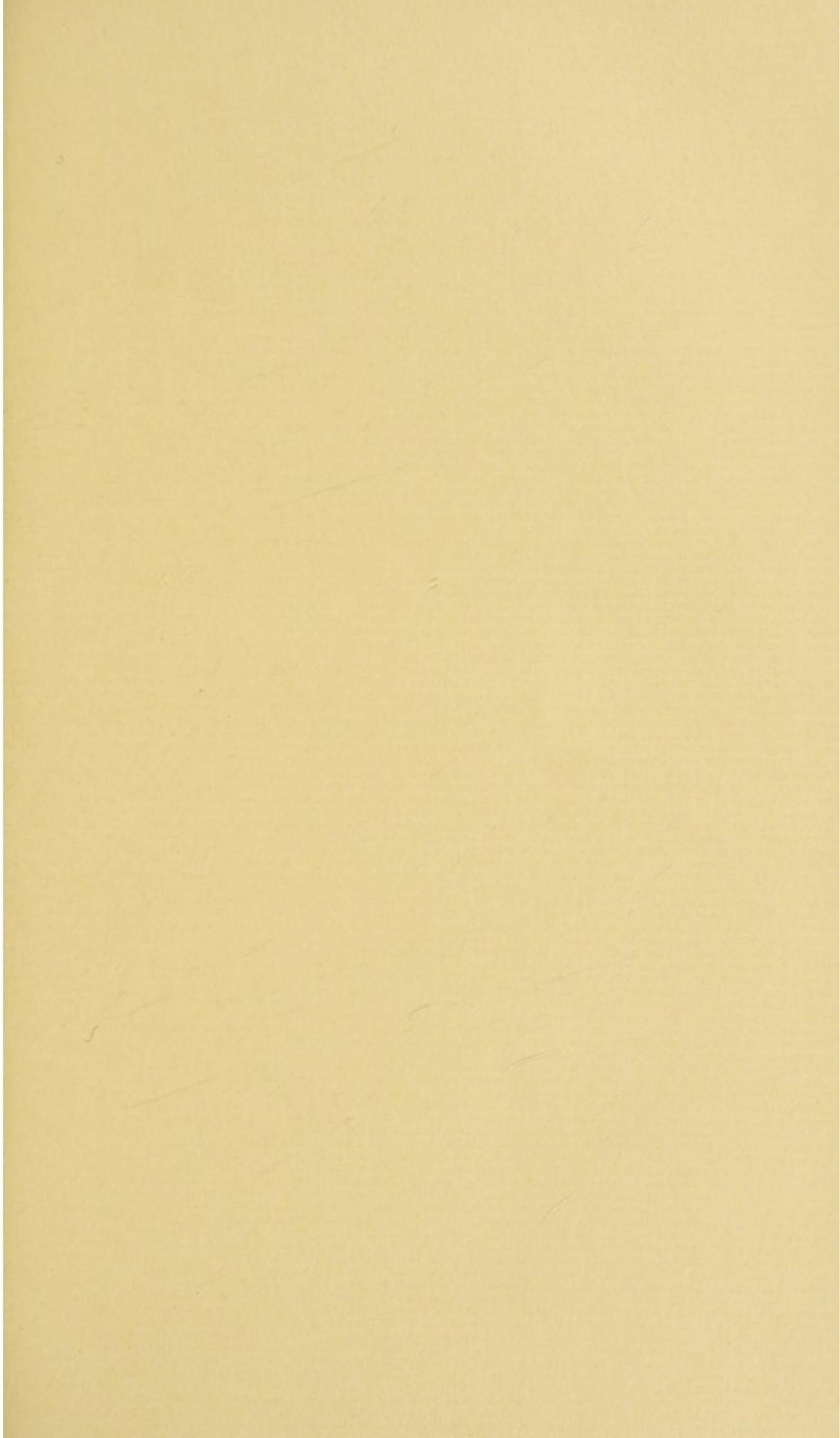
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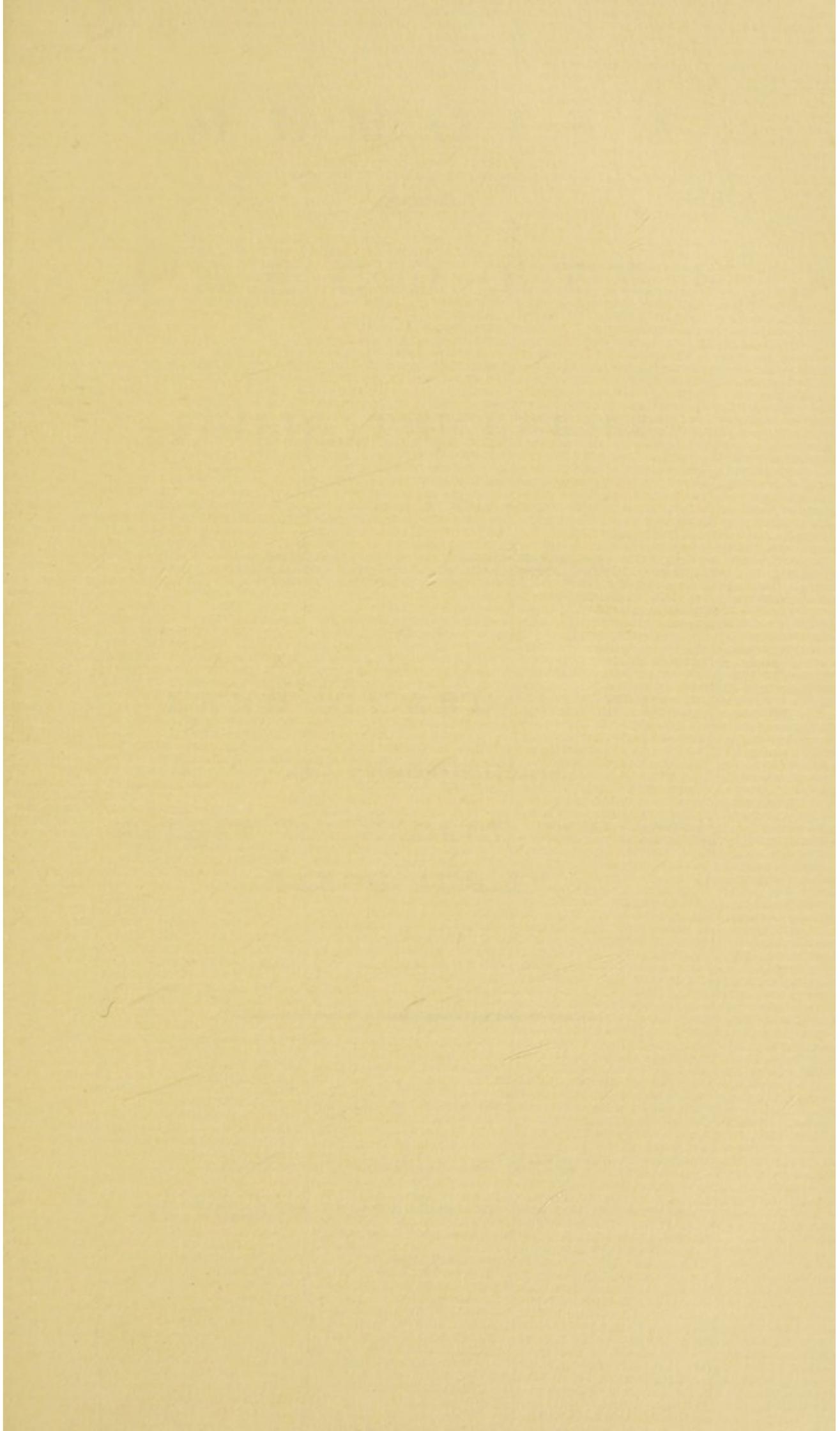
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Maria Teresa Bealy

M E M M O I R S

A N D

A N E C D O T E S

O F

PHILIP THICKNESSE,

L A T E

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR

O F

LAND GUARD FORT,

AND UNFORTUNATELY

FATHER TO GEORGE TOUCHET,

BARON AUDLEY.

D U B L I N:

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ALFRED R. S.

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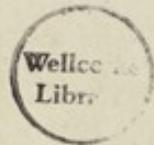
ALFRED C. O. S.

OF

PHILIP THE KNESS

LATE

LABOURER



LAND GUARD

AND

FATHER TO GEORGE LOCH

BARON ADRIAN

1871

PRINTED BY...

FOR THE...

TO JAMES MAKITTRICK,

ALIAS ADAIR,

JAMES MAKITTRICK ADAIR THEN,

GREETING,

AS it is to you, James Makittrick ADAIR, to whose conduct I am obliged, for the very honourable and respectable names, which appear at the head of the following chapters; and who have kindly enabled me (without expence) to vindicate my character, and to defend my honour against a base defamer, a vindictive libeller, and a scurrilous, indecent, and vulgar scribbler; you are certainly the properest man existing, to address them to; for it is you, and me; to whom alone, they can be interesting. And as you tell us in the preface to your medical medley, that you enjoy a decent competency; and that you published that cautious performance; not for the sake of profit, but “to make some
“ compensation for the manifold errors, you
“ must necessarily have committed, in the
“ course of near forty years extensive practice”

“ tice” * so I publish the following corrections, to expose, not the “ manifold errors” of your physical transactions, but the private and dark misdoings of your closet.

Ignorance, might plead some excuse for your medical errors, but impudence and disregard to truth, and justice, can only account for your defamatory prescriptions.

I am ready to allow, that your practice has been extensive—it is a great way from the northern hills of Scotland, to the burning sands upon the coast of Africa—it is a great way too, from the African coast, to the island of Antigua, that lovely spot, where you gathered the independent sweets of your retired life, and therefore as you so boldly boast, of the unpalatable truths, you have told, and how regardless you are of the consequences; so I also, take up my

* This man obtained his boasted independence, by black and white practice, among the Negroes in the Island of Antigua, where he was known, by no other name, than James Makittrick, but as that was but an awkward name, *to go to bed with*, among *white people*, he returned to England, made a trip to Spa, where he found a very respectable practitioner of physic, of the name of Adair, and *coufined himself, into his family name*; in his medical “*morceau*” he has taken care to let us know, that he has seen the bed chamber of the Queen of France, but, as if that *arrid Island*, upon the surface of which, he obtained “*his independence*” had been sunk by an earthquake, he has omitted to let us know, *that* the language, and manners of the Negroes, was the only living language he could utter a word of, for of the French, he knows no more than the late learned pig.

my pen, to expose your unpalatable falsehoods; and will prove, that you have dared to write, to print, and to publish; not only a vile defamatory, and false libel, but even to set at defiance the civil law of this country, by sending expressly to me, one of your libels, and writing upon the title page, that it was for the use of my council! a libel too, of such a nature, that you have forfeited all pretensions to the name of a gentleman, or to the society, or countenance of honest men, for whatever there may be found from Scotland, I am convinced, there is not in the kingdom of England, or Ireland, a single gentleman, * whether of a civil, or military profession, who will not allow, that to charge an officer, bearing the King's commission in his pocket, with flying from his colours, and that too, in the hour of action, is not aiming a deeper blow, to a susceptible mind, and to an innocent man; than either lead or iron can impress; yet you, James Makittrick, struck that deadly blow at my breast, you struck it too, in the most cowardly and basest manner, for you struck it at a time, that you supposed I lay upon my death bed. Now I believe I may venture to assert, that a charge of cowardice, or even an insinuation of it, on a military man, is deemed

* Gentlemen Black Legs are excepted.

deemed a matter of as much delicacy, as that of defaming the character of a virtuous woman, I therefore, call upon you James Makittrick, alias Adair, to tell the publick, what punishment you would think due to a man, were he to write, to print, and privately disperse; five hundred pamphlets, as you have done, stating therein, that your daughter, who, for aught I know, is of unfullied fame, and as chaste as she may be fair; had been debauched at Antigua, by a Negroe slave; that she had been delivered of a Mulatto child, and that you had quitted that Island; returned to this, and here taken upon you, a new name, at the age of above three score, in order, the better to conceal, the lewd and wanton conduct of your daughter, * “ that a gentleman of respectable
“ character

Extract from James Mackittrick's Libel.

* “ With respect to *your own* narrative, of the flight of you, and
“ your Friends, from the *runaway* negroes, I have better authority than
“ yours. A gentleman of respectable character, who had long resided
“ in Jamaica, related the story very circumstantially, to several persons
“ in Bath— Th—— had the sole command of the party, and having
“ consulted his personal safety by an early retreat, the *Serjeant defeated*
“ the negroes, and carried several of them prisoners to the guard-house,
“ almost as soon as the *officer* had told his dreadful tale of blood, slaughter
“ and defeat.” Now who is, and where is, that *respectable gentleman*,
who told this tale so circumstantially? where is one of those *several gentlemen* in Bath, to whom he told it? no where! there is but one man, who said it, and thou wretch art that man; for thou hast said it, written it, and assassinated as thou art, hath printed and dispersed it.

“character, who had long resided at Antigua,
“related the story at Bath, very circumstan-
“tially, to several persons,” and that this was
the cause of your running away from Antigua,
quitting the only name you had been known by
for upwards of three score years, and taking
upon you that of Adair; and yet your false
charge against my honour and character, is in-
finitely more criminal, because your daughter’s
innocence could have been proved by an hun-
dred living witnesses, but you have dared to go
back a compleat half century, to charge me
with the most disgraceful conduct, a military
officer could be guilty of; and for which, I was
liable to suffer death; and you have taken that
distant period, falsely to accuse me, in hopes,
that I am the only survivor of my own disgrace;
and that I should be unable to refute your
wicked charge, and expose you to that univer-
sal contempt, which is due to so vile a trans-
action; for not content, with holding me out,
merely as a fugitive, to avoid personal danger,
by flying from my colours; you have placed
me in a still more infamous light, and humili-
ating condition, by asserting that I was found,
boasting of my own personal prowess, at the
very instant, that my victorious Sergeant (from
whom I had fled) returned, surrounded with
prisoners,

prisoners, and wearing upon his brow, those laurels I had so shamefully blasted. The feeble powers of my agitated mind, render me unable to express the indignant contempt to so base, so wicked, and so infamous a contrivance, but if I shew (AND I AM SURE I CAN) that I had not the sole command,—that I did not run away,—that no prisoners were taken,—no victory obtained, I am sure also, that every man of honor, sense, and humanity, will hold your name, whether it be James Makittrick, or James Adair, in abhorrent contempt, and agree with me; that there is no language, no asperity, I could have made use of, that I might not justly employ, to expose so base a caluminator. It is attention therefore to my very respectable subscribers, and I flatter myself also to many respectable readers, of the following sheets; that I have confined my language to you, within the pale of decency; for if you could suppose, that your “medical morceau” would become a fashionable “powdering book” and that every fine gentleman and lady must make it a toilette piece of furniture, sure I may humbly venture to hope, that these memoirs, may be considered, as a proper pickle to preserve that farrago of self conceit, assuming arrogance, matchless

matchless impudence, and daring falsehoods, which so strongly mark all your writings.

John, Duke of Marlborough, one of the greatest Generals, and one of the ablest statesmen of the times he lived in, and who was well acquainted with the human heart; always gave a young officer who discovered any symptoms of fear, the first time of being in action, a second tryal: and his grace observed, that in general, they became good officers: now in the action, from which you have so falsely charged me with flying; I was a raw unexperienced boy,——it was the first time I ever had been exposed, to the fire of an enemy, and when I found myself (without one moments previous intimation) furrounded by a volley of shot, poured down from the side of a steep mountain, coming from an invisible enemy, and when I had not even a weapon of defence in my hands, and saw my men bleeding at my feet, at which instant more than two thirds of our party instantly run away; I knew too that the fire came not from a generous enemy, who would, if they conquered, give us quarters and treat us with humanity, but that it came from a crew of the most savage and brutal race of men upon the habitable globe, and whom

whom I also knew, often tied their prisoners to stakes, and encouraged their children, to treat them with every wanton cruelty they could devise, even to that of cutting from them their own flesh, and compelling them to eat it, I will not say therefore that if the sole command had, at that time, been vested with me, that I should not have sought my own personal safety by flight, as two thirds of my companions had just done; but as my commanding officer did not, I stood by him, and with him too, for many hours, and if his high ideas of military honor had not overcome his judgment, and good sense, he certainly would have retired also, when he perceived, that he was abandoned, by two thirds of his men, and when there was no more probability, of conquering the enemy; than there was of removing the mountain, on which they were concealed. In the following pages, I shall prove, that the whole story is the production of your own head, and the promulgation of your wicked heart, and that the vile tale, originated with the publisher, YOU James Makittrick, alias ADAIR.

The late Mr. Ford, a gentleman well acquainted with the law, and the modes of discovering, and detecting infamous villains, was sent

sent for by a foreign minister, to trace a villain who had forged his name, and drawn large sums out of the hands of his banker, Mr. Ford, observing that the forged notes, were all spelt according to auricular orthography, instantly conceived, that the forgery was committed by a foreigner, and soon after, strongly suspected, the minister's own secretary, (then present) to be the forger, with that man however he was left by the minister, to consider what were the most prudent steps to be taken, to make a discovery, after a little conversation between them, Mr. Ford proposed inserting advertisements, in all the public papers, offering therein a reward to the discoverer, to which the secretary very readily agreed; but Mr. Ford, under the pretence of having left his spectacles at home, desired the secretary to write, and that he would dictate, and so contrived it, that he introduced, into the advertisement, every word, which in the forged drafts had been spelt according to auricular orthography, and as every word tallied to a tittle, Mr. Ford retired, satisfied in his own mind, that he had discovered THE MAN; the advertisements were however printed in the public papers, and about a fortnight afterwards, Mr. Ford waited upon the minister, but found only the secretary at home

home. After mutual civilities, Mr. Ford placed himself near, and almost *vis à vis* to the secretary, who asked him whether he discovered the forger? Mr. Ford looking the secretary steadfastly in the face, replied,—I have; he then perceived such a sudden change of countenance, that as soon as the secretary had so far recovered his alarm, as to ask him, who is the man? Mr. Ford, clapping his hand violently upon the knee of the secretary, said you sir, are the man! conscious guilt struck him to the soul, and the window being near and open, he instantly jumped out, and impaled himself upon the iron rails before the door!—Now James Makittrick Adair, go thou and do so likewise, FOR THOU ART THE MAN.

AN OCCASIONAL

I N T R O D U C T I O N.

SHOULD any book come from the press, at a time that so great a national calamity has befallen us, without offering up our prayers to **GOD** to remove it? I think not; especially when I see with the deepest concern, that instead of our uniting in supplicating the **ALMIGHTY** to strengthen us, we seem threatened with still greater calamities!!

I will therefore suppose, that there existed no absolute law of this land, that if the father of a family was rendered by the visitation of **GOD**, unable to manage his estate, or to govern his household; but who had a son of full age, and abilities to govern for him, till it should please **GOD** to restore his father to his former health,
and

THE INTRODUCTION.

and state of mind; a set of strangers should take possession of his house and estates; and say to the son, "Go hence, we have an equal right with you! no law exists to deprive us of the power we assume, and therefore we will exercise it." Suppose then the astonished son obtains a power to convene a council of wise and honest Judges to establish the LAW OF RIGHT; what would be their decision? would they not unanimously say, let the law of GOD, and of NATURE, take place; let the son who is to inherit his father's fortune when he dies, manage it during his parents incapacity. It is his inheritance, and he is the most likely to govern it with prudence, discretion, and moderation.

How much more important then is it, when such a matter is to be determined for a Father, not only of a family, but of a great and mighty Kingdom? Shall the son of our unfortunate Monarch, be shut out of that temporary power over these Kingdoms, and that household to which he is the legal inheriter? GOD FORBID. I am sure all loyal subjects will say, GOD FORBID; it is the voice of NATURE; it is the law of GOD, and it is the only reason that the law of man has not been exercised to confirm it; it would be flying in the face of GOD and NATURE,

THE INTRODUCTION.

TURE, to controul it. This is not fubtile Logical, Oratorical language, but it is I hope and believe, the language which will imprefs every honeft man's bofom who reads it, for it is unadorned truth. I will not, though I am poffeffed of fufficient matter, point out the great mind and elevated underftanding of the Prince, who muft be called upon to exercife the powers of SOLE REGENT, or I could fhew how fortunate it is for the nation, that while our KINGLY FATHER is incapacitated to govern; his PRINCELY fon will hold the reins with dignity to the HIGH STATION he is called to, and with fatisfaction to his ROYAL FATHER'S LOYAL SUBJECTS.

THE AUTHOR.

Dec. the 25th, 1788.

M E M O I R S
AND
A N E C D O T E S
OF
PHILIP THICKNESSE.

C H A P. I.

WELL knowing of what composition all mankind are composed, and that however different our coming into Life, or passing through it may vary; that there is no difference between us at the moment of quitting it; I hope to be excused, if I deal freely and openly with that part of mankind, whom it has been my lot in life to have been connected with—to converse with—or to correspond with; I mean I say,

B

to

to deal freely, openly, and candidly; and therefore when matter arises, in which I may find it necessary to mention men, whether dignified by birth, or elevated by station; provided I do it with truth and decency, the candid Reader, I trust, will think it justifiable; especially as no man can be more disposed to shew deference and respect to superiors, to whom respect is *really* due. I have nearly consumed a long Life among the busy Crowd, and am now in such a Retirement as to give me leisure to look over with deliberation, my own vices and follies, and the errors and failings of those with whom I have been conversant; many of whom have been deemed great men, but very few of them perhaps have appeared so "*in the eyes of their valet de chambre.*" I do not sit down to write my life, but to relate the outline of a long, a singular, and an exceedingly checquered one; it may be of some use to others, and will, I am persuaded be of some advantage to me; yet it is a measure I have been forced to (for nothing else could) by a late publication, written by an ignorant coxcomb, who never saw me, 'till I was 66 years of age, who knows nothing of me; and yet has put forth a book privately printed, and secretly dispersed; which he calls memoirs of my life:

but

but which my friends assure me, is filled with scurrility, falshood, vulgarity and impudence. I do not know the Libeller's real Name, his profession however, is that of *a Doctor*, his practice has chiefly been among the negroes in the West-Indies, and his degree, I suppose; as he is a scotch highlander, was procured him by a two guinea bribe to his countryman, *Dr. S—*, but before I proceed any further, I wish to prepare my readers with an anecdote, and to intreat them to keep it in their *minds eye*, throughout the remaining pages of this book.

A gentleman of high rank and distinguished abilities, to whom I have the honor to be known, had an only son at school; waiting one day upon his father, I was presented to the young gentleman, and we had some conversation together, of rather a cheerful cast, after which, the young scholar took an opportunity to observe to his father, how unlike I appeared in his eyes, to what he had expected from a person he had so often heard of, adding, that he thought to find me a thin, peevish, fretful looking being; instead of which, he found me fat, and as much disposed to laugh as any man. His father, from whom I had this information, was pleased to inform his son, that he believed

the latter to be my natural disposition, but that a great variety of unfortunate events, having fell one after another upon me, had in some measure rendered me liable to the imputation of the former. Flattering as that distinction may appear, I am disposed to hope there was some truth in it, at least enough to plead for me with the candid reader if he should here and there catch me tripping on some of the *rough roads* I have to travel a *second time* over; especially, as I assure him I set out with no such disposition, for though the springs on which my carriage hung, were not so exquisite, as many who set out in life with me, they have held me up a very long journey, without breaking quite down; and if they had, I have been always able to walk upright, without the aid of a crutch, or a woollen shoe to the next inn, this I am proud to boast of, because it implies a life of temperance, but I have not only that blessing to boast of, but one of more importance, and that is, that I am of an ancient and virtuous family, of which I should not speak, but that it is possible all the scotch doctor's books may not be yet got to the pastry cooks, or to the *cloysters of darknes*, for I have now before me a pedigree of the * Ralph Thicknesses

* A Ralph Thickness, Lord of Barterley, was slain at Bloor-Heath, fighting under *George Lord Audley*!!

Thicknesses of Barterley-Hall, in Staffordshire, from the 2d year of the reign of Edward the first, down to the present time; and a letter from Mr. Bignall, Somerset, of the Herald's office, wherein he called upon me for it, in order to qualify my son to take his seat in the house of lords, and recommending it to me, to continue it at that office, as nothing he says had been done there relative to it, since the Year 1614.

My father, however was a younger branch of that family, who, after obtaining a good academical education, studied divinity at Oxford, was there ordained, and his uncle soon after (Sir John Egerton, Bart. of Rhyne-hill) presented him to the rectory of Farthingoe in Northamptonshire, a benefice of something more than two hundred pounds a year, which, with another small church within distance was all the preferment or fortune he possessed; the duty of both, he constantly and conscientiously performed, in its fullest extent to the day of his death.* He married Joyce Blencowe, niece to Mr. Justice Blencowe, one of the judges of the court of Common Pleas, and daughter of a neighbouring clergyman, with whom

* He died suddenly upon a visit to Dr. Grey.

whom I believe he had no other fortune than her many virtues. My father died in 1725, in the 55th year of his age, and left my excellent mother with eight children, one only of whom was provided for, viz. a sister married to Dr. Grey, rector of a neighbouring village: and here I hope it will be excusable, if I relate by what strange incident, that happy connection was formed.

Within a mile of Farthingoe stands a beautiful little church, a rectory of 8l. a year, * near to which, in my memory, stood the ancient and hospitable mansion house of Lord Crew, bishop of Durham, and thither the bishop came to reside; being a temporal and spiritual peer, and keeping open house, he was visited by all ranks of people far and near, and particularly by the clergy, but it so happened that my father, the nearest of his neighbours, omitted to pay his respects at Steane. The bishop, who was a proud stately prelate, was hurt to find a respectable clergyman, whose residence was so very near him, to be so singularly remiss, and therefore sent Mr. Grey, his domestic

* Dr. Grey obtained Queen Anne's bounty to the little Rectory, and during his life, preached there once a month.

mestic chaplain, to visit my father, and to fight
 for the cause of what certainly seemed a slight,
 but which in fact was not omitted from any
 want of attention to his lordship. It so hap-
 pened, that before Mr. Grey had seen my fa-
 ther, he had met my sister, an object which at-
 tracted much of his attention, and when he
 came into my father's study, instead of dis-
 closing his business, he asked my father whe-
 ther a young lady he had seen in the court yard,
 was his daughter? my father informed him
 he had two daughters, and that probably it
 might; bless me! said Mr. Grey, it made my
 heart leap to see so fine girl in such a country
 village. This so offended my father, that he
 felt disposed to have made his *body* and *heart*
leap together, out of his study, had he not
 quickly perceived my father's disapprobation,
 of so novel a mode of address. He then ex-
 plained his errand, and my father finding him
 to be an ingenious man, began to feel as much
 partiality to the young parson, as the parson
 had conceived for his youngest daughter. Mr.
 Grey repeated his visits, and before my sister
 was well out of her white frock, she became
 the rector of Hinton's wife, where she may be
 seen at this day, in her 84th year, with many
 traces remaining, of that beauty which so sud-
 denly

denly caught the attention of her departed husband. Nor can I omit repeating a singular kind of joint compliment Mr. Grey paid her, the day he had obtained (for it was not easily obtained) my father and mother's consent, to fix that of his happiness. When walking with my sister and mother in the garden, he led her upon the grass plot, and after walking round and round her several times, and admiring her person, well said he, Miss Joyce, I own you are too good for me, but at the same time I think myself too good for any body else.*

When my father died, I had two brothers just removed from the foundation at Eton, to King's College in Cambridge; one upon the foundation at Winchester, another at the Charter-House, and my eldest sister, and next brother at home with my mother, for some time

I was

* Dr. Grey had also the Rectory of Kimcote in Leicestershire, was a prebend of St. Paul's, and Archdeacon of Leicester. His Connection with Lord Crew, probably shut him out of a Mitre. He died however rich, and left three Daughters, the eldest is married to Dr. Lloyd, Dean of Norwich, and well known for her genius in working in Worsted. Lord Crew was a staunch Friend to the abdicated Family, and as he lay dying upon the Marble Hearth before the Fire, he called out several Times to my Brother saying, "*Dick, don't you go over to them, don't you go over to them.*"

I was placed at Aynhoe school, * and then removed with my mother to London, where, by the favour of Dr. Friend, high master of Westminster school, I was admitted a *gratis* scholar, not a King's scholar, and I believe I could at this day shew upon the back of my Hands, some marks of *the favors frequently confer'd upon them, by that truly beautiful nobleman the present Earl of ———*, for as cash often ran low with me, and *Nan Batchelor's* † tarts and custards were as grateful to my palate, as to any lord's in the school, I did sometimes spend that money which was given me on the *bougie account*, by my mother, rather too hastily, so that I had no other means of *light* for the school, and keeping my mother in *darkness*, than exposing the back of my hand, to a yard and half of doubled wax candle, at *so much a cut*; and his lordship was of so generous a disposition, that I was as sure of my night or morning's *bougie* from his lordship's bountiful hand, as a poor woman is who goes

* *AYNHÖE*, the seat of the Cartwrights. In the year 1727, John Cartwright the County Member, who was one of the noblest works of God, and who voted according to conscience (not to the minister) never spoke but two words in the house, viz. *aye* and *no*. Some wags printed his speech, on a large sheet of paper, and had it cried about the streets of London, one side of the paper was *AYE*, and the other *NO*, and those two words united made *AYNHÖE*.

† See her Epitaph.

goes to the *humane pawn-broker* with her last shift, to borrow a shilling upon, to buy bread for her children ; nor indeed was that the only kindness I have experienced *from his lordship, for he was so obliging as to attend, at my request, the house of lords upon an appeal to that great and dernier court of justice, which I brought thither from the court of chancery.* I must however own that sometimes when his lordship was not disposed to make his own exercise, that I have had a supply of wax candle for the *use of my fingers.* Nor was the want of wax candle the only occasion of my smarting at that school, *Vidal*, the usher, under whom I was first placed, did not receive the usual presents at *breaking up Times*, from my mother, as he did from the opulent parents, and the wretch was so mean, as to let that operate to my disadvantage : * for I could never keep my place an hour, after a boy of rank or fortune got next to me ; nor commit a trifling fault without being *shewn up* to Dr. Nicholls ; that good old man, I believe, perceived

* Boys who have a little Money in their Pockets, are very apt at School to take it out, especially those who have but little, and seldom any. *Vidal*, when he knew I had, would watch me, as a Cat does a Mouse, and has frequently detected me in taking it out of my pocket in School Hours, and then never omitted sending me under a *trusty Guard* to put it into the prisoners box at the gate way, then a prison at the end of Tothill-street.

perceived it, for I was not without a box full of silver groats, pence, &c. which the generous doctor had given me, perhaps more on *other accounts*, than any merit of my school performances. At this time I lived in St. James's place, and having an exercise to make between the morning and afternoon school, my dinner to eat, the distance to go, and to return, and my slow capacity united; I became unable to do it properly at any time, and often not at all; this subjected me to be *fair game* to Mr. Vidal, and at length, fearful of the master's *lash*, and smarting often under the noble lord's *bougie*, I played the truant for 10 days together, during which time cash running low, I *melted down* all my box of little groats, &c. on the eleventh day, *two ambassadors* were sent by Mr. Vidal, to my mother, to know the cause of my absence; here my pretended sham exercises, and all the fibs my idleness of course produced, came forward, and my mother very prudently deliver'd me up to the hands of justice; never did I see two officers of school police, more intoxicated with power! I was held by each arm, as securely as if I had been apprehended for murder, and there was such an appearance of delight in their countenances, that I truly believe their joy was equal to my fears, not that they

they were my enemies, on the contrary, they were my bosom friends, but they were boys, *i. e. little men.* When I entered the lobby, and became visible to all the boys in the first fourm, I heard them with one voice as it were, joyfully exclaim, here come's Thicknesse, here come's Thicknesse, and their joy seemed as general as if the secretary of state had just procured them a holiday. I was delivered to Master Vidal, who instantly shewed me up to Dr. Nicholls, here was nothing to be said in plea of mitigation: I pleaded guilty, and was instantly exposed to shame and punishment; after which, however, at the strong intercession of Mr. Vidal, all my smartings were appeased, by the following *sentence*, for I was told in the language of the court, that my future attendance at that school would be dispensed with, a joyful sentence to me, after I had convinced my mother of the real cause of my misconduct, and obtained her forgiveness, for I was one of those unfashionable children, who could not perfectly enjoy peace of mind, while I lay under her displeasure; having got hold of a little latin; *being born the seventh son, without a daughter between,* and indeed having *stroked away several wens,* and such disorders as are apt to disappear without medicines, it was thought adviseable
to

to breed me to a physical profession, and I was placed with a very respectable apothecary in London, whose name was Marmaduke Tisdale, upon what is called *likeing*, and with him I actually resided till I found out that a composition of *aqua mirabilis* and fyrup of saffron, was the best cordial his shop afforded; but that mixture, not fitting so well on Marmaduke's stomach (tho' he was a very honest fellow) as it did upon mine, we agreed to part; the truth was, that I had been so poisoned by the glaring colours in which Ogelthorpe had in his printed books, displayed the prospects of his new colony of Georgia, that I was determined to go thither; and at length prevailed upon my mother to consent to it. While this project had filled me with infinite delight, for I then considered myself as one setting out to begin the forming of a new world; my mother told me, that if I chose a verse in the 39th chapter of Genesis, in which there are 33, it would unfold to me the future events of my life, *now it happened to pass in those days*, that the Scriptures were not only believed, but seriously attended to; so I fixed upon the 26th verse, *and when I found that the blessings of my father would extend to the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills, and be*
upon

upon the head of him who was separated from his brethren.* I felt a delight and a faith too, not to be removed; and my mother, *tho' a sensible woman, was weak enough to become a partaker with me, in that heart felt satisfaction, she perceived to be spread over my countenance; nor could, at that time any offer, however advantageous in appearance, have diverted me, from adding one to the number of the foolish Georgia emigrants.*

* I was then the first of the family that separated from his brethren.

CHAPTER II.

UPON our arrival at Georgia, I was much surpris'd to find the town of Savanna, or rather the spot where the town *now stands*, situated upon a high bluff of barren sand, and directly opposite to a low swampy island; on the muddy shore of which (within a small compass) I could count at least twenty Allegators basking thereon! Mr. Causton, the chief Magistrate, to whom I had letters, received me civilly, and Mr. John Westley, to whom I also had a letter, seem'd dispos'd to admit me among the number of his elect. Mr. Causton's Niece, a very pretty young lady, was one of Mr. Westley's early prayer attendants at the chapel, after which, she, with several other young people,

ple, usually attended Mr. Westley to domestic lectures for further edification, at his own apartments, but Mr. Williamson, a gentleman who came over in the same vessel with me, paid his addresses to that young lady, and soon after married her, by which means he was in possession of many pious letters written by Mr. W. to Mrs. Williamson, but he not approving of that kind of correspondence, she no longer frequented his domestic lectures, and I believe, like myself, became rather slack in attending his early morning prayers. Mr. Hutton, a worthy clergyman, of whom I shall speak more fully hereafter, who had recommended me to Mr. Westley, I found had been informed soon after my arrival, by Mr. Westley, that I did not give him *too much* of my company, and to say truth, I did not covet much of his; and I will give my reasons. Dr. Hutton was a clergyman of worth and character, who could not reconcile himself to take the necessary oaths, whereby he could hold his church preferment, he therefore resigned, and took a house in College-Street, Westminster, and had several boys of that school boarded with him; his own family consisted of a wife, a son, and a daughter; the son is still living, and is, or was, well known among

among that sect called Moravians. † My Family were intimate with Dr. Hutton's, and my sister, who was about the same age of Miss Hutton, became so far her confidant, that she shewed her a great number of letters written by Mr. Charles Westley to her, in which the care of her soul and body too, seemed to claim much of his regard; for I must observe, that Messrs. Westley and Whitefield, who were the first movers of the methodist sect, were continually at Dr. Hutton's, praying, eating, &c. my sister, who perhaps had more knowledge of the world and mankind, than Miss Hutton, (for tho' of good understanding, she was very deaf) did not approve of that spiritual correspondence, between Mr. Charles Westley, and her female friend.

She perceived it made the young woman unhappy, and therefore prevailed upon her, to drop that sort of correspondence with him, observing to her, at the same time, that mankind have various ways of pursuing happiness

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† He was bred a Bookfeller, and opened a Shop near Temple-Bar, from whence he went to Moravia, to fetch himself a Wife, of that Nation and religion; but this is not the Age for Bookfellers to make Fortunes by the Sale of Bibles, Prayer Books, &c. and as Mr. Hutton would sell little else, that Business would not do, and he betook himself to one which it seems did, that of a Moravian Leader.

through this life to a better, and as I did not find Mr. John Westley seemed to have any disposition of corresponding with me, and thinking too, that my soul was of as much importance to him, as the soul of any young lady whatever, I had very little intercourse with him afterwards. I must not however omit to mention a singular misfortune which befel him, in consequence of his zealous endeavors to reform a fair, but *frail lady*, then at Georgia, whose immoral conduct had been much censured by Mr. Westley, and who sent to desire him to call upon her; it was natural for him to conclude, his visit was to pave the way to repentance and future good conduct; he accordingly attended her, but the instant he entered her apartment, she laid violent hands upon him, threw him upon the bed, and threatened him with the immediate loss of life, or what some men might deem as dear as life, nor did she dismiss him, till she had deprived him of all the Adonis flowing locks, which at *that time*, adorned one side of his meek and goodly countenance; yet such was his humility, that he appeared the Sunday following at church, in his partial and ear-crop'd head of hair; the lady perhaps intended to have made Mr. Westley a Monk, as the Duchess of Montpensier did

Henry

Henry the third. Let it be remembered however, that a desire of such spiritual correspondence with the sex, which appeared in both these brothers, might arise from the utmost purity, and virtuous intentions; however their letters might be construed to convey suspicion of sinister designs; those gentlemen were not ignorant, that there never was, nor ever can be, a new sect formed, (and that was their great object) if women were not engaged to promote it; they knew that *Arius* did more by engaging *Constantia*, the Emperor's sister, into his way of thinking, relative to the substantiality of the world, than he could have done by gaining over a thousand male followers. The Westleys, and Whitefield, first started the methodistical plan, but Lady Huntingdon, in reality, is the sole person who has established its permanency; and there is no doubt but her motives were good, because her life and manners are exemplary, and truly virtuous: she may appear in the eyes of some of us, righteous over much, but then remember a text of scripture, containing only two words; and from which my father made an excellent discourse, *i. e.* "judge not."

After this, Mr. Westley and I seldom met, but the day I had embarked with a view of returning to England, I was agreeably surpris'd to find him with me, in a small sloop bound to Charles Town in South Carolina, in which I had engaged my passage; he was going to get prayer books printed, and I to find a conveyance to England. Our sloop commander, proved to be a perfect reprobate mariner, and we, fresh water sailors, thought he carried too much sail. I urged him, (for it blew hard) to shew less canvas, and Mr. Westley implored him *to swear not at all*; but our prayers prevailed not, more sail, and more oaths, seem'd to be the consequence of our requests; by this time we were out of sight of land, the gale encreas'd, and we run *gunwhale* under water; if there was no real danger, we apprehended much, and Mr. Westley, (to my great surpris'e) said, well Mr. Thicknesse, I have a small book in my little trunk here, which I should be unwilling to lose, and with the utmost *sang froid*, opened his trunk, and put the book into his pocket! now what was I to conceive by this singular transaction? for though the ship, Whitefield sail'd in, to Georgia, *stood still* in the atlantic ocean, when all her sails were *sleeping*, in a fresh gale of wind,

I saw

I saw no possible chance of saving our lives, even with *empty pockets*, had the sloop overfet; nothing but a float of Allegators, with lock saddles along side, ready to take us on shore, could have preserved us. I did not take the liberty to ask Mr. Westley, his plan of preservation, or if his book was the *charm*, which contained it; he had but one, so I must let that remain in enigmatical obscurity, along with Mr. Whitefield's *motionless frigate*. We got however safe on shore at Charles Town the next morning, where Mr. Westley and I parted in good fellowship, and therefore, though I have not done with Georgia, I hope the candid reader will excuse my taking him over to England for a little while to relate my *next meeting* with this very singular gentleman, though at the distance of near half a century! it is only just to cross the passage of the Severn with my old fellow traveller, and then I shall have done with him, till we meet, and I trust and hope we shall, where neither storms can disturb us, waters divide us, and where:—O blessed reflection! if we do meet, we must all be of the same way of thinking. It so happened, that from the time we parted at Charles Town, and from our profligate salt water Captain, we did not meet again, till within a very few years
since,

since, and then under the same kind of disaster, with a fresh water brute ; for crossing the Severn with a female friend, one of the boatmen (I should say one of the *Captains*, for they are all Captains) pushed the *Thyller* so suddenly *a weather*, that he had nearly thrown my friend overboard. I immediately unshipped it, and with an appearance of being in earnest, accompanied by words, not proper to repeat, threaten'd to knock the fellow down with it, this threat brought before me, a goodly looking old man, who with a persuasive tongue, and the gentlest manners, besought me to say no more ; the lady, he observed, was safe, and that in a few minutes, we should be no longer within his reach, that though my provocation was great, oaths, or resentment, could not mend the matter, and he fully succeeded in his attempt, for his manners were captivating, his arguments convincing. At this time I thought I recognised my old acquaintance Mr. Westley, and it promised me pleasure, in making myself known to him, for I had no longer any doubt as to his person, having that instant heard one of his attendants (for I think he had several) mention his name : I availed myself therefore of so fair an occasion to observe that it was not the first time he and me had been in

difficulties

difficulties together upon salt water : he seemed surprized ! and asked me when, and where we had been so circumstanced ? I then reminded him of our Charles Town Pilot ; why said he, what is your Name ? and being told, instead of kindling those sentiments, which were warming in my own bosom into a flame, he treated me, and the event, with cool indifference ; and scarce spoke afterwards ! now uncle Toby would not have done so ; would he courteous reader ? this was not *Shandean* indeed Mr. John Westley ; I will not say it, looked like want of christian charity, but I will say, had not such a want of sentiment been evident, this transaction had never *come on shore*. Why I protest Mr. Westley, that were I to meet even Jemmy Mac Kittrick, alias Adair * fifty years years hence upon the severn, I should only jobe him, for printing and publishing a parcel of notorious lies, and remind him of *the ambush I fell into*, “ *when I had the sole command*” of a detachment of soldiers, and a SENIOR officer, was one of the party !

Boccacio

* This lying fellows real name is James Mac Kittrick, as may be seen in an obscure corner, upon a stone placed by himself over the bones of his own brother in St. Michael's church yard at Winchester, “ John Mackittrick, 1784.”

Boccacio, the Italian wit, observed, that nobody, “ swerved more from the law, than
 “ lawyers; that none observed a course of diet,
 “ so little as physicians; and that none fear
 “ the remorse of conscience, less than divines,
 “ who tho’ they lay down so many articles of
 “ faith to others, believe but few themselves.”
 It is true, I believe, that lawyers seldom go to law, and that physicians seldom take physic; and I can assure my readers, it is true, that the late Lord Chief Justice Willes (*I mean not Mr. Justice Willes*) advised me, when I asked his opinion about a law matter, to sit down quietly under any injury or oppression whatever, rather than go to law. I hope therefore, my reader will consider this piece of honest information (for it came from the mouth of as able and upright a judge as ever administered justice) to be worth ten shillings and six-pence, if he will not, he here has it under my hand, that I have defrauded him of *half a guinea*.

I thought to have done with this *methodistical* subject, but I cannot lay down my pen, without observing, that however seriously, and in earnest, many of the leaders of those people no doubt are; yet they are all, men of *warm constitutions*, and that if they had been natives
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of a Mahometan country, where women are excluded, even religious societies, they never would have separated from the established mode of worship. Those who know the history of the *Mamiliarians* may recollect the story of *Labadie*, who having set a female scholar to a devout lesson, and prepared her for inward *recollection*, and mental *prayer*, came suddenly to her, *when he thought she was thoroughly recollected*, and put his hand into her bosom: but meeting with a severe repulse, he seriously besought her *to confess humbly her weakness, and to beg pardon of God for having been so little attentive to the mysteries of meditation, otherwise, said he, you would have been insensible to my attempted touch!* And MAREST, (Cardinal Richlieu's favorite wit) owned that he employed his fanatic eloquence among women; purely to deceive, to delude, and to enjoy them; and rather than not succeed, he taught them to believe that vice is virtue; and acknowledges that he betrayed God, by misinterpreting his laws. When Philip the second of Spain asked the Jesuits and confessors, who were about him, how they could attend so many fair penitents, be alone with them, and yet remain chaste? they informed his Majesty, that they carried with them a *certain plant*, which always protected

tected them from the danger of uncleanness. The King urged them to let him know the name of that precious weed, till they were obliged to own, it was called "*The fear of God.*" That plant might have been growing then in Spain for aught I know, but I am pretty confident, it is not to be found in their botanic gardens at this day; the weedy plant, *arbor vitæ*, has utterly destroyed *it*, and when I see a female penitent retire with her confessor, I always think of *St. Dominic*, who finding a nun in an extacy, he brought her out of it, by anointing her with the *unguentum amoris*; Those who know human nature best, know that auricular confession, not only of deeds, but of thoughts also, are more than human nature can be safely trusted with, when the parties are only two, and of different sexes.

C H A P T E R III.

HAVING escaped *shipwreck* a *second* time, with my old acquaintance, Mr. Westley, and seen him safely landed on the coast of Somersetshire; I must, as I observed above, beg leave to call my reader's attention back again, to the plains of America; in order to introduce him to the knowledge of a very different *cast* of *men*, from either methodists or indigent *wanderers*; who, under the name of *civilized* Christians, went thither, to deprive the Indians of their native rights; and what I fear was much worse, of their simplicity of manners, and frugal mode of living; which is now no longer to be found among them; instead of which they have got *diseases*, before unknown to them; spirituous liquors, which render them frantic, and they are still strangers to every thing which belongs to Christianity, but *the conduct of Christians to them, and to one another*. It is singular, but true, that there
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are no two created beings, more unlike in manners and disposition, than the red Indians of America, and the negroes of Africa; I could perceive no traces of that bloody and revengeful disposition among the Indians, of which we have in these later days heard so much. TOMO CHACHI, the Creek Indian King, was not only a very humane man, but I may add, he was a *very well bred man*, for Mr. Ogelthorpe, having signified to *Tomo*, that he wished to build the first City of his Colony upon the very spot where *Tomo's Palace* then stood, he found it no difficult matter to prevail upon his Majesty, to remove his court three miles higher up, on the banks of the same river. The Bluff, upon which the town of Savanha is built, was called by the Indians, *Yamacra*, and *Tomo Chachi*, was King of *Yamacra*; nor did I discover any other traces of a *cruel* or *savage* disposition in King *Tomo*, than thus moving to oblige Mr. Ogelthorpe; and stepping in between a Criminal, and the Executioner; saying, whip me,—whip me,—when one of our people was under the lash, for ill-treating an Indian Woman. Their rude dress, painted faces, sliced ears, *nose bobs!* and tattooed Skins, rendered their external appearance, to us Britons, singularly savage; but by making frequent

quent excursions to the court of *new Yamacra*, and picking up a little of their language, I soon became convinced, that my person and property was as safe at the court of *Yamacra*, as at any court in Christendom; nor could I perceive, that *King Tomo*,—*Cenauke*, his Queen, or *Tonohoi*, their nephew and heir, were not as happy as the princes of the most polished courts in Europe. And yet, they had not been long returned, from visiting the court of Great Britain, where Sir Robert Walpole, or the Duke of Newcastle, I forget which, made some difficulty, of sitting down in their presence! the King's coach, with the Lyon and the Unicorn supporters, did not incline them to forget their own supporters of Bears and Buffaloes; NATURE, with which they had only been accustomed to converse, surpassed, in their imagination! all that art could produce. The first visit I made the court of *Yamacra*, their Majesties were just returned in their Canoes, from an *Oystering party*, and I had the honor of partaking with them, a *repas*, to which they sat down with as good an appetite, as ever European princes did, to a barrel of Pyefleet.*

Strange

* The Indians, who dwell within the reach of the salt water Creeks, make fires at low water on the Islands of oysters, which are then left high and dry, and roast the greatest part of an Island at once. It is

Strange as it may appear to us *ratified* Britons; who have been accustomed from our infancy, to admire paintings, buildings, jewels, &c.—I am convinced that those Indians at that time were insensible to every kind of our works of art, but such as struck their senses with the personal comforts the objects would produce, and that King *Tomo's* blanket, which kept him warm, was, in his opinion, more valuable, than the gold watch given him at St. James's. After cultivating a good acquaintance with those children of nature, I soon became satisfied, whether I met them alone or in company, that I was perfectly safe, and therefore I made frequent excursions into the woods, apprehensive enough of the danger of rattle snakes, but without any from the straggling Indians! and I had many proofs that my conjectures were well founded. In one of my woodland excursions, and about four miles from Savanah, I found a fertile piece of ground, upon the banks of a rapid Creek, which at high water, was isolated; this spot, so delighted me, that with Mr. Causton's permission, I built a wooden, not an iron house thereon, and there I passed much of my time; my gun supplied me

said too, that the Raccoons and Possums visit those islands, and slip a dead shell into a living oyster, in order to avail themselves of the next tide to eat what their forecast and sagacity, had made thereby come-at-able prey.

me with squirrels, wild fowl, &c. and the town only, with rice, to boil by way of bread, the Indians sometimes *visited my Island* for a day or two, and then I had plenty of venison, which they boil'd down, and eat dipped in wild honey, this was a true Robinson Crusoe line of life; but it was such, as even in those days, suited my romantic turn. In this situation I wanted nothing but a *female friend*, and I had almost determined to take to wife one of Queen *Cenauke's* maids of honor, I seriously paid my addresses to her, and she in return, honor'd me with the appellation of *Auche* (friend) she had receiv'd a pair of Indian boots, some paint, a looking glass, a comb, and a pair of scissars as tokens of my love, and one buffloe's skin, had certainly held us, had not an extraordinary incident arose, which determined me to return immediately to England, and this it was. Walking upon the margin of my creek, and playing upon the flute, such was the effect of an affectionate and warm imagination, that I had a transient, but as perfect a sight of my mother, as if she had actually been before me, in *Propria Persona*. Strongly possessed with the talk and idleries which children hear, and many men cannot overcome, its no wonder that a boy, as I then was, concluded it was my mother's departed

departed shade; my squire,—my island,—and my Robinson Crusoe plan, instantly lost all their charms, and though at that time I had an account of a very useful servant, bound to serve me four years, being on his passage to join me, I determined to leave the *shadow*, and seek the *substance*; and had my mother, whom I found upon my return, in perfect health, died about that time, I might have been a *see'r of spirits* to this day. I immediately set out for Savanah, and on my way thither, having my fowling piece reversed at my back, I was more *substantially* alarmed, by a very uncommon rattling at my heels; at that time I had never seen a rattle snake alive, but I instantly suspected, what it proved to be, my fright however, was so great, that I drop'd my gun, and run hastily to some distance, and when I turned about, I saw the snake winding her tail foremost into a hole in the ground, and though I was exceedingly alarmed, I by degrees ventured to go back for my gun; at a little distance from which, I perceived not only the snake which first alarmed me, but two others, half of each of their bodies out of their holes! and the sun, which shone in between the trees, rendered their backs as beautiful, as their tails were dreadful, but as they did not offer to stir, I ventured to lay my
 gun

gun upon the ground, and getting their heads upon a line, I shot them all three, the largest had seven rattles, and the other two, had five each: it is said, they are three years old before the first rattle appears, and that they have an additional rattle every year, as long as they live! and though I could hear of none in Georgia, which had been killed, having more than six or seven rattles; I have seen in the cabinets of the curious, sixteen! but perhaps some art had been used, for it is scarce credible, that providence, would give so long a life, to so dangerous, so destructive, and so prolific a reptile; the least stroke however upon *their heads*, with a small switch, instantly kills them; and I am assured the deer are neither strangers to the danger of the rattle snake, nor of the safest manner of destroying them, to effect which, they raise themselves erect, and leap, so as to let their hind feet come down upon the snake's head, and I once actually saw a deer in that action, but I could not find the snake, the Indians say, if it were not for the great number destroyed by the deer, it would be ten times more dangerous than it is, or rather than it *was*, for among the settlements I presume they are rarely seen now. The Indians wear shoes, called *maugazeens*, they are of one piece

of deer skin, gathered up and sewed like a purse at the toe, with a deer's sinew; they cover their legs and thighs with pieces of leather, and leave broad flaps which play too and fro' as they walk, at which the rattle snakes generally bite, and thereby they avoid the danger. I am to think, however, they seldom pursue or bite, but when any living creature approaches too near their young in breeding time. When the Indians are bitten, they tie a leather thong, tight above the wound, and their wives or children suck forth the poison, but not always with success, the limb swells immediately, and the patient dies in twenty four hours, perhaps no remedy is of such good effect as olive oil, well and long fomented, with the patients own hands.

CHAPTER IV.

THE Colony of Georgia was, at the time I returned to England, still under the management of certain trustees, and as I was the first of the *Emigrants*, who had returned from thence, I was sent for to attend those gentlemen, at their office in Old Palace Yard. At that time, Mr. Oglethorpe was just nominated Colonel of a regiment to be forthwith raised for the defence of his new Colony; and as he had permission to recommend some of his friends to serve in it, he promised me a pair of colours, and I concluded the examination I was to undergo in Old Palace Yard, would establish his friendship to me, as I went thither determined to answer openly, and candidly, to all the questions they put to me: so, when they shewed me *upon paper*, Forts raised, where

no ground had been broken, and flags flying, where no staffs had been erected, I plainly told them the truth, and though it was said the Queen (Caroline) had worn, on her birth day, a gown made of silk, the manufacture of that Colony, I assured those gentlemen that I had not seen worms sufficient to reel off a single skain of silk; the Trustees, seemed perfectly satisfied with the account I gave them, but I did not find myself higher in the favor of *my Colonel*, nay, on the contrary, I soon perceived, if I did not *raise my own flag staff*, by some more friendly hands, than his, I might probably be only commissioned, to serve in one of those *paper forts*, I had seen elevated in Old Palace Yard. At this time I had two brothers, both fellows of King's College, in Cambridge, both in high favour with the late Sir Edward Walpole, and one, who had steadily engaged in the interest of the Honourable Thomas Townshend, then member for that University. My brothers therefore, united in an application to those gentlemen, and they to Sir Robert Walpole, and obtained that great minister's promise. Mr. Townshend, in his reply to my brother, said, "you have a right Sir, to command me upon all occasions, and I will not be wanting on this." The King, was at that time,

time, at Hampton Court, and my uncle, Mr. Wace, who was first clerk in the secretary of state's office, soon after, informed my mother, that he had just filled up a commission for his nephew Philip, and that it would be signed by the King the next day, he had given the same notice to my brother, who was one of the Assistants at Eton, and on that day, we both met in my uncle's office at Hampton Court, but instead of meeting with my *signed commission*, we found my uncle had been directed to put it aside, and to fill up another for Mr. John Lemon, and that too, by the express commands of Sir Robert Walpole himself: this was a heavy blow to them; and to me, it was as bad as a sentence of death, which my affectionate brother perceived; thus stimulated, surprised, and concerned! he made use of a *piece of address*, and got himself placed in a passage, through which, Sir Robert Walpole was soon to pass, and there, with the loss of one of the heels of his half jack boots, and a wig with scarce a crooked hair in it, he accosted that great minister: by reminding him of his promise, to Mr. Townshend, and to his son. My brother's person, was unknown to Sir Robert; but his name, from an hundred humourous Eton transactions he had heard from his sons, was well

well known to him: so that the minute he knew his name, he was no longer surpris'd at the un—*Etiquetish* mode of being *so stopped*, in the King's Palace; Sir Robert, who in all private transactions of life, was one of the most friendly and captivating men of the age, took my brother back to his apartments, followed by Mr. Arnold, the deputy Secretary at war, who had under his arm, those very Georgia commissions, from which I had been so suddenly dismissed: he then told my brother, that Sir William Younge, the Secretary at war, who was ill in Cornwall, had sent Mr. Lemon express to him, for the purpose of obtaining a pair of colours in Oglethorpe's regiment, and so recommended, that he could not be rejected; I sent said he for Mr. Ogelthorpe, and told him one of the present named Ensigns must be dismissed, and he observed; that *I had put down your Brother myself*; and as all the others were so strongly recommended, I found it less painful to take a liberty *with myself*, than with another. This Sir, said he was the case, and is the reason, your brother was put by; adding, however, in a very pointed manner; but Mr. Thicknesse, your brother shall be provided for; as my brother did not seem dispos'd to retire, Sir Robert turned to Mr. Arnold, and asked, if there

there

there was, in any other corps, a pair of colours, vacant? Mr Arnold informed him there was not, but that a Lieutenancy of an independent company at Jamaica was. Then said Sir Robert, in a manner which *could* not be misunderstood, MR. THICKNESSE YOUR BROTHER SHALL HAVE THAT. We soon after met Mr. Arnold at my uncle's office, and there, the good old man, thus accosted me. Come young man said he, next thursday morning to the war office in White Hall, and then, I shall have the pleasure of wishing you joy of a Lieutenancy, instead of a pair of colours, with better pay, seven years service gained; aye, said he, and a better country and climate to serve in, all which was compleatly fulfilled at the appointed time: when I went to return my thanks to Mr. Townshend, he was pleased to say, he had rendered me this piece of service, from a desire he had to *serve me*, upon my own account; adding, and I have promised your brother to push you up to the rank of Captain, to shew my regard *to him*. I shall in another part of these memoirs, shew how religiously that good man performed his promise, even after *I alone* could be sensible of the rectitude of his heart, and the amiableness of his disposition. Thus become a captain, it

it is with shame I reflect, and much more to write, (were it not for the good of other *such captains*) of what importance I considered myself, but when I had received three months pay, I was quite intoxicated, I quitted my mother's house, hired a first floor in Dartmouth-street, Westminster, and had not what I *then* thought a most fatal misfortune befel me, took my *honor* a little down, I know not what extravagance or folly I might not have been guilty of. I will therefore relate my misfortune, though it be to my shame. Being *a captain*, as observed above, I thought it *captain-like* to spend my evenings at a certain *female* coffee-house, in the neighbourhood of Covent-Garden; and in order to be quite *tonish*, at twelve o'clock one evening, I ordered a chair to be called, but I was not so perfectly initiated into that fashionable line of life, but that I did not care, even the chairmen should know the house I lived in, and therefore, though it rained hard, I desired to be set down at some distance from my own door, at which time I had twelve guineas and two shillings in one pocket, and four-pence of copper in the other, after having given my worthy carriers the two shillings, they urged my *honor* to give them something to drink, and though I had not drank too much myself, yet
their

their hurry, my own, and the rain, urging dispatch, instead of giving them copper, I presented *those honest fellows* with twelve guineas more! they kindly thanked *my honor*, and were, I dare say, a mile off by the time *Betty* had been awoke, and able to conduct me to my bedchamber, but behold! the next morning, taking my breeches by the *wrong end also*, I was surpris'd to see a parcel of half-pence roll about the floor, but what was my astonishment, when I found they were all that was left me of twelve pounds fourteen shillings and four pence! At this instant the post man brought me a three penny letter from Cambridge, and then, the *captain's honor*, was left with but one penny in his pocket! however I hoped the letter might turn up something favourable, as I knew it came from a brother, sincerely loved, but alas, it was to express his concern, lest I should be fail'd for Jamaica, before he could be in town, and desiring, instead of a few guineas he might then have furnished me with, that I would accept in good part, the following golden rules which he had put down in lieu thereof. The rules it is true, were excellent, but the gold at that time would have proved more acceptable; under this dilemma, I perceived, to make my distress known to my mother, was not to be thought

on,

on, but after a variety of expedients, I hit upon the only one which could have so well succeeded. The last cash, (I should say the *first cash*, I had received) had been paid me by Mr. Popple, the agent to the eight independent companies in Jamaica, who having receiv'd me with great politeness, induced me to think I might get assistance from him. I accordingly waited upon him, and told him openly, what had happened; and he, instantly perceiving, how exceedingly I was embarrassed in the relation of it, put his hand upon my shoulder, young gentleman, said he, say no more, I know how to make allowances for such youthful indiscretions, and as you are going abroad, I will advance you six months pay, he did so, without *agent deductions*, and the name of Popple has ever since, been respectable in my ears. For till that business was done, I was within *one penny* of being in the same situation of a Frenchman, who frequently wrote to me from one part of London to the other, by the general post, and when I told him of his error, and that he should send his letters by the *penny*, not the *general post*, he replied, *I no dat very vel*; then why do you not send them so? *mai foy*, said he, *cause me have not de penny to put it in*. Now as these memoirs may be perused, by many *noble captains* like myself, I will assure

assure them, that the twelve pounds fourteen
 shillings paid to two chairmen, from Covent
 Garden to Dartmouth street, Westminster, was
 the best laid out money of my whole life, for
 I never visited afterwards, houses which ren-
 dered it necessary to be set down *before* I got to
 my *own door*, and I have scarce ever been within
 a chair since. It is a machine only fit for women;
 and nothing but absolute necessity, or want of
 health, should induce a man, much less a sol-
 dier, to be seen in such a vehicle; about four
 hundred years ago, a Baron of this realm, was
 to be tried for high crimes and misdemeanors,
 and among other charges, one was, for suffer-
 ing himself to be carried about in his *garden*,
 by two of his own species: this early disaster,
 put me upon my guard ever since, about *money*
matters, or I had probably continued to this
 day, as indiscreet in that matter, as I have in
 all others, for I know not any other folly I have
 guarded against, but that of not being one of
 those fools, who will be as fine as their neigh-
 bours, whether they can afford it, or not.
 Lord Bateman, who upon many occasions has
 honoured me with marks of great kindness, once
 ask'd *me*, privately, (not as the present S——r
 of the H—— of C——ns ask'd A——l G——r
 publicly in the rooms at Bath) *how I made it*
out?

out? observing at the same time, that I had a large family, and was rather disposed to be generous? I told his lordship that if I had but fifty pounds a year, I would spend but five and forty, and that I was always in a condition to draw upon my banker for twenty; then said my lord, jocosely, you have the advantage of me, Thicknese, for that's more than I can do; his lordship however, must excuse my reminding him, what *he has chose to forget*, that he has had some years in his possession, a draft of mine for *five twentys*, upon my banker, a circumstance I would not mention, but that I would not have *his lordship think, I have forgot it also.*

C H A P T E R V.

M*Y Covent Garden disaster*, taught me to act in future, with more caution, as to money matters; I therefore, not only secured an early passage to Jamaica, in a good river built ship, but paid the captain twelve guineas for my passage, who was to entertain me at his table, and furnish even wine at meals, for that sum, and having soon after procured him another passenger, (a brother lieutenant in the service) we sailed for Jamaica, and by *touching* at Madeira, and staying ten days, at that *half-way house*, we should have enjoyed our good fare, and our civil captain's attention to us, much better, had we not been cursed with the company of *a Mac. Kittrick!* an upstart coxcomb, who called himself a Jamaica merchant, but who in fact, was a Scots pedlar, with a cargo of tagged laces, pins, needles, combs, and scif-fars; this coxcomb possessed every species of
impudence

impudence (except *that of assuming another man's name,*) and whose ignorance was such, that he would have laid his *pack* to a *baubee*, that our commiffions were not figned by the King's *own hand*. This "*beggar on horfeback*" had been twice before, in Jamaica, and was continually alarming us, with the extreme danger of the climate of that country; it was no uncommon thing, he faid, to fup with a friend, one night, and follow him to the grave the next; but when we came in fight of the ifland, (which from the fea, is rather an alarming than an inviting object) he embraced an hundred occasions, to alarm us; fuch as, "*God knows which of us may flip his wind firft*" *this day seven-night, may occafion great alterations,*—"*The negroes will fay when you land, ki massa, me forry for that poor Bacara† him go to the parsons pen,‡ with a variety of inuendoes, of the fame caft; yet it muft be confefled the fellow had a little fmattering of the fecond fight about him: for for within forty eight hours after we did land, we might have followed him to the grave, for to ufe his own phrafe, he *flipt his wind* firft, before his pack had been opened, and we laid claim to twenty pounds worth of his wares, as he had taken a guinea from each of us, to give*

† White Man.

‡ The Church Yard.

give us twenty, if our commissions were under the King's sign manual; though he had seen it under the great seal. Such was his ignorance, but no man could equal his impudence, except an arrogant *assuming impostor*, who resides at Bath, and who even *now* dares to shew his face among gentlemen, after being exposed as an infamous liar, a scoundrel, and a coward. Fortunately for my purse, and my person too, the company to which I was appointed, was quartered on the north side of the Island; I therefore, after paying my respects to the governor, set off the next morning, at three o'clock; (to avoid the violence of the sun) for my country quarters, and about eight, I found myself in *Sixteen mile walk*, a beautiful country, adorned with many gentlemen's houses. Being at that time, very hungry, very hot, and a little fatigued, I ask'd my *foot guide*, (a negro, who had his hand twisted in my horse's tail) who was the best gentleman in *Sixteen mile walk*? for as there are no *country Inns* in Jamaica, every gentleman's house is open to all *white travellers*. My guide, considering the *richest gentleman*, to be the best, named Col. Price, and accordingly conducted me to ROSE-HALL. A mulatto servant took my horse, and another conducted me into a spacious

spacious hall. A raw boy as I was, thus entering a stranger's house, did not sit easy upon my mind, but when I heard the *important cough* of my host, from the next room, I would gladly have got out of mine. At length, a tall, grave, stately gentleman appeared, with a white hat, deeply charged with *Point D'Espagne*, to whom I made an awkward, but sufficient apology, to extort from him:—*you are welcome Sir*, yet I perceived I was not: and began to suspect that I had been imposed upon, as to the *travelling fashion* of the country. The Colonel, however, ordered breakfast, and while the chocolate, tea, pine apples, water melons, and a profusion of good things were setting forth, he called for a glass of brandy, and invited me to drink another! I then told him, I had been so warned against drinking any kind of fermented liquors, that I had only drunk two glasses of wine, at Governor Trelawney's, since my arrival; then pray, Sir, said he, how long have you been arrived? and when he found I was a stranger, only of a few days, the mist was removed, his reserved countenance vanished at once; and in the most obliging manner he expressed his concern, that he had received *so very a stranger* to the country, with the least mark of indifference; adding,

ing, that he had a very large acquaintance, and pointing to a house, about a mile distant, told me, that it was his steward's, a gentleman, to whom he allowed eight hundred pounds a year, for managing his estates, and to entertain such travellers as were not of *his* acquaintance. I do not say this Sir, to direct you to go thither in future, for I shall always expect you to *sling in a hammock* at *Rose Hall*; but to explain away that embarrassment, you and I were under, just now, for I should have said, that I had told him at first, I was going to *Bagnell's Thickets*, to join a company there, to which I was a Lieutenant; he then persuaded me to drink a dram of brandy, before I sat down to breakfast, and assured me, that where one person died in that country, by drinking too much, twenty died by too much eating; a truth to which I most sincerely subscribe. After breakfast, Mr. Price, seeing my *miserable scald horse* brought forth, for the hire of which I had paid three pistoles, * he was so offended with the owner, and so polite to me, that he mounted me upon a fine horse of his own; then shewed me a house on the brow of a distant mountain, inhabited by his relation, there said he, you will dine, and my

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cousin

* He made the Man return half the Money to me.

coufin will remount you to *Bagnell's*, where I am settling a new plantation, and I hope we shall often meet there, and here too; I should not have been thus particular, but to shew the first specimen of the hospitality I met with, in a country, where the same would have been repeated, throughout the whole Island; and at the house too, of the only man in it, who did not usually receive *strangers*. During my residence at *Bagnell's*, I was frequently sent out with four or five and twenty men, in search of the wild Negroes, as the assembly of that Island, allowed seventy pounds for every pair of wild Negroes ears which were brought in. Just in the same manner, as the *tame Negroes*, are allowed a bottle of rum, for every dozen of *rat tails*, they bring in; I thank God however, in *that business*, I was fortunate; for I never gathered a single pair. I thank God too, that I very early in life, had perception enough to learn, that however honourable it may be deemed, to invade, disturb or murder men of distant climes, it did not tally with my ideas of Justice. I would fight, and either perish, or conquer, men, who came from *afar*, to disturb me, from the enjoyment of that land, which my birth, gave me a na-
 of

tural footing in ; but I feel no disposition, to murder those, who like *Tomo Chachi*, are content with their own. After near a year's duty at *Bagnell's*, I was removed to *Port Maria Bay*, within one mile of a gentleman's plantation, with whom I had been acquainted, when he was a boy in London, * as soon as I had settled my men, I waited upon my old acquaintance, who received me with the utmost marks of kindness, and desired me to be one of his family, while I remained on that station. His house was small, having only a large *salle à manger*, and two bedchambers beside out-buildings, for the kitchen, servants, &c. I found, at his house, his lady, a brother, and his wife, and a Captain Hill ; all at bed, and board with him ; and yet he urged me to stay all night, and when I objected to it, he told me that Captain Hill had a mattrafs, with a *sheet* laid over it † on the dining room floor, and that it was wide enough for two, for, to tell you the truth, said he, I have lain

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upon

* Richard Bafnett, Esq. a Gentleman well known at Bath and at Southampton, by his amazing Dexterity in shooting an Apple with a single Ball ; and which I have seen him throw up and hit, ten times together.

† Only one sheet is laid, two, is one too many.

upon it for this week past, but if you will take my half, I can sleep with my wife. Mrs Bassett had given me reason enough to admire her, and therefore I thought it a good reason to accept of the invitation, but before either of us were asleep, I perceived the door to open, and a human figure came in, I told Captain Hill, who observed, that it was probably one of the house Negroes, come to steal *the Plantation* * which always stands upon the side board; but soon after, I found myself pulled by the sleeve, and heard a low voice, say, "*massa me da come*" vastly surpris'd! I reached out my hand, and put it upon something, as round as an *apple*, but as large as a *pumpkin*, my surprize *encreas'd* then exceedingly; so I got up, in a great *passion*, and sent the nocturnal thing out of the room, with a *flea in her ear*, I say *her*: for I verily believe, it was a young negro wench, whom *massa* had ordered to fetch *the Plantation away*, after *Mrs. Bassett* and the family were *gone to bed*, for when I related this circumstance, the next morning, to *Mr. Bassett*; he began to put on some of those *serious looks*, I had, experienced at *Rose Hall*, before matters were explained, and now I am upon this subject

* Small four Punch.

subject, for I am glad of any subject rather than *myself*, I may, I hope relate a story of Mr. Anthony Henley; who was thought a great wit, and who possessed a *Mac. Kittrick* share of impudence. He informed me, that he invited two gentlemen, and their wives, to spend a fortnight with him at the Grange. In those days, gentlemen travelled with their own horses, and Mr. Henley made two days journey, from London to Winchester, and knowing that his friends, were no enemy to the bottle, he put a small hamper of claret behind his coach, for the men, and a couple of bottles of cowslip wine, for the ladies; the narcotic influence of the cowslips, soon sent the ladies to bed, and Mr. Henley, who was one of the strongest, and handsomest men in England, so plied the husband's with claret, that by twelve o'clock, the chamber maid was called, to *lead* them to their ladies bedchambers, but previous thereto, Mr. Henley *charged the maid*, to observe, that the lady in the green riding habit, belonged to the gentleman in red, and the brown riding habit, to the blue coat gentleman, but either the maid or Mr. Henley, mistook *the colours and crossed the husbands*, but what was worse, he had made them promise to be off by eight the next morning, yet neither appeared till near ten; Mr. Henley, however informed me, that after he

he

he got the Ladies to the Grange, that they both owned to him, no mischief had been done on the Road. * The chambermaid, however took the blame upon herself, for I believe the chamber maids, upon that road, were all in the interest of Mr. Henley, though he did not make use of Mr. Dunning's art, to win them over to him. †

* This facetious gentleman, once asked me to breakfast, at the Grange, and after shewing me *Lady Betty's Cage*, and other *Curiosities*, of his house, I was taken into a light elegant Closet, in which were Corn Sacks, tied up, and labelled, thus. From Southampton.—From Winchester.—From Andover.—From Stockbridge, &c. It was natural to ask the Contents? he informed me, they were Love Letters. I could not said he, *poor Devils!* have the heart to burn them; at another Time he took me to Little Dunford to Breakfast with Mr. Young, Lady Rochford's Father, who had the nick Name of BRASS YOUNG, and it was really entertaining, to see, and hear, those two pieces of *Brazen Metal* sounding together. Mr. Henley, however, was victorious; for he made Mr. Young own, that his Mistress was Young's Cousin; but Young insisted also, that Miss Culliford, was related likewise to Lord Pembroke.

† The young men upon the circuit with Dunning, were always astonished to find, such a mean figure, gained the preference of all the *chaste* chamber maids, his method was this, the minute they alighted, Dunning called for the chamber maid; are you, said he, child, the person who provide the beds? I am Sir: then said he there's a guinea for you, and that *retaining fee*, secured his sheets being always the best aired! and surely such a generous man, was the fittest to oblige. Dunning well knew the *effect* of a fee before hand.

C H A P T E R VI.

I Am now arrived at that important period of my life, (yet a compleat half century ago,) that James Mac. Kittrick, alias Adair, hath charged me with having “*the sole command*” of a party of foldiers, when in the woods of Jamaica, and falling into an ambush of the wild Negroes; securing my own person, by an early retreat, and leaving the battle to be fought, by my victorious Sergeant, who brought many of them in prisoners, at the instant that I was boasting of my own personal exploits, I will not call this double named doctor, “*a beast, a reptile; an affassin, and murder-monger*” but the reader will I am sure excuse me, in saying he is a base libeller, a liar, and a wicked defamer, and has no pretensions to be considered as a gentleman, if he has dared to write,
 print,

print, and publish, such falsehoods. But before I expose and refute this wicked calluminator: it may be necessary to give some account of the state of that Island, between the years seventeen hundred and thirty, and that of thirty nine, when under the government of Mr. Trelawney; who made a permanent peace with those black people. Such who are unacquainted with that Island will be surpris'd when they are told, that all the regular troops in Europe, could not have conquered the wild Negroes, by force of arms; and if Mr. Trelawney had not wisely given them, what they contended for, LIBERTY, they would, in all probability have been, at this day, masters of the whole country. The mountains in that Island are exceedingly steep and high, much broken, split and divided by earthquakes, and many parts inaccessible, but by men, who always go bare footed, and who can hold by withes, with their toes, almost as firmly, as we can with our fingers. In Governor Trelawney's time, there were two formidable bodies of the wild Negroes in the woods, who had no connection with each other, the west gang, under the command of a Captain *Cudjoe*: the east, under Captain *Quoha*. A straggling prisoner of *Quoha's* gang, being taken, he was sent to inform his

his brethren, with the conditions Mr. Trelawney held out to them, and which were accepted, by *Cudjoe* long before Captain *Quoha*, had heard any thing of it. At this time, I had been removed from my *Port Maria Bay*, duty, to a place called *Hobbie's*, five miles from the sea, in the parish of St. George's; under the command of Lieutenant George Concannen, a gentleman, who had been long in the Island, and brother to Mathew Concannen, then the attorney general of Jamaica. The parish of St. George's, one of the finest, and most fertile in the Island, had in a manner been laid desolate, by the wild Negroes, so much so, that though it once abounded in sugar plantations, we were obliged to send thirty miles for our rum, and many other necessaries, nor durst we even appear without the walls of our barracks, after it was night, as the wild Negroes surrounded us, and frequently, when they heard our centinels call *all's well*; would reply, *ki! ki!* *Becara* call *all's well*, while we *teeve their corn*; at this place, Mr. Concannen was reinforced with a Lieutenant, and fifty militia men, *black* and *white shot*, as they were there termed, and seventy baggage Negroes; his orders were to march up a certain river-course, till we discovered a wild negroe town, supposed by good information,

information, to be upon its margin, or very near it; after two or three days march from Hobby's, towards the sun setting, we came to a spot, on which the impression of human feet, of *all ages*, were very thick upon the sands, as well as dogs, &c. We were certain therefore, that the object of our search was near, but as there is very little twilight in that country, it was determined, that we should lie quietly all night upon our arms, and make our attack at the dawn of day, the next morning; and, before the sun appeared, we perceived the smoak of their little Hamlet, for the Negroes, always have a fire burning in their huts to drive away the *musquitoes*: we therefore flattered ourselves, that we might take even them, *napping*: if those people, ever stand their ground, it is upon such, as is almost inaccessible by white men, and the first notice of their attack, is a heavy fire, from invisible hands! however the little Hamlet I am speaking of, was not a principal town, but a temporary *fishing* and *hunting villa*, if I may be allowed the expression; it was situated on the margin of the river, accessible every way, and consequently not teenable: and therefore the inhabitants, who had discovered our approach, were gone off in the night, or perhaps but a few minutes before we entered
their

their town, for there were seventy-four huts, and a fire burning in each, but no living creature in it. *Here* the duty, upon which we were sent, was *completely* performed; but Mr. Concannen, thought it then became his duty, to communicate to us, the orders he had received, in the governor's name, from Captain JAMES ADAIR, (*not one of the Adairs of the Highlands of Scotland, but really CAPTAIN ADAIR*)* brother to the late well known, and much respected, William Adair, of Pall Mall, Esq. when I said *consulted us*, I meant myself, the lieutenant of militia, and our young Scotch surgeon: I do not know what Mr. Concannen's *own opinion was*, but he adopted ours, which I am sure was a very weak one, and that was to burn the town, and pursue the enemy; both which, we instantly put into execution, and followed the very track, which the Negroes had, in some measure made passable, by cutting the bushes before us. At every half mile, we found *Cocoas, Yams, Plantains, &c.* left artfully by the Negroes, to induce us to believe, they were in fear of our overtaking them, and at length we found a fire, before which they had *left several grills of wild hog, probably well seasoned*

* Killed before *Boccha Ubica*.

seasoned for us, we continued the pursuit, till near night, and then, hearing their dogs bark, we concluded they had heard us also, and we gave over all hopes of seeing or hearing any thing more of them: we had marched with great expedition, the whole day, and were much fatigued, but soon after, we got upon, the margin of *Spanish River*, * where we intended to enjoy ourselves, and rest that night, and the next morning, to follow the Stream, to the sea side, in order to find our way back to Hobbies: for the stream only, could have directed us which was our course back again. As I was the second in command, my station was, in the rear of the whole body of men, baggage Negroes and all; and as soldiers on that duty, can only march *Hedge-fashion* one after another, I may venture to say, I had been all the former days, a mile at least from Mr. Concannen, who marched in the front, except a serjeant, and twelve *black and white shot*, which preceded him: but as all idea of service was over, I desired Mr. Concannen, to permit the militia Lieutenant, to bring up the rear, that I might have the pleasure of his company, and conversation, on our way down to the sea side? this being agreed to, after drinking

* The Rivers in Jamaica, are the best Passes for Foot passengers, except in heavy Rains, and then they carry all before them.

drinking our wild sage tea, we gave our fuzes to the drummer, and moved forward. The Negroes, some of whom, had been in our rear, all the preceding day, and others before us, had placed themselves, from top to bottom, on a very steep mountain, thickly covered with trees and bushes; on the other side of the river, under which, they knew we must pass, as the water was too deep on our side, and as that mountain was not an hundred and fifty yards from the spot, on which we had slept, they had an opportunity of knowing our numbers, and seeing which of us, were the *Grandemen*, for as to external dress, we were all very much alike, in course jackets and trowsers. The Negroes therefore, permitted the advanced serjeant, and his party, to pass unnoticed, but the minute *us Grande-men* got under their ambush, a volley shot came down, which must have killed or wounded most of us, had they taken any aim, but they are such cowards, that they lie down upon their bellies, start up to fire *per hazard*, and then sink down, to *re-load*; several of the soldiers, for the militia were at some distance, though not out of gun shot, were mortally wounded, and the drummer, at our elbows, was shot through the wrist: at this instant, the baggage Negroes, (seventy) who had

had but just got their loads upon their heads, threw them down, and run away; and the militia, to a man, their officer excepted, (whom however we did not see) followed them. The wild Negroes at the same time, firing and calling out, *Becara* run away—*Becara* run away, it is probable too, that we should have followed, but fortunately, there were some large masses of the mountain which had caved down, and which lay in the middle of the stream, just under the foot of the ambush, and we took shelter behind them, but though we could hear the Negroes and even converse with them, not one was to be seen!! our original stock of foldiers, did not exceed thirty, and to the best of my remembrance, we were not above sixteen or seventeen behind the rocks, nor was it in our power, to restrain, that handful of men we had, from firing at the *smoak* only, of our enemies, till they had not a single cartridge left!—The Surgeons instruments, and all the spare ammunition, with the provisions, &c. was cast down in the river above, and to say the truth, we durst not run away, for the Negroes, only fired, when they could see a head, or an arm of any of our people, above the rocks, and there we staid, more out of fear, than from any hopes of victory, up to our waists in water
for

for four hours and a half, with a burning sun upon our heads, and in momentary apprehensions, of being all *taken alive*, for I believe *that fear*, overcome the fear of immediate death, I own it was so with me, and at length, however, one of our men, was shot through the knee! it was impossible that he could have been so wounded, from the ambush side, and therefore we naturally, and fearfully too, concluded, the Negroes had crossed the river, either above or below us, and that they would instantly push in upon us, and take us alive, we therefore agreed to quit our place of shelter, and take our chance of their reserved fire; and put the best face we could, upon our enemy, on the other side, with *presented, but unloaded arms*, for Mr. Concannen, myself, and the surgeon only, had a few spare cartridges, we accordingly hastily passed over the river, which was not forty yards, from the thicket, and was as thickly *be-spattered* on our retreat, as by their first salutation, the men who were mortally wounded, and who perhaps never intended to move from the stones in the river on which they were reposing for death, were so alarmed, to think that their last minutes, were to be spent in the possession, of *such enemies*, defying their wounds, their agonies, and their miseries,

jumped

jumped up and followed us, and one in particular, who had been shot through the body, at the first fire, received another bullet in at his back, and out at his belly, and yet not only went over with us, but actually clambered up a steep mountain, and *there* besought *us* to dispatch him. Before we had been two minutes in the opposite wood, the militia lieutenant joined us, he had concealed himself behind a tree, for what else could he do? and as we dreaded a pursuit; we ascended as fast as crippled, fatigued, and for myself, I will add, frightened men could ascend, the steepest mountains, during which we heard the horrid shouts, drums, and rejoicings of our victorious enemies in the river below; not only rejoicing over our salt beef, bread, hams, &c. &c. but bearing as we afterwards found, the heads of our dead men in triumph. The run away militia, got among the settlements the same evening, and had not their *hinder* wounds, contradicted their *forward* declarations; they would have made their neighbours believe they had fought valiantly, I believe that a report had prevailed, that Mr. Concannen, and the whole party, had run away, * that report aggravated Mr. Concannen's

* I never heard of any party, whether of militia, or regulars, that could stand against the ambushes of those people.

cannen's friends, and then it was as wickedly propagated that because Mr. Concannen, the attorney general, and Mr. Trelawney the governor, were upon bad terms, that the governor had sent his brother, the lieutenant, upon this hazardous expedition, with a handful of men, to sacrifice him to the private resentment, he bore to the attorney general. I am happy even at this distant period, however, to say, that Mr. Trelawney, was too wise, too good, and of too noble a disposition; to be capable of any base, mean, or spiteful action. The town being found according to the information given us, is sufficient to prove, that it was for the good of the service *only* that such orders were given, and that *us, younger counsel of war*, whom Mr. Concannen consulted, led him into that disastrous situation, in spanish river, Mr. Grenville, had a statue erected to him, when he quitted his government of Barbadoes, where there were no wild Negroes to subdue; and if the inhabitants of Jamaica, had been as wise, as they were generous, they too should have erected one, to Mr. Trelawney, before his door, at *St. Jago*, as the preserver of the Island, and the author of their present quiet possession of it. I must now return, to my brother officer, and fellow sufferers, in spanish river; Mr. Con-

cannan, by standing so many hours in the water, with a perpendicular sun upon his head, and a mind deeply suffering no doubt upon many accounts, was suddenly seized with a violent fever. Before we ascended the first steep mountain, but we thought it prudent, if practicable, to ascend to the very highest, and with great difficulty, and crippled as we were, did so; the poor drummer, who had been wounded at the first onset, got a ball through each thigh, when we retreated, and called loudly for water, or he could proceed he said no further; Mr. Concannan, was in the same distressed condition, but not a drop of water was to be had, my friend, and brother officer, then lay down, and desired me to make the best of my way, with such men as were able to follow me, and not to sacrifice the whole to two or three, miserable wretches unable to proceed. One of the soldiers, had a little hammock, made out of a barrack sheet, at his back, and flinging that between two trees, we with much difficulty got Mr. Concannan into it, for he was a tall bulky man; he then procured water, *but of his own making*, in his hat, and from time to time, *moistened his mouth with it*, I say *moistened*, for he durst not indulge his appetite in swallowing it, for want
of

of the same powers of supply! the night approached, and as a profound silence was necessary, every man bore his wretched condition, without a groan, though we were all in a condition, *I hope* as bad as those sufferers in the hold at Calcutta, which has been so pathetically related, by a still surviving, and respectable sufferer, Governor Holwell. For myself, I lay down upon my back, by the side of my brother officer, with my tongue out, and praying to god to let that dew fall, which is considered fatal to those who expose themselves to it. The next morning, providentially, we found an enormous cotton tree, the spurs of which, grew so fantastically, that they had formed a reservoir of rain water, it was as black as coffee; but it was more acceptable, than a treasure of gold, on the evening of that day we got to the sea side, and among some inhabitants where hospitality and humanity was not wanting, notwithstanding the present *hue and cry* about slavery, cruelty, &c.

Jamaica is an island as remarkable for longevity as any part of the known world, and I hope and believe, there are many people living there, and here too, who will remember this transaction, not only as it occasioned much

conversation among the principal people of the island, relative to the slanderous reports about the governor and the attorney general, but as being our last act of hostility, as will appear in the next chapter, between the wild Negroes, and the civil inhabitants, a most important Æra, in the annals of that wonderful, beautiful, and I will add, plentiful and luxurious island.

NOTHING but a mind, tounded to recollection, and awakened by the greatest falsehoods, could have recalled to my memory, transactions, which from the great distance of time, seemed to me but as a dream, though it may be observed, that people in general frequently forget the events of the year, and even the day in which they live, yet have a perfect recollection, of what passed in their youth. About three months after this untoward event, I was ordered to go to the Duke of Marlborough's, and was again ordered out with a party of three hundred regular troops, under the command of Captain Adam, we were in possession of a prisoner, one of Captain Quaker's people, and under

CHAP.

C H A P T E R VII,

NOTHING but a mind roused to recollection, and awaken'd by the grossest falsehoods, could have recalled so perfectly to my memory, transactions, which from the great distance of time, seem'd to me but as a dream, though it may be observed, that people in age, frequently forget the events of the year, and even the day in which they live, yet have a perfect recollection of what pass'd in their youth. About three months after this unfortunate *run-away business* in Spanish river, Governor Trelawney, like the Duke of Marlborough, honoured me with a *second tryal*, for I was again ordered out with a party of three hundred regular troops, under the command of Captain Adair, we were in possession of a prisoner, one of Captain, Quoha's people, and he too was one of their *hornsmen*, and undertook

took to lead us to their principal town, for at this time Quoha did not certainly know, that Cudjoe (the captain of the west end of the Island gang) had submitted upon Governor Trelawney's terms. It was utterly impossible that those two parties could have any kind of communication or correspondence with each other; our prisoner, the *hornsmán*, was well assured however, that the western gang had laid down their arms, and were in possession of *that* for which they contended; LIBERTY, he assured us too, that we should fail, if we attempted to possess ourselves of their town by force: it was so situated, he said, that no BODY of men, or scarce an individual could approach it, that they would not have five or six hours notice, by their detached watchmen, or out centinels; nothing but ocular demonstration, can convey a perfect idea of the steep and dangerous precipices we passed, and which men, wearing shoes, could not be so secure as Negroes, who being bare footed; had *toe fingers*, as well as hands, to secure them from falling. After two or three days fatiguing march, the *hornsmán*, conducted us to the foot of a very steep and high mountain, where we found in the vale beneath, a plantation of yams, plantanes, &c. he informed us that on
the

the other side, equally steep to descend, stood their town, and the only accessible way to it, was up a very narrow path, that holes were cut, from place to place, about four foot deep, all the way up, and down, with crutch sticks set before them, for the entrenched Negroes, to rest their guns upon, and that the first man who appeared would be fired at, and another Negroe ready loaded, to take his place for the next comer, in short, that it would be impossible to lead our men in force, even to the top of the mountain, where the Negroes, who knew of our approach, were waiting for us; Captain Adair perceiving that force of arms would not do, to my great satisfaction, ordered the *hornsmen* to found his horn; the Negroes then were at no loss to know that their missing companion was with us, and they returned the salute, by founding theirs, but all this while, not a man of them was to be seen! we then hailed them with a trumpet, and told them we were come to agree, not to fight; that the governor had given *Cudjoes* people freedom, and that the same terms were open to them; this account tallying exactly to that which the poor *Laird* of Laharret had communicated to them, had much weight, but when they were informed, that we were *sol-*
diers,

diers, not militia, they were alarmed, observing, that soldiers had *no tatta, no mamma, and that one soldier dead, 'tother tread upon him,* however, after a long *trumpet parle,* they agreed to send one of their Captains, in exchange, for one of ours, in order to settle *preliminaries,* and this being agreed, to our utter astonishment, we saw in an instant, an acre of underwood cut down, and that acre covered with Negroes! every man having cut down a bush at one blow in the twinkling of an eye! soon after, terms being agreed to, we marched, or rather scrambled up the narrow path, and found at proper distances, the holes and crutches exactly as described by the *hornsmen;* when we had descended a *path* equally steep and narrow on the other side, and approached the town, it became wide enough to march our men in, two a breast, under the beat of drums, this novel appearance, to their women and children, seemed so terrible, that they could not stand it, but taking their children by their arms, run away with them into the woods; however, when our drums were silent, and the men inactive, they returned, one, or two, at a time, till all was quiet, as I was the hostage, and first in their town, I took up my abode at Captain *Quoba's* habitation, and it

was

was some amusement *then* to observe, with what detestation his *peccananes* (children) were bred, to feel against white men; for though they saw their father in civil conversation with me, they could not refrain from striking their pointed fingers, as they would knives if they had been permitted, against my breast, saying in derision, *a becara—becara—i. e.* white man! white man! and here I had the mortification of seeing the poor *laird of Laharrets** under jaw, fixed as an ornament, to one of their hornsmen's horn, and we found that the upper teeth of our men, slain in Spanish river, were drilled thro' and worn as ankle, and wrist bracelets, by their *Obea women*, and some of the *ladies of the first fashion in town*; however, upon our informing *Quoha*, that such objects were very painful to us, they did not appear the next day, I was very inquisitive to know in what manner the poor *laird* was put to death, but all I could obtain, upon that subject, was, that he had pleaded his own cause, and the Negroes too, so well (for he was a man of sense, and learning) that *Quoha* told me, he had put bracelets upon his wrists, and determined to have sent him down to Governor Trelawney,

* The lairds teeth were so very particular, that some of our men could have sworn to the identity of the jaw bone.

Trelawney, with offers of submission upon the same terms, the *laird* had assured him, *Cudjoe* had accepted; but said *Quoba*, when I consulted our *Obea woman*, she opposed the measure, and said, *him bring becara for take the town, so cut him head off.* But God knows what the poor laird suffered, previous to that kind operation. The old *Hagg*, who passed sentence of death upon this unfortunate man, had a girdle round her waste, with (I speak within compass) nine or ten different knives hanging in sheaths to it, many of which I have no doubt, had been plunged in human flesh and blood; the susceptible reader therefore can better conceive, than I can describe, what my feels were, who had so lately escaped from some of her horrid operations in the use of them. But in the midst of this calm, and when we had reason to think all was peace and security, an event took place, which had not only nearly lost us the honor of making peace, and the islands the benefit of it, but involved us in a civil war, for a militia colonel, was out at the same time, with a large party of his men, and hearing by some straggling negroes, that Mr. Adair had brought the negroes to terms, he joined us at Trelawney town, and being of superior rank to Adair, insisted upon it, that the terms of peace should
be

be sent down in his, not Captain Adair's name; and this dispute, between us regulars, and the militia officers, arose to such a height, that Adair had put us all under arms, and if the militia colonel had not submitted, I verily believe we should have come to blows. The negroes could not be indifferent spectators to a scene of such confusion, and so big with mischief, and it was with some difficulty we could prevail upon *Quoha* to consider himself, and his people safe, between two contending parties of white men; and if *Quoha* had not been a *plantation slave*, who knew something of the customs, and manners, of the white people, all had been lost, it was clear however, that the peace was the act of Captain Adair, though the militia colonel might assume, upon our junction, the command of the whole, but even that, Captain Adair would not submit to. As *Quoha* spoke tolerable good English, and seemed a reasonable man, I questioned him very closely about the transaction in Spanish river; and the fate of those wounded men whom we left there, but he answered my questions so cautiously, that it was plain the *truth* was not to be told, but when I asked him what mischief our random fire at *their smoak* had done; he sharply replied, “*massa you no see this hole in*
my

my cheek? one of your shot bounce again my gun, him fly up, and makeum," and he was the only man who lost a drop of blood on their side, on a day that we suffered so severely, both in body, and mind. One of the listening negroes, to my conversation with *Quoha*, then told me he had observed me in particular, after we quitted the ambush, for when we left the river, and got into the thicket, I found a little keg of shrub, which one of our baggage negroes had cast from his head, in the first flight, and a soldier near me, having a little tin pot at his girdle, we all took a *potation* from it, and a most seasonable relief it afforded, after standing a long time up to our hips in water, with a vertical sun upon our heads. I then questioned the negroe where he was at that time? it seems he and another negroe, had been hunting wild hog, and was not with the negroes in ambush, but the reports of our firing, had brought them to the spot, and they had concealed themselves behind a large cotton tree, and ventured to fire only once, upon us, before we had left the river, and then it was, that the man was shot in the knee, and that shot it was, which determined us to quit the river; finding that we were fired upon from both sides, and apprehensive that the negroes would have rushed in upon us, and taken us
 alive,

alive, for that *only* was our fear, we would have compounded for immediate death ; but we dreaded the sentence of death, and the executions of it, from the hands of that horrid wretch, their *Obea woman*. I have been thus particular, as to this part of the business, because the ingenious author of the history of Jamaica, in speaking of the peace made with the wild negroes by Governor Trelawney, has not mentioned it as *two distinct acts*, and with two separate bodies of men, under different leaders, and quite unconnected, but as if it had been *one act* of grace ; to *one* body of people ; whereas, it was as distinct a matter, as making peace with the French, without including the Spaniards, or the Spaniards without the French. This great and important service rendered to that island, should have been marked by the assembly with a statue at St. Jago, before the governor's door, to the man, who preserved their lives, and properties ; and as they are a generous, a brave, and an hospitable people, I hope, when they so properly place a statue to Lord Rodney's memory for so gallantly defending them from an attack by sea, that they will not forget, what they owe to him who secured them interior benefits of equal importance to their purses and persons. Though it is fifty
years

years since these transactions took place, there can be no doubt but that there are many persons now living in England, and in Jamaica, who perfectly remember the two events I have been forced to relate in vindication of my military character, and if the false defamer, Mackittrick, does not produce the gentleman of “*respectable character*, nor those to whom that *respectable gentleman* told it to at Bath, to confirm, that I had the *sole command*” that I run away, that my serjeant obtained the victory, while I was boasting of my own prowess” the candid reader will I am convinced agree with me, that the charge was base, wicked, cowardly, and such as no man, not utterly void of every sense, of honor, conscience, or rectitude! would have dared to have published.*

CHAP.

* Let Mr. Mackittrick produce *that* gentleman of character, or the gentlemen to whom he related so *circumstantially* this matter, and if they are really men of character, I hereby promise to acknowledge my shame in the publick papers; but I shall expect Mr. Mackittrick for ever to hide his head among the barren hills, which gave such a wretch life, if he cannot, and I tell him he cannot; the man does not live who can say it, not even he who wrote it, durst not.

C H A P T E R VIII.

IN consequence of these two *smarting* expeditions against the wild negroes, and hearing that there was a talk of raising ten regiments in England, I applied to Mr. Trelawney for six months leave of absence, and having obtained that indulgence, Captain Wyndham, of the Greenwich man of War, was so obliging, to give me a passage home with him, in which ship I bore my share in two of the greatest calamities, to which mariners are subject:—
 FIRE, AND WATER; for in the windward passage, during very fine weather, and smooth water; the cooper dropped a lighted candle into a half puncheon of rum, which was *stowed* in the *after hatch-way*; and which stood upon many others. The fire burst forth with great fury, even to flame up to main-top! all command

mand instantly ceased, and such a scene of confusion took place, as is utterly undescrivable. Captain Wyndham, and his first lieutenant Mr. Crookshanks, (now living) assisted by the other officers, and such men as were not deprived of reason (for I saw many who were) exerted all their skill and prudence, in extinguishing the flames, by covering the spirits with water, for had they stopped the bung-hole, as some proposed, it is probable the air within, would have been so rarified, as to burst the vessel, and set all the dry materials on fire also. Fourteen sail of Merchantmen, which were under our convoy, seeing the condition we were in, and knowing that our guns were all shotted, stood off. The men had left the wheel, and the ship, with her sails set, took her *own* course! during this time, or a great part of it, I was the only person upon the quarter deck, for there were more about the fire than could be of service, and I experienced a *second tryal*, almost equal to that in spanish river. In bad weather sailors will obey orders, but in a ship on fire, it is every man, *a dram out of his own bottle*, and I believe many bottles were poured down during that time; for either a temporary madness, or extreme drunkenness, seemed to have taken place, among the greatest
part

part of the crew. Some were crying, many were raving, some laughing, while others were endeavouring to get the boats over the side; yet I am firmly persuaded, had the ship been burnt, those men who preserved a little reflection, and resolution, would have been saved. The water was perfectly smooth, and though the Merchantmen stood off, all their boats would have been out, the minute the ship had blown up, not only to save the people, but many loose things which such a sudden explosion, must necessarily set on float; it was a trying time with us all, and as I had nothing to do, but to consider my own safety, I secured an oar, and laid it upon the netting of the quarter deck, determining, if the fire gained upon the ship, to perish by water, rather than fire, or to save myself by swimming, and floating with my oar. However the good sense and prudence of those about the fire got the better of it, and peace and order again took place. As we had not only Commodore Brown, the late Sir William Burnaby, and several ladies passengers, the society, on board was very agreeable, and much heightened by the obliging conduct of Captain Wyndham; one of the best bred gentlemen in the British navy, but when we got into the latitude of Bermudas, we

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were

were taken by a gale of wind, or rather by a furious storm, such as landmen cannot conceive, and such as few seamen ever experience, if I mistake not, we run eleven knots (miles) under our bare poles, we then attempted to lye to, but the ship would not bear it, and we were obliged to run before it, a under fore fail, while we were in this situation, the mountainous sea which followed us, becalmed the fore fail, and the sea made a breach over us, and with such force too, that the poop, the cabins beneath it, and all the upper works were so stove in, that the great cabin was laid quite open, and flush with the main deck, Sir William Burnaby's hammock and mine, flung side by side, at this time, in the gun-room, and the sea, which came pouring down the hatch ways in such quantities, induces us to believe, that the ship was under water, and that we had no longer to live, than till she was filled between decks, but as I sat in my hammock, with my face to the tiller-head, the canvas having been beat in, I perceived light, for it was just at break of day that this *pooping sea* had broke over us. I then got out of my hammock, and with difficulty, in my shirt only, gained the deck, but good God! what a sight did it exhibit, there lay poor old Commodore
Brown ;

Brown; ladies, both black and white, naked among the fragment of furniture, bedding, sheets, blankets, all *helter-skelter* without any covering, but their wet shirts and shifts, and poor captain Wyndham, a cripple with the gout, holding himself from being blown overboard, by the main-sheet; I crawled, (for I could not walk) to Commodore Brown, and asked if I could render him any service: he said a few dry blankets, would be of use to the poor ladies, and as Sir William's hammock and mine, were perfectly dry, I got down again into the gun room, and having secured two or three blankets, and a pot of ginger (which cost me seven pounds sterling) I attempted to make my way up again, but a sea broke over us which not only threw me down the hatch-way, but broke my pot of ginger, which *the jacks*, sopped as it was, in salt water, and dirt, devoured in an instant. It is very singular, that though all the *after* cabins were washed away, and even the bedsteads on which some of the passengers lay were splintered, no one was maimed, wounded, or washed overboard! The passengers, ladies and all, were got down into the purser's cabin, and bread room, and the gale continued in its greatest force, I think for more than eight and forty hours; I have been much at sea, and in what

has been called by seamen very hard gales of wind, but they were mere breezes to this Bermudian gale. Upon my arrival in England, I found ten new regiments were to be raised, six of marines, and four of foot, my brother, who was then at Cambridge, sent me a letter to Mr. Townshend, and directed me to deliver it myself, either in town or country, and upon enquiry, I found Mr. Townshend was upon a visit, with that great and good man, Mr. Poyntz, at Mitcham, and thither I went with post horses, for no such thing as a post chaise existed in those days, it was very severe weather, and I arrived there so frost bitten, that I could not have returned even to Reading. Mr. Poyntz therefore humanely invited me to stay a day or two, as he kindly termed it, to warm myself, and then said he, part of my family, who are going to London, can give you a corner in my coach, and I went back, with an open letter in my pocket from Mr. Townshend to Sir William Younge. This letter (was not written in a court favor style) but to desire I might be promoted in the new raised corps to the rank of captain, which was accordingly done, being appointed Captain lieutenant to Brigadier Jefferies's marine regiment of foot, for at that time the marines were independent of the admiralty board.

board. Our head quarters was fixed at Southampton, and after two or three months successful recruiting, I was ordered to quarters. A few days after my arrival there, fourteen or fifteen officers, all strangers to each other, were collected to eat our first *regimental dinner together*, and here I hope I shall be excused, if I relate a very unfortunate circumstance which arose even before I had drank a glass of wine with my brother officers. I am well aware that events of such a nature ought not to come from the pen of either party, but as *Jemmy Makittrick* has charged me with want of spirit among the *blacks*, I hope to be pardoned, if I relate part at least, of my conduct among my *white brethren* at Southampton, for previous to our sitting down at dinner, observing one of the company to have his hand supported by a black silk sling, I asked by what accident he had suffered? he replied that he had been involved in a fray at Portsmouth the evening before, and that two of his fingers had been cut off. It was natural to ask him what company he had been in? he named several, and among them Lieutenant Briggs, a gentleman whom I knew and esteemed, and who was just appointed to that vacancy, which my promotion had made in the company at Jamaica. I was astonished, and concerned, observing that Mr.

Briggs

Briggs was my friend, and particular acquaintance; he may be your acquaintance, replied the wounded gentleman, but I assure you he is not your friend, for he abused you in the grossest terms, *intimating at the same time that it was lucky the wind was not easterly, or he would have been failed for Jamaica.* I understood by this *hint*, what was expected, for it seems the abuse Mr. Briggs had bestowed upon me, had been imparted to all the company. And here I must observe that this young man had run out a very pretty fortune, and was so distressed, as to go over to Jamaica, a *cadet* in the company to which I belonged; that I had pitied his condition, that he eat often with me, was sometimes assisted with a little pocket money from mine; and that we never had the least difference together, that I had rejoiced to hear he had succeeded me in the commission I quitted, and that if I had been asked his character, I should have mentioned him as a genteel well bred young man, for whom I had a real esteem and regard.

The reader may easily conceive my situation at dinner, with fourteen or fifteen gentlemen, who would never have eat again with me perhaps, had Mr. Briggs been failed, I therefore
made

made a short meal, drank the gentlemens healths, and desired them to suspend their judgment for a few hours, as I understood Mr. Briggs was still at Portsmouth, and that I would endeavour to see him before I slept, or eat again. I was at this time a very young man, and neither the *colony of Georgia*, nor the mountains and *wild negroes* in Jamaica, had given me much opportunity of knowing how to conduct myself, upon an occasion so very novel and unexpected; but as the late General Sir Richard Lyttleton, was one of the company, and though not older than myself, I knew he had been page to the Queen, and much better acquainted with life than me, I sent for him out, and desired him not only to honor me with his advice, how to proceed at that time, but to give his assistance throughout the whole affair, provided I acted with that spirit which I ought, and which he approved. Mr. Lyttleton said many polite things upon the occasion, thought himself particularly honoured, and being singled out from so many brother officers, equally zealous to serve me, and then observed, that Mr. Briggs must be a paltroon, to have so *nearly timed* his indecent attack, upon an absent gentleman, therefore said he, do not challenge him but cane him soundly, and tell him he will find

find you ready for him whenever he is at leisure to call upon you at Southampton; adding, that I should thereby interrupt his present voyage, and render him *the challenger*. With these instructions I instantly took my leave of Mr. Lytleton, and set off for Portsmouth, it was in the month of April, and the day that Admiral Cavendish gave a ball, upon being elected member for that city. I did not find the young gentleman at his lodging, but while I was waiting for him at the coffee house, I saw him standing at the King's Arms Tavern door, very elegantly dressed, for the ball, and to do his person justice, he was a very elegant man, he had a sword on, and a cane in his hand, and as I had only a sword, and a small riding stick, I drew a more substantial one out of a bundle, which stood to be sold at the next door, and without staying to pay the owner for it, I determined to pay Mr. Briggs *with it*, I believe he saw me draw it out, for before I got over to him, he was as white as the paper I am now writing upon, my word, and my blow went in unison, at his head, and brought forth blood enough to spoil half a dozen brocade waistcoats, he did not draw his sword, but struck at me with his cane, I then followed my blows, till I had shivered my stick to pieces

over

over him, and then I took him, stick and all, and laid him at full length in the gutter of the high street, before the King's arms door, gave him a blow or two with his own cane, and told him he would find me at his service at Southampton whenever he had any further commands for me. Portsmouth being a garrison town, we were both, in an instant put under arrest by the Governor, and the next *morning* according to *Etiquette Militaire* brought before him to *shake hands and be friends*, and then we were set at liberty, but as Mr. Briggs was not in a *condition to take notice of his dressing for the ball*, at that time so I told him again, where I was to be spoken with, and returned to Southampton. The next morning I was informed Mr. Briggs was dangerously ill, indeed it was with difficulty he could be brought before the governor, to perform the *Etiquette Militaire*, to take off his arrest; I then returned to Southampton, again letting Mr. Briggs know, where I was to be found, should he *hereafter* have any commands for me, but before I had been two days at quarters, (where I was very well received by Captain Lyttleton, and my brother officers) notice came up, that Briggs was dying. Captain Smyth, a natural son to Sir Thomas Lyttleton, and consequently a *natural brother* to

Captain

Captain Lyttleton, was then commander of a ship of war, at Spithead, and bound for Newfoundland, Captain Lyttleton therefore went down to Portsmouth, to procure me a *birth* with his brother upon that station, till it might be deemed safe for me to return, in case of Briggs's death, however about a fortnight after I received the following letter from my adversary. " Sir, I came last friday in expectation
 " of seeing you, but being disappointed in my
 " design, I send you this, which is to acquaint
 " you, that the ill treatment I have had from
 " you obliges me insist upon seeing you to mor-
 " row, the 11th of May, 1741, between the
 " hours of ten in the morning, and two in the
 " afternoon, and that you will send me word
 " by the bearer what hour, and what place,
 " otherwise you may depend upon my posting
 " you in every place I come in."

HUTTON BRIGGS.

MAY 10, 1741.

" P. S. If you come alone or bring a friend,
 " let me know."

The reader will perceive that the postscript to Briggs's letter conveys more than *meets the eye*, considering the rough manner he had been
 treated

treated at Portsmouth. After consulting Captain Lyttleton, I replied that I would meet him upon Titchfield common the next day at one o'clock, that Captain Lyttleton would honour me with his attendance as my second, and that I should bring a case of pistols, and a sword, and expected him to do the same, soon after our arrival upon the common on horse back, and consequently booted and spurred, Mr. Briggs, dressed like a dancing master, appeared in a chaise and one, accompanied by a Lieutenant Morgan, who proposed to Mr. Lyttleton, that if I would ask Mr. Briggs's pardon, the matter might be *so* settled, this not being agreed to, Mr. Briggs, who was a good swords-man, and had often given me instructions with *florets* in Jamaica, was asked where his pistols were? he had none he said, his arms were on board of ship, that a sword was a gentleman's weapon, and began to bind up his right arm with a silk handkerchief; being in boots and spurs, and my adversary in pumps, I objected much to deciding the matter with swords, and Mr. Lyttleton offered Briggs his choice of three cases, his own, mine, or his servants, but Briggs absolutely objected to use either, and flourished his sword; Mr. Lyttleton, then observed to me, that he was a coxcomb, and that he believed he was a coward

coward also, however said he take him with his own weapon; I accordingly did so.—For the rest many of Sir Richard Lyttleton's friends are still living, to whom I know he related the transaction; * and therefore I shall only say, *that Briggs did not kill me*; here I must observe, that three months afterwards, Mr. Briggs did me the favor of a visit at Southampton, to know my commands for Jamaica, and then I asked, him, what could have induced him to speak so disrespectfully of one who had always esteemed him? now it is to be observed that his christian name was Hutton, and that he had a rich aunt of that name in Westminster, who was a very intimate acquaintance of my mother and sisters; so intimate, that the foolish neighbours, imagined the old lady had left her whole fortune to my mother and sister, and as Mr. Briggs found she had been told, some extraordinary tales of his extravagance, he had conceived me to be the tatter of those transactions, in order to deter his aunt from leaving it to him, but he had been since convinced, that I did not even know they were related, and beside his aunt was then dead, and had properly

* Lord Barrington, was at that time a particular Friend of Sir Richard's, and I believe Mr. Monckton, now an eminent Surgeon at Southampton, was behind the Hedge. Lord Barrington is no Friend of mine, but he is a Man of truth and honor.

ly disposed of her fortune to her own relations, not to mine; this story should not have appeared *here*, if I had not been so basely charged with running away from the wild negroes, and beside, however wrong duelling may be deemed, for slight offences, there are some, which according to the present mode among mankind, and particularly among military men, which cannot be decided otherwise; had Briggs been failed for Jamaica, I might soon have been in the same Situation with some officer of my own corps.

A N E C D O T E

LORD CHANCELLOR THURLOW.

HAVING tired myself, and my reader with too much on one *insignificant Being*, which I hope will be pardoned, as it is a justification of my military character. I shall change the subject to a man of the first importance in the kingdom, and relate the singular manner in which Lord Thurlow did me the honor of making me personally known to him. It was at Bath, in the year 1780, when he came thither for the benefit of his health. It may prove useful to many others, both in a physical and political light,

for

for at that time I had no knowledge of his lordship, further than that he had been with my respectable friend Mr. Madocks, one of my council at the bar of the court of chancery, and the house of Lords, in an unsuccessful cause, whereby I lost ten thousand pounds, contrary to the opinion, not only of both those able men, but of the late Lord Chief Justice Willes, and Sir Dudley Ryder. His lordship came so ill to Bath that the general opinion was he could not recover, his disorder was bilious in an high degree; he however walked up to my hermitage, in company with a lady, and seemed much pleased with a romantic spot I was then building a *hermit's nest* upon. Exclusive of his rank, I was charmed with his free and easy manner of conversation, he observed that I had chosen a bit of ground to which nature had been very liberal, and such as might be improved to advantage; I then told his lordship if I possessed any talent, it was the earliest and humblest of all; that of *cottage making*, and informed him, that I once bought a thatched cottage for five and forty guineas, which had since been sold for two thousand. Why ay, says my lord, that is Feliatow cottage, is it not? adding, I know it, and by my faith I think it worth but five and forty pounds now: I thought this but a course
 compliment,

compliment, so I *roughed* him again in my turn, which he not only took in good part, but replied, you will come and dine with me notwithstanding that ; nothing could betray better sense, or better temper than such a reply from such a man as his lordship, to such a *man as me*. Upon further conversation, I observed, that by his lordship's complection, and other symptoms, he certainly had stones in the gall bladder ; how should you know that ? because I am the first and best gall doctor in England :—who made you so ? five and twenty years dreadful sufferings under that most painful of all disorders, and if your lordship will permit, if you have that disorder, I will not ask, but tell you what the symptoms are you suffer under. He desired I would breakfast with him the next morning, and was satisfied he had every reason to believe my conjecture was well founded. I then informed him I had passed seven and twenty gall stones in one day, and assured him that art, not physic, was alone to be used to remove them ; he desired me to explain it, and after assuring his lordship, I pretended not to possess any physical or anatomical knowledge, but what extreme personal sufferings had woe-fully instructed me with ; I observed that the coagulated bile concretions generally formed
with

with irregular mulberry like external surfaces, and consequently when nature (which is always aiming to discharge morbid matter) forced them into the gall duct, their rough coats irritated the duct so as to create not only exquisite pain, but frequently imminent danger; that the first thing therefore to be done was to render the externals of the gall stones perfectly smooth, and that could only be effected, by a hard trotting horse. I then enquired whether he walked, or trotted his? he walked him, for trotting he observed hurt him; for that very reason he should ride one of his coach horses, observing that were I to put some par-boiled peas into a bladder, and hook to my button hole, I could ride a horse from London to York, without crushing them, but that I could not *trot* from London to Turnham-Green, without reducing them into one mass. *

H

I am

* The gall stone is a disorder unknown to the ancients, and very little known to the modern physicians, till about the year 1750, when Doctor Coe, of Chelmsford, wrote a very ingenious treatise upon that subject. My mother died of that disorder, and I had suffered grievously under it for many years, before I knew the cause, yet it is, and probably always was, a very common disorder,

I am the more particular in this relation, because I am confident I am right, and that horse exercise, keeping the body gently open, and a free use of laudanum, twenty, thirty, or forty drops, every hour, when the stones are passing, and a tepid Bath, is all that can be done, to relieve the intolerable pain, and save the patient, I am convinced too, that stones, or coagulated bile, which a trotting horse either passed, or separated, was the cause of his Lordship's rapid recovery, for he trotted himself from that day, in a few weeks, to be so well recovered, as to desire all my family, to do, as

I had order, and consequently mismanaged; drams and all hot things are mischievous, among the many curious anatomical preparations of the late ingenious Dr. Frank Nicholls is the gall bladder of a woman much extended, and quite full of innumerable gall-stones, three *mulberry coated* ones are in the duct, which caused her death, yet they are not one third of the size I passed with smooth surfaces, I am assured that few men die who have not concretions in the gall bladder, in the *Hotel Dieu* at Paris, all who die there are opened, and in all, gall stones are found, Mackittrick has laughed at Coes book, Dr. Heberden has highly commended it, and if I mistake not, has acknowledged himself instructed by it. The Rev. Mr. Smith who died lately at Bath, according to the account of Dr. Parry, a very ingenious and observing physician, had two thousand nine hundred gall stones in the gall bladder, yet he never suspected it to be the cause of his disorder, as the stomach is the seat of life, may we not naturally conclude, that a due and regular flow of bile is the first and principle concoction in the preservation of health? it seems by its situation, to be better secured than even the heart, from any external injury, and is in a great measure out the reach even of medicine, and can be operated upon only by that which effects the whole frame, opium.

I had frequently done before ; to eat a parting dinner with him before he left Bath. I cannot be so vain, as to suppose a man of his abilities, could find any entertainment in my company, and therefore I may fairly impute the many *tete à tete* dinners I was honoured with at his table, arose from an idea that I had contributed to the preservation of his health, and life.

Before his lordship left Bath, he took occasion to mention the sense he had of my attention to him, and mentioning the *unfortunate* cause he had been a party in, on my behalf, at the bar of the house of Lords, asked me in what he could serve me? Soon after his Lordship's return to London, I took the liberty to mention to him a young Clergyman, the son of my particular friend, a young man of uncommon good parts, of much learning, and of irreproachable character, and hinted to his Lordship, the affecting story of Swift's two scholars, one of whom, (*a scrub,*) who became high in life, while the virtuous man, of learning and abilities, died an obscure vicar, and was said after starving out a long life, " *to have been thought a notable man in his youth.*" Now said I my Lord, if you knew this young man, as well as I know him, he would not

want such an advocate as I am, if therefore your Lordship will give him a living, *I will furnish him with a wife.* Lord Thurlow answered my letter by the same post, he approved much he said of my plan, “ *but doubted whether he was then able to set him up*” such a reply, from such a man, as the Lord Chancellor, to such a man as myself; I conceived, and alas! *so did more than me,* to be a promise, his Lordship however did not think it so; because his enemies allow, that among his many good qualities, one is, that he never breaks his word. His Lordship’s letter however kept the young man and *two more* in suspense for some years; my daughter indeed was *more fortunate,* for she has been provided for by that unerring LORD, of the WHOLE UNIVERSE, who sees what is best for his creatures, and whose DECREES are unalterable. That my readers may not suppose I have been *boasting* of higher marks of his Lordship’s partiality, and favor, than becomes me; I here presume to give a copy of one of the many polite marks of his Lordship’s attention to me, while he was on his valetudinarian visit at Bath.

“ BATH, Aug. 26th, 1780.

“ The Chancellor presents his best respects to
 “ Mr. Thicknesse, and returns him many
 “ thanks

“ thanks for a very agreeable morning’s amuse-
 “ ment, and for the many important advices,
 “ and useful truths, he met with. It seems to
 “ be the most useful way of teaching; but it
 “ certainly is the most pleasant to hear the *sage*
 “ *ridendum dicere verum*”*.

After impatiently waiting a year or two, I
 determined to go abroad, and desired his Lord-
 ship would permit me to have the honor of
 waiting upon him on my way through Lon-
 don to Bruffells, to which request I received a
 flattering answer, and as his Lordship had of-
 ten considered a wonderful piece of art in my
 possession, as the first of its kind, and the only
 one in England, I took it with me to town,
 and desired his permission to put *another man’s*
head into his house in a country, where I had
 at that time, no place to put my own in! just
 as I came to his door I found his Lordship pre-
 paring to go in form, to the court of chance-
 ry,

* The above card was wrote by his lordship, after reading the Vale-
 tudinarians Bath Guide, wherein the mode of getting *rid* of the gall
 stones, is particularly pointed out, and which by his Lordships permis-
 sion I dedicated to him, I may say with truth too, that I have had a
 large correspondencē with many gentlemen and ladies, to whom I am
 not personally known, on gall stone complaints, and have the satisfac-
 tion of knowing the methods I have used, have been successfully tried
 by many, nay by all.

ry, I therefore concealed my *two heads*, till he was gone, and then made my deposit in his library, where I found, and confounded, the Bishop his brother, by the sight of it, I then took my departure from Bruffells, and saw nor heard any more of his Lordship, while he was Chancellor, but on my way from Spa to England, I met Lord Thurlow at the Hotel de Bourbon at Lisle. He received, me with marks of freedom and favor, and told me my deposit was safe and at my service in great Ormond Street, whenever I chose to send for it. The truth is, I never intended to have sent for it, had he not given me this hint to remove it, but I understood by that hint, his silence, and indeed his being out of power, that I had reckoned without my host. His Lordship however, honoured me with his name as a subscriber to my *Pais Bas* Journey, and sent me his five guinea subscription, soon after, loose his grooms leather breeches pocket, in a manner I thought rather indelicate, from a great fortunate Lord, to a little unfortunate private gentleman, and I shewed my resentment to it, by a very severe letter, which I dare say he threw into the fire, without reading it, as he has done hundreds of letters from men of rank and consequence. About a year after, I
received

received the following post letter with a bank note of twenty five pounds enclosed.

“ This comes from one who esteems you,
 “ and has been obliged to you, though he has
 “ reason to believe you think otherwise, the
 “ enclosed note he hopes will discharge the pe-
 “ cuniary obligation, and he wishes he could
 “ with the same ease discharge that of grati-
 “ tude. This is a secret, and it is desired it
 “ may remain so, when he sees you he will
 “ reveal himself.”

The letter I had wrote to his Lordship, when he sent me his five guinea subscription, and another not less severe upon the *untimely* death of my daughter, shut out all idea *then* that the bank note came from Lord Thurlow, and as any man's guesses in *such a case*, must be confined to a few, I wrote to those few, whom I suspected, but it still remained in enigmatical obscurity. Lord Keppel was one whom I suspected, not from his generosity, (for I knew he had none) but from his justice, however he was obliged, by the last letter he ever wrote, to say “ *it was not me.*” At length I suspected it came from a GREATER MAN, and wrote to his private secretary, stating the particulars,
 and

and as it is said silence gives consent, I must conclude, from the polite diction of the card, and its accompaniment, it came from Lord Chancellor Thurlow, and I therefore thus publicly render him my thanks ; he treated me, I thought with neglect, I resent it with Severity, but as he is, I verily believe, in his judicial Capacity, such as I have represented him to be in the dedication to the valetudinarians Bath Guide, long may he live to fend the vanquished suitors away, satisfied by the arguments they have heard, that they had been mistaken in their claim ; such a life, entrusted with a place of such infinite importance to equity, and justice, is invaluable, and if I contributed to the lengthening of it, I have been amply rewarded. I confess I was led to expect, from the partiality I had experienced, something more ; for when a very powerful man, says to his inferior, you have been unfortunate, self-love construes it into a favorable turn, when I solicited a mark of that good man Lord Rockingham's favor, alas ! at the last levy he appeared, he held my hand between his, and added, to my arguments, what his Lordship thought still stronger, than what I advanced, by saying “ *aye Mr. Thicknesse, and the father of a Peer.*” No looks, no face ;

face; no words; could imply a more determined resolution to fulfil his intention, and a certain nobleman soon after told me, that his Lordship's death was a fatal blow to me, as well as a great national loss, for surely if there ever lived a truly good man, the Marquis of Rockingham was such.

ANECDOTE

A N E C D O T E

or

A WILTSHIRE ESQ. NOW LIVING.

ABOUT the year 1749 Mr. QUIN came into the lobby of the rooms at Bath, it was after dinner. Quin was what he would call in another man, *sack-mellow*; at this time I was in conversation with the Esquire to whom Quin walked as steadily up, as he could, and putting his heels upon the Esquire's toes, made them *crash again!* and then without saying a word, walked off. Whether pain, surprise; or timidity, overcome the Esquire's *upper-works* I cannot say, but as soon as he could speak, he asked me whether I had observed Quin's conduct, and whether I thought it was an *accident*, or done

done with design to affront him? I recollected, that upon some occasions, the truth was not to be *spoken*, and thinking this one; I replied, that Quin had been drinking and probably did not know, what he was about; but the next morning, meeting him on the parade, I asked him why he so treated a good natured man, with the whole weight of his *body corporate*? d—n him, replied the comedian, putting on one of his most *contunding* looks; the fellow, said he, invited me to his house in Wiltshire, laid me in damp sheets; and seduced my servant: fed me too, with red veal, and white bacon; ram mutton, and bull beef; adding, and as to his liquor, by my soul it was every drop sour, except his vinegar, and yet the scurvy, had the impudence to serve it upon dirty plate, I believe Quin's twinge on the toes of that gentleman, is to this day visible in his face, if a face it can be called, yet I should not at this distance of time, have shewn in what manner Mr. W—fed his friends, in the year 1749* had he not in the year 1778, made his six feet high young wife, write a very extraordinary letter to a certain "*copper faced Captain.*" This gentleman's first wife, was more
honorable

* The year 1745, and 1749, were the most important years in the Esquire's life.

honorable than her husband, for she was a Lord's daughter, and made her husband and servants, call her *your ladyship*, it so happened, that Johnny her husband, being out with the Wiltshire hunt, observed a military gentleman, with a black crape about his arm; this being a novel sight to Johnny, he enquired the cause? why replied a *wag*, do not ye know! he married a Lord's, not an Earl's daughter, and it is by that means *only*, his wife's rank can be made known; the next day Johnny appeared at the hunt, with his wife's black *insignia* twisted about his arm: by his second marriage, Johnny has no *external* badge of distinction, except a fine boy, begotten in the seventy seventh year of his age, with a carrotty pate and a turnip complexion.

N. B. When Johnny's first wife's daughter died, that lady caused to be inscribed upon the monumental stone. Here lie the remains of Williamelia, Leonora Charlotta, W— the only daughter of the honourable Mrs. W— by her husband *John*. I will not add that which a *wicked wight* tacked to it with his chalk, for she was a good woman, as the world goes, only laid too much stress upon her *quality*, pray Mr. Thicknesse said she, in the rooms at
Bath,

Bath, who is that lady? I do not know madam; I suppose she is an Earl's daughter said she, because she cut the cards before me! at another time, Johnny and my lady being upon a visit at a friend's house, Johnny was indisposed, and taking a little buttered small beer, went to bed at nine; and about eleven, found himself in a nice breathing *perspiration*, that was the word, for my lady would not hear the word *sweat* mentioned, as soon as her ladyship had got all off, to her under petticoat, she called upon Johnny to get out of bed;—out of bed my lady, why I am all over in a *perspiration*—*perspiration* or no *perspiration*, said my lady, you must get up, for it shall never be said that the Hon. Mrs. W—n, went to bed to a Shepherd's grandson; though I believe it was his father, not his grandfather, who was a Shepherd at

“ I——r on the Down

“ Three miles from any Town.”

I wish I could with the same propriety, relate an anecdote, whereby the laugh would take the other turn, and in which the comedian was much more dirtily treated. Let it be remembered however, that Mr. Quin possessed among his many failings, some great
and

and excellent good qualities. His ill nature, and wit, are only recorded; because he carefully conceal'd the innumerable acts of benevolence and generosity he daily committed. A brother of mine, it seems had been offended by Quin behind the scenes, not by treading upon his toes, no man durst have done that, but it was an offence my brother thought he merited reprehension for; and soon after, a very dirty *recipe* was shewn my brother in M.S. called "*marw wallop a soop*" to which he desired permission to add half a dozen lines, four of which I have forgotten, but the two pinching ones, which I retain were,

"With a nice pippin paring, and all finely shred,
 "Which lay where that lay, that Quin eat o' bed."

I will not tell where the pippin had lain, but every body at that time knew, and Quin ever after, preferred a John Dorey, to a golden pippin. Being one of four, who spent an evening or rather a night with this facetious entertaining man, at the White Hart in Bath, and Lord Kilmorrey being one of the party, I may venture to say, that it was a pleasant evening to the other two, who were brothers. Towards day light, Lord Kilmorrey, who suspected a motion would be made to part, observed,

ferred, that it was probable we four might never meet again, and so said he, *let us call for a bill and go.* My Lord knew that Quin would object to this motion, as it stood, and make the amendment, of a *bottle* and a bill. The bill passed, *nem. con.* The next time I met Mr. Quin, he expressed the great satisfaction and pleasure our *partie quarre* had given him, adding, I will put down that jolly fellow *Jack Needham* in my will, and did so: * Quin never broke his word, not even with Daniel Lackie the scotchman, who taking the opportunity of asking him, when he was drunk, to whom he would leave his gold watch when he died? he replied, to you Daniel, and did so, in the following words, as may be seen in his will. " I leave, according to a foolish promise made, " my gold watch and seals to Daniel Lackie." This was throwing a bone which would have made a dog cry.

ANECDOTE

* Lord Kilmorrey will excuse this Freedom, it was a name equally respectable in those days, to Lord Kilmorrey in these.

A N E C D O T E

OF AN

EXTRAORDINARY KIND OF PAROQUET, ITS UNTIMELY
DEATH, AND THE CONSEQUENCE THEREOF TO
TWO YOUNG LADIES OF FASHION AND
FORTUNE.

MOST people, at least most people who have honoured me with their names to this trifling publication, have heard of my favorite fellow traveller, *Jocko*; but few have heard of Mrs. Thickneffe's; this bird, which had the use of his wings as perfect as any bird whatever, travelled from Marseilles to Calais, quite at liberty, in an open chaise, and most part of the day sat upon Mrs. Thickneffe's shoulder or bosom; or hung by his bill at her tippet; and he

he would sit by her for hours at the Inns, *gilding his eyes* with such delight, that it would almost induce one to believe the transmigration of souls, and that the bird was animated by the spirit of a departed parent, or a deceased lover, for to me he was a determined enemy! Upon my return to Calais, where I took a house, some stranger entering the room, while the bird was sitting in the open window, he flew out and was absent a day or two, for the boys had hunted him from tree to tree all round the city, till at length he returned to the very first tree he had alighted upon when he flew from the window, and soon after found his way in again, and perched upon the bosom of his mistress; it is needless, I presume, to say, that this bird was of so inestimable a value to her, that no sum of money could have induced her to part with it. At this time there passed through Calais, a friend of mine, a gentleman of fashion and fortune, with four daughters, who had been some time in a convent at Paris, and as an unfortunate disagreement had taken place between him and his lady, a woman of beauty and virtue, he found it very awkward to be encumbered with four daughters, and two or three sons at his house in town, and as I was then in

I

London,

London for a few days, he desired I would write to Mrs. Thickneffe, and ask her if it would prove agreeable to let the two youngest of his daughters spend the summer with her at Calais: this being agreed to, I was to conduct the ladies over; the eldest was of the age of fourteen, the youngest between eleven and twelve, both lovely handsome children, but the youngest of uncommon vivacity and beauty. I was a little hurt to find in the arms of the latter, the day we set out, a favorite dog; and hinted to her, that I feared that dog would be attended with great inconvenience to her, and me too; however we all set off in good humour, and to avoid their sleeping at a Inn, I got them lodged with a family at Canterbury for whom I had much esteem, where the dog gnawed the carved clawed feet of the mahogany chairs, and did much injury, the next night however, we were so lucky to be landed at Calais, and at supper, the dog was placed in the charming little girls lap, but I observed that I too had a favorite dog, who had travelled through Spain with me, but that I did not permit him to *sit at table*, and desired she would put hers down, this request was complied with but reluctantly, and I found I had given much offence to one whom I wished to oblige, and with whose animated disposition

fition I was highly delighted. The next morning, the dog was put into the closet where the bird roosted, and he there eat for his breakfast, what fifty loudiores would not have purchased. I need not say how much I was irritated at this, and how it was aggravated by seeing Mrs. Thicknesse in tears, but I leave the reader to imagine, what we both felt, when in the midst of this distress, the little spirited girl, with a single feather sticking in her hair, began to hum lady Coventry's minuet; I then called for the dog, and threatened to cut his throat, but was told if I did, she would cut hers, and I offered her my pen knife as being better adapted to the purpose than her own, I however sent my servant with the dog to the packet, and returned him to England, and then within the same half hour, I told the young lady that before the expiration of one hour more, she should be in a convent, till the pleasure of her father was known; and turning to her elder sister, desired to know whether she would accompany her sister in the convent, or honour Mrs. Thicknesse with her company till we had heard from England? she replied with great propriety, and good sense; that she loved her, and would not part from her, a reply as much to her honour, as it was to my satisfaction, and so giving each

a *bras*, I conducted them to the convent door; where, soon after, obtaining a *Parlè* with the Lady *Prieur*, I told her the young ladies were the daughters of a gentleman of fashion, that a little misunderstanding had happened between them and Mrs. Thickness, and therefore I desired her to accommodate them with every comfort, the inside of her convent could afford, to allow them a *fille de chambre*, and in short every indulgence that could be granted them, exclusive of liberty, till their father's pleasure was known, and there I left them, not doubting but that their father's letter would liberate them in a week or ten days at farthest, but circumstanced *as he was*, and knowing that they were in perfect security, he suffered them to remain there, I think near three years, a conduct I could not disapprove, yet a punishment, as it originated with me, I could not but lament. A young French lady my *vis à vis* neighbour, told me that if I pulled out a few bricks from the wall of a ware-house which belonged to my house, I should have a view of my little *temporary nuns*, I did so, and often saw, and always lamented, that instead of conducting them daily as was agreed upon, in their *shayse and one*, I could only see them engaged and deprived of liberty; this transaction rendered
me

me for some time very odious in the eyes of all the family, except their father; but time and truth, overcomes all false reasoning, and I have the satisfaction to live in friendship at this day with their mother and all the family. I cannot close this little unfortunate narrative without lamenting that the young lady, when she was just arrived at an age, to have bestowed her own irresistible charms, to some worthy object, died; much lamented by all who knew her, and by none more than he who had *convented her*, for a hasty inconsiderate act, which her youth, vivacity, and heedlessness might be justly pleaded in extenuation of, if not thoroughly excuse.

ANECDOTE

A N E C D O T E

OF A

MINIATURE PICTURE, NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

MR. Ford, Mrs. Thicknesse's father, having bought the Dutchess of Kendal's house and furniture at Isleworth, among other pieces which he sent to his own, was a very curious commode dressing table of exquisite workmanship, this table being placed in his daughter's bed-chamber, and having a great variety of private drawers in it, there was found in them, two or three curious miniature pictures, on one of which was the portraits of the Prince of Wales, the present King's father, and his three sisters, sitting

sitting in the stage box at the Opera. The picture is the size only of a common bracelet, and no doubt was a present of the King's to the Duchefs. * When it became my property, by marrying the possessor of it, struck with the talents of the artist (for it is exquisitely painted) and with respect for it, both as a servant and subject to the family it belonged, I set it round with brilliants, and my wife wore it upon her wrist as a bracelet, but unfortunately, having the picture in my pocket one morning, when I was upon a visit to Mrs. Forrester, the widow of the late Governor of Bellisle, and finding with her, Mr. Dutens, a French clergyman who was shewing her some of his brothers parisian trinkets † I foolishly produced my picture, at length Mr. Dutens admired it exceedingly, and observed what an acceptable present it might prove to the Queen, I confessed I had more than once conceived it might be so, but at the same time observed it was matter of great delicacy, and hinted at the story of King James, giving a great turnip, as a very proper

* Mistress to George the First.

† Mr. Dutens is a native of Paris, of a good catholic family, his brother is now a silversmith at Turin; Mr. Dutens was left by Mr. Mackenzie, *Charges des Affaires*, with a salary of seven hundred pounds a year at that city.

rebuke, to a subject who had presented him with a fine horse, yet I could not help thinking that as I was the first subject who welcomed her Majesty to these dominions, and in possession of an *original family picture, not to be purchased*, it might, if properly offered, be kindly accepted, Mr. Dutens then told me he had a *friend* who saw the Queen every day, and that if I would trust the picture a few days to his care, it should be shewn to her Majesty; to which proposal I foolishly complied, he then asked me what was to be said if her Majesty seemed disposed to accept of it? I desired that his friend (whom I supposed to be a person of fashion) would say, that I was perfectly sensible of the great impropriety of a man in my low station, to offer a present to so exalted a personage, but that being the first subject who has received her Majesty on her arrival to these dominions, † and accident having put me in possession of such a family picture, I humbly hoped her Majesty would excuse the liberty I took in offering to restore it to a family to whom it more properly belonged; a day or
two

† The Author was the Lieutenant Governor of Land Guard Fort, and announced her happy Arrival, by the Report of one and twenty two and forty pounders, under the fire of which the yacht passed into the harbour of Harwich.

two afterwards, Mr. Dutens informed me that the Queen, on seeing the picture, was much struck in perceiving so strong a family likeness, and asked if she might shew it to the King? her Majesty was then informed it was wholly at her disposal, provided it was deemed worthy of her acceptance. The Queen then asked whose property it was? and being told, she was pleased to say, I know Mr. Thickness, he sent me off some refreshments at sea, when I arrived upon the coast; truth however obliges me to say I did not, but I had Lord Anson's thanks for having fired nightly, minute guns, in dark tempestuous weather, when her Majesty was expected upon the coast, that the frequent explosions might shew the bearings of the fort, and him how the land lay, and his lordship was pleased to say it was a good piece of *land seamanship*. Not hearing for some days, I concluded the Queen had accepted of the picture, but Mr. Dutens then informed me by a note, that the King and Queen were very desirous of keeping the miniature picture, and yet could not receive it as a present; but if I would name a price they would be equally obliged to me. In reply, I told Mr. Dutens, he had set me too arduous a task, I knew not where to draw the line; too high, or too low
a price,

a price, might be deemed equally improper, and therefore I again urged their Majesties acceptance of it, as a mark of the most respectful offering of a subject and servant; but instead of succeeding in my humble request (which I very much suspect was not properly delivered) I received a threatening card the next day, from the Rev. divine, informing me, if I did not name a price, “ *by nine o’clock the next morning,*” the picture would be returned! To this, I replied, I could only lament, that what I had offered with the humblest respect, should have met with so unfortunate a termination, and therefore concluded, before nine the following day, Mr. Dutens would have returned me my picture, but no picture, nor message was sent me. I then was allowed the honor of levying Mr. Dutens, (and very often waiting a hour before I had an audience) at the house of Mr. Mackenzie, but even then, I could not learn in whose hands the picture remained, nor by whose hands it had been conveyed to the Queen, but as I certainly knew the Queen was too just, and too good, not to wish the picture might be returned to the right owner, I was determined not to sit down under the displeasure of the Queen on one side, and the loss
of

of my picture on the other; therefore, tired of levying this *ingenious foreigner*, and alarmed about the fate of my picture, I waited upon Mrs. Forrester, and told her the situation I was in, from the confidence I had placed in her friend, and required her to let me know, who Mr. Dutens friend was, who *saw the Queen every day*, but who was likely to continue forever, a stranger to my eyes, and she soon after informed me, it was Dr. Majendie, her Majesty's language master, I then had the honor of levying another foreign divine, but with no better success; he had carried the picture to the Queen he said, but he knew not in whose hands it now was, he supposed however it might be in the *hands of those German women*, meaning I suppose Madame Schwellanbergen, or some of those foreign ladies about the Queen's person, and in short, gave himself many of those *lively airs*, which an elated Frenchman may easily be conceived to exhibit, who had the honor of "*seeing the Queen every day.*" I could not but again observe, that as he knew the Queen had declined accepting the picture, her Majesty most certainly understood it was to be returned to the owner, and asked him to whom it could be given, but to him who had first produced it? and therefore I required
him

him to return it to me, but I could not make this celebrated language master understand my language, “ *he knew nothing of the matter* “ *not he*” and I left this second upstart, with a determination, rather than lose my picture, to go to court, and break through all etiquette, by throwing myself at her Majesty’s feet for an explanation, and accordingly went thither, to see what could be done ; but seeing in the drawing room the late Dutchess of Portland, to whom I had presented a miniature of Lewis the fourteenth by Petitoe, and whose daughter was then holding the Queen’s train, I told her grace my errand to court, in hopes that she might feel for my situation, and offer me her assistance to regain my lost picture. The Dutchess however politely assured me that when Princesses received presents, they were generally put by in a drawer and no more heard, or thought about them ; just in the same manner I suppose, as her grace had put up the enamelled Petitoe I had presented to her : I felt agitated and disappointed, till turning my head aside, I saw that honest, open, and noble countenance shone upon me, of the late Dutchess of Northumberland, and having formerly been well known to that truly good lady, I claimed the honor of her acquaintance, and
told

told her my name, her ladyship (it was before she obtained that high rank she afterwards did honor to,) said she remembered me very well, and was glad to see me, then madam I believe you will be glad to serve me, if you will permit me to relate my present embarrassment, I then repeated what I had just before related to the Dutches of Portland, and though I had never presented her ladyship with a miniature picture, she instantly expressed her surprize, that she had neither seen, nor heard of such a picture having been shewn the Queen, * adding, however you shall not lose your picture Mr. Thicknesse, for I will ask the Queen in whose possession it is, and if you will call at Northumberland house in a day or two, you shall have certain information about it, and there it was I learnt that the picture had been returned *six weeks before* by her Majesty (*not to these German women*) but to that Rev. Divine *who knew nothing of it!!* with this good intelligence, I waited a second time on the Rev. Doctor, whom I found a little *crest fallen*, and who informed me, I had done him a great injury, by going to the drawing room at court, and complaining of his conduct relative to the miniature picture,

* Her Ladyship was then one of the lady's of the Bedchamber.

picture, for at this time, he did not *know all the information* I had obtained at Northumberland house: but instead of hearing *his* grievances, I desired he would redress mine, and deliver me up the picture, he replied, *that the Queen would he believed have given it him*, that very morning, had not the King came in just at that minute, but said he would bring it me to morrow. In the afternoon of the *same day* however, I met the Doctor in the street, his hand was in his side pocket, and I believe the picture was in his hand, I accosted him, for he seemed lost in a Reverie, but as soon as he recovered his recollection, he brought forth the picture, saying, “*There sir is your picture, I wish you success with it, but I fear you have lost all chance of presenting it to her Majesty*” looking with eager eyes, upon my recovered jewel, and observing that all the colours were as vivid, as when I foolishly parted with it, I told the Doctor I thought I had been successful; by recovering my picture again, and took my leave of him with a salutation; I will not repeat here, because the man is gone *elsewhere*, now the reader will be astonished, at least I was, to know that soon after this transaction, Mr. Dutens wrote to Mrs. Forrester to express *his* surprise, that I had treated his friend Merjendie so rudely!

ly! if I did treat him rudely, I treated him justly, if I did not, I call upon Dutens to defend his departed friend, it is his duty, and if he has truth on his side, he has capacity so to do, and ought: but let him not forget, that his defence may fall under the eye of a LADY, who is ALL TRUTH, and goodness, and who will not, CANNOT BE MISTAKEN, the picture being returned to the arm, from whence it went, was again worn by Mrs. Thickneffe, but on the King's Birth day at Paris, when all the English were celebrating it, at the table of the late Earl of Rochford, his Majesty's ambassador to that court, it was taken from her arm, handed round in a gold plate and much admired by all the company present, I then related the out line of the above story, and Lord and Lady Rochford both seemed to think it a pity it was not again offered with propriety to the Queen, I therefore waited upon his Lordship the next morning, observed that as he was going to spend a fortnight in England, I begged leave to present the picture to him, hoping that her Majesty might be prevailed upon to accept that from his hands, which could not be taken from mine, Lord Rochford objected to accept it as too valuable a present, but said, had it been a family picture of his own, he would

not

not have refused it, I had taken it out of the setting, before I went, and to cut the matter short, I assured him, that if he would not accept of it, I would call for a pebble and mortar and smash it in his porters lodge, * and I would certainly have done so. This peremptory declaration, settled the business, Lord Rochford caused it to be elegantly set in plain gold at Paris; took it with him, and without desiring an audience of her Majesty; requested one of those *German women as Merjendie called them*, to deliver the picture in his name to the Queen: his lordship sent for me soon after, to dine with him, and informed me, that when he appeared at court, the Queen passed all the foreign ministers, came up to him, and thanked him for a picture she had once seen, but had despaired of ever seeing again; he then told her majesty from whom, and how he had received it, and I have the satisfaction of knowing that the picture is now in her Majesty's possession, *without being paid for*, but at the same time I may be allowed to say, that some time after, instead of my possessing ten thousand pounds, which all the greatest lawyers in this Kingdom, but ONE, had

* The Rev. Mr. Fountaine then chaplain to the embassy and Mr. Higden his Lordship's domestic secretary, probably remember this circumstance.

had been clearly of opinion belonged to me, and that instead of receiving such sum, I had six hundred to pay *for law*, I then humbly stated to her Majesty, that what I had once respectfully declined to receive, would now be acceptable; but in *money matters*, throughout life, I have been unfortunate, *i. e.* if it can be deemed unfortunate, to have been confined to one good dish of meat, instead of two;—if it can be deemed unfortunate;—to have escaped the gout, which *two* dishes might have conducted me to, or if it can be deemed unfortunate, to have been confined to a life of temperance, to the seventieth year of my age, without feeling any of the infirmities which generally belong to such who attain a length of days, to which not one man in fifty thousand arrive; nor one in a hundred thousand, without finding such an age, render life, rather a burthen, than a blessing; I will not therefore allow that my LIFE has been unfortunate, because I have more than I can eat, and consequently some to spare for those who want it, accompanied with health, spirits, and powers as fully to enjoy it, as at any period of my life, and that too, at nearly the full age of man, “THREE SCORE YEARS AND TEN.”

A N E C D O T E

GEORGE THE FIRST, AND HIS COLONEL,* FATHER OF
THE LATE UNFORTUNATE ADMIRAL KEMPENFELT.

MR. Kempenfelt came over to England with King George the first, who having been his friend in private life, deemed him worthy of his protection when he became a King. The King, who had tasted of the sweets of social and private life, continued to enjoy his evenings, according to his wonted manner, and Mr. Kempenfelt was often of the party, when the King smuggled in a Savoyard girl, to sing him a *German song*, accompanied with her *vial*,
Kempenfelt,

* The King always called him *his Colonel*.

Kempfenfelt, was an expensive man, and the King, having made him a lieutenant Colonel, (for he often said he had not *interest enough* to procure him a regiment) more than once paid his debts, at length however he was sent over, lieutenant governor of Jersey, where he died, leaving behind him a widow and four children, two sons and two daughters, with nothing else to support them but the mother's pension; when I was appointed a lieutenant of an independent company at Jamaica, I found my old school fellow, the late Admiral, a melancholy midshipman in Port Royal harbour, lamenting that he was without friends, without interest, and without money; yet I think he was under Captain Knowles command, in the diamond, his brother Gustavus Adolphus, got a commission in the army, but I believe he obtained no higher rank than that of a Captain; much merit is due to him, for the filial affection he shewed to his mother and sisters, without which they could not have supported themselves suitable to their condition in life. The Admiral was a man of great nautical knowledge, very reserved, and shy even of those he esteemed, when upon half pay, he generally spent his winters at Marfeilles, to avoid the severity of this climate, and I have often wondered, who it was, who had know-

ledge enough of him to know, that he not only possessed great nautical abilities, but with it, an enlarged and enlightened understanding, for he was very careful to conceal it, nothing but a long acquaintance, and a confidential correspondence, could bring it forth. His Will I suppose sunk with him, and his brother, my school fellow also, I presume possesses the fortune he left. Admiral Kempenfelt was in all things original, I never left his company without hearing things I had never heard before. I sent a young man on board his ship to him, who was very ingenious, but friendless, but as he was a good mathematician, a good draughtsman, and understood the theory of navigation; instead of asking his admission on board the victory as a favor, I desired the Admiral to *thank me* for having sent him such an ingenious young man to provide for; he accordingly thanked me, and shewed the young man particular marks of his favor; and afterwards put him on board with that honorable and gallant captain, George Berkly, that he might have a chance of prize money. I never knew any other naval officer to whom I would have ventured so to express myself, except the late Admiral Medley, who, upon all occasions, seemed as much delighted to serve young men of merit,

as

as they could possibly receive by being provided for. When I sailed with him to his Mediterranean command, a single instance of his politeness to me, and his readiness to reward merit, I cannot help relating. A seaman on board of the fleet, had married a Southampton woman; and he learnt that I also had married one of the same city; this kind of *country kindred*; he conceived to be sufficient, to claim some notice from me, and desired I would recommend him to the Admiral as one who merited a better *birth*; the ridiculoufness of the claim, induced me to relate it at dinner; but the Admiral immediately observed, that it was probable the man felt in his own bosom, unrewarded merit, adding, I will therefore learn his real character, and after dinner made a signal to speak with his Captain, and finding that his suggestion was strictly true, made him gunner of a seventy-gun ship. Being wise-sick, I left this gallant Admiral three months only before he died, or probably he had left me a large share of his fortune, for though he readily consented (after I had served one year under his command) to let me depart, he took it unkind of me, for he had repeatedly told me, those to whom he intended to leave his fortune, had never sent him even a barrel of Yorkshire ale,

ale, though he had supplied their cellars with wine, and we both parted with wet eyes, the Admiral loved a present; most men who are liberal themselves do; and I was glad he lived long enough to receive a little token from me, as a mark of the many singular and pointed ones, of his partiality and kindness, during the pleasant year I served under him on board the *Ruffel*. This gallant Admiral, who could drop a tear at parting from a friend, had a tear also for his country, for I saw him weep, for want of an opportunity to regain the lost credit of the navy, which he thought had been greatly sullied, by the conduct of *Lestock*; when under the command of Admiral *Mathews*; it is with pleasure I thus register, after a distance of forty three years, the excellent good qualities, which Mr. *Medley* possessed, because a hasty disposition, had created him many enemies; he threw his wig in Admiral *Buckle's* face, but the provocation was great, and I have heard him over, and over, make such apologies as any other man, (under such high obligations as Mr. *Buckle* * was to him) would have deemed sufficient; but *Buckle* would not forgive either him, or me; because when he told me
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* He was the Admiral's Captain, who took him from the Command of the *Spence Sloop*.

the next day, he would resign his ship, I replied not I hope to fight the Admiral, for I will take care you shall not; and as he was an excellent officer, urged upon him not to give up eight hundred pounds a year, in pursuit of a phantom, nobody said I, can doubt the personal courage of either, and beside, he could not send the admiral a challenge, nor the Admiral accept it (at that time) if he did; yet I verily believe, had Mr. Medley lived to return to England, Admiral Buckle would have called *him out*.

ANECDOTE

A N E C D O T E

OF
DOCTOR DODD.

WHEN I consider the real character, and conduct of this unfortunate man, as well as the conduct and character of a great variety of other men and myself, I am apt to suspect, we have complimented ourselves, with what does not perfectly belong to mankind; are we I say to myself *rational creatures*? I suspect we are not: Dr. Dodd was one of the best tempered men I ever knew; his talents; his time; and even his purse, when he had any money in it, were at the service of every claimant, for assistance

ance or pity; he was a man of strong passions, expensive to an high degree, void of all prudence, possessed of extreme sensibility, and went through (long before he suffered death) a torture of mind, between hope and fear, which was worse than a thousand deaths, if therefore he had been pardoned, he would not have escaped without an adequate punishment for his manifold sins; and some little allowances might have been made in consideration thereof; he once visited me, when I was the inhabitant of a gaol; and though it was neither for debt, nor treason, yet it was *a gaol*, and I thought myself bound to visit him, under such dreadful circumstances; and having done so once, I could not refrain from repeating it, while I thought my visits, could either alleviate his sorrow, or assist him in his wants, the first visit I made him, I found Mrs. Dodd with him, but delirious in a fever, he told me he had not closed his eyes all night, because they had been unriveting the fetters of a number of criminals, who were executed that morning; adding, that every blow which was given, struck him, as with an ELECTRIC SHOCK; after Mrs. Dodd left newgate, I contrived to call at those hours, she was *not usually with him*, but the last time I saw him, was in a situation, neither to be described

scribed nor conceived, it was after he knew his *certain fate*, and when Mrs. Dodd was taking her everlasting farewell of him; they were alone; and at the upper end of a long room, I walked up to them, and found their hands locked in each others, and their minds as much departed, as if they had been both dead; after being almost as *lost* as they were for about a minute, and plainly perceiving, that they neither saw me, nor one another; I quitted the room. This was the only minute of my life, I coveted fovereign power; I would have been a beggar all my future days, to have possessed kingly authority for one minute, I returned home, and wrote him a letter, wherein I gave advice, not such as a *rational man* would have given, and the following is his answer to it.

“ Dear Sir,

“ I am *just at present* not very well and incapable of judging, I shall communicate your kind paper to my friends, my brother will be at Mrs. Porter’s this evening; many thanks for your attention,—I rather think it would *do hurt* and be deemed a mob.”

Your’s in great misery,

W. D.

Dodd

Dodd was the first mover in the reconciliation between me and Lord Orwell, and pressed me to apply to him, to sign his petition to the King, as Vice president of that charity which Dodd had instituted, but his Lordship denied the boon seemingly with reluctance, for at the same time he declared, he wished he might obtain the King's pardon, though he could not recommend him as an object, who in *his opinion* had any claim to it; perhaps as a MAN he might not have been an object of mercy, but as a *Clergyman who had been a public,* and an admired preacher, it might have been prudent to have made him the Botany bay curate. Dodd was an excellent companion, when he fell into such company (as he called it) whom he *could trust*, and I have heard him, after making all the old women cry at church in the morning. make his *trusty friends* laugh, as much in the evening, by singing a song, of Adam and Eve going a journey, *and stopping in the land of nod, to have their horses shod*, a matter more excusable, in my opinion, than that of him, and his wife, dining *tete a tete*, at one tavern, in the most voluptuous manner, and supping in the same style, on the same day at another! but which I am assured they frequently did. That a man who suffered so
long

long the fear of a dreadful death: and then death itself, should have given his friends particular instructions to endeavour to re-animate his body, is to me the most extraordinary part of his conduct, surely to covet restoration to *such a life*, as his must have been, was as *irrational*, as the hopes were absurd. Mrs. Wright, the wax modeller (a crazy pated genius) modelled his head, as she informed me, and carried it to him under her pettycoats, in order to favor his escape, by the use of it; a thing certainly (as he was circumstanced) not impracticable. His room was large and long, the fire was at the further end of it, and the entrance door opposite to it, at his fire side stood a large table covered with books, on a carpet; now as he was without irons, had eight or ten of his friends came in one after the other, so as to have all gone out together, he might possibly have gone with them, if he had dressed up a figure in his night gown, with *Mrs. Wright's head thereon*, for his keeper only appeared at the door when he rung the bell, and then, seeing his figure sitting at the table with his hat flapped, and his head reclined, he would not have regarded the number who went *out*, being *sure* he left his prisoner safe *within*, she said, Dodd had not courage to attempt it,

nor

nor am I clear she had resolution sufficient to have assisted him, and beside, it would have been in Dodd, a worse *forgery* upon Mr. Akerman's humanity and indulgence, than that committed on the noble Lord's purse; whose tutor he had been, with whom he had often eat, and drank, and been merry, and who, when Dodd went to visit him at Geneva, rode several miles to meet him in such weather, that he was frost bitten on the way, and when he arrived there, gave him a round of dinners, to all his friends, presented him to them as his chaplain, &c. in short Dodd seemed to lament his want of that pity from Lord Chesterfield, which he said he had some right to expect, for having faithfully, as his tutor, done his duty towards him, and loved him personally. Dodd has assured us, he died in charity with all mankind, but he certainly did not *live* in charity with his Lordship, had Dodd lived to this time, he would have called himself probably the british *Nuncamar*, had Dodd's friends, been half as powerful as his enemies, he might have escaped: I have been told by one who lived in great intimacy with the ingenious Ryland, who suffered also for forgery, that if he were to name the most friendly, benevolent, and good hearted man a long life had made him acquainted

quainted with, he should in truth and conscience name Ryland the engraver!—such is the unaccountable mixture, of good, and bad, in the composition of that wonderful being, MAN—a lock was forced, and an out building in my garden was entered lately in the night, a tea box and other trifles were taken away, I know the robber, and where the tea box is, but knowing that it was personal spite to me, and that the man's profession is not that of house breaking, has saved him from the gallows, because I felt in my own bosom, a personal resentment to him, his execution therefore (however consistent with the law of the land) would *in me, and by me*, be deemed malice prepense, a certain Lord, said he was going “*a parson hunting*” soon after Dodd was taken into custody! I hope therefore he was in at *the death*, but *Uncle Toby* would not have said so—would he *Yorick*?

ON THE
 AQUA MEPHITICA ALKALINA,
 OR THE
 SOLUTION OF FIXED ALKALINE SALT, SATURATED WITH
 FIXIBLE AIR, IN CALCULOUS DISORDERS, AND OTHER
 COMPLAINTS IN THE URINARY PASSAGES.

THAT these *selfish* and insignificant sheets may be stamped with a few pages of the utmost importance to the good of mankind, I shall publish (for no publication should I think come from the press without mentioning it, till it is universally known) some account of this medicine, and more especially as Doctor Munro has, in his pharmaceutical chemistry, been *pleas'd* to speak of it so slightly; to have given its preparation so imperfectly; and to say he knows of but *one* instance of its efficacy; will

will the learned Doctor permit me to ask him why he did not know of more instances? his own bookseller, Cadell, could have furnished him with many, under the names too, of men as eminent for TRUTH and CANDOUR, as *the Doctor himself*. Is this the way in which a chymical physician, treats a discovery of the first importance to mankind? it is the way indeed that Mackittrick treated Mr. Tickell's *Æther*, and may be *the way* of some of our northern practitioners; but it is highly reprehensible, and therefore I earnestly recommend to him, the perusal of Mr. Colborne's experiments, and the cases published by Doctor Falconer. Does the learned Doctor know, that Mr. Colborne is a gentleman of Bath, of large and independent fortune, of great chymical knowledge, who has for many years been indefatigable in trying, by various chymical experiments, the means to relieve himself, and others from their sufferings in calculus complaints, and who has, I can venture to say, not only wonderfully succeeded, but generously given the public, the means also of preparing, at a trifling expence, a medicine of the first importance, and the last to have been expected in the *materia medica*; for if it be not a solvent for calculi already formed in the human bladder, it will unquestionably

unquestionably prevent such concretions from forming or enlarging, after they are formed. I know nothing of physic, but I have heard, and seen, such extraordinary accounts of the efficacy of this medicine, both in M. S. and print, under the respectable names of those who have made their grateful acknowledgements to Mr. Colborne, that I speak from UNQUESTIONABLE AUTHORITIES. I have the honor too, to call this gentleman my friend nor could he have bestowed it upon one who esteems him more, not only for his philanthropic disposition, but for the amiableness of his general conduct, and the many virtues I have for years past, known to be inherent in his numerous family; to all of whom, God has given length of days, and affluence of fortune, sufficient to DO AS THEY WOULD BE DONE UNTO. Those who would see particular instances of the efficacy of this medicine, will find it at Cadell's, by Dr. Falconer of Bath; I shall therefore only give one incontestible proof of the effect this medicine has in correcting any acrimonious disposition, in the urine, because it does not appear among the cases published, but proves past all doubt, what a wonderful change it occasions in that excrement. A boy, I think of seven or eight years of age, had

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been cut for the stone, and for seven years afterwards, could not retain his water, all the physical people concluded, that the sphincter had been cut in the operation, and that the boys condition was past the reach of either medicine or art. Mr. Colborne thought otherwise; he gave him this medicated water, and the boy can now retain his, as well as any person whatever; this proves beyond a doubt, that the want of retention, did not arise from any injury done to his person in the operation, but from an acrimonious irritating disposition of the urine itself, which the medicine corrected; now if the proximate cause of calculi, (as some great physicians have asserted) originates from a tartarous salt, conveyed out of the blood, into the small ducts of the kidneys (for it is the nature of these salts, to contain a considerable quantity of that subtle matter which Sir Isaac Newton has shewn to be the cause of cohesion of bodies) this grievous disorder is accounted for. If therefore the kidneys furnish a *nucleus*, when that nucleus gets into the bladder, it cannot fail of being daily augmented by additional *lamellæ* like the coats of an onion. I shall therefore only transcribe accurately, the method of preparing the medicine from Mr. Colborne's own receipt, and as
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the glass apparatus may be had compleatly made for the purpose, at Parker's warehouse Fleet-Street, nothing more need be said, as every man in these cases, may become his own DOCTOR, even without the advice of *Doctor James Mackittrick late medical cautioner of Bath*, and formerly one of the *Quorum* of Antigua, from whence he lately returned.*

all arid dry,
Like the parched stubble in a *dog-day* sky.

The exact method of preparing the medicated water, from Mr. Colborne's directions.—
“Put two ounces and a half troy weight of dry salt of tartar into an open earthen vessel, and pour upon it five quarts, wine measure, of the softest water; such as is clean and limpid, and stir them well together, with a piece of wood, after standing twenty four hours, carefully decant, from any indissoluble residuum that may remain, as much as will fill the *middle* part of the glass machine for impregnating water with fixed air. The alkaline liquor is then to be exposed to a stream of air, according to the directions commonly given for impregnating water with that fluid. When the alkaline

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solution

* The true english, and meaning of this *cautious* Doctor is, to frighten all womenkind, if not all mankind, from taking any kind of medicine without the advice of a physician, and consequently *if they are wise*, to take his.

solution has remained in this situation till the
 fixible air ceases to rise, a fresh quantity of the
 fermenting materials should be put into the
 lower part of the glass machine, and the solu-
 tion exposed to a *second* stream of air, and this
 process repeated twice more. After the liquor
 has continued forty eight hours in that situati-
 on, it will be fit for use, and should be care-
 fully bottled off in pints, closely corked, and
 put with their bottoms *upwards* in a cool place,
 it will then keep good several weeks. About
 eight ounces of this medicated water have been
 taken thrice in twenty four hours, for a confi-
 derable time together, and hath agreed well
 with the stomach, appetite, &c. but a pint in
 twenty four hours, will be sufficient to begin
 with."

ANECDOTE

The Marble Powder, Oil of Vitriol, and proper Instructions to
 use the Machine for impregnating Water with fixible Air, may be had at
 Parker's Glass Warehouse, and I think the Medicine ready prepared also.

A N E C D O T E

OF AN

UNFORTUNATE SERJEANT, SHOT AT LAND GUARD
FORT, FOR DESERTION.

HAVING resigned the command of the Garrison to Major Debrisay, of Hudson's regiment, with an intention to spend a winter month or two in town, I met at the late Duke of Cumberland's levee the General, who informed me it was his Royal Highness's commands, that I returned, in order to resume my command, while the Major sat as president of a court martial upon a serjeant for desertion. A general court martial upon a serjeant for such a crime, implied death upon

upon the first face of it, and as I had been informed that the prisoner bore a good character, and that his desertion was owing to his possessing an unusual share of sentiment, I attended his trial. The charge being read to the prisoner, he was asked whether he pleaded guilty or innocent? to which the brave man replied, guilty to be sure; it would be impertinent in me to trifle with your honours by denying it. Then what have you to say, asked the president, before the sentence of death is passed upon you? to the best of my remembrance the following noble, but alas! fruitless defence was made.—Gentlemen, said this SENTIMENTAL SOLDIER, I was in a manner born a soldier, my father was a soldier before me, and I have been all my days, as it were of the same profession, and since I have been a serjeant, I appeal to my captain, and the officers of the company to which I belong, how I have acquitted myself, but as I did not associate so much with the private men, as other serjeants do, in order the better to support my own authority, or to carry the orders of your honours into execution, I was rather disliked by the rank and file-men, and as my wife had been accused (whether guilty or innocent I cannot say) of stealing a handkerchief,

the

the men when I was doing my own duty, or obeying the orders of your honours, were continually calling out from every corner of the garrison, *Hep*—whose wife stole the handkerchief?—whose wife stole the handkerchief? And this insult, being daily and constantly repeated, it so overcome me with wretchedness, and misery of mind, that in a fit of despair, I took the fatal resolution of going off, which I could have done, with the company's money, to whom I was pay master serjeant, since which, I have been a miserable wanderer, and almost starved, for I knew not how, or where to get my bread but in that line of life to which I had been accustomed, this is the truth gentlemen, and I submit my case to your honours consideration, in hopes that my life will be spared, and my future services useful, the man was condemned to be shot to death!! when the fatal day of his execution arrived, I chose he should not die under my *immediate* command, and therefore quitted the garrison, desiring an old trusty sensible invalid foldier, for whom I had much good will, to attend the execution and let me know *every particular*, that passed at it. He promised so to do, but not without assuring me, he would not have seen such a *deadly blow*, if I had not desired it.

Upon

Upon my asking him how the old serjeant behaved? he replied, sir, he went out as bold as a lion; but recollecting, that by saying so, I might conceive him to, have gone out with an hardened unbecoming boldness, he recalled those words, and said, he died sir like a MAN: observing, that the prisoner was the *only* man present who did not tremble! what said I, did Major Debrisay tremble? yes they all trembled, Major, officers, and men. The Major then asked the prisoner whether he acknowledged the justice of his sentence? the prisoner said he did: have you then any thing to say previous to its being put into execution? yes:— he had a small favour to ask of his honour, and it was, that his fellow prisoner, whom he had just left in the black hold, for a trifling offence, might be forgiven and released? he was promised a compliance to his request, and then, after refusing to have a cap put over his eyes, but to face his hard fate, he was shot to death, according to his sentence. The body was buried in the warren, a spot to which my old invalid, who was my trusty warrener also, and I often visited. After it had lain there seven years, we two, took an early hour, to dig up his bones, as I was determined to preserve the skull of a man, which possessed better brains, than

than a majority of his court martial members. Upon turning the lid of the coffin over, I was exceedingly surpris'd, to find the skeleton, blanch'd as white as snow, by the salt sands and lying in the most perfect order, of a perfect skeleton but with the back upwards! I then observ'd to the old foldier, that the man had been buried before he was quite dead, and had turned himself in the coffin. This for a while stagger'd my chum's recollection also, but at length he accounted for it, by observ'ing, that the Major had order'd him to lie buried, face downwards, as a further mark of infamy! but I will venture to say that he buried a man with his face downwards, whose shoulders wore a head, and whose body supported a mind, equal to that of any Major, or General in Europe. This was the time, and the only time, I coveted rank sufficient, to claim an audience of the King † in which case, I would have urg'd not only the preservation of a brave foldier's life, but his promotion to a higher rank in the army than that of serjeant, for I might have wrote over his remains; " here lies a cromwell guiltless of his country's blood" I plac'd the skull of this sentimental foldier at Felix-tow cottage hard

† It was in the late King's reign.

hard by, but with a different inscription under it. A circumstance which rendered me obnoxious to many military men, whose understandings were placed *below* their *shoulders*. And here let me observe, though I would not be thought superstitious, that before the revolution of one year, Major Debrifay, died a more violent death, for his body was so torn to pieces, that the fragments could not be collected together for the burial of it, even in a rabbit warren! The life of an old foldier, should not be put in the power of young officers, who perhaps may think they stamp an importance upon themselves, by exercising it within the limits of martial law; it is an easy matter to sentence a man to death, or to inflict a thousand lashes upon his bare back, but it is terrible to endure; during the fourteen years I commanded Land Guard Fort. I made the old invalids do their duty like foldiers, and I have a certificate under all their hands that I did so, and that no man during that period ever had his shirt stript from his body, or a lash upon his back.

When Lord Barrington wrote me such a letter, that I thought I could no longer serve with honor in a military capacity, I waited upon his
 Lordship

Lordship to know the cause, and asked him whether I had been guilty of treason or cowardice? he replied no; he believed me to be an honest man, but added, he had recommended it to the King to write me such a letter, for said he, Mr. Thicknesse, there is something very peculiar in your temper, I acknowledged the charge, and produced the certificate, observing that there certainly was something *peculiar in my temper*, and beg'd his Lordship to peruse the certificate, signed by the master gunner, quarter gunners, and every man then under my command, and I defied his Lordship to produce such another certificate from the governor of any Garrison either, at home or abroad. I would not have mentioned this circumstance, but to apprize my successors, that old soldiers sent to spend the dregs of a hard fated life in Garrison, should not be brought under the *drummer's lash*; no port liberty; confinement in the guard room; turning their coats, double duty, and other gentle punishments, will have a better effect; when I was tried upon eight heavy charges by a court martial at the horse guards, * one of them was for spoiling and destroying the King's stores, it was proved; the charge was for ordering down an invalid soldier, whom I found upon coming
into

* The Duke of Northumberland was one of my Judges.

into the fort, mounted, in the sixty fourth year of his age, upon the wooden horse, with his hands tied behind him, and four heavy firelocks tied to his heels! for seeing this horrid spectacle, and hearing the sufferer call upon me for pity, I not only ordered him to be taken down, but the foldiers to break up the wooden horse and burn it, that no temporary commanding officer, while I was out of the fort, should again repeat such wanton acts of cruelty; it is a dangerous punishment for young men, but to age, it occasions disorders which soon carry them beyond the reach of tyrants, and I hope to see the day that picketing the horse soldier, and *riding the foot*, be utterly abolished from the british army, no soldier in France receive corporal punishments for petty offences, and yet good discipline is preserved. It has been insinuated by my enemies, that the King dismissed me from the government of Land Guard Fort, and a frosty faced attorney, of Ipswich, said he had seen the letter of my dismissal, but the truth is, I had the King's leave to resign it in favour of the present lieutenant governor, Mr. Singleton, who paid me two thousand pounds down, and *promised* to insure his life for four hundred pounds more, which he paid me with interest at fifty pounds a year for eight years afterwards;

afterwards; this indulgence and unprecedented transaction however, was brought about by that virtuous, friendly, and excellent man, the late Marquis of Rockingham, whose conduct all good men admired, and whose memory I revere.

ANECDOTE

A N E C D O T E

OF
NATHANIEL ST. ANDRE,

HE WHO THE SAME NIGHT MR. MOLLINEUX DIED,
WENT OFF WITH LADY BETTY, HIS WIDOW,
AND MARRIED HER.

IT was the fashion at Southampton, in the year 1743 and no where else in the Kingdom, to visit Lady Betty and her husband St. Andre, who was considered *there*, by many of the *then* inhabitants, as a miracle of wisdom and knowledge of every kind. St. Andre was a German, and bred a fencing master, but finished his *education*, by travelling with an itinerant doctor. Thus qualified, he arrived in England, called

called himself a great Anatomist, and speaking the native language of George the first, was not only introduced to his Majesty, but was appointed the King's Anatomist, and actually attended his Majesty to instruct him in that occult art! by this extraordinary situation he became noticed by many people of fashion, and among others, by Mr. Mollineux, secretary to the Prince of Wales, and by means of his bass viol, fiddle, &c. (for he possessed all those *travelling accomplishments* in a tolerable degree) he wriggled himself into his favor, and at length, from his *anatomical knowledge*, into Lady Betty's; and then into their house *en famille*. That he was ignorant to a degree scarce to be conceived, may be seen in his silly pamphlet, written to prove that the impostor, Mary Toft, of God-alming rabbits, were præternatural human fætus's, in the form of quadrupeds, which pamphlet he afterwards, bought up, and so effectually suppressed, that I was twenty years in search of it, before I could obtain a sight of one. I do not know who killed poor Mr. Mollineux, but I have been assured that *he* who published, lately, the second edition of that curious performance, killed St. Andre, be that as it may, it is pretty certain, that his foolish book, and Sir Richard Maningham's illiterate one, upon the

the same dirty subject, shews the wretched state of physical practice and Anatomical skill, in this Kingdom, bout sixty years ago. Soon after indeed, a REAL GENIUS in this way appeared; Doctor Frank Nicholls, who by his ingenious, public lectures, and curious Anatomical preparations, put an extinguisher upon the heads of a train of such impostors on one side, and pretenders on the other. After Maningham had been as much imposed upon, as St. Andre, and another high German Doctor whom the King had sent down to Godalming, to examine Mrs. Toft's rabbit warren; he too, wrote a curious pamphlet, to shew how that impostress was detected, but without saying a word, to shew how, so many *great men* could have been imposed upon, by a very simple wicked woman, and by the most obvious fraud that ever was attempted; however I give him credit for the truth of *one* assertion in his ingenious “ Diary
“ of what was observed during a close attend-
“ ance upon Mary Toft the pretended rabbit
“ breeder, from Monday the 28th of Nov. to
“ December the 7th, 1726, by Richard Man-
“ ingham, Kinght, fellow of the royal society and
“ of the college of Physicians, for says this fel-
“ low of the royal society, on Tuesday the 6th,
“ Sir Thomas, (meaning Sir Thomas Clarges
the

“ the justice) threatened her severely and began to appear the *most properest* physician in her case, and his remedies took place, and seemed to promise a perfect cure, for we heard no more of her labour pains” was Sir Thomas a fellow of the royal society I wonder? he certainly ought to have been, as the *most properest one*, of any of the doctors.†

It is not a *quite* singular case that Mary Toft should have made so shameful an attempt to impose upon mankind, and so debase her sex and nature; for a young girl lately in France (in order to destroy her quondam sweet heart) declared herself pregnant by him of toads, and was delivered, *like Mary Toft*, of several, and some with life enough, to make it a matter of doubt with her *Parish Priest*, whether they should, or should not, *be christened!*

M

Notwith-

† In Justice to these two *great men*, it ought to be observed, that it was their ignorance, not wickedness, for they were both imposed upon, by that simple wicked wretch, who had made them, and Mr. Howard the Godalmin man-midwife believe, that rabbits had danced in her *Uterus* for many weeks together to the *tune of fourteen or fifteen!* The whole Kingdom was *in talk* upon this extraordinary delivery, and St. Andre, with Mr. Limborch, another *Highb German Doctor*, were sent down expressly by the King, to examine into these *uterical matters*.

Notwithstanding the high estimation St. Andre stood in, as a man of knowledge among his Southampton admirers, I strongly suspected he was at bottom, an empty silly fellow, who would pretend to account for every thing, by using a few technical terms, applied with much assuming, confident, and arrogant manners. I therefore tried the following experiment *upon him*. Having split an apricot stone, and taken the kernel out, I fixed in its place, a small convex *lens*, and gumed it together, in a manner that it was not easy to perceive, it had been opened, and making two small holes on the sides of the stone opposite each other, it had of course a very considerable magnifying power; tossing this stone for a considerable time up, and catching it in my hand, while I was walking before the coffee house door at Southampton with St. Andre, I at length put it to my eye, and holding up my finger before it, observed to him, how extraordinary it was, that there should appear such magnifying powers, from those two holes, merely from the cavity within, and desired him to observe, and explain it? he accordingly applied it to his eye, and elevating his finger before it also, could no longer doubt of the *truth* of my observation, and upon my asking him the cause, he

he was pleased to inform me, “ *that the kernel within, had perished, and that the concavity of the stone, caused the rays of light to expand in the vacuum, and thereby present the rays of light in globular forms between the eye and the object, &c. &c.*” this nonsense bringing to my mind the saying of a fine lady, who being asked if she drank milk in her tea, replied, yes; *because the globular particles of the milk render the acute angles of the tea more obtuse*, I burst into a loud laugh, and attempted to go into the coffee house to relate *my manner of magnifying matters*, but St. Andre, then suspecting that I had learnt the art of *concealing embryos* of Mary Toft, endeavoured to prevent me, and desired me not *to tell*; It was a *kernel* however I could not but crack, as I knew it would become *nuts* to many of the company, though it finished for ever, my correspondence with that very eccentric and singular genius; yet I confess that it deprived me of great pleasure, for Lady Betty, his wife (whatever *errors her passions* might have led her into) was certainly one of the most entertaining sensible women then living, and said to be (by Queen Caroline, before she was forbid the court) the best bred woman in the British dominions.

A N E C D O T E

THE DUKE OF SOMERSET, THE FATHER OF THE
MARCHIONESS OF GRANBY.

THERE happened such a contest at King's college, Cambridge, in the year 1742, between the equally divided Fellows, in their choice of a Provost, that neither party could prevail; my brother, who was of the whig party, but a moderate man, and esteemed by both, was desired immediately to take his doctor's degree, and that they would unite, and elect him. As the King was just setting out for Hanover, my Brother was obliged to go immediately

diately to London to get his mandamus, and to apply to the Duke of Somerset, who was chancellor of the university, the instant he arrived in London, which happened to be on a Sunday, he was utterly unknown to the Duke, but wrote him a short letter the copy of which now lies before me, the Duke, to his great surprize, sent to desire his company at dinner, my brother accordingly went, was kindly received, and his request complied with; previous to the dinner being served up, the company, consisting of ten persons beside the Duke, were sitting in the great Hall, a servant entered, holding a silver staff in his right hand, something like a Bishop's crozier, and bare headed, announced the splendid repas three times thus; *Forte*,—*Piano*,—*Pianissimo*. My Lord Duke of Somerset.—My Lord Duke of Somerset.—My Lord Duke of Somerset. Your Graces dinner is upon the table. I believe my brother was the only undignified clergyman who was ever admitted to such an honor, and as he died suddenly, a few days after, he died without knowing why this singular mark of attention was shewn him, and therefore I will venture to account for it, from one expression in his letter to the Duke; it is, “ nothing could in-
“ duce

“ duce me to give your Grace this trouble up-
 “ on a Sunday, but the King’s going so soon
 “ abroad” The Duke perhaps did not lay
 much stress upon *the day*, but he was gratified;
 and perhaps flattered, to find a clergyman who
 supposed he did. Mentioning this matter some
 years afterwards, to the Dowager Lady Bate-
 man, I observed that the pride of the father,
 seemed very conspicuous in the deportment of
 his daughter, Lady Granby, for she appear’d
 to me to walk in a more stately manner, than
 I had ever seen any Lady move. Lady Bate-
 man, who was intimately acquainted with the
 Marchioness, and who admired her for her
 many virtues, and above all, for being far
 above any pride but such as was becoming her
 rank, laughed at me for having conceived an
 idea so contrary to truth; as to her manner of
 walking she observed, that might be easily ac-
 counted for, for said she, Lady Granby never
 was suffered to walk alone, till after she was
 married, nor even to go up or down stairs,
 without being supported by a groom of the
 chambers, or some gentlemen, adding, you
 shall go with me some morning and breakfast
 with Lady Granby, and soon conferred that
 honor upon me. I here acknowledge my mis-
 take,

take, for I found Lady Granby as devoid of pride, as she was covered with irresistible charms, and I was as proud of my extraordinary introduction to the Marchioness, as my brother could have been to the noble Duke her father.

ANECDOTE

A N E C D O T E

OF AN

ITINERANT PLAYER, &c.

ABOUT eight or ten years since, a young man was brought to me, who was thought to possess some Theatrical talents, and the specimens he gave of it were such as induced me to recommend him to the manager of a Theatre who employed him, either upon my opinion, or his own, at a small weekly salary; at this time, the man, who I think had been bred a coach maker, owed some money, and honestly proposed to his creditors, to give them up a moiety of his little income, till they were paid, but

but that propofal was rejected, and he was obliged to fly to France, and there remain without his fubfiftence, till he could be what, is, I think, called *white washed*; I thought his cafe hard, and his creditors unreafonable, and therefore gave him a letter to a french officer, and a weekly allowance to maintain him there out of my own pocket till the *whiting had been put on*. The officer, to whom I had written in his favor, being very defirous of obliging me, went to him one morning in a great hurry, and informed him, according to the french manner of expreffion, *that he had procured him a penfion*, meaning thereby, a family to board with; procured me a penfion, replied the young comedian! you aftonifh me! pray Sir how much is it? forty pounds a year for you and your wife.—Good God Sir, how fhall I reward you? you have laid me under an everlasting obligation, what a lucky man I am, firft to find a friend to fend me into a foreign country, and there to find a ftranger to ferve me fo effentially. The frenchman who had been too much accuftomed to hear fuch expreffions made ufe of, for trifling favors, did not perceive that the Englifhman, was thanking him for procuring him and his wife a penfion during

ing life, of forty pounds a year; but after a little further conversation, the matter was explained on both sides. If this man was not so lucky, on the *other* side of the water, as he had for a while believed, he has had it amply made up to him on *this* since his return, for he now holds a place under government, said to be worth a thousand pounds a year, and yet his name does not appear among the list of my subscribers! he sent *it* indeed, but not *properly*, and beside, it is not the first time that he has reminded me of a very just observation; viz. that ingratitude is a crime of so deep a dye, no one was ever found hardy enough to acknowledge himself guilty of it; * tho' I am apt to believe, he was intimidated from doing it by his comedian master, who I have often seen in his blue sleeves, dipping candles in a grease tub; but that was all fair, and should
not

* When the late Duke of St. Alban's married, he sent *one* wedding favor to Lord George Beauclerck. Lord George returned it, and desired the servant to inform his grace, that *two* or *none*, should have been sent to him, Lord George having just before married *his lady*, so this fortunate comedian sent me *one* mark of *his gratitude*, but as I had subscribed to him and *his wife too*, during the *white washing business at Calais*, I declined the favor, agreeing with Lord George that two favors, or none should have been sent, one to me, and *one* to my wife, for we had both *subscribed to them*.

not have been mentioned *here*, had he conducted a negotiation between a *father and a son* with truth, candour or justice, but low birth, however cultivated will always have a smack of it, neither good company, nor good luck; can do them quite away. The wife of the first artist in this Kingdom, nay of any Kingdom, and who frequently earns fifty guineas before he sits down to dinner, carries this beggarly disposition to a pitch scarce to be conceived. Her husband who is by no means young, constantly stands upon his feet during five or six hours every day, and then before dinner walks into the park for a little fresh air, or into the city upon business, by which time, he becomes so *foot sore*, that he takes a hackney coach to return home, but he durst as soon eat his *palate* as he set down within sight of his own door, for fear of *another set down*, from a little bit of *red flesh* which grows in this Scotch woman's mouth!! what renders it worse too, is, that the husband is as generous, as he is ingenuities, and feels those dirty doings at his finger ends, for no man living possesses a *cunninger finger*, nor a more beggarly and mean spirited jealous pated wife, who would rather deprive him of the company of those friends who sincerely

love

love him, for his many good qualities, and who admire him for his inimitable talents, than that an *extra* bottle of wine, or a bit of roast mutton should be eat at his table, and yet this woman has an annuity settled upon her for life, four times more than she has spirit to spend, or genius to enjoy, nor is this the meanest instance I could with truth advance, but instead of which, I will relate one of an English *Farmerefs*, who died worth thirty thousand pounds, and who was my nearest neighbour *of fashion* at Land Guard Fort. On my first journey to that garrifon when I came to Walton, a village only three miles from it, having been previously told there was no neighbourhood near it, I was delighted to see a magnificent house, and an Achievement over the door! a few days, after having walked up to the village, an old hag, resembling one of the witches in Macbeth, came forth from this goodly looking mansion and thus accosted me.—“*Your servant your honor, I hope we shall serve you with butter, eggs, and things in our way, we always served Governor Hayes your honor, &c.*” upon enquiring of the parson, I was assured that this woman was worth a great deal of money, and that in the last illness

ness of her husband; the old man, when he found himself going, said “ *wife if thee wouldst,* “ *I will send over to Ipswich for Dr. Venn, for indeed* “ *I am deadly bad.*”—send for Dr. Venn replied the wizard, why you *auld feule* you, what signifies your *thrawing* away your money upon Doctors stuff, when you *know* you cant *hauld* it above a day or two, but as the Doctor was not sent for, the old man told *Thomas*, who was going with the teem to Ipswich market, to bring him a bit of veal, and *Thomas* would have brought it, but that she privately forbid him, unless it could be had at five pence a pound! the old man died a few days after, without the assistance of Dr. Venn, or Dr. *Veal*; yet this man, who submitted to be thus treated by such a mean *animal*, for she merited not the name of a woman, I am well assured, had the spirit to give my predecessor, a handsome horse whipping. When it came to the old woman’s *turn*, to *have nothing more to do with butter and eggs*, she sent for the *Layer*, to make her will, and the following conversation passed between them. Your servant Mr. *Kilderbey*,—your servant Madam,—to be sure Mr. *Kilderbey* I am deadly bad;—to be sure Madam you are;—to be sure I have a great deal of money to leave behind

me

me Mr. Kilderbey;—to be sure Madam you have;—and I am very unwilling to part with it;—to be sure Madam you are; then lifting up her eyes for the first time to heaven, (previous, to her doing what she had never in her life done before) she observed, that a salt goose hung in the passage, and desired Mr. Kilderbey to put it into his pocket; and he did so, for Mr. Kilderbey finding that she was disposed to leave all her money, where he wished it to be left, he would have put *her* in his pocket rather than have thwarted the old lady at such a critical time, for he too perceived, that neither Dr. Venn, nor *Dr. Veal's* assistance, could make her *hauld* it above a day or two, and so poor Mr. Kilderbey, after having made her will, was content to ride thirteen miles home with a salt goose in his pocket, the very emblem of the hag, whose will he had made, so much to his own satisfaction, being in favor of his friend, a reputable Farmer in the neighbourhood, who had a very large family, we have heard of high life above stairs, and high life below stairs, but where shall we place the lives of two such Jesabels as are above delineated? if the reader should be disposed, either to laugh, or to cry,

at

at such instances of human depravity, for here is matter for both, he is required not to doubt, the truth of either, for I have the BEST AUTHORITY to say they are TRUTH ITSELF.

A FEW REMARKS

ON

S L A V E R Y.

THAT Englishmen, who boast of more freedom than perhaps they possess, should countenance slavery, is a shame, but that they have taken the matter up all at once, with too much ardour, and perhaps too, it originated with some sinister views there can be no doubt. That the Negroes are a species of the human race, I cannot deny, but that they are an inferior and a very different order of men, I sincerely believe ; I have seen and conversed much with them, in what we call their state of slavery, and

and yet by living long among them, in the Island of Jamaica, it never was my lot to see those acts of cruelty and oppression, with which the native white men, of those climates, are now accused; warmth of temper, the climate certainly conveys to them, but it is accompanied with generosity and humanity in a great degree, and the life of their slaves, appear in my eyes, much preferable to the *white slaves* among us, for what else are the day labourers of England, Ireland, and Scotland? they indeed serve a variety of masters, instead of one; but does that mend their condition? there is an old Negro servant now living at Bath, to whom I put the following questions, do you know the condition of your countrymen in slavery in our West India Islands? I do perfectly;—do you know the condition of the day labourers in this country? I do perfectly;—then put your hand to your bosom, and tell me truly, which of the two kinds of life would you prefer, were you to live your time over again? that of slavery said he ten to one; if a race of blacks were to be placed under the frigid zone, they would continue as black as under the torrid? * do the Indians

N

of

* The bile of the Negroe is black, that of the white man yellow, but there are many other proofs of their being a very distinct race of the human kind.

of north America, or any nation under the sun, beside the Negroes, traffic in human flesh? the condition of the Negroes of our Islands in slavery, is preferable to their freedom in their own, if a life of perpetual fear of the hands of the greatest and cruelest tyrants upon the earth, can be called freedom. Do the advocates for slavery believe, that if a gentleman emancipated his whole plantation of slaves to day, and desired their labour *for hire* to morrow to cut down his canes, &c. that they would serve him? if they do, they are mistaken, not one of them would; and if they were all to come to this country, which God, and the Parliament forbid, no man would ever see them either hedging, ditching, or ploughing;* they would be either domestic servants, or street beggars, and the English nation would in another century, degenerate into a race of Portuguese. If they are to be free, let it be to return to their own country, not to this. The prudent policy of the French nation should not be overlooked, they will not suffer a Negro to land in their Kingdom, therefore we shall soon be *peopled* with them from *all* quarters. The giving freedom to the
Negroes,

* Did any man ever see a Negroe in England at work? I never did except now and then to serve the mason or bricklayer, with mortar.

Negroes, and giving up our West India Islands, are synonymous terms, if we give them freedom, and compel them to work, they are no longer free, and while the earth there will produce yams, plantains, cocoes, &c. Negroes will only plant *them*; white men cannot bear the violence of the sun in those climates, even without labour, but God has given the Negroe hair to protect him from the *Coup de Soleil*. The manner of their being brought down the rivers of Africa some hundred miles, their package one upon another, and the cruel treatment on the way by their own complectioned tyrants, is too dreadful to relate, but it is contrary to the interest, and I hope to the disposition of our guinea traders in general, to treat them cruelly on ship board, here and there, white tyrants arise, whose delight it may be, to extirpate whole nations. This nation has set Mr. Pitt, by their numerous petitions in favour of the blacks, a most arduous task for granting it, he must ruin the West India Islands, and declining it, he may rouse the Negroes into a general rebellion as they all now consider the whole british empire are united, in wishing to set them free. I have seen the slavery of the West Indies, and the slavery

of the Galleys, but the *veriest slaves* I have ever seen, are the day labourers of England and Ireland, and the *all work* maid servants of London; while such a hue and cry is made about the freedom of black slaves, hundreds of free born Englishmen are actually in slavery under the barbarian moors in Africa who are not thought of! the late Mr Henry Grenville when he was Governor of Barbadoes, contrary to the custom of the country, told me, he dined with his coat on, and expected all whom he invited to his table to wear theirs; for what said Mr. Grenville, is a King in his waistcoat? may we not go a little further, and suppose him without any covering whatever, and then who would be able to distinguish which is the King, and which was the slave. Lord Chesterfield's observation is very just, when he said, "dress is a foolish thing, yet it is a foolish thing not to be well dressed;" the wisest men cannot conquer that absurdity, and the multitude are governed by it, to a man. A pickpocket under the character of Prince Justinian, with his son, and princess, lived eleven months splendidly, at Spa, in Germany, without a single farthing in his pocket, or scarce a shirt to put on; merely
by

ment, by dint of the sun and stars being embroidered on an old coat bought of a *Friperie*, at Paris. When I see on Lord Rodney a star, and ribband, I consider it as an ornament due to the great and eminent services he has rendered his country, but when an Irish Earl makes use of that badge to introduce himself and his wife into my garden, or when I am not at home, to ask impertinent questions of my servants; I look upon him with contempt, and embrace this public occasion, to desire he will not take that liberty with me again, nay to tell him, HE SHALL NOT; his coat, his star, and his ribband; are as insignificant in my eyes as he is.

☞ There are in our West India Islands, particularly in Jamaica, a great number of free Negroes and Mulattoes, who possess slaves of their own, and it is among them only cruelties are exercised! I was more than an eye witness to the following affecting scene in Jamaica. A gentleman at whose house I was upon a visit, had struck his head boyler, a very old man, rather too heavy a blow, and the *only* blow the man had during his long life received. The man was hurt in body and mind too, and seemed to be in danger, his sorrowful master and mistress daily visited him, and shewed him every mark of attention in their power, the old man was sensible of their kindness, and often said he hoped to recover so as to boil off the present crop and got out again, but in a few days relapsed and died. The day of his funeral his master, his mistress, and myself; were lookers on at this melancholy scene, for it was a more melancholy scene to us, than it seemed to be to his numerous relations and companions, when the bearers had carried him to the margin of the grave, they run suddenly away with the corps, saying *bims no save go to the grave*. A consultation was then held, as to the cause! oh, he

he had not taken leave of his friends, the body was then carried to the door of every hut in the Negroe town, and some one spoke for the deceased thus, farewell *tatta*, farewell *mamma*, &c. he was then a second time carried to the grave, but a second time also, *bim no save go*, and a second consultation took place, when it was found, that he had not taken leave of his *Massa* and *Misifs*, so up a high hill the corps, and the crew were mounted, and the *Sheridan* among them, thus harranged us three *Beccaras*. Good bye *Massa*, good bye *Misifs*, good bye *gemem*, me always serve you true *Massa*, my heart burn true *Massa*, and you never beat me no more than once, me sorry to die before me boil the crop; so *Massa* and *Misifs* went crying away, and ordered the bearers a large jug of rum, and then poor *Quamina* went as quietly to the grave, as could be expected!

AN

O B S E R V A T I O N

OR TWO, ON THE

MODERN DOCTRINE OF LIBELS.

A BURNT child (says the old adage) dreads the fire; I have *been libel-burnt*, I therefore ask the candid part of my countrymen, whether it can be justly said, we live in a free country, while every man among us a few only excepted, is liable to be tried by a jury, who may be persuaded to find his Peer guilty of *publishing only*, and then leave his *unknown* punishment to the court of King's Bench. Is not a man so convicted, left to the mercy of Judges, who
may

may nail his ears to a pillory ; nay, who may cut his ears off ? who may imprison him for life, or sentence him to find such high securities, as may detain him for life in a prison, and that too, for a crime, which if the punishment had been left to the bosoms of his jury, would neither have deprived him of liberty, or fined him five pounds. I will state my own case, because it is applicable to many other FREE BORN Englishmen. Lord Orwell, afterwards created *Earl of Shipbroke* ! * was appointed president of a court martial upon the tryal of a military, or rather an *unmilitary* officer of his own corps, but under my command in a frontier garrison ; in war time, and at the time the Queen was hourly expected to land at, or pass under the very muzzles of the cannon of that garrison. This officer quitted his duty without my leave, contrary to repeated and positive public garrison orders, I sent a serjeant to the place he had retreated (thirteen miles off,) to order him to return to his duty ; yet in defiance to all military discipline, to duty, and decency to the person of his sovereign, he would not return ; but aggravated his crime by absenting himself two days more ; unwilling to embarrass govern-
ment,

* He served an apprenticeship to a Mercer.

by trying such a *militia culprit* at a court martial, I put him first in arrest, and gave him twenty four hours time, to consider of his improper conduct, in hopes, that he would make such an apology as he ought, or at least, such a one (for I would gladly have accepted of any) that might save appearances in me, and spare trouble to the *folks above*, but finding he did not apply to me! I applied to him, and asked him whether he had any reasons to offer, why I should not lay his very extraordinary conduct before the secretary at war, in order to receive the King's commands*? but this obstinate country Esquire (Captain Lynch of Ipswich) had none!! nay, he considered himself so *ill used*, that he *insisted* upon being tried at a court martial! Lord Orwell, and twelve more of his *respectable corps*, sat in judgment upon *us both*, for they rather tried *me*, than him; and after (what might have been done in one hour) three days *mature deliberation*, the *honorable court* found the prisoner *not only, not guilty, but acquitted him with honour!!* The King however could not, as appears by the
 Judge

* I had desired the Serjeant to tell Mr. Lynch that I expected him to let me know whether his going without leave was owing to his contempt to discipline, or *to me?* the latter part of which rather alarmed the noble Captain, and induced him to prefer the matter being settled by his Brother Officers, than *between himself and me.*

Judge advocates letter, confirm this very extraordinary and *honourable acquittal*, “ because the “ charge stands CLEAR, * and UNCONTRADICTED “ by the prisoner” some time after this sentence, The *noble lord* was presented with a wooden cannon; by a wag, who thought it I suppose, a proper field piece for *so respectable a corps*, for it made, when *let off*, as much *noise* as an iron one, and when his lordship was a candidate to represent the town of Ipswich in parliament, a paper was littered about the streets to which the following querie was tacked. †

His Lordship, determined to preserve the *spirit* and *honour* of his corps, fixed upon me, as the *sender* of that wooden piece of ordnance, and the author also of the aukward kind of querie annexed to the *election squib*. I was tried at St. Edmund’s Bury, as the author of those libels by
an

* Extract from the judge advocates Gould’s letter.

* “ If a man be proved guilty of wilful and premeditated perjury can “ any set of people be so mean to elect such a villain to represent them “ upon any occasion, without subjecting themselves to be considered en- “ couragers and promoters of a crime the most impudent and the most “ infamous,” &c. Here was neither name nor the initials of a name, it was, as Mr. De Grey justly observed in court, as applicable to any man in that country, or in that court, as to the prosecutor, or was it said he (turning to the noble Lord who sat by the judge) that your conscience retorted it upon you? Mr. De Grey had sixty one guineas for his attendance.

an almost superannuated judge, and a special jury of twelve gentlemen, and who thought themselves bound in honor to find me guilty in court, though they thought me innocent enough out of one, to do me the honor to invite me the next day to breakfast with them, and to express their concern. Six or eight months after Mr. Lynch had escaped *his punishment*; I was brought to Westminster Hall to receive mine; it was to be imprisoned three months; to be fined one hundred pounds; to find security seven years for my good behaviour, two friends to be bound in five hundred pounds each, and myself in one thousand, for the maintainance of it.* Now had the punishment for these heinous crimes, been left with my jury, would they not have naturally concluded, if imprisoning my person had been mentioned by any one of the number, that such a mode of proceeding might subject me to the pains and penalties of two punishments for ONE offence? which I have been told is contrary to the spirit and law of the land; did the court, who passed this sentence upon me *then* know, that the King would, as indeed he MOST GRACIOUSLY DID, overlook my incapacity

* A printer and my servant was also prosecuted, the expences of all cost me at least a thousand pounds.

ty to do my military duty for the space of three months I was shut up in a prison? if they did not, then they laid me open to a DOUBLE punishment for ONE offence; but I know, that the day I was committed, one of my judges said to his clerk, this military man must have been mad, for he will lose his commission, and I certainly should (for that was the main aim of my enemy) had his Majesty been as regardless of JUSTICE as the Judge mentioned above, was destitute of candour. Why was I not fined double, nay quadruple the sum, and not have been deprived of my liberty? but that was not the object of my prosecutor, he had declared that he would never quit me till I was undone, and I KNEW CERTAINLY that Mr. W. Ellis, then Secretary at war, received an anonymous letter, while I was in durance, to the following effect, and nearly in these words, "Sir, Philip Thicknesse the Governor of Land Guard Fort is mustered *absent with the King's leave*, but it is expected that you sir, muster him absent where he really is, *i. e.* in the King's Bench prison, for publishing a false scandalous and infamous libel on the Right Hon. Lord Orwell."

Yours, &c.

Veritas.

This

This letter was treated with that contempt which was due to such an ungenerous attack, but in justice to the noble *Lord's valour* I must own, that *after* I obtained my liberty, but bound with my friends to keep the peace for seven years, he did send Governor Tonynin to invite me to a breach of it in Hyde Park and yet, when by the advice of Mr. Cornwell the speaker of the house of commons, I pointed out a safe way of accepting this extraordinary invitation, the noble Lord *prudently observed the laws of the land*, and declined going over to Calais with me, on account of *his gout*. At the time that this sentence was passed upon me, or rather at the time I was to have the doors of a prison thrown open to me, suppose I could not have found two friends (for they must be really friends) who would have been bound in five hundred pounds penalty for seven years, I must then have been a prisoner for life, or until I could. I had ONE brother, whose affection I could not doubt, but I had not TWO, I had a thousand acquaintance, among whom I hope were many who wished me well; but I could not say I had any right to expect one of them, to subject himself to the payment of five hundred pounds as a proof of it. Is not therefore a man found guilty of a libel

libel by a jury *of only publishing it*; liable to imprisonment for life? and if he be, is he; can he be said to be a native of a free country, who can be tried and punished only, by twelve honest men his Peers, and countrymen? I have not the honor to be known to Mr. Bowes, but I have the pleasure, (if it can in the least be pleasing to him,) to know, that I feel deeply for the length of time he is sentenced to be shut up, with so many *sons* and *daughters* of woe, for that of itself, is a grievous punishment to a susceptible mind. †

† In the sequel, I shall relate the story of the WOODEN GUN, as I flatter myself it may convey some useful hints, I am sure it will shew some extraordinary events, and shew as Lord Bacon justly observes, what a fire may be lighted only from a spark.

ANECDOTE

A N E C D O T E

or

H E N D E R S O N.

AT the time that Palmer allowed him only a guinea, or a guinea and half a week, there were people at Bath, who were not strangers to Henderfon's great powers as an actor, and strength of understanding as a man. Lord Bateman, who first saw him at my house in private, was so much offended with his manners, (for he possessed neither modesty, nor sentiment) that it was with difficulty I prevailed upon his Lordship to see him in any other character than his *own*, yet he was so
much

much delighted with his stage endowments, that he desired me when we met in town, to bring Henderson to dine with him; as we were on our way up Oxford road, it occurred to me that Lady Bateman would be more disgusted with Henderson's usual table deportment, than my Lord had been, I therefore took an occasion to tell him, that Lady Bateman possessed a good understanding, and was very delicate as to the propriety of the behaviour of those who came to her table, and as it was probable Lord Bateman might, after dinner, desire him to give her ladyship a specimen of his stage abilities, entreated him, as he could act *even* the part of a very shy modest man, to *play it*, both before, and at dinner, observing, that then, whatever he was kind enough to do after dinner, would come forth with double force. Henderson played the part of the *knife and fork*, always in the best manner, and during the time of dinner, *I saw him in a new and singular character*, if he did not display much good breeding, he was in all other respects, *the thing*. My conjecture too, proved right; for Lord Bateman observing that as Lady Bateman had not been at Bath in his time, he would gratify her curiosity by a little specimen either comic, or serious, of an assumed character, from that
instant

instant, Mr. Garrick, not Henderson was at the table! neither Gainborough, nor Reynolds's; could have given such a portrait of that first of all actors; they could only give his face, eye, and person; but Henderson, almost *without face, eye, or person* † gave us the LIVING MAN tho' *outried* to the extreme, in every part. That Henderson should be unable to with-hold such very extraordinary powers of mimicry, and thereby endeavour to ridicule the only rival he had, is not much to be wondered at, but that he possessed effrontery enough to *take off Garrick*, TO MR. GARRICK, which he did in the same manner, will ever remain a wonder, but to those who knew him as well as I did, and will sufficiently justify me, for giving him the *Oxford Road Hint*. Mr. Garrick was shocked when he saw himself in Henderson's *Mirroure*, and only said, (as well he might) "*What! is that me?*" When I asked Henderson how he could be prevailed upon to do it, he said Mr. Garrick desired him! Did Henderson then possess either modesty or sentiment? † but what must we think, when I as-

O

fert,

† His person was void of elegance and his own face bad.

† He possessed however the first of all virtues, that of filial affection to his aged Mother in a high degree.

fert, that I have seen several letters from Mr. Garrick to Henderson, while he was an early performer on the Bath stage, wherein Mr. Garrick had given him such kind and important hints, as to his conduct on, and off the stage, that they appeared to me not only friendly, but as parental admonitions; Mr. Henderson however slighted them, as puerile and useles. Mr. Ireland, the sensible, honest man, who wrote Henderson's life, was his first and best friend, yet Henderson *took him off*, still *better* than he did Mr. Garrick! for when Mr. Ireland failed in business, and failed too, in all probability, from the expences Henderson and his associates had led him into (for Mr. Ireland's house was his *only* home) he was his *only* creditor also, who refused to sign his certificate! and yet with what candour and ingenioufness has Mr. Ireland written Henderson's life, since Henderson was *taken off himself*.*

ANECDOTE

* When Henderson was seriously complaining of his loss by Mr. Ireland's failure, a wag in company, who knew that he had got all Mr. Ireland's myrtles and bough-pots from the window's in maiden lane, observed, why what would you have more, have you not got all his timber?

A N E C D O T E

OF

A LORD, A MONK, AND A FOOL.

THE Earl of Coventry, to whom, I was neither known nor obliged, further than that he had honoured me with his name, and a guinea, as a subscriber to my journey into Spain, meeting me at Bath soon after my return from thence, was pleased to inform me, and to surprise me also, by telling me it was in my power to render him a service which no man else in England could! he then gave me a list in latin, of the name of every tree, shrub, and flower, which the extraordinary mountain of Montfer-

rat produces, and desired I would write to my friend Pere Pascal, to cause the feeds and bulbous roots it produces, to be collected at the proper seasons of the year, and sent to him, and that whatever expence attended it, he would most thankfully pay, and feel himself highly obliged; I immediately wrote in the most pressing terms to the good Monk, and told him they were for a nobleman of my country, of high rank, and great fortune. This request opened a correspondence between me and the good old man, one year, *before* the Spanish war commenced * and continued one year after for PERE PASCAL, lived in PEACE with all mankind; in his reply to me, he expressed such a willingness to oblige his Lordship, and such regard to me and my family that it *unmanned* me; if bringing a tear or two in my eyes when I read it, be *unmanning*, such poor beings as the best of us are. My only concern said the Monk is, “least we should not fulfil thy commands with that zeal and ardour we wish, as our apothecary is the only man in whom we can confide.” After two years
expensive

* The Spaniards I suppose mean to shew their respect to their correspondents, by enclosing their letters in several covers, or perhaps (as in Spain they pay by weight) to prevent wear and tear, in foreign letters their paper being very thin, for my letters often had double covers.

expensive correspondence to the Monk, and myself also, he informed me that he had that day sent to Mr. Macdonald their Agent at Barcelona, two boxes, one, containing seventy four parcels of seeds, all properly marked and numbered; and the other, filled with bulbous roots. "*When this valuable cargo arrived*" Lord Coventry honored me with a letter of which the following is a copy,

Dear Sir,

" I am this minute favoured with your
 " most obliging letter, I return you a thousand
 " thanks for the trouble you have been at on
 " my account, I hope you will see next year
 " the produce of your own bounty, though it
 " must appear in an infant state, I am really
 " thankful for what I could not have obtained
 " by any other means, and whatever expence
 " may have attended this valuable cargo *in its*
 " *passage to England*, I shall most gratefully pay
 " to your order, it is the only ship that I wish
 " may escape Admiral Rodney's vigilance, for
 " under every administration I must always
 " wish well to that of Britain, I return you
 " the Monk's letter * and join in his blessings,
 being

* All the Monk's letters were translated and sent to his Lordship with the originals.

“ being dear Sir, your most faithful humble
 “ Servant,”

COVENTRY,

in PICCADILLY,

March the 4th, 1782.

As his Lordship only seemed by this letter, desirous to pay the expences of the *sea passage*, of this valuable cargo, I replied, by pointing out, the only means I knew of, to transmit some gratuity to the Monk's and the Apothecary, who had, as I did then, and do now believe, traversed a mountain sixteen miles in circumference in the hot autumn of Spain to collect them, and to the Monk who had parceled them, numbered them ; provided boxes for them, and sent them all properly packed up, to their agent forty miles, from Montserrat, to Barcelona. I therefore informed his Lordship that as it was war time, if he transmitted his donation to Mr. Walpole the british minister at Lisbon, that gentleman might be able to convey it by some safe means to Montserrat. His Lordship did not honor me with any reply to that letter, but soon after, called upon Mr. Brown, my bookseller, the corner of Essex Street and gave him a *guinea!* for their reward, and desired I would remit it to them, I did not remit it ; but I did

not

not keep it, but gave it to a Spanish prisoner who was almost naked, and pennyless, and there the matter had rested in silent astonishment in my own bosom, had I not a year afterwards, met with a Spanish gentleman at Brussels, who *delicately hinted* to me (for he was just returned from Montserrat) that the Monks were much surpris'd, that a british nobleman, (Homo Ricco,) should have offer'd so small a *return* for their trouble and expense! I too, was not only surpris'd, but deeply hurt, for as his Lordship had seen *all* the Monk's letters, he could not but have observed one remarkable expression in them, towards the close of our correspondence, viz. " I shall be always glad to oblige you, but I must inform you, that the postage of your letters have cost me eighteen *pecettoes* (shillings,) which is a great sum out of a poor monk's pocket." † Upon this alarming and painful hint, I wrote to Lord Coventry and told him I would vindicate myself, not being able to endure the most distant suspicion, of
having

† My letters were all a single sheet of the thinnest paper I could procure and sealed with a thin wafer; the reader will therefore judge of my expence of postage when I assert that the replies were always in two and sometimes three covers!

having behaved either ungratefully or unjustly to strangers, who had received me with kindness and treated me with much hospitality; his Lordship in return, by a letter dated Croome, Sept. 22, 1782, says, " Sir, the reason of my leaving a guinea with Mr. Brown for the use of the Spanish Apothecary, was because you told me a few shillings would be a sufficient gratuity, and I really meant to be liberal, I have not the smallest objection to deposit another guinea or two with the same person when I go to town next winter and I shall certainly do so, though I never bought docks and weeds at so high a price; the gentleman certainly did not collect them upon Montserrat, but probably before his own door without going a yard to procure them. The Hill is known to contain some curious plants, of which I troubled you with a catalogue, but instead of those productions the contents of the box were precisely what I have described as several of the best botanists can testify, who have seen this whole cargo. When I left the money with Mr. Brown I fully explained the purpose for which it was intended, and told him that you had no other concern in it than being the vehicle of it to a poor Apothecary at Montserrat,

it
 having punctually executed that commis-
 sion

it is therefore, surprizing that there should have been any misapprehension about it."

I am Sir, your obedient Servant,

COVENTRY,

But with all due respect to the noble Earl, may I not say, that I had not only been *the vehicle* to procure "*the box*" but to procure TWO BOXES from Montserrat, that I had been at some expence, and had sent, besides postage of letters, a present to the Monks, in consideration of their kind attention to my request, and was not repaid, nor even asked what expences I had been put to, I was therefore obliged to trouble his Lordship with another letter from Bruffells, to express my concern, that I should at the use of my interest, the expence of my purse, and the most ardent desire to serve his Lordship, incur his displeasure! his Lordship in reply does me the honor to say "Sir, Nothing could surprize me more than your letter of the 4th. inst. interpreting a former letter of mine to convey that I was *highly offended with you*, could I be offended with a gentleman who being almost an entire stranger to me, obligingly undertook to write into a foreign country? could I be offended with him for having punctually executed that commision?"

tion? as to the expence of collecting the seeds I always understood that I was to pay it, and I think so still, with that idea I applied to you to know what demands there were upon me, and received in answer only a few shillings to a poor Apothecary who had the trouble of gathering the seeds, I thought I could not send him less than a guinea, which sum I left with Mr. Brown, your bookseller, fully explaining for whose use it was intended, and fully stating, that I believed you would be kind enough to remit it to Barcelona, having myself no correspondence with that place. The charge attending postage of letters I confess did not occur to me, but if you will let me know what may be due on that account and what you *now* think a proper gratuity to the Apothecary, I will readily set right the mistake and pay the money to any person in London who may be appointed to receive it."

I am, Sir,

Your obedient humble Servant,

COVENTRY.

CROOME,

October the 12th, 1782.

After an additional trouble, and expence in a fresh correspondence with the monk at Brusfells,

fells, I returned to England, and living within three or four doors of Lord Coventry, and consequently often seeing his Lordship, I again took the liberty of stating to him that I was some pounds out of pocket, for having *punctually executed* his Lordship's commands, and even offered to swear within the mark to the sum expended; a day or two after, meeting his Lordship in Piccadilly, he was pleased to tell me, if I would call at his door, his porter had a note for me; as I had never in my life been within his Lordship's doors, I declined that honor, but sent my servant for the note, and thus it was written, in his Lordship's own hand, "If Mr. Thicknesse will call at Mr. Cunningham's, Hosier, the corner of St. James's Street, *the day after* he receives this note he will find his demands enquired into and adjusted" but I declining *that honour* also; and Sir John Miller called at my house a few days after, and said he had brought ten guineas, which he was desired to deliver to me, from Lord Coventry, as a *douceur* for the Monk and Apothecary; here again I was under the necessity of declining this *substantial offer*, but I informed Sir John Miller, that if he would pay it to DON VIRIO, secretary to his excellency the Marquis Del Campo, the Spanish Ambassador

fador

fador, I was very fure that he would remit it to the Monks, it was accordingly paid to him, but it arrived alas! too late for Pere Pascal to know how the matter stood. The Prior of the convent however informed me, that he had received the ten British guineas, and that he would not part with them, till he had my instructions how they were to be disposed of, I therefore desired that after deducting the eighteen *pecettoes* for the postage of letters, the price of the boxes; their carriage; and embarkation at Barcelona, for the use of the convent; that the remaining sum, should, if he pleased, be given to the Apothecary, who collected the miraculous *docks and weeds* on a mountain where flowers *only grow*, and I have since received a letter from *Don Jose Ferret Boticaria de Montserrat en Catalunya*, acknowledging the receipt of the balance, and offering me his future services in the most polite and friendly terms; and now I have only to lament, that Pere Pascal, who shewed me and my family so much attention in the most romantic and retired spot upon the habitable globe, died without being thoroughly satisfied, that I had not been dishonest or ungrateful, for the singular attention he shewed me and my family, during our stay at his most enviable habitation

habitation, and that my sincere and expensive endeavours to oblige Lord Coventry, ended in my being sent to a *Stocking Grocer*, on a *fixed* day, to have my demands “*enquired into,*” “*and adjusted.*” That Lord Coventry may be thoroughly satisfied that no part of his bounty remained with me, the following extract from Don Virio’s letter, dated London, the 30th of July, 1785, will shew.

Dear Sir,

“ I received six weeks ago an answer
 “ from my friend at Madrid about the affair of
 “ Montserrat, he had delivered the ten british
 “ guineas to an agent of that convent with
 “ a particular charge, that this sum should be
 “ paid to the Apothecary, as unluckily our
 “ good Padre Roderego Pascal is no more. Not
 “ satisfied with this answer, I wrote to my
 “ friend, that he should insist on having an
 “ answer with a proper acknowledgment from
 “ the person that was to receive the money,
 “ and consequently, by a messenger just ar-
 “ rived, I received the enclosed letter †
 “ which

† The letters was from the Prior of the convent as mentioned above, who had received the money, and paid the balance to the Apothecary.

“ which I dare say will give some better infor-
“ mation, &c.”

Subscribed,

J. VIRIO.

THE

which I dare say will give some better info-
mation, &c.

subscribed

T H E S T O R Y

OF THE

W O O D E N G U N,

AS IT WAS HASTILY SKETCHED OUT FOR THE INFOR-
MATION OF A LADY, NOW RESIDING AT BATH,
AND LONG BEFORE THE RELATOR HAD
ANY IDEA OF PUBLISHING IT.†

IT is very natural Madam, that you should wish to hear the particulars of a story, now you are grown up to years of maturity, which you say excited much of your curiosity, even when you was a child, for I verily believe, that during some years, the wooden gun was a topic

† The Lady of Admiral G——r.

a topic as often touched upon in Britain, as the Iron mask was in France, and perhaps, is at this day as little understood; I shall therefore Madam, as well as my memory can, without any minutes to assist it, comply with your request, in relating the most material points of a quarrel, which commenced by what the French call *un mal-entendu*, and which, though trifling in the beginning, was attended with very serious consequences to the two principals, and even involved many other persons into very disagreeable and untoward situations; ridiculous as such a narrative may appear, at the distance of full twenty years since its commencement it may have its use, by shewing in what manner, little misunderstandings may become productive of fatal consequences, and how necessary it is not to be too quick in forming opinions, by conceiving rudeness or incivility is meant, when attention, and the utmost propriety only was intended. The circumstances arising from the dispute between Lord Orwell and myself, has clearly convinced me, that it is much safer to have a misunderstanding with a sensible knave, than with a vain proud, or weak honest man; and here it may be necessary to observe, that the consequences, and censure, ought to fall on the first aggressor,

aggressor, and I flatter myself Madam, however partial I may insensibly become by relating facts, in which I was so seriously an interested party, that you will believe I cannot deviate so much from candour and truth; but that you may be able to see your way; to form a just judgment; and determine on which side the weakness, the wickedness of the prosecution (I was going to say persecution) preponderated. I believe Madam that you and every person of sense will allow, that military knowledge, cannot be conveyed by the King's sign manual, and that nothing but inspiration can impart the knowledge or duty of a soldier, the minute the sovereign is pleased to confer a military command. In this situation however, Colonel Vernon, the late Lord Orwell, and since, Earl of Shipbrook stood, when his Majesty appointed him to the command of the Eastern Battalion of the Suffolk militia; but before I proceed further, it may be necessary for me to observe, that Colonel Vernon was the nephew of the *renowned Admiral Vernon*, and singled out from his other nephews, to be his sole heir, and that as I had served in the fleet at Jamaica, under that Admiral's command, and not approving of his conduct to the soldiers under mine, I had rather a dislike

to the name, and therefore, when Mr. Vernon came to take possession of the Admiral's house and estates, in the neighbourhood of Land Guard Fort, of which garrison I was then Lieutenant Governor, *I did not visit* him, but meeting him one day near a little cottage I then possessed, in a very narrow lane, I pulled off my hat as we passed; soon after which, he stop'd at a little farm of his own, and describing my person, asked the farmer what officer it was he had just met? and being informed, he rode back to my cottage, and without alighting, entered into a very civil conversation with me, and when he went away, said he should be glad to see me at NACTON; and though I was far from feeling any personal dislike to Mr. Vernon, after this conversation, it so happened, that I did not visit him, but soon after, Mr. Vernon was appointed Colonel of the Suffolk militia, consisting of eight companies, four of which were sent to do garrison duty under my command. It then instantly occurred to me, how negligent I had been, in not visiting *Mr. Vernon*, and how necessary it was instantly to visit *Colonel Vernon*, as he could not, without much awkwardness to himself, and to me too, see that part of his corps under my command, without taking some civil notice of one, who

who had seemed to flight his acquaintance ; and as he was at that time in London, I wrote to his Adjutant, with whom I was well acquainted, to let me know by a special messenger, the first day the Colonel arrived at Nacton that I might pay my compliments to him ; and this the Adjutant accordingly did, and on that very day I waited on him, and was received with the utmost civility. Colonel Vernon then expressed how much he was pleased with the situation of his corps, one part being at Ipswich, the other at the Fort, and his own house between both. Before we parted, I desired him to name a day to visit that part of his corps I had the honor to command, and hoped that he would eat a Barrack dinner with me when he did, this being settled and the day fixed, he came accompanied by his Adjutant, and returned, as the Adjutant afterwards informed me, pleased in every respect, and said several civil things of me. He soon after, invited me to dine with him, entertained me and some of his own officers, with great hospitality, and I returned, not less pleased from Nacton, than I understood he returned from the Fort. From this clear state of facts, it seems evident, that the utmost good will prevailed on both sides ; confident I am, it did on

mine, and therefore a few days after, on my way to Ipswich, I made Colonel Vernon a third visit; at which time, he observed, that a knowledge of garrison duty would be of service to his whole corps, and therefore said he, when the four companies now under your command have been two months on that duty, I will relieve them, by sending the other four in exchange; I was not much surpris'd, that a gentleman whose *first* commission gave him the command of a Regiment, should propose such a thing, but I was very sure the secretary at war would have been infinitely surpris'd, had I permitted such an exchange to have taken place without his knowledge, nay I know, that my character as a soldier, and my bread was at stake, if after I had received the King's command to admit the troops *then* in duty, I had permitted any others, even of the same corps, to relieve them, but by the same authority *i. e.* an official letter in the King's name from the War office. This I mentioned with all imaginable civility, as an irregular mode of proceeding, but the Colonel told me with some seeming warmth, that he had mentioned his intentions to Lord Ligonier and to Mr. Charles Townshend (then Secretary at war) and *that they had both consented*

to

to the exchange proposed; Nevertheless Sir, do not I beseech you said I, urge me to consent also, to an unjustifiable measure, but either write yourself to the War office, or permit me, as I should be sorry to see the troops from Ipswich arrive at the garrison gates, and then be obliged not to receive them. Upon which Colonel Vernon struck his hand violently upon his breast, and with a face as red as crimson, again *asserted that he had permission* to change them, and change them he would; wondering that I *doubted* his word! he then asked me *hastily* if I would drink chocolate, but in such a manner, that it plainly implied, *a parting cup*; I took the hint, and retired, but much hurt, that he should have so misconceived my real sentiments; for I had no more doubt but that he had mentioned the matter to Lord Ligonier and to Mr. Townshend, and that they had both consented to it, than if I had been present when they did; but the Colonel could see it in no other light, than that of *doubling his word!* and therefore from that minute determined to begin playing the low game of cross purposes with me. His first *move* was, to kill a Buck, send it to his officers, under my command, to be divided among them, and to overlook me, the division of which was
made

made in my kitchen, in order to *roast me* instead of the venison. The next move was, to order his Major, to prepare the men for *his Review*, on a certain day, on the *outside* of the garrison ; and consequently beyond the reach of my command ; and therefore I took the liberty absolutely to forbid that mode of reviewing the troops of the garrison, under my command, not his, till he sent to me, to ask it as a favor, and promise that the men should return to their duty, the minute the Review was over, for I found in all points of military Etiquette, he was as ignorant, as he was of common good manners ; he accordingly, but reluctantly complied with my requisition, and the men were marched out for his review, during which time I took my horse and rode to my cottage hard by, without taking any notice of the Colonel who was *then under my command*. From that minute, I fancy the Colonel began to suspect, that matters might brew into a *tête a tête* review between him and me, for as soon as I was gone he entered the garrison, left his name at my door, and sent his Adjutant after me to desire I would eat a cold pasty, with him and his officers at his neighbouring farm, but as he had *so sorely disappointed my venison appetite* for a bit of a hot haunch just before,

fore,

fore, I desired to decline that honor, but I should have observed, that after I had the last interview with him at Naſton, I wrote to Mr. Townſhend, a ſhort letter, to tell him Colonel Vernon's inclinations relative to the change of men, and asked him whether I had the KING's *permission* to let that exchange take place? and it ſeems the Colonel too, had wrote a long letter of complaint againſt me, on the ſame ſubject. In reply to my letter, Mr. Townſhend honoured me with a private answer, under his *own* hand, beginning thus. "I return you thanks for the attention you upon all occaſions ſhew to me, and to my office, Colonel Vernon mentioned this matter to me before, and I am ſorry to find he is grown all of a ſudden, ſo jealous of the war office; but as you have not that jealousy, its a matter of indifference to me in whoſe name orders are brought to you." If I was a little too much elated in receiving ſuch a particular mark of approbation, and attention from ſuch a man as Charles Townſhend, it cannot be wondered at, I ſhewed his letter to every body, and pointed out the implied cenſure it contained of Colonel Vernon's conduct, which greatly encreaſed his reſentment, and ſoon after an event happened, which he weakly flattered himſelf, would enable him to gain a com-
pleat

pleat victory over me ; here it must be observed this was in war time, when I commanded a frontier garrison of importance, and at a time too that the Queen was hourly expected to land at, or pass under the walls of the Fort, into Harwich Harbour. Notwithstanding which, I had observed several of Colonel Vernon's officers, absented themselves from their duty without my leave, and even to be absent all night, I therefore repeated my former orders, in stronger terms, and positively forbid any officer of that garrison quitting his duty without first obtaining his own superior officers leave, and then mine ; nevertheless Captain Lynch, one of Colonel Vernon's Corps, a man possessing a better heart, than good manners, or attention to military discipline, took his horse, and before my face rode away in defiance of all *civil* or *military attention*. I sent to the Major who commanded, to know whether the *noble Captain* was to return that night, and if not, ordered a serjeant to follow him, and to require his immediate return to his duty, or, to let me know whether his absence was owing to contempt to *my authority*, or to discipline, and his own duty ? this message was delivered the same evening to him at Ipswich, but the Captain did not return to his duty, till two days afterwards, and

and then, I was under a necessity of either putting him under an arrest, or giving up for ever all chance of supporting that necessary authority my duty and safety laid me under; * Captain Lynch was therefore put under an arrest, as soon as he entered the Fort, and when he had continued so twenty four hours, I sent to know whether he had any reasons to offer why I should not (for I was very unwilling to give so much trouble above) lay his conduct before the secretary at War! but the Captain, being of the same wrong headed line with his Colonel, had none he said, so far from it, that he insisted on being tried at a Court Martial!! encouraged no doubt, in so *laudable a cause*, by his noble Colonel, though it must be observed, that there was no good understanding in a political line, between the Captain and Colonel, who was then member for Ipswich, where the Captain was much esteemed, and had no small share of electioneering interest to bestow, the Colonel therefore, with some chance of success, flattered himself that by being named President of the Court Martial, he might, by shewing such *kind attention to the unfortunate prisoner*, and such contempt

* I contrived to meet the noble Captain upon the Road, the Day he returned, but he passed me without even the Salutation of the Hat.

contempt to the *disciplinarian Govr.* as to kill two birds with one stone, and gain a victory in the field of battle, as well as in the rotine of election; a scheme better conceived, however than executed, for he failed in both. However the day of tryal arrived, and the Colonel with a train of his officers, arrived also at the Fort; they came directly to my house, and the Colonel asked me why I took the liberty of putting out the name of two officers whom *he* had appointed members of the Court Martial, and putting down the names of two others? he was informed, by the same authority that he is now ordered out of that house, into the chapel, where the members were to assemble, where I would bring the prisoner, and support the charges for which he was confined, * observing at the same time, that I, not HE commanded within those walls, and that within them, I knew my own authority and importance as much, or I did my insignificance without the walls. The officers were accordingly assembled, the Adjutant, mentioned above, was named judge advocate, and the members were by him SWORN to administer justice

* He was so ignorant as not to know that if all the Colonels or Generals in the Army had come into that Fort upon duty, they would be under my command.

justice according to the rules and articles of War, he however, was as ignorant of his duty as a judge advocate, as his Colonel the prisoner were of military discipline, for he proceeded to try the prisoner before the warrant, signed by the Arch Bishop of Canterbury, and all the regency was read, for that being read, could alone constitute them a legal court, but that warrant remained (where it now is,) in my pocket. The court however *thought* themselves competent to try, and did try the prisoner, and the President often attempted to try me too, using very indecent and improper expressions, such as “*you disciplinarian you, Mr. Governor, &c. &c.* I will not trouble you Madam with the minutes of this very extraordinary tryal, further than to say, that the prisoner, who at bottom is a very honest man, acknowledged that he did go without my leave, that he did, the same night, receive my orders to return to his duty, but that he did not return till a day or two afterwards. You will naturally wonder then that such a military culprit, should have insisted upon being tried at a Court Martial, but I must instantly recall your wonder to another, and a greater matter!! The cour (I believe unanimously) found him NOT GUILTY, AND ACQUITTED HIM WITH HONOR!!! The sentence

sentence of Courts Martial, are never made public till the King has approved, or disapproved the sentence, yet, having no doubt *how* the matter had been decided, I followed their *proceedings* to London; and entreated the favor of Mr. Townshend, not only to *read the sentence*, but to cast his eye over the minutes; he replied I have, and I really am at a loss, said he, to know what advice to give THE CROWN (that was his expression) and then observed, it is not right, to disclose the sentence of a Court Martial.—But to acquit a man who acknowledges himself guilty, is * * * * *
 * * * * * Soon after his Majesty's pleasure was known, the judge Advocate informed me, that the King *could not confirm* the sentence by which Captain Lynch had been acquitted, “ *because the charge stands clear, and uncontradicted by the prisoner!*” a very gentle but prudent manner surely, of setting the *gentle judges down*: however Captain Lynch, in consideration of his *long and close* confinement, for he *had only the range of the whole garrison to breathe in*, was released, and Mr. Townshend with great propriety, moved Colonel Vernon's corps from Land Guard Fort, and replaced it, with part of Sir Armine Woodhouse Norfolk militia, who with his officers, came into that duty, (in spite of all

all the prejudices endeavoured to be raised against the commanding officer) with the utmost good temper, good discipline; and polite behaviour; a conduct which distinguished them wherever they went, and which will always be remembered by me with the utmost satisfaction, gratitude, and respect. Soon afterwards however, to the astonishment of every body! Sir Armine's corps was removed, though they professed to like their quarters exceedingly, and Colonel Vernon's, then just created Baron Orwell, returned to their old quarters!! If Mr. Townshend's *previous conduct*, would tally with his future, one would think he had returned Lord Orwell's corps, on purpose to make a smোক blaze, which he knew had long been on the eve of bursting forth, for I had by a variety of provoking inuendoes intimated, that the *disciplinarian Governor* would not sit down quietly without *that sort of satisfaction*, which one gentleman expects from another, or an acknowledgement, and an apology for such impertinent behaviour; but the person of his Lordship was almost as difficult to be seen as the grand Turks. It was necessary however, that the new created Lord, should become re-elected as member for the borough of Ipswich, and

as all is fair game at an election, the following printed hand bills were dispersed by my servants, my friends, and his enemies.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Shortly will be published, and generously given gratis, for the benefit of that extensive family (now in the utmost distress) the family of the Wrongheads, of Wronghead Hall, in the county of Suffolk, a letter

To the Wrong Honorable,
Mr. President Upstart,

Giving a full and particular account of the origin of a late *militious* quarrel—The first wrongheaded cause of his Wrongship's taking umbrage—His Wrongship's private views miscarry—The discipline doctor's prescription read in public—It is *taken*, and brought up again,—The shame and woe that has already arose from young Esq. Wronghead's obstinacy—A surmise how much more may—He alone answerable—His military exploits—Mr. President Wronghead's sanguine expectations miscarry—The young Esquires *secret* cause of disobedience,

bedience, known only to himself and *one more*, some account of an old song, sung at a late Camp,—The offence it gave, and why—The downfall of a Major, and the upstart of a Captain; Some notice of a letter from Camp giving an account of a wrong honorable entertainment, The ingratitude of the writer,—A new method (much improved) of separating wine by a piece of chalk* How to know Port from Claret at a certain table without tasting either.—A fray among the grave stones—Four challenges and no blood shed! with a curious plate and references of a new invented piece of ordnance weighing only four pounds, made without either *iron or brass*, the whole illustrated with serious and humourous remarks, by a disbanded militia man without a head, but in possession of a very good tail piece.

N. B. To be lett or sold a new erected mansion house, known by the name of *Wronghead Hall*, fit for a man of honor, being very near a Blacksmith's shop and a Church.—great plenty of game, but *unfortunately* it is not the man-
nour

* His Lordship had Claret for the upper part of his table and Port for the lower, and Captain Lynch chalked how low the Claret was to descend.

nour house. Enquire at Admiral Vernon's *head* in P—p—t Lane.—The only reason the present possessor parts with it, is, the air being too keen for the gout, and the situation rather too near a powder magazine.

Quere. If a man be proved guilty of wilful and premeditated perjury, can any set of people be so mean to elect such a v——n to represent them upon any occasion, without subjecting themselves to be considered encouragers and promoters of a crime the most impudent, and the infamous? surely if such a representative should be made choice of, they will shew his face on the day of election through a *round hole*, instead of clapping his ba—k—f—e on a *cushion*.

This balderdash grub, being local, could only be understood by the *then* inhabitants of Ipswich, but one part is necessary now to be explained, to the well understanding of what is to follow, *i. e. the fray among the grave stones*, for it seems, that Lord Orwell had said to the Bailiff of Ipswich, that he would not carry the address of that borough to the King, in company with such a f——l as Mr. S——n, Mr. S——n being told this, *buckled himself on to*

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an old sword, and sent to Lord Orwell to meet him in the Tower church yard, Ipswich, and there demanded satisfaction, but this was declined, and his Lordship retired to Scarborough. I must now return to the Fort, where Major Negus commanded the four companies of Lord Orwell's corps, and who, either from simplicity, or obstinacy, set the garrison orders at naught, which I did not at that time much attend to, as Lady Betty, my late wife, was in a very alarming and dangerous state of body and mind, nor should I have attended *then* to his mere disobedience to orders, had he not drawn his men up in *array*, under her bed chamber window, and made them fire their pieces, so as not only to alarm my wife, but so terrified her, that she did not recover her right senses till three days afterwards. Indeed the passion such an insult, offered to her, and to me, under such afflicting circumstances, drove me almost mad, and I plainly told the Major, I would confine him in the black hold, if he did not instantly dismiss his men, and keep silence, which he then did. Lady Betty survived this insult about three weeks only, and the night I had followed her to the grave, after my servants and the Chaplain were gone to bed, I wrote the Major a letter, requiring

Q him

him instantly to meet me at the back of it, and give me satisfaction for so basely violating the dictates of humanity, and disobeying garrison duty; as I could see into his apartments from mine, I perceived he was up, and I concluded for a considerable time, that he was preparing to meet me as I had desired, but upon my sending a *second* Letter, he returned me the following answer, the original of which now lies before me.

Sir,

“ You will excuse my giving you satisfaction in the manner you require, and at the same time give me leave to assure you that I never intended any insult either to the departed Lady or yourself, and further give me leave to condole with you for the late Lady Betty whom I esteemed for her many virtues.

I am Sir,

Your most obedient

Humble Servant,

WM. NEGUS.

LAND-GUARD-FORT,

Just past Two o'Clock in the Morning,

April the 8th, 1762.

Thus

Thus warmed by resentment, and depressed with affliction, I rashly sent a letter to the St. James's Chronicle wherein I observed, that where an officer first disobeys the orders of his superior, aggravates it by disregarding the dictates of humanity, and when called upon to answer for such insolent and wanton conduct, writes the following letter, little spirit or services could be expected from such a man, when called forth into public service. The Major's letter, thus published, and so severely prefaced, induced Lord Orwell, who hated him, to call forth a consultation of his Corps, the result was, that the eldest Captain, should wait upon him, and tell him he must either fight me, or resign. The Major declared he would not fight in a wrong cause, and that as he was, or seemed to be, the aggressor, he would rather resign; by this time however I had been almost convinced that what the Major had said in his letter was true, and that it was rather an inconsiderate act than an inhumane one; he had ladies with him, and he had a mind to shew himself to advantage, and how well his men could perform their Evolutions, so that the only part of my conduct in this long contested business, which at this day gives me any sensible concern, is, my being the cause of the

Major's resignation, a gentleman to whom I believe the pay as Major was of some importance to his family; but they had insinuated that the first time I met him in public I intended to insult him; to obviate which, I wrote to him, urged him not to resign, and assured him that whenever we did meet, he should receive no incivilities from me, but all I could say availed nothing, he would he said resign, and did so.

After this long preamble Madam, you will naturally ask, but where is the wooden gun, and what has all this to do with the pith of the dispute? why Madam the gun was all this time a *Scare-crow* on board of some collier's ship in the ocean, but being washed over board, or drop't over by some accident, it was driven at my feet, on the sea beach near the Fort, while I was taking my evening walk; and at that instant, it occurred to me, that it might prove a piece of suitable ordnance to accompany the noble Lord's regiment, as they were just going to camp. I therefore took it home with me, tied a label round what is called the *Cornish-bug* of an iron cannon, and the following address.—With Major Negus's compliments to the right Honorable Lord Orwell to be left
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in *the Tower church yard* 'till called for; that being the place where Mr. Stanton had invited Lord Orwell to a *pointed* interview, which he had declined; but though the address on the gun was in Major Negus's name, the direction was of my hand writing, and it went to Ipswich with me; stood some hours visible in my chaise before it took its station on the tomb-stone, in the Tower church yard, and had been visited by hundreds in both places, till at length, a stay maker who lived there, took it into his house, and shewed it to the curious, at a penny per person. As soon as the news of this piece of artillery arrived at Naeton, Lord Orwell, who very well knew the *train* in which it came, pleaded ignorance, and wrote to the major to ask him whether he had sent it? he replied, *by assuring his Lordship he did not!!* I then took occasion to observe, in the coffee-house at Ipswich, and in the presence of several of his own officers, that if he would make the same enquiry of me, which had been made to Major Negus, I would inform him *who* sent it, and *why* it was sent; but to my great astonishment, I found the next enquiry was at the bar of the King's Bench, where he swore that I had sent it to reflect on his courage as an officer, and to render him ridiculous
in

in the eyes of his Majesty's subjects, that he believed the hand writing to be mine, and that I had dispersed a paper at Ipswich, during the time of his election, intimating that he had been guilty of wilful and premeditated perjury on the tryal of Captain Lynch.

This business came to tryal before a special jury, some months after at St. Edmund's Bury, where (though I acknowledge I was guilty of the whole charge) I protest I was convicted by the most impudent p——y; but not procured, I verily believe, by Lord Orwell. The late Sir William Bunbury, father of Sir Charles, had very kindly invited me to spend a week at Barton, near St. Edmund's Bury, previous to that tryal with a view, I believe, of shewing the court, and the country gentlemen what *his opinion* was
of

* Tenacious as those Gentlemen were for the *honor of their corps* upon seeing their Major held out in the St. James's Chronicle; there had appeared in the same paper, a much severer Letter, a Letter which *reflect- ed* bigly upon the conduct of their *mock Court Martial*, and when I had occasion to go to London, and leave the Command of the garrison to *that honorable corps*, I pasted up *that news paper* upon one of the pillars in the chapel, and told the commandant I expected it to remain there, and there I found it upon my return!! but if there had been a single grain of true spirit among them, they would have tossed up, which of them should have had the honor of tearing it down, there was not then, nor is not now another corps of militia in the kingdom, who would have suffered such a paper to have stood a single minute, where it remained for months.

of the prosecution, for some people called it a persecution, and the jury who found me guilty, did me the honor to invite me to breakfast with them the next morning, and I am very certain had the *punishment* as well as the *guilt*, been left to their determination, my sentence would not have been imprisonment three months in the King's Bench, a hundred pound fine to the King, and securities in two friends, of five hundred pounds each, and myself in a thousand, to keep the peace for seven years! As my man servant and my printer were likewise prosecuted on the same libelous matter, the expences of which all fell upon me, I may justly say, first and last, it was not less than a thousand pounds expence to me, and a much greater sum I dare say to his Lordship. The tryal came on before Mr. Justice Denison, at a time that he seemed almost superannuated, Mr. De Grey however was one of my council, to whom I gave sixty guineas for attending it, and Mr. Willes was his Lordship's. Lord Orwell, contrary to the advice of his friends, appeared in court, and sat upon the judges bench, while I, the poor culprit, was below the bar, with nothing but a little model of the wooden gun in my hand, and Mr. De Grey's brilliant talents to protect me, and to be sure he gave the noble Lord, a
good

good sixty pounds worth of chastisement. What said he! the nephew of the renowned Admiral Vernon; who took PORTO BELLO with six ships *only*, to bring a gentleman into this court to vindicate his courage; it cannot be my Lord, I am asleep, it is a dream, said he, but if I am awake, I must say, that if I had presided at any court whatever, and could have put my hand to my heart, and have said I had conscientiously done my duty like an honest man, I would never have construed a dirty bit of paper, thrown about at the time of an election, a paper as applicable to any man in this court, or this country, as to Lord Orwell, to have been an insinuation that I had been guilty of wilful and premeditated perjury, or was it said he (turning his eyes to Lord Orwell,) that your conscience my Lord retorted it upon you? and as to your courage my Lord, that stands just where it did. But my Lord, turning to the judge, I now recollect it is a family failing, for I remember I was council for a poor man brought into this court by Admiral Vernon himself, for saying (tho' he had just before taken Porto Bello with six ships *only*,) that he was a traitor to his country! after about two hours harrangue in this way, Mr. De Grey thought, and so did I, that he had given me
a lumping

a lumping pennyworth for my penny; and Mr. Justice Denison, then degenerated into an old w——n, began to sum up the heads of the charges, but not without two clerks as prompters one at each elbow; and thus he began.—Here, here—what is the Lord's name?—Orwell?—here, here, it seems that Lord Orwell has been throwing about in lanes, alleys, and streets, certain libelous papers and — —no my Lord, not Lord Orwell, he is the prosecutor,—and who is the other? Governor Thicknesse, aye, aye, *General* Thicknesse, I thought he was a Lord, but it is no matter, he is clearly guilty, and so the jury must find him. About six months afterwards, I appeared in Westminster Hall to receive the judgement as mentioned above, and had the honor of being put into the custody of a Tipstaff, who however took my word for going *alone* to the prison of the King's Bench; some time in the evening of the same day, but before I had been twenty four hours in durance, I was thunderstruck with reading in several of the morning papers the following paragraph. “Yesterday Philip Thicknesse, Esq. who was committed to the King's Bench Prison for publishing a false, scandalous, and infamous libel, on the Right Honorable Lord Orwell, made his escape from
the

the said prison, was re-taken, and brought back again." Whereupon I sent to eight different printers who had inserted that falsehood, to know by what authority they had published it; and seven of them sent me Lord Orwell's letter, containing the above falsehood, and insisting that they inserted it in their papers, and that he would be answerable for it. Whereupon the Tipstaff, to whose care I had been delivered, went before the Lord Mayor, and swore that the whole was false, and his affidavit soon after made its appearance in the same papers. After having spent part of the months of February, March, April, and May, with great mirth and festivity, at my *Town-House* in St. George's Fields, the then Marshal, who had treated me with great kindness, threw open the prison doors, and I had the *honor* of being huzza'd out by the prisoners, at the head of whom, was a justice of the Peace, and at the tail, the Cocklane scratching girl, her father, her mother, and the celebrated young scotchman Dunn, who was confined for attempting to assassinate Wilkes. I then returned to resume my command at Land Guard Fort, and Lord Orwell retired to Naeton, in perfect security as to his person, but he did not find *his mind* in a much better state than before Tryal. He had just built

built a fine house at Naeton, and I had just bought a cottage built in the form of a country church directly opposite it, it was called High Hall, and as every man has, thank God, in this land, a right to decorate his own house in what manner he pleases, it pleased me to mount a very formidable two and forty wooden pounder, between the windows in the Tower of High Hall, with the following doggrel lines in legible characters beneath it,

ALTHO' I ne'er with thunder broke,
 Nor hid a coward in a smoak ;
 Although no man e'er saw my fellow,
 At Carthagene or Porto Bello ;
 No gun that e'er was made of metal,
 Nor tinker with a brazen kettle,
 Nor gun that ever dealt in blood,
 Or ever crossed the briny flood,
 Did ever make such loud report,
 At death of men, or joy at court,
 As this same gun which here you see,
 Although of mock Artillery ;
 Which by the tide was hap'ly faven,
 By floating into *Orwell Haven*,*

Sav'd

* The Harbour of Land Guard Fort is so called.

Sav'd by the favor of the tide,
 Lo! high I hang to shew my pride,
 The pride of Naçton, happy station,
 A village fam'd throughout the nation ;
 For though I'm only heart of oak,
 I speak it not by way of joke,
 I cost in money hard and found,
 The sum of fifteen hundred pound,
 And every year for seven to pass,
 Shall every lad, who with his las,
 Of Naçton parish join their hands,
 And no *Upstart* forbid the banns,
 Shall find within this homely cot,
 A hearty welcome to the pot,
 A pudding smoaking on the board,
 And all that house and host afford,
 Nay, not to baulk them of their fun,
 A lodging found them at THE GUN,
 Provided that the maiden say,
 I'll have it Roger, on the 7th of May.*

The novelty of the house, the singularity of
 the wooden gun, and the oddity of the paltry
 lines on the front of it ; brought an infinite
 number of people to see it, beside all those
 who visited his Lordship ; for there was not a
 window in the front of his house, which had
 not

* The day I came out of prison.

not High Hall in view. Here was no libel; no King's Bench Bar to fly to, nor any breach of the peace; what then was to be done to heal this dreadful eye sore? Why a Petition to the King, to remove me to some other garrison; but even that might not remove High Hall. At length however, Mr. Welbore Ellis was pleased to send me a verbal message, desiring *when it was convenient, to see me in Town*, and when I arrived there, to follow him into the country as far as Twickenham; and there, in the house of the *departed* Mr. POPE, I found the *living* Mr. Welbore Ellis, who not thinking I had not spent quite money enough among lawyers, in a prison, &c. honoured me with this little jaunt to see his Villa, and to receive *the King's command's*; and so with that *gentleness of manners*, and *inconceivable address which has rendered him the admiration of all the world for half a Century*, he told me that the king had not taken any notice of my incapacity to do my military duty, that his Majesty knew I had a large family, and as he believed I was a man of some abilities, he was disposed to overlook my past conduct to Lord Orwell, provided I would give my word of honor never more to disturb the peace of his Lordship; observing, that we were both servants, as well as subjects, and that his Majesty

Majesty expected to be obeyed. I expressed how happy I should be upon all and every occasion, to pay obedience to the King's commands, and observed also, that if I had not been so particularly honoured, by being called two hundred miles from my home and my family, a letter would have enjoined me as steadily to my observance, as the personal interview I was then honoured with; and beside, that I flattered myself I had laid Lord Orwell's conduct so compleatly before the public, that it would have appeared downright cowardice in me to meddle with him any further; and after again expressing my *obligations to Mr. Ellis*, which *I shall never forget*, I took my leave, and returned once more to my duty at Land Guard Fort. I well knew that Lord Orwell could not have the face to tell Mr. Ellis in what manner High Hall was embellished, but being tired down with the weight *of metal*, though not of gold, in this business, I determined to take down the wooden gun, blot the doggel lines and to think no more of Naeton Hall, its Lord, nor of High Hall. I accordingly housed my Cannon, and burnt my *varses*. This move, I have reason to believe removed from the noble Lord's mind, a great deal of deep oppressive matter, for he told every body, that
I had

I had done more than I was enjoined to do, and that he flattered himself he should be able to enjoy the remainder of his days in peace, for I have good reason to believe, though he loved money, he would have given half his fortune that the peace had not been broken between us. However, this permanent peace in appearance, was but of short duration; a parcel of fools took it into their heads, that they could draw up charges against my military conduct, which would fall heavier upon me than my late *civil* prosecution, but then it would be attended with an expence they could not afford; they had prepared the charges, and very weighty ones they appeared on paper, and very heavily they must have fallen upon my head, had any of them (for they were eight in number,) been well founded. Those charges were shewn to Lord Orwell, and they met with his approbation and *encouragement* to proceed upon them, and so I once more experienced the *attention* of Mr. Welbore Ellis, who obligingly sent me *extracts* of those charges, to hear what I *had to say* to them *before he took* the King's commands, by laying them before his Majesty? in reply, encouraged by a conscious innocence, I humbly besought his Majesty to grant me a tryal before a Court Martial, and that it might not
be

be privately at Land Guard Fort, but at the horse guards where my innocence or my guilt might be more publickly brought forward; the charges all affected my bread, and character, and some of them my life, one of which was for “*spoiling and destroying the King’s stores, the english of which however was stealing them*; and here I cannot help making a digression, to shew what an escape I had, for innocence does not always protect a man against a combination of knaves, and it was a combination of knaves, who had formed the eight charges against me, though they knew that there was but *one* on which they hoped to convict me. It must be observed as said above, that though I was fully *guilty* of the libel on which I was tried at St. Edmund’s Bury, yet the witness who convicted me, did it by the most impudent perjury, for he swore positively that I told him, when he asked me who I meant by the perjured villain, mentioned in the printed paper, and dispersed at the election, relative to the *Wronghead family*, that I replied, I mean Lord Orwell, and he is a perjured villain. No person therefore in the court but myself could be sure, that G——n was a perjured villain, and therefore upon his testimony alone, the jury were obliged to find me guilty. It will be necessary now

to

to give some account of this Mr. Goniston, he had made *himself useful* to Lord Ligonier, who was then at the head of the board of Ordnance, and when his *Lordship's age* rendered Mr. G——n's *talents* no more necessary, he was rewarded by his Lordship with the appointment of Master Gunner and store keeper under my command at Land Guard Fort; he was a fellow of some abilities, which he employed in secreting, felling, and stealing the King's stores, in such a manner, that within the first year of his trust, I was able to procure seven affidavits of his shameful and wicked conduct, which I sent up to the board of Ordnance, and desired a Court Martial might be ordered to try him, as it was my duty to do, for I was called upon to sign the expenditure of stores as used in the King's service in the garrison under my command, which I could not have done, without being as guilty as G——n who had not been wanting, in endeavours to make me share with him part of his plunder. At this time I believe Lord L—r was dead, for Lord Granby was then at the head of the Ordnance, but there was also an inferior officer who for many years had the lead at that board, and that gentleman for reasons *best known to himself*, was very unwilling to let G——n appear at a Court

R

Martial,

Martial, perhaps he thought an enquiry into the conduct of a little rogue, might open a field to enquiries of a higher nature, certain it is, he prevailed upon Lord Granby to write me a letter wherein his lordship said “ *he could rather wish Goniston was not tried, as the tryal would be attended with much trouble even to Governour Thicknesse himself, and therefore he would remove him to some other garrison and beg’d leave to recommend Mr. John Walker, who had served in the blues under him, and who was he said an honest man, to my countenance, and favor*” all this was very innocently done by Lord Granby; he did not see, nor was it probable he should, how dangerous it might prove to me to let such a lion loose, who knew what steps I had taken to punish him for his roguery, but as I knew “ *the rather wish,*” of the COMMANDER IN CHIEF of his MAJESTY’S TROOPS, was a polite way of conveying an absolute command, I was obliged to acquiesce. It was in revenge therefore that Mr. Goniston appeared so useful to Lord Orwell’s cause at St. Edmund’s Bury, and he then *served* the Ordnance at Chatham, and was no longer under my command. Now Madam, the first time I went to the horse guards, where I was soon to appear as a culprit for *speiling*
and

and destroying the King's stores, the first person who caught my eyes was Mr. G——n, and then, and not till then, I own I was seriously alarmed, for knowing what he had done, I well knew what *he could do* in the swearing way, and pray Mr. Goniston said I, what has brought you hither? *I don't know your honor*; here I am, and rubbing his hands with a smile of insolence and contempt, added, they have brought me here to be an evidence *against your honor I think*; here too, it became very necessary for me *to think*, for I plainly perceived, unless I could defeat Mr. G——n's evidence, I was utterly undone in character, bread, and perhaps to be exposed to an ignominious death. At this minute that I am relating the tender pivot on which my fate was wavering, I tremble, to think of my escape. Fortunately I had preserved Lord Granby's letter, wherein his lordship acknowledged the receipt of the affidavits sworn against G——n's frauds, and *his wish that* he might not be tried at a Court Martial; I therefore instantly wrote his Lordship a letter, informing him that I was on the eve of a tryal at the horse guards, on eight heavy charges, one of which, was for *spoiling and destroying the King's stores*, and that to my great astonishment, Mr. G——n, whom his Lordship had preserved, would probably effect my ruin,

for he was the *only* evidence produced to convict me of the same crime! but I plainly told his Lordship, that I must give him the trouble to attend the Court, and there give HIS REASONS, why, he *rather wished* to save a notorious villain from punishment and instead of dismissing him from the King's service, remove him to a place where he might carry on the same practices, less liable to be detected. No reflection is meant here on the memory of that brave and liberal minded Nobleman, he had been *requested* to *sign* that official letter, and did it probably in the routine of business, without considering much about the matter; but he now saw the consequences in the clearest light, and Mr. Thoroton was directed to let me know, that *his Lordship was confined to his bed with a sore throat and cold*, but could have no objection to my producing his lordship's letter at the Court Martial, if it could tend to be of service to my acquittal. I replied, that the proceedings must then be stop't, till his Lordship's health was restored, for I could not let Mr. G——n's evidence appear at the horse guards against me, till his Lordship had informed the court, why I was to be tried for a suspicion only of spoiling and destroying the King's stores, and G——n spared, against whom there
was

was proof poffitive in his Lordship's poffeffion by feven or nine affidavits. Here Madam, you will perceive that Lord Granby flood in almoft as aukward a fituation as I did, for he muft have perceived how unjuft it was that G——n fhould be permitted an evidence againft me, before he had been cleared of the ftrong evidences againft himfelf; the next day however, I happened to fee at the horfe guards, Mr. B——, a gentleman belonging to the board of Ordnance, with fome papers *under his arm*, and in clofe converfation with Mr. G——n. I did not hear a word that paffed, but I was fo convinced of the converfation that did pafs between them, that I *then* confented to take my tryal, and to let Mr. G——n appear as an evidence, without calling upon Lord Granby to attend, for I concluded Mr. B——, came to ask Gonifton his bufinefs there? and being told; he would naturally obferve, that Mr. Thickneffe would never fubmit to have his evidence given in Court, while there were feven affidavits now under his arm, wherein it is poffitively fworn, that he had ftolen and fold the King's ftores, and he might add, what have you to do with Mr. Thickneffe, or he with you? or why are you fifhing in troubled waters, which may overwhelm yourfelf? This,

or something like this, I was so perfectly convinced passed in that conversation, that all my apprehensions of danger from G——n's evidence ceased, and I soon had the satisfaction of finding they were well founded, for Mr. G——n, to the astonishment of the phalanx formed against me, knew nothing, not he, of my having spoilt or destroyed the King's stores, I had frequently he said, made use of spades, pick-axes, &c. of the King's at my cottage, but that I had always given a receipt for them, and regularly returned them into the stores when I had done with them ; this being so directly contrary to what he had declared he would say and swear to ; that he was not suffered even to eat, as he had before done, with his chums in iniquity, for it must be observed, that though eight charges had been brought forth, it was *this one only* they laid any stress upon, for G——n had boasted that he did *my business* at St. Edmund's Bury *for me*, and would compleat it at the horse guards ; but failing with this their sheet anchor, they all got a ground on a sandy bottom, and sunk ; for I was neither *shot, broke nor* suspended. At this tryal too, Lord Orwell attended, and gave his evidence, tho' he had often declared he would never drop me till he had ruined me.

And

And now Madam, you will think perhaps that the measures of my persecutions were at an end; no such thing; I had a much more arduous piece of business to go through, for I had no sooner defended my innocence, than I had another person to try before the same Court Martial. Mr. Welbore Ellis had sent down a Captain with the King's warrant to command Land Guard Fort during my tryal; this man, was weak enough to believe, that if I was broke, he might probably succeed me; I had accommodated him with two parlours in my house, with a bed in one, and such other conveniences as were necessary to a temporary residence, for a single man, and had not only locked, but nailed, and sealed, the door which led into eight other apartments, because the pipes of an organ I had pulled to pieces, were laid in proper order, and almost covered the floors of two of the rooms. *Nails, seals, and locks*, created a suspicion that some of the King's stores might be concealed on the other side of them, and this man as I said above, was weak enough to break the seals, locks and nails, in order, *he said*, to give the ladies a ball in my dining room, so that my Organ, my liquor, and my papers were now all at his mercy! and he or his man made very free indeed with
what

what they found convenient, or agreeable; but no King's stores could be seen, but they found a vast cedar chest, seven feet long and four feet broad, which was quite full, and very heavy; and there no doubt they concluded the King's stores were concealed. Some attempts were then made to force the locks and bolts of the chest, but not succeeding, they unscrewed the chest, which was dove-tailed together, and got the front so to open at the bottom, as to examine part of the contents, but could not shut it up again, without taking out several parcels of pamphlets which were tied up to the number of seven hundred and fifty, in parcels of five and twenty each, and by thus drawing them from the bottom, a snuff box rolled down, from the top, which contained a gold medalion of the present King, which cost me fifteen guineas, a five moidore piece, and several small pieces of old gold, to the value of about forty pounds, no part of which I ever saw afterwards, and was thankful to find my plate safe, which was lapped up in a blanket with the snuff box, but that alone had fallen down. I therefore drew up four charges against the Captain commandant, one of which was for behaving in a scandalous infamous manner, such as was unbecoming the character of an

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officer

officer and a gentleman, by breaking open my doors, whereby I had sustained considerable loss, and *specified the particulars*. This officer being chosen by Ellis to command in my absence, and he who thought eight heavy charges against me, not too many to defend, found four against the Captain, too many for him, for he informed me that the *King had ordered* the Captain to be tried on two of them, but *had reserved the other two for his further consideration*. At the Captain's tryal I clearly proved, by the girl who made his bed, that one of the seven hundred and fifty pamphlets which came out of the chest (for not one had been published) she had seen, read a part of, and even quoted almost *verbatim*, a card addressed to Lord Orwell, and sent by Mrs. Thicknesse, wherein she asked him "if he intended being at the assembly at St. Edmund's Bury that night, for if he did, she would meet him there *as sure as a Gun*." The court however only found the Captain *indiscreet* in breaking open my rooms! But why he was not broke for doing it, or I for charging an *innocent man* with behaving in a scandalous infamous manner, must be determined by General Parflow and a majority of the members who tried him, and who heard the charges, for according to my weak judgement, both ought

not

not to have born the King's commiffion, *one must have behaved infamoufly* ; but neither of us was punished!! and here let me obferve, and with gratitude and refpect acknowledge it, that had it not been for Lord Walkworth, now Duke of Northumberland, and Lieutenant Colonel Darby, both utter ftrangers to me, I had certainly been undone at this Tryal, for there was not want of P——y fufficient to have demolished half a dozen innocent men, but thofe two worthy perfons, either from poffeffing fuperior parts, or feeling more attention towards the guilt or innocence of a prifoner before them, took uncommon pains to get to the bottom of every circumftance ; one of which, was managed with fuch addrefs, that I cannot forbear repeating it. In the fummer time, I generally refided at a little cottage three miles from the Fort, and when my fervant there, informed me, while I was in London preparing for my own tryal, that my rooms had been broke open, I infantly went down, and took him with me to the Fort, and then faw that my cheft had been forced alfo, but closed up again, for it had many marks of violence vifible enough. Now in order to fhew that the Captain commandant had not broke open the cheft, evidence was brought to prove that I came one morning

morning at four o'clock *alone* into the Fort, and
 shut myself up in my own house for two hours,
 and consequently *robbed myself*. I then possi-
 tively assured the court that I was not there
 either morning, noon, or night; and that
 if it could be proved I was, I would allow they
 could not be too severe upon me in their cen-
 sures, observing that the draw bridge was con-
 stantly drawn up every night, that it required
 eight men to lower it, and consequently some
 of them must remember lowering it at so early
 an hour; and my passing at the same time
 close to two centinels. But this visit of mine
 was to be proved, by the only *visible* prosecutor
 of me when I was tried, viz. his wife's and
 his maid. This was one Ensign Agnus Mac-
 donald, an Ensign who could neither read or
 write, but who, got a pair of colours in Ameri-
 ca, by the favor of Lord Townshend. To prove
 this early visit of mine to my *own house*, his
 scotch servant, a girl of very uncouth appear-
 ance, was first examined. Did you, said the
 Court, see the Governor on a certain day come
 into the garrison? *yes*; what time of the day
 was it said Colonel Derby? a little after four
 only? How did you know the hour? I looked
 at the clock;—and what did you then? I
 went into my mistress's room, and said
 lord

lord Madam, the Governor is come into the Fort; aye, what o'clock is it? *a little after four.* —Colonel Darby then took his watch out of his pocket, and bid the girl tell him what hour it was by that? but she seemed totally unacquainted with the machine. He then ordered her to be taken down *between two trusty men*, to see the Horse guard clock, a clock exactly similar to that at which she had *read the hour so exactly by* at Land Guard Fort; but that too, was above the capacity of a poor illiterate, ignorant, wicked girl, who had perhaps never seen a clock, till she arrived by the sea at Land Guard Fort. Colonel Darby then asked her what coloured coat I had on? after a little pause (for that matter had not been previously settled between the mistress and the maid) she replied *a red one.* The next witness was her mistress another *Highland Lady*, almost as uncouth, and full as *well* instructed as her maid. Being asked whether she had seen the Governor on the same day her maid had sworn to? *yes* she had seen him, but not till eight o'clock, for said she, I have a young child which I suckle myself, and my maid brought it into the room and said, Lord madam, the Governor is come into the Fort! why what o'clock is it? *almost eight*; what could bring the Governor *so early* into the Fort?
and

and after many shrewd questions put to this *good* lady by Lord Walkworth, and Colonel Darby, they asked her also what coloured coat I had on? this being a point *not settled* between Madam and her maid, she replied a *green one*: in short the prevarication of Macdonald, his wife, and his scotch maid were such, that the audience *groaned them*, and the President told him, that he was ashamed to ask a man who had the King's commission in his pocket, whether he knew the nature of an oath, " but said " he, you prevaricate so, that your conduct is " scandalous, I had almost said infamous" yet this observation is omitted in the minutes I required, and received at the Judge advocates office! for notwithstanding what the President, General Parflow said to Mackdonald, he seemed far from being disposed to favor me, either at my own tryal, or on my prosecution of the Captain commandant; and I verily believe he wished to find matter sufficiently strong to crush me if possible. I was an utter stranger to the General and so was the Captain commandant, and he could not have treated me with such severity while I stood a prisoner before him, and when my life, bread, and honor was pending, if he had not been induced to believe by somebody that I merited no favor from

from the Court. One instance will suffice, to shew his unguarded partiality to the Captain commandant, and I could produce a dozen. The Captain in order to ingratiate himself in the neighbourhood, had given a ball on a saturday night to the neighbouring ladies, the Chapel, a *consecrated one*, was appointed for the dance; the Communion table for the punch and the negus; and about four o'clock on *sunday morning*, the ball broke up, but not before Sir John Barker and many of the Gentlemen, were compleatly drunk. Doctor Smyth the late *worthy rector* of St. Giles's and his wife, were witnesses on behalf of the Captain commandant on this tryal, and after the Reverend Doctor, then only a country Vicar, had given his testimony, I had him to cross examine, and did so, as follows.

Was you at the ball which the Captain commandant gave at Land Guard Fort? no: you was at the Fort however during the ball was you not? yes—and your lady I think danced there? yes, where was the dance given? in the chapel; did the Captain ask you whether there was any harm by dancing in the chapel? he did; what was your reply? I told him
there

there was none ; here the numerous by standers gave the Rev. Divine some heavy groans. As many of the members of this court never were at Land Guard Fort, pray inform them what kind of place the Chapel is?—It is a great room,—has it not at one end a desk, a pulpit, and Pews? yes, and what is at the other end? why a great window—and what is under that window? a table—for what use? to administer the sacrament from,—and is it not elevated above the floor and railed off? it is,—and pray where was the negus, punch, and wine put? I believe upon that table; here another universal groan took place!! but General Parflow with a *look of the greatest complacency*, observed, that wherever the ladies were assembled for dancing, there must be refreshments provided. An observation however that did not pass without a more unanimous groan than any which had been bestowed upon the Reverend Divine, and I am very sure it must at *this hour*, if he reflects on his conduct AT THAT; cause sensations of a very different complexion in his bosom. And I was well assured that the same day that the Rev. Divine had given his evidence, and had been *cross examined* even till he burst into tears, that Lord W—h said when he return'd to Northumberland house that

Parson

Parson Smyth is the d—dest rascal I ever met with. † He however married a great man's cousin, and was made Rector of *St. Giles's*. I shall conclude this narrative with a few observations, for though, much foreign matter from the wooden gun has already been introduced, yet it all originated from that source. The libel prosecution, cost me a thousand pounds, and the Horse guards Tryal some hundreds, and at length, determined me either to sell the government of Land Guard Fort, or resign it, and disentangle myself from fools and knaves; which by the favor of that good man the late Marquis of Rockingham, during his short administration I fortunately effected, and got two thousand four hundred pounds for what I would have sold for the four hundred pounds only, rather than have continued in such a service, to be persecuted and unprotected in the evening of my days, after an active life in different parts of the globe, where I had served the King, to the best of my poor abilities. And now Madam, I think I hear you say, but how happened it that for some years

† The doctor died lately at Bath, with an income of above sixteen hundred pounds a year, and yet before he was *earthed*, his house at Norwich was entered, his goods seized by his creditors, and many of them are become great sufferers.

before Lord Orwell's death, he and you were upon good, nay even upon visiting terms!! To make the story compleat, I will tell you; you may remember that I was bound to keep the peace for seven years, with all his Majesty's liege subjects, but just at the conclusion of those seven years, a decision was made against my claim in the court of chancery; and in the house of lords afterwards confirmed, † by which I was deprived of ten thousand pounds, I thought my property from the clear opinions of Sir Dudley Rider, Lord Chief Justice Willes, Mr. Madocks, and in short most of the ablest lawyers in the kingdom (Lord Mansfield excepted) for they tho't it as clearly my property, as that the sun shines at noon day; so that instead of my receiving ten thousand pounds, I had six hundred pounds to pay to lawyers, a heavy blow, and which determined me to leave my native country with a resolution never to return to it. At this time I was informed that Lord Orwell was preparing to go to the south of France, the very Rout I also was taking, I therefore wrote him a letter, and observed that as he was going southward for the

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benefit

† Earl Powlet moved to have the opinion of all the judges, but that being over-ruled!! he took his hat, and with indignation in his looks quitted the house, and other Lords followed his example.

benefit of his health, and I the same road for the convenience of my purse, I hoped we should meet there, and then settle that *little matter* which had been so long *pending between us*. To that letter you may conclude I received no reply, but when I came to London, I met in the park, the unfortunate Doctor Dodd, who told me he had dined the day before with *my friend Lord Orwell*; and I told him of the letter I had written to his Lordship; I have seen it said he, and though I cannot justify his conduct towards you, I cannot help considering that letter cruel towards him; I do not think said he, Lord Orwell will live six months, and you have hindered his southern expedition, he will not go, lest you should follow him, observing at the same time, that he, who often attended such high crested men in their sickness, or on their death beds, could better perceive their real condition than I could, and consequently was more disposed to pity and feel for them, for I must observe that Dodd was as good and pleasant a tempered rascal as ever lived, or as ever was hanged, and I left the Doctor fully determined, though I did not tell him so, to write another kind of a letter to Lord Orwell, and went to a coffee house directly and did so. The substance of which

was,

was, that though I had once asked him to forgive me, when he had the ROD OF JUSTICE HIGH LIFTED OVER MY HEAD, he thought proper to refuse that request; yet I felt myself thoroughly disposed to forget and forgive all that was past, wished him a good journey, and a perfect re-establishment of his health, adding, that perhaps neither he or I had long to live, and that I was willing to die in perfect forgiveness of all those who had injured me, and in hopes that those whom I had injured would do so likewise. Not dating my letter from any particular place, Lord Orwell was three days before he could find my address, and then he wrote me a very handsome and proper letter, in which he thanked me, for mine, and assured me both as a Christian, and a gentleman, all his resentment ceased, and good will and wishes succeeded it. I met with him at Lyons on my way out, and found him at Aix in Provence on my return from Spain, and while he resided at Bath, we sometimes visited each other, and now and then he sent me some game; but as he was a very rich man and had materially injured my family, and was without any children of his own, the candid reader will perhaps think with me, that one, or all my children should have found a place in his Will; he

was the first aggressor, and acknowledged himself to be so. That fatal quarrel to him and to me too, began just as his fortune and honours fell upon him, and from that time till his death, he had but little peace of mind, or bodily health; probably the bottle was his constant resource, for he died a martyr to the Gout, and perhaps too, without a friend to close his eyes. He was a man of a violent vindictive temper, passionately fond of money, but far from being void of conscience or moral rectitude. When Dodd was under sentence of death, he desired me to prevail on his Lordship to sign his petition to the King for pardon; I did apply, and Lord Orwell refused my request, but with great propriety and sentiment, I wish said he to oblige you, I wish too, that Dodd may be pardoned, but I cannot give it under my hand, that I think him an object worthy of it, because I know transactions of his, infinitely worse than that on which he stands convicted, but do not said he tell him so; and as he certainly wished to oblige me, and to serve the man, who though by mere chance, was the cause of our reconciliation, it is but fair to conclude, he refused my request merely on the score of conscience. I shall now finish this long Narrative with a copy of a letter

ter

ter I wrote to Lord Orwell, at the earnest request of that good man, the late Lord Litchfield, previous to my receiving the judgment of the Court of King's Bench, a letter that all *his* friends, and all mine agreed, he ought to have rejoiced at receiving, and to have been happy to have accepted; but passion and resentment prevails often over prudence and even good sense, and though Lord Orwell did not possess either in a high degree, he lived to sincerely repent his refusing to comply with so reasonable a request, a request so binding on my part, and so triumphant on his; yet that letter made part of his Counsels Brief to aggravate my guilt, when I received the judgment of the Court of King's Bench.

But peace to his manes.

It is probable he obtained the Earldom and took the title of Shipbrooke, merely to drop the well known title of Lord Orwell, because that name was constantly connected with the *Wooden gun.*

Copy

Copy of a Letter to Lord Orwell, previous to my receiving the Judgment of the Court of King's-Bench.

My Lord,

“I should have taken this method of addressing your Lordship much sooner, had I not depended (I now find too much) on the promise of some powerful friends,* to use their utmost endeavours to put an end to a difference which I hope arose from faults on both sides, but which I am sensible has far exceeded the bounds of decency on mine.—Those who are quick in anger are often led into indiscretions they become sorry for, and I am not ashamed to say this is my case; and therefore I flatter myself your Lordship will consider the very great expence, and the painful suspense, of a prosecution that has already cost me more than double of my whole years income, to be a sufficient punishment to me, and a sufficient reason to your Lordship not to carry this matter any further. Your Lordship has a manifest advantage over me; by waving which you must either forever lay me under an obligation to behave towards you, as to one I must
think

* Lord Bute had undertook for a while to stop Proceedings, and did so, for reasons hereafter to be mentioned.

think myself obliged to in so doing, or I must for-ever lye under the imputation of acting contrary to sense, decency, and gratitude, I profess too, my desire is, (exclusive of the consequences of this prosecution) to be laid under that obligation; and as it has been my case to offend against the laws of my country in general, and against your Lordship in particular; it may be yours to forget and forgive the latter, that I may appear in Court, with a better grace, to receive the judgment due to the former.

I have the honour to be your

Lordship's most obedient,

And hope to be your most

Obliged humble Servant.

P. THICKNESSE.

Lord Halifax, Lord Litchfield, and indeed all the friends to both parties agreed, that the above letter was sufficient to bury in oblivion even the greatest injuries; Lord Orwell alone thought otherwise, but lived to repent it, and at length became thankful to accept that forgiveness from the writer, which he had so injudiciously rejected when a prosecutor. It must be observed however that I erected a printing-

printing-office in my own house, and that my prefs teemed with *squibs*, *crackers* and inuendoes innumerable, and that many of the very provoking means I made use of to inflame and irritate Lord Orwell, do not appear in this narrative, a narrative I meant to have related as a matter of mirth, and in another mode, but the many ferious circumstances attending it, restrained that vein of pleasantry with which I was disposed to have given it, for alas! what do all the most important things end in? why with a

Hic jacet Lord Orwell,
Hic jacet Philip Thicknesse.

Nevertheless Madam, I will not conclude this long winded story seriously, but finish it with a song from my own pen and prefs, which you may sing if you please, To the tune of
“ *A Cobler there was &c.*”

THE

THE WOODEN GUN,

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

I'LL sing you a song of a RIGHT NOBLE PEER,
Whose manhood of late, has been question'd we hear,
But lest this assertion some people may doubt,
I'll tell you good folks how it all came about.

DERRY DOWN, &c.

When DISCORD was raging in L—— Orwell's Corps,
And nothing but BLOOD SIR, wou'd HONOUR restore,
Dame fortune o' cruel! was pleas'd to declare,
His L——p shou'd also come in for a share.

A CHALLENGE in form, he receiv'd the next day,
The heart of a COWARD, his face will betray,
Had you seen but his looks, which discover'd his fears,
You'd have sworn it was Garrick, when BANCO appears.

For learned historians have joyntly agreed,
 His L——p is sprung from the true V——n breed,
 And like a good CHRISTIAN, thinks fighting a sin,
 For what the world talks of he cares not a pin.

Now fatyr who neither regards RICH, or poor,
 Began to let fly at the PEER, all his store,
 Not many days after, to heighten the FUN,
 His L——p receiv'd (*as a present*) a GUN.

This gun made of BRASS, STEEL, or IRON, was not,
 Nor ever had swallow'd ball, powder, or shot,
 But harmless and simple, a mere country ELF
 All wood, neatly varnish'd and GILT like himself.

Enrag'd and confounded, the donor suspecting,
 And thinking this gun on his *honour* reflecting,
 To Council he hastens, lays open the case,
 And asks if an ACTION here, may not take place?

The grave man of *Law* soon pronounc'd '*Est probatum,*
 I'll prove right or wrong it is SCANDAL MAGNATUM,
 For Lawyers you know, never let slip good prizes,
 So the Gun's to be *tried* at next BURY Affizes.

His L——p's the first, I may venture to say,
 Who on oath has had Courage, his fears to betray.
 And while to his shame, there is light in the sun,
 He'll be the TOWN sport—aye, as sure as a GUN.

DERRY DOWN, &c.

As the interposition of Lord Bute, to put a stop to Lord Orwell's proceedings, has been hinted at above, it seems necessary to mention the cause, especially as it is said his Lordship has lately received a gratuity from the Lord *know who*; for *the Lord knows what*. Soon after Lady Mary Wortley Montague's letters were publish'd, Mrs. Forrester, the widow of the late Colonel Forrester, a woman of superior understanding, and possessing a much better heart, having determined to spend the remainder of her days at Rome, put into my possession, letters and pieces of poetry of Lady Mary's correspondence with her for more than twenty years, and gave me a discretionary power to publish such of them which I thought proper. Those letters were not, like the Constantino-ple correspondence, intended for the eye of the public, and therefore I considered them, and so did my bookseller too, a very valuable acquisition, and I proceeded to print off the first thousand sheets; but upon giving them a second and more attentive reading, it appeared to me that many parts thereof might prove painful to Lord Bute or some part of his family. Lady Mary had in many places been uncommonly severe upon her husband, for all
her

her letters were loaded with a scrap or two of poetry, *at him*, * I therefore wrote to Lord Bute, and told him that such papers were in my possession, and that the first thousand sheets had been printed off, but that upon more mature consideration, I thought it prudent not to proceed in a matter of so much delicacy, without previously acquainting his Lordship; yet at the same time, I cautiously avoided letting him know, whether her Ladyship's correspondence was with a *male* or a *female* friend. Upon the receipt of my letter, his Lordship employed the late Sir Harry Erskine to use all his *persuasive arts* to prevail upon me to fold the letters up, to wait upon Lord Bute, and then shewing me the abject attitude, of *uplifted shoulders, and a downcast head*, how he would, were he in my place, present the original letters to Lord Bute, for he assured me Lord Bute never omitted to serve essentially those who obliged or gratified him, of which truth said he, I am a living example. Upon my observing that my Friend had not given me power to bestow upon any one the original letters, Sir Harry's shoulders again gave a hint of *what he would do*,
 though

* "Just left my bed a lifeless trunk,
 and scarce a dreaming head."

though he would not he said pretend to dictate to a man of my sense; for what has honor, truth or justice to do, when a Prime Minister is to be gratified? Notwithstanding Sir Harry's candour and friendly advice, I would not let him catch that which he was fishing for, namely, whether Lady Mary's correspondent, was a male or a female, for that was a matter I believe of great importance to be known. Having received no letter from Lord Bute, I did not depend much upon *Lord Harry*, and I asked him how Lord Bute came to turn me over to him? why said he his Lordship writes to nobody, but he supposed we soldiers all knew one another, and so it proved, for my Regiment had the honor you know of being under your command at *Land Guard Fort*. In short it was Sir Harry's way, as he assured me, to be quite candid and open, so he pressed me to drink a glass of Champagne, tho' it was neither after dinner nor after supper, for he was kind enough to dispose me to be as open as himself. I then observed that though it was true that we soldiers knew one another, yet that the great ones did not know what the little ones often suffered, that I had been prosecuted, and persecuted too, for want of a proper support, in doing my military duty with propriety as a

soldier,

foldier, and with decency as a subject; and then I told Sir Harry my situation with Lord Orwell, *and a Lord of trade also*, and wished Lord Bute's interposition relative to putting an end to that expensive business. Lord Orwell and Lord M—d too, *were spoke to*, and my receiving the judgment of the court of King's Bench was, *some how or other*, postponed to see what could be done, for another term or two, but which only added to my expences; during which time Sir Harry often visited me, and I him, and in one, (for I have many,) of my unguarded minutes, I happened to read to him part of a letter I had just received from Mrs. Forrester, for he was always fishing for the name, or sex of my correspondent. Upon reading part of her letter he observed, that my friend must have made some figure in the republic of letters *himself*, for he did not suspect, either by the style or subject, that it was a female friend, but asking me where my friend was, at a time that my head was where it should not have been in such company, I replied at VOREE upon a visit to *Monsieur Helvetius*, I instantly perceived I had *shot my fools bolt*, and that the negociation was at an end. Sir Harry then wrote to know what English gentleman, of erudition, was upon a visit at VOREE,
his

his answer was no one, for the Lady was overlooked; consequently I had said the *thing that is not*. Sir Harry then renewed his visits to me, and observed, that even Lady Mary's hand writing was a curiosity, and his *curiosity* led him to ask to see a specimen of it, I had suspected that would be the case, and had put several notes into my pocket book for the purpose, being such as no one could tell whether they were to a male or female correspondent. Sir Harry was then sure I had some of the Lady's letters and that convinced him I might have more; so another express was sent, to make further enquiries at VOREE, and then, it was found, that Mrs. Forrester a *Scots woman, and a Scotsman's widow too*, had been there upon a visit, and was just gone from thence to Rome, but as she had left an unmarried daughter behind her in London, Sir Harry judged his visits to that young Lady, might prove not only more efficacious, but certainly more agreeable, as she was a very accomplished sensible young woman. Sir Harry therefore *wisely* dropt me, I had the honor of being placed in my *winter quarters* in *St. George's Fields*, where soon after Miss Forrester visited me, and informed me at that visit, that if any advantages were to arise from Lady Mary's letters, (the property of her

her

her mother) she, not me, was certainly best entitled to it; and at length told me, that if I would return the letters to her, she could obtain a pension. Esteeming her and knowing that while her mother lived her fortune was but small, I thought it justice so to do, and she accordingly obtained the pension, which she now enjoys, and I the expence of printing off a thousand copies of what was never published. I then wrote a second letter to Lord Bute, told his Lordship the candid manner in which I had acted in that business, and observed that as by my *gentle sentence*, I was to pay a fine of one hundred pounds to the King. I entreated his lordship (he was then, I think THE MINISTER) to procure a remission of that fine, as I thought I had suffered enough on both the noble Lords account; but in *mony matters*, I must repeat it, I have hitherto been unfortunate, though I am in daily expectation of a packet of bank notes being foisted upon me, by the Lord knows who, especially as it is now I find to be the *ton* to act in that clandestine manner. I often perceived with what contempt *Lord Harry* held me when he found I made any scruple to shrug up my shoulders, and bestow on Lord Bute, that which I could not with propriety bestow; for what signifies propriety

propriety when it is to oblige or serve a minister of state, or a *King's Friend*? Let a man who will not do that starve in a corner, he deserves no better condition in this life, and ought to be d—d for a fool in the next, and thus ends the story of the *Wooden Gun*, and the *Golden Lords*. I know how to value good men, who by rank, and great fortune, are placed high on earth, but I know too, thank God, how to look down with indignant contempt on those who act otherwise, upon Score of, I DARE.

T

ANECDOTES

A N E C D O T E S

GEORGE TOUCHET, BARON AUDLEY, AND PHILIP HIS
BROTHER.

IT was my determination, when I began to write these memoirs, to have left unnoticed, and to their own *courts of conscience*, two wretched and undutiful fons, the eldest, shamefully negligent of his duty to a father who most affectionately loved him, the younger, infamously abandoned and wicked; but the post boy having just left a letter with me, addressed to Philip Thicknesse, and the word *junior* being obliterated by the red post mark, denouncing it FREE, Audley, I opened it by mistake; and
found

found in it the following postscript.—*So, we are to have the memoirs of a certain gentleman er'e long, in which I make no doubt, you and I are to have our share of abuse ; but we have this satisfaction, that neither you nor I care.*" As it is then, a matter of indifference to the two *young gentlemen*, I will honestly own, it is a matter of great importance to me, and to my affectionate brother and sister, that I publickly acquit myself of the imputation of having merited neglect from the former, or having attempted to defraud the latter ; a crime which the wicked infamous and abandoned wretch, has flatly charged me with ! If I were to name the greatest crime a son could commit against a father, I should not say it would be to assassinate, and murder him, because in that case, the parent would be soon out of his pain, but that it would be the son who accuses an innocent parent with a crime of a deeper dye, than even forgery, murder, or assassination ; yet such a crime has Mr. Philip Touchet, the brother to the *Right Honorable Baron Audley*, been guilty of. Charges of so black a nature coming from a son against a father, cancels all relationship for ever, and even Lord Audley's neglect of a father who sincerely loved him, is almost obliterated by the villainy of his brother's conduct.

With respect to the former, therefore I shall only acquit myself, by shewing that he thought of no want of paternal affection on my side, as the following letter of his to me, will evince, written when he was an Ensign with three and sixpence a day at Gibraltar, and I a wandering exile at Barcelona ; because from the receipt of that letter, till he had been a peer, with an ample fortune two or three years, I neither saw or heard one word from him, though I frequently solicited that *honour* by many affectionate letters !

Dear Pappa.

I cannot express the happiness and satisfaction your letter gave me, after so long a silence ; the last I received from you was dated the 19th of February, I answer'd that and wrote again in about eight weeks after, and not hearing from you, wrote to Lord Bateman, desiring him to let me know where you were, in his answer he said you were gone abroad, but to what part of the world he knew not, so that I have been ever since expecting to hear from you from some part of France. My surprise was great indeed when I saw your letter dated from Barcelona, I all along imagined you were gone to the south of France, as I have
have

have heard you and my dear mother speak of it as a country you prefer'd to any other, it is with grief and horror I reflect on the late circumstance that must for ever make you dislike *that* you have left, I wish much to see your two letters to that infernal rascal * * * * who I and all my family shall ever have reason to curse. I saw a letter in the *C—s* signed *J—s*, which if he had any feeling, must have made him shudder at his villainy, but I'm afraid he is as great a stranger to *feeling*, as he is to *justice*, and then nothing can affect him. How happy would it make me, if I could by sea, or land, come to see you at Barcelona, but it is utterly impossible, as the Hanoverians, who are to relieve us, are expected here daily, they are to relieve three regiments, *ours is one*, so that in all probability we shall be in England some time in December. If Sir Thomas Gaiscoine comes here before we embark, I will shew him every attention in my power, and will write to you on his arrival, but if the transports come before, will write immediately on their arrival in the bay, I'm afraid we shall have a terrible voyage, as we shall be in the channel in the very depth of winter, however, as I am never sea sick, I don't much mind it. How very unlucky it has turn'd out, that on your arrival
in

in Spain, I should be just quitting it, had you come to Barcelona three months ago, I could have come up with the greatest ease. I am happy to hear my mother is well after travelling so long a journey, pray assure her of my tenderest love and affection, I shall ever be bound to love her for her many kindnesses to *me*, exclusive of her unparalleled love for my dear father. I long much to see poor Charlotte and Ann, my love to them both, pray where is Phil. and Ralph. do let me know in your next letter, that I may know where to find them in England, you remember I used to be troubled in England with a difficulty of breathing, it is now grown so bad that I cannot lie down in my bed, sometimes for three nights, but am obliged to take the little sleep I can get in a great chair; indeed I have been so bad with it and the want of sleep together, that I have wished myself dead above a hundred times since I came to this place. Lord Bateman in his letter to me seemed very much hurt that you never went to see him before you came away, he speaks of you with great regard and I am sure loves you much. I write to him by this post, and shall let him know you are well. He says he sent after you in London several times, I receive

two letters a year from Lord Castlehaven with *draughts* for thirty pounds in each, which enables me to do very well, your letter has been thirteen days coming *here*, but I imagine it was longer on account of the roads being so bad after the rains, do pray let me hear from you by the return of the post, as I may then possibly receive it before we embark for England, I have only one officer under me in the Regiment in two years, a very *slow beginning*, but I hope to have three or four steps when we get to England, the first leave of absence I get in England I will be with you, whether in *Spain* or *France*. I have nothing more to say but to assure you of my tenderest affection, and that I shall ever remain

Your dutyful Son,

GEORGE THICKNESSE.

GIBRALTAR,

Thursday, 15th November, 1775.

Now may I not ask, whether it is possible for a son, to write a more affectionate letter to an unfortunate father, (who was driven out of his native land from *misfortunes* not his *faults*) than the above, or whether it is probable, I could have done any thing towards a *lordly son*, to merit such silent contempt, *after* he became a peer?
but

but it seemed as if he was so addled with his own uncommon elevation, that he chose to TRIUMPH IN IT, over his father's no less singular depressions; or why else did he not, as he would visit, me, especially as I was for a full year, at no greater distance from him than Calais? I have seen a foolish book as large as a church bible on the influence of climate* upon mankind, but I could wish to see one from a good pen, on the influence of unexpected honours and riches; yet after all this misconduct, when he had involved himself in such difficulties that he could not, as he declared to me, shew his face in London before his creditors, I received again to my breast, the *prodigal son*, and gave him a thousand pounds, which I now repent, as I may live to want the interest of it, should he die before me, but enough; or I could add much more; but I leave him to those horrid reflections which age cannot fail to imbitter his latter days with, when I am forever beyond the reach of feeling his misdoings. I am sorry to add too, that he is the only one, among many learned, ingenious, and virtuous men, bred at St. Paul's school under my brother, and *his uncle*, who do

* By Dr. Falconer of Bath.

do not honor, love, and respect him. “ *How*
“ *does that good man my master and friend your bro-*
“ *ther do, said Mr. Francis to me, just before he*
“ *went to India?* adding, does he want any
“ thing? for I could enjoy nothing I have if
“ he does ;” yet this brother so loved and re-
spected by all his scholars, and who for eight
years, had been as kind as an uncle, and master
as he could be to a nephew and a scholar ; has
found it necessary to tell this *young nobleman,*
that if he did not quit the name of Thicknesse,
and take another name to tack to that of Aud-
ley, he would change his, and I will venture to
say, that those who KNOW MY BROTHER, will
agree, that such a *recommendation from him,* con-
veyed more contempt in those few words, than I
could say were I to fill a ream of paper upon the
subject. I must however render him justice in
this point, he took the hint, dropped the name
of Thicknesse, and took that of Touchet, and I
am happy to know that it is a name no longer
connected with mine ; but George Touchet,
Baron Audley, two words, which have stood in
the roll of infamy, from the reign of Charles
the second UNTO THIS DAY. As every young
Lord you can make a genteel bow, give a frank,
and put on a forced smile upon an occasion,
must have the preference to an old and obscure
parent

parent in all polite circles, there is no doubt but that with such people the *old fellow* must be the aggressor, I am therefore urged to insert a letter I received from a clergyman of Odiham, in Hampshire, whom I never saw, but whose character is as respectable as any clergyman, of any rank, in Britain, to shew that the old, nor the young, have escaped the keenest misery from this *accomplished young nobleman*.

Hot-Wells, *Bristol*, Aug. 12, 1780.

SIR,

I have just received your letter, which by its date, has lain some time at Odiham, or I should have answered it sooner; I have been at this place for three weeks, in hopes, vain hopes, of establishing my poor girl's health, which Lord Audley's treacherous conduct has too violently affected, it must touch even *his* heart, was he to perceive the distress and unhappiness he has brought on one of the best girl's, and on one of the happiest family's in the world—But the subject is too tender for me to enlarge upon—I can only lament with you the cause of both our distresses; 'tis shocking to lose a favorite child, even though so much innocence and goodness must be rewarded.—

You

You Sir I fear are too sensible what it is to be the father of such a son as Lord Audley.

I am Sir, &c.

GEORGE WATKINS.*

Upon receipt of the above letter, I went over to Bristol to congratulate the young lady upon her escape from such an husband, but alas! the master of the ceremonies congratulated me, that I was too late to see youth, beauty and innocence sinking into the grave, she had that morning left Bristol to return to her affectionate father's home, and from thence to HEAVEN. Mr. Watkins, I hope and believe, will excuse my inserting this letter, he will not take a bow frown,

* Till I received this letter from the father of a beautiful and virtuous young lady, to whom L. A. had told me he was engaged to marry, and who shewed me a fine pair of buckles he had bought to present to her, I had some hopes of reclaiming a young man, naturally of a good temper, who from such a sudden elevation might be allowed a little *worldly intoxication*, but when such respectable characters as Mr. Watkins and his whole family had been so deeply wounded, I gave all over as a *lost cause*. I will not aggravate this story by saying for what particular reason Lord A. *conceal'd himself* at Mr. Watkin's house, where that unfortunate connection was formed, and so shamefully violated, it is enough that he knows it, nor should I have related the above but to shew, that I am not a *single complainant*.

frown, nor ask a frank of *Lord Audley*. And now for the young gentleman his brother Philip Touchet, for he too shall *wear* the true Audlean name, not mine, Philip Touchet then, having been left all the personal fortune of the late Earl of Castlehaven, Baron Audley, in case he arrived to the age of twenty one years, but to go to Lord Audley, his brother, if he *died under age*, was so offended with his Brother's conduct to me, and to himself; that at the age of nineteen or twenty, he went before Mr. Wright, the Mayor of Bath, and made an affidavit that he never would visit or even speak to Lord Audley during his life, and charged him in the said affidavit with setting him upon a run away horse, *before he was of age*, a horse whom even his groom could not ride, though he knew him to be a very indifferent horseman; when this *young gentleman* came of age, he received about five thousand pounds, a moiety of his uncle the Earl's legacy, and then made me a present of one hundred pounds, and I believe presented and idled away many hundreds more within the first year; and in a few more years, when all was nearly spent, he *plumed* himself with a wife, a *prettyish* Bath milliner girl, of the name of *Peacock*, and some people say she has the worst of the bargain, but
I must

I must do him the justice to own, that till *all his love* was bestowed upon her, he had given me many proofs of his affection and duty, and among others, a note of hand in the following words; to make use of when *he married*, by way of enabling me to marry off one of his sisters.

“ I promise to pay to my Father Philip
 “ Thicknesse, Esq. or order, on demand, for
 “ value received, Five Hundred Guineas, as
 “ witness my hand this third day of January,
 “ one thousand seven hundred and eighty
 “ two.*

PHILIP THICKNESSE, Junior.”

At the time he gave me the above note, he had *determined to marry* a young lady of large fortune† then resident at Bath, and had given her foot boy a crown to deliver that lady a letter *secretly*, wherein he let her know *his determination*; the letter was accordingly delivered, but the *strange infatuated girl was so weak* as to reject

* At that time I had not conceived even the idea of selling the Hermitage or going abroad, it was a sudden resolution upon *Esq. Hooper's* telling me he would let the land all round my house to a parcel of Beggars on purpose to perplex me.

† Miss Scr——r.

reject the proposal with civil contempt, and he was soon after honoured with the hand of Miss Polly Peacock, whose father and brothers are eminent menders and makers of shoes, in the city of Bath, whose mother is an *upper servant* to a reputable Pawnbroker, and whose sisters are very industrious in the millinery way, for farmers wives and the lower class of country wenches. *Three months* after this note of hand for *value received*, had been given me, I determined to go abroad, and by way of securing something to my son for the present, as the other half of the Earl his uncle's legacy depended upon contingences, I sold Mr. *Philip Touchet*, the Hermitage, my present residence, and asked him only five hundred pounds for it, though it had cost me much more; to that price he generously objected, and insisted upon giving me six hundred, and paid me that sum on the *very day* the writings were executed, by a draft on Messrs. Hoare. Upon my return from Bruffells, finding that he had done every thing that could be done, to render a very pretty spot as *outré* as money and incapacity could render it, I re-purchased it of him, and secured to him an annuity for ever of thirty five pounds a year, equal to near double the money he had paid me; but soon after, hear-
ing

ing that he was about to *enter into trade* with his *industrious wife's relations*, and knowing on *whom* that *silly business* would *fall*, if the *Copartners failed in Trade*, I desired Mr. Lucas, of York-house, to tell the young man, *i. e.* young Mr. Touchet, that he must pay me the five hundred guineas on his note, but that he should have the INTEREST during my LIFE, and the PRINCIPAL at my Death; and this I did to secure that sum from being *sunk in Trade*. When Mr. Lucas made the demand, though he had seen the note, he mentioned it by mistake as for five hundred *pounds*, not guineas, Mr. Touchet affected much surprize, and replied, if my father has such a note of mine, it must be a forgery! Such a reply could not but surprize Mr. Lucas also; he then observed, that he had read the note, and though he was not sufficiently acquainted with his hand to say it was of his writing, he knew mine well enough to enable him to say it was not of mine, during this *want of memory* in young Mr. Touchet, and astonishment of Mr. Lucas; he asked the young man whether any note of hand had passed between us relative to the purchase of the Hermitage? and *then*, and not till *then*, the young gentleman *recollected* that he had given me that note for the payment of it, but had forgot

forgot to take it up,* and immediately retired and wrote the following letter to Mr. Goodall, a very honest man, my Attorney, of Bath.

S I R,

I must beg again to trouble you to go up to the Hermitage, in consequence of a note I received from Mr. Lucas ; the cause why my father has made all this confusion and disturbance with me, is I find in consequence of his having in his possession a note of hand on me for five hundred *pounds* dated some time in January 1782, which it seems is on demand for value received, this note I *now* recollect was for the purchase of the Hermitage soon after I came of age, he *asked five* hundred, and I gave him *six* hundred pounds, *one more* than he acknowledges he demanded, but never having the least idea that *my father* would have been led to have made his advantage upon a son a *second time*, for what had been more than paid, I from not harbouring such an ungenerous suspicion of a father, never thought of taking the note up when I paid him the five hundred pounds and gave him a hundred pounds more too it as a free gift ; but
since

* Near five years want of memory, and the note for neither the sum asked, nor the sum offered!

since I find that it is the case that though he has this note against me, all that I shall now say is that if he thinks by this *double dealing* to make me comply with his unauthorised commands, namely, that unless I will quit Bath he will put it in force against me, I repeat it again that I will not, and that he may rest assured, that if he demands a *second* payment of the same note, I am determined to stand the trial, for I have got sufficient acknowledgment under his own hands to confute him, nay I will even *defy* him to demand it as a *just debt*; and now fir once for all I beg you will inform my *father* that I will consent to relinquish the trumpery, eleven shillings *a year* which he has made so much work about, on the following conditions being complied with on his part, I would not have made them but, that I have had now a sufficient proof that there is no trusting even him; what can I say or think of a father who has secreted for near five years a note *of hand* against a son, after that note had been truly discharged, only for to make use of it a second time against me I leave you to judge. I will relinquish the eleven shillings on the condition that my father will give me a security under his hand, that he will not on any pretence whatsoever in future dis-

pute the due payment of my rent, but that it shall be regularly performed every quarter without any further deduction save the eleven shillings, and that he will deliver me up the note of hand; the latter he very well knows he cannot in justice detain, for he will please to recollect that he was very careful to make me return *his* note of hand for one hundred pounds that I lent him for a distressed gentleman, on these conditions I will perform that which he desires, I will namely give up all my claim to the eleven shillings, but as to my leaving Bath I plainly will not, I should be glad to know whether he thinks that because he is my father that he has a right to reign in an arbitrary manner over me, or that I am obliged to obey him, if he does I can plainly tell him I shall not observe his unauthorised commands. In short I repeat it once more, that if he does not chuse to come into the above terms he is very welcome to proceed with me as he thinks fit and I will stand it in the face of the public, and then I hope it will be clearly known who has been the aggressor, as this is all that I can propose that is just and equitable, or I will leave

my

my father to use his own pleasure, and I shall follow mine.

I am Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

PHIL. THICKNESSE, Junior.

THURSDAY MORNING,

July 27, 1786.

Before I proceed further, I must here observe, that he not only *forgot* the note, but he forgot also, the sum it was for, a sum which was neither asked, nor paid for the purchase, for he says to Mr. Goodall, my father asked five hundred pounds, and I gave him six, how then could the note be for the payment of the Hermitage? but having committed this wicked and infamous deed, he was bound to abide by it. The first step he then took, after he knew I had made an affidavit, and that there were *then* two other persons living, to refute his assertions upon oath also; he quitted the Established church, and enlisted himself to a sect of people, called I think, INDEPENDENTS, among whom he found a subtle man, who had been educated at the Bar, but finding *that practice* would

not do, betook himself to *Independency*, and this *conscientious changling* was promoted to the honor of being a committee man among the *Independents* of his new mode of faith, and found a discarded lawyer, converted to hold forth the laws of GOD, ready enough to assist him, and who more than once attempted to bully me, to deliver up the note, though I repeatedly offered to cancel it, if he would swear to the truth of his letter to Mr. Goodall; nay, to give it to Mr. Goodall for that purpose, if he would attend him and his new PASTOR, to the altar of his Independent meeting house, and at that altar, and in their presence only, solemnly declare before them in the name of GOD, that the note was given for the purpose he had declared in his wicked and infamous letter. His *law friend*, was then forced to find out the following feeble apology for his declining it, viz. that doing so, after knowing that his father had sworn the contrary, would be indelicate! Could any thing such a wretch could say or swear at the Altar of INDEPENDENCE be indelicate, after so gross a letter to Mr. Goodall? even if the note had been given for the purpose he said it was, considering I could no ways be interested therein, it was highly criminal; for why did he not *first* apply to me

and

and point out my *wicked conduct privately* before he *exposed me for committing so infamous a deed?* but to give one specimen out of many I could produce of this young man's *delicacy*, I shall present my reader with the copy of an anonymous letter this *delicate wretch*, wrote to me in his own plain hand writing, a letter which even baffled his *Priestly Father and Lawyer*. *

NOV. the 6th. 1786.

SIR,

“ Low life abuse and falsehood is too contemptible to be offended at, and I should have supposed it had equally have been beneath the dignity of a man of understanding and a gentleman, but I find it is not, I shall therefore only observe, that you would do much better to send your younger son to sea, than to abuse *his* as well as *your* benefactor, though God forbid that he should undergo the hardships and ill treatment that I his brother have experienced from the age of eight years to twenty six, through the means of an unnatural Father.”

And

* The minute his *Noble Brother* heard of this misunderstanding, resolutions, and oaths were laid aside, and a friendly correspondence has subsisted ever since! between the *two Brothers*.

And yet this son, who had been so cruelly treated by an *unnatural Father*, from his infancy, up to manhood; no sooner became of age, than he presented his *unnatural Father* with an hundred pounds, always addressed his letters “Dear and Honoured Sir,” gave him a hundred pounds *more* for the Hermitage than was asked! and at the full age of man, and totally independent of that *unnatural Father* with whom he by choice lived, gave him a note of hand for five hundred guineas, and for value received too, three months before the date of the writings! *not as a free gift, but for the payment of, and in full, for value received, for an Estate not conveyed, nor even mentioned in the note!* If any person wishes to see what an ingenious *Independent Lawyer*, and his young committee man, have said on this subject, when I called upon them in the Bath Chronicles and Journals to defend themselves, they may find a long correspondence between an *unnatural Father*, and a *dutiful son*, in those papers.* A Letter to Cruttwell, the Printer of
the

* No sooner was this transaction known to the *Noble Lord Audley*, but he immediately commenced a correspondence and afterwards visited his dear brother at Bath, though there had been a total separation for above five years, the young gentleman who was so delicate about contradicting his father upon oath, had no objection to break his own, when

the Bath Chronicle, from Mr. *Philip Touchet*,
Lord Audley's Brother, now lies before me,

in
it was to lead to a reconciliation with his dear brother who, said he had mounted him upon a run-a-way horse at one time, and who had nearly buried him alive in a stone quarry at another before *he was of age*. I forgot too to observe that Ensign Thicknesse when at Gibraltar, addressed me as his *Dear Papa*, but when he became a Lord and had jockeyed me out of a thousand pounds, I was kept at a proper distance by "*Honoured Sir*" and his dear mother was become "*Mrs. Thicknesse*," and that too when he wrote a shameful excuse for not paying me the interest of the thousand pounds I gave him. Several wise and friendly men of rank and probity, have advised me not to publish the conduct of these *two Brothers*: because they are my sons, they *were so*; but their shameful conduct has canceled all those ties which are so binding, between Parents and Children, and shall I not defend myself when charged by a son with a crime even worse than forgery? because not done at the risque of my life, and is not Lord Audley as criminal in giving countenance to a Brother, whom *before* he had no connection with, the minute he heard of his conduct to me? Before I published the queries to this young *Nobleman*, I sent them to him for his serious consideration, and gave him a fortnights time, but he immediately returned them to me at the *expence of a sbilling for their postage!* and even his servants wrote me insolent anonymous letters, nor would he pay me the interest of the thousand pounds, till I had been at his door in Pall Mall, and sent him in a pistol to shoot rather than starve his Father, and yet Palmer of the Post Office, was the go between, previous to the sham reconciliation on his *Lordship's* part, declared to me that Lord Audley promised to evince his sincere contrition, by settling two hundred pounds a year upon me, and yet even after I had given him the thousand pounds, it was with the most marked Reluctance, that he signed the necessary Security which Mr. Madocks thought he should sign. Now should this *Noble Lord* die before me, an event, considering his wretched state of body, and mind, by no means improbable, I lose fifty pounds a year; and I at present possess another fifty, which hangs upon a tenderer thread, if therefore these two events happen, I may live to want; should not Lord Audley therefore have insured his life against mine, for I could not have wanted this interest, had I not so weakly

in which *that ingenious* young man, says, *If I will leave a note with the Printer under my own hand writing, and therein pledge my honor that I will believe what he swears, and that I will neither speak of it, nor print any thing about it afterwards,* he will then swear that the note of hand was given for the payment of the Hermitage. Provided I acknowledge at the same time, and in the same paper, that he was *only eighteen* when he made an oath never to speak more to his Brother, and that the oath was made with my consent. This needs no comment, but I acknowledge that I did approve of his never speaking to or visiting his Brother, for the *reasons*, (whether true or false, I know not) he had

weakly given away the principal, but Lord Audley may truly say, have I not settled an hundred pounds a year on Mrs. Thicknesse after my Father's death? He has so; it was what I compelled him to do, when I found he was silent about the two hundred pounds a year promised to be settled upon me, but it is a grant of so little value, that it is at his service for two years purchase. Previous to the thousand pounds being given to him, this *affectionate Lord* sat in *my Lap*, curl'd *my hair*, and told me he had been so unhappy that he thought he should have *pistoled himself*, but now said he, I shall recover my health and spirits. If therefore I have not acted the part of an *unnatural Father*, remember READER, that the relation of this sad tale may save some other unguarded Parents from the treachery of their children, and remember too, what Swift often said, viz. I never knew a man who could not bear the afflictions and misfortunes of his neighbours, *perfectly like a christian*, and then put your hand to your heart and say, would it not be THE SAME WITH ME?

had given me, but I deny that it was when he was only eighteen, as I think he was, if not quite, near twenty years of age.

I shall close this sad, and unexampled story, with a copy of a letter from Lord Audley, to the "*Dear Papa*" of Ensign Thicknesse, who thereby meant to teach me to keep my distance, by such an affected manner of displaying his own. And now in the name of that INCOMPREHENSIBLE BEING, who gave me life, I solemnly declare, that sad, severe, or wrong as this narrative may appear, to such "*who can bear the misfortunes of others, perfectly like christians*" that I am not actuated by malice, or resentment; but to hold up a Picture of the *Present times*, before the rising generations of men, in hopes that it may never be copied; and if thereby I preserve one Parent from the bitter pangs which I have endured for years, even to that of BURSTING and BLEEDING from the most IMPORTANT CHANNELS OF LIFE, I shall glory in having told this dismal tale.

Honour'd Sir,

It has given me great concern, not being able to send you a draft for the half years interest sooner, but my Grovelly Tenant who is
a year

a year and-a half in arrear to me, has so often disappointed me, that I have been much distressed. I now inclose a draft on Horlock, for twenty five pounds, which I hope you will receive to-morrow, as I send it by the coach. Mr. Riely has not profecuted, and the Term ended yesterday, he is still in town, but I have never seen him in public. I will try and find Count O'Rorke, and will shew him any civilities that lies in my power, as it is your desire. The letters I forwarded, and have inclosed some franks for Mrs. Duff, I have been far from well for some time past, I have some thoughts of going abroad, as soon as I have settled my affairs, but will tell you more of that when I have the pleasure of seeing you, which I hope will be soon. My love to Mrs. Thickness and my Sisters.

Believe me to be with the greatest regard,

Your affectionate Son,

AUDLEY.*

ANECDOTE

* This was the last letter I ever receiv'd from *Lord Audley*, and the first Interest he paid me, the next was at the *Pistol Recommendation!* in Pall-Mall.

A N E C D O T E

T. CHATTERTON.

WHEN he was only five years of age, somebody made him a present of a little penny toy in plaister of Paris, representing a Lion or a Horse, I forget which, but seeing a great variety of figures in the Vender's basket, he urged the presentor to change it, if there could be found among them such a thing as an Angel with a trumpet; as the Angel could not be found, he cried, and being asked why he was so desirous of that particular figure; he wished
for

for an Angel he said to *trumpet about his FAME!!* when he went to London, to seek his future fortune, he told his mother and sister, he had only to lament that he did not understand latin and greek. If said he I were acquainted with the Classics, I could do enough to be remembered a thousand years, adding, I have already done enough to be remembered three hundred.

It is to me as wonderful, even as wonderful, as Chatterton himself was wonderful; that the least doubt could arise between learned and ingenious men, that Rowley and Chatterton were not *one and the same person?* Are not all his writings pretended translations from the Saxons or other mens works? Poor fellow! he thought that the writings of a young blue coat boy could not attract notice, but he hoped that *his writings* under an antient and a borrowed name might, and therefore he borrowed Rowley's; but unfortunately finding that neither would sufficiently provide for a man of his extensive and astonishing genius; he borrowed that life from HIM who gave it, and who I doubt not will forgive the unwarrantable deed of a soul, who could not bear its present mansion, in want of the necessaries to sustain life, and sensible that he merited more. By his desire

fire

fire of fame, one would be apt to think he imitated Alexander the Great, who coming to the tomb of Achilles, sighed, and cried out, "O fortunate young man! who had an Homer to trumpet out thy fame."

ANECDOTE.

one morning the price of her Asparagus, the
made so high a demand, that thinking myself
at the Jersey, instead of the Southampton mar-
ket, I replied in French, *est-ce que vous n'avez pas*
sir, replied my elegant partner, " I have not
drawn a drop to-day." I instantly recollected

my mistake, and asked her what
she supposed I had said to her? She replied,
(still preserving her temper and the utmost ad-
dress and good manners,) I thought sir, you
said I were drunk, I begged her pardon, and
expressed my surprise, that she could have
supposed I could have said to ride a thing to so
a handsome, and so well behaved a woman, and
we parted both perfectly satisfied. A South-

OF A
FEMALE GREEN GROCER AT SOUTHAMPTON.

HAVING landed at Southampton about the
year 1752, from the Island of Jersey, and
lodging in that city, opposite the market house,
I was daily accosted by a remarkable well look-
ing woman, who had a stand there for the sale
of Asparagus, Greens, Fruit, &c. with, "*no-*
thing in our way to day sir?" in short this wo-
man's captivating manners were such, that I
had no idea of dealing with any one in any
other way but herself. Upon my asking her

one

one morning the price of her Asparagus, she made so high a demand, that thinking myself at the Jersey, instead of the Southampton market, I replied in French, *c'est trop*. Indeed sir, replied my elegant *fruiterefs*, " *I have not drank a drop to day.*" I instantly recollected my mistake, explained it, and asked her what she supposed I had said to her? She replied, (still preserving her temper and the utmost address and good manners,) I thought sir, you said I were drunk, I begged her pardon, and expressed my surprize! that she could have supposed I could have said so rude a thing to so a handsome, and so well behaved a woman, and we parted both perfectly satisfied. A Southampton friend who dined with me that day, commending her Asparagus very much, I thought a little commendation due also to the accomplished vender of them; related what had passed between us, and desired he would observe her appearance from the window as she was still at her stand in the market. Do you know who she is said my friend? that woman Sir, said he, is the Sister of the present Duchefs of Chandois!! I determined early the next morning to give her *handsale*, and the following dialogue passed between us. Pray Madam said I, are you Sister to the Duchefs
of

of Chandois? yes Sir, I am; and does your Sister take no kind notice of you? yes Sir, she takes a proper notice of us all; we are many Sisters: what sort of notice does she take? why she sent for us all up to London, cloathed us suitable to our stations in life, sent a servant to shew us such things in London as were most likely to amuse such strangers, put some money in our pockets (observing that the Duke is not rich,) and then paid our journey back again: adding, what else could she do? for we were not fit to be set down at *the Duke's table!* What an instance was here of good sense and refined judgment; it were a pity thought I that *there had* not been another good tempered Duke, to have bought this woman also of her husband; * for she too was certainly worthy of *gracing* any man's table.

* *Her Grace* when a girl of fourteen years of age, served as *Pot Girl*, to an old woman who kept an ale house near the entrance gate of the city of Winchester, and when the old *Harridan* was told of the sudden, and exalted situation of her quondam maid. Aye—aye—said she, I always told her, “Nan *you'll come to good:—you'll come to good Nan.*”

A FEW

R E M A R K S

ON THE PRESENT SITUATION OF

GEORGE BRIDGES, BARON RODNEY.

IT is impossible for a man of reflection to look over the many eminent services this gallant and able Sea officer has rendered to his King and country, not only in the late, but in former Wars, without recurring to the numerous instances of public ingratitude of Greece and Rome, or our surprize would be greater, to observe with what neglect the present men in power *only*, treat, a Nobleman of such distinguished merit! I say in power *only*, for the
X nation

nation at large look upon Lord Rodney as an officer who has laid at the foot of the THRONE, more and larger Branches of LAURELS than any Admiral of the past or present Century, but it is a melancholy reflection, though not a new one, that the crime of INGRATITUDE TO PUBLIC BENEFAC-TORS, is as old almost as the world. Bodies of men will do that which each individual, must condemn, and what the poet says, *Ploravere suis non respondere favorem speratum meritis*, is applicable to the valiant and wise of most ages and countries. “ When TIMOTHEUS had by a decisive and victorious battle at sea, compelled the Lacedemonians to acknowledge the Athenians superior in that element, what was his reward? His countrymen *punished him by fine*, at the instigation of a base, a mean, and an artful faction; and may we not say, as the friends of SCIPIO did? That two of the greatest Cities in the world have again been found, highly ungrateful at the same time, to their chief commanders! Count de Grasse, after having lost upwards of four hundred men killed outright in the VILLE DE PARIS, and himself more than once left almost alone upon his quarter deck, was received by his King with *fullen sadness!!* and Lord Rodney; either by
the

the carelessness, or treachery of office, has been as ill fated in this!! THE KING indeed, sensible of his eminent services, has in the most gracious manner and without expence, made him noble, and marked his person with a badge of distinction; a badge, which should never appear, but upon the breasts of military Heroes; but surely while every parish in the Island of Jamaica are instructing their representatives, to confer some distinguished and substantial proofs of their esteem upon this great sea officer, for securing to them their lives and possessions; Lord Rodney's *private property*, should not be neglected at home. To see a gentleman who has so justly deserved the applause and esteem of mankind; of polished and refined manners; of great political and nautical knowledge, grown old in the services of his country, not made as easy and happy as age and infirmities can render him, is indeed a melancholy reflection. It is now I think six years since the flag of France struck to that of Britain in the Ville De Paris, and yet though *keel* after KEEL, of ships of War have been laid, the loss of that noble ship has not, nor *would not*, have been revived here, had not a land, not a sea officer, been placed at the head of the Admiralty. A wise resolution of Mr. Pitt's. That feat should

never be filled with a seaman; of the justness of this seeming paradoxical assertion, we have lately had sufficient proofs, too recent, and too painful to be repeated. I am under no other obligation to Lord Rodney but as an individual of that Kingdom, which owes to him so MANY high OBLIGATIONS; but I have been urged to say thus much, from my indignant contempt to an anonymous *writer* (who calls himself an *officer*,) of a pamphlet manifestly calculated, and I dare say wrote *for hire* by a *garretteer book maker*; the drift of which is, to steal from the brow of Lord Rodney, some of those branches of Laurels he so bravely gathered, in order meanly to tack them to a man to whom they do not belong; whenever great actions are performed, it is always under the eye of envious men, who are never in want of the word IF.

This *pamphlet officer* is fond of that word, and I too will use it for once, and say, IF Lord Rodney had seen the whole fleet of France, and had twenty two sail of copper bottom ships under his command, though he might not have thought it prudent to have given them battle, he would not have given an order to twenty two British Captains, commanding line of bat-
tle

the ships, to put out their lights, leave their anchors and Cables behind them and run away! instead of which, he would probably have stood out to sea all night in a close line of battle, and close upon the wind, in hopes of finding himself by the morning to windward of the enemy, but had he found the enemy even in that situation, he would not have shrunk from a prudent brush with them, though they possessed a few more ships of the line.

“ BIRDS

“BIRDS OF THE SAME FEATHER,
FLOCK TOGETHER.”

I did not intend to have stained a single page more of this work, with the odious name of Mackittrick, as it has been too often held up to shame already; and because more powder and shot has been bestowed upon it, than such a Carrion crow was worth; had not Mr. Tickell's second edition of the cases and cures effected by his ÆTHERIAL ANODINE SPIRIT, rendered it necessary, because that gentleman has proved beyond the power of contradiction, that his medicine has succeeded in a great variety of cases; after the best advice, and all other powerful medicines have failed, I shall therefore

therefore annex to this chapter, a single and most extraordinary cure effected thereby, because I have seen it under the patients own hand, and it does not I think appear in Mr. Tickell's second edition, but I must first observe, that it has been my province to expose the impudence of Mackittrick, it has been Mr. Tickell's, to exhibit his ignorance ; for in both instances (his friends if he has any) cannot—durst not, attempt to defend him. Doctor Falconer was the only *medical pigeon*, among more than twenty ingenious residentiary Physicians at Bath, with whom Mackittrick could form any acquaintance, but Falconer, finding him a man capable of writing, printing and publishing whatever falsehoods his malevolent disposition urged him to, he used him as a proper tool to work with, *i. e.* to say, and write, such things which he had not spirit to do himself. I had, some years before, called Dr. Falconer to an account, for writing, printing and publishing, POSITIVE ASSERTIONS, in what he calls *his analysis* of the Bath waters * that LEAD was *soluble therein,*

* This *learned chymist* says, that the chief efficacy of the Bath waters arise from the great quantity of fixed air contained in them. Dr. Priestly (acknowledged to be the ablest chymist in Britain,) says the Bath waters do not contain more fixed air than his common pump water at Calne in Wiltshire.

in, and thereby founding a serious alarm to the public. I asserted that it was a false alarm, by a letter in the St. James's Chronicle, leaving my name with the printer, in case the Doctor should call for it. The Doctor possessed himself of that information, and in the true *Mackittrick style* and *manner*, thus replied in the same paper.

S I R,

I observed in your Paper of the 20th of last Month, a Letter addressed to me by Name, on the Subject of the Bath Waters which I understand is the Production of Mr. Philip Thickneffe. I do not think either the *style* or *matter* of this curious Epistle worth any answer from me, but as part of it relates to an affair of public concern, on that account only, I offer an explanation.

In the Year 1770, the stone which covers the lead cistern in the middle of the King's Bath, and which cistern lies about two feet and a half under ground, was taken up in order to clear the cistern of sand, which had accumulated so much, as to clog the pipes that convey the water to the Pump Room at the King's Bath.

Bath. By accident a piece of the upper part of the cistern, about a pound and a half weight, was broken off, and was brought into the coffee-house in the Grove, and there examined by several persons, and myself among others, who all agreed, that the surface of it that had been next the *water*, appeared in a state of having been acted on by the *water*, from the furrows or irregularities that appeared upon it. Dr. Harrington, who I believe brought it into the coffee-house, can vouch for this fact; this was the foundation of what I advanced as a caution, and not as an assertion or insinuation of actual danger, but merely to *obviate suspicions of that kind*. This was all meant by a recommendation of the change of the pipes from lead to wood or iron, and so every candid reader has understood it, and I doubt not will do so.

As for Mr. Thicknesse's assertion, that the inside of the cistern is now in a pure and perfect condition, I assert he speaks what is not matter of fact, to his knowledge, as he has never seen more of it than a small piece, about two or three ounces in weight, * which was accidentally

* Yet the *penetrating* Dr. has seen every part of it! See page 299 of his essay, where he says, *the corrodings are visible in every part on the inside of the cistern!*

accidentally broken off, as the cistern itself has not been taken up or examined, but remained covered with a foot and a half thick of earth at least.

As for his belief concerning the cistern *having been more exposed to examination now than ever before since it was put down*, every person who is acquainted with the baths, can inform him, that it has been *opened* every two or at most three years, and *laid open* just as much as lately, except only about eight inches of gravel, which were lately removed, but which did not bring to light any part of the cistern, which was still under ground at least a foot and a half below the deepest part lately dug up. *

Had he made the proper enquiries before he formed this article of his faith, he would not have betrayed his ignorance of this well known *fact*. Having thus, as briefly as I could, stated the matters of *fact*. I shall trouble myself no more on this subject.

I am, Sir, &c.

W. FALCONER.

Dec. 8, 1781.

Extract

* I do assert that I have seen the cistern, and that the water is capable of operating on both sides, for the truth of this assertion I appeal to Mr. Baldwin the Bath Architect, to Dr. Lee, General Johnston and many other gentlemen who saw it also.

Extract from Falconer's Book.

“ The action of this metal (lead) *has* BEEN
 “ SUFFICIENTLY PROVED, and that it is possible
 “ that the unfavorable symptoms sometimes
 “ produced on drinking them, which we know
 “ not *how to account for otherwise*, may be pro-
 “ duced by some such impregnation as this me-
 “ tal, though its effects are sometimes latent,
 “ is seldom inactive, it may be perhaps owing
 “ to this cause that some disorders of the Spas-
 “ modic kind as *Opisthotonus* seems sometimes
 “ rather enhanced by drinking the waters,
 “ when bathing alone is of great service.”

Reader ; observe what is said in the above ex-
 tract from his *own book*, and compare it with
 what he has said in his *own letter*, and consider
 whether I, or he, have said *the thing that is not*.
 If I have, I will ask his pardon, if he has ; he
 should long since have asked mine, instead of
 setting a mad dog to bark, because he durst not
 bite ; nor is this the only falsehood he has
 printed and published ; for I do assert that
 Doctor Harrington DID NOT bring the piece of
 lead into the coffee house—that Doctor Har-
 rington, will not vouch for the fact.—It was
 not the foundation of what Falconer advanced

—nor

—nor was it an assertion to obviate suspicions. To Doctor Harrington, I appeal, a gentleman of the utmost probity, respectable as a man; able as a Physician, and an accurate observer of every thing worthy of notice, I appeal; whether that very piece of lead, was not brought into the coffee house by Mr. Atwood, a plumber, to prove the very reverse of what Mr. Falconer has asserted in the St. James's Chronicle? Mr. Atwood brought it to those gentlemen to show, that the ancient plumbers cast their sheet lead upon very coarse rough sand, and consequently, the underside would be very irregular, the upper perfectly smooth, and the piece brought into the coffee house being exactly in that state, after having lain some hundred years in contact with the Bath waters, appeared in the same insoluble state * for the indents of the coarse sand were perfect on one side, the other perfectly smooth, and proved beyond a doubt, that the water had not altered its original form, to all who possessed either eyes to see, or faculties to conceive; that

LEAD

* This foolish and alarming idea had got into France, and the *Falconer of Paris*, Monsieur *Shcele* has said *que l'eau distillé, dissolvit le plomb. Que ce metal rest simplement en suspension dans l'eau, &c.* but it has been proved in France as well as in England; que ces assertions and les terreurs qu'elles ont produites sont également fausses.

LEAD is NOT SOLUBLE IN THE BATH WATERS: yet Falconer has had the temerity to say it “*has been proved*” and to deny that he has so said!! and that too in as perfect a *Cook maid style*, as these sheets, or any other trash which ever came from the press. If the above extract from his analysis does not prove it to the satisfaction of the reader, he is referred to the book itself, or to a book I published, addressed to this man of *mettle*, in the year 1775, in which I have voted him a *medal of lead*, as a reward for his extraordinary talents, at *saying*, and *unsaying*; and *since which* he has united with Mac-kittrick, to decry a medicine, which all the other Physicians at Bath, have the candour to acknowledge to be a valuable acquisition to the *Materia Medica*. One proof of which I shall insert here, having as I said above, seen the account under the patient’s own hand; beside, I have experienced the efficacy of the *Ætherial Spirit* in my own person, as well as the skill, attention, and abilities of Mr. Tickell, during a disorder in which I was in imminent danger, and during which (such was my confidence in Mr. Tickell’s abilities) I did not call in any other assistance; surely therefore, if I entrust a medical gentleman with that which is of most importance to all men (LIFE.) I have a right to

to speak of his abilities as a man, and of his medicine (of which I know the good effects) with confidence; yet that was the cause *only*, of bringing two mighty *Doctorial Gentlemen's* vengeance from the *press*, who did not consider, that they were to endure the *pain*; and therefore I do again assert, that Mr. Tickell's *Ætherial Anodyne Spirit*, possesses antispasmodic virtues in an eminent degree, and that it lately succeeded in a most obstinate rheumatism, attended with such frequent and intolerable spasms, as rendered life absolutely a burthen; but happily the patient possessed a most equable temper, and many christian virtues.

The spasm, or if you will, that subtile humour which violently irritated the nervous system (and sudden in its transition as the gouty) generally made its first attack in the lower extremities, rapidly passed up the hinder part of the leg and thigh, and terminated about the loins, where it exerted its cruel ravages on the spine. The duration of extreme pain was but short, for if it had lasted many seconds, no human patience could have been equal to the conflict. The waters of Buxton had proved unsuccessful, nay rather increased the complaint, and those of Bath were made trial of
with

with no better effect. Such medicines also, as might naturally have been concluded, would have afforded relief, proved altogether inefficacious. Salivation was at last proposed, and the suffering patient, readily submitted to make the experiment, during the height of the ptyalism, the spasms totally ceased; but as it diminished, they returned with equal violence. Under these circumstances, the Ætherial Spirit was recommended, and from the time of taking the first dose, to the end of a week, there was not a single attack. The spasms afterwards returned, but were neither so violent nor so frequent, and as neither drinking Bath water nor bathing, appeared to be of the least service, the gentleman by short stages returned home, and took no other medicine but the Ætherial Spirit, which he continued once or twice in twenty four hours, till he remained perfectly free from this distressing complaint for several days. On any slight return, the patient had again recourse to the same Spirit, repeating the dose, five or six times. The attacks became more slight, and less frequent, and when he wrote the last account of himself, he had been perfectly free from any symptom of spasm for two months, had regained his usual strength and health,

health, except now and then, a trifling remembrance of the rheumatic affection. *

Having found such frequent occasions to produce instances of ignorance, impudence, and falshoods, not only in this chapter, but in the preceding ones, the reader may conclude I might naturally reflect on the conduct of that King of impudence and falshood, whom I have more than once heard hold forth in my younger days near Lincoln's Inn Fields; I mean the celebrated Orator *Doct̄or Henley*, of whom the following story seems *apropos*; Henley challenged any two disputants to meet him on a certain day, to propose their own subjects of discussion, and declared that he would meet them, and determine the merits of the cause, with the strictest regard to impartial justice. Two ingenious and spirited Oxonions, fixed with the Orator, and on the appointed day, went well supported with a party of their friends; and being called upon by the Orator to propose their *Themes*, one of them told him he had undertook to prove the impudence of the Orator himself, adding, and my friend here,

* Since this sheet has been at the press, I have seen a letter from Dr. Bree of Leicester, wherein he says he has performed two very extraordinary cures, with Tickell's Æther and holds the medicine in high esteem.

here, has undertook to prove your ignorance. Henley had a private way from the *Rostrum* into his own house, through which he prudently retired, postponing the award to a future day. May I not now say, that I have proved the impudence and falsehoods of two great *physical philosophers*, and that Mr. Tickell has proved their ignorance, and that if an instance of their *modesty* could be offered, it is, that one has retired from his *Rostrum* at Bath, and hid himself in a little village near Portsmouth, called Titchfield, where he may “snarl and bite and “play the dog,” and that the other, has frequently put forth in the Bath and other papers, a fulsome panegyric, which was sent him with the Fothergillian medal, to which I could wish to add a companion to it, of insoluble lead, wherein I would have the two medical philosophers heads *vîs a vîs*, and underneath them, I DARE.

Y

ANECDOTE

I became first acquainted with Mr. Moore
 at the house of my brother in law, Dr. Richard
 Gey at Hinton in Northamptonshire, where
 I found him easy, frank, much esteemed
 by my Brother and Sister, and much admired
 I dare say by the best daughters, for he was
 a very handsome man, and if I mistake
 not he admired one of them particularly; as it
 was during the Revolution, it there fell to his
 lot and mind, to settle the fate of a pool at
 commerce, and he was very anxious, for the
 Lady on whose estate it was pending, and I
 had then under the management of the great
 Mr. M. ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
 which I thought a very good decision, on which
 I thought as well as otherwise interested, than
 on behalf of the said Lady.

I HAVE been told by a very great man, and a
 very proud man too; that proud men are al-
 ways particularly humble to their inferiors.
 If that observation be a just one, the Arch-
 Bishop of Canterbury is not a proud man, and
 therefore I am convinced his Grace will excuse
 my relating the following transaction, which I
 will endeavour to do with all imaginable respect
 to his present high station.

I became

I became first acquainted with Mr. Moore at the house of my Brother in law, Dr. Richard Grey at Hinton in Northamptonshire, where I found him *Garçon de famille*, much esteemed by my Brother and Sister, and much admired, I dare say by their four daughters, for he was a very handsome young man, and if I mistake not he admired one of them *particularly*; as it was during the Astrop season, it there fell to his lot and mine, to decide the fate of a pool at commerce, each of us equally anxious, for the Lady on whom the luck was pending, and I had then an early specimen, of the great susceptibility so trifling a matter excited in Mr. Moore's bosom, relative to a decision, on which neither of us were otherwise interested, than on behalf of our fair friends.

It was about that time I believe, that the late Duke of Marlborough (whose truly princely and noble disposition will never be forgotten,) asked my brother Grey, whether he knew an ingenious learned young Clergyman, or a fellow of a College, of character sufficient, to be taken into his family, as Tutor to his son Lord Charles Spencer? Doctor Grey did—for he knew Mr. Moore—and recommended him in a pointed and particular manner, as an unex-

ceptionable person, and fully qualified to execute such a trust with fidelity and abilities. I will not, I need not say, how fortunately, or I might say it (considering the high station his grace now sustains, with the same credit he did his low one) that ages may not produce the like again. It was natural for me, knowing this, to imagine some little attention was due from Mr. Moore, through every station of his future fortune, to the relations of Dr. and Mrs. Grey. After Dr. Moore became a Prebend of Durham, I had the honor of spending some time with him at Shobdon Court, the seat of Lord Bateman, in Herefordshire, we daily rode out together, and he afterwards honoured me with letters couched in the most friendly terms, and desired me to procure him a singular weather cock of my own construction, which I sent him, and which cost me something more than a guinea. When he was appointed Bishop of Bangor, I took the liberty to tell him a cause of great importance to me, and my family, was soon to come on before the house of Lords; sent him I think, the case of the appellant and respondent, and entreated him to (what I presume was his duty) attend it. To this request I received a very short reply indeed! it was a "*Sir, and an humble Servant*" letter to tell me
he

he *could not*! I concluded therefore, some other Dr. Moore had been appointed to the See of Bangor, and that I had addressed a stranger, for I did not till *then* know, that it was improper to address a Bishop, or congratulate him upon his good fortune in the style of a friend who rejoiced to hear it. The event in the house of Lords is WELL KNOWN, and *will be never forgotten*. I soon after went *a wandering* into Spain, and upon my return to Calais, I again addressed the Bishop of Bangor in a *proper manner*, for my request was complied with in the following manner.

“ Sir,

Yesterday brought me the favor of your letter upon the subject of your intended publication, through France and part of Spain, I shall be one of your subscribers”

And am your most obedient

Humble Servant,

J. BANGOR.

Soon

Soon after my return to England, and after my first volume had been *delivered* to the Bishop, being at my Bookseller's shop, (Brown's the corner of Essex Street) the Bishop accidentally came in, and noticed me with—"your servant *Captain Thicknesse*," and then turning to the bookseller, ordered his paper, &c. to be sent to BANGOR and retired. I was astonished! I considered myself an unfortunate man and no way obliged to the Bishop. I had received *his guinea* indeed, but so had he the weather cock. After he was gone, the bookseller and his boys expressed their surprise also, for they it seems had heard the Bishop speak of me as one I had the honour to be well known to, and by his repeated enquiries for the book he had subscribed to; and Brown could not help saying I thought you had been well known *to my Lord Bishop* and intimate friends. And I replied I thought he had been mine; but as I now had reason to think otherwise, if he would furnish me with a sheet of paper, I would take the liberty to ask his Lordship, what sin I had committed, or what sin I lived in the commission of, that he should treat me with such disregard, as to occasion the bookseller and his boys to observe it? I will not repeat more of the contents of my letter, though a copy of it lies before
me,

me, because I must own it was written in anger, and in very intemperate terms, but my bosom heaved as his Lordship's did, at the pool of commerce, for instead of receiving ten thousand pounds, a sum I had for twenty years before been assured by the ablest lawyers in the Kingdom would become my property, I had at that time six hundred pounds to pay for my vain efforts to recover it, and I thought I should have met the Bishop with a better face, if I had, like him, been a fortunate man.

Nothing could be more temperate than the Bishops reply, for he declared that he was not conscious of any flight or neglect of civilities due to me, but as he was, even after he had paid his subscription, rather in my debt, than I in his, I told him he owed me a guinea, for I could not ascertain the exact sum I had paid for the weather cock, and desired it might be paid; this was accordingly done, a guinea enclosed between two cards, and another very temperate civil letter accompanied it; though I must own, neither of my letters merited so much politeness.* And now I may observe, how

* I carried it to Dr. Dodd in Newgate.

how cautious even the greatest men, either by birth, or high station should be, in their conduct to their inferiors, for would not the reader conclude that *here* the business ended. Will he not say, there is now for ever an end to all correspondence between the Bishop and *Captain* Thicknesse? Certainly he will think so, but no such thing! it was only the beginning! For a few days after, I dined with Mr. Bateman (Lord Bateman's brother) and there related, what had passed between me and the Bishop of Bangor. I related it perhaps with a degree of warmth, natural to my temper, and when I had so done, Mr. and Mrs. Bateman said they were not surpris'd, for that his Lordship had shewn the same slights and want of attention also to them. If they were not surpris'd, I was; for however insignificant I might appear in the Bishop's eyes, it was wonderful to me, to find that a respectable and honorable gentleman, *nearly related to the Duke of Marlborough*,† could have been overlooked by any man, much less by Dr. Moore. I then told Mr. Bateman that my anger and resentment was at an end, and that I would that very day write to the Bishop, and humbly ask his

† Mr. Bateman's mother was Sister to the late Duke of Marlborough.

his pardon for the warmth expressed in my former letters ; and did so, for I had just learnt, I said, that he had slighted also near relations of the Duke of Marlborough, and therefore I had not the most distant pretensions to be hurt by his overlooking or slighting me.

My letter upon this point, seemed to give his Lordship pain indeed, he left his name at my door, the next day, and urged me strongly, to let him know (if I were not bound to secrecy,) by whom of the Duke of Marlborough's family he was so accused? adding, that if he were guilty, he should think himself the most offending man alive. In reply, I informed his Lordship, that though I was not bound particularly to secrecy, I considered myself not at liberty to disclose private conversation which passed at a friend's table, but assured him that they were people of veracity, and therefore I could not doubt the fact, and that the reader may not doubt this relation of it, I will observe that though my respectable friend Mr. Bateman is dead, his lady is still living. This business however seemed to give the Bishop deep concern, and he determined not to drop his enquiry, till he found within whose doors the complaint was lodged; and knowing that I had

had the honor of being often with Lord Bateman, he feared the complaint originated there, but upon enquiry found it did not; yet there perhaps, he got a hint that it lay in Hartford Street, for thither he went also. Mrs. Bateman would not be seen, but Mr. Bateman acknowledged the charge, nor did the visit and apologies, which no doubt were made, occasion any renewal of their acquaintance. I have the Bishop's letters before me, one of which his Grace I am sure will excuse me in presenting to my readers, as it is relative to the preceding part of this transaction, especially as I sent the proposals of printing my memoirs to *his Grace, and to the Duke of Marlborough, who upon a former occasion honoured me with his name, and who upon no occasion can notice any man, who has more respect to his aimiable character.* †

S I R,

“It is not much like a proud man to write to you again after the letters I have received from you. But it is like a man who knows how to excuse even injurious treatment from

one

† His Grace is still a few shillings in my debt, and therefore from the tenor of the following letter, filled with *good wishes*, it rather disappointed me, as I presume it will every candid reader.

one he wishes well to; when he sees that treatment was the effect of resentment grounded on misapprehension. You ask me, if I did not know that you had lately a very great misfortune and great injustice done you? I did not, nor do I know at this moment what you allude to. I was also ignorant, till I received your letter, of the other events you mention, that a title and fortune had fallen to your children. The truth is, my thoughts and time have been engaged for some time past solely with a very near relation, and a friend, both in a very bad state of health, and I have heard little, and attended less to what was going on in the world. And now Sir let me ask you a question in my turn, where is the crime in my not having been acquainted with those circumstances? or how are you justified in loading me with opprobrious accusations, for not having taken notice of them when I met you? You will do better to keep your anger for those who deserve it, I do not deserve it; I am really and unaffectedly sorry for your misfortunes, and the injustice that has been done you, of whatever kind they may be, and I am still capable of receiving a sincere pleasure, from hearing of any good fortune that befalls you, or your children, and the greater the extent of it

it is, the greater will be my pleasure. This is the truth; and I expect to be believed, and that for the best of reasons, because you never in your life could charge me with untruth. You tell me again and again of my obligations to your family, I am ready to acknowledge a thousand obligations to Dr. and Mrs. Grey in a long friendship of many years, particularly to him whose advice I have profited by, and may as long as I live, if it be not my own fault, but not one of those he has left behind him will tell you, I have forgotten those obligations. But enough of this, I will put an end to this letter with repeating the advice, don't be affronted at the word, it is not meant to affront, I have given once before in it; distinguish between those who are disposed to behave insolent to you, and those who are not—between your friends and your enemies, I can never have a place among the latter, and perhaps it may be immaterial to you whether I have any among the former or not.

I am Sir,

Your Humble Servant,

J. BANGOR.

It

It is many years since I read the above letter, and therefore it urges me now to observe upon it, that it certainly is written with a temper and disposition suitable to a wise man, and a christian Bishop, it is true also, that my sister now eighty four years of age, and her three daughters, speak as highly of his grace as any of his friends; and think as highly too, nay I know my sister has left him a picture worked by her daughter, Mrs. Lloyd the Dean of Norwich's wife, of real value, merely because the Bullfinch which is pecking at a bunch of grapes in a cabbage leaf, was copied from a Bull-finch, Mr. Moore shot; but may I not say in my turn, that Dr. Grey has three daughters, who have sons at the university unprovided for, and a daughter married to an ingenious young man, who has no other subsistence than the small Curacy of Uphill in Somersetshire, and then may I not ask, has his grace conferred any mark of favor further than *civil words*, upon any part of Doctor Grey's family? two of whom would at this day have been in holy orders, if they had the least hopes of any preferment, yet before this chapter went to the press, I wrote to my Niece, the widow of the Rev. Doctor Bowles, and youngest daughter

ter

ter of Doctor Grey, and asked her the state of her family, and whether the Arch Bishop had taken any notice of her, or any of her family. In reply she was *quite silent*, as to the latter Querie, but says, “ as you was pleased to enquire into the state of my family, I shall trouble you with a small account of it. I have four daughters and three sons, the eldest of which is designed for the Church, and is of Trinity College, Oxford, he is not yet in orders, but might have been some time ago, as he is neither wanting in knowledge, character or abilities; his present view is to be fellow of the College, to which I imagine he will succeed the first vacancy, my second son is as you know, in the physical line, and my youngest is bred to the law; if you can form any idea of the expence of a university education, I presume you will easily see why there was only one sent thither, my eldest daughter married without our knowledge or consent, a Clergyman of very small fortune indeed, he is Curate of Uphill in Somersetshire, where they now live.” This is the situation of Dr. Grey’s daughter and grandchild, the Uphill Clergyman has thirty pounds a year, and the eldest son might have been in orders, but being *without a patron*

tron or a friend, waits to obtain a fellowship of Trinity College! and yet his Grace of Canterbury tells me, "that not one of those" (meaning Dr. Grey's family) "whom he has left behind, will tell me he has forgotten those obligations" it may be so, but I can tell his Grace, that not one of those, have yet benefited by the goodness of his memory, and I hope at least the poor Curate of Uphill, who certainly cannot deal with the *Village Butcher* above once a fortnight; will be remembered *effectually*. I never saw him nor his wife; but I flatter myself his Grace will not let a grand daughter of Dr. Grey's starve, when a Vicarage of four score pounds a year would make him and his wife happy, for fortunately, they have no children.*

I might

* The late Dr. Garnett, an Irish Bishop, and the Author had been intimate friends in their youth, long before the Doctor had any idea of wearing a mitre, many years however separated them, till chance threw them together at a musick meeting in London.

The Author thought it was his old friend, but not being certain, after looking stedfastly at him, and not being able to make up his lips for the utterance of the two words, MY LORD; he thus addressed the worthy Prelate. *Is it you, or is it not*; for I protest I am not sure? Yes said he, it is me, (and taking one of my hands into both his) nor will we part said he till we have ate and drank together. This was manly, if not priestly, and when this good man died, he directed his

Executors

I might ask his Grace in my turn too, (were not the question so high above my reach) whether if he had not been full as susceptible of flights, neglect, or ill breeding, even in a rapid line of prosperity, as I might be found in adversity, why, when a certain old Duchess *be-parsoned* him at Blenheim, he instantly took his horses and a French leave, and went to Durham, and from thence made his excuse to the Duke of Marlborough and desired permission to *return* when the Duchess *left* Blenheim? If he did so, surely I might have been excused if I disliked being *be-Captained* in a bookseller's shop! I could ask his Grace another question, and relate another extraordinary anecdote, but which I withhold, out of HIGH RESPECT TO OTHER PERSONS to whom it might give great pain, though no ways dishonourable to any person *now* living. †

Executors to send me the Portrait of a Brother of mine; which had hung thirty years in his house, and yet that brother had no hand in leading him to an installation, but he had been his friend, when in an humble station, and when a Curacy of fifty pounds a year would have made him happy.

† Since this book has been in the press, Mrs. Bowles has been honoured with more than one letter from the Arch Bishop; expressing an unbounded regard for her and her family, and has promised to provide for the Curate of Uphill and her ingenious son, (*now in orders*)

at

at Oxford, for I must own I did anonymously remin'd his Grace of the situation of my widow niece and her large family, and thereby procured some notice to be taken of them not only by letters, but by his Coach sent from Lambeth, to fetch some part of the family to dine at the Palace. It is near a year since, but I have not yet heard of any other place, than a place in the Coach of Lambeth,

Z

ANECDOTE

A N E C D O T E

OF THE

PRETENDER, PRINCE CHARLES.

LADY Mary Touchet a beautiful English woman, and sister to my late wife, made her first public appearance at a ball at Paris, given by the Pretender just before his expedition into Scotland, in the year 1745. The Prince not only attracted by her personal charms, but being the sister to a English Catholic Peer; took her out, as his partner, and before they parted, he communicated to her, whither he was going, and the importance of his expedition. I cannot tell, but I can easily conceive, to what
a pitch

a pitch of enthusiasm, a beautiful young English woman of the same religious principles, and so particularly honoured at that time, might be led to say upon so trying an occasion; but whatever it were, he instantly took his pen knife from his pocket, ript the star from his breast, and gave it her as a token of his particular regard, and I doubt not that *she* concluded, such an external mark of his partiality, had he succeeded, was given as a prelude to the offer of a more precious jewel which had lain under the star *within* HIS BOSOM. As that beautiful woman, died at the age of twenty, the star fell into the lap of her sister, and as she soon after fell into mine, I became possessed of that *inestimable badge of distinction*, together with a fine Portrait of the Prince by Hufley. Being a whig and a military man, I did not think it right to keep either of them in my possession, and a simple old Jacobite lady, offered me a considerable sum of money for them, but having three nieces, whose father had lived in intimacy with the *late Sir John Dolben*, I presented both to them, and I believe that *valuable reliet* of the departed Prince Charles, is now in the possession of Mrs. Lloyd, my eldest niece, and wife to the present Dean of Norwich. Lady Mary Touchet, was the

first woman who appeared in England, in a French dress, about the year 1748, which was *then*, so particular, that she never went out at Bath, the place of her constant residence, without being followed by a crowd; for at *that* time, the general dress of France, was deemed so *outré* in this, that in most eyes, it diminished the charms, of both her face, and person; which she otherwise had the utmost claim to. She danced on the Friday night ball, and died the Sunday following, a lady who assisted in laying her out, told me she could scarce believe she was dead, for that she never saw so much beauty in life, and that she exceeded in Symmetry, even TITIANS VENUS. That this unfortunate man was in London about the year 1754, I can POSITIVELY ASSERT, he came hither, contrary to the opinion of all his friends abroad, but he was determined he said, to see the capital of that Kingdom, over which he thought himself born to reign. After being a few days at a Lady's house in *Essex Street in the Strand*, he was met by one, who knew his person in Hyde Park, and who made an attempt to kneel to him, this circumstance so alarmed the Lady, at whose house he resided, that a boat was procured the same night, and he returned instantly to France. Monsieur
 Massiac,

Maffac, late Secretary to the Duke De Noailles, told me he was sent to treat with the Prince relative to a subsequent attempt to invade England. Mr. Maffac dined with him, and had much conversation upon that subject; but observed that he was rather a weak man; bigotted to his religion, and unable to refrain from the bottle, the *only benefit* he said he had acquired, by his expedition among his countrymen into Scotland.

An Irish officer with only one arm, formerly well known at the *Caffee de Conti* in Paris, * assured me that he had been with the *Prince* in England, between the years, forty five and fifty six, and that they had laid a plan of seizing the person of the King (George the second) as he returned from the play, by a body of Irish chairmen, who were to knock the servants from behind his coach, extinguish the lights, and create confusion; while a party carried the King to the water side and hurried him away to France. It is certain, that the late King often returned from the theatres in so private a manner, that such an attempt was not impracticable, for what could not a hundred

of

* Mr. Segrave.

or two, desperate villains effect, at a eleven o'clock at night, in any of the public Streets of London? Ten minutes start would do it, and they could not have failed of a much greater length of time. He also told me that they had more than fifteen hundred Irish chairmen, or that class of people, that were to assemble opposite the Duke of Newcastle's house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the instant they heard any *particular news* relative to the pretender. I cannot vouch for the truth of this story, but it may be right to relate it, to prevent such an attempt, should any other pretender start up, for I have the BEST AUTHORITY to say such a thing is practicable, and that a person was taken off in broad day light, and in the middle of a large City, though under the protection of an English Major, and seven old French women, and that too, by an individual.* It
was

* There are many people now living at Southampton who remember that transaction.

Dr. Grey, long before he died, was perfectly cured of *Jacobitism*, he observed that when the pretender was at Rome, his friends here kept his birth day, and spoke of him with ardour, but when he was in Scotland they seemed to forget him *every day*, now said the doctor, if I had been King, I would have pardoned all those who shewed their mistaken loyalty openly, and hanged all his cowardly adherents who durst not appear to serve him, when their services were wanting; but thank God, that silly business is all at an end, and the Catholics know, the sweets of living under a PROTESTANT PRINCE, and a free government.

was not a King it's true, who was taken off,
nor it was not *a man*, but before the surprife
of the Major, and his female party were over,
the lady was far out of their reach.

ANECDOTE

A N E C D O T E

OF

MRS. GARRICK, WHEN SHE WAS THE ADMIRER
MADAME VIOLETTE.

IN the year one thousand seven hundred and forty nine, that lady was at Bath, and though I had not then nor since the pleasure of being personally known to her, I never saw her but with admiration; her personal beauty, and the delicate manner of her dress, could not but attract attention, I mean not frippery or finery, but rather the reverse; mentioning that elegant woman to Lady Vane, who perhaps was the next woman in the Kingdom, to be admired

mired on account of taste, in dress, &c. she agreed with me, and added, her breeding also, corresponds with her external appearance. Are you then Madame, said I, acquainted with Madame Violette? no, I am not, but she always passes me with good breeding, observing that well bred people, betray that, even as they pass strangers. This just observation struck me exceedingly, I had often observed it in the late Duke of Hamilton, when he passed strangers in the public walks; but Lady Vane could not but notice Madame Violette's polished manners, as most of the *un-fly-blown* wives and misses, usually passed her with a toss of the head, or a look of contempt, though perhaps at the *bottom of the mixture*, there might have been found a few grains of envy. During Madame Violette's stay at Bath, Mr. Nash was desired to take her out to dance a minuet, and certainly her dancing there at *that time*, was considered by all well bred persons as a favour. She was accordingly the first lady asked, after those of precedence had danced; and then she danced a minuet, as void of any flourishes, as it was full of grace and elegance; but behold! the next lady asked, refused! what! dance *after* Madame Violette? Mr. Nash took care she should

should not dance then, nor at any subsequent ball, and Miss returned to her Papa, an Ironmonger at Salisbury, without shewing the beaux of Bath, what an ear she had for the *musicks*, for Miss had learnt to play upon the *spinnet*, as well as the spinning wheel. Having mentioned the late Duke of Hamilton, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of recording a singular instance of the quickness of his parts, and the readiness of his address. When he first went to Edinburgh with his handsome Duchess; his country folks charged them both with shewing too much *hauteur*, not only in public, but even at their own table; a charge which *his Grace*, one would think could not merit. However a prodigal Laird, not long descended from the mountains, who thought himself as *guede a cheeld* as any Duke or Laird on earth, determined to put his Grace to shame at a public ball given at Holy Rood House. After the whole *noblesse* of Edinburgh were seated, and the music waiting to strike up, on the *entrè* of *their two Graces*, a rumour was heard at the lower end of the room,—here comes the Duchess—here comes the Duchess, and accordingly the crowd of gentlemen, moved to the right and left, to give her Grace a passage,

passage, amidst their humble and bended bodies, but before her Grace had been seated at the upper end five minutes, a second alarm was announced, here comes the Duke—here comes the Duke,—the avenue was again cleared for his Grace's entrance, by all but the *Highland Laddy* mentioned above, but he turning his back to the door, and setting his arms *a kimbo*, placed himself in the very center of the *Gang way*. The Duke instantly perceived who it was; and *why it was*; so walking stedfastly up, linked his arm under his champion's, saying Mackittrick how do you do? and keeping him in familiar conversation till he had led him to the upper end of the room, and joined his Duchess, and there left *Jemmy* to walk back again, an object of as much contempt, when he appeared as the village doctor before Lord Moreton to whom one would think he had been formerly a *Lacque*.†

† During the dispute between the author of these sheets and the Doctor, the following grub was handed about the City of Bath. How or why a man educated at the *only* university in Britain, capable of *turning out able Physicians*, could suspect the grub to allude to him, I cannot say, but he certainly offered a reward in the Bath Chronicle of fifty pounds to discover the author, he is therefore now informed *gratis*, that Joe Millar was the author, and P. Thickness the editor.

A CAUTION TO THE CAUTIONED, A true Tale told by Lord
M—R—N, Addressed to a Medical *Assassin*, and a *Foolosopher* of
Bath.

GOING some years since into Scotland, said his lordship, I stopped early at a small town in the north of England, it being winter, and a long evening before me, I consulted my landlord, what chance I had of finding in that town, a sociable companion to sup with me; the parson, after whom I first enquired, was just dead; the lawyer was gone to London; and in short, the doctor was the only man my landlord informed me, who was genteel enough to be admitted. I accordingly enquired his name, and suspecting thereby he was a North Briton, I sent the compliments of a travelling stranger to the doctor, and desired the favor of his company at supper with me; the waiter soon informed me, that the doctor was in the bar, for having learnt there, that I were a lord, he waited for a second invitation; upon his entering the room, I perceived an uncommon degree of embarrassment in his countenance, which I endeavored to remove by making an apology for the liberty I had taken, and entreated him to sit down, and favor me with his company without ceremony; ne,—ne,—replied the doctor, I must *declene* that *owner*—no, no, doctor, pray be seated; *en troth* my guede lord you must excuse me, for though your lordship do *na ken* me, yet I ken your lordship *rite weil*; de you not remember your *auld* servant *Jemmy Macmurdith*?—what do I see *Jemmy*, in the capacity of a doctor of physick!—softly my guede lord, let me *webster* a word in your lugg, speak low lest our landlord should hear what passes; it is your *auld* servant *Jemmy* who now stands before you;—well Dr. *Jemmy* said my lord, sit down, however, and let me hear without reserve, how you became a practitioner in physick; *Jemmy* then acquainted his Lordship, that his house steward having *lost* a *silver* spoon the day before he left his lordship's service, refused to give him a character, and being out of employ, he entered on board a Guinea man, in the slave trade, and having, says he, a *lettel laitin* as ye know my lord, we *arve have* in my guts, I soon persuaded our *South Bretan* surgeon, that I knew a little of *phesyeck* also, and he gave up the care of *arve* the black devils to me, from *Geuene* to Antigua.—well, and were you successful in your first outset? in troth no my lord, I was gelty of *manifold errors*, and we lost more than a moiety of our *living* cargo; but *fortunatly* for poor *Jemmy*, the surgeon himself, (tho' I did the best I could for him) died the very day we cast *ancor* at Antigua,

Antigua, and I returned to Bretan in the *capacity* of surgeon's mate, and then got another station to the same *climate*, as full surgeon; *then* my lord, put some money in my pocket, and when I returned I purchased a deplema, and have practised now seven years in this town, and the hamlets round *about*, as a regular *physician*; well Jemmy and I hope, said my lord, with better success than on your southern excursions? in troth, my lord no, I have nothing to boast of in that way neither; but however, let me tell your lordship, that I have pretty well revenged the *battle of Floudden Field*.

A ROBBERY

R O B B E R Y

COMMITTED BY THE LATE ALDERMAN K——N.

MR. K——n, having a pleasure yatch of his own, often made a trip in her with a few friends to Calais, Boulonge, &c. and happened to arrive at Calais, just as I was returned from my Spanish Tour to Montferat. At this time I had engaged an Artift to engrave, from a painting I had got executed at Lyons, a view of that extraordinary mountain, and which I wanted an opportunity of sending safe to England. The late Mr. Redmond Simpson, of the Queen's band of music, being

being in the Alderman's *suite* and a careful honest man, I desired him to take charge of it to London, and to deliver it to my departed and valuable friend Mr. Alexander Whitchurch, who had promised to superintend the execution of the plate; Mr. Simpson, therefore placed the picture with great care, under the green baize, and the uppermost article in his portmanteau. The custom house officers at Dover *knowing their men*, merely for form sake, meant only to lift up the covers of the Alderman and his friend's trunks, but could not even do that without the picture appearing, and then they were, reluctantly enough, obliged to seize it; in vain did poor Simpson plead his readiness to forfeit every thing which was his own, provided the picture, another man's property, and for so particular a purpose, could be delivered up, but all was ineffectual, the picture was seized as contraband, and could not be restored; poor Redmond related his grievances pathetically to the good natured Alderman, but nothing could be done. The next morning, Mr. K——n, visited the custom house, and after talking with the collector and the other officers on different subjects, pray said that gentleman shew me the picture of Montferrat, which you seized yesterday; it was accordingly

cordingly produced, he took a flight view of it, and then entered upon some other subject, till at length, business called the officers to different part of the office, and then Mr. K——n rolled up the picture, put it under his arm, and walked off with it! a circumstance which probably was full as agreeable to the officers who had seized it, (for it was of no real value) as it was to Mr. Simpson who had it, and to whom it was restored. If this was a crime, it was a crime which must be registered among the many generous and benevolent crimes Mr. K——n, was frequently committing, by relieving those who were distressed in either body, mind, or purse; he perceived how hurt his friend Simpson was, and would have given the best picture in his house to redeem his friend from such anxious concern, such was the disposition of a gentleman, taken off in the prime of life, loved and lamented by all who knew him.

A N E C D O T E

OF A

HALF PAY LIEUTENANT OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

WHEN I had the *honour* of spending a few months in the King's Bench Prison, (an honour I am disposed to hope my candid readers may be induced to think I was *led into* from not being properly supported for doing my duty with propriety as a soldier, and with decency as a subject,) * I declined during those three months, any the least acquaintance, with that class of people called *the gentlemen of the Bench*, though many of them were in the very laced waistcoats

A a

which

* Perhaps I might (however wrong it certainly would have been) have confined Captain Lynch before, but that I had reason to think Lord Anson might have landed the Queen at the Fort, certain I am that the Fort could have accommodated her Majesty better than any house in Harwich.

which had procured them their *outward doublets*; indeed a *volunteer* female prisoner who accompanied me thither, and a numerous train of visitors would have prevented me, had I been disposed to associate with a worse class of people than even Captain Dunn, or the *scratching family of cock lane*. This rendered me rather obnoxious to the laced coat gentry, to not one of whom I ever spoke. About a fortnight before the day of my enlargement, my female friend left me to prepare a King's Garrison, for the reception of a King's Bench Prisoner! Such are the vicissitudes of human life! During this last fortnight of my durance, I had leisure to look about me, as far as the walls of a prison extended; and though I doubt not there were many wretched beings among my fellow prisoners, one only struck my attention, sufficiently to promote a desire of speaking to him; he always walked alone, smoked his pipe, and had the appearance of a reduced tradesman. I invited him to drink a glass of wine with me, and found that his mind and his affairs were soon to be made easy, I offered him a little present assistance, which he declined, and desired I would bestow my attention upon a prisoner who was under the same roof with me, a Lieutenant of a man of war who had told him, that

that when my dinner was brought up stairs, such was his extreme hunger, that he was often obliged to run down, and walk in the garden, to avoid even the smell of it; I desired him immediately to wait upon that gentleman, and to beg the favor of his company to eat a bit of cake and drink a glass of wine with us, which he often did, and the following is the state of his case. He was a man of neither family, nor interest, but the late gallant Admiral Boscowen, had taken notice of him as a very active good seaman, brought him *ast* upon the quarter deck, and promoted him by degrees to the rank of a Lieutenant. After the peace, being upon half pay, and much better acquainted with NEPTUNE and ÆLOUS, than the artifices of women, as he was fauntring about the royal exchange he saw a *weeded widow* leaning over a hatch, over which was written in LETTERS OF GOLD—ASSURANCE OFFICE. Pray Madam said *my Lieutenant*, what is it you insure? Ships, Sir, from the dangers of the sea, &c. a further conversation ensued, and old *Mrs. Assurance* invited the young Lieutenant, in to drink tea with her. The Lieutenant, who was rather *before hand* with his half pay agent, thought he had found a good peace *birth* on shore, made pro-

posals to the old lady, married her, and the next week was conducted to an apartment near mine, in the state house of St. George's Fields for her debts. I pitied him, and so I am sure will the reader, and therefore I told the public in a letter printed in the St. James's Chronicle, that being the inhabitant of a goal, and the day of my liberation near at hand, I had deposited a few guineas in Mr. Davis's hands, Bookfeller in Sackville Street, to begin a subscription, which I hoped the public would consider due to a young man who had deserved well of his country in war, but now shut up in a prison, and who had lost his only patron and friend the gallant Admiral Boscawen; in short I so stated his case, that Mrs. Boscawen happened to hear of it, and finding it to be truly stated, she nobly supported the collection, and I had not only the pleasure of seeing *my* Lieutenant liberated before I obtained my own, but when I did, I quitted the goal, *on that account*, with the eclat of a general huzza, of my fellow prisoners, at the head of which, was a late Westminster *Justice of peace*, otherwise I make no doubt I should have experienced the very reverse, for I had now and then a letter thrust under my door, to remind me that I was a CRIMINAL PRISONER, and ought

ought to be put on the common fide, not to mix with the gentlemen of the Bench, who only had been guilty of defrauding every tradesman who were weak enough to give them credit, for what they knew they were unable to pay.

A DANGEROUS

DANGEROUS MOB, OF BATH,

BESET THE AUTHOR'S HOUSE AT BATH-HAMPTON.

SOON after I had published the *Prose Bath Guide*, in which I had told some *tales out of school*, that proved offensive to some Butchers and dishonest tradesmen; the mob, like Lord George Gordon's, (who always hold out false colours) assembled to the amount of some hundreds, in order to beset my house, or destroy me, under the *pretence*, that I had caused my man to be treacherously impressed at Bristol.

In order to explain this matter, it may be necessary to say, that being in want of a man servant who could occasionally work in my garden; an innocent pretty country wench, then in my family, embraced that *favorable opening* to recommend her sweet heart, the
 consequence

consequence of which was what I expected, that Betty would soon become *thin about the nose*, and *thick about the waist*, but before poor Betty's *disorder* appeared, John informed me that his father and brothers with-held from him fifty pounds, and would neither pay him principal nor interest, and that he had no other security than a note of hand; but upon the note being produced, I found he had not even that, for it had neither name nor date to it! Such a shameful piece of business, I thought too gross to let pass unnoticed, I therefore employed a reputable attorney, and put John's fifty pounds safe into his pocket. Soon after this transaction, it appeared that John *had given Betty a note of word only*, that he would marry her, but having found out *the riddle* without the assistance of the parson of the parish, he would not *sign it*. I took occasion to talk seriously to him upon this subject; offered a two guinea wedding dinner in my orchard, for him and his friends, but all to no purpose; I then observed, that as I had rendered him a piece of justice, I would endeavour also, to render justice to the woman he had so highly injured, and accordingly went to Bristol, and settled my plan of operation with the Lieutenant of a press gang, obtaining at the same time

time his promise, that if the man agreed to marry the girl, he should dismiss him. The next day I took John to Bristol with me, and the Lieutenant took him on board a Tender. Soon after my return, being, at Bath, a mile and a half from my house at Bath Hampton, I was informed, that a mob, consisting of some hundreds, were gone to pull my house down, I immediately ordered a chaise from York House, to fetch my wife and two daughters to town, and followed the empty chaise on horse back, previously putting pistols to my saddle, I found men, women and children sitting upon the road side, and asking them what occasion brought them thither, they informed me, *I should soon know*, and as I passed a mow, two men upon the top of it, struck their forks down at me with such force, that had either of them hit me or my horse, it might have destroyed us, when I came within a quarter of a mile of Bath Hampton, I heard the shouting of voices, rattling of tins, sounding of horns, &c. and upon an hundred yards nearer approach, I saw a *grimalkin* hanging in a tree, which I supposed to be a representation of the OFFENDER. Upon entering the town neither I, nor the chaise, could hardly approach my house, for the numbers which surrounded it;

I said

I said nothing however, till I had put my family into it, and seen them drove off towards Bath. The mob were all infantry, except one horse mounted by a second representative of the culprit. Upon such occasions as these, in spite of whatever apprehensions may lurk in the bosom, the safest way is, to pretend at least, not to be apprehensive of personal danger; I therefore stood my ground, till all the *mobility* had gathered around me, and then with the appearance of good temper, asked them the cause of their assembling, and whether they had any thing to charge me with, from which I could not defend and justify myself. They said I had, in a most treacherous manner, taken my servant with me to Bristol, and sent him out to buy lemons, in order to throw him into the hands of a press gang, who had confined him on board a Tender. As all things under the sun are governed by women, and as many of my assembly were of that sex, I considered it *safest*, (for I did not think myself safe) to appeal to them, I observed that many of them knew *our Betty*, that she was a handsome, and I will add said I, a virtuous girl, that John had, under the most solemn promises of marriage, seduced and ruined her, and now refused to fulfil his engagements, that I had ren-

dered

dered him services, and now wished to do so by the woman he had so highly injured. And as we were in sight of the tree where my effigies was suspended by a rope, I took occasion to observe, that by the laws of this country, no man ought either to be condemned, or executed without a tryal, and a jury of his countrymen; but as they hanged me *first*, I begged they would try me *afterwards*, and instantly declared my willingness to have a jury of twelve women impannelled upon the spot, and that I would submit to a tryal, and to the sentence of that female jury; for I began to perceive approbation from every female eye; thus encouraged, I further assured them, that I was so confident of my own innocence, and their impartial justice, that I would no longer sit amidst so many of countrymen armed, as if I were afraid, but trust my person wholly to their disposal, and accordingly threw my pistols over the hedge. I then re-pleaded the conduct of the base deceiver, touched upon the betrayed beauty and innocence of the deluded girl (the case probably of *all my jury*, if not of all the females present) and in short, I was not only acquitted with honour, but I had the pleasure of seeing *myself* cut down from the fatal *tree*, at the root of which the next day I placed

placed a barrel of ale, and I and my neighbours become better friends than ever. It was the sense however of my jury (may I call them my constituents?) that John should be liberated, I therefore wrote to Lord Sandwich (a facetious clever man) such a letter as I thought a proper one upon such an occasion *to him*, and observed therein, that though it might seem a matter of no consequence to his Lordship, to whom I was unknown, whether I died in my bed, or was knocked on the head by an enraged mob, yet I begged leave to observe, that as it was *mobbing time*; a mob which began with me, might end with his Lordship; and I hoped therefore he would order the man to be discharged. It is a pleasant thing to transact business with a man of sense and discernment, Lord Sandwich instantly ordered the man's discharge, *before* he was under the necessity of flying from a mob himself, of greater magnitude in London; without time, scarce to put on his breeches. Such a man should always be FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY. The man was accordingly discharged, and Lord *George's mob*, soon after, convinced his Lordship, that my observation was not altogether *ill founded*. It is a pleasant thing I say to have dealings with a man of sense. Lord Sandwich felt the truth of my observation, he
 saw

saw the reasonableness of my request, and though he did not apprehend any personal danger to himself, he did as he would be done unto, such men should always be at the head of every department. Men of sense and spirit, are infinitely superior to your fine smooth flowery Orators or classical scholars. Sir John Barnard, without much of either, said more to the purpose in plain language, than half the Orators of the present Century; we frequently see men as great coxcombs in language, as we do others in dress.

S I N G U L A R

L A W A N E C D O T E.

I HAVE said above, that in money matters I have been *always* unfortunate, but I must recall that expression; I *once* in my life was fortunate, and that too, under the guidance of a lawyer! but I must first observe, that I had put a chancery suit into the hands of an eminent lawyer who treated me with venison and turtle, and who kept me at *bay*, till he wanted to make two *peasants* in *Languedoc*, (if they were to be found) parties to my bill. I knew nothing of law, but I knew that I had no business with *Messrs. Saboe* whatever he had, so I called for my bill, paid him fifty three pounds, and found myself just *where* I was, and *as* I was, except the loss of my fifty three pounds, and

and the loss of time also. Under this dilemma I happened to see an advertisement in the daily advertiser, which began thus. “ The difficulties, distresses, embarrassments of law affairs, &c. speedily adjusted by O. Q. who was to be spoke with every day on certain hours at a coffee house upon London Bridge.” Determining that O. Q. should neither toss me into the Thames, nor jockey me out of another fifty three pounds, I waited upon him, and told him what my *distresses* and *embarrassments* were, and desired he would *speedily adjust them*. Mr. O. Q. gave me a very patient hearing, and then with much seeming candour and ingenuousness informed me, that he thought my cause a very good one, but of too great a magnitude for him to undertake, observing that *they* only did little matters in the conveyancing way, &c. I was pleased with the simplicity of his manners, treated him with a dish of chocolate, and took my leave; but before I had got *terra firma* under my feet, Mr. O. Q. pursued, overtook and thus addressed me,—“ It is plain Sir by your application to me, an utter stranger, that you do not know a proper solicitor in chancery to undertake your cause, and therefore as I told you before, though it is too much
for

for *us* to undertake, yet I can introduce you to a gentleman of respectable character, of long and experienced practice in the court of chancery, who will undertake it, and who will carry it to a hearing more expeditiously than any man in England; do not said he rely upon my word, but enquire his general character and abilities of his neighbours, I will instantly wait upon you to his house, and did so, and there I found a man of a certain age, with an eye as brilliant as a hawk's, and as deep as a well, with whom my conductor left me, and to whom I communicated my claim, and the manner I had left my *venison lawyer*. Have you paid him Sir said he? I have; then Sir your cause is a good one, and I am faithfully at your service.

It was now I thought my turn to question him; how came Mr. O. Q. said I, to bring me to you? I do not know, for the man is *almost* a stranger to me.—Pray Sir what do you think your bill may amount to, in doing this business? I cannot tell, but at most fifty or sixty pounds, not more, then Sir instead of treating
me,

* Mr. P—e was well known to a gentleman who now resides at Bath,

me with turtle and venifon, I will treat you with a draft on Mr. Hoare for an hundred guineas to be paid the day after a decree is made, whether I fucceed or not.—That replied my *Hawk's eyed* folicitor, is very handfomely faid, but it is irregular, and much more than my bill can amount to, but reft affured, I will execute the bufinefs with fpeed and punctuality, and he did fo ; for by prefenting a petition to the mafter of the Rolls, fetting forth that I was an officer going abroad, that it was a matter of great importance to me and my family, to be decided before I went, he got it heard at the mafter's houfe (Sir John Strange) previous, I think to feventy cafes which flood before it, and in three months time, I had a decree in my favor, and the fome thoufand pounds in my pocket. Meffrs. Wilbarham and Willes were my council, and it had nearly taken an unfavorable turn by the well meant, but ill managed pleading of my old *fchool fellow*, but as his father was an intimate friend of my fathers, kind to all his children, and had allowed me to fend my folicitor from time to time, to confult with him during the proceedings, (befide having given his fon the ufual fees) as foon as the caufe was decided, I put a handfome filver bread basket upon his fide board,

and by taking the advantage also of his squeaking voice, and effeminate face, when cross examining the witnesses, in what manner their toast and butter was served up, or whether buttered on *both sides*, or only on one, set the son of my respectable friend in a very ridiculous light, soon after which, Foot, having obtained a licence for the little Hay market theatre, I was informed he intended to entertain his company there also, with a repetition of that *cross examination* the first night of his opening the theatre, I therefore went early to the house, got behind the scenes and procured an audience with Mr. Foot, I then told him, no man either in the theatre, nor out of it, felt or enjoyed his humourous pleasantry more than I did, when it was exercised to mark, either wicked or infamous characters, but that when he brought before the public, men of respectability, remarkable only for the imperfections of their persons or intellectual faculties, no man could see them with more abhorrence, and as I understood he intended that night to exhibit a gentleman who came under one of those denominations, desired he would *well consider* what he was about, assuring him if he did I would take the sense of the house upon it,

it, and if they would not resent it, I would. I then retired to a place I had secured in a box, near the stage, in which I found Mr. W——s brother, and with whom I had the pleasure of partaking of the evening entertainment, without any thing passing, either painful to him, or to myself; and I am glad of this occasion to record such an instance of Mr. Foot's prudence, good sense, and sound judgment. The night before my tryal came on at St. Edmund's Bury, I wrote a letter to the following purpose to Mr. W——s.

S I R,

“It has been a matter of much surprize and concern, to many of my friends, and to some of yours, that the son of Lord Chief Justice Willes, whose favour, friendship and kindnesses, were always open to me and to all my family, should engage in a paltry and oppressive cause against an old school fellow, and therefore you will excuse me, if I relate a *cause* in which I was engaged in, FOR; NOT AGAINST YOU.” I then related what had passed behind the scenes, between me and Mr. Foot, and suggested, that which it probably prevented passing *before them*. Mr. Willes, who was a good

tempered man, felt I believe very awkward upon receiving such an unexpected piece of information, for he instantly came to my lodgings, and I believe would have thrown up his brief, had I admitted him, I believe it, because when I appeared to receive the *gentle punishments* for my offences, at the bar of the King's Bench, he did refuse his brief, and thereby offended Lord Orwell, more than, he did even the "*false, scandalous and infamous libeller*" he had convicted at St. Edmund's Bury. I must also do Mr. Willes the justice to say, that I never saw him after this transaction, either in or off the Bench, that he did not convince me, that he was either ashamed or sorry, for what had passed. I will not attribute that colour which flushed in his cheeks upon those occasions, to have arose from anger, because when I had the honor of meeting him and his lady at Lord Kilmorrey's table, he was *uncommonly* polite to me, nor was Mrs. Willes less so to Mrs. Thicknesse; indeed he was pleased to tell me it was right, that he should be counsel *against me*, because I might be very sure, that nothing would be said *severe to me* upon the occasion, and I must own, I was *never under any apprehensions that he would*: but as that tryal
cost

cost me a thousand pounds, I could not help thinking Mr. Willes, should have had some little consideration for *my own bread basket*, as well as for that which I presented to him.

A DIGRESSION.

D I G R E S S I O N.

THAT Lord Audley might have it in his power to return me the thousand pounds, or insure his life against mine, lest I might out-live him, and thereby out-live the real want of the fifty pounds a year, I could not have wanted during my old age, if I had not been too forward in making his youthful days more happy. I sent him that chapter in which he and his brother make no conspicuous a figure; but the only notice taken of it, is contained in the following anonymous letter, I just received from his *baby* brother Philip.

Mr. *Touchet's* compliments to Mr. Thicknesse, Senior, begs leave to recommend to him to erase certain words which he asserts were inserted in an affidavit *written by himself*, though he seems

now

now to have totally forgot both the *writer* and the *words* expressed therein, namely; “ *sitting him* “ *Mr. T. Junior, on a run away horse*; and like- “ *wife* his being of the age *of nineteen or twenty*, “ as there is not the most distant hint of the “ former, the latter being totally false, as will “ appear by comparing the time Mr. T. was “ born with the *date* of the affidavit, the first “ was in 1760 the latter dated 1778, which “ makes it clear he was but eighteen years of age “ when he was *compell'd* to take it, truth will be “ truth, tho' every power may be made use of “ to oppose it. And therefore if Mr. T. Senior, “ does not erase those words, the *original* affi- “ davit shall be laid before the public to confute “ him. *

“ And if he pleases *this* also may be inserted, “ as he seems to be very barren for even “ *decent* matter to fill up his *catch penny* publi- “ cation.

LONDON, Nov. 29, 1788.

“ On perusing this *catch penny* performance “ further, Mr. Thicknesse, Senior, asserts *po-* “ *sitively*,

* Mr. Touchet is requested to publish the affidavit, he was *compelled* to make at *only* the age of eighteen, it was read by Mr. Wright in his presence, and I believe Mr. Wright knows he made no more objection to swear it, than he has now to break it.

“ *sitively*, page two hundred and eighty-five,
 “ that it was not at the age of eighteen,
 “ the oath was taken, which proves he was
 “ ashamed of it, as well he might, and also his
 “ total disregard to even the shadow of
 “ truth!”

To this insolent letter I shall only observe, that it is probable the cause of his making that affidavit about the *run away horse*, may not be inserted in the affidavit, and that the *baby* was only eighteen years of age when I *compelled* him to make it, but he was an independent *baby*, and surely would not have made it without some real or imaginary cause; has he forgot the day on which Lord Audley urged him to go to Sandridge Hill with him, and why I made them both give their word and honour that *he* should return the same night to Bath? but finding he did not return, I sent an express from York House the same night, and when *the brothers* came the next day, did he not tell me what an escape he *had had*, from a stone quarry which had fallen in *upon both*, and nearly destroyed him? why was that express sent? I believe Mr. Lucas of York House knows, I am sure he knows, that an express *was* sent, and Mrs. Thicknesse and I are both ready to swear

swear that he charged his brother Lord Audley with those two acts of *fraternal affection*. I hope neither were true, and as he was known throughout BATH, and at Moore's academy, by the name of the *Brussell's Gazette*, it is very probable both were false, nor will he dare to say he did not write to his brother and renounce him, and all correspondence whatever with him. Why should I have laid the elder brother under such a restraint; but that the younger had told me of the *horse expedition*, and his fears? could a *baby only* eighteen years of age have been prevailed upon, to exhibit so d——ble a charge against his brother without any foundation? Yes he might, because he has exhibited as vile a one against his father, does he even attempt to deny it in his insolent letter? a son who would dare to insult his father with such letters, and such crimes, as he has done, might easily be wicked enough to charge his brother as falsely, and I am now much inclined to believe the story of the runaway horse, is a wicked falsehood. It is a sad, a melancholy reflection, but what my brother (who has had *hundreds* of children says, I fear is too true) Did you ever said he, know *independent* children behave otherwise to parents? no, I reply I never did, but I never knew or heard of independent children charging their

parents

parents with committing forgery, taxing them with cruelty, and yet giving them notes of hand, for five hundred guineas, value receiv'd, for an estate before it was conveyed, and without mentioning the conditions, there is something novel in such deeds, is there not young Mr. Touchet?

A SINGULAR

✍ The above insolent letter has determined me to negotiate the young gentleman's note of hand, and then if he dares, he may try the validity of it.

A S I N G U L A R

I N S T A N C E O F

M I N I S T E R I A L J U S T I C E .

PART of a marching regiment being on duty at Land Guard Fort, under my command, an officious and over *pious* Major, commanding the other part of it at Ipswich, wrote to the Secretary at war, Lord Barrington, complaining that the deputy chaplain to the garrison, not only omitted his duty there on week days, but frequently on the Sabbath, without even mentioning the matter to the deputy, whom he saw every day, and who lived in the same city! Lord Barrington did not reply to the *pious* Major, but wrote to me to know with whom the neglect lay, whether with the proper chaplain, or the deputy? I informed his lordship that it was a question difficult to answer, but a complaint I apprehend improperly lodged,
that

that the neglect, if any, was in the deputy, but submitted it to his lordship's consideration, whether it were not the duty of the regiment chaplain, to attend his own corps, and not expect it to be done by the Fort chaplain, without some recompence; and whether Mr. Lloyd, the proper chaplain, who was Rector of Rotherham in Yorkshire; who had a good paternal fortune—who was chaplain also to a regiment, and who had never even seen Land Guard Fort, ought not to allow his deputy the whole pay, instead of one shilling a day? and lastly whether a gentleman could be expected to ride six and twenty miles, two or three times a week, for so small a pittance? Lord Barrington in reply to this representation, desired I would recommend a proper person, to be appointed chaplain to the garrison, and said he would move the King to supersede Mr. Lloyd, I therefore recommended the deputy, who had been so unhandsomely complained of, as an honest sensible man, with a large family, and much to the honour of Lord Barrington's head and heart he did so; Mr. Layton was appointed chaplain, and was paid a shilling a day also, by the regiment's chaplain for doing his duty. The Major whose duty led him so much astray upon this occasion, was soon after called upon

upon to answer at a Court Martial, for a crime of too deep a nature to be mentioned here, and such as led him further *a field*, for rather than appear before the Court Martial, he quitted his country in order to avoid the shame and consequences of such a horrid charge. This shews that whenever a man pretends to appear better than his neighbours, there is much reason to suspect him somewhat worse, a drunken man is always acting the part of a sober one; nor was this the only instance I could give of Lord Barrington's impartial justice, for when a whole corps had ignorantly united to send my garrison orders to Lord Barrington, as being unwarrantable, and exercising a power not vested with me, in order to be laid before the King, which they told me they had done, and lamented the consequence, because I had in my private capacity shewn them many marks of politeness, Lord Barrington informed them that there were none of those orders which were not right and proper, and that he was sorry to find that any troops in the British Army were so ignorant of their duty, as not to know, that the governor of a garrison had the indisputable command of every officer and soldier doing duty therein. Truth however compels me to say, that I should at this day have

have been in the same command, had not Lord Barrington wrote me such a letter, as I thought incompatible with my honour to serve any longer, under such restrictions, which he had the candour to inform me, he had recommended to the King to lay me under; and though I do not believe he meant me any injury thereby, yet it was such, that an ignorant attorney of Ipswich, construed as a dismissal from the service, but the block-head has been often guilty of mistakes, though not of so deep a dye, as the *mistakes* of his *infamous parson brother*. I therefore told his lordship if I might not be permitted to sell my commission, I would resign it. I was told that was impossible, but Lord Rockingham (it was in his VIRTUOUS ADMINISTRATION) was kind enough to let me resign it, with a recompence of two thousand four hundred pounds from the present possessor, Captain Singleton.

A M A D M A N

CONCEALS HIMSELF BY NIGHT, IN THE AUTHOR'S HOUSE.

ABOUT the year 1747, I rented a house of Mr. *Johnny Wadman's*, at Old Sarum, it was a cottage in the form of a roman L, in which my man servant's bed-chamber was at the extremity of the upper *limb* of the L, over the brew house, and quite detached from the other part of the family, the man going into his bed-chamber without a candle, about ten o'clock, during the longest summer days, saw a human figure sitting in the chair by his bed-side, high over which was the only window in the room; but what added to his fright exceedingly was, that the figure appeared to have two heads! one leap I believe brought him down stairs, and he really appeared to me (with his porcupine head of hair) as terrific as the two headed monster

monster had appeared to him. As soon as he was able to speak, for he could not at first, he informed me that a man, or a ghost, having *two* heads, was sitting by his bed-side! believing there was only *one head*, and that a bad one, in the business, I went half way up the stairs but whether my heart failed me, or prudence dictated, I cannot say (perhaps both had their sway) I returned and took a highland broad sword in my hand. On entering the room there was light enough to perceive the double headed monster, but his hands and arms, being in shadow from the situation of the chair under the window, it was impossible to see whether he had any *other arms*. He appeared quite motionless as I approached him, with my uplifted sword, till I took him stoutly by the collar, and then his *upper head* fell to the ground.† He made some efforts to recover his bundle, but would not speak a word, not even when threatened and provoked to it, by some smart blows, with the flat part of the sword blade. Thus irritated by his obstinate silence, I brought him down into the court yard, where there was light sufficient to perceive he was a goodly looking man about three score, decently dressed in grey cloaths, but still regardless of my threats,

† A shirt or two, and stockings.

threats, he would not speak! at length he pointed to the pump, to which I led him, and holding him fast, threw up some water to the spout, and after he had drank of it, I again asked him who and what he was, and why he had concealed himself in my house? he then replied with great moderation; *Sir, I have an impediment in my speech*—but is that a reason you should secret yourself in my servant's bed-chamber? why whose house is this said he, and what is your name? being told; where then said he is my uncle Townshend? I replied, that a gentleman had lived and died in that house of the name of Townshend, and that I was tenant, and I Sir said he am his heir, and come to take possession of my estate. It grew late by this time, and not knowing very well what to do with this new heir and visitor, I took the liberty to lock him into a *little temple hard by*, and told him he must give some more satisfactory account of his embassy before we parted the next morning, though I began to suspect his errand, was neither to rob or murder. Soon after I had secured my prisoner, a neighbouring farmer who had *prudently* heard the bustle from a window out of which he would only trust his head, (upon my telling him what had passed *under mine*) said he be-

lieved he could in some measure account for it. He said that the deceased Mr. Townshend had maintained an unfortunate nephew many years in a mad house at Box, near Bath, and probably said he this is the man who has broke out, I never saw him, but if it be him, he is a clergyman, and his name is *Acourt*. I instantly returned to my *prisoner*, and asking him his name found the farmer's suggestion so far right; I then opened the door, asked Mr. Acourt's pardon, for the rough manner I had received him, and pointed out the danger both he and I had escaped, by his coming to take possession of his fortune in so private and dangerous a manner, but as he was now in possession of it, I begged he would accept of the use of that bed which he had chosen for himself, I then gave him some refreshment, put him to bed, locked him in, and secured the door of the brew house beneath. While he was preparing for bed, he told me he always slept in the parlour bed-chamber in his Uncle's time, lent me his M. S. sermons which he had wrote at Box, upon condition that I would not take a copy, and *to me* he was very civil and sensible too, considering his condition, but he had told the servants he was not *a soldier*, and did not like to be beat. In the morning I found both doors broke open
 and

and my prisoner gone ; he returned however at night, and lodged with me a considerable time, always enquiring whether an imaginary wife from Frome had been to enquire for him during the past day. Pitying more than admiring my new lodger, I applied to the Magistrates of Salisbury, to confine him, as there was at that time a place for the reception of such unfortunate people, but they either would not, or could not perceive, that the poor man was not as *sensible as they themselves*, though I shewed them a hole in his skull, in which might be seen the working of his brain ! he therefore continued my nightly visitor, (for I never saw him during the day) till I was informed that he had been Rector of Bridge Town in Barbadoes, and that the first mark of his insanity appeared by his tearing a young child limb from limb. This alarming information to me and my family, some of whom were young children, determined me to quit the house to the use of the heir at law. The unfortunate man however did not *break out* of Box mad house, he was *turned out*, but *why* he was turned out, Mr. Wadman *the other heir at law*, must explain, I cannot ; for he quitted his abode reluctantly, and the humane keeper of that house parted with him reluctantly also, and gave him gold

in his pocket when they so parted. And now, being upon this, of all others, the most melancholy subject; I cannot help mentioning a few observations I have made on the conduct of mad persons. No man in his perfect senses contrives to carry his designs into execution, with more craft, and secrecy than mad men, but however mischievous or dangerous the acts committed are, they never make any attempts to escape or to conceal it. Many of them will converse for hours together without discovering the least symptom of a disordered mind, unless that subject which most affects them is mentioned. Mr. *Gustaldi*, Minister from Genoa to this country, with whom I lived in intimacy in the year 1753, with whom I often ate, and who was a very learned and ingenious man, discovered only one single proof of being the least disordered, and that was lamenting that he was immortal!! I can not die said he, that is my only misfortune. Lord Ferrer's was a mad man, and so is Lord George G——n, the former was an object of pity, the latter is so, I do not know him, but I lament that his confinement is not more suitable to the condition of his mind, and his rank in life. Whom among us can say that I shall not become a mischievous mad man? why then

then should mischievous mad men suffer more than those who are passive? The former surely are the greatest objects of pity. It is *actions* more than *words*, by which the sane, from the insane are to be known, a dangerous mad man should be confined, but he should not be provoked to a greater degree, by insulting paragraphs in news papers, or too severe confinement, it is enough that he be confined.

ANECDOTE

A N E C D O T E

OF OLD

LORD AND LADY THANET.

THAT Lord and Lady lived upon such bad terms together many years, that at length they could agree in nothing but to part, during the negotiation of that business, which was transacted at NEW BOTTLE in Northamptonshire, they both frequently visited my brother and sister Grey at Hinton, to consult about the measures each should take, previous to the separation. My Lady was sister to the late Lady Burlington, and reckoned a great wit, my Lord, much addicted to long story telling, and that garrulity generally attendant upon old age. In one of my lady's consultations with Doctor Grey, she told him some very extraordinary resolutions she was determined to take, and the Doctor positively assured her, that if she did,

did, her Lord will do so, and so, in return; that is impossible said my lady he cannot, he durst not; she accordingly carried her plan into execution and my Lord instantly did as Doctor Grey had foretold. My lady highly exasperated, wrote the Doctor the following letter.

Dear Doctor,

You told me if I did as I told you I would do, my Lord would do *so* and *so*, and so he has, which convinces me, that one tyger always knows what another tyger will do; however we both can agree to see you when you have leisure to visit *Dull-Bottle*.*

I am dear Doctor,

Your Friend, &c.

The Doctor's patron and friend Lord Crew, buried his lady in Steane Chapel, the little rectory mentioned before, and when Lady Crew's monument was erected, he frequently took the key, retired to the chapel, and placed himself near her remains, and opposite

* Her ladyship always called *New Bottle*, Dull Bottle, where she declared she had heard the same dull stories told over and over again so often, that it was one of her chief reasons of quitting her Lord and Mansion, pray Mrs. Grey said her ladyship, has your husband any one story that he tells over and over again to every body who approaches him? my sister confessed the Doctor had, and as the Doctor himself can never relate it again, I will tell it the reader *only once*.

posite the monument, under which he directed his own body to be placed; and there it is presumed, he often contemplated on mortal men, and immortal life, but the sculptor having put a very ghastly grinning alabaster skull at the bottom of the monument, he took an occasion to say to Doctor Grey, I wish Dick that horrid skull had not been placed there? The Doctor, who affectionately loved the bishop, and wished to render his latter days as easy and happy as possible, sent to Banbury for the artist to consult with him whether it were possible to turn the skull into a pleasing, instead of a disagreeable object? after much consideration the sculptor determined that the only thing he could convert the skull into, was a bunch of grapes, and that was accordingly done, and so remains to this day, this was the Doctor's story he so often told.

T H E

C O N C L U S I O N .

A PARTICULAR friend of mine, says he is often asked why I have so many enemies? he replied you should ask me why he has so few. Some of the preceding anecdotes will account for a numerous list of them, but a man said he who lives in absolute retirement, who never goes into public society, and who never spends an evening out of his own house, can only look for friendship among a few old acquaintance; but I could have furnished him with a much stronger reason, which is that I am known to write occasionally in a public paper, and consequently every rascal, (*and there are a few in the world*) becomes of course my enemy. I never made any secret that I assisted the St. James's Chronicle, because I have made it an
invariable

invariable rule, not to make any personal attack upon the character or conduct of any man, without leaving my name with the printer, or being ready to acknowledge myself the author if called upon for an explanation, if they were persons who were esteemed men of character. One singular instance of which, I will relate. Ten or a dozen years since a gentleman of this city, a man of genius and character, but perhaps like myself, rather eccentric, was attacked in the St. James's chronicle, it was a long simple letter, and therefore a prating old woman of Bath,* laid it at my door, I was in London when the letter was published, and there I read it, but some parts being local, about transactions at Bath Easton Villa, I did not even understand it, for I positively declare I did not then, nor do I now know the author of it. Upon my return to Bath, I was informed the gentleman it alluded to, was much exasperated, and was preparing a two and sixpenny poetical reply to it, I was alarmed, I own I dreaded to find my hand so near a lyon's mouth, and I desired a friend therefore, who was intimately known to the offended gentleman, to assure him, that I was one of the public, who had been highly entertained by his writings, and therefore

* Mrs. R.—c.

therefore felt myself obliged to him ; and that I did in the most unequivocal manner, declare myself an utter stranger to the transaction, my friend who delivered this message to the offended party, told me at the same time, that my name had been mentioned as the author, and as three months passed without any notice being taken of my declaration, I had too much reason to fear it had not met with the credit it ought, and I confess it was three months painful suspense, for I knew the press was *in labour* to chastise the supposed author. However when the peevish *brat was born*, it was laid at the door of a Rev. Divine, who it seems had been all that time under a much more painful suspense than I was, not that he was more guilty, for he also was perfectly innocent ; but he was in a bad state of health, and so oppressed with nervous complaints, that his friends thought it would kill him. However he *publicly* declared his innocence, and most solemnly assured the unjustly offended poet, that he never wrote a line relative to him, except an elegant poetical compliment which he republished with his defence. The real author of the nonsensical letter, is to this day unknown. I then became a fellow feeler, as well as a fellow sufferer with the Divine, and I assisted him

him as well as I could, in every kind of newspaper reprisal which lay in my power, but before I left Bath to make my *wandering* tour into Spain, I wrote the doubly and unjustly offended gentleman a letter, and therein again assured him, I did not write the foolish letter which had given him so much offence, but as he had kept me three months in hot water, at a time he ought to have removed my anxiety, and had wantonly attacked another innocent man, I had made myself a partaker of his injuries, and that I did write my *squibs*, *crackers* and inuendoes afterwards; I must however observe, that the poetical reprisal, was full as contemptible and despicable as the prose accusation. * And now having told my garrulous stories, as well as my age, hurry and *opium* enabled me, I cannot look it over without being reminded by the voice of our town BELL-MAN, how much my prose performance resembles his, the Bell man's poetical address to

* If after the unjustly attacked clergyman had in the most solemn manner declared his innocence, nay proved it, by republishing the complimentary verses, the Half-Crown epistle still appeared in the Booksellers windows in London, though it were suppressed at Bath, I shall not dread the bitterest mode of *dissection*, the poet can devise, for having told the tale, I have told it for truth sake, and to deter other wits from leaping before they look, not from personal resentment for I feel none.

to his noble *masters and mistresses*. I therefore like him, beg leave to return my most respectful thanks to the many Noble masters and mistresses, who have so generously contributed to enable me to defend my military character, so falsely attacked by a daring impostor, and to assure them, that I have caused advertisements to be inserted in the Jamaica Gazette, in hopes of finding some gentlemen still living in that Island, who can attest that Mr. Concannen, was the unfortunate gentleman who commanded me, and the soldiers in Spanish River, more than fifty years ago, and that he, not me, had the sole command, and that James Mackittrick is the *sole person*, either there or here, who has dared to assert the contrary; and I hereby pledge myself, if I receive any information from Jamaica on that subject, whatever it be, to lay it before the public in the St. James's Chronicle, the instant I receive it; provided it comes from a gentleman of character with his *real*, not an *assumed name*. If the ingenious Doctor now imagines himself in possession of the field of battle, much good may the laurels he has won do him. I solemnly promise never to engage with such a *valiant champion again*, nor ever to read a line he writes, nor hear a word he puts forth, during the remainder of my days, but as he

has

has so falsely set forth a *timid transaction* of my youth, I will record a bold one of his, in his old age. His own and only brother, who died lately at Winchester, sent for him in his illness, and left him and his son, at his death, all he had to leave, about a thousand pounds. Upon Doctor *Adair's* arrival to visit his brother Dr. *Mackittrick*, the *well Doctor Adair*, perceived that the sick Doctor *Mackittrick*, could not *haul it above a day or two*; Dr. *Adair* therefore with that spirit which he has in his *cautions* so strongly recommended to his brethren, sent immediately for the plumber to take measure for his brother's *leaden doublet*, but as the poor man was as sensible, as he was sick, his brother would not treat him as a criminal is when he is to be hung in chains, very humanely *laid* before the plumber a suit of the Doctor's old cloathes, *for measure*, however the *goods* came home too short by *the head*, and the poor doctor, thought not hung in chains, was buried with a *wry neck* as if he had been a malefactor? This is not a wild *Negroe story*, nor one without head or tale, I pledge myself to produce a Lady of fashion and character, an inhabitant of Winchester, and one who had much regard for the *wry necked Doctor*, who was so shocked at
this

this instance of *fraternal affection*, that she left the town the day of the funeral, to avoid seeing so painful a procession.

But I have been since told the surviving Doctor *Adair*, says that the dying Doctor *Mackittrick*, desired he might be "*coffined as soon as he was dead, and buried as soon as he was cold.*" The spot where the departed brother's cold remains lie in St. Michael's Church Yard, is marked from the pen of the living brother thus, "*Jⁿ° Mac-
kittrick, M. D. 1784.*" And as I dare say the living Doctor will cause his remains to be laid by the side of his dear departed brother, I think the following epitaph written by our Bell man would not be amiss.

Here lie the bodies, blest their Skill,
Of two Scots Brethren, of the Pill,
Pray Mr. Devil, have an eye to James,
Don't let him Nick you by changing names.

And now, that the turbulent scene of life, nay of life itself, is nearly over, I would not have it thought that I consider myself so much an unfortunate, as an unlucky man; I set out in life, without any patrimony, and in struggling through it, I have obtained
that

that which every man aims at, but few acquire; SOLITUDE and RETIREMENT, and have not only been in possession of for some years, but have been sensible that it is the only line in the last stage of life, where with a few friends a man can find peace. The duplicity of mankind; and the satiety of enjoyments, all tend to shew, that even the splendid scenes which surround the palaces of wealth and greatness, are never thought compleat, unless marked by some shady Cave and the abode of an imaginary Anchorite, nor is all the magnificence of Architecture displayed in Temples, Columns, and Porticoes, sufficient to adorn our modern Edens, without the contrasted form of some humble Cot, where solitary sanctity might be supposed to retire, for where is the man whose lot has been cast in the active scenes of the world, who has not often in the midst of them, exclaimed with the prophet Jeremiah; *O that I had a place in the Wilderness?* though there are but few who have the resolution to obey the impulse which would guide them thither; some lurking passion yet unsatiated; some idle hope yet unextinguished, some natural weakness yet unremoved, keeps most men halting between the engagements or pleasures of life, and the leisure of retirement, till it is too late.

Whether

Whether I have found such a retreat, the reader will be able to judge when he has read the following feeble attempt I have made, to describe my humble *Cabane*, in the following letter to a friend at Bruffells. I flatter myself he will think I have, because I can assure him, it is some years that the sun has not set upon it, without my being present, and a spectator of the noblest sight of GOD's wonderful WORKS.

YOU ask me, dear Sir, * to send you a *description of my delightful Hermitage*; and though your residence in another kingdom, and my desire to oblige you, urge me to attempt it, yet I must apprize you, that it is impossible to comply with your request.

Descriptive writing is, of all others, even with an able pen, the most difficult, and though I might succeed a little in the description of *Montserrat*, (an object so singularly novel,) yet I feel myself utterly incapable to describe such a spot as this—a spot so fortunately placed, so irregularly marked, and a little improved by my own hands. For when all is said that can

D d

be

* Sir John O'Carroll, Bart.

be said, the best description would convey but a very imperfect idea of the place.

Suppose, for instance, I had never seen your beautiful daughter, and you were to write me a particular description of her person, features, &c. I could only conclude, that she is a very charming and beautiful woman; but yet I could not know her when we met by that description. If then, the feature of a human face or person cannot be described, how can the aspect of hills, dales, wood-lands, inclosures, rivers, buildings, &c. be otherwise delineated, than with an able pencil, instead of a pen? and therefore I can only say, that the situation is inferior to few spots any where, that the *tout ensemble* renders it in my eyes a little *bijou*, and observe that most strangers are pleased with it.

It commands a south-west prospect, and hangs on the side of Lansdown hills, and so close under a high tump to the north, that we are perfectly sheltered from the severe winds of that quarter, and in a great measure from the east winds also; for though it is a quarter of an hour's steep walk from the west end of the Royal Crescent in Bath, and commands just so much prospect that the eye can take in the
 verdure,

verdure, and no more, yet Lord THURLOW was pleased, in *pleasantry*, to name it *Gully-Hall*.

From my little study window, however, I look down upon BATH with that indifference, which age, and a long knowledge of its contents, or rather discontents, have furnished me, and with infinite pleasure on a mile and a half of the gentle AVON gliding down the vale, and now and then, seeing the swelling bosoms of deep-laden barks freighted with merchandize; which I consider as returning messengers, whom I have sent forth to fetch me Tea from Asia, Sugar from America, Wine from France, and Fruit from Portugal.

But to return to *Gully-Hall*; for when great rains fall on the mountains which so shelter us from the northern winds, yet they do not hinder a very rapid stream which sometimes tumbles down with mighty force indeed; but by being kindly attended to, and invited to take a few turns between a variety of little *breast-works*, with which the buxom valley is adorned, I rather consider it an ornament than a defect; though none of the *bosoms* on the banks are barren, and some yield a constant stream of the purest water, in or near Bath.

No little spot of ground can be more beautifully irregular, broken, and divided, than this dingle; and no wonder; for it is as GOD formed it, and as He willed the stately trees to grow, which shade it, and who causes the whole surface annually to be covered with the primrose, violet, and all the elder sisters of the spring. I have therefore taken a few steps about it, but with caution, to avoid disturbing such adorable marks of the founder of all things visible and invisible; and my eyes are as often turned upwards as downwards, with delight and gratitude, that such a walk, narrow and humble as it is, and limited as I am, is to be my last scene on this side the grave.

The insolence of a fellow who possesses more land than manners or honesty, once drove me out of this sequestered shade, and I sold it to my youngest son; the house I then left upon it (if a house it could be called) he was pleased to *improve*, and now its front resembles Alderman Pudding's house, over against the Pack-Horse on Turnham-Green, and therefore the inclosed drawing is sketched from a point, in which only a bit of the house is seen, peeping through the trees. You will see however, the hermit's hut, built on the side of the dingle, at which we chiefly reside in the summer.

So much for a little art and nature:—but I must inform you, that from the great quantity of broken urns which were turned up, wherever we opened the ground, on a little lawn which overhangs the dingle, I was led to suspect this to be the spot where the ROMANS buried their dead, when they inhabited BATH; and upon *deeper* enquiries, I found my conjecture established beyond a doubt. But unfortunately the SAXONS, or some succeeding race, made the same use of it, so that I have never met with a perfect urn, but thousands of their fragments, and many of the convex stones which covered the tops of the urns to prevent the incumbent mould from mixing with the ashes of the dead.

Three stone coffins have been dug up, two Saxon, and one Roman; the latter had the body in it, quite perfect, and some of the flesh on the skull. It had been covered with a pickle, which preserved it.

Fast fixed (and never more to *move*) on the side of my hermit's hut, is secured the body of my old *Wandering Shaise*; and on an old decayed oak, which grows through the roof of
the

the kitchen, the following lines are engraven on the rind, as a *memento* to MAN :—

“ Stranger, kneel here, to age due homage pay!

When first ELIZA held Britannia's sway

My growth began :—the same illustrious morn,

Joy to the hour, was gallant SYDNEY born.

SYDNEY, the darling of Arcadia's swains,

SYDNEY, the terror of the martial plains,

He perish'd early; I just staid behind

An hundred years, and lo! my clefted rind,

My wither'd boughs, foretell destruction nigh.

We all are mortal ;—Oaks and Heroes die.

Near a rude arch, on all sides embraced with the twisted eglantine, is a perforated rock-stone, from which constantly runs a small stream of the purest water imaginable, that falls into a Saxon coffin dug up hard by; from the length and narrowness of which I have disposed myself to believe the body which I found in it to be that of a beautiful Saxon virgin; so that instead of being hurt with the idea of its original use, it is become only a *memento* of what we must all come to. And who knows but “some kindred spirit” may, a thousand years hence, make the same use of my departed daughter's coffin; which alas! lies hard by, and in close contact with the old Roman knight's mentioned above, which is to receive what remains of myself.

Now

Now do not wonder! for I must inform you, that some years since I had scooped out a cave on the side of the dingle, under the spreading roots of an ash tree, and turned a rude arch in front of it; and there placed, cut in relief, the head of that wonderful genius THOMAS CHATTERTON, with the following lines beneath it.

" Sacred to the Memory of
 T H O M A S C H A T T E R T O N.
 Unfortunate Boy!
 Short and Evil were thy Days,
 But the Vigour of thy Genius shall immortalize Thee.
 Unfortunate Boy!
 Poorly wast Thou accommodated,
 During thy Short Sojourning among us.
 Thou lived'st unnoticed,
 But thy Fame shall never die."

Since which, the long, painful, and hopeless illness of my daughter, which had worn her down to death, and her parents to such a deep sorrow, that the idea of the procession of removing her remains down the hill seemed to us but one remove less painful than that fatal remove between LIFE and DEATH; and therefore, as she was virtuous, dutiful, and not void of some genius, we have deposited her body beneath the only monumental stone raised in *Britain* to the greatest Genius *Britain*,

or

or perhaps any other nation under the sun, has produced: apologizing, however, for so bold a step, by the following beautiful lines from POPE, and fulfilling, in some measure, the offerings proposed:

“ What tho’ no sacred earth afford thee room,
 “ Nor hallow’d dirge be mutter’d o’er thy tomb;
 “ Yet shall thy grave with rising flow’rs be dress’d,
 “ And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast.
 “ Here shall the morn’her earliest tears bestow,
 “ Here the first roses of the year shall blow;
 “ While angels with their silver wings o’ershade
 “ The ground now sacred by thy reliques made.”

Since which, some (unknown) admirer of my daughter published in one of the Morning Papers, the following lines, which he modestly terms ‘Elegiac Lines’ offered to her memory. They were too flattering to be neglected, and therefore on the model of the LYONS *Taurobolium*, which guards the unhallowed spot, they likewise are impressed, and are as follows:

“ READER, if Youth should sparkle in thine eye,
 “ If on thy cheek the flow’r of Beauty blows,
 “ Here shed a tear, and heave the pensive sigh,
 “ Where Beauty, Youth, and Innocence, repose.
 “ Doth Wit adorn thy mind, doth Science pour
 “ It’s ripen’d bounties on thy vernal year?
 “ Behold, where death has cropt the plenteous store!
 “ And heave the sigh, and shed the pensive tear.
 “ Does Musick’s dulcet notes dwell on thy tongue,
 “ And do thy fingers sweep the sounding lyre?

“ Behold

“ Behold, where low she lies! who sweetly sung
 “ The melting strains a Cherub might inspire.
 “ Of Youth, of Beauty, then, be vain no more,
 “ Of Musick’s power, of Wit, and Learning’s prize,
 “ For while you read, these charms may all be o’er,
 “ And ask to share the grave where Anna lies.”

I cannot, however, quit this melancholy subject, without mentioning an accidental object, which, on a superstitious mind, might operate very forcibly. The workmen, in turning this rude arch, put by the stones unhewn, in the most irregular manner; yet it so happened, that two whitish stones, something of a bastard alabaſter kind, were so laid, that *ſince* my daughter’s death, and the place becoming more an object of serious attention, I perceived that those stones, at a certain oblique point of view, offer a very striking figure of a winged angel, and consequently are now emblematical of the lines, which almost touch the “ silver wings” of this natural piece of sculpture.

It is a pleasing idea and no unnatural one, I hope, (however it may favour of Popery) to suppose that there are an host of saints and angels offering up their prayers to GOD in behalf of departed spirits. Surely then the inhabitants of an hermitage may so far join in the prayers or faith of the Catholic Church,

that

that however divided we are *here*, as to particular points of faith, that by their intercession we may all meet hereafter: for alas! I fear there is little probability of you and I meeting here.

I am, dear Sir,

&c. &c.

P. S. Dr. YOUNG, author of the *Night Thoughts*, being introduced where I was on a visit in London, he attracted the attention of all the company, but in a particular manner that of an elderly lady, who was so astonished to find him a cheerful lively old man, instead of the gloomy being she had conceived him to be, that she could not help expressing to him her agreeable surprize. “O Madam,” replied the Doctor) “there is much difference between *writing* and *talking* :”——

So, that you may not conclude me altogether lost in sorrow and sadness, I must give you the epitaph on one of my fellow travellers. He was a very honest fellow, as the following lines will testify :——

True to his master, gen'rous, brave,
 His friend, companion, not his slave ;
 Fond without fawning, still the same,
 When fortune smil'd, or when the dame,
 Led the poor Wanderer such a dance,
 An exile sad, thro' Spain and France.
 Blush then, ye human sons of b——s,
 Who fawn on rascals for their riches,
 Yet grudge the tribute of a tear,
 To the poor dog which slumbers here.

Mrs. THICKNESSE, who presents her compliments to you and your's, calls out "*Pray put me in, for I am afraid I shall die soon.*" So I repeated to her the following Epigram :

My sickly spouse, with many a sigh,
 Oft tells me " PHILLY, I shall die."
 I griev'd ; but recollecting strait,
 'Twere bootless to contend with fate ;—
 So resignation to Heaven's will,
 Prepar'd me for succeeding ill.
 'Twas well it did ;—for on my life,
 'Twas Heaven's will to *spare my wife.*

You will conclude, my dear sir, that a spot which is so respectable for *modern* as well as *ancient endowments*, and which is to be farther enriched with *kindred ashes*, will not be left liable to the precarious disposal of an auctioneer's wooden hammer :—No, sir ; if no child of
our's

of *our's* survive us to enjoy it, it shall devolve to a most respectable GENTLEMEN of BATH, or to his heirs; a Gentleman, with whom I never ate or drank, and for reasons he, or they, will *then* know; but which I will carry to the grave with me.

The following lines, which are in a little recess at the foot-path gate, are too applicable to be omitted, though they may be rather out of place:—

Here let Time's creeping winter shed
His hoary snow around my head;
And while I feel, by slow degrees,
My sluggish blood wax chill and freeze,
Let thought unveil to my fix'd eye
The scenes of deep Eternity;
Till life dissolving at the view,
I wake! and find those visions true.

St. Catherine's Hermitage,
Feb. 1st. 1786.

Since

* * Since the preceding Sketch has been printed off, the following IMPROMPTU, written by the ingenious Mr. TASKER has appeared in the *European Magazine*; and I own I am too much pleas'd with the compliment paid to the Quick and the Dead, to omit it on that account. So, by way of *Codicil* to my Letter, I add that, and the Hermit's Prayer.

IF breath of mortal fame can pleasure yield
 To shades of Genius in Elysian field;
 —Spirit of injur'd CHATTERTON! rejoice,
 And hear of fame the late applauding voice!
 Chill penury depress'd thy Muse of fire,
 And SUICIDE's rude hand unstrung thy lyre.——
 Tho' all the Muses smil'd upon thy birth,
 And shew'd thee as a prodigy on earth;
 Lo! such the hard conditions of thy fate!
 Living despis'd, lamented when too late:
 Thy thread of life (by too severe a doom)
 Was early cut, e'en in thy youthful bloom,
 Nor was thy name yet honour'd with a tomb. }
 O CHATTERTON! if thou mayh't deign to smile
 On one recess of thine ungrateful isle;
 Suppress a-while thy just indignant rage,
 And view well pleas'd the WANDERER's Hermitage;
 There thy delighted eye at last may see
 The grateful monument arise to thee:
 One worthy individual thus supply'd
 What all thy boasted patrons have deny'd.

THE

HERMIT'S PRAYER.

GOD of my Life, who numberest my days, teach me to meet, with gratitude or patience, the good or ill which the tide of time shall float down upon me ; but never, O God, I humbly beseech Thee, withdraw from me those native spirits which have been the cheering companions of my existence, and have spread a gliding even *gilden* upon my misfortunes.

Continue to me, O God of Life, those powers, that I may view with rapture the inexhaustible VOLUME of NATURE, which Thou hast spread before mine eyes ; in every page of which, I read the impresson of thy omnipotent hand.

It

It is with inexpressible concern that I now find myself under the Necessity of adding to the above Description, to my *paradisical* Abode; the following Advertisement, but I have lived to perceive, that two Events are not very remote, and if either of them happen in my Life, it will render my Residence here, incompatible with my scanty Income.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

On the 15th of JUNE, 1789, will be Sold by Auction, ST. CATHERINE'S HERMITAGE, near Bath.——For further Particulars, enquire of Mr. FORES, Bookseller, in Piccadilly; or of Mr. PLURA, Auctioneer, at Bath.

THAT I may finish this motley performance with a tail piece, to tally with the *occasional introduction*; I will do it by congratulating my country men under the present melancholy condition of the Sovereign, that the Prince his son is vested, though imperfectly, with that regal power which is not only due to his ROYAL HIGHNESS's birth, but consistent also to his PRINCELY ENDOWMENTS.

It seldom falls to the lot of any Kingdom, to see a Prince at the head of it, who has mixed with mankind, and thereby gathered that worldly knowledge which cannot be taught in private, as it is to be observed, when that has happened, it has proved fortunate to the people so governed. The education of Princes in general, is so different from that of private gentlemen, that when they possess power it is often without sufficient knoweldge to exercise
it

it with judgment; and then, some bold daring minister wrests the Sceptor in a manner from his hands. Did THE PEOPLE imagine from the late violence, the two parties conducted themselves before the Regency was settled, arose purely from a desire to promote the welfare of the state? if they did, they were egregiously mistaken, I doubt not by a few good men on both sides, were so actuated, but at such times, it is particularly necessary to keep a watchful eye upon the most clamorous, and more particularly on such men who endeavour to be thought *better than their neighbours*, as they are in general somewhat worse.

A drunken man is always acting the part of a sober one, and a man may be as much intoxicated with power, as with wine, and not only think himself upon an *equality with his Prince*, but unguarded enough to avow it publickly. A Nation governed as this HAS, IS, I hope always will be governed, since the GLORIOUS REVOLUTION, should never vest too much power in the hands of such arrogant men; it is a foolish wisdom says Mr. HUME “ which is so
 “ carefully displayed, in unvaluing Princes,
 “ and putting them upon a level with the mean-
 “ est of mankind; though it be true, that an

“ Anatomist finds no difference in the greatest
 “ Monarch, than in the lowest day labourer or
 “ peasant, for what do all these reflections tend
 “ to? we all of us still retain these prejudices in
 “ favor of high birth, and family, and in our seri-
 “ ous occupations, and most careless amuse-
 “ ments, can never get rid of them.” It is
 for the welfare of society it should be so, and
 we may justly pronounce such men who deli-
 ver sentiments contrary to it unworthy of
 power, nay dangerous to be trusted with it.
 The subject who declares himself equal to his
 Prince, would become his superior if he could.
 It is a matter of very little consequence who is
 prime minister in such a Kingdom as this, if
 the sovereign be a man of sense, and though I
 have long since ceased to entertain any very
 high opinion of Mr. Fox further than of his
 parliamentary Knowledge, yet were that to hap-
 pen here, which did happen two thousand years
 ago, at *Athens*, between *ESCHINES* and *DEMOS-
 HENES*, I should not wonder if he were to do,
 as the victorious statesman did there, who hav-
 ing by his superior eloquence caused his com-
 petitor to be exiled, followed him privately,
 soothed him with topicks of consolation, and
 offered him money to console him under his
 misfortunes, whereupon the banished statesman
 exclaimed,

exclaimed, alas! with what regret do I leave a country, and my fellow citizens; where my very enemies are so generous.

If what Mr. Sheridan declared in the house, and which stands uncontradicted be true, may we not say with Sir John Harrington.

Ferro, non auro, vitam cernamus utrique,

Vos ne velit, tel me regnare hora quidve ferat fors.

Try me with glittering words, not glittering Gold,

Which of us two, the HIGHEST SEAT SHALL HOLD.

THE Author, unable to bear the imputation of having shamefully fled from his colours, as fully charged by the daring impostor, put forth the dedication prefixed to this book, as soon as it was printed; and the following paper was laid at the booksellers by its side, a paper which needs no comments, for HE IS THE MAN, who thus has replied to a charge brought against him, for writing, printing, and secretly publishing, a false, scurrilous and wicked untruth. I know not which of the two to despise most, whether the worthless author, or the ungrateful printer.

“ Doctor Adair has been lately informed that Mr. Meyler has exhibited for the amusement of his customers a *dedication* worthy of the illiterate and malignant driveller who published it. A—has not read it, nor will he, until it is prefixed to that precious morsel of biography, the speedy publication of which Thicknesse, has
announced

announced in his mumping subscription advertisement, though the dunce has been a hackney scribler *for* half a century, yet his letter to A— exhibits in every page such gross ignorance of grammar and even of orthography as would disgrace a footman or a cook-maid, A— therefore advise (*fas est ab horte doceri*) that as he has quarrelled with his old friend C—s, whom he formerly employed to correct his blunders, he would put his M. S. into the hands of some person who is qualified to translate his jargon into tolerable English, and that in his narrative he will tell the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, otherwise one of his grub street brethren will certainly be employed to publish a cheap edition of his life embellished with genuine anecdotes, and explanatory annotations. It is expected that Mr. M. will evince his impartiality by allowing this paper a place on his shop table.”

March 14th.

E R R A T A.

The Author is in his Seventieth Year and never pretended to be an accurate Writer.

THE END.

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